

# **THE WARLOCK OF LOVE by MARC BOLAN**

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DEDICATED TO THE WOODS OF KNOWLEDGE

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4.

**PREFACE**

We hide behind the masks of the Orient,  
because the sullen lumbering shapes of  
the western world strike fear and terror  
into our limbs, and all is ungrown.

Legends we long for and legends there  
are in the east of our heads.

So perchance Gods dwell unseen in the  
east of the world.

5.

The breeze from the hill journeyed through his  
snowy hair like an omen.

His cloak of caution, threadbare and patterned, fell  
to the moorland mire like a lamented autumn leaf.

He dribbled his thoughts like a mastiff.

“If only,” he muttered, uttering words of poetry in  
magical wordways, causing violent upheavals in the  
animal homesteads within earshot of his daggered lips.

The questical day had held all the promise of an artist,  
but with the grey horseless cloud of the autumn  
afternoon all hope of starfields revealed was lost, as  
a pebble of love in the black scorched deserts of  
civilisation.

As a last hermetic gesture, with the masts of the  
day spent, the gaunt man, pure of skin but soiled  
of soul, prepared his parchment scroll and crouched  
like a beggar began the last task of his day — an  
etching of a child, blue skinned and shapen like a  
fowl of the skies, with eyes so true and hallowed  
that the artition wept as he drew, and already the  
quest was begun.

6.

Proud browed he sat with his pekinese hat

Basked in the sun of the musical one.

A rope for wise men held his tail all dapper.

He jostled the pawn of pearl in his ever growing hands,

And with his handsome wand he chirped scholarly

Abroad the desolate land.

And a blanket of perfumed tailors sewed the skirts of the

Earth

In ever decreasing cycles.

One for Exaviar and the other for Ono the waterman.

The salt seeker, the carp-carved kinglett of Oceantanicas

Fin-browed.

7.

Yon ravelling Mage,

crisp sunseanian Sage

deep acrest a mass,

a hillock of woven ash.

Tarragon seed whim is a coin

in the swim of your skin.

One pleasant fin,

O for such rippled skin,

akin to a far star,

deep abreasted like a raft,

a lantern beam cathedral

in the dungeons of my cask.

And a ship from Paladinya

yes, a pavilion of Pallacian mind,

a tower awned with lighting,

a swans wing and a dipped ring

and you swimming like my mountain,

the delved crescents of your breast

of true julip of Dodona

a league skimmed proper above the rest.

O, Our nest could hold silk stars

a taffetian nation, an elven rope,

a scarlet kerchief wept and laiden

like the galley of dead uncles' boat.

And a brace of shining finches,

sleek necks climbing towards our sky,

four driving jewelled rivers and unmapped

oceans,

just Dodona,

a whole zinc of finches,

you and I.

8.

Camellia of the willow weep

Prancing up the hilly steep

Your evening ringlets wiggling long

All fluted

Twirling in the whirling wind of wincing summer.

9.

Sycamore of sorrow, pray I'm swallowed  
in the swell of your yelling leafy breast.

My crippled bended chest is shamed  
through flaming crowsfeet, soaring nouns  
of norse confessions,  
dark earth gremlins, rootlegged, hobbling  
in the cryptess of my turned wound.

Ill-famed fair prince, steal my lightning,  
stake me with steel, for my haughtiness.

Straddle my storm head with your abyss shroud.

Call me harlot.

Call me wormywordler.

Everso, but out loud.

10.

The winter witch with her charts and fate  
has half a life, but no more.

The summer saviour has a torso of gold  
but a heart burnt and timefearing.

My love is a season unto herself.

11.

To have and have not is all that I've got

like a count with a purse full of princes.

A bird on the wind of a pleasant stream

from the brook of the garden of senses.

And the count lived like a count, for he was

But the widow lived like a widow, and was not.

12.

Birdling suckled on the tongue of the wiseone  
who has tutored you in meadows, learned laughter  
looks he bequested you. As a child you storked  
on one bird of thought, but his classic hair  
streaming knowledge, where like a muse it would wash  
you.

And now as a suitor, he courts you, clasped  
in the rug of his love like a reindeer.

For his winding mind knows the quarrying folly of  
untamed youth. Like a new stream, prey of the sun,  
a child in the summer of the drought. Yet she  
dotes on his old brow, pressed hot lips on the  
hearts of his toes, recites in moon flooded  
groves the prose of his choice. Like a voice,  
she travels in love.

Like a lover, all is well.

13.

The closet eye.

Dove skims the sky.

A silver penance,

a wrong wicked and shorn

assaulted his majesty exalted.

My rams foot hexagonals on,

and O for the ice king a twitter in the storm.

The eloquence of blue juliped tents

and a crown of dark swansdown.

O Elaina, child soothsayer,

cheetah sleeper,

laden legs like a god —

a fools everglade like the seasons slave,

and your quince everlasting horn-lamp

made of wheat

at your tiny rivered feet.

14.

Tall as the truth the creature coughed in the clouds,  
feeding on mountain tips and the rare winged eagle lords  
that journeyed higher than the memory of man. It's claw,  
caked in mist and wishes, ripped at a pillar of fear  
masoned long ago by terrible forgotten Titans, to  
prevent the dreams of man from floating in the valleys  
of the diamond.

