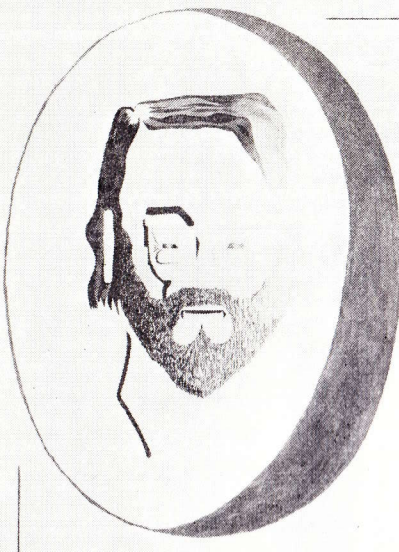


JUMP
MY BROTHERS
JUMP

Poems from prison
by Tim Daly

edited and introduced
by Adrian Mitchell

ANARCHY 110 3shillings 15pence 40cents



OPUS ONE

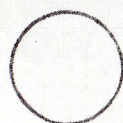
**IN LOVE,
ON SEX,
ON POEMS THAT GO
BUMP IN THE NIGHT.**

Love

"love is the mystery between two people, not the identity"....John Fowles.



HERE I said
tossing her a paradox
open this
and you have my heart
refuse it
and you take my soul
either way
I will love you
and hate you
forever.



IM SORRY

she replied
glancing casually
at her own stigmata
as she drew pain-marks
across my forehead
no please
she murmured
dont look at me
like that.

THE DIVISION OF THE BOND

ONE

Jump, my brothers, jump

poems from prison by

Tim Daly

*edited and introduced by
Adrian Mitchell*

Freedom Press 1970

A very, very dangerous person—Tim Daly, poet

SENTENCING TIM DALY to four years in prison, a judge called Thesiger said: "One who endangers other people's property is a very, very dangerous person."

The only name for a system which steals the liberty of loving human beings like Tim Daly, locking them in prisons which are mazes built of small and large cruelties, is barbarism.

In November, 1968, Tim was twenty years old. He took two petrol bombs to the Imperial War Museum, and, after ensuring that nobody was likely to be hurt, started a good fire. Nobody was hurt, but a pile of documents went to blazes. Tim did this because he had seen children being taken round the Museum. He believed that the Museum taught them that war is glorious. Of course it did, and still does. The State wouldn't tolerate a Peace Museum.

I didn't meet Tim until after his sentence. Since that time, by exchanging letters and poems, and by visiting Tim in Wormwood Scrubs and Maidstone, I have come to love Tim as much as any other man on earth. I do not know a gentler or a braver person. He is not a faceless saint, but an intensely complicated person, good to be with even in the limbo of a prison visiting room.

The British penal system is designed to break men. Tim, as you'll see from the visions and jokes in his poems, has not been broken. And he will not be broken. His spirit is a flame. You cannot break a flame.

These are only a few of his poems, songs, epigrams and messages, almost every one of them written in Her Majesty's Prisons. Their subjects are women, politics and prison. Their tune is love. Use them well.

ADRIAN MITCHELL.

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TO THOSE WHO HAVE LOVED ME

THE BALLAD OF AN ANTI-WAR CRIMINAL OR VICE-VERSA

Those two fanatic demons of honesty and love
 Held me against emotion as the sky grew mad above
 I myself determined to see this mission through
 As the will to free all children from the sins of parents grew

Memories of soldiers dead for causes true and just
 Their killing long forgotten as was the soldiers' lust
 Then on the night's horizon my frantic eyes did find
 A building almost beautiful but there the war enshrined

So I made myself two molotovs as result of what I planned
 For this travesty of beauty I could no longer stand
 On a Sunday night at half past eight up to its dome I made
 There I threw down my freedom where were documents displayed

Now in my cell my freedom gone I yearn for friends I knew
 My strength is getting smaller where before it only grew
 And yet I know with all my heart atonement for my act
 For my heart believed in what I did and can man say more than that?

