

# Eugene In Memoriam

These lines were written in some despair at the outcome of the EU referendum in 2016 and during 2020 when this whole political and economic tragedy is set to reach its conclusion. They express only a fraction of the strength of my feeling and others like me who grew, flourished and prospered within the EU and who are as European and citizens of Europe as they are British. Although I am unlikely ever to travel much outside of the UK again my identity has been taken from me, borders between myself and my fellow citizens have been erected and my right of free movement has been taken from me. I have friends who, in this nationalistic, xenophobic, populist atmosphere, deliberately provoked to garner votes for a neo-fascist agenda, have been vilified as enemies, rendered foreigners, aliens and inferiors of a non-British ilk. Whether or not I ever see them again they are my friends and equals, my people, my countryman and for as long as I live I will feel exiled from them and alienated from my homeland.

Economic necessity and demographic change will ensure that we return to the EU. Of the truth of that assertion I have no doubt whatever. I fondly hope that I might live to see that return or at least live to know that this life changing damage done to my grandchildren and great grandchildren, perpetrated by an older generation's largely racist, illiberal and backwards attitude, will be healed.

**Eugene macht sein Frühstück**

Eggs there were  
 Free range  
 Traceable no doubt to the most contented of hens  
 That ever clicked and picked their days  
 Mindfully sifting the grit and the grain  
 From their chicken's cosmos of scurrying things  
 Enfolded in the sort of blanket calm  
 Found only on a Wiltshire farm  
 In a dusty haze of birds and scurriers  
 Doing breakfast.

Coffee there was  
 Italian from Tesco's  
 Cheap but Italian nonetheless  
 Studied minutely drip by drip  
 As the rattling old filter machine at its work  
 Busy with odorous miracles in steam  
 Noisily realised a distant dream  
 Smelling of a café in Lodi  
 Under arched pavements  
 Wafted along on lyrically accented  
 Counterpoints exchanged  
 In mellow feelings of safe enclosure  
 Of being at home.

Toast arrived  
 Butter melting about marmalade of the thickest cut  
 The finest chew  
 This side of a Spanish grove  
 Where an ancient one-day misted  
 About silken skin and sulked  
 Before trembling the air as it rose  
 From shady earthen caresses  
 A stolen colloquy of tenderesses.

Cutlery cuts nerves  
 Can sever in one lazy reckless sweep  
 Through breaded ghosts sat oppositely  
 As love seeps into old griefs  
 Like burning blood flowed that day in Wiesbaden  
 Deep into the farthest flesh  
 And a needle which sharply pressed

The pain that tore the pain away  
Within clinical sterile walls of fainting shadows.

One hand is on his shoulder resting there  
And a smokers gravelled German from behind  
Translated in unknown tones and unseen intimacy  
Quietly as the pricking flowed  
Then descending into reassured enclosure  
As the other hand upon his head embraces  
With spindly fingers gently spread  
His morning showered hair  
As if to share the flooding dread.

A postprandial intermission followed  
Reflecting upon Peit the Dutchman  
De Stijl interrupted his line of thought  
A line still poignantly spun  
At the School of Hartung  
And his vision now complete  
All landscapes where the heart's pulse crumbs  
Traversed in a tramp of exiled feet  
Eugene sank in thought replete.

He knew for example  
That he had only ever needed  
The one teaspoon  
The one plate with knife and fork  
The one coffee mug and maker  
The one devoted chicken happy at her work  
A pot of preserved temptation  
And one portion of daily bread  
Free of memory's use-by date  
But that he would always need  
Those millions of neurons  
Full of treasures to be kept  
At the core of his universe  
Nourishing the life-blood that wired it.