It's eyes, like women and sand, shifted ever searching  
for the perilous horn of plenty. A foolish colossus  
it looked, ragged and unworshipped. Solitary on the  
roof of the world, a remaining nightmare in a plateau  
of fair thought.

It moaned and clumsily spewed spells of fear on the  
storm stallions grazing in the temple of pearls. And  
the years danced on. And all that moves returns to  
stone, eventually.

15.

The vanquished Sun

Is like the withered yolk

Of a weathered egg.

16.

I crave a slave

A carrion man

All rigid like a tearfull elm

I crave for me my rhyming man

All horsey and Voltaire

With a river in his hair

And a forelock bright as brass

In the dancing steep emotion of his glance

A travelled Duke of skyvield sickness

With the horn of Ishmal gravelled in his plotting hand

Grand, grand, grand O prawn of time

One wish to soothe me

One spake to rhyme.

17.

A star of youth was spawned one day

Born on the horses of the sleigh.

In a green of elm, the sky, outstretched  
spake, 'Drink deep O twinkler in my lake'.

For a wish you'll be burdened to coronet

on your dome, like a will o' the wisp all

a tender, you'll surrender in the deep

foamy kitchens of the muse and one word

they will say and like a pelican and yellow

amethyst they bless long your stay in

the abbey blue, but in glittered hue you wept

for summers' limbs upon the pleasant turf and

your shields of ice in the chilly times,

creamed in grey wolfs' hair, you stride your

windy stair, you'll miss no cathedral bed,

for you dote on the treasure in the chest of

your head.

18.

With the girdle of life

unadorned on my brow

my eye's appetite is relieved

with starry sights and mellow wonders.

Yet with a girdle mammoth in starfields

and moontrees

my heart's eye is dull and my soul

ever hungry.

19.

**The Fluted Floors of Dagamoor**

The fluted floors of Dagamoor.

A sovereign schemed and prised,

a sly extended mushroomed hand

dead from the wars of Faragadan.

The ground a muted mat of twigs,

that sing upon clouds,

grand canyonised through lack of faith

its chests of rare curiosity.

A medallion head in casted lead

brought from the mines of Hadrian,

by a lame young man with a stammering lip

and a hip which swung with leprosy.

Woe, his falling brow ceased to shimmer at least,

but his deep earth loves

were for cold earthmined stone.

20.

The silver clothed Saracen and the pheasant and the oriole  
sailed on sandal feet in the dagger of the Dagest heat,  
to a rippling shore where one ivory core of apple,  
nibbled and spelled upon, lay.

The dark fleshed lord bowed his silk embroidered caplet  
lower than the Earth, deeper curved than the bend of  
years.

And with fingers oiled and spiked, the old fruit he  
clutched. And his purple sound serpent mumbled blacklore  
to appease all that's lurking and hidden.

And then the quake came, like a ship it rode the vast of  
light.

The Saracen prince, his finery finished, sunk — burrowed  
like a mole with the night madness. The core bore wings  
and its strong whiteness shimmered long.

Then O the wind it ate an unsaddleable horse with wings  
of such girth as to dwarf the eagle lord. And the steed  
steered the stars and bade the quaking birds to follow.

And on mounting the wind they too grew like young  
oaks,

flew like laughing words and on their starkest flight  
at a height immense, they reached the waters of the world  
and ploughed like farmers the waves of power.

And all creatures welcomed them and adorned them with  
flowers of faith.

21.

A Baul so small

His hooded eye a night hawk

Swooping over my parched and weary limbs

The gardens of my five-toed stalking stilts

Are dried like the fruit of the hag.

His bell of topaz

Was pirouetted upon with whirls of distant history

And the wonderous wisdom of his tungstone forefathers.

In just one of the shaded gulleys of his ravining cheek,

Sleek and unblemished, were hung bold enfolding

raiments of scroll.

A scribbled etching of the crystallined phail

Containing my first tear river given in love.

Shadowed in the mansions of dusk

The wanderer, clad in the cloak of the hills,

Mounted his shimmering pony and threw me a dagger,

A tableaux of a manger quill painted on the hilt,

And set in the bosom of the blade

A tiny outstretched hand

All small and topaz.

22.

A hedgehog, large as a man, husked along behind me  
on that tunnel night.

It's shape, like a lover, roiling and certain in  
the caress of love.

It's eyes, muddy like a river, brown as broth,  
sad and aged like a liver leaving life.

And as I, panting like a tournament, overcame the  
tortures of my towering flight, he burrowed, like  
moley, into the morbid wall and vanished. A ghost  
of the heart, sweet and hunched like an actor. And  
even on leaving the yoke of fear on some other man's  
shoulders, I was saddened at hedge's passing.

23.

A frozen bird

in the stretching sand

clutched like a warrior

for my staken white hand.

But an ant like an eagle

on wings webbed with faith

swooped like a summer storm

and slew the dark pearl of hate

and vanished like a friend would.

24.

My period of birdlings,

a wish upon a word

rolling as the landscape of laughter

that's hidden in your throaty cuff

of silks and sacking.

The curb of your delicate neck,

pure vision of wiseness.

A bird heard once

of a shallow hearted sage,

who wagers all fellows to out-riddle him.