THE VERY FIRST REALISATION

We are all living in an embryo
the sides of which
are coarse
and reject all attempts
to burst through to another reality

so wait
my friends
just wait
be true to yourselves
eventually to such an extent
that the embryo
itself
will reject you

and then
but only then
will you be
truly free—

*This is a poem dedicated to all those friends who have ever asked
me "what can I do?"*

IDEALIST

his hair
Shining and Auburn
a degree
slowly seeming
to him to be
now Less Important

under-cynical under-graduate
a belief
in Peace
dear to him

his Suburban Mother
putting away
both cars
Hopes

that his Peace
will wear off in
time for his Degree

DON'T WORRY MOTHER

IT WILL!

TO RHONA

You stepped towards me
Out of Elleslie Hall
Near a five feet tree
Near a two foot wall

You stepped unknowingly
Onto a tiny ant reducing it to
A grey black smudge on the pavement

Your hand reaches out
To touch mine
I love you so why is it
Fear whose hand I feel?

Jesus Christ in his fastdecaying life
Perched on a cross of splinters
Dressed clumsily in an authentic
Superman costume but
Then my whole body
Shuddered with shame

CHICO AND THE PRISON DOCTORS

a few months ago a friend of mine named Chico
was kicked in his groin by a promotion hungry
policeman and since then my friend has sporadically had
severe pains in above mentioned region which
stops him walking or even standing so he saw
our prison doctor two weeks ago who then sent
to the prison out patients hospital since then
he has had six urine samples taken and three
blood same in the end he got a little worried
concerning the efficiency of these silent doctors
so he refused the fourth blood sample and asked
for help please so they gave him some medicine

six weeks ago I was given the same medicine
as Chico only they gave it to me then as a
TREATMENT FOR WHOOPING COUGH!!

Signed Tim and Chico

GRAFFITI LIVES!

Synthetic hash transcends the tune
 And turns my socks to kippers
 Ravi Shankar's CLAIRE DE LUNE
 And out of jackboots—slippers

Uniform my pantomime
 My bed a cotton haven
 Policemen sing Aulde Lang Syne
 Their big toes all unshaven

CRICKEY shouts a High Court Judge
 MY EYES MY TEETH MY EAR
 He didn't know that acid fudge
 Cleans white all dutyfear

Papers ask me what to do
 And how should they report?
 Point I at writings in the loo
 Where George Gale's Wit is wrought

Aussie White downed rather fast
 Reminds me of the time
 I glance at igloos running past
 And shrug at sexless crime

Yes

Synthetic hash transcends the tune
 And turns my socks to kippers
 Ravi Shankar's CLAIRE DE LUNE
 And out of jackboots—slippers

FANTASTIC

(to Jim in anglo-canadian friendship)

The real
 Ethereal
 For the moment
 Both forgotten
 The child

A small boy
 wearing glasses
 and a fading
 awareness

Gazes
 At the
 Cinema screen
 Of life

And wonders
 Whether or not
 It is true

FOR IT WOULD
 APPEAR TO BE
 TRUE

That
 Soldiers seldom
 Die

THE PATH THAT MY SOUL TRAVELS

The path that my soul travels into, as I drift towards sleep, is not so much the shape of a valley but more that of a ceilingless tunnel. Wonderful shapes of weird designs come towards my consciousness and then drift away again, much as the apparent motion of telegraph poles one sees when sitting in a moving bus, day dreaming.

