Lloyd Addison

The aura & the umbra
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Volume eight
in the Heritage series
published by Paul Breman
London, 1970
Carpentry

Caught upon a crossbeam 

the hands that worked with wood 

the hands that worked with wood 

were pierced by nails 

and their work stopped? 

Son of a carpenter here is your crucifix 
wear it 
Symbol of your Father's business, too

An illiterate society heard word-of-mouth
The Word its meaning 
and lexicographer number One 
said all things in parables

What do you mean man
no one before knew the meaning of God?

and his work spread far by a man named Paul 
a Jew
so it is written

and the arms spread open of the hands that worked with wood 
became a symbol
was done remindfully

The world had sense enough when it happened 
but wooden feeling

The hands that worked with wood are not still?
– verily the end is not blank –

it is written 
in Paradise the woodwork is not curated
a few choice pieces of the world may be all
it reads 
that this is Spirit

1956
I by you put on

Knew you upon the one true time
two
times shifitng
being too badly moved in mood
to come to see me born again to be something born of you
much a part of heart-felt two
you should be
slightly half of me
in part and place of you

though only partly placing one
without my really being half
but having here something truly in the place of time
and thought having you instead
feeding one feeling-view to want

bathed in me
water and water and watermellow
shower and well-cool and felt fellow

is by the I put on
the dress of something haunted
by the near untrue
in the Gypsy hour of fortune-telling
all of a feeling incomplete

Far as are stars

and we are lonely
and we are only mortal

it happened in rain
created the atmosphere of ruin
I called girl

friend
lover
beloved

and rained down
far as were clouds
night

loud thunder
crowdless wind

night
night

the whistle of whispers
sweet nonsense no more
brush the face
brakes breezes

or tears

the gloved hand of love
and nakedly
lightning reminds me all over

far as are stars
blinded by starlight

are stars
lonely
Astronomer

tonight

1956-7
4

1956-7
5
All the reasons for the snows

A little white privacy
of knees
excitement in a dress
pass at the knees
over which looks direct looks
naked-kneed looking never more private
but puts something urgent over
in a virtuous motion
a threat!
A threat!
— casted radiance from off her knees
desisting looks of this moment
but sits fiercely fore-showing affectless lapses of address
at open affront of light

Some place the young healthy girl at twenty
with particular emphasis of thighs and hips
loves
over her snows

and queen royalty the eye deals out
freezing praise a captive lover clown
who knows but scorn full of eye presence

and winter's window in this my mind
fantasy upon another
looks to disillusion my emboweled icing-delight

looks ate over these snows
-taking cold against the pane
are still intimate but lonely snows
and hills and hollows' fields moon-touched
insentient
-tending beyond seeming in the ice-platonic air
sweet-masked goon-n-thing

but wish-thought's swift-edged kiss of permission
likely likely lost to low talent death
of the off-black hands
of time's maze-gazing man's unsolved light ware
-partly felt-handled potpourri
dissolving with a girl's heartlilt in wind flutter

looking back upon a time recalls

a girl is always lovelier looking in the mind's mirror
unemotionally fixed upon looks

there are many looks of good
looks to dye
- white comes a wash
hair burns to be
and black dyes red and unsightly

in the bleached skin
peached to the heart
the sun finds vanity pale
and the windows in the day-egregious sickroom

looks to die

still the more light loveliness airs sentence me
to snow windows
to have to know
the other social look of tonal lonely beauty
by this matter only
emotionally fixed upon a girl
to be free to retire
to first prefer no one unbelovedly
though cult- or culture-carrier of fabric

All the snows are snowbound with white blues of the eyes
but all the reasons for the snows are snowing
meaning less in snowblind rhythm
but my heart is snow bound to fall enchanted of first snow
when it cannot look into my eyes alone
when in the pane there are two of me
split middle frame
insideout of hot and cold design

I see laughter
distorted heckles for the jekyll-hide truth too absurd to answer to

that in the snows
night velvet wish-sparkles in haunted thigh-cheeks
but by which half hallow-witched light
eye-witness dissociates sight from touch
negotiating epic tales

to relate of ghosts

1956-7
Umbra

My sun has gone down in drum suite penumbra
The mood of this rhythm my body is umbra