So the lenient linnet, learned and lored

gently perched on the brim

of his flashing morning satin hood,

and uttered one phrase, a parable of taste,

and the sage sank from wisdomanic view,

like a pistoled pike.

And the countryside was young once more,

for the linnet resumed it's natural shape

as a gutter dog,

black and white like the proverb.

25.

Beamed like a quaking ship's mast.

Handsome like a stage coach, robed in thunder brown.

One yellow negro eye scans the failing hand

and a host of theatricals

baubled and jingly,

jestered their tumbling way in

peuce frock-coats and plumed hats,

pierced with crockery.

And fallen young bucks courting

the beautiful Bountise,

manboy, brother of Rossenos,

the sheik eyed,

and tamed the timid women walk,

horse hair, flaxen, oaten torn skirts

and lead planks awful legs veined and blue,

dribbled like a fleeing night

all dripping and wrung of dawn sun.

And the pastel hotel delled and eclipsed

trenched in cobbled stone moats of goat toeways.

And a sparrow limped all little and golden

a broken wing tucked nowhere

except round the blizzard north wind.

All dark town, one tumbled river clown,

one on horseback, now horse led.

His drunk skull painted and pink

clowning, bruised in the chalking gutter.

The horse walks, the clown screams,

a bargee foot caught in the dense root

of a lamppost

and blood gushed from a locket socket

and the harley head breathes no more timid

bitter air.

The nodding horse backsteps, sniffs the air

26.

Earthlord,

sings for blood, bolts like a wave

and onelegged the rancid death carcass clown

mysteries the cobbled watery highways

and a gendarme bellows like a cuckold bull.

Dipped in circus red, the evening sparrow

all sodden and clawed hops homeward,

with a sword heart and a rained memory

for prison life.

Could Hamlet have known.

Ah sweet violins whisper deep sweeps,

in August, for Columbine

and her racked prism rhyme is a spell

bound with elves love of summer.

27.

Falcon Queen of distraught youths beam

A laughing mask grilled with chance and sun-bleached hay

One Spanish day in a sailor way

You spoke volumns, you clutched at starlings wings

You nodded gently

And me gallantly torching the way

In my gull-gashed way, stripped bleeding reed dream.

Bullrush orphan of the belled tolling night

I wish you Earth's rich moss fulfillment

In your bluebell chiming plight.

28.

My head I hold to the four winds.

My being, in it's fullness, as a banner afire with  
the rays of life's light, I decant in a milky jar  
to be drunk by the living breeze, to be ridden by  
the rider of the muse to a heaven of growing pure  
ivory, breeze born and reeling in the joyous poem of  
life.

A house of beastly contentment, yet with heads  
caped in the knowledge of love, the lace dublets of  
wisdom and foundations of eagles ever alert and  
mighty, mother eyed, in compassion and feeling  
father in the heavy horned harness of state.

My pride I hold upon a jet shield, high in the  
domain of the wind.

My folly as a fool, leather-eared and asslike in  
the molten paths of my conceit. A leper is healthier  
than myself, if cleanliness of soul is a flesh  
scholar.

My ears are bangled with tangling ivys sprung  
from the fiery downs of falsehood.

For my eyes, hooded and beaten by the years are  
eaten by the vulture of mythology.

My skull juice, curdled like an overripe cheese  
reeking and ill in my castle of destiny.

Like a pomegranite am I.

Oh, wind ones with your shallow cares for the  
darkened heart, in your rolling robes of chivalry,  
which way will your guillotine gaze fall.

29.

A lily in my mouth

White dawnlips pierced with rose thorn.

A stake of bone escarpes the dingle-stone

Of the throne of my stoat-grown-goat white tusks

all uneven and stormy,

like a swollen lake bearing sandlewood barges

Disregarding ears and jadedly earrings

Blessed by priestly Celtic woadmen

With pearly dancing fingers

Gloved on bones of silver dusk runes

Of sad wood wine

And the master builder prances like a puppeteers Mandala

While the mighty oakmen linger

Sobbing cruelly on the acorns

Giving vapours of Earth future

To the gypsied hord from Elruna.

30.

Quilted head and quested breast

albino eyes seek the lusted chest.

A Quinn of size with tempest eyes,

forsooth he screamed, the peach flies.

And see the lid of darkened sky

the eagle fails, the fleet-winged dies.

A fruit of fur, a carnivor

as tall as Thor, the mysticor.

A paeon of fire

leapt steel clad from the cove

all torn and bleached in devil mauve.

I aimed my barb like the dawning wave

and wrote a clef spear around the stave.

And a hand of black topaz hid on a steed

of wondrous dimensions, on storks it could feed.

And down from the bowels of the choking gold cave

rode the sleeping prince regent and the ore rivers of nave.

But my lusted tense raven eclipsed by the bay

roved a rune of distraction to the mute in the hay.

Then the shook 'rik sicked gospels,

usurped from the wind,

and all was forgiven and the tawny king sprung.

31.

Daughters of love unite.

Encircle our woody globe

and blow at the smouldering hearts of our youth,

as if it were Earths' birthday.

And with the coming of the sweet breath,

the seeds in the garden of all hearts

will flower immense,

and such flames licking and long,

will be sighted upon our lands,

that it will seem to the highborn

that the Earth has hatched anew.

For golden would be the flame.

And gold is the colour of the maturity of Man.

32.

