

IMPERATRIX

A Millenium Ode

*Being an account of the Empire of Great Britain
From the creation of the country to the Year 2000*

SEQUANZAS

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1
LEGENDARY BRITAIN

INVOCATION

In the land of the Loxian daughters
I pluck'd a reed & settl'd down to write
Moonbeam-dappl'd were those woodland waters
Where silver sisters cast a lovely light.

*"Twin muses thou art an azure-tinged star,
Brightest beacon of Heaven's ministry,
I call thee to sweeten me & unbar
Psyche's causeway unto emperity.*

*With thy sacred mead & lushly hush'd words
These are tranquil harmonies when we meet,
As tho' loves melodie by lovers sung.*

*To me! O power of chaunting songbirds,
Of such subtil utterance, spangl'd sweet,
My minds audience marvels as tho' young."*

Pieria

CLIO & CALLIOPE

This is a moment magical to me
As timelines breach the psyche & converge
Upon a pregnant page of poetry
When from the void two voices sweet emerge.

*"As the height of summer subjugates spring
Ennobled minds blaze empyrean fire,
Immortal voices of bards regal sing,
Of an island, her race & an empire."*

*"Deck the star-speck'd armour of vainglory,
Don the laurel crown, wield the sword sacred,
Command the reigns of the last Pegasi."*

*"Swear to the Rose an oath of fealty
To bear thee safe thro' the realms of the dead,
Fly swift, faithful Sylvermane, fly, fly, fly..."*

Parnassus

GENESIS

I send a whistle whizzing through the trees,
Soon Sylvermane arrives with grace & poise
I mount her back & with a gentle ease
We steer toward the fountain of great noise

Upon the forward flowing tides of time,
Twin muses fusing with my soaring soul,
Up through the storm-wrack'd stratosphere we climb,
Into the friendless void of this black hole...

...Erupting at a star's emblazon'd birth,
Whom by the grace of God emerges gold,
Encapsulates the nine orbits royal.

Creation's rays cast wide across the Earth,
In but one fleeting aeon we behold
Volcanic fury & oceans aboil.

Space
4,500,000,000 BC

LIFE

Just a wee spot on the dimple of time,
A billion galaxies all around us,
& them a wee spot, a provincial clime,
As atomy spreads always prepond'rous;

Back here on Earth the lava stretches far
Across crystal crust, congealing & cool,
A sprinkle of dust from some far-off star
By fate or by fortune finds a fresh pool.

We listen at the dawn of creation
To the lone clarion's sennet herald,
Some sentient being's benevolence.

With a vibrant pulse of animation
White swirling waters, awash with em'rald,
Form a bubbling froth of effervescence.

Pangaea
3,000,000,000 BC

TECTONICA

From the depths of deep space comes the debris
Of a long dead star, whose cool, crater'd core
Hurtles throughg sky & plummets into sea,
Sends tsunami roaring oer every shore!

Up! Up! Sylvermane, with a quantum leap,
The motions of a planet to survey -
Into the living ocean's teeming deep
The rumbling continentals break away;

Sibling Americas, mighty Asia,
Atlantis, Europa, Inde, Afric -
Jungles buzzing with insects & flowers.

We pause to watch the grand terraforma,
Breathtaking, land-lovely & idyllic,
Through the lonely timelessness of these hours.

Europa
300,000,000 BC

NEANDERTHALS

From forest-tops strange monkey-men descend,
The lizard kings that held the world in trust
Are now just sunbleach'd bones, marking the end
Of that bygone age, an empire of dust.

In the search of their Earth Mother's mercy
To cooler Northern climes stoop'd hunters roam;
Crystal streams, sabre teeth, mammoth shaggy,
Game, fish, berries, nuts swarm this merry home.

Crude settlements crowd about these first fires,
Guarding the fronts of their dank, fur-fill'd caves,
Lined with paintings of people, god & beast.

Flint-tipp'd spearsmen return from mangrove mires,
Two brave warriors gain the burning graves,
Roast rhino adorns the funeral feast.

Europa
100,000 BC

ICE AGE

Where Ice Kings wander glaciers follow;
What could halt these white & mighty rivers
Which bend, break & shape a land flaked in snow,
Whose tribes trek South in silence & shivers?

All of a sudden comes seasonal change,
Sensuous, as on the lip of desire;
The first snowfall crowning the rugged range,
The first songs of Spring on the Shepherd's lyre.

For centuries beautiful Araura
Breathes warmer each morning, at tranquil pace
The frozen, crystal, blizzard-fields retreat.

Cross the swamp bridge of colourful flora
Tread the dark men of Iberian race
In the wet, fertile wake of the ice sheet.

Europa
20,000 BC

DISPERSAL OF THE GODS

Continental death throes cataclysmic
Hurl rocks to orbit (the birth of the Moon),
Some fall into the azure aquatic,
Forming the coral kingdoms of Neptune.

Jove, Thor, Odin & Woden to the stars,
Lords Satan propell'd to the pits of Hell,
Olympus houses Venus, Zeus & Mars,
While Siva seeks spicier shores to dwell.

Evading the wrath of Zeus, Venus hands
Her infant's fate to loyal Mercurie -
Fleet-sandal'd feet leap northward on the clouds.

Wee Britannia hidden in her Highlands,
Surrounded by the safety of a sea,
The gaze of Zeus obscured through misty shrouds.

Albion
7000 BC

THE COMING OF THE TRIBES

The Dryads march west, the Druids sail east,
Men dwell well with Centaur, Faerie & Fawn,
All bound to the sun by this bearded priest
In ceremonial circles of stone.

These islands resound with sounds of songbirds
Soft lulling, with the promise of the West,
Goths, Gaels, Geats & Gauls driving massive herds
Many leagues into vast, boar-fill'd forest.

In face of brave war chiefs the old race flee,
In conquer'd fields fair-haired clansmen settle,
Crafting fine existence, hunting & tills.

The Brythons take their turn to row the sea,
Conquer the Celts with firmer metal,
Driving them to the safer, rougher hills.

Albion
400 BC

CEASAR'S BRITAIN

As men are born with auras rarely seen
When power seems to latch upon the soul
& regal purples paint a princely green,
The paths of glory lead Ceasar to Gaul;

From history's quill is a great man made;
Although Vercingetorix in a cage,
This warlord other countries must invade,
To lay his laurels on the Latin page.

Woden descends from his seat midst the stars,
Unites the tribes to quell the march of Rome
Neath Cassivellaunus, first British king.

Mounted on an iron elephant, Mars
Fords the Thames...scyth'd chariots race for home,
Slower foot slaughter'd by sword, spear & sling.

Londinium
54BC

INCARNATION

When diety desires a humble birth
& interplanetary spheres align,
Rays of pure stardust pulse across the Earth,
According to some alien design.

As we see the boy my senses tingle,
His little fisherboat straddles the shore,
Anchors midst the rocks & onto shingle
The star-child steps with his father & more...

...Angels of Heaven have flock'd to the shore
Where almighty Jove has summon'd his son
To bless this wild island elevated.

Soft, cherub paeans on the winds upsoar,
*"God's agents, when the Roman day is done
Protect this island's high future fated."*

Glastonbury

10

BOADICEA

Swift trim ships, sails puff'd proud, brimming with shield
Mark the return of th'imperial fleet,
Mars marches legions 'tween each battlefield
Til conquest of a province nigh complete.

The double-edged broadsword of Empire sews
Britons into the fabric of the Pax;
Roads, towns, baths, games, forts, theatres & laws,
The native suppression, terror & tax.

She speaks to the soul of her proud Briton,
The tribes rise in arms! Rome's garrisons slain,
The governer flees, Londinium burns.

Her Chieftans race to face Rome's crack legion,
Eighty thousand die, more lie rack'd with pain,
Rebellion quash'd & the pax returns.

Brittaniae

60

EDGE OF EMPIRE

What of the glory of the humans now!
Gracing the age of Ceasars with such eyes
That all of them beholden wonder'd how
Risen mankind from dark swamp to the skies!

