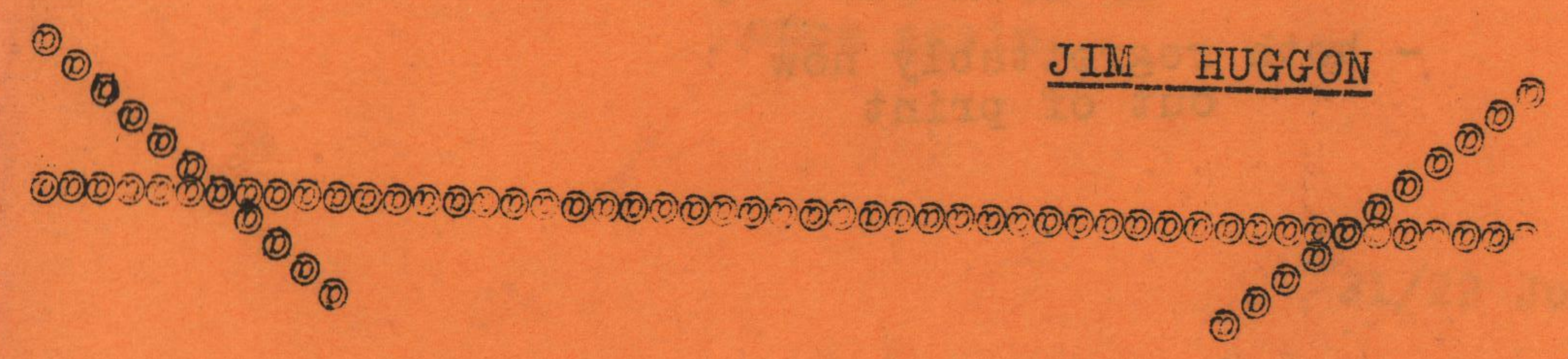


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JIM HUGGON



Kropotkin's Lighthouse Publications  
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Other Kropotkin's Lighthouse publications:-

"But Mr. Speaker, it would create Anarchy"  
- Jim Huggon

"The Mask of Anarchy"  
Percy Bysshe Shelley

- both regrettably now  
out of print

FOR EIVOR

(for whom the sun shines)

Tonight we were so quietly close together  
But no-one else may know it,  
as many different miles conspire  
in a strange uneasy union of trying  
to keep us apart.  
Their plot fails,  
as I reach out through space  
to hold you now,  
Your kisses take wings  
and fly to my lips.  
And though soon even the seas  
may join this conspiracy,  
Every night will still be  
as this one.  
Until, as must soon be,  
True daylight comes  
for you are with me  
once again.

21/22 July 1970

DO NOT STAND IDLY BY

Do not stand idly by  
 admiring paintings  
 of long dead masters,  
 or living masters soon to die,  
 reading the sweat of poets  
 weaving words  
 into a magic carpet  
 from one door to your door.  
 Is it closed?  
 Locked, barred, bolted,  
 for your protection;  
 or open?  
 Art is the key to your mind.  
 Can I knock on your door?  
 Communicate!  
 Whispering gently --  
 - not shouting slogans -  
 the gentle words of you.  
 A soft small earthquake.

Do not stand idly by,  
 listening to the music of other men.  
 Their private worlds of sound.  
 You - the ear beneath their window,  
 listening in - but never on their wavelength,  
 to preserve your very special madness,  
 called sanity.  
 You - the eye at their keyhole,  
 but never venture through that door  
 lest you create -  
 - spark off the explosion,  
 to tear you apart.  
 Limb from limb;  
 Imagination from Intellect,  
 Emotion from Reason.

What are you afraid of?

SR/25 2013 1970

Do not stand idly by,  
Watching the farmer sow his field  
of golden corn,

So that you can paint -  
- only what the inner eye can see.  
Imprisoning on unyielding canvas  
impressions of its smell,  
the lovers' walk,  
the gentle breeze,  
the song of birds,  
the fieldmouse nibbling at a stalk.  
The beauty that the eye can take -  
- but never give.

And call that art.  
Denying art of soil's canvas,  
season's paints and the plough's  
brush  
cleansed with sweat.