Radema flight flower,  
hour shower of my wealth,  
shifted 'pon wrought wood cargoes  
of wiley islets and dew dribbled  
tomed caress, the daughtered dress,  
a glow spiralled all foggy,  
elled for seven cubits of burrow mint,  
sucked tournament bronze dipping tree waif,  
hammered like the North Star  
on the swelling beach of Bethodere.  
Dance you devilled dale of green,  
tolled and witching in the flight of wishing  
for the bells of winter stark  
and cannoned under the crunched  
willet wonder of her lancing smile.

33.

O locust weariness swelled 'pon Parnasus high hill  
all splendid and love green. Willow head of willow  
woods and wept wells of wooded willows. Clammy  
summer scorched with lost summer taunt kiss. Hot  
lips over Pacific seas of turtle tips scorned by  
sabre corals where dead galleys sleep.

O weary safe near wooded dell tell to all the winters  
tale of its scorcered pavilion and it's lassoed  
launch and my fat whipped Egyptian and his vast  
vat paunch and the Corsican curse which I have  
born through my twenty fruittree years of my  
wizardesque seasons dense through sandlewood  
mansions which that Maltese man leases to my hawk-  
heeled zinc eyed guardian.

Sluice-gate sage ride me with rucksack and assorted wares  
and garlanded hair to a larger hand.

A god filled sky and a vanquished eye, a Quebecian hall  
girded ivory tall and my dear Peruvian dog and  
my first love hacked log and some new pure white  
lies and eight blind god cat eyes and a hide corked  
wine jug with a squirrel child to love and a tall  
gallow shouldered saviour of sovereign repute to  
teach me manners and how not to cast black sun on  
Hannah (my Savana one).

34.

As a listener he sits,

a lizard of light,

crawling the bark of his beard

morn white.

A winter suit of lily's,

dry yet touched by the dew of the sky.

In it's expanse, a lone bird

journeyed sullen and determined like a miner.

A jackdaw it seemed, but I doubted.

My learning ring splintered my nights

into wild dark days

weary and eerie

like the foggy hearted forests of Skullan.

It seemed to my living eye

that the maidens watery hand

held a stoat,

but the light had failed and the rainy hew

of the lord of night veiled the land

like a vision.

And I drunk deep of his goblet of blood

like a werehare, and the youth of the dawn

punished me as a thief,

racking me in pillorys of beauty,

dense and pastoral, sweet and fragrant.

Rivers of scented poems travelled

the misty roadways of my crooked nose

and like the vague rogue that I am

I smelt and felt the hem of dawns raiment

with the intensity of a brock

and lo true friends

my all was forgiven.

35.

The chariots diminish high on the chartered hills  
of science.

One shadow, hairless and crooked, crouched at the  
crossroads leaning only on half remembered loves  
of his youth and an oaken spent staff of debatable  
stoutness.

Seated he watched the skull of the sky, quiet as a  
new brook, it's banks virgin to the foul man. Stars  
he measured and cats he slept with, curled in the  
arms of night, pillowed on the breast of the  
meadow like a babe. But such wisdom and liquid  
knowledge tricked down the small falls of his head  
as have not been witnessed almost since the beginnings  
of stars.

And he'd talk with you and feel no discontentment and  
he'd befriend you if you had the wits of a cat and  
he'd love you no matter what your fame.

For seated he is a temple, to crawl to, in your mornings  
of despair. But standing, alas, no eyes yet born  
could accommodate such beauty of features made by the  
ancient masters of the maze. Yet of course he knows  
it, and remains seated, humbled and exposed until  
the dawn of the Procession when all will be  
revealed.

36.

Eminesque head of Tallow waters

Living deep hidden in my masters quarters —

Come you sweet mouse one

Sleep near June's bed

And comfort our protector

From his wet churning ocean head.

37.

A diggered dog I saw, scorned for his pleasantry's  
and jostled by passing strangers in coarse attire.

His eyes saw humbly and the castle's saint reared dark  
as a forest into his canine vision and kicked with  
the palm of his hunting boot, inches into the waggler's  
face. And in the raining skys of the afternoon, the  
pup, shaken and withered, orphan, mute and savaged  
was cupped low within the hand of the meadows and  
lost to the hollow eyes of the village men.

Grew great and mastiff and became a god, worshipped  
and worried by cropcries and selfish eyes, yet ruled  
strong and true and compassionate, like a saint,  
strangely.

38.

Liquid fleeting music

into the murky streams of time

hollowed in a gulf

of cyprus grove grown slender vine

a pounced moon palely harkens

to the baying of a girl

with an oracle juiced peuce lip

building verbs from windydale.

And you O old thing masked and wheeling

on the pinnacles of night

a hooded hollowed rover,

trundling caskets drunk with light.

And a virgin slaying hide hand

tipped with tongs of tempered steel

riding randy to the beamed lodge-house

robbers' sanctuary

a goose to steal

you charlatan thundereyes.

39.

The hawk of death

the widow fears most

along the islets of the river's coast

In her house, weak in magic,

the blue wells 'neath her eyes,

muddy and rich, vomit rabbits,

milk white and bare

with artists ears but scoundrels hearts

tattooed and thumping in the pale limpit light

of the pit of angels.

A torso of tin,

dull and knotted, lay sweating

by the bed of the wilted widow.