Down Rome's arteries ardently curses
The splendour of her civic eminence,
Building temples to Saints & sweet Jesus,
Praising purgatorial penitence.

Through Pictish Caledon legions campaign,
Each hostile hill fort took with much slaughter,
The dead desecrated, women defil'd.

As Mars peers through inhospitable rain,
His heart melts at the sight of his daughter,
Bids Hadrian, "*Protect my playful child!*"

Lugovallium

122

SAXON DAWN

As greatest empires last a thousand years
Then fade as pagan princes take their turn,
Cleansing Europe with hopeless Roman tears
The Goth-hordes of Cisalpine Gaul return.

The legionaires abandon the Britons,
Who, trapp'd between Pict & the cruel, cold sea,
Invite King Henghist, sword-lord of Saxons,
To fight for them with fierce battlefury.

Conquest's unquenchable thirst grips his mind,
He sets his warbands to slay & enslave
Those Britons swift-retreating to the sea.

Beyond church blaze & razed villas I find
The mossy tomb of some neglected grave -
Those crumbling columns of Rome's legacy.

Eboracum

450

BIRTH OF ENGLAND

KING ARTHUR

All over Britain's misty north we go
 Cruising atop many a mountain range,
 Great reliques of an antique volcano,
 Exuding music, mystical & strange,

Sylvermane swerves unto some clanging sound,
 Ten thousand shouts clash with the peaceful air,
 Upon a very bloody battleground,
 Merlin summons Mars with a Gaelic prayer.

Still the tide of conflict's field ebbs & flows,
 The king, wielding his bejewell'd birthright,
 Roars through the fray with good Sir Lancelot.

Saxons scatter or slaughter'd 'neath the blows
 Of each valiant, proud & pious Knight,
 In sight of the hill-fort of Camelot.

Badon Hill

496

CAEDMAN

Who are these men? Ye prophets, thee that ride
 Thy steeds illustrious, the common host
 Amassing miracles, this willing bride
 Of sainthood sure, as horses sense *His* ghosts.

Jove's devout servants build, in much splendour,
 Abbey's & churches for man's salvation,
 Visions of those such as Abbess Hilda,
 Spread faith & learning all through the nation.

Caterpillar crawls into wholesome soul
 One starwound night, whilst brothers are dreaming
 He wakes enraptured, plucks the harp golden,

Catches, in his hearts net, song-stars that fall,
 Fashions a fabric, righteous & streaming,
 "*Herigean ece, aelmihtig Heofon.*"

Streanaeshalch

680

VIKINGS

Those crow-dark, horse-swift, oar-driven dragons,
Bow-keen, wave-cleaving, cross the western sea,
Quaffing culdee blood from frothing flagons
Strafing shorelines with foreign savagery;

Sylvermane sits above a jagged coast,
Lindisfarne litter'd by corpse, flame & scream,
Sacred artefacts pass to ragged host,
Lurking til tidefall...oer causeway they stream...

How awful the howl of Odin's thunder,
Noble Northumbria ravag'd & bled
By Norsemen now claiming the North Country.

By land & sea they rush south to plunder,
Gentle Anglia pungent with its dead,
Arrowheads fly, king dies tied to a tree.

Sanctae Eadmundestow
880

ALFRED

Only the lords of Wessex dare defy
The victual flamboyance of the Vikings,
"Are we not Saxons?" rang their captain's cry,
The morning chorus of the English kings;

Atop the rocky crown of Egbert's Stone,
The fugitive legend of Wessex stands,
Inspires his nobles to the battle borne,
& drive the hated heathen from his lands.

About the drooping Raven banner still,
Odin's hordes advance along the Ridgeway,
To smash into a gleaming wall of shield.

The Viking host now ghosts upon the hill,
The Raven breaks the cloth & flees the fray,
First King of England crown'd upon the field.

Edington
889

MILLENIUUM SUNSET

As shepherds find pockets of anxious sheep
Pull from the flock, & princely palaces
Crumble with time, or when the pathway steep
Descends from pinnacles & promises;

Above the land, the celestial sphere -
Attended by day's roseate glory -
Settles to satin... I sit with the seer,
Chanting in Latin, wizened & hoary,

Haggish & toothless, black, blind & bulbous,
Clutching an eyeball whose vision'ry gleam,
Star twinkles as a thousand years rush by.

Crows blot out the moon, she croons in whispers,
*"Britannia shall conquer the ocean stream
For the times of Axis Mundi are nigh..."*

Colchester
999

MILLENIUUM DAWN

Silhouetted 'gainst the golden threshold,
Wings spread wide gainst a growing, glowing band,
Easy my steed, swoop gracef'ly & uphold
High oer this faerie enchantment of land.

Inconstant boundaries born in violence;
From the fabl'd cliffs, Offas deep dug miles,
To those crumbling walls of dung & silence,
The English portion of the British Isles!

Tis a realm of snow-skip'p'd mountains misty,
Interlaced with the moss-crack'd Roman mile
Straight cut through heath, marsh, & tangled forest.

Floating free in a vicious Viking sea
Ye ocean goddess, wooded western isle,
On the furthest world fringes, verdant blest.

Anglecynn
1000

THE DANES

Mellow morning mists rise from the meadow
Gentle black smoke curls ribbon from the trees,
A cluster of clay thatch huts dwell below
In a clearing of rippling yellow seas.

Over savage stormswept seas I am borne,
See a fleet of sea-serpents snaking to land,
To the bellowing war-cry of their horn
Bloodthirsty hordes of bezerkers tread sand.

This day the geld will be reaped in pillage,
Saxon skulls cloven asunder in might
For the skull-helm'd on his skeletal steed.

Corpse sleeps in the bright brennyng village,
Where, dismal groaning as a woeful Wight,
Its bride laments, her belly full of seed.

Gipeswick
1016

STAMFORD BRIDGE

As time drifts by tranquility descends
On the blood of Angle, Saxon & Dane,
Heavenly fertility prospers friends,
'Til Death cuts short the Confessor's reign.

The royal English bloodline has grown parch'd
& so the King of Norway has unloosed
His men on England, Harold rapid march'd
To murder Odin's Raven in its roost.

Death pricks amidst this thick, furious fight,
That rages until full of failure's fears
Hadrada & his Brainbyters flee East.

While his weary men drunk wine with delight,
The message at last reaches Harold's ears,
"The Normans are here!" ...Horn-blast halts the feast.

York
1066

HASTINGS

Oer Andredesweald to the profound field,
Mail-clad knights battle Huscarl, Thegn & Fyrd,
Atop the bloody slopes, tall wall of schylde
Stands unyielding to spear, sparth & sword.

How arrogant is man that through one war,
A contree will subdue, but do indeed,
When charismatic leaders to the fore
Are willing to conduct war from the steed!

Horses charge, arrows pierce a cry-filled sky,
At last the pretender's will breaks the wall,
His Papal banner claims the corpse-strewn verge.

The King tears a shaft from his bleeding eye,
Conquoror swings...Harold's head & crown roll,
His blood & a Norman nobleman's merge.

Senlac Hill

1066

COUERS DE LYONS

To barren Outremer on the south breeze,
To lands of palm & sun-boil'd balmy days,
Where stands in dusty sands by lusty seas
The citadel of a city ablaze.

A thirsty seige, sunrise upon sunrise.
The endless killing filling moats with dead,
Breeding legions of disease-spreading flies,
Whose maggots bury through the meagre bread;

The King - crusader, knight & troubadour -
Hauls hauberkerd Templars tward the Temple doors,
Howling, *"For God, Glory & Christendom!"*

Cote amure torn, soaked in Saracen gore,
He returns in triumph, to Heaven roars,
"Behold the cross where Christ found the Kyngdom!"

Acre

1191

ROGER BACON

Serpentine Thames winds through forest & farms
To a gothic city, where grey robed friar,
Barefoot & bald-pated, grants hope & alms
To many a desp'rate, gap-tooth'd beggar.