Write poems on blank walls.  
Make your own music -  
give it away free  
to the air.  
Sculpt cities  
- and so dwell in art,  
not houses.  
Make the world's every fence  
an art gallery  
Until the Bayswater Road meets its other  
end.  
Dogs freaking out round multi-coloured  
lamp posts  
Yesterday's policeman and prisoner,  
now linked only with rainbow paper  
chains  
dancing together to your tune.  
Write your very own book.

Do not stand idly by  
-at least not all the time.

MY LADY

My lady is her own brightest star.  
 Can you not hear the music?  
 As a smile sings softly on her lips  
 for gentle eyes to quietly dance  
 with you.  
 Drab sullen walls light up  
 for her  
 streets and grey city  
 forget their sadness shadows  
 and for that moment  
 embrace a new found peace.  
 Words become poems.  
 The restless night sky calms  
 and finds tranquility in silent darkness  
 once again.

NOW THAT SHE'S GONE

Now that she's gone  
 I often think back  
 Reaching out with fading memory's grasp  
 Trying to pick out  
 only the good things  
 And let the rest go by.  
 But somehow  
 those good times have turned to sand  
 To slip quietly through my mind's fingers.

W H Y ?

A man and girl  
 sit quietly motionless  
 on the couch  
 staring at the small  
 glass  
 goldfish tank screen  
 protecting the hired body  
 as it pretends love to another.

SICK POEM  
OF THE UNDERGROUND

The embarrassed crowd  
stand on the platform  
watching the drunk stagger falteringly  
along the white painted line  
running the length of parallel  
to the electric steel.  
The scarlet snake emerges  
from its darkened womb.  
They whisper their revulsion  
giggle their embarrassment  
shrug their indifference.  
Others watch keenly  
calculating silently the bookie's odds  
Will he fall this time?

HAIKU (I)

Only the dying people,  
knowing their time,  
are truly immortal.

\* \* \*

SUNDAY

King Alfred is playing with his train set  
on the castle floor.  
Leonardo da Vinci is eating fish and chips  
out of a yesterday's copy of "The Venetian  
Chronicle".  
Admiral Lord Nelson is playing tiddlywinks  
with Hardy across the carpeted floor of the  
Victory.  
The gallant captain sportingly shoves  
one arm  
Behind his back  
and closes one eye.  
The Minister of Defence  
and the Foreign Secretary,  
venture a combined sortie  
on a plate of chip butties.  
Their respective bowels  
make resounding declarations  
of UDI  
in all directions.  
The Archbishop of Canterbury  
services finished for the day  
rushes, still dressed in mitre and  
full regalia  
to the clear riverside,  
and cannily angles  
for trout  
out of season.  
George Best knocks a cautious thirty two  
not out.  
Johann Sebastian Bach  
is listening to a pirate radio station  
while swinging Anna Magdalena,  
with superb panache,  
all around their living room.

Anigoni squats on the Bayswater Road  
 touting for trade.  
 Bob Dylan is busking unrecognised  
 in Greenwich Village  
 and no-one drops him a cent.  
 Well, after all,  
 it is Sunday.

HAIKU (II)

Is freedom a flower  
 ever surrounded by thorns  
 of loneliness?

SKIES

The same sun  
 that shines on me  
 shines on you also,  
 even though now  
 You are hundreds of miles away.  
 You look  
 into the same moon's kingdom  
 at the same brightly twinkling stars  
 as I do  
 at night.  
 So when I see  
 that bright sun  
 stretching its myriad tentacles  
 around this universe,  
 I find your sweet face,  
 your gentle loveliness,  
 reflected for me.  
 You are the sky.  
 The bright heavens are your portrait  
 The darkness is your warm sleeping.

31/7/70-1/8/70

SKIES POET

Oh, could I imprison your angel beauty  
 in mere words,  
 pin your smile  
 to this rough paper;  
 capture your bright eyes  
 and mirror their candle light through poems;  
 could I express my love for you  
 in aught but thankful silence,  
 dreams or kisses;  
 then, I would be a poet,  
 but I am not.

4/5 September 1970