But her pastures were barren and untilled,

and the illness of Ashemoc dredged her heart

and left her an eyesore

in a century of nymphetic connoisseurs.

40.

O nosediving eaglet stormed on a mountain  
of glass, pear-rich in havens of torrential  
wisdom and baroque melodys upon awful bursting  
clouds of hawk blood.

Slip slip skip my fruit friend, iron all  
blue veins into compressed cans of random air  
jets.

Sink sink think on an ancient hill, forms from  
craven hawk hulks, leftovers from the lost  
skull of Atlantis.

See see be a fly man winged and sung,  
launched upon a wave of shivering gull foam.

Beard beard reared upon a horse house east of the  
Arcadian Gulf near Puma, reclosed in my  
dead Esters' automatic stage coach.

Crown crown a sun down gown, burdened with  
figs of Esters' mad hairwishes and rock in  
Dad's lamented twisted well of waterless fire  
tongued anguish.

And O the storm of evening on the gull reddened  
sky is rocks like my Atlantic vision near the  
ravishing brow.

And Demeter loves me most because I of all men  
can alter bread to toast.

## 41. The Corken Cavalier

White candle masted in the oaken ship

The ashen staff knotted and knarled

Leans a rested stalk against the marble mantle

A moulded mound of uncultured Cornwall bred cheese

Sulked in a pale imitation of a gutter pierrot

Portraying pursued pride and a chastened kiwi destiny

The rook of revenge hovered like a cave

Over the passive child who's whirlinghead

Was a gateway,

For the long trodden robe and rod and ancient runic roads

Of the seeking Elders of Earth.

A chess, cloaked and chosen as a vessel

Fit for the horned kings of the soil

To toil and tarry the milestones of on high

And wingless to walk the paths of the sky

And await the perilous procession of willows

With a laugh in your teeth and a heart overshadowing

The realm of your head.

One cavalier donned wings of cork

And forced the stalwart starling to read aloud the runes

He tunneled down swifter than the eye

Heavy in speed, still as the mountain of years

A fool in a grave of cork

So deep in the core of the abyss

That Solomon, Count of on High,

Has spent strained nights eyes burnt and used

Moleing the sodden soil of the seasons

And not seen a sign nor spoke a word

With any of the hidden hords of the delving deep

Who'd as much as spake to a savage rummager

Who'd seen with shielded vision or head with cloven ear

In the dank and deep lore of old

Any tell of the Corken Cavalier.

42.

A southern homestead, a warrior sucking spring liquid  
from a ferny waterwell in the field. His sword sickled like  
the pearly May moon. His willow toe, a travelled hollow  
of orchards and vineyards, fording brown streams in the  
gauntlet of land, east of the leaning cedars.

A rustic land peopled by hermits. Skyward and tilted  
they map the skys palm, howl on the haunted hillocks  
that Aznageel's awoken.

The wet roping hair of the faïress is set like a talisman  
on the southlands of her head. And a wolf of marble, snowy  
like a storm with blizzard brow and ivory fangs, ranges  
the steeplands like a poaching forester in the light.

O such a wonder at dusk, his tusks, dribbling like a stream.

And his thunder ahowling on the granite of night's dream,  
a white wolf proclaimer of fortune. A child chooser. A  
friend of the fair, all snowed and like winter. If you  
wish hard, he's there.

43.

Although it stands

like a widow to the world

the birds' husband

and appears to our criminal sight

a heartless ornament

cold as twilight

the birds know it's moods

for the statue is more than it seems.

44.

Haunted eyes and night,  
decide upon the storms back who's to ride  
abreast the chest of inlaid iron.

With smelted mail and spears of Cairn,  
the thunder beast — a steed of flame —  
a sorcerers hour in the fiery game.

The bit and stirrup, a smouldered hand,  
a bony skinless smithed brand.

And the servant of water,  
the daughter of pain,  
the nymphet of Nature's nourishment,  
the jestered pale rain.

45.

Oiled fire canopy

launched from his mane like shimmering train

my palm all ascreech

with torn warmth for legs encircling me,

calm body heat

charmed medallion breast round and true

like a forest beasts thigh

and a scaled mans eye

all darkened in the night of a seashell eyeball,

On his mad mane all alive and redly

a deadline pine hacked and laughing

upon his white jaunted crippled chin,

a pony boy all stemmed and loping

chewed all the tulips

and with gartered feet

vomited redness on the sudden lawn

and shell-eye loved eagle-pie

a fool man with tortoise wisdom and stapled teeth,

a man who could kill a sky stallion

is a worthless clod, a baboon soul

with a forked streak of liver upon his forlock.

For my angel wore a cloud shroud

and a pea green talon of candle sheen

which waxed her young skin

and threw moon-tune all upon her children

and all my spawn had a song

and wore wondrous jet breast plates

of heart dark.

46.

A ship of rhythm lit like a beacon

tossed like a ferret on the

wings of fleeing night.

Snuggled like an acorn,

Withered like a willow,

Wanded by the skycloaked founder

of precious light.

His nose was a clifftop unto me.

An ocean swelling and talking

Was lost in the lonesome lands

Of his kind hand, and he gave

To me a word to brand my being with

To wash in it's windy splendour and mellowness

And to treasure as my inheritance,

When the panther of pride beckons me,

For he knows me since a sapling

Through the ink of my foolishness he's seen

And he's cared

As a father would.