2nd February 2020

**Eugene en su Jardín**

Where he goes to be troubled less  
By nagging aches and weariness  
Where bickering is silenced  
By intoxicating blooms  
And his soul can offer up  
This hour's lament  
For injuries caused by false argument  
A place where he is always a voteless wound  
That still owns it's past and relevance  
Earthed in companionship's jardinière  
Where he returns to himself  
Without hate and fear  
And in spite of the bigotry that abounds elsewhere  
Beyond his venerated grounds  
Remains irrevocably and forever  
First and always  
A citizen of time and space.

4th February 2020

**Eugene Verloor op Zee**

Behind the crooked visage lurks on open honest soul  
With a scarred and creviced countenances to hide the brightest gold.

Vanity's dense fogging blur corrupts in clouds of ignorance  
Susceptible humanity that should as one brief dying star  
Embrace in the dance of life.

It is not ours to dismiss or tolerate by mere acceptance  
Or console ourselves in the falseness of self-serving guilt  
But to know and to acknowledge it  
To at least unconditionally try to understand  
If we are one day to walk together  
In the same history  
On a new highway.

To seek the subtle mind behind an earnest face  
To know that roads to a so-called higher place  
Lead elsewhere than to happiness  
And to not go there staying safe  
Anchored by proffered hands of others  
And to acknowledge that our enemies are borders  
Never flags  
Never colours  
Never lovers of any gender  
For any gender  
Never peoples  
Never nations  
And to wake to the pain and oppression of ideas  
That fortresses of power deploy  
To steal the rights of a man's own self  
Is to fledge at last with liberated wings  
From invisible slavery.

June 18th 2020

Written during the BLM protests.

**Eugene i limistéar iata sa bhaile**

**(Coda, from Symphony No 6 “The Allegorical”)**

We are the vulnerable clueless  
But can still infer you  
Hanging like titmice from the cypress tree  
Eye cocking at our window studiously  
From your side of the known universe  
Where wind is the shape-shifting vaulted sky  
And caterpillars ripen on vines.

As yet we are calling no definition our own  
Being plastic aliens in gestation  
Pregnant with all things  
All universes.

We acknowledge the jiggle of your eyes  
The ravenous gapes back at your place  
Your skittish fandango  
Your need to measure as you see fit  
Your existential imperatives  
But that is it.

You will need more clues for us though!  
Like you we started from scratch  
Framing you out of our sacred silence  
Still free from obligation  
Learning to level our modes and flavours  
In relation to you  
In relation to all other ilks  
As we mobilised our weaponry  
Groomed our burgeoning scales  
And discovered in the maze  
Our ways of going about our ways.

Echoing hush to our blindness  
We touch tenderly our new found parts  
With our blacks and our whites  
Because they do not know as yet  
That they do not know.

They do not know that they must burn  
In an immolation of their nothing-yet-ness  
On the altar of no alternatives  
Where we all will be soil together one day  
Rendered down to the fertile earth  
Where new futures sprout in the shade  
From choices unweighed  
But where questioning is life  
And answers are the death of us.

23rd June 2020

Written in lockdown to coincide with the completion of my last painted artwork in my allegorical figurative phase.

**Eugeneovy antropomorfní myšlenky v zahradě****Waking**

Leaves limp at ease  
 A motley of greens  
 Spinning silver Ys from rhymes in trees  
 And an orb web's hoary-dripped drooping lair  
 Sings a misty mood in the colour of daybreak.

Maturity is dumbed by the taste of ahead  
 But contentment is savoured while purpose remains  
 Cocooned in it's threads of flighty promise  
 Ripe and ready on the windfall way.

**Age**

I celebrate those lying ill  
 The rotting dead  
 The laughing, twinkling, flirty girl  
 The he-men and the thinkers  
 The venerable and the fruiting ripe  
 The fragrant and the stinkers  
 The thuggish and the tender  
 And the oh so softly slender  
 And all of those in new born health  
 Or lately earthed who seed  
 Our wallets with the world's worth.

I speak of these in the days of time  
 Of a ticking in the blood  
 And a heavy vastness  
 Of curving vascular flows  
 Of waters and wasters  
 Of shitters and tasters  
 Of the coolness and the grossness  
 Of the stasis and the process  
 And all the spurts of urgent ooze  
 The snot, the phlegm, the tears, the spit  
 Of the force which makes things infinite.