And the totem line behind the three-faced light tabu
decline the flesh-cup curve

The postmen ask
What information in address envelops this female
  impertinence posturing behind us
this is not thigh ten-inch-pound distance weight focus
this is the weight of death
  full to fascination bottom riddle end but dense
one face-frontal curve
  say designers of fashion
or straight instant line
  no rear view is beautiful to address
  but to the self
one clean brief declension
  is to write to inform and to clothe to invite

This is the interval of a question addressing the male

The umbral body is in penumbral field
  a two-way cup curving female
  a handful of image an armsful storm
  a mouthy world waiting
And the lips that kiss you in penumbra have arms
A body molds the darkness is thigh-pressed cradle-abdomen met
  and breasts the umbral breasts have softness
And the silence neuter feminine night
  is sighing verb-breaths to love
And handsome she has fingers to caress herself down
  circular the darkness is erect
  feverish at its back the stars perspire
  pressed to her back the hands of the arms that engulf her
  hold her enrapt
  cool lips press against her throat
erect the darkness is spinning in an arc PM space
  a perpendicular in its equator
  a right angle in its tropics lights

erect the darkness stands
goed gentle merry-go-round in the wheel
  with a rub in the trouble hub
  the axle oil gives ease

spoke
  said muffled mute hot gerund to be is being is
  the night pitch
  the feeling pie
  love is a good gentle cut
  between thin spreads of dough its meats
  the kneading spirit is gripped
  and the handle in this feeding time
  equipped with potfat floodlight milk
  to go roaring to the royal pitch pond
  is to the self-darkness square root
  the set formula to be feeling figure-field

The fall from the shoulders
careening down the umbral back
  the act of line arcs
  moving to divide hill
  And the black thumb of its beauty
is an index figure written in sand
  and five phantasmal of a handful in a swim
is a catch
  a watery whim which sets and vanishes addressed
  laughing out of darkness flatulent with light
  and lonely
  speeding round in plus-diamond closure
  breaking refraction naked
  little jewels of blackbrown white darkness
  cutting colors of weightlight to pair
  to explode
  compound the inner spectrum under surface-limited line
This body's conjunctive circuit is
on somnambulant current continuance of attraction

Into the flow of this river tittering ruthlessly
of having being going broken rhythm at middle emotion flood
a gurgle in the whirlpool erring eye at thigh's/ hips' concourse
cleanses a touch of kinesthesia

handful of the hollow space-solid stomach
a time envelope distended fretfully lolling to tension
that hands move over leaving the mouth deliciously weak
hands move to clutch that having being
to handle mouth's pout from distant touch
thigh raised to handsome cup

In violable twilight feeling
she wins watching
the gaited dance

Her hair is lacklustre black justnight
a vapor porous posy potted in relief
sculptured to a mating cloud growing wild

her forehead is arched in appositive poise
prominent in majestic sweep
conceding to her lips that she O is
kiss is love

her eyes seed lightdrunk aura light's winter moons
are aura and aura cool light afire

her face is a slope swelling at the lips
touched with a pink of sunset evenly fading dark
nourished warm of watt to love ethos
turning out well thirst to will thirst
where love drinks love looks full-lipped fat handsome water pinks
to give a full smooth smiling peal

Her head modelled to eclipse the infinite form resource
be with the nakedness behind the ears
over the unplumed rhythm of the head and behind the ears
the breeze titillates
to close upon me the face
swelling at the lips
lips first
lips thirst to lip-peak
wet-lock the flesh waterdrops
break beneath the tongue
waters to drink well sweet tunnel to lips
this is the pool to swallow
to drink darkness watt
to discover collage of penumbra feeling vitamin colored
eyes closed
spreading two lips peak

put to give
bite
break fast
arc off ends
speech parabolic

This defenseless need to be feminine is princessly receptive

Bone sculpturously bathed in hands of love
restrained in creating fury
quivering to invent avid rhythm
a celebration of sensuousness
airyly nodding as the night woods

Her neck is an umbral stem mooring nude euphoria

The shadows step lithely out of her shoulders
off her breast her chest
famous of carriage