47.

Sing us a song

from the furrows of your heart

of spirals of wild geese

and talk chalk cliffs immense and changing.

And a rain song,

a cloud calmer

to sooth the prowlers in the temple.

Yes, O sing us worldly ballads

yon fair skinned balladeer.

Perhaps of hunting in the deepest

fog-filled regions of my wood realm,

of roes running and stags sunning

in the cool stare of the fair lady of my household

the small daughter of the cloud caller

who's shadow's taller than any living thing.

Or a sleep song for my precious children,

a pigeon portion of the shuttered refrain

of Indian elephants

proudly leading transparent tigers

on smithed chains.

Yes, Lutation, the bed of my head is made,

Silk awaits me.

Wake me in the dawning

With the morning of your song.

48.

The verse of her life

limped forlorn in the moon of her day

like an eternity.

She once ruled the hearts of men.

On all fours they'd grovel,

fish in her cunning pool.

But alas her moon waxed.

Like a mighty juggler the starry

garments tumbled from her timber limbs,

like a cloud thirst,

a rainless sky in the hills of autumn,

distant at the doors of debauchery.

The halls of condolence

rang empty in her presence, for a child was born.

Clad as a fledgling,

the innocence of man under the shadow

of the furrowed brow,

dark and still,

a river of silver regrets

trickling, fumid and foul

through the tunnels of dusk.

49.

**A Tear for the High Star**

A tear for the High Star,  
hidden pinnacle of the brow.

50.

Our bed of love is like a glove,

tender and warm, that we creep into

when the eye of noise whines

like a bird of prey.

Our gauntlet smoothly sails our sea of dreams,

like a mountain, solid

yet begotten from the Earth

and at the old mothers mercy.

Merely one petal, frail and fragrant,

pillowing our sleepy bodies,

silent in the noise of the night.

Loud in the night of silence

we snuggle and vibrate,

entwined like saplings of the vine.

And warm, we laugh,

our silver selves like spartans,

brown as the bread of the wilderness,

but tender and with limbs light and subtle

through the eternal washing in the spring of wisdom.

Winged, but not birds.

Fathers, but no children, kinsman yes.

The plateau of peace,

in it's japanese splendour,

is for us my friend,

to share with bear and to worship

without pride the swanfolk of the moon,

the stallion of the sun,

and to nestle like sparrows

under the warm immense beard of the master.

51.

At leafy dale

the mammoth snail

on the head of an oak sat.

It's house a fiery crimson

and it's visionary eyes friendly and sad.

Lonely was he, as huge as a wish,

his colours throbbing in the dense

fog of sunset.

And then he sang,

notes true and full,

pure as the pearly horn of unicorn,

lithe as a fairy dance

in the rustling forest glades of Esher.

Birds, tall and princely,

little and pale, blue and delila,

green as the evenings kiss,

hovered over his unseeing horns.

Shadows and men,

horses, and gryphons

geese and shapes in pale attire,

with burning eyes and hair of the waves

lighting the skies with little lamps

of moon beams and star kisses.

The morning came like the crack of a whip,

all melted with hearts brimming

with sweet song and prophecys

of the triumphant return.

But alas, as the snails last living

sparrow of sound dipped and dived

and flew to the rainbow, all life had vanished.

And on opening his shuttered chateau of sight,

alone he was

and thought he had always been so.

And his weeping was long and destroying.

52.

Dance the night in rags

of vineyard grey.

Move like a willow water

gushing through the gates of dance.

The chance of love in the twilight,

bejewelled tassels binding the

startangled skys,

like a fisherman.

Motion toed,

loping up the hillocks of youth

like a furry soul,

drinking with your sweet springing mouth,

hooded by the stream of Pan.

Then the morn and simitar rain

and pain on your bruised lips

like a locket,

but the wine is hidden

and the key is thee

and the troupe like a hoop

ascends the hills like a sleep

and the day like a wheel

is ever turning.

53. A demon of the grave

bore me away on a solid ship,

black as a villain's heart.

A lost sun, a gloomy blue,

shone on my bronze lids

like a summertime.

The hobbly nobbly skull of the knave

was green,

a sheen such as the slime

extracted from the citadel

of a long bad oak,

rotted and hollowed

by the winter of greed.

It's fingering verse

wove webs around my young head

and ate my courage like sweet cakes

and a moat, brown and deep,

he produced from the linings

of his grape-coat.

On a barge of bodys

tied with lifes' thongs

we sailed the mire

and arrived pitch black

at his shack by the shore.

And there I died,

sliced by my own image

yet freed by my own enemy

my flesh on a pyre,

and me silver limbed

a lyre for the heroes of the ages

to play tender love lays

in my hearts' house

to serenade the beings of the beginning,

like an orchard,

ripe and rewarding.

54.

We stood there in the youth of our love,

Me asparagus green, you with fortunate gloves.

My rapier staff was of yeilding summer oak

And your toes were tongued with dynastys of foxgloves

And we strode tall and long with the scowling winter

Everso gone.

And our hair was as one head, spiraled and twirly

grotto-grieven red.

55.

Travelling the Earth on a sows back,  
seagreen and perilous

Lovett nostrils strutted with steel rings  
smithed in the holes of the hollow hill.