His scything thought is flung through Earths vast skies
As though 'twere some star of wonder falling
From celestial places, sanctifies
Melodious mysteries enthralling,

Inside the school sit the sons of Barons,
He lectures on Optics, Physics, Classics,
Latin, Medicine & Philosophy.

Returning to his rooms after sermons,
He secretly studies heathen magicks
From the full wise regions of Araby.

Oxford University
1260

ARISTOCRACY

O'er the rolling Downs the brave Baron's bound,
A host of warhorse in splendid array,
Enthused with the trumpets uplifting sound,
Crying, "*For England!*" full fierce for the fray,

They clash with their kinsmen, the Kings army;
Til royalty trapp'd by treacherous deed,
Held captive by Barones & Bishoprie,
The crown now bound unto the noble breed.

By all the Magna Cartas are re-signed
The charter that King John begrudgingly
Seal'd fifty years ago for the nation.

Three score clauses in the law enshrined;
Namore may a King rule absolutely,
Trial by thy peers & 'sembly'd taxation.

Lewes
1264

GRUFFYDD LLYWELYN

We waltz our way west on a wind-slick wing
To the snowy blood-soak'd slopes of Snowdon,
Where knelt at the feet of valiant kyng,
Pendragon of the proud Cymric nation.

The bards are now descending from the ben,
With them was human artistry allied,
Singing of arms & princes & the men
Who battles fought & kingdoms gentrified;

Half-starved haughty hillmen stare in despair,
Their unconquer'd haerts must yield to the yoke,
The bard's ancylent voice strangl'd in the vales.

The kiss of peace these British brothers share,
Strongbow relieves him of the golden torque,
His snivelling son crown'd the Prince of Wales.

Gwynedd
1277

BANNOCKBURN

Grown sick of crusades & their crimson gods,
The English crown content to claim the Scots,
But that wee land stands up against the odds,
For liberty from London & its plots;

The midsummer sun oer a Celtic sea
Yields to fields & mountains clad in myst
& this host of glittering chivalry -
Their brave Bruce waving his defiant fist.

With Scotland in hearts & 'Wallace!' on lips,
Fabian namore, deliverance near -
Mace, brawn, lance & Death dance in dalliance.

English knights fall twyx marsh & schiltron tips,
Back to England King Edward flees in fear,
Screaming, "*This thistle stings, let us to France!*"

Stirling
1314

MERRIE ENGLAND

FIGHTING FRANCE

E'er since Albion battl'd Hercules
 Upon the ancyent bridge that leads to Gaul
 Two nations share the waste of war's disease,
 But both heroic as a soldier's soul.

On roaring winds we soar oer Normandy,
 Follow a trail of looting, fear & rape
 English chevauchee halts in this valley
 Where the sweet young wine of the Gallic grape,

Plum'd lances rais'd, hotspur for the bowmen,
 Who, with one step, unleash their lethal storm -
 Barb'd rain falls brutal, French goliath slain.

Flour-de-Lys rudely pluck'd by these yeomen,
 Who, in drunken celebration, sail home,
 Rich in plunder, to tell the taylor again.

Cressy
1346

BLACK DEATH

Black war courts famine as famine craves plague,
 From rat-to-man bounces bubonic mite,
 Seville falls! Genoa! Moscow! The Hague!
 Death-Pits fill up 'til Death full of this blight.

Foul, acrid Zephyrs blow tempest oersea,
 The silent silk ship slips ghoulish to port,
 Rats swarm the town, out rides a sick palfrey,
 Death meets his sister, Jove's judgement is sought.

Oer Avalons vales I fly to Wells fair;
 Meat, drink, dance, bells, fun-loving buffoonry -
 Through filthy streets two steeds trot in silence.

Pestilence smiles, she shakes her straggly hair;
 Vomit, delirium, black skin scabby,
 "*Bring out yer dead!*" plague pits & flagellants.

Somerset
1348

PEASANT'S REVOLT

The untill'd fields of a realm sprawl beneath,
Scourg'd of serfdom, ahead, by host of spires,
Stalwort yeoman uprisen on Black Heath,
Weapon'd with hope, fired up by Southwark's friars.

John Ball steals the show, crowds cause commotion
For this ageing, half-starving scatterling.
Like Wycliffe denounces Rome's corruption,
"Wait ye good people til thy bell doth ryng."

Lone boy pryckest from the besieg'd Tower,
Hears the pleas of his people united,
Agrees, swears an oath to cut taxation.

When masses depart he asserts power,
Bloody doom for those who dared, spirited,
To vanquish this corrupt, feudal nation.

London
1381

CHAUCER

The English soul forg'd in the fight with France,
Her language chrysalis'd since the conquest,
Are ripend fruits at our father's entrance,
Old *Chaucer*, the Dantean catalyst!

Around Southwark many dwellings upspring,
The Tabard fills with drunken revelry,
Spills out unto the bright blue new morning
To form a very merrie company.

As the Knight recites tayles of aventure
A poet looks skyward, senses such force,
A pegasus reflected in his eye.

I gaze through a kindred soul, wise & pure,
A chrysalis cracks with creations force,
Methinks tis a glympse of the Butterfly.

Kent
1385

HENRY V

When nations rise in arms they rise in song,
Terpsichore dancing to the stirring chords
Of anthems sung by the patriot throng,
People's pageants patronis'd by warlords!

Sylvermane soars through Heaven's fould'ring vaults,
Angel-winged warrior sweeps through the sky,
We swoop to the field as twin lightning bolts -
Stood on a corpse mound, sword d'argent held high,

Tyger poised, gleaming gold breastplate & crown,
The Kyng invokes Saint George to join the fray
As the French toil through rain & churning mud.

Once more the brave lilies of France cut down
By Deaths barbed fingers, how many they slay,
Sticked like swine in a sea of thick, black blood.

Agincourt
1415

CAXTON

Summer's Butterflies flutter oer the age,
Heralding man's consciousness returning,
Paint their pretty wings on the printed page
To fuel Europa's phrenzy for learning.

A thousand bells ring for the holy hour,
We fly to the flower of cities all;
The house-lin'd bridge, tall-wall'd fortress tower,
The red-tile rooves & the rich merchant hall.

The silver stream bends round to Westminster,
Where in the shade of the gothic Abbey
A curly-toed man prints auld tayles to buy.

I steal two books - Morte D'Arthur & Chaucer -
Fly south, find a gladsome beach by the sea
The first flight of the English Butterfly.

Brighthelmstone
1476

WAR OF THE ROSES

Over desolate French kingdoms we roam,
Full wasted by a centurie of fight,
The soldiers seeds by strong sea winds blown home,
Grow into warring roses red & white!

We follow the thunderclap of cannon
To the field where the last Plantagenet
Roars lion-hearted, toward the Welsh Dragon
Speeds Black Prince fierce, propell'd by the blood debt.

His keen blade hacks & wards, til the sharp breath
Before the banner, eyes uproll, he dies,
Crown falls, rolls, trickles toward the Tudor's feet.

Weylaway, noble chivalry meets Death,
Thus we must soar through these dawn-sunder'd skies,
Where English spiritus now glows complete.

Bosworth
1485

HENRY VIII

With dawning day goes graceful Araura,
A single Tudor rose grows oer the contree,
This flourishing, verdant utopia
Whose castles crumble to antiquity.

Cloud-capp'd towers flutter Saint George's flag,
Merrie music leaks from a regal dance
Handsome king prances as the Richmond Stag,
Tempress seduces with transpersant glance.

Babe torn from Bolyn's breast, teary eyes fill,
She dons the blindfold, hears the rambling priest,
Her ladies pray, the rabble bray for blood.

I cannot bear to see such sweet blood spill,
As at the command of an obese beast,
The slice of Deaths scythe & the tell tale thud.

London
1536

VIRGIN QUEEN

As blithe as a sweet songbird on a briar
To the gorgeous palaces of White Hall,
With the deft nymph touch which soft strokes the lyre
Majestic Gloriana conquer's all.