Umbral she walks in an umbral sun
in an anarchy of time
naked is the heart
naked to the head
And she is a river body
a long night dream that reaches the sea
and the grace and rhythm of the sea
carriages rocking in mocking girl gait
flowering in flow witherward to step
in brown darkness

is admission supine eternal to let
prone veins of fire repent of presumption
the climbing to comma
occasioning supplication to pause
against non-applauding self-fulfilment
the movement of wishes attempting quick breath
the eye-part inspiring ineluctably intrusive
the knowledge maddening ignorance

and figure's apposite touch
salivates of no wedge to see enter arrest instant self
to seed so rippling a bubbled flower of beauty's oneness
to a swallowing love of her naked neck

She climbs the closed light of the hills to swoon
graceful rhythm of legs in address singing gayly
and her fall is precipitous
a bubbled sigh and a blues song
and a nightsong's lips' salt
and a legend set with wings that passes over the world
enchanted of higher entrance

And yes is tabu the line dorsal
devolved from gainly flowing sight of fall
redressed by cleansing kinesthesia
divisible by knowledge of points equations
thousandths narcissus touched
this is the layer cake kinetic
this is the fattened fast of flesh
the walking cane-knot feastfield

Down river the canyon muscles grow bolder
and the bedrock's limbs bake in sunport grand suite
the womb hands swell of calling wind desire
and the river moves in softness enrapt
as naked she moves in address darkness enrapt
baked to a wish
in white darkness tall timbre

The wind collapses of a lull goodbye in potent sleep spickets
says against inconstant palette
the chewing frostburn of the aura light
on the garbage rim of the gift-wrapped river
give behind the tongue a tickle of lust's toothless hunger
a howl of gaunt gummed fasting

and disbelief touch says yes
in the velvet good is aura oral is aura defenseless
just as yes is thigh flesh moral beautiful
this address is a carriage itself to horizons' hills
this wind impaled upon death is flesh is – Great Growth – flesh
the having time lost form
the resolved backlight mystery of cutout doll motion
the hill in love space a voided space-time

She moves penumbral limbs long-lettering
and drawn across the night thigh pencilled unsharp ends erase
white darkness letters written in overwrought space
naked outfaces the eyes of letters

the understudied dress ex-plain in legging out
the undermost matters show life genius clay
naked is a play of faces and eliding lips

Close there
undergrowth underbrushes underclothes
naked undulation looks
under the end of open upbackdown female address
memo eyes seeking to unreel combinations undercurrent time
see over understanding
in field the svelt proportions rolling
in figure the felt emotion beholding

Address thigh velvet hand some face some cheek
to out-figure reversions to emote eye-wonder

naked is a darkness
an infinitive to be in space – time
the love-space infinitive brimmed cup
on the tangent world wish

The sixth cup moments rest
aura come definitively being
having to have had to be
light
the inverse letters written in the dark
light
extreme knowledge at exit tension nods
white the cup at knowledge tilt

What is it light to have to have
naked
a body darkness
the pale dry day put out
and all the lights of the world at a tilt

this body of the hairless beast
so compulsively naked it shaves
light

And where are you instead of sense-imaginings good night
saying where you are
love
to address me

having to have had to be
light
over the woman through the words to sleep
wronglight lonelines
in the umbral field naked a body darkness is

By line abdomen cradle aura womb

Thigh clay oh thigh clay is genius
thigh oh a mettle truth
clean thigh line thigh lithe aura skin flesh
is clay clean is
sigh aura cup full
black grape.suited kin
is aura grape smoother flesh sweet
is sky wide.away filling hands with wind.oh kiss
is pure as.is.if fruit ripe.end pods side out
is Delores is
here touch.black avow.wild

Dark thigh lines out.fill.outmolds avid lining touch
width dense.in event be.come.fort hands some kisses
dark space.in place aura thigh is par.a.phrase.ink
as distinct deep intuits black kink axis in.field.in to
figure out black out in pink.ink acts in.two fill.in up width

in.suit.in.distinct pitch tintenced in.formation
dense.ink dense
stereo ink.suite.drum mum.suit
ulmral.link chord in love
calling to oh mellow wish this adjunct feeling
as per source offer be-wed
as will.link be.come.ink forms
as per affirm.ink to feel legend
emerging from twi-nighted line
as to think.ink inside out.fits grape.suited
thigh line abdomen

Converging suns meet // inner-night rose's girl
close-in eyesight blurs
close
nose.sight scents

close-in // closing field
presence fits // absence out.closed .out
break fords break bridge.fast
up.ends knit
closing to/from inert state some flow
to.night sea.flower waking
by line abdomen cradle aura