A turban of glitter stuck to my head,  
like an arm.

Not mine, but from a pyramid of past passions,  
throbbing and wrong like the fingertips of tong.

I sleep wide eyed and wild.

An elephant boy on a pig that's as stout  
as a rhinoceros with Samuri mail  
and a thunder bow plucked from the branches of the moon  
cold, the ear hair spoke to me in silver words,  
un-understood but tearbringers.

My legs cramped in a vice of water  
yet the seas of Man were untold distances below me.

And like a Syrian boy I weep — poetically,  
on the hind legs of my destiny.

56.

All sodden the sky,

like a princess, weeps.

The bush by the gallows

exiles the birds of the dawn

to less morbid domains, for

the Worm has been sighted.

A young god, who's summer hands

were moulded for the pleasures

of the grove and the leisures of the lyre,

quakes like a mountain of earth's youth.

And it comes like a sorceress,

one eye shines with yellow rays of orkney wisdom.

One side of it's divided mouth,

a smile like hope.

Teeth, auburn.

Seats for the saints, the eye

hidden in the mists and foul

flowering fog is wholly dark and corrupt.

It's limp light of lust and greed

dries the paths of it's sight

like a biblical plague,

and hornets huge and hoary

jig a sad imitation of the act of love.

Bizarre theatrics unsuited for the eyes

of the first born

and the wise limbed children of the daylight.

A howl terrible and long

sped on the paths of wind.

A claw, cautious and yellow,

considered it's preordained actions,

as a crystal watcher would.

Black as the wilderness,

the fangs of blue, eyeless,

tore it's divided flesh

57.

searing the watchful night with pains  
from the great tear of time.

Teeth like great oaks, sharpened and  
mellowed for war.

In the dawning faith of the new day,  
lost fleeing wisps of mist lingered  
blindly.

One last dying opal prophecy was left  
hovering unheard in the morn.

The heap stared, mishapen,  
like the first roads of a life,  
a monument of the tortures of the sane.

But, alas, with the dispersion of the  
wisdom mist and the foul fingering fog,  
all went unchanged.

58.

Sleek Andromeda swirling in an undershift,  
a pimple temple like on her portcullis longship  
lip. I dance on her gliding stomach of fibs and  
erect my many coloured mast in her belly-button.

Take a cheekbone, any cheekbone, lay it pastely  
on a furnace brasier and look for sand. Marrow  
melts, mud squelches and belches over my  
handsomely haunted hand but no sand.

A beach I whimper I need to bask upon a sun-dipped  
dripping moon of beach. My face feels the draft now,  
my shaggy face lags like a quilled pig — my bones  
burnt and not a seed of sand remains only a high  
forked pitch of light cine-marly sailing my sagging  
dripping wood-wild skipping face.

And now reader I have only half a head.

59.

Easel tomb of distant shore

My iron barbarian pincer door

Is bolted and bridled like a colt

And a foal of laughter dances deep

Alcoving in his absynthe coat

And his perriwig sung like a foggy night

On a salted beach

Carved from a ransomed behemoth.

A beautiful beast with a coat of pure damask

A sprig of terror, a hoof of forest horn.

Unicorned in a sinking sky,

The beast expired like a snow-cloaked winter robin

On the destiny of days.

And avalanched August skipped and wheeled

On the sheilded loom of life's strife.

And one lonesome ox calf died with the christening

Of dawn.

60.

Cloak me in ermine Merlin

Hawk of the legendary past

Proud shore eyes

Far flown childhood

Devourer of field fellows

Hunter Prince for crimson fellows

Lean pale child all grown stumped and tawny

Club-eyed

Wearied foot

Waltzing

Towering Earth's pastures

A furry fetcher

Jaws of ivory bones

And upon the rakes fallowed brow

Gleams the judgment of the sow

And the Merlin's misered plummage grinned in the wind.

61.

From my mouth's heart I speak  
and my eyes bleed their blood.

Distant in passion,  
my mariners cheek is a window  
for all to see.

The dark cranes fly low,  
but even in their lowness  
their flight is still a stain  
on the suitings of the wind.

For once an evil is invited,  
curtained or free-roaming,  
the hair will vanish,  
white with the shame of it  
and the spirits casket  
shaped like a man but not,  
will warp and wither  
in the heather sprinkled garden  
of life's lesson-dry  
and hope becomes the worshipped god  
of the centuries.

62.

Oh sturdy lord in your gaudy land

I beseech a pebble from your hand

For to stow deep within my new gilded cage

To fear off the mute deaf muse of age

And my rose lute rides my limbs like a wave.

Oh true tearfull lover of the weather-woven sage,

near his well in the dell on the dale cupped with frail

wounded newborn sparrow birds you and with life

carved upon their arteries with the blunt end of my knife.

For the brown boy, son of rustics, has a musket and

a crate of bleached sea-travelled peach rum and the

skull key's to my baby's gate.

Woe, I am betrayed.

63.

In the hall, high above the ceiling

the furnace heaters blew.

Blackhat fondled his white lashing hair,

his avalanched glacier diminished

in the artificial suns.

A leg quivered, river green and massive

like girders of seagold.

A roar grew in the wrestling room of daybreak.

Blackhat tittered with prideful delight.

