HMS LITTLE FOX

Books by Lee Harwood

Poetry

title illegible
The Man with Blue Eyes
The White Room
Landscapes
The Sinking Colony
Penguin Modern Poets 19 (with John Ashbery & Tom Raworth)
Freighters
H.M.S. Little Fox
Boston-Brighton
Old Bosham Bird Watch
Wish you were here (with Antony Lopez)
All the Wrong Notes
Faded Ribbons
Monster Masks
Crossing the Frozen River: selected poems
Rope Boy to the Rescue
In the Mists: mountain poems
Morning Light
Evening Star
Collected Poems *
Selected Poems *
The Orchid Boat

Prose

Captain Harwood's Log of Stern Statements and Stout Sayings
Wine Tales: Un Roman Devin (with Richard Caddel)
Dream Quilt: 30 assorted stories
Assorted Stories : prose works
Not the Full Story: 6 Interviews (with Kelvin Corcoran) *

Translations

Tristan Tzara – *Cosmic Realities Vanilla Tobacco Dawnings*
Tristan Tzara – *Destroyed Days, a selection of poems 1943-1955*
Tristan Tzara – *Selected Poems*
Tristan Tzara – *Chanson Dada: Selected Poems*
Tristan Tzara – *The Glowing Forgotten: A Selection of Poems*

(Shearsman titles)*

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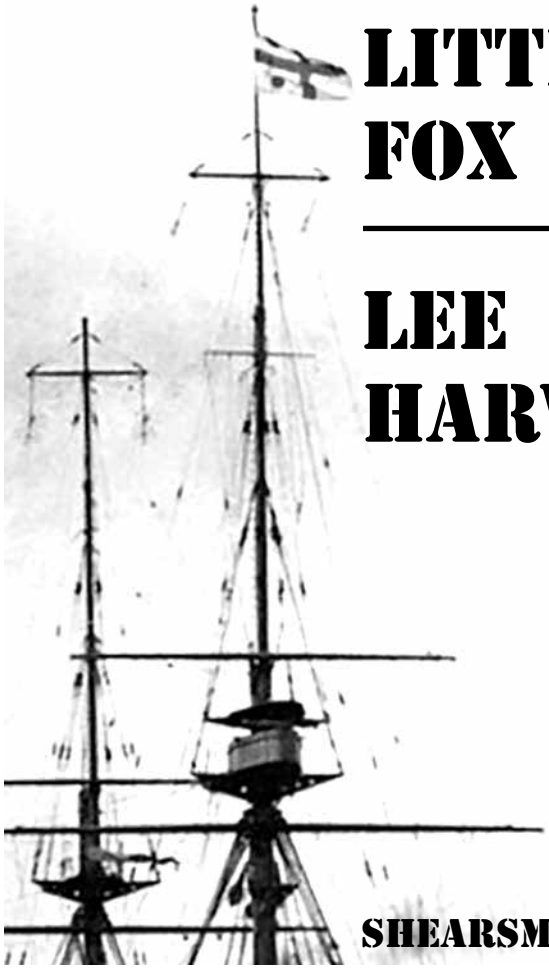

LEE HARWOOD

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The hieroglyph of the Egyptian goddess Hathor on page 7 (and elsewhere in 'The Long Black Veil') was drawn by Peter Bailey and the drawing of Anubis on page 32 is by Ian Robinson.

The five photographs of ships that introduce each section of the book are from the old postcard collection belonging to the author.

The 'Five postcards to Alban Berg' have been set to music by Herman Weiss under the same title.

Contents

The Long Black Veil : A Notebook 1970-72
- Preface 9
- Books 1 to 12 11

Qasída Island 1971-72
- Qasída 43
- One, Two, Three 47
- Blue Enamel Letter J 51
- New Year 54
- With a Photo by John Walsh 56
- Five Postcards to Alban Berg 58

'Inside the harm is a clearing…' 63

The Big Chop 1969-70
- North 73
- Night Ferry 74
- Country Diary Continued 75
- Today 76
- S..... – Hebrew for 'Beautiful' 77
- Brooklyn 78
- Little Lord Fauntleroy Meets The Secret Garden 79

H.M.S. Little Fox 1967-68
- The Situation 85
- Dawn of the Monsters 87
- Chemical Days 88
- The Revisitation 89
- Dazzle 91
- Forestry Work No. 1 92
- Love in the Organ Loft 93
- The Nine Death Ships 96

THE LONG BLACK VEIL :

a notebook 1970–72

things have ends (or scopes) and beginnings. To
know what precedes and what follows
will assist yr / comprehension of process

Ezra Pound – *Canto 77*

In the Congo what joy could I take in gathering unknown flowers with no one to whom to give them?

André Gide – *Journals*, 31 March 1930

Preface

How to accept
this drift

the move not mapped
nor clear other than in
its existence

a year passed
I think of you
it's early on a sunny morning in June
and think of your thinking of me
possible

How do we live with this?
yet live with this

What have we *left*
from all *this*?

'Concepts promise protection
from experience.
The spirit does
not dwell in concepts. Oh Jung.'
(Joanne Kyger – *Desecheo Notebook*)

two years passed 'Oh Jung'
the cycle not repeated
only the insistence

The story is that, when a child, Borges used to come to his father. His father would have a number of coins that he would place on his desk

one by one, one on top of the other. To be brief – the stack of coins is an image of how our memory distorts and simplifies events the farther we move from them. The first coin is the actual event, the next coin is the event recreated in the mind, the memory, the next coin is a recreation of the first recreation, etc., etc.,…

But what of the essence of this? 'Oh Jung's' insistences. The Sufi story of the famous River that tried to cross the desert, but only crossed the sands as water 'in the arms of the wind', nameless but

Book One

the soft dawn it's light
I mean your body and how I ache now
yes, tremble

the words? how can they…

somehow the raven flying through endless skies
that ache too much the unbearable distance
borne

Across the valley the sun catches the white silos
of these scattered farms
Up on the ridge

I mean following the creek…

As we lie in each other
dazed and hanging like birds on the wind

your body, yes I'm talking about it
at last I mean this *is* the discovery
Need I list the items?

On your way from the thorn tree to the house
you stop and half turn
to tell me…
that doesn't matter
but your look
and this picture I have
and at this distance

I have this now
I have what I have
in my hands

dawn – light – body – words – raven – skies – ache – distance – valley –
sun – silos – farms – ridge – creek – each other – birds – wind

The Flight – BA 591

Book Two

Baseball in Central Park.

Anti-war parade on 5th Avenue.

The Egyptian rooms in the Metropolitan.

Reading Gide's *Journals* in my room.

On the bus : the green Catskills. large black birds standing in the grass. wild blue iris in the swamps. two woodchucks. two rabbits. If other men's shoes fit, wear 'em.

We swim naked in the pool at night. The stars so bright. The hot night, the crickets and frogs singing. I hold you to me in a small room – the night air so heavy. Inside 'the dream' …

A farm dog barks somewhere across the valley.

The bright greens of the woods, the sun streaming down through the branches. The crashings of a chicken hawk suddenly startled and flying up through the branches to the safety of the sky again. The rain that increases and

thunder in the distance
the air heavy
and the valley white with mist

our bodies wet