Walter Raleigh is the age's ideal;
Scholar, soldier, poet, adventurer,
Spreading his velvet cloak 'neath dainty heel,
Winning his queen's empassion'd favour.

Her poets dally with wild butterflies,
Her pirates gift her, from the overseas,
Potatoes, tobacco & Aztec gold.

Mercury whispers...quiet court...she sighs...
Stands tall..."*Pry'thee sirz, to warr if ye please!*"
With countenance so gentle, yet so bold.

Privy Chamber
1588

ARMARDA

English impressa dares the best of Spain,
Though feeble-bodied Alfred carv'd her heart,
Her Buccaneers ravage the golden Main,
Castille plans to punish this bold upstart -

The rainbows of even consume the day,
We fly high over twinkling fire-forest
& a moonsunk sea to fortress Calais
Where a small blazing fleet floats line abreast

Forcing Iberian leviathan
To sail out seawards, but as the day springs,
Gallant little galleys Saint George assists

To smash each gargantuan galleon,
Masts sliced & hulls shatter'd by sword sharp wings,
The remnants scatter'd through the Scottish mists.

Gravelines
1588

SHAKESPEARE

I feel the blooming of a human heart
Hear golden wonders in an English tongue
Drawing through England's florid aisles a cart,
Of elfin troops & faeries deep in song.

God's only bard, what lyric could aspire
To match the matchless majesty of thee,
Whose mind smoulders with empyreal fire
Through the living stage of humanity.

On London's loftiest hill he settles,
Gazes on palaces, slums, ships & spires,
Seraph-song echoing through sweet-conch'd ear.

Rose buds open with burgeoning petals,
Musings on kings, beggars, fools & empires,
A poet at the dawn of his career.

Southwerke
1593

KING JAMES

London laments the passing of an age,
The virgin Gloriana breathes her last,
As monarchs poet-moulded on the stage
Proud Stuart blood is pour'd into the cast;

The Scottish King's carriages, London bound,
Traverse the rough moorland of the borders,
To drivee the of muddy ruts of English ground
On destinies dynastical orders.

It trundles to London through vales & towns,
A Scottish king crowned on the sacred stone,
Britannia steps forth from her Highland lair.

This is the slow union of the crowns
A single heart upon two nation's thrones
Binds them as one, as they one island share!

Whitehall
1605

AMERICA

Herald the Eagle, our majestic guide;
Like gulls 'gainst the gale, oer the ravages
Of a wintry sea, we wing, 'til our guide
Hovers oer the kiva of savages.

Strange birds & beasts, wyrd flora, shores refound,
Where Chinese junks & Viking longboats sleep,
& inland, an ancylent burial ground,
Gleams deep wealth & healthy pastures for sheep.

Pawatah of Arratattac nation,
Passes the pipe, "*Wingapo Chemuze*," -
Buck\$ is born, begat from bells & trinkets.

Canoes paddle food to the plantation,
Chesapeake traps the trade winds of the sea,
Empire takes root, shoots seek out new markets.

Jamestown
1607

CIVIL WAR

Blue-star-fire-thunder-clouds flash oer the foam,
Civil War augurs grim futurity,
Silk banner flaps & flies inside a storm
To save institutional monarchy.

We fly over land sick from sword & fire
To Westminster Hall, drunk upon bloodshed
Judges sit, poised as the hungry vampyre,
Condemning their king to part with his head.

He strides to the scaffold with dignity,
Cromwell sighs relief beneath the black hood,
Axe swings...head rolls...blood spurts...terrible groan.

Rebels attain an unjust majesty,
Rabble squabbles, dipping rags in his blood,
Anointed one by angels Heaven borne.

Whitehall
1649

PART 4
DRIVE FOR EMPIRE

DUTCH WARS

The Hollandese & the Portuguese
Freed from hispanic yoke, & them both stars,
But Lisbon is descending by degrees
As Amsterdam ascends the skies to Mars;

Now England enters the world's crucial phase
With ambition, vigour & jealousy,
Lord Cromwell shifts his imperious gaze
Tward these mercantile masters of the sea.

By the Belgic coast & world's trade shipwrack,
Floating English forts find their perfum'd prey -
Sails furl'd & stripp'd for the fight, the foe turns,

The fleets pass, cannons roar, the nimble tack,
Death leaps twyx great ships 'til night murders day -
England claims both seas & elegant sterns.

British Ocean
1653

THIS ENGLAND

We veer tward the vile stench of Pestilence,
Perch upon Southwark Cathedral's tall spire,
Watch electric bolt of Heaven's vengeance
Hurl'd headlong, flaming ethereal fire.

Saint Pauls is rebuilt at the tilt of snail,
A new brick Jerusalem flourishes,
Up into the jet stream with flapping tail,
We soar for a tour of the provinces.

We glide ever north oer thriving Leicester,
Sheffield's smoky forges & York's beauty,
To the coal mines & mountains of the Tyne.

We sail past the vast village Manchester,
Prosp'rous Chester, Gloucester's decaying see
To Englan's second city built so fine.

Bristol
1677

BLOODY REVOLUTION

E'er since Prince Henry with Rome schism made
English Catholicism causes friction,
But now King James, taunted by Judas' shade,
Steers the land toward papal jurisdiction;

As war hysteria floods the nation
With high taxation, pride & employment,
The Dutch prince accepts the invitation
To maintain the reign of the Protestant.

A Protestant wind roars in from the South,
We fight 'gainst gales o'er moorland to Torbay,
Vast foreign forces to the coast are borne.

Past Salisbury spire & fortress Portsmouth
We watch the swelling army march its way
To mob-strewn city streets & vacant throne.

London
1688

BANK OF ENGLAND

They are great spirits who command the Earth,
The Britons watch with envy & with hope
That one day sweet Britannia shall give birth
On Axis Mundi, proud on every slope!

We leave for London where England does seem
To have settl'd her dynastic affairs,
Come rest awhile with a cigar & cream -
Scrawny merchant grand enters, clutching shares.

Through windows all manners of gait & dress,
Myriad London flows a constant stream;
Hats, cats, carts, coaches, lives sumptuous parade.

While we gamble a guinea playing chess,
A table of fat cats gossip & scheme;
Mon£y talks, "*There are fortunes to be made.*"

Lloyds Coffee Shop
1694

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

King William conjures an alliance,
Boring the flesh of Louis to the bone,
His sea-lions scuttle the fleet of France
& cut the fuming Stuarts from the throne;

Along the Rhine's 'lustrious length we go,
By the gentle brown Danube's flow we fly,
This is a day that Englishmen shall know,
Their brilliant patron to glorify.

Through conflict's subtle art of manouvre,
He sends small forces to engage the wings -
French draw reserves to fend off th'attacking.

His mass of decision strikes the centre
Where English soldiers, instrument of kings,
Repay his faith, send the French foe packing.

Blenheim
1704

UNION

In solitude she slings her strong wings home
'Long latitudes of ocean, steppe & dune,
Spend a season with the grandeur of Rome,
Soar through the spheres to tour the arid moon.

We descend above full-bodied Brttannia,
Her shores swept by swirling seas of plenty,
A world enthroned high over Europa,
The star-sceptred isle of the Trinity.

A new flag flies from maypole, hall & spire
& beyond the fells the streets of Carlisle
Are settling into serenity.

The Scottish race absorbed into Empire;
Peaks, lochs & golf courses, the Royal Mile,
The passion, the courage, the loyaly.

Scotland
1707

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

Queen Anne dies, Hanoverians succeed,
But north o' the border claim no control,
The King oer the Water his Jacobites feed
A re-awakening of Scottish soul.

King Louis' trump card slips from frilly sleeve;
The Young Pretender glimpses his homeland,
Clansmen march to war for what they believe,
A well-led tartan army badly mann'd.

He captures Carlisle, winds twyx fells & on
'Long Lancashire's lanes, past each cheering town,
Summons a war council close to vict'ry.

Cumberland's spies intrigue against London
Tired & unable to defend the crown -
They sound the retreat, Death follows closely...