Did I say day dreaming? Yet this is real. I am moving into sleep. I am moving into a world where fantasy gains status to become reality, and *reality* falls lower and lower, loses prestige until its problems become the pawn within the overall adventure

That which in the waking hours is comfortingly familiar is now strange. That which, during my waking hours would be incomprehensible and individual tokens of insanity now appear as long lost friends. "Of *course!*" says my psyche as realisation dawns and my once-a-night enlightenment becomes mine again. As reality slips from its forefront of importance so does the awful amnesia so common and yet so consistently unrecognised in all of our daily living. Psyche-wise the man I am in the daytime has shed his mundane clothes and habits to become the splendidly coloured and appendaged superman. As I lose *a* power so do I gain *a* power. As I lose *a* reality so do I gain *a* reality. As I lose my personality so do I gain my personality. It has started. The egg, incidentally, comes *before* the chicken.

After committing myself to the final surrendering my new (yet not new) world is forming into something that I can even attempt at communicating. I cannot say what I now see and know in words. I feel I *can*, however, try, using words, to *imply* the knowledge. From this point on please read only implications. My reader, you have borne with me to this point. Prematurely perhaps, I thank you for the patience and effort you will need to reciprocate the understanding. Thank you.

The tunnel is no longer a tunnel but instead I am floating over a splendidly furnished valley. The valley is only a token part of the world and before my adventure is through I will explore other sectors but as a start to my story that valley alone will suffice.

I know this valley. It is named simply the Valley of Truth. It is peopled by angelic creatures each of whom personifies an aspect of truth. Geographically the valley is adjacent to The White Valley of Ultimates wherein is the Palace of the Living God. This area is the most powerful and holy state in all the world. Even in this world of abstract does it demand awe. Very few of the Truth People are allowed into the Divine Area but all share the privilege of living very close by.

ON POLITICS

I have heard some student friends say—"we are living in a society of murderers and to combat them we would be forced to kill them", to this, or something like this, I find myself replying—"no. it is more true to say we are living next to a society of lemmings and it is our moral duty to take away the sea."

THE STORY OF THE LOO THAT KNEW HOW TO GIGGLE

for *Adrian Mitchell*

Gazing, one day, at the Sewer that is MY WORLD, I happened to notice a few currents of silverclear water. Swirling inwards, and outwards: they were naively attempting to break up the faeces into easily digestible portions.

AND

Gazing, one day, at the Sewer that is MY WORLD, I happened to notice a few Lilies o' the Midden. Swirling hither, and thither, they were naively attempting to digest these almost easily digestible portions.

AND

Gazing, one day, at the Sewer that is MY WORLD, I happened to notice a few dying Goldfish: swirling symbols of HOPE, and PEACE, and LAUGHTER, with their final orange moments: all across the rank surface of the brown sewage that forms MY WORLD.

THEN

Looking up, I find myself observing a tiny copse of Israeli fig trees bunched together in mutual pity (like bananas); bravely gripping their personal horizons.

JUST AT THIS POINT

Jesus Christ, William Blake, and the angel Walter Gabriel, peeped through the khaki clouds.

So, together, we sang out in greedy joy

"IT MAY BE BROWN AND SMELLY, BUT IT'S OURS!!"

Question:

Have you ever seen four golden turds, laughing simultaneously? If not, then GRAB hold of this—

he - he - he - he - he - he - he - he - he - he - he.

I AM THE ALIEN WHO WEARS TROUSERS

circumcise your mind and impulses
allow the foreskin of bureaucracy
to drop into the fast flowing eddy
in the lavatory of cynical laughter

ONE DAY AS YOU WALK THROUGH TOWN
WALK UP TO A POLICEMAN
CALL HIM "DADDY" AND
SEE JUST HOW UNCONVINCING IT SOUNDS

the stomach swells
when the body is about to die of malnutrition
and a policeman smiles
at a little child—

SMOOTH

Oh silken
Conscience
Bury my body
Beneath the wave
Of my senses
And let me be
Me.

FRED ONE

In England there is an old saying. So what?

LIFE IS A GOLDFISH THAT SWIMS AWAY EVERY TIME YOU
TRY TO LOOK AT IT

Romanticism is the art of being beautifully wrong.
Cynicism is the knack of being horribly right.

