

## ANGLO-MONGRELS AND THE ROSE (Part One)

EXODUS lay under an oak-tree

Bordering on Buda Pest he had lain  
him down to over-night under the lofty rain  
of starlight

having leapt from the womb  
eighteen years ago and grown  
neglected along the shores of the Danube  
on the Danube in the Danube  
-or breaking his legs behind runaway horses-  
with a Carnival quirk  
every Shrove Tuesday

X X X

Of his riches  
a Patriarch  
erected a synagogue  
- -for the people

His son

looked upon Lea  
- - of the people  
she sat in Synagogue  
-her hair long as the Talmud  
-her tamarind eyes- -

and disinherited  
begat this Exodus

Imperial Austria taught the child  
the German secret patriotism  
the Magyar tongue the father  
stuffed him with biblical Hebrew and the  
seeds of science exhorting him  
to vindicate  
his forefather's ambitions

The child  
flowered precociously fever  
smote the father

the widowed mother  
took to her bosom a spouse  
of her own sphere  
and hired  
Exodus in apprenticeship  
to such as garrulously inarticulate  
ignore the cosmic cultures

Sinister foster-parents  
who lashed the boy  
to that paralysis of  
the spiritual apparatus  
common to  
the poor  
The arid gravid  
intellect of jewish ancestors  
the senile juvenile  
calculating prodigies of Jehovah  
-Crushed by the Occident ox  
they scraped  
the gold gold golden  
muck from off its hoofs-

moves Exodus to emigrate  
coveting the alien  
asylum of voluntary military  
service paradise of the pound-stirling  
where the domestic Jew in lieu  
of knouts is lashed with tongues

X X X

The cannibal God  
shutters his lids of night on the day's gluttony  
the partially devoured humanity  
warms its unblessed beds with bare prostrations  
An insect from an herb  
errs on the man-mountain

imparts its infinitesimal tactile stimulus  
to the epiderm to the spirit  
of Exodus  
stirring the anaesthetised load  
of racial instinct frustrated  
impulse infantile impacts with unreason  
on his unconscious

Blinking his eyes- - -  
at sunrise Exodus  
lumbar-aching sleep logged turns his ear  
to the grit earth and hears  
the boom of cardiac cataracts  
thumping the turf  
with his young pulse

He is undone! How should he know  
he has a heart The Danube  
gives no instruction in anatomy-  
the primary  
throb of the animate  
a beating mystery  
pounds on his ignorance  
in seeming  
death dealing-

The frightened fatalist  
clenches his eyes  
for the involuntary sacrifice  
stark  
to the sun-zumm dirges of  
a bee  
he lays him out  
for his heart-beats to slay him

It is not accomplished  
the burning track  
of lengthening sun shafts  
spur

This lying-in-state of a virility  
to rise  
and in his surprised  
protracted viability  
    shoulder his pack

Exodus     whose initiations  
in arrogance     through brief  
stimulation of his intellect  
in servitude     through early  
ill-usage     etch involute  
inhibitions  
upon his sensibility

sharpened and blunted     he  
-bound for his unformulate  
conception of life-  
makes for the harbour

and the     dogged officer of Destiny  
    kept Exodus  
and that which he beget  
moving along

The highest paid     tailor's  
cutter in the 'City'  
Exodus     Lord Israel  
nicknamed     from his consummate bearing  
his coaly eye  
challenging     the unrevealed universe  
speaking fluently     'business-English'  
to the sartorial world

jibbering     stock exchange quotations  
and conundrums of finance  
to which     unlettered immigrants are instantly  
initiate

    Those foreigners  
before whom     the soul

of the new Motherland  
stands nakedly incognito  
in so many ciphers

In the boarding-house the lady with  
the locket "You will excuse me- -  
Our Dear Queen picks chicken bones in  
her fingers" Exodus at leisure  
painting knowing not why  
sunflowers turned sunwards

