

SPRING POETS '69



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This fine anthology is a showplace for the writings of new poets and those who wish to bring their work before the ever growing readership of poetry.

The publishers have endeavoured to present to the public many styles and many topics—the traditional, the modern and the avant garde. The sombre, the humorous and the bold. Natures, the emotions and world events; indeed the whole range of humanity is contained in this grand volume.

SPRING POETS '69 is the second volume in this new series of anthologies which will act as introductory media for new poets from all over the world; and so help to extend the great upsurge of poetry reading that we are now experiencing.

This publication is presented as an enduring monument to the achievement of many writers of talent who are contributing to the ever growing appreciation of poetry.

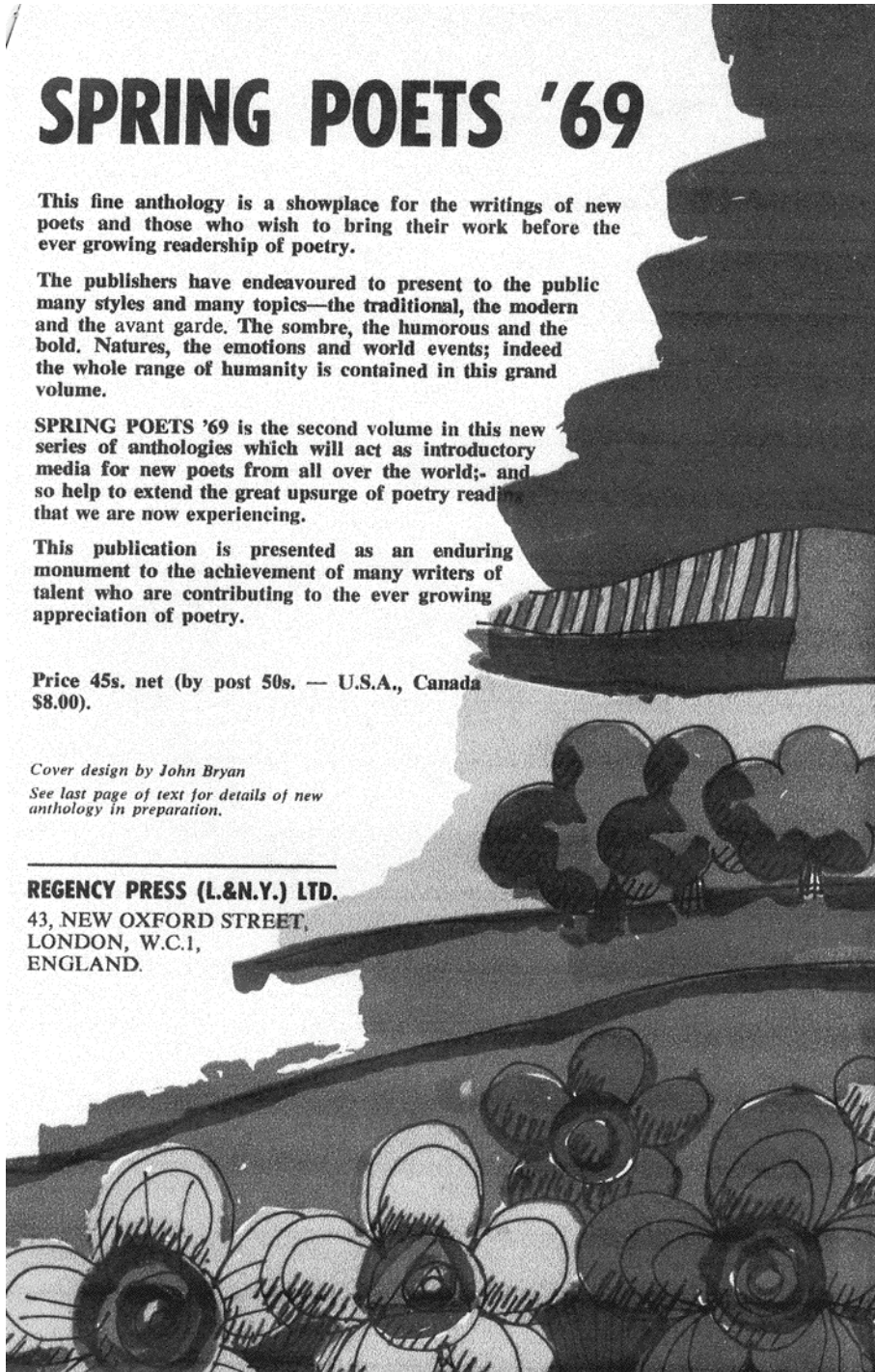
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See last page of text for details of new anthology in preparation.