Derby
1745

BRITISH ARMY

Past corpse & claymore to the forlorn moor,
Death lurks, ghastly spectres & ghostly craws,
Battlescene shatter'd by colossal roar
Of lions shaking clansmen in their jaws.

Britannia marches from her highland cave
Bronze armour charr'd black by Culloden's pyre
*"Sons of Caledon thou art so brave
From Scotia go forth & an build empire."*

Her Lion led them down the Stirling road,
Good men from both the lowlands & the high,
The Scottish regiments with chests puff'd proud.

Each captain offers good King George his sword
To raise the fame of BRITONS to the skies,
With what hands are a nation's arms endowed?

London
1747

IMPERIALISM

The global visions of William the Pitt,
See certain sections shaded Preston red,
A puzzle with one piece struggling to fit,
Like racing gates with horses poorly bred;

Yon ocean stream where whales & white waves dance
We reach the epic lands of the Eagle,
Oer mountain, lake & forest to New France -
English fleet lays siege to the capital.

From flat-bottomed boats the redcoats outpour,
Scale the shaggy cliffs, form a thin, long line,
Charged by Bluecoat & tann'd Mohican brave

Falling beneath thundercrack & claymore
Of Wolfe's famous force, shot shatters his spine,
An Empire bought with his glorious grave.

Quebec
1759

HEART OF EMPIRE

The spring blooms of a generation gone,
Some daisy-beds, some lucky to grow old,
How many names bore '*La Guerre de Sept Ans*,'
How many famous stories to be told?

Phoebus shines always oer the purpl'd main,
A forest of English oak sails the sea,
They navigate the Cape & Rock of Spain
With precious load of salt petre & tea.

The splendour of London reeks Venetian
For fortune favours the trader's desire -
His bold enterprize buys the Senate seat.

Pitt, this great nation's eloquent statesman,
Earns applause for his vision of Empire -
The grand scheme, the divine dream - stands complete.

Westminster
1772

EASTERN COMPLEX

We follow the quaking bounds of the beast,
To where exalted Ganges flows & founts,
To India, bright ruby of the East,
Absorb'd by British mercantile accounts!

Sylvermane surfs the Starbird's araura
Licking west to lantern a vast isle green;
Strange beasts, rainbow reef, exotic flora
& naked sable savages serene.

A white sail creeps into a sun-kiss'd bay,
Two creaking boats slow row'd across the foam,
Three pioneers leap, flag plunged into sand.

"Warra warra wai!" brave warriors bray,
These spearsmen usurped from their ancyent home
As Cook claims the continent for England.

Botany Bay
1770

AMERICAN REBELLION

As children change a nation's attitudes
The rights of man give reason to an age,
When swinish lives of rough-hewn multitudes
Have toss'd a straw out of their ancyent cage;

Sylvermane beat above the western waves
To the seaboard of England's eldest son,
From humid swamps to great lakes lie the graves
Of cousins cut down by the civil gun.

An evil volley, the ranks melt away,
The crazed bayonet, the hatchet scalping,
The murder, the mayhem, the misery.

Til one sunny day oer the Mexique Bay
An Eagle spreads each mighty blood-soak'd wing,
Gives birth to the blind Goddess Liberty.

Carribbean
1781

CENSUS BRITANNICUS

Conscious of a manifest destiny
Though barely yet a pawn of the great game
The fledgeling eagle wings of Liberty
Spread oer the world, Ireland whispers her name.

Rising from misty seas, sister islands,
Enammell'd with an ancyent em'rald hue,
The rolling lowlands, the rising highlands,
Encompass'd by the luscious ocean blue.

Sate in stately splendor Britain emits
Life's rich quality from her divine throne,
Five million subjects suckl'd on each breast.

Upon tear-stain'd ruins Mother Eire sits
Lamenting the loss of her brave Wolfe Tone,
Rebel eye ablaze, other gazing West.

Vinegar Hill
1801

THE RISE OF NAPOLEON

Our spirit touch'd by memories of man
& how one man became a legend made,
As restless time moves through her milky span,
His nerve shall never from our vigour fade;

Promotion upon noble promotion
Napoleonic fame on pinions rise,
Opinion, from doubt to devotion,
Purported in the populace's eyes;

Liberty glides gracef'ly oer th'azure main,
Lull'd by the sirensong from the French shore,
On the forehead by Bounaparte soft kiss'd.

Who binds her with an adamantine chain
& bids her strum the twanging harp of war,
Across the waves where Britain dares resist.

Bolougne
1805

AGE OF EMPIRE

LORD NELSON

The fleet departs Portsmouth in stately flow,
 Nelson's pure sword-heart pulsing for the game,
 Transglobal oars his name shall surely know,
 As one who sets a foreign flag aflame;

We whip over waves to where the great tide
 Glistens beneath hot & radiant sun,
 Two lines of stately ships the sea's swell ride,
 Stride 'tward the foe, sides bristling with gun,

Cross the T with inspired expectancy,
 Smash the Gallic line, bright flashes, balls fly;
 Smoke, muskets, swordplay - the dead to the deep.

Sniper sights medals on the Victory -
 Admiral carried below deck to die,
 Grave duty done, Death strikes, immortal sleep.

Trafalgar
1805

THE FALL OF NAPOLEON

With Mars did *Calliope* weave a blend,
 Their child, *Napoleon* of Corsica,
 Stood conscious of his legend to the end,
 The greatest ever poet-emperor.

But every rising star must one day fall'
 By these Pyrannean pines pause in rest,
 The gold dusts of Spain, the lush plains of Gaul,
 Panoramic succulence rippling west

Oer the Bay of Biscay, while, to the east,
 Beyond these spectacular peaks, I see
 Through my crystal helm four gross thousand men

March into Moscow & the Ice King's feast,
 From whence poor remnants of the Grand Armee -
 Ten thousand cripples, find French soil again.

Bayonne
1812

THE HUNDRED DAYS

The Corsican Ogre forced from his throne
Stranded on an unhealthy, sea-girt isle,
The great bandit of Europe stands alone,
Bored of his garden & whiling the while

The Bandit slips his isle Promethian,
Undertakes a triumphal march thro France
To savour, once more, life's Parisian,
To basque in superbian elegance.

Britannia combines 'gin the common foe
With the ancien regimes of Europa,
Her foremost captain sounds the call to arms.

How grand the array, how stirring the show,
As the last act of an epic drama
Unfolds amidst the corn-fields & the farms.

Hougemont
1815

WATERLOO

With the 'Pas de Charge' a year of peace dies,
Four hundred cannon sound the roar of Mars,
Grey clouds of smoke darken the summer skies,
Once more to battle, once more to the Wars;

Batt'ries BOOM-BOOM-BOOM, murd'rous cannonade
Rrrum-dum of drummer boys, "*Vive l'Emperouer!*"
Through oncoming columns the Scot's Greys wade,
Cuirassiers charge, war's awesome grandeur.

Two Titans marshall pieces cross the board,
Their stylish battle rages loud & long,
The Old Gaurd advance, Fate holds the balance.

Scarlet robed Mars drops burnish'd bronze sword,
Kneels before George & Michael's battlesong,
Lion pounces forwards to prey on poor France.

La Belle Alliance
1815

INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

To Buckingham House & the Regents Ball,
Lord Wellington, fresh from the fields of fame,
Is glory-lauded by Rothschild & all,
"God save the King!" the singers show no shame.

As drowning cheery pipes of Arcady
The furnaces which drive this Age of Steam
Bellowing, clanking, mechanism spree,
Refute man's weakness, pollute mountain stream.

New-born babes wail in Rochdale's feudal slums,
Echoing for miles midst the swarming hills
While Pestilence permeates poverty.

Thor strikes an anvil, sound of thund'rous drums
Booms through Stygian pits & murd'rous mills -
Fear finds the phantasie realms of Faerie.