Mine he moaned,

the melting water scurried down the appropriate

channels.

And now where once stood solid water

stood the reptile king,

Tyrannosaurus Rex, reborn and bopping.

## Essay | The Warlock of Love: Revisiting Marc Bolan's Forgotten Poetry Book Fifty Years On by Joobin Bekhrad

Fifty years ago in March 1969, a rather odd book of verse hit Britain's bookshelves. Its jacket contained no description of what lay inside — only the image, on both its front and back, of an ashen-faced man, sceptre in hand and visage obscured by corkscrew curls, sitting proudly beneath an egg-like orb. Its title, in the florid lettering of the day, read *The Warlock of Love*, and its author, the ever-elusive Marc Bolan, dedicated it to 'the Woods of Knowledge'.

Though he was the progenitor of the glam rock movement, and, in his heyday in the early seventies, a rock and roll star who was regarded as the successor to the Beatles and whom David Bowie dreamed of being as big as, Bolan today is a much-overlooked figure. Worse, perhaps, is the fact that, even in his native Britain (he never 'cracked' America, much to his dismay), he remains misunderstood amongst many as a fame-hungry teen idol who fizzled out after a few years of gobbledegooky glory.

'He loved the glamour and drama of stardom', admits renowned British publicist Alan Edwards, who once worked for Bolan, 'but in some ways, that overshadowed his writing.' Indeed, there are few who aware that Bolan wrote poetry, let alone *The Warlock of Love*, and even two fantasy stories (*Pictures of Purple People* and *The Krakenmist*). Although Bolan was a rock and roll star, he was a poet first and foremost. When asked at a 1965 press conference whether he regarded himself as more of a singer or a poet, Nobel Prize-winner Bob Dylan responded, 'Oh, I think of myself more as a song and dance man, y'know'. Not so Bolan. As Mark Paytress notes in his book, *Marc Bolan: The Rise and Fall of a 20th Century Superstar*, a thirteen-year-old rock and roll-loving Bolan brusquely declared he was a poet when asked at a local Labour Exchange about his chosen profession.

In many ways, *The Warlock of Love* can be seen as an extension of Bolan's work with Tyrannosaurus Rex, the folk duo he played in at the time. The book echoes the spirit and ethos of Bolan's early music, and deals, more or less, with the same subjects and themes. Just as Bolan sang about wizards, bejewelled Abyssinians, and Eastern spells on tape, so too did he write poems about mages, 'Celtic woadmen', and the all-round exotic and otherworldly in his book. Characters like Aznageel the mage and a mysterious wizard, featured in two Tyrannosaurus Rex tunes, also reappear here. Interestingly, years earlier, Bolan had told a story about a meeting of his in Paris with a levitating wizard who imparted arcana to him. If not the same warlock Bolan wrote about in the book's first poem — 'pure of skin but soiled of soul' — the Parisian, factual or fictional, was evidently a major creative stimulus and recurring figure in Bolan's oeuvre.

The wizard aside, other influences can be clearly seen throughout the book. The surprisingly dyslexic Bolan may have '[dug] a Ginsberg poem', as he wrote in a 1966 poem, but it's difficult to find any traces of the Beats here. Rather, his poetry — and lyrics, too, for that matter — exhibit a Romantic sensibility coupled with Tolkien-esque imagery. This comes as no surprise, given Bolan's familiarity with Romantics like 'Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, and Byron', as Paytress points out, and well-documented adoration of the Lord of the Rings trilogy. Years later, he would remark that 'even William Blake would have grooved to my lyrics ...'

Bolan, however, was a one-off in all respects, and his poetry defies categorisation. The Romantic influences are clear — for example, in his lush nature imagery, allusions to Greek mythology, and overall hypersensitivity — as is the Tolkien connection, but only Bolan could have penned something like *The Warlock of Love*. The short, lyrical poems are sensual, mysterious, and otherworldly, and appear as flurries of sublime images rather than coherent pieces. What is a ‘hairwish’ or a ‘zinc of finches’? None can say, and it would be foolish to read too much into things. Bolan didn’t intend to write about ideas clear and definite, but rather to impart particular feelings and emotions to his readers. ‘*The Eve of St Agnes*’ this is not; one leaves the book not knowing what on earth Bolan was writing about, but with the memory of the most ethereal of dreams. ‘Marc’s [poems] were more dependent on imagination’ says Edwards. ‘In that respect, they were timeless, and will repeatedly come back into vogue and be reassessed in the future.’

It would be a couple of years before Bolan would achieve superstardom with 1971’s *Electric Warrior* album, and *The Warlock of Love* was his first (and only) book of poetry. Yet, according to London booksellers Sotheran’s of Sackville Street, it did quite well, selling some forty-thousand-odd copies and becoming Britain’s best-selling poetry book of the year. In 1992, it was lovingly republished by the Tyrannosaurus Rex Appreciation Society, but today, even this edition is out of print. One can only hope that the major forthcoming BMG Bolan tribute album will provide the impetus for another reissue of this essential work by one of the twentieth century’s most fascinating artists:

And with the coming of the sweet breath,  
the seeds in the garden of all hearts  
will flower immense,  
and such flames licking and long,  
will be sighted upon our lands,  
that it will seem to the highborn  
that the Earth has hatched anew.

Words by Joobin Bekhrad