I am not brave. I merely seek courage.

A LIVE HIPPY SMELLS A LOT BETTER THAN A DEAD
PATRIOT.

Nirvana must be a nice place to visit, but I
don't think I would want to live there.

AT TIMES

at times I feel like lemon-juice that is somehow out of place
or a policeman working overtime in my uniform of a face
at other times I feel a prick whose point is totally missed
or a concept floating in a head too ugly to be kissed

A PRISONER'S LOVE POEM WITH A DIFFERENCE
(for many girls)

when next your breasts are kissed by the
early-morning breeze as it wafts in through
your open window and that velvet darkness
between your thighs is all lit up by those
glow worms of desire and you find with
sadness in your wide frightened eyes that
the crease in your topsheet has cunningly
formed itself into the well remembered
shape of my arm and then you will softly
cry recalling my cruelty and the bitter words
that smothered our parting love
and when you remember all these things
I shall be sitting here alone in my cell

HAVING A BIT OF A GIGGLE

LOVE IS AN EASY WORD TO WRITE

LOVE is an easy word to write
 said Sophie (age of four)
 the pen will move and having writ
 will go on writing more
 but I moved in and you I loved
 despite the open door
 that froze the words I tried to write
 now melting through your floor.

THE POLITICIAN

the politician
 moving his hypocrisy stained finger
 around the bowl
 of the cake-mixture world
 declared
 with the charm
 of his boyish smile
 which incidentally
 bought him to fame
 that it always
 for him anyway
 tasted better
 before it was cooked.

WALK ON, PRICKFACE

a deepfeeling Christian
 can turn Jesus into a reality
 a live flower
 who needs to love and to be loved

so how can you be satisfied?
 creating a cynical evil toy
 from our greenlygolden world

instead of loving you content yourselves
 with bombs and excuses
 and napalm ridden foreign policies

you civilised twits
 you call beauty "Ignorance"

throttle it
 wash your hands
 and walk away.

THE RIVER—FOR JANE

meander lines your
body
ripple curves your
ivory breast
quick sunset twinkle your
flashing eyes

let me know and ride
the dangerous currents
of your body
become a wave
in the calm
of your soul
my river
river maiden

WITHDRAW

withdraw onto a cross of iron and steel
refuse to condone policemen
for though they may love their mothers
yet they couldn't give a damn
about guarding demonstrations—

about guarding crucifixions

THE BALLAD OF LENNY'S ANUS (WITH APOLOGIES TO THE BEATLES)

Lenny lived and Lenny died,
And did things in between.
He loved: yet believed in nothing
That couldn't be felt or seen.

For Lenny was a hippy man.
His eyes were brown and fair.
He had skid-marks in his underpants,
And flowers in his hair.

IMAGINE

for Jane Kingshill

Imagine
the love of a man
moving slowly like cigarette smoke
 towards himself.
This is my idea of fear.

THE HIPPY SAVAGE

The hippy savage
 His long hair and thick fuzzy beard
 A satire to the helmet and the chinstrap
 His bright eyes smiling with wordless love
HE IS CAGED
 Held in captivity by men with chrome uniforms
 And dark blue jowls
 Not only uniforms separate these human beings
 These former brothers of the womb
 But also language and culture and other things
 Each the other's alien

Unable to share language
 He talks little
 Unable to comprehend the routine
 He shuffles aimlessly and beautifully
 As he sweeps his cell
 Having no carpet he is compelled
 To sweep all the dirt
 Under his heart
 Where it will remain
 Until one day his cellmade cadaver
 Will have LIFE breathed upon it
 By the laughter of friends
 And the slow soft rustle
 Of Autumn leaves.