Lancashire
1815

GOTHICA

Lord Byron, keeper of his legend's name,
Toss'd amongst the table tongues of his time,
First true poet to celebrate the fame
Before he knew the true nuance of rhyme.

Outworn of his native land posey's Lord
Coaches to Dover, takes leave of his shore,
Rides through Brussels, claims a rusted French sword -
Debonair, blade in hand, on with the tour.

The Shelley's greet him by an Alpine lake,
Indulging intimacy, lust & wine,
Time pass'd with taylor's of terror by the fire.

"Easy steed..." She snorts as phantasms wake,
Mary breathes life's spark into Frankenstein,
Born from Byron's mad, bad brain...the Vampyre.

Switzerland
1816

RAILWAYS

In a swirl of life the seasons rush by
As industry & peaceful enterprize
Soothes the realm with a clockwork lullaby,
As steaming iron dragons serpentize

Jerking all through the megalopolis,
Collect uniform swarms of commuter,
Who glance at the gothic clock, Saint Pancras,
Then into the central maelstrom scamper.

Elsewhere these dragons wander the nation,
Draw wagons full of fresh foods, mail, stone, coal,
Carriages for all classes of people

& toot-toot through Crewe's bustling new station,
Ride the click-clack tracks with a rock & roll,
Past cricketballs, sheep & village steeple.

Buckinghamshire

1848

CRIMEA

The peace of Europe shows a heavy strain,
The Turkish Sultan rushes off to war,
His fleet is driven from the glassy main
By Russia, off the Sinopean shore;

Monÿ & Mars march manly to the wars,
As thund'ring 'cross a Cossack lined valley,
Six hundred heroes charge the Bear's great jaws
Through hellish hail of shell, shot & volley.

Scatter'd remnants of shatter'd regiments
Sweep their sabres, silence the smoking guns,
Win honour amidst blood-lusty battle.

Pestilence skulks among spat-out remnants,
Angel lights lifes fire in her dying sons,
Death's foul breath banish'd from her hospital.

Balaklava

1854

INDIA

Beneath the bright star of the Orient
Britannia wields her blade of blazing fire,
Tartars lose heart, Ponies slain, arrows spent,
Beijing burns in a cold & ruthless pyre.

Beside the ragged mountains of Persia
From the majestic palace at Delhi,
See the last living Moghul Emporer
Lead his bearded Turbans in mutiny.

The blood of the white man, woman & child
Stains Siva's streets & rivers bitter red -
Bugler blows revenge! British guns thunder!

Through the walls breach pour barbarians wild,
Drunk on bloodshed, bayoneting the dead,
The Raj restor'd plus Taj Mahal plunder.

India
1857

SCRAMBLE FOR AFRICA

Dawn's robes absorb the golden galaxies,
Light vast tracts of the darkest continent,
ShadowS of Empire surge across the seas,
White settlers trek to spread enlightenment.

The murmur of innumerable bees
Draws us towards a hill, where wave after wave
Of whooping Zulu, fluid as the seas,
Charge the valorous line; thin, red & brave.

Christ & His Angels take the pagan's place,
We trace the source from whence the White Nile springs
Through sunbak'd plains of Lion, Tusk & Rhino.

Europa's powers soon resume the race,
Plant flags, supplant the ancient rites of kings,
Conquer'd with Napoleonic gusto.

Afric
1885

DRACULA

Whitby's Whale bones obscured by thick sea fog,
Ship's captain's corpse sporting a crucifix,
Through curious crowds bursts a great black dog,
Sniffs for female blood, tongue gives lips a lick.

Coach trundles through these gaslit, East End streets,
Home to the drunk, the gambler, the violent,
Death grins as a loose, gin-soak'd hussy meets
The anonymous man of the moment.

He solicits an illicit affair,
They find an alleyway, dark as a tomb,
She hitches up her skirt for a shilling.

He pulls her pretty head back by the hair,
Slashes her throat, cuts out her guts & womb
& gorges in the blood of his killing.

Whitechapel
1888

OMDURMAN

With Gordon's blood encrusted at Khartoum,
Bit-chomping Churchill blushing vernal haste -
Advancing to an oblivious doom
Brave Dervishes drift 'cross the desert waste;

Sometime yonder the tombs of the Pharoes
The White Nile sends wide sweeping cataracts
Through hot & dusty wildernesses, flows
Into the Sudan...the Dervish attacks,

Densely pack'd mob of white smock'd savages,
Maxims masticate, mowed down merciless -
Crows flutter from the ruins of Khartoum.

Midst a troop of glory-hungry lancers
Yells the young, bloodlusty Mr Churchill
Saint George deflecting bullets from his doom.

Plains of Karari
1898

BOER WAR

We share the sweet air of scintillant sky
With migrating flocks of Heaven's empire,
Singing discontentedly as they fly,
Their realms usurp'd by floating orbs of fire.

The last defiant tribe of Africa
Launches a bold attack upon the foe,
The Empire's finest face the brave farmer,
Finding themselves impotent from the blow;

Flocks fall to feed on the vast crystal lakes
By the scorch'd, sacred lands of the Boer,
Where Britannia poo-poo's their victories,

For in th'awful camp Liberty forsakes,
Haunted by Pestilence's deadly chore,
She concentrates guerilla families.

Transvaal
1900

IMPERATRIX

As winging thought to poesy's eminence
We burst through the spheres, view the spinning globe,
Britannia enthron'd in omnipresence,
The stars stud her throne, the seas form her robe.

These are times of monstrous pomposity,
Patriotic & imperial pride,
When dignified superiority
With sheer invincibility allied.

In splendid isolation London stands
Spectator of the continental game
Yet widely scatter'd is her native tongue!

For juggling global empire in her hands,
The world is daily waking to the fame
Of the beauties in Shakespeare's sacred song

Axis Mundi
1903

THE GREAT WORLD WAR

BEFORE THE WARS

As when a lover lusts with wanton arms,
 Or when the pilgrim yearns for sainted bone,
 & thinkers first hear of the desert's charms,
 Or when in Arthur's chest the Grailquest grown;

As when an absent husband's footfalls near
 The restless, sleepless bed & echo loud
 All through an iron house, when wives appear
 As naked fields of pleasure to be plough'd;

In the old & the new worlds bright burning
 A new beginning floats upon the breeze,
 Annal of empire draws toward a close.

Vast spirits on Earth's mantle sojourning,
 That like some priest bent double with disease,
 Soon soon collapse in cataclysmic throes;

Earth
1914

KING & COUNTRY

From sylvan pool uprose the brooding Tsar,
 His gen'ral's waiting on the silent rise
 Trusting his cousin not to start a *war*;
 He gave the casual call to '*Mobilise!*'

Families saw their loved ones to the train
 "*Auflung nach Berlin!*" daub'd by Galahad,
 How many Captain Scotts by future slain?
 Is this love that they have soon to be *had*?

Amid Waterloo's crowds lingers romance,
 Her blissful kiss so passionate & strong,
 "*Don't cry love, I'll be home by Christmas morn...*"

We follow Death to the fair fields of France,
 Mars enchants terrain with a sombre song,
 Monÿ rubs his hands & war, alas, born.

Flanders
1914

GALLIPOLI

Kitchener's churchillian conjecture
Brings battle before Constantinople,
Champagne thrill of Achaean adventure,
The gentle savage, the savage gentle;

The fleet flows east with fodder, fuel & shells
To culture's crystal cradle, th' Aegean,
By the Trojan plain & Dardanelles,
Perform this tradgedy Aeschylean.

To clay hills of conflict the convict sons,
Like the noble Greek, tall, bronz'd & naked
Are come to force th'Ottoman to his knees;

Pestilence's plague of flies clog the guns;
Savage Turks, shitting piss, grateful dead,
Sunstroke, frostbite, the Sultan's serpent squeeze.

