***Mr V and I***

 ***Astral Travel***

1.

*Your absence haunts me. It sounds queer,*

 *I know, but I feel quite chagrined.*

 *You are intangible as the wind!*

*How strange to switch from there to here*

*And then to now so quickly in space*

 *And time!* Death has its privileges.

 We ghosts can move with startling ease

From age to age and place to place.

We fly, as ‘twere, on conscious wings—

 Or drift, or float, if minded to.

 Still, hawk-like, I return to you.

*You must have seen some wondrous things.*

2. *My Travels*



*Ah, let me tell you! I have seen*

 *The tawny Ceylonese sunrise*

 *Through a tea-planting girl’s sloe eyes;*

*Have watched the Nile, swift, emerald-green,*

*Surge past the ruins of the sacred*

 *City that Akhenaten built,*

 *Muscling a wealth of fertile silt*

*Down to the shores where the waves break red*

*And purple beneath dying suns.*

 *At Alexandria, deep under*

 *The harbour waves, I’ve seen the plunder*

*Of time, the great stone blocks that once*

*Composed the wonder of the Pharos.*

 *On high Mount Ida I have stood*

 *Where Troy’s doom burned in the hot blood*

*And fateful judgment of young Paris,*

*And watched a Geisha girl in Kyoto*

 *With exquisite composure pour*

 *Tea for her warrior paramour*

*And pluck sad music from a koto.*

*(In a pavilion on the way*

 *Down from Mount Fuji I have seen girls*

 *Make love to girls. This part unfurls*

*As a print by Hiroshige.)*

*With the Aborigines I trace*

 *Song-lines, I join them as they sing*

 *Into existence Everything*

*That IS, and gather it into place.*



*I have seen the Dogon dance delirious*

 *To honour the completed spin*

 *Of its mysterious hidden twin*

*Around the raging Dog Star, Sirius.*

*I’ve watched (as strange as this may seem)*

 *From the moon, with these ghostly eyes,*

 *A pearl of calmest blue arise*

*From darkness like a solid dream,*

*And only slowly recognised*

 *It as our planet, lone and small*

 *In the void vastness of it all,*

*A fragile thing ah, to be prized!*

*As fragile as blue china, and*

 *As rare—which how shall we live up to,*

 *Who drain the tea, and break the cup, too?*

*Leaving our stain on sea and land.*

*And sometimes Ruskin joins me there.*

 *Tears fill his eyes, and the earth-light*

 *Trembles in them. The rest is night*

*And silence, stars and breathless air.*

♫