Sundays when  
England closed the eyes of every  
commercial enterprise  
but the church and spewed  
her silent servants out of her areas  
in their bi-weekly 'best' to  
"Ow get along with you" their lurching lovers  
along the rails of parks  
The high-striped soldiers of the swagger-stick  
tempting the wilder flowers of womanhood  
to lick-be-quick ice cream  
outside the barracks

This jovian hebrew 'all dressed up  
and nowhere to go'  
stands like a larch  
upon the corners of incarcerate streets  
deploring the anomolous legs  
of Zion's sons  
with the subconscious  
irritant of superiority  
left in an aristocacy out of currency

paces  
the cancellated desert of the metropolis  
with the instinctive urge of loneliness  
to get to 'the heart of something'

The heart of England  
sporting its oak  
on the rude ratepayer

Hymns ancient and modern  
bela bour crippled cottage-grands  
in parlour fronts

A thrush  
shatters its song upon the spurious shade  
of a barred bird-fancier's  
The dumb philosophies  
of the wondering jew  
fall into rhythm with  
long unlistened-to hebrew chants

A wave  
'out of tide' with the surrounding  
ocean he breaks  
insensitized non-participance upon himself

(The) unperceived  
conqueror of a new world  
in terms of cutting and drafting  
Exodus lifts his head  
over the alien crowds  
under the alien clouds  
proudly as memory  
evokes the panic-stricken  
discoverer of his own heart coming

barefoot to the Synagogue  
erected by his grandfather - - -  
The Rabbi said "Your grandfather  
was a great and a just man  
we reap what he has sown  
- honoured be his memory so here's  
your fare third class

May the God of Israel  
bless thee among the Gentiles"

And the God of the Gentiles  
blessed him among Israel

he had several  
shares in the South Eastern  
Railway and other  
securities Suddenly

he remembers how his mother  
told him he was a seven month's child  
-thing of etherial circulation-  
wrapped in wadding somewhat  
green-seeming as an untimely apple  
And Exodus feels cold  
with sympathy for that cold thing  
that was himself - - -

The london dusk  
wraps up the aborted entity  
heeding Solomon's admonishing spends  
circumcised circumspect  
his evenings doing lightening calculations  
for his high pleasure Painting - - -  
feeling his pulse - - -

Incorporeal express trains  
from opposite directions  
of unequal lengths and velocities  
flash through his abstract eye  
determines instantly the time  
to a decimal fraction of a second  
they take to pass each other

Under his ivory hands  
his sunflowers sunwards  
glow confuse with itinerant  
Judaic eyes peering  
through narrow-slim entrance-arches  
The terrestrial trees shades  
virgin bosoms and blossoms  
in course of his acclimatization  
a hedge-rose - - -

He paints  
He feels his pulse

The spiritual tentacles of vanity  
that each puts out towards the culture  
of his epoch knowing not how to find  
and finding not contact he has repealed  
to fumble among his guts

The only  
personal reality  
he brought from Hungary he takes  
to Harley street where medicine  
sits the only social science applied to the outsider

- - - - -

The parasite attaches to the English Rose  
- - - - - at a guinea a visit  
becomes more tangible to himself the exile  
mechanism he learns is built  
to the same osseous structure shares  
identical phenomena with those  
populating the Island  
that segregated  
from his apprehension moves  
a universe of unceasing  
energies for the biological  
explorer's introspection

His body  
becomes the target of his speculation

His brain ravenous for informative food  
spins cobwebs on the only available  
branching out of facts  
clings to the visceral

items     he has heard mentioned  
          until they ache  
under mesmeric concentration  
Exodus    discovers his nerves  
as once    Mankind  
in pathological mysticism    believed  
itself     to have discovered  
its soul  
David's daughter's doweries  
and olive-eyes  
virgins capitalized  
to tantalize!

Jehovah's tailor

sets up in business for himself  
however  
Some queer  
marital independence on the English air  
keeping him bachelor

While through  
stock quotations  
and Latin prescriptions  
for physic  
filters the lyric  
aroma of the rose

Exodus knows  
no longer father  
or brother  
or the God of the Jews,  
it is his to choose  
finance or  
romance of the rose