Anzac Cove
1915

JUTLAND

E'er since the battle of Trafalgar Bay
These vigilant, oak-hull'd leviathans
Have held the oceans in an island's sway,
'England expects!' ev'ry battle stations;

As decisive action draws ever near
Britain's Grand Fleet given to Jellicoe,
Ready to greet the gaze of Adm'ral Scheer
From the Firth of Forth to the Scapa Flow;

Tward the great rumble of battle we wing;
Dreadnaughts zig-zag through mists & carmite smells,
The Hochseeflotte half-a-mile ahead.

Dreadful recoiling guns begin firing,
Shatter superstructures with one-ton shells
Til dusk masks the foe, wide sea strewn with dead.

British Ocean
1916

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Being another day in the trenches,
The 'stand to' bugler blew before the dawn,
From profound slumber a soldier wrenches,
Slugs, frogs, bats, rats & beetles flee his yawn;

Shrill whistles fill the air & from the ground
One long khaki-clad line of soldiers climb,
Clatter cattle-dumb towards the rattling sound
Of battle - Death swings...friends fall fused in time.

He rips through the wire, grenades the shell hole,
Guns down fifty Hun, the rifle butt swings,
Sniper aims...Crack! He falls, bleeding, groaning.

Locket unpocketed, she soothes his soul,
"You shall be buried with the English Kings!"
He smiles...Death strikes & moves toward the moaning.

Mametz
1916

ARMISTICE

The Western Empires muster twelve vast hosts,
The Hindenburg enflamed, full fierce the fray,
Some presence pins the peasants at their posts,
To die for Prussia & to die today;

The war soon over, namore the killing,
Slain the lusty blooms of many nations,
Peace mops the sodden brow &, god willing,
All creed & contree shall be relations;

As Britannia in triumph's glory tours
Through Ottoman East & German Afric
Her badly maul'd lion licks its wounds at home.

Battle-scar'd hero returns from the wars
To half-empty streets where, melancholic,
The ghosts of his lost generation roam.

Accrington
1918

ADOLF HITLER

The world's press finds the Blumenburgstrasse,
Beholds the new media sensation,
This strange, enigmatic insurrector,
Shrieking, *"I am the nation's salvation!"*

He retreats to his lair, prepares the spell,
We roar through the vortex howling ghostly,
He roams the salamander cirques of Hell
Where lost souls wail & gnash in agony.

Down to the Devil's dreary den we fly,
From throne of bone he holds his monstrous court:
Dogs, Dragons, Daemons, MonEy, Mars & Thor.

Madman rants & raves, waves the damned Versaille,
Drags hiss of support from the Devil's throat,
"The blood of the Jews the price of thy war!"

Pandemonium
1939

DUNKIRK

Aft shouts of war the shafts begin to fly,
Most terrible of all the former days,
The sun was barely half-an-hour high
& all the lowland borders were ablaze;

Panic grips the fabled British army,
Her soldiers splinter'd into shatter'd shards,
Her wounded left to face the enemy,
Her dead rotting, her ordinance scrap-yards;

We land upon a shell-pock'd, junk-strewn beach,
bedraggled reargaurd kneel beneath the gun,
"Englanderz, for you de var ist over!"

More daemonic legions the French coast reach,
Der Fuhrer salutes his triumphant Hun,
Then glares, musing, at the cliffs of Dover.

Calais
1940

THE BLITZ

The Battle for France is truly over,
The Battle of Britain hath now begun,
The Royal Air Force face the Luftwaffe,
Her nine hundred outnumber'd three to one;

Through storm fill'd skies flies a fearsome Dragon
O'er fortress Britain's wire-wound shingly shore,
Where broom-stick'd soldiers, train'd by old Woden,
Defy, Arthurian, this whirring roar.

Saint Pauls silhouettes the sun's sinking path,
Sirens blare, starbright swords attack the gloom,
Folk flee the streets, flak flies & in the skies

The sacred duel twyx Saint George & Gorath;
Excalibur! Beast plummets to its doom,
Belching fireballs with a crushing demise.

London
1940

WOUNDS OF WAR

Liberty is the watchword of the wise,
The breeding-ground of modern progression,
But skeleton keys fall not from the skies,
Freedom rarely won without aggression;

"Germany shall never possess these shores,"
Shouts stern Britannia, lone in defiance,
Her empire rallies to the common cause,
To destroy this unholy alliance.

A New World Order unites Europa,
Hitler preaches his ideology;
Death roams rampant, the Sannhedrim servile.

Til the spread of the blood-red swastika
Is stemm'd in the streets of Stalin's city
& clots at the Sun King's stand by the Nile.

El Alamein
1942

GLOBAL CONFLAGARATION

We soar oer imperial battlegrounds
The crimson glow cast by Satan's fell fires
Lights titanic death-duels, global resounds
The thunderous clash of mighty empires.

& so the world at arms, the world ablaze,
Nigh ev'ry human forced to choose a side,
What days are these? These are darkest of days,
Stripping the soul of dignity & pride;

With a whoosh we swoop down to the story,
Sunrise burns through steaming jungles Burmese,
Where dragons battle with the British lion.

Beyond the whaleless liquid wastes Mon£y
Is bled dry by Buck\$, who launches oerseas
Liberty's availing army of iron.

Atlantic
1942

DOWNFALL

So we come to the end days of this war,
Grand finale of the Age of Empires,
A story drench'd in misery & gore
As Liberty attends to Hades' fires;

The pursuit of unbridl'd ambition,
Wildly bezerking through civilised lands,
Oft leads to phantasie as the vision
Of empire crumbles to glitter-bone sands.

Hitler has led his Greater Germany
Inside the nightmare of a three-front war,
Though fighting hard with the gusto of old

Vast arms defend his eastern 'victory,'
Just mere handfuls protect the Norman shore;
Where Anglo-Saxons wait at the threshold,

Normandy
1944

VICTORY

Two empires allied since the Peace of Ghent
Combine to strike a rival from the Earth,
Into low landing crafts their soldiers went
With rifle, helm & ammo-belted girth;

The english-speaking peoples brave the waves,
Pierce the fierce Wall, deal with friend, foe & mine,
Clanking tanks rumble over Flander's graves
To tour the Rhur beyond the roaring Rhine.

Oer Berlin's bomb'd out streets the sickle flies,
From a deep bunker leak Hitlers last screams,
Devlish torture extracts his wicked soul.

The Wolves of War howl in awful surprise,
A brilliant flash, world wrench'd at the seems
By the whirlwind of a swirling fireball.

Hiroshima
1945

IMPERIAL SUNSET

Twyx battles lost & won vast empires stand,
Though soon to be but words upon a page,
Now all seems vain where once was good & grand,
The passing of the European age;

The western skies are paintings of Heaven,
A faint stench of Death, the air dull with fire,
The Old World gone, her solemn duty done
Britannia retires her lust for Empire.

We soar through the spheres, swoop to Palestine,
Where Whitehall grants the Jews a Promised Land,
Then retreats from the Raj & regal rule.

Flag flutters as it shuffles down the line,
Lone bugler plays, as from her open hand
Siva reclaims the land's sacred jewel.

Delhi
1947

MODERN WORLD**RETREAT FROM EMPIRE**

From the limbs of the forgotten horses
 The modern world, fermenting, has arrived,
 Full straining her natural resources,
 How many of her old ways have survived?

As stolen Suez dents the British pride
 She rushes fresh, young conscripts to the zone,
 Condemn'd by ungrateful nations world-wide,
 Buck\$ bullies Mon£y, "*Let men live alone.*"

Through my crystal helm all realms within range,
 Her scatter'd forces fight for Empire's face,
 Gracious Liberty lights a brave new world.

We skim overseas as the tide of change
 Binds the lion's breed with a mellowing race -
 Tweed suits for khaki, battle banners furl'd.

Southampton**1956****IMMIGRATION**

To heal Britain's war wounds they heed the call;
 The Empire's ebony braves the weather
 Of a free, wealthy land, where health for all
 Breeds a rare state of sharing together.

The multi-tongued empire has had its day,
 Man's native spirit Anglicised, nigh bann'd,
 Condemn'd to dwell in ghetto's cold & grey,
 The slave sons, latest hopefuls to this land.