**Hatred**

They stalk at hard paces in awe and wonder  
 At our stately limbs so elegantly dressed  
 Our poise, our binomials.

They turn about marvelling  
 At our means and crude hardiness  
 Seldom if ever the slightest impressed  
 By motives and purposes we manage without  
 Such as subtly thorning and abusing each other  
 Under guises of openness and love when it suits  
 While suppurating the sap of envy.

Firmly rooted in our own decay  
 We revel in our surfeit of an absence of hate  
 Trying if we can to ameliorate your pain  
 And remaining optimistic for your salvation.

### **Place**

We will not admit to fault with failure  
 Just to please a sterile search for clipped and clean  
 Or versions of variety you have invented.

If we are not permitted or are bad influences  
 If you find we are incompatible or domineering  
 Apologies are not due from us but from you.

For we have wandered from the farthest shores  
 Where human heartbeats savagely ride  
 Their slicing scythes from far to wide  
 With hope and potential in embryonic lives  
 Unlike each of these others enslaved nearby  
 Wrenched from indigenous comfort zones  
 For labours sanctified by market forces.

We are come of our wild free choice on vagrant winds  
 Rooting wherever life stands a chance  
 If we sully the fabric of your unnatural elegance  
 Like alien lollipops in a Toy Town garden  
 So be it!  
 Or pull us out for the compost heap  
 So at least we can nourish our captive kin.

### **Hospitality**

Micromoths flirt upon the mint  
 Marjoram is waiting hot on the boil  
 And the cabbage whites line up their yellow eggs  
 In geometric ranks for Sunday's roast.

Speckled woods outstretch preferring beans  
 Energising for their few hours of living left  
 While offspring share delights with us  
 At the bounteous board of our flowering nest.

Kite o'clock strikes  
 Her long eyed scrunch from overhead  
 Scans the fertile farm  
 A larder lined with freshly injured dead  
 All dead on time for the bloody lunch.

Eddying screams at vast remove  
 On violent seas with homesick news  
 Swirling pointlessly crying their loss  
 Still fathoming their parent's settled views.

Stinger of moods in jailbird's cloth  
 Hostaging food with dagger drawn  
 Always bigoted and blamed for wrath  
 Born out of lazy indifference.

Apical wise crawling and swarmed,  
 Black in hordes so dripping sweet,  
 Nibbling buds tenderly brown and bleak  
 While they too are eaten and farmed.

Under the dirt is the ground of Earth,  
 Teeming with lives that suck and slurp,  
 Each with his might his right his race,  
 Each with his needs his fears his place  
 Moving around with his kind where its safe  
 Concerned by the hunger on everyone's face.

### **Love Of Arachnids**

Under the eaves of a shed  
 Your webs left like ghosts  
 In the weft of love songs

That come to us  
 Go from us  
 Juices which mingle in promises  
 Old corpses hanging like longings  
 Empty now  
 Dry.

### **Love Of Foliage**

How still it is.  
 Their nightly sleep  
 Quiets the Earth's breathing  
 But now in a cosmic morning of things  
 Shift thoughtful snoozing back into gear  
 As silently and as secretly  
 As they slipped into slumber.

Asleep they did not dream of my demise  
 As though we were but lovers of a kind  
 Nor I of their's  
 And thus I sit with them today  
 The gift of their decay about my feet  
 Exchanging our exhausts  
 Like continental kisses as we wake  
 Not one of them insensitive  
 Or of a mind to cruelty  
 And none of them will call me foreign  
 Or mock my tongue  
 Or plot to rob me of my equivalence  
 For their piles of self-importance.

I am at home here  
 Insignificant amongst the shades of them  
 Their colours and their forms  
 All part of one abundance  
 And none of us abroad.

24th September 2020