



DIE BIBEL

Michael O'Leary

*being the authoritative history of
Dr Michael John O'Leary, Earl of Seacliff*

ESAW CHRISTMAS
SURPRISE 2016

EARL OF SEACLIFF CHRISTMAS SURPRISE 2016

Edited by Mark Pirie

Featuring works by:

Michael O'Leary (Godfather, Editor in Chief)

B. E. Turner (Technical Editor)

F. W. Nielsen Wright (Friend of the Family)

Mark Pirie (Friend of the Family)

Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop

Paekakariki

2016

Copyright © 2016

Michael O’Leary, B. E. Turner, F. W. Nielsen Wright,
Mark Pirie

Cover: Die Bibel by Michael O’Leary, Steele Roberts
Ltd , 2016; illustration by Nigel Brown

Drawing of David Bowie by Mark Pirie, 2016

Christmas Surprise Series Editors:

B. E. Turner, 2005-2011

Mark Pirie, 2013-

Published by:

Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop

PO Box 42

Paekakariki

Aotearoa, New Zealand

Email: pukapuka@paradise.net.nz

ISSN 1177-715X

CONTENTS

Michael O'Leary

Bowie Eulogy	6
So long Leonard Cohen	8

B. E. Turner

Two of a Kind	10
---------------------	----

Mark Pirie

Ride the Tempest	14
Poem in Fendalton	15
Presents	16
Neil Young, on Christmas Day	17
Watching Nadal	19

F. W. Nielsen Wright

17 Poems in Inscriptive Text	20
------------------------------------	----

*You may be a boy and you may be a girl
You may be bald and you may have a curl
You may dance a jig, waltz, or do a twirl
But wherever you are in the world
It's Christmas Surprise from the Earl*

MICHAEL O'LEARY

HOW TYPICAL OF YOU

(A Eulogy to David Bowie)

Leaving us, you left us with yet another enigmatic riddle
Lazarus, the poor beggar who Christ brought back to life
Riding your Darkstar through Heaven & Hell to the middle
The Androgynous Genie who took Aman to be his wife

Through the mind of Ziggy you wanted us to see Soul
Love and how destructive selfish love could become
But from the other side of the wall a different story told
Where my lover cried out that the Dolphins have swum

Maybe the Laughing Gnome still taunts us with Ha Ha, He He
As the children of Syria and Iraq eat Camel Shit off the wall
While the Diamond Dogs of War look to recruit and kill them

Through the Eye of the Richman's Needle you could see
The man who fell to earth cried out, 'Let's Dance!', then
sold it all
Perhaps, as the Starman indicated, all will be well in the end

Michael O'Leary

14 January 2016

Bowie
31.3.16
M. Pine



SOLONG LEONARD COHEN

Beginning life as a middle-class son
Comfortable in your Jewish Catholicism
Tailor-made for the family's business
You chose the more difficult artist's path

Through the Montreal poetry scene
You played youth's favourite games
Slim volumes proffering Flowers for the Führer:
Eichmann's normal human perversions

More polite than the gutter snipe
Rock and rollers, who said they joined
A band to get laid: young Cohen said
He played music to meet women

In the late 1960s when every belief
Came to an end: when The Beatles' apple
Turned to pulp without the future fiction
You came along with a song from a room

A muse, in the real sense of 'to amuse'
Someone who spoke openly about thought
And feeling, perhaps here was a poet
Who wasn't alive a hundred years ago

Who wasn't 'beat' or rock 'n' roll, exactly
But came so far, with a Spanish guitar,

With a seductive voice and lyric to match –
Existential, if you'll pardon the expression

So all our Suzanne's took us all down
To our own lands of rags and feathers;
Remembering well that Chelsea Hotel,
New York and the tragic taste of success

You went into God's Hamburger Bar in
The city of Angels, wanting nothing but
'One with Everything' . . . becoming a Buddhist
Monk to escape the world of pain and love

Old songs and new could not be suppressed
So you returned to the world to bring them,
To sing them to audiences old and new
Hallelujah, Hallelujah: from below and above

Dancing to the end of love, you twirled
Full circle, singing so long Marianne, by e-mail
As she lay dying, remembering Greek Isles
Sunshine and smiles, farewell dreaming

It's now as dark as you want it, Leonard
But remember, there's always that crack
Perhaps you really have come to understand
Now, that's where the light truly gets in . . .

B. E. TURNER

TWO OF A KIND

CAST: ALICE about 25,
BEATRICE about 50

NOTES: The characters look as though they might be related. They do not wear bright costumes. A set is not necessary.

(They are both on stage as the curtain rises.)

ALICE: You've come in again.

BEATRICE: Yes.

ALICE: You didn't knock.

BEATRICE: Do ghosts ever knock?

ALICE: I just wish you'd keep away.

BEATRICE: Why?

ALICE: I don't like you at all.

BEATRICE: That's not a nice thing to say to your only friend.

(Alice walks away downstage.)

ALICE: *(As an aside.)* They took me... they took me to a place in the country. I had my own room. I was permitted to walk on the lawn. There was a statue of Adonis. He stalked through the

Wonderglades and plucked me a bucket of tulips. He was my first friend. Then he went away to the land of witches and I was alone. I got well in time and then came back here. *(Pause)* She doesn't know about me. She only thinks she does.

(Beatrice comes up behind.)

BEATRICE: Have you been talking about me?

ALICE: No.

BEATRICE: I think you have.

ALICE: It's none of your business.

BEATRICE: What about that young man you were in love with once? What about him?

ALICE: I don't remember anything about that. Why do you tell me lies?

BEATRICE: I don't. I'm older than you. You should listen to what I say. Let me be your mother.

ALICE: My mother is dead.

BEATRICE: *(Walking aside.)* I clatter inside her head. It's my home. It's the only home I have. When I'm not in it I don't exist. Non sequitur. I'm very much like her, but I'm different. Older and wiser. I know she had a lover. She's forgotten all about him. He used to bring her flowers and sweet