They board a bus which diesels down dull roads;
 A never ending stream of grey concrete,
 Dwindling villages, spidery pylons.

In chilly city smog the bus unloads,
 They muse on former granduer of a street,
 Lined with grime & grotesque abhoritions.

Victoria**1956**

COLD WAR

If you want peace you must prepare for war;
The march of arms in place, Stalin's last wish
To match American efforts & more,
As when Kaisers outsail'd Nelson's English;

From the knocking at the world's ending
The Avatars have begg'd to justify
Th'excessive circus of defence spending,
The tragedy of infinite supply;

Chute opens... Bond lands...stands tall...cuts through wire,
Shoots the gaurd...dons the suit...cracks the doors code,
Dissappears...siren howls...BOOOooming through sky

The MIG soars...sprayed with Kaleshnikov fire -
Inside, the rocket secrets safely stored
Twyx the tits of a sexy Russki spy.

Siberia
1957

WORLD CUP

The Modern World set off over Japan,
Poor Nagasaki sacrificed for all,
End of the bad, mad bloodletting of man,
Namore shall human enmity appal.

It seems the world has found a safer war,
Better for conducting trials of nations,
Those sticky, congeal'd pools of blood no more,
Just spheroids & a contree's champions;

Two old enemies chase a bouncing ball,
Mon£y mulls by Mars in the singing stands,
Opportunity twinkling in his eye.

Some people storm the pitch...a shot...a goal!
A bloodless victory, soldiers shake hands,
England's global eminence raised on high.

Wembley
1966

MALVINAS

Between the oil fields of the Malvinas
March the chosen soldiers of the Junta,
Proving too strong for scanty defenders
They raise the sun-flag of Argentina;

We trail the hungry Lion swimming due South
Over panoramic prospect of sea,
Bare, bony fangs gleam in the slav'ring mouth,
Teeth drooling at the thought of victory.

On a far-flung rock, as Exocets fly,
He shakes his mane dry, yomps through filthy night,
Assaults a steep, stone, barren windswept crag.

Crazy with courage up charges McKay
With brave burst of rage, Argies fire, take flight -
Our last noble corpse draped in Britain's flag.

Mount Longdon
1982

AMERICANA

There is a city high upon the hill
Where swollen on notions of high ideal -
Liberty, in all peoples, will instill,
"To foreign master's man must never kneel!"

Aging Britannia, an ocean apart,
Pays homage to her martial deliv'rer,
I shame for thee England for now thou art
The fifty-first state of America.

The Eagle soars on a tour of conquest,
Surveys economic infiltration,
Now neon banners command the High Street.

Mon£y crowns Buck\$ Prince Regent of the West,
Controlling his once glorious nation
From the board-room to the sleek-sneaker'd feet.

New Texas
1987

DANCE MUSIC

From the concrete, cancr'rous core of London,
Fed by the funnellesque cooling tower,
Yon bleak Birmingham's spiralling junction,
We hover in the midst of a shower

That pours on an urban, North-Western sprawl;
Airport, Arndale, & warehouses where we
Watch the Stone Roses wake up Madchester,
'Aving it large on a top fuckin E.

From Legends, Carlisle, to th'Orbit, Morley,
Sankeys, Manchester, The Love Shack, Blackpool,
Cream by the Mersey & Burnley's angels.

It's one helluva well wicked party,
House, Techno, Jungle, Drum & Bass, Old Skool
Electro sounds resounding through the hills

Lancashire
1989

ANGLO-ASIANS

As papistry secured the western soul
A desert butterfly once flapp'd its wings
Causing the hurricane of Islam's call
To penetrate the palaces of kings.

Now close to the wind-wild moors by Howarth
We hover over strong community,
This dreary brownstone Delhi of the North,
Whose cricket streets reek of cooking curry.

Young Hindu's bounce a football off the walls,
Sikh boy asks, in a broad Yorkshire accent,
"*Can I play, lads?*" "*Nah mate!*" "*Fuck off Paki!*"

"*Anjam...Nasser!*" their moustach'd mother calls,
During tea an Accy brick skin-head sent,
Racist whites shout, "*Go home Iraqi!*"

Keighley
1990

GULF WAR

Flying over many a sundry shore,
Oft have I brought man's problems to my mind,
Is there a cure for the cancer of war,
Festering thro the office of Mankind.

As even now, yon Constantinople
Midst Idumaeen sand-realms & black gold,
Mad-ass Saddam murders many people,
Great Gryphon flies, life's freedom to uphold.

While the Gulf's slicks blaze, the sky thick & charr'd,
Sleek, stealth bombers swiftly annhialate
His bunkers, scud silos, airfields & tanks.

Desert Rats mop up Republican Gaurd
Liberate Kuwait's lucky oil-rich state,
Our casualties caused by clumsy Yanks.

Kuwait
1991

MODERN LIFE

Sylvermane snorts at the digital age
& the buzz of an internet cafe;
Log on, hack into the secret home page,
Fly eye-blink swift down a crackling highway,

We peer thru some suburban window pane,
On a decadent life of luxury,
How life has chang'd since the Confessors reign;
Freedom, education, technology.

She microwaves, he puts the kids to bed,
They sofa settle, remote lock'd in hand,
Consume the curry, news switch'd on on Sky.

*"The bitter blue becomes a better red,
Empire expires to the Chinese mainland,
Spice girls rule the world & the Death of Di."*

Brookside Close
1997

SAINT DIANA

We slow sail with soft cotton-candy clouds
Drifting cross the car-chok'd M twenty-five,
To hover oer London where massive crowds
Grieve the dead Rose, her fragrance still alive.

Not setting sun, not rosy finger'd dawn,
Not ocean pearl, not breezy mountain air,
Not spider-spun, not lazy summer lawn
Could ever to her angel smile compare;

Eerie hush descends oer the nobs & dregs,
Her soul honour'd thru solemn procession
By the pomp & pageantry of the state.

O what a waste of a great pair of legs,
Her common touch unifies the nation,
The Queen's wry smile conceals a hidden hate.

Hyde Park
1997

RELIQUE EMPIRE

Long time has swung for one last lofty flight;
Pitcairn, Hong Kong, South Georgia, Ascension,
The Caribbean islands drift in sight;
Bermuda, Anguilla, Turk & Cayman.

We swoop to Wales where wrinkly Britannia
Wistfly gifts the Tywysogion his throne,
Then takes the low road north to Edinburgh
Returns to Holyrood her sacred stone.

How proudly she strides to her Highland den,
Piper pipes the last post, she sheds soft tears,
The ghosts of her cause mountains misty throng.

*"Soldiers of freedom, I thank ye brave men,
We shall sleep peacefully for a thousand years..."*
...They roar majestic, hills fill flush with song.

Scotland
1999

MILLENIUM NIGHT

Rise, Sylvermane, above this spinning globe
Whose o-zone thins oer soul's six billion
Whose excesses, sunbed to disco-strobe,
Drain wattage by the meta-trillion.

As the end of my flights fancy draws nigh,
We streak through the night, the ground all aglow,
Shining like stars in a sublunar sky,
Til this neon galaxy gleams below.

We sweep down swooping between Dome & Wheel,
Masses cheer madly as Time's yearly thrust
Hurls them into new millenium young.

A special sense of history I feel,
When those below us are nothing but dust
By thee my choric hymn shall still be sung.

Greenwich
2000

MILLENIUM DAWN

The poet's task to glorify the page
With stories lushier than the Golden Fleece,
We stand upon the threshold of an age
Where doves of peace are chirping for release;

Through morning's misty mood, mellow & mild,
Flew the last of the great white Pegasi,
The passage of the aeons long exil'd,
Now antiquities gleaming in her eye.

No sound in the square but the silent hoof,
Twin muses armour me with mortal frame,
I mount Copenhagen, gaze to the sky,

She pirouettes up to the pearly roof,
Then beams to high Heaven, I sing her name,
"Sylvermane, O Sylvermane, fly, fly, fly..."

Threadneedle Street
2000