
Ianthe's alt.sex.intergen 'Poems of the Week' July 8th 1995

This week's theme is FLOWERS AND FRUIT. A suitably summer-y theme I think; and one might perhaps see a vague connection with the euphemism 'green fruit' to refer to under-age lovers ?

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- * Ruan Ji (China, 210-263 A.D.)
 'In Days of Old'
 - * Lope de Vega Carpio (Spain, 1562-1613)
 'The Little Girl Throws Me Little Oranges'
 - * William Carlos Williams (United States, 1883-1963)
 'Child and Vegetables'
 - * Pauline Stainer (England, Born 1942)
 'The Elderbrides'
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IN DAYS OF OLD.

In days of old there were many blossom boys -
 An Ling and Long Yang.
Young peach and plum blossoms,
 Dazzling with glorious brightness.
Joyful as nine springtimes;
 Pliant as if bowed by autumn frost.

Roving glances gave rise to beautiful seductions;
 Speech and laughter expelled fragrance.
Hand in hand they shared love's rapture,
 Sharing coverlets and bedclothes.

Couples of birds in flight,
 Paired wings soaring.
Cinnabar and green pigments record a vow:
 "I'll never forget you for all eternity."

Ruan Ji

CHILD AND VEGETABLES

The fire of the seed is in her pose
upon the clipped lawn, alone

before the old white house
framed in by the great elms planted there

symmetrically. Exactly in the centre
of this gently sloping scene,

behind her table of squash and green
corn in a pile, facing the road

she sits with feet one by the other
straight and closely pressed

and knees held close, her hands
decorously folded in her lap. Precise

and mild before the vegetables,
the mouth poised in an even smile

of invitation - to come and buy,
the eyes alone appear - half wakened.

These are the lines of a flower-bud's
tight petals, thoughtfully

designed, the vegetable offerings
in a rite. Mutely the smooth globes

of the squash, the cornucopias
of the corn, fresh green, so still,

so aptly made, the whole so full
of peace and symmetry ...

resting contours of eagerness
and unrest -

William Carlos Williams

THE LITTLE GIRL THROWS LITTLE ORANGES

In Valencia at Christmas
the little girl throws me little oranges
but I swear that if I were to throw them
back to her love
would cause them to become blossom-bursts

On my way to a masquerade-ball I sauntered under her balcony
I saw the sun hiding mischievously in her eyes
as her dawning body frantically flung little oranges

As she knows nothing of love she thinks that everything is a joke
but I swear that if I were to throw
those little oranges back to her love
would cause them to turn back into blossom-bursts

Lope de Vega Carpio

THE ELDERBRIDES

It was the day
She first noticed
Her breasts growing.

She sat on the summer-house step;
Felt them tilt
Through her slip.

They shook
Under the cambric,
White does in shade.

It was then
She smelled the elderflower;
The gypsy-blooms,

The rank-dreamers
Who shake out shawls
For the dead.

They trembled above her head,
Five-petalled, five-stamened,
Vibrant in the breeze,

And suffused her body,
Fleeting, equivocal,
In bridal with the stealing sun.

Pauline Stainer

Some extra snippets of information:

A couple of Lolita web-sites:

* Documents in Lolita case:
<http://fileroom.aaup.uic.edu/FileRoom/documents/Cases/267lolita.html>

* Information on Kubrick's film of Lolita:
<http://www.voyagerco.com/CC/ph/p.lolita.html>

Stainer (see above) and Odysseus Elytis are still alive and, in fairness, I feel I should try and boost their book sales by telling people that collections of their poems are published by: Bloodaxe Books, PO Box 1SN, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, UK. NE99 1SN. Bloodaxe offer an excellent mail-order service. A couple of international reply coupons will probably get North Americans their lengthy catalog, if there is no North American distributor.

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