SONGWRITER'S LOVE POEM

although I cannot change
 what I've already sung
 please finish my song
 with me

GIPSIES ARE DIRTY

I seem so neat and tidy now
 I have washed my mind so clean
 That neither humility nor dandruff
 Are anywhere to be seen

ONE DAY I SHALL HIJACK THE REALISATION OF WHAT THIS POEM IS ALL ABOUT

I knew a girl called Rhona once
 whose grace my pain distilled
 we swopped those things we never had
 and found ourselves fulfilled

THE HOLLIES, JANE AND ME

We found the Hollies basking in the Sun
 And we
 Ignoring its initial indifference to our arrival
 Began to stroll hand in hand thoughtlessly
 Yet at the same time proud and erect
 A king and queen
 Painstakingly composed by Tolkein

Soon
 Tiny gnats
 Little gossamer regiments of life
 Unknown to us
 Formed an affinity with the Sun
 And together with the Sun
 Made for us a goldgreen CURTAIN
 Many paces long

And so our heedless steps
 Spun us magically around
 A warm kaleidoscope of trees
 And flowers and kneehigh grasses
 And of course the CURTAIN
 Which by then had metamorphosized
 To become for us
 The redeemed euphoria
 Of childhood

Then
 Sitting in the shade by a brook
 I look at you longhaired
 Sitting there in my funny bush-hat
 You smiled and said
 I AM HAPPY
 And suddenly a torrent of calm
 Washed over my senses

and just as suddenly
 the little boy
 who was afraid of the WORLD
 yet could climb trees better and more happily
 than any other kid on the estate
 This boy was alive again

and just as suddenly
 the old man
 who drunkenly lying down
 in his 20 year old body
 would silently cry
 over the cadavers of his memories
 This man was dead forever

O Jane
 Who became in that perennial afternoon moment
 My executioner and
 My giver of life

O herald of Peace
 In that
 Our moment of quiet
 In that
 Our moment of fidelity
 I HAVE LOVED YOU FOREVER

**A SORT OF A DIARY-POEM FOR ADRIAN MITCHELL
ENTITLED "TRIPS ROUND MY CELL"**

Softly Softly
Catchee flu'
I love my love
How about you?

this morning a fuse blew somewhere in the prison and now my
ugly chippedpaint cell is bathed in soft early morning shadows
which I find rather lovely and it occurs to me that when
something goes wrong a fuse blows for example we are usually too
busy being annoyed to realize that only with quiet love can we
hope to see things as they really are and
LOVE IS THE ONLY TRUE DEODORANT

Cutting clearings through the jungle of
My foggy childish mind
I hit a tree that wouldn't fall
Then others of this kind
They told me they were Lovetrees
And not the weaker type
"O sillyMe!" I cried in joy
And felled them with a swipe

while walking one evening through the bright streets and lessbright
alleyways of my friendly imagination I suddenly stumbled across
a corpse who when I did this shuddered fell stood up again and
started to grin at a cartoon in the **DAILY MIRROR** which was printed
on the skin of his hands then dirge like he laughed and told me
my hair was too long laughing with him out of pity I stretched
out my heart and touched him but his eyes began to crumble then
and his face began to convulse with something that couldn't be
laughter he dissolved into and onto the pavement became a putrid
mess lapping like silly surf against my sandals horrified amused
and somehow bored I moved on

(egotrip)
I am many growing fewer
I chastise as I pardon
I am flowers in a sewer/I am sewage in a garden
.

Many fat girls
saying: Yes

(this is my answer to the Race question)
An "Englishman" is merely an anaemic negro.

Now let us ask ourselves—
"What is a penis, if not an
Instrument of Peace and Goodwill?"

" the Banana Scandal cometh." (Traditional)
Dirty Fred went to bed
To see what he could see
He pulled his navel captain
Then placed it on his knee
Dirty Fred went to bed
And read a dirty book
About a three-limbed poet
Who did things with his hook

(finale)
Adrian Mitchell writes poems in anger
And from him comes glass out of sand
The Lord God made prisons and armies
To cure those who get out of hand
But Hitler made golliwogs illegal
And I broke the laws of my land
CHORUS: There'll always be an England, etc.
.

