AVEBURY
Selected Writings *
Vol. 2 The Manager
Vol. 3 The Blue Butterfly (The Balkan Trilogy, Part 1)
Vol. 4 In a Time of Drought (The Balkan Trilogy, Part 2)
Vol. 5 Under Balkan Light (The Balkan Trilogy, Part 3)
Vol. 6 Manual, the first hundred
Vol. 7 Notness, metaphysical sonnets
Vol. 8 Changing
Vol. 9 Richard Berengarten: A Portrait in Inter-Views

Other Poetry
Double Flute
Learning to Talk
Half of Nowhere
Against Perfection
Book With No Back Cover

Prose
Keys to Transformation: Ceri Richards and Dylan Thomas
Imagem 1 *

As Editor
An Octave for Octavio Paz
Ceri Richards: Drawings to Poems by Dylan Thomas
Rivers of Life
In Visible Ink: Selected Poems, Roberto Sanesi 1955-1979
Homage to Mandelstam
Out of Yugoslavia
For Angus
The Perfect Order: Selected Poems, Nasos Vayenas, 1974-2010

* Published by Shearsman Books
Richard Berengarten

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Shearsman Library
for Octavio Paz
To rise up and become wakeful guardians of the living and of the dead.

Herakleitos of Ephesus

And the Lord shall be King over all the earth; in that day shall the Lord be One and his Name One.

Sabbath Morning Service

For the first time in our history we are contemporaries of all mankind.

Octavio Paz
huge slabs
wrenched
from under grass, dug
out of hills

time's
teeth

worn

yawning the sky in

porte of light

earthed

tongued

broken

altars

answerless

covered the cave's

cracked jaw
back and forth
    round and round
under the cloudy dome speechless

sniffing among these petrified hopes
these ossified dreams these
death memorials pacing
back and forth

ancestorless

under the compact slogans of the sky

walking
as dead

cursing their answers
their meaning

looking for what

the riddle?
the question?
and can the stone know
me       I wonder
does the stone
       wonder

even here   among absences
and wreckage

    if any place
if any place
most of all

here, most
of any

in the dance
in the ring
of stones dancing
metaphor on metaphor
silence
anagrammatized
measured spaced out
in this syntax of land
this plot of time

where the green causeway ends
where the avenue ends
where thought ends

begins
the burial
the dance
of stone
begins
the sky’s throat
says

Ascend Sun

from this syntax of hills
this plot of space

mean

light

ripples
expanding
across the downs
waves returning
from where? the centre
to where? circumference

now any
place is now

say the stones

I do not tell I say
little mother
of Willendorf
‘vegetable’ Venus
of the hunters
neckless head
featureless
under the beehive hair
thin arms asleep on breasts
like hills belly
enormous the buttocks
steatopygous the whole blind body
bowed over the womb
as if above
an unseen child