

THE LAST OF THE BOHEMIAN KINGS

Poems by
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SCENE ONE

DULIN AT THE WHITE HORSE

Voice One

Dulin flings his arms around animated
and in the midst of a thought
swishes his hand to a glass of stout,
quickly pours it down his throat

before starting all over again.
Now, people grin and amusedly watch;
knock elbows with a wink,
toss tuppence for more - beer

while Dulin reels with drink
has the big top all alone.
He the clown with the big grin
who will soon saunter out

then come back in
with unpainted tears and a sad smile
before again entering the world
and throwing up all that remained of his soul.

Voice Two

They told me to go gentle into this world. I looked at all and said, 'I do not go gently anywhere.'

I feel the rage of passion burn deep within the soul and listen to my heart as it yearns to grow with no boundaries to hold the day as I watch my thoughts pass through the dark clouds of evening.

In the eyes of the old I see that spark which stormed their youth and with that same vigour I approach the full fruit of age which I can not hold. Can not pluck off the tree that bitter-sweet fruit. Then let that seed decay within.

And it is that rage which burns within. Burns the firey ambers of my thoughts to the last dying coals that wait to be stoked and fed to a dry, brittle wind. It is the same fire that then falls before the green sapling that bends to form but can not be broke. It is the same fire that smolders in the heat with oblique hesitation and then stops at the inevitable boundaries of the flame, full of light that lingers on even after it has again become ashes.

Voice Three

I sometimes would write without meaning, other times with out purpose, but I never could write wit-out spirit or without the very essence of the soul.

SCENE TWO

DULIN'S SUMMER DAY

Voice One

Dulin lies in the tall oat grass
soaking in the sun's heat.

What could be more in a difference
Between a life that lives with in its skin,
and one that dreams the same.

Dulin's other eye opens to the hazed horizon
Of far off peaks covered in winter snow.
A chill rips the body with the realization
that all is what can be but a part of the day seen.

Dulin blinks both eyes.
Gone the day, gone the snake, gone the horizon
as he turns self over - feels earth meet flesh.

Dulin closes both eyes and is drawn
down into thoughts
and no longer knows the day
as it slowly slips into another.

A rustling breeze bends the shafts
of oats around Dulin
as he opens a door
and closes the day behind.

Voice Two

What is this voice I hear that calls through the door of my soul; touches nature and the lives of others. I feel not the quenching of this thirst which only becomes stronger; insatiable and ever-present. I watch a candle flicker from the breeze that slides through the draught of the door ajar. Flickers long after the counted moments. Count the days that has seen dawn come on the coats of foggy thoughts. Dreams that are forgotten or lost in the unconscious. Brought on by drink or the jags of induced indecision.

I can not accept that I am made of mortal flesh and that the muses are not going to carry me on in to eternity.

I wrench myself away from their songs. I return to hands that hold not a pen or a poem, but one that feels the need of touching another. Of lingering on a curve of a posture. Of a carress that comforts. The want of warmth on cold nights and to listen to the sighs on sleepless lips. The moments no longer a flicker of remorse from some lost course. More, that the moments do have a source. That they are of flesh and touch from birth.

Voice Three

I would often speak the words out loud to hear the sounds. Often close my eyes as I spoke to hear the inner rhymes.

The internal rhythms would resonate through my thoughts

SCENE THREE

A CHILL WIND SWEEPS

Voice One

A chill wind sweeps a desolate valley
where Dulin shudders with griefs and desires
to be understood as he scans the ground
hoping to understand those who have misunderstood.

Leaves fall before his steps, covering destinies,
as he tramps along further journeys
that may uncover truths hidden
from all who look upon.

Dulin, minstrel and bard, sings rhymes
and hopes reason will give others
the understanding in the truths he seeks
for none know upon what plateaux he sat

and wished his thoughts were not a storm.

Voice Two

I have heard the fury of words come pass the lips of fools who in their dizzy dense dementia not realise the profane imprint on another. This is perhaps their clever cunning. Or, perhaps even the idiot is blessed in realizing the absurdity of rational thought.

I no longer see the reason of hope flittering through the cause of the oblique and find a welcome course for the innocent. The lonely thoughts that linger when I realize that I can no longer change, nor change that around me, has led me to hunger for the things unattainable. I want to stop and worship all the beauty that is around and yet I can't. I want my prayers to come with silence in the soul and this is even lost. My dreams have become shrouds that are found in the dark empty passages of my thoughts.

Voice Three

The spirit within me yearns to understand the beauty of the world and I would sometimes suffer from the depression of not being able to capture in words the moments experience of beauty and the spirit of that beauty.

SCENE FOUR

DULIN'S TEAL

Voice One

A green-neck teal wings across the water migrating north. Dulin watches wishing that, he too, could spread out arms into wings, lift head to sky, and fly away.