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MOLLIE THOMPSON

A GENTLE MIGHT

Onto the red, roaring pulp of civilized travesty
The feet of yet another new-born child are placed.
Like some specimen beneath the eyepiece of a cosmic
microscope—

Watched by himself, and faced.

But move, grow, learn and walk swiftly across that
sucking surface

Of superficiality—

Or must I once again watch you stand bewildered,

And in standing, sink

Into the acceptance of a seeming world.

Lulled by excitement

Dulled by pleasure

Soothed by violence

Claimed by the euphoria of surface action.

Or will YOU be the one

Whose eyes look beyond the obvious,

Whose arms wave aside the meaningless,

Undeterred when others call you incredulous?

Walk forward Man-child—move to meet me

For I am yourself in perpetuity.

Waiting in hope to greet you face to face.

The outer world at our feet,

The inner world at our right hand.

CHANGE AND FLOW

The same familiar view.
Each day I'd walked beside that wall,
Dark, ivy-covered, grey and tall.
A sight which did not seem at all
Mysterious or new.

But here enwrapped I stood.
Unwilling to admit defeat,
Unable to advance, retreat—
Yet knowing that I had to meet
The challenge, bad or good.

For suddenly I saw,
Half covered beneath ivy green
Its iron handle barely seen,
And, in that place where none had been,
There was a wooden door.

It yielded to my hand.
And through the opening unfurled
A wisp of vapour, finely curled:
The air of quite another world—
An unfamiliar land

I stepped beyond the veil
And as I did so, vision cleared.
A group of people now appeared
And, seeing me, they laughed and cheered.
Sweet voiced, with beauty pale.

"Is this my dream?" I cried.
They told me "No, you are awake,
We made it possible for you to break
Into our world, and for the sake
Of others who are tied."

Some talk of life and death;
 But what is it that stands between
 The life on earth—the life unseen?
 Their world is just as ever-green
 As ours, of human breath.

All that is pure and clear
 Remains within the hearts of men
 Springing to vibrant life again
 In that new world beyond the ken
 Of mortals bound in fear.

Why was it shown to me?
 I who still live a life on earth
 Filled now with sorrow, now with mirth.
 But now I know there is a birth
 Into a world more free.

Can I let others know
 That what we see with mortal eyes
 Is only half of life's surprise.
 Always. Forever. Nothing dies.
 Change is the only flow.

AFFINITY

You were a pure, unbounded soul of time.
 I was a free, unfettered soul of space.
 Silently watching all our brethren climb
 We knew that we must join the human race.

This was the Plan.

You were the first to plant your foot on earth.
 I held a note suspended in the spheres.
 Later I joined the world through mortal birth—
 Time and Space meet, despite the flow of years.

Thus were we born.

Clear and bright glow the inner fires that burn
Though they are held within the toils of form.
But it is for known freedom that we yearn,
All the while guiding others through the storm.

For this we came.

Notes from the spheres are echoing again
A chord that brings renewal and delight.
Only when peace and Love are born in men
Shall we be free to melt into the Light.

It will be done.

While we are still required to play our parts
I shall live for this. I shall not forget.
But we have been enriched with human hearts
And in that fact lies meaning, hidden yet.

We shall return.

You, to a pure, unbounded soul of time—
I, to a free, unfettered soul of space.
There will be nothing "yours" and nothing "mine",
It will be "Ours"—the Kingdom and the Grace.