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FIRST LOVES

I will go back to the old loves
Who never deserted me yet;
The cold, windy moors were my first loves -
To them will I turn to forget.
The snow-covered hills were my true loves;
With them will my heart find its rest;
For once I forsook them for new loves,
But old loves are best

I will go back to the old loves,
Lonely, impersonal, cold,
Who never yet caused me a heartache,
Remarkable lovers of old.
The sky and the sea and the moorland,
The wind and the rain and the fell,
I will go back to my first loves
And all will be well.

B.A.

REMINISCENCE BY MOONLIGHT

The travelling moon climbed slowly and lit the Eastern night,
 And all the world lay frozen in floods of phantom light;
 While down the river floated a junk with silver sails -
 But my love was talking of a lost love,
 My love was talking of a past love,
 My love was talking of his last love
 And all that love entails.

The white clouds filed above me, I idly watched them pass;
 I caught and pulled a handful of soaking, silver grass.
 The night was made for loving, and magic filled the air -
 But my love was thinking of his lost love,
 My love was thinking of his past love,
 My love was thinking of his last love,
 Nor knew that I was there.

PROPHETS AT HOME

Gentleman of Genius, hide that shining light
Underneath a bushel when you go back for the night;
Lady, clever lady, remember when you roam
Nobody will want to hear of your success at home!

Gentleman of Genius, thousands may applaud
Every word you utter, when you walk abroad;
While, my clever lady, your admiring train
Praise the latest nuggets from your nimble brain.

Gentleman of Genius, hide that shining light -
Be a modest glow-worm when you return at night.
Lady, clever lady, remember when you roam
They won't stand any nonsense when you get back home!

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THE QUARREL

The moon still shines and the stars are bright,
The world hasn't come to an end to-night;
Through the dark tree-tops the night wind blows,
In the light of the stars the river flows;
Though things have gone from bad to worse
And the bottom fell out of the Universe.

Tomorrow will be another day
And life will go on in the usual way,
The sun will rise and the river run
And flowers grow in the wind and sun.
There'll be fire and water, earth and air,
The things worth loving will still be there.

The moon still shines and the stars are bright,
The world hasn't come to an end to-night,
Though things have gone from bad to worse
And the bottom fell out of the Universe.

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE

A hundred years hence some storm may break;
I shall not wake.
And rumours of war will come and go;
I shall not know.
On wakeful eyes the moon may shine;
but not on mine, but not on mine;
Where I lie quiet and buried deep,
And fast asleep.

A hundred years hence good people will
Be praying still
For peace in their time, with folded hands,
In troubled lands.
But I shall rest a restless head,
The songs unsung, the words unsaid;
Finished the most unequal strife
I waged with life.

No more for me the wind and rain,
Never again.
Then other eyes the dawn will see -
No more for me.
Others will tread the lonely ground
And look for the path I never found,
But I shall have ceased the foolish quest,
And be at rest.

LINES WRITTEN IN A JAPANESE PRISON CAMP, AFTER AN AIR ATTACK

A throb in the air, a deep vibration,
(Bright in the moon, the searchlights bright)
The bombers fly in close formation
Tonight.

A fiery glow of the red flares dropping;
(Then came the first bombs, falling short)
The familiar whine, and the same heart-stopping
Report.

Now that I think my hours are numbered,
(The captive hours of toil and tears)
Old memories awake, that slumbered for years

Where is she now, the gentle-hearted?
(Machine gun bullets sing their song)
Oh, she and I have long been parted,
Too long

Where is she now? (The bombs are falling
And earth's foundation rock and sway)
Oh, she has gone beyond recalling,
Away.

Now it is far too late for mending,
(The fighter planes dive screaming past)
And even nightmares have their ending
At last.

Too late to weep, too late to wonder,
And far too late to question why.
Only flames roaring and the guns' thunder
Reply.

RED HILLS

The red hills of India
 Are fortress-crowned;
 For old wars of other years
 A battle ground.
 The slow stare of centuries
 Has watched them stand,
 The burning hills that guard
 A burning land.

The red hills of India
 Are old as God,
 For He made the rocky slopes
 Where your feet trod;
 O, He made the dusty hills
 In ages past,
 And times change and men change,
 But they hold fast.

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RADIO-BOND
 MADE IN AUSTRIA

Even now, how can your body express oneness with mine?

Go away, you, the heartless one - go away, What joy is there to deceive me?

At this Krishna falls at her feet, She moves away on one side. Krishna follows her on the other side. She moves away from the other side, forbidding him to touch her. Krishna catches her hand and persuades her more. Radha brushes him aside and she entreats him with folded hands:

"Do not speak any more, do not, please - go away Madhava, go away Keshava, I have heard enough."

Clasping her hands in great anguish, she breaks down.

MADE IN AUSTRIA

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,, Савишраи само,

Капиласта гандря,

Дараната шантра,

Сункара пуруша

Моя дѣва Луша ,,

/ Майя дива луча/.