The feathers of the teal are now but a part of the distant horizon that separates the grey sea from the even greyer clouds. Dulin no longer follows

and has placed the thoughts of the teal's trapped freedom into a yearly transition.

Voice Two

I have tasted the freedom from anger in the torrents of rain falling in the early morning on the empty moors. It is as though I have escaped only to act out life's pomposity and dervish delights. The magic of becoming lost in this moment when all sense of abandoned hope wings its way towards that which has always separated joy and sorrow. That grey mist of dawn. The grey mystery that is the dawn of recognition.

Voice Three

The characters I create grow from the moment they are conceived and formed around a shadow of understanding until they become clearer in image and developed in character.

SCENE FIVE

DREAMS OF PROMETHEUS

Voice One

Prometheus lies in beds of anxiety
while dreams shatter his head and the gods
watch with eternity the grey traces on
his hair line. Dulin lays in a bed and

listens to the screeches of eagles
return for their daily devour;
witnessed time after time again.
A clean break is all Prometheus wanted.

His chains dropped off and hope of another
chance given; try to bring warmth to man and love
the goddesses above. Perhaps both took
life to serious and should have listened

to their hearts. But even as Dulin lies
there, knowing his fate, not a chain
of one second would he ever want to change.

Voice Two

I have wandered through the mountains of thoughts and lingered in the plains where, chained to ideas, I no longer reach out and break away from the life I have styled. Where hope once reached is now only an invisible thread of staleness. I have captured the fleet moment that accompanied the taloned thoughts of the changes that were lost in the flight. Lost in the moment of hope that spreads like wings above the ever changing plain of my soul, I see only the infinite of routine consume the replenishment of time.

Voice Three

I have called it the Lord Jim complex. To carry around a guilt of wrong doing. If only that feeling; that moment, could be incorporated into my characters to teach them and myself of the growth inside from even the momentous errors of judgement.

SCENE SIX

INSIDE THE BARRIERS

Voice One

Home inside the barriers
lies Dulin thinking
of platitudes spent and
solitudes wrenched.

How quietly the wind ruffles outside
were his thoughts;
how loud the empty faces inside
are his thoughts.

Dulin, aligned to a new beginning,
touches glass (sticky to his lips)
and pours re-inforcements of false hopes
down his throat

as he sees empty spaces
fill with images;
as spirits fill the void
(and all soon is forgotten.)

Dulin, sits behind the barriers
and listens before he stops
the sound
of time passing.

Voice Two

I no longer hear the sound of the passing. I no longer see hope come to me in the realm of darkness in lost reason. I search the boundaries and force the changes that were reason. The sound flows down upon the mountain as I look up and see the lost valley of life lost within the time

Voice Three

It is only my own thoughts that stop the words within.
That stop the growth of the characters to become alive
and interactive. That like any barrier blocks the way
forward, stopping all movements within .

SCENE SEVEN

DULIN IN A FORMER FLAME

Voice One

Rejected by a former flame, Dulin
sits on the abyss of emotional
starvation where tears flood the river below.
On the heights of depression Dulin flings

himself in to space falling freely
towards ultimate ends. No conclusions
drawn: only reservations proclaimed.
Screaming words rush faster, needling thoughts come

closer, and Dulin has but one: to end
the torture of a broken heart as drink
becomes buckets of numbness with feelings
made easily tranquil. Falling fastly

ever so faster, termination draws
near, as he realizes all too late life
goes on even when fate has taken over.
Dulin's ego finally dead

lets him sit in a chair hours on end
like a frontal lobotomy success,
discouraging nothing of interest
to change a fate he chose seconds too late

Voice Two

I have fallen further in my dreams than anticipated as the love inside my heart no longer sings. All around me the world echos its loneliness that is a chorus of that loss that I feel with in. Gone is that dream that was always kindled by the love within. Gone is that song that hummed in the background like Buddhist Monks chanting for peace. Gone is a world, that was always a mystry and a phantom of love. I stand naked in the mirror and look at all the defects that have aged with me; at all the sags of life that have become me; at the loss and gain that are me.

Voice Three

The moment of inspiration in writing the feelings,
thoughts and spirit is sometimes loss in the depression
that descends on me like the haar on a Scottish moor.
The stream changes at that time and the words line up
different. Still the same words only in different order.
Much like life.

SCENE EIGHT

PORTARAIT OF A YOUNG DULIN AS AN EGO

Voice One

Today is such a nice day
Dulin takes his ego out,
puts it on a leash
and walks about.

Oh, god, do they strut,
Dulin and his ego,
They strut up and down
the street all day long.

First they visit the palace
of the mighty missionaries
that place on First Street
that we all know

where all the peasants
and heathens go,
Dulin and his ego.