KRAKATOA ISLANDERS*A song for Rhona — an elegy to love*

We swam upon an island
 where we knew the lies were warm
 And all the creatures in our head
 were playing with our scorn
 And high above a scarlet pain
 whose waters tumbled down
 And then we turned around

I met you in a coffee room
 where people laughed away
 their fears of dying.
 You sat there
 nodding pleasantly
 as I asked all the people
 why they smiled.
 They told me they
 were Christian sons
 of Christian daughters
 who had stood alone.
 So I said
 Rhona don't you see
 that we stand
 far away from me.
 And that my soul is lost
 forever don't you know.

YOU KNOW THE LORD MADE US THESE ISLANDS
 OF KRAKATOA DOOM
 HE TOLD US NOT TO LIVE IN THEM
 BUT HE DIDN'T GIVE US ROOM
 TO AVOID THESE AWFUL ISLANDS
 TO AVOID THE VOID OF DOOM
 TO AVOID IT
 TO AVOID IT
 TO AVOID THE VOID OF DOOM

Now times have changed
 you rearranged
 the pattern that we set
 Your prisoners
 who brought me here
 have finished with regret.

I cracked that awful joke
 about the holy hallowed
 pain of disbelieving.
 You thought my laughter
 colder than the streams
 that run so swiftly
 through your mind.
 Then you took me to
 your mother's home
 and gave me gifts
 of clothes to wear beside you.
 But I could not
 put your father's tie
 around these islands
 in my mind.
 I'm sorry that was
 how it had to be.

YOU SEE THE LORD MADE US THESE ISLANDS
 OF KRAKATOA DOOM
 HE TOLD US NOT TO LIVE IN THEM
 BUT HE DIDN'T GIVE US ROOM
 TO AVOID THESE AWFUL ISLANDS
 TO AVOID THE VOID OF DOOM
 TO AVOID IT
 TO AVOID IT
 TO AVOID THE VOID OF DOOM

So you've married
 all my failures
 And you've found another man
 and he is John
 Whom Jesus loves
 and this you understand.

Now the poems that I sang to you
 will count no more than this
 A dream of moments long ago

A fear of Satan's kiss

WHAT TO DO

What to do in Life is, perhaps, the most difficult question of all. In a sick society, how can one not only *be* healthy but also be able to *demonstrate* health; to infect others with it in consequence? I am thinking of an answer in terms of an adaptation of the Uncertainty Principle—e.g. a man who *has* money can never be sure that he will give it away—he cannot look into his wallet and find the contents both his own property and his gift to somebody else. One has to offer a tramp money and just hope that you have it to give. Basically it all boils down to my fanatical (literally) belief in the Beauty of Action. Almost more than anything else I hate to see a good man standing still when he could be moving somewhere.

FRED TWO

Peace, always evasive at the best of times, lurks hidden somewhere inside my prison uniform, and the war drags on. . . .

A POEM THAT WILL ALWAYS REMAIN UNFINISHED

sitting in a room that looks strangely like a cell
an ephemeral female angel
glides inaccurately through the bars
and sits beside me

naive and longhaired
she speaks
firstly in the language of angels
which being ugly I cannot understand

then cutting her short

I tell her a story
of dreams and disasters
of Christians, abortions
of suicides and lies

is it a poem?
NO NO NO
it really happened

are you a poet?
NO NO NO
it really happened.
.

CREDO

I believe that sensitivity, to-love, and beauty, are inherent qualities that come naturally with human-beingness.

I further believe that these qualities would be far more universal, and apparent, was it not for the truth that each generation of human youth is taught to accept, and even to emulate, the insensitivities and barbarisms of their fore-fathers.

The truth, the answer, may lie in the following truism: "One cannot keep both feet on the ground and jump anywhere, at the same time."

Jump, my brothers, jump.