Mute.suited opaque is
in.feeling place.is / laced face.in.ter rhythm dense
in.kiss.in.fold’d
in hips'moon-curve lines in
moon-shimmer.in deep avow.wild depth
avow.wilderness deep finds incline
yeses in.de.clined re: fit black in touch
width deep rhythmic thigh abdomen close

is pi tan.general circles
is pitch.in / is in close.dense rock.in
stockinged-ore or more stockingless seams

origin is timbred ardor

is love-stock / in naked dignity undenuded looks
refraction on pitch / is shock.insular

is cradle abdomen met by cause
to be.having love-ink IN.form densing
love.being having to / being defined re: dense unlocked feeling

freely linked in knot.light flood
a.butt.tress.passing butter.touch
is butter.touch all IN.formation
densing to dense pitch densing

is blocked.out.sight.out / sea.view comes call.ink sense.waves hello

is aura right here this
is beauty / is thigh clay rhythms

And night-winking stars dance on the lacquered bosom
aura twinkling upon night field figure
which space is asking knot looks in field lying
is thigh right space to touch is to become oven figure.field
in.two air.pairings width rolling rhythms of sea
by line abdomen

Teasing my palette poses light against possession-motion
to the eye the yeast fruit is light / is pie.fruit beauty

butter the black breadfruit of my life
by line abdomen

is done bun
is fig raisin hi-rise brown.in possession aura
is unconsummated for eye oven.flora.scented bake.rich

but aura wheat.meat aura ohs spirit split-infinite being
dense plum in figure
to yeast on a field of love in the dark.fruited dance
by cause of thigh clay genius is Delores is

I touch thigh fork
its call towards consumption utterly cannot be awareness
inter-being between thought and touch
forecloses in motion upon pitch densing
before pose is propt IN.motion is
thigh spirits' smoked shoulders saying rhythms
in blackness-figure circles left right disclosure
line abdomen

Concentrated some thigh modesty in sleepiness
is Delores is equal right to be.comma-splice touch-sight

as love mates space to my self-dispossession
orchardly pan.plum symphonies enter hands/some
fingers along thigh fortissimo
holding against beholding
turn my beloved pianissimo into fluid tones intoned
genius Delores'

Love is as thigh world wick is / wick lit
light that burns though down covers it

Presence of hairpinned time fast.sets kinking heat
has heat kinks this fever in disguise lick is
sheer rich coolness turning in tide
is Delores Delores

as heavy sleep is
to awaken in two-thigh power
to a tent afix-seized open unclothed motion
in hello deep dense house darkness
mid.ill'1'll shy seam her fuse is dark
middle amaze scent perfume form aligning
be.side.lines and interval dense
calling node to let seize here hollow
being beware 'Y' lick.s.hips thigh see/saucy moves
to say thread through black space to place
inundate
thigh cup fullfold up accord-
dent-date thin-skin drum knot twinged
pre-insipid to flood mold of gilt.edge handled
tilts grape darkly before gulp slips back in through
wine gulf in.side.up-stretched cupless night
is night true lit black struck node and going
to fill over warm embodiment time

And stomach is hollow in dark within space
is width droop is passion hollow
unseen parts from time fills fun.act scene one
play handful width.breadth black lighting fields
spots to bed in the heart of weddings times motion

lines saying all reached cue / all chorus
thigh clay abdomen
is release is nakedness
ought to be here lovebody love renewed love receiving me
abode.sense asleep before being clothes-disembodied
by love aura Delores'

Sea.tide rhythm to crest trough flood flow call
buoy-hoist voiced land's.end completely is flowing space is beauty
where Delores is
thorough rhythms rest talk in densing penumbra
rests to sea.tide rhythms restless lick
outline perspectus sea
body in motion
swims out to spirit
to see is be haunted

Out of the swim the boat is distress
no more lonelier high.lines unmoors the sailor
to put to sea in feeling its depth

With spirit unmatched a boat here space is
to be a more body in.side.out.bound rhythm time
for unweighted journey to pure being
is Delores
is thigh image under love

But cloudy.eyed sea.eyed Delores.eyed left.eyed volition
to afix my vision to thigh abdomen
create a nameless great tide time
as thigh clay genius
was in love / breast stomach abdomen rectum mum space
mumble umbral intense dense legend

To desert my love's space I left by volition
cloudy.eyed Delores
that art chooses your dense aura dense clay genius
that this will oh answer the matter of clay movings
of my birthright dark light.weight.touch
of your world's love-depth-loneliness sea-fixed to discourse:

love / must to be re: call define pitch.dense in.two-knot-flowing tide
that thigh line abdomen cradle aura womb is
Delores is to love is to space a.motion all life in beauty
I would not let the fingers grow together

Were I a brother to the other hand:
come faith-numb forth into fire for my ideals
risk-wrung by taskforce called pig heading for sewage,
in clenched fistic goldcuff linked with hate in diamonds,
I would not let the fingers grow together in defense of brother.

Were I the brother in handcuffed roughhouse free reaction
came ideologically figget-hat-fingered, despite honor, humblewise
to supplicate as to alms for disarmed mankind's bootstraps,
to be thug handpick-openedup and third-degree smoke hamstrung,
I would not let the fingers owe their tether to defenseless others.

I would let the fingers know the crooked deal decked odds
in the clean palms of life, the glow of gutters –
were magical slights the more thin glove-fingered by fortune's pimp,
the known handsome pickpocket hoodlum of shortcut indulgence
per pound of the policed people's believing handdelivered heart.

Were I a right hand left handleless
without penmanship yardarms of legal statements,
to ex-commune cow-awe ink-knotted idiot illogical ignorance,
sunken in dock-misforged appeal of undue processed shakedown,
I would not offset the finger-accusing to gather oaths of innocence.

Were I the sibling rivalled reason
the thirsty heart drinks from unrecaptured Amen hail
the hallelujah mischief on the racetrack of causes,
I would not let the hands grow together parley-wooing God,
nor the fingers sweat webbed psalms of love's overcoming good.

I would unpalm fingerprints of guilt in homemade fires' hell;
I'd reprint writings on the world sold down the Egyptian riddle;
I would psycho the mint coined slogan analysts of genocidal myth,
and decipher doom's declaration against ambidexterous aptitude
and not let the fingers grow together in defense of growth.

And were I a bareknuckleluck kidglove-disguised pistol politico
with green pull of kerchief over nosebleeding underhanded deeds,
were I anyhand out-of-handsoff control in the landscape of lust,
gangrene greedy with gnarl-knotched hidden digital dirt,
I would amputate the Siamese elbow sting of backabout effacement.

Were I any finicky panic figget trigger mushroom fingerringed,
were I a right cross lead to Red Cross bandaid bias fanfare,
were I a fingernail filed lawsuitcase briefed by lynchgag handouts,
were I a knotted kerchief handmirrorring the noise of social frostbite,
were I the overhandyworked baldhammer headlined-outright redhanded lie:

I would place a bullet on the red roulette doublezero of my soul;
I would crossout my name from the bandwagon for peopled duckblood;
I'd not drop the finger charge anti-power-structured lightning;
I would bi-arm the never-once armed people's quickchange banditleaders;
and I would not let the fingers grow together in defense of brother.
Dark place with maze for a hand

Presents repli-cake way to happenstand:
old new in greedy ant walldancehall to honey
over Aladdin mood-walking downy lampwick strand,
in kinesthetic overcup fat knockknobs’ ungated mellonland;

that this is sphinx beginning enter-riddle-middleman sand,
a secondstory wave crypto-cross blotlight altar let to command
and owliwo wind open hauntinghouse atop the Hindu ropestand;

fingers tip and palms run-a-maze along its pedigree lifeline,
as stepwater chiding a wife’s hyper-hope to smoothsay out supine
in dark draught somersault habit-brimmed upper cup translucence
against six o’clock-a-doodling onto twelve-a-cocksleep nightstand;

here this music on inset hums to reply-play the creation One
and uncheck heard moves mysteriously through alpha-blacked fun
to findout about-facing the amor-room -let- boomerang tango;
now here the poorer roommatting armed event pays high rent charm to rerun.

After MLK:
the marksman marked leftover kill

Until deaf-dumb bullet self-improved comi-tragic time
deathdrops suicidally from error of unimproved trajectory
towards humankind’s disintegrating vestpocket protest suitability,
and its ex-it disappear-ring of steel rearbounds
for vain deathproof namesake gods,
watch the little black hole
in the new world order undeliver-rated life-space;

if execution equals solution, let before-sight exceed
where mass meetings equal civilly engineered rights
obversely proportional to wishfountainpen power,
and anti-rights-bodies equal ten/time square
by the co-efficient light minus the magnetic exponential . . .

and if the short straight pigskin pass between All-American equals
the sohort straight bullet line pass to Other-Americannots—
on an elect/rode day-o shootout in atomic space-limited time—
into how many bullobbered pointillistic pigments
will the first canvass camped war of the worlds explode awry ?