Voice Two

I have stood on the banks of stymie and watched as the current flow with the pattern of the water changing with every ripple and the dreams with in me reflected like clouds movement are upon the water. I lose myself while standing upon the shore line, sight, smell, sound all drift away and I become a part of that moment: in that moment: of that moment: in that moment; of that: within and with out.

I sense the water flow through me as life.

Voice Three

Poetry to me is that moment that one holds on to with crippled words that truly never describe what has happened. A phrase that will stumble along to assimilate, to others, that experience. Stanzas that are prime art even in the most refined strokes. To touch ones heart.

SCENE NINE

DULIN'S NORTHERN MAN

Voice One

Gone are the apostasies once roamed by the wild oxen
on the hills over looking Thurso (thucid)
where in the wane of the moon
Dulin hid in the stations
and watched the fervid dance of the Aurora Borealis
on the eyebrow of the Northern Man.*

*Cold and distant with bitter dreams marked by
the long days of the empty wastelands that now were
smothered with the beauty of delicate glacier flowers
that grew and died in quick exhilaration of a fertile seed.

II

Gone are the apologies for this penitence
on a vast frozen plain
where in a hard soil grows a month and
Dulin lives in seclusion,
waits for the bogs to begin their rebirth
by a calendar more ancient than their auroras.

Voice Two

I no longer see the reason of hope flittering through the oblique and find a welcome course for the innocent. The lonely thoughts that linger when I realize that I can no longer change, nor change that around me, has led me to hunger for the things unattainable. I want to stop and worship all the beauty that is around and yet can't. I want my prayers to come with silence in the soul and this is even lost. My dreams have become shrouds that are found in the dark empty passages of my thoughts.

Voice Three

Sometimes my thoughts become bitter and morose. Full of a sense of loss which influences my writing. The characters take on a darkness of the soul. When I sense this happening I turn this to an abstract surrealism and lampooned life.

SCENE TEN

DULIN AND LAZERUS

Voice One

Dulin watches the eagle soar the heights
(breathes a vow of dedication)
and from the sacred robe of life
a feather floats upon the wind -
a leaf, lost in ritual, is
detached.

And as the feather stills the earth
and folds into the cycle
a seed springs forth.
The rituals are kept alive.
A story shapes
the myth which grows through
stone and changes
earth with resurrection.
The familiarity of myth
becomes the interpretation.

Dulin enters his body
and seeks the feather,
seeks the stone,
seeks the touch of another
to resurrect him from mortality;
from his vision lost.

Dulin no longer dreams
of the landscapes of life and
lost to the power

given by the gift of touch
grows inward
as outwards the moments
become imbedded in thoughts
and emotions are turmoiled.
Dulin's soul
centres the self and stills
eternity.

Untouched by desire, Dulin
in want of suffering,
sees the image of his thoughts,
sees the rebirth of the Universe
change direction; becomes a transformation
of a sacred cross caught in creation.

II

A spiritual transition
the symbolism of Mythology
raises the virgin incarnation.
Dulín transcends the moment
becomes discorded from reality
Beyond the thoughts,
beyond the hope,
beyond reason
Dulín sees the stars become dreams,
knows he no longer knows
as the choir of hopeless reason sings

Dulín's mask becomes one with
truth and from rebirth of mythology
the lost rise and walk among the living.
There are no miracles
only the hope of reason.
There are no myths
only the truths of each ritual.

Voice Two

I have tasted the freedom from anger in the torrents of rain falling in the early morning on the empty moors. It is as though I have escaped only to act out life's pomposity and dervish delights. The magic of becoming lost in this moment when all sense of abandoned hope wings its way towards that which has always separated joy and sorrow. That grey mist of dawn. The grey mystery that is the dawn of recognition.

Voice Three

It is the muses of the wind that sing their songs in my mind as the choirs compete for my attention to write their music and bring to life their moments. I listen to these voices as they flow through me and sometimes even with the confusion of the rhymes the hymns move my heart and emotions.

SCENE ELEVEN

LATE NIGHT CAFE

Voice One

Down the street they stagger
In a poetic rhymed cantor
As street sewers hiss
Through the night wasted shadows
Of drunks, derelicts and decayed
Buildings with fallen away façades
That never quite lose character.
Like most of the Jack Kerouacs
Who are ghosts of the past
In apartments now gone
Where he once rested from
Many wearied weeks of travel
Across from Notre Dame
Where chimes met a beat revival, as

Dulin, the last of the Bohemian kings
still snaps his fingers
to the razz-a-dazz-jazz
on the ray-dee-eye-o.

II

Down the street they stagger
In a poetic rhymed cantor
As street sewers hiss
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Ken Crump was one of the founding editors of the Pacific Northwest literary magazine 'Duckabush Journal' and published several poetry books under Duckabush Press. His previous chapbooks include 'Floodlands of the Duckabush.' He now lives in Edinburgh, Scotland.