

Ianthe's alt.sex.intergen POEMS OF THE WEEK
13th May 1995. Read slowly, ponder, and enjoy...

D.H. Lawrence's 'Virgin Youth' (girls)
William Carlos Williams's 'The Ogre' (girls)
Luis Cernuda's 'Unfinished Statue' (boys)
Edmund John's 'The Seven Gifts' (boys)

VIRGIN YOUTH

Now and again
All my body springs alive,
And the life that is polarised in my eyes,
That quivers between my eyes and mouth,
Flies like a wild thing across my body,
Leaving my eyes half empty, and clamorous,
Filling my still breasts with a flush and a flame,
Gathering the soft ripples below my breasts
Into urgent, passionate waves,
And my soft slumbering belly
Quivering awake with one impulse of desire,
Gathers itself fiercely together;
And my docile, fluent arms
Knotting themselves with wild strength
To clasp - what they have never clasped.
Then I tremble, and go trembling
Under the wild, savage tyranny of my body,
Till it has spent itself,
And the relentless nodality of my eyes reasserts itself,
Till the bursten flood of life ebbs back to my eyes,
Back from my beautiful, lonely body
Tired and unsatisfied.

D.H. Lawrence (England, 1885-1930.)

THE OGRE

Sweet child,
little girl with well-shaped legs
you cannot touch the thoughts
I put over and under and around you.
This is fortunate for they would
burn you to an ash otherwise.
Your petals would be quite curled up.

This is all beyond you - no doubt,
yet do you feel the brushings
of the fine needles;
the tentative lines of your whole body
prove it to me;
so does your fear of me,

your shyness;
likewise the toy baby cart
that you are pushing -
and besides, mother has begun
to dress your hair in a knot.
These are my excuses.

William Carlos Williams (United States, 1883-1963)

UNFINISHED STATUE (Michelangelo's David-Apollo)

Suprised, ah suprised
Naked, beyond time,
While paused
In remote wilderness.

Still rooted to the earth,
To tree-trunk
And rock, on the frontier
Between childhood and youth.

It is the instant - the pure
Dawn of the body,
The astonished secret -
of the virgin.

Repose and movement
Coincide, now in arms,
In sex - unopened flower -
Or thighs, the bows of a lyre.

At the lintel of his own existence
He hesitates, wholly self-involved.
He stares at himself
And fails to recognise.

Head fallen,
Eyes half-closed,
Lost in thought he listens
Inwardly to his own fate.

Hush. Let him not wake
When he falls into time.
Already his eternities
are lost this very day.

But you must contemplate
At length that beauty
That knows no passion;
Contemplate: voice and lament.

Love, the only human power,
Has brought it here:
From nothingness to this slumber
Where, latent still, yet it emerges.

Luis Cernuda (Spain, 1898-?)

THE SEVEN GIFTS

I gave my clear-eyed boy a star
Of clematis from summer days
That dwelt among the scented ways
Of an old garden still and far:
- So that it lights his dreams with truth
From that walled garden of my youth,
I gave my clear-eyed boy a star.

I gave my soft-haired boy a crown
Of olives from the groves of Greece,
That all life's passions turn to peace
For him, and perilous paths lead down
To clear calm lakes beneath the moon;
- So that his brow be cool at noon,
I give my soft-haired boy a crown.

I give my red-lipped boy a rose
Fresh from the dew of waking dawn,
- A rose for my fair dancing faun
Whose laughter all the summer knows:
- Sweet, careless, unstained, fragrant boy,
So that love bring him only joy,
I give my red-lipped boy a rose.

I give my white-skinned boy a pearl
Fair as his body and as strange
As still pools veiled in mists that change
Their mysteries as they wreath and curl:
- So that his visions ever be
Wonderous and subtle as the sea,
I give my white-skinned boy a pearl.

I give my singing boy a lute
With silver strings whose chant belongs
To Youth for him who sings his songs
Among the ripening flowers and fruit:
- So that I hear his voice in Spring
When I lie unawakening,
I give my singing boy a lute.

I give my laughing boy a kiss
- To poor for lips so exquisite -
With curious fleeting tears in it
That glitter through a love like this;
- So that he never know the pain
Of red bruised mouth bruised red in vain,
I give my laughing boy a kiss.

I gave my sweet-souled boy my heart

That has been cleansed by bitter tears
Of all the fruitless weary years
Which hope and sorrow set apart:
- So that his pain shall pass before
Into myself and be no more,
I give my sweet-souled boy my heart.

Edmund John (England, 1883-1917)

Bye for now, 'Ianthe', an251284@anon.penet.fi

Those interested in child-loving poetry and poets should check out the international cultural / academic journal 'Paidika - journal of paedophilia'. Address and subscription details are in the Pedosexual Resource Directory. Latest, (Volume 3, No.3) has articles on 'Boy-love in Medieval Arabic Verse', and a long profile of the Dutch poet Jan Hanlo (1912-1969).

ends.