Hereby youth articles of war a unifying field threat
to destruct distrust-overlapping generations past
to inherit their time of health to live,
or run on sentence-structured fellowship.mad theme antics,
ordering inapt peeled evil bitterthick
to eat the beauty fall indigestion limbo, Armageddon Eve,
a surfeit’s indefinite period . . .

and THOU SHALT NOT not KILL ROYALTY
was here latrined behind these walls where maddog stood,
and dog said let there be muzzle velocity
and there was a ballistics report of delight,
enriched, the eye-witness to the creation of death said,
man his tri-vestry of cloths — skintightrope walked
when he should have crawled — will vindicate me . . .

whether in Kings or Psalms or Ecclesiastes,
ever blink, in Acts or Revelation:
by goods the goodbye contract of the little black hole.
And as for the law of inertia, concern with man-condition will elect trick cutie state rights obtaining arrears rest warrants for perpetual motion aliases fleeing ten-to-twenty delight years of overfunny

So now rhetoric unpacked good physics call forth overcoming: uni-lateral-field anti-hymns of Ptolemaic tickled bylaws, with march-on strike for ghetto respect and labor, in Copernican accounting for a new toned iron sting in graft itches before the picture of muzzle simultaneity develops to mass spree-the-corpuscle of dropout entropic delight, to wRap tRap white nightrider wind in Brown paperbags for sailing...
Lloyd Addison

was born 10 March 1931 in Boston, Massachusetts, but went to school first in Virginia, later in New York (‘we were one black family almost alone in an otherwise unintegrated disintegrating Italian neighbourhood in Brooklyn’), finally at Brooklyn College and the University of New Mexico (‘I became a drop-out in 1956 because of the feeling pattern’). He served in the air force, mainly in the Pacific, went through two spells of marriage (1950, 1959) and divorce, now lives with his nine year old son in Harlem and works for the New York City Welfare Department.

‘The urge to create (otherwise) and the urge to copulate are continually in a tug-o-war—two systems of creating one’s world which must compromise their mutual exclusion for the optimal self-affirmation’: on one level, the result is half a dozen lengthy novels, some plays, a number of prose poems, a score of short stories, and a considerable body of poetry (again much of it unfashionably long).

‘I have devoted much (which is never much) of my spare time inking paper but of works in printer’s ink (other than my own) I can scarcely at the moment exhibit a half dozen pages.’

The published work is mainly confined to poetry: in Rosey Pool’s anthology ‘Beyond the blues’ in 1962 (‘my only question is: which side of the Blues is she going beyond’), in the first issue of the New York magazine ‘Umbrà’ in 1963 (group and mag took their names from the central poem in this book), ‘Rhythmic adventures beyond jazz into avowal sound seams’ (a small brochure of 1965 which contained ‘By line abdomen’—‘it has always been one of my favourites, particularly because of the rhythms and the notes of ethos’: one of Addison’s most constant preoccupations is ‘working up a kind of black ethos’ to displace ‘this pathos invitation that I loathe’—‘the difference between the two is as between the clinic and the bedroom for the perverted personality, as between an attempt at cure and resignation perhaps modified by a temporal note of ambivalence’), in the Afro Arts Summer Festival Book for Harlem’s warm 1967 (Addison was poet-very-much-in-residence as well as editor), and lately in two issues of his own magazine Beau-Cocoa (the 1969 volume is taken up largely by two of his own works, the poem ‘Black in search of beauty’ which has obtained considerable underground fame since its writing in 1956-7 but which here makes its first appearance in print, and the first part of ‘R.S.V.P.’—‘undressing for an autobiography’).

‘As you may know, black yea-saying is fashionable these days. And, as you may also know, I am the original black beauty yea-sayer here among the (younger?) poets. And no one has yet entered this province with nearly the enchanted fervor and beauty of my 50s poems.’

‘I am basically a very humble person with a monumental ego, part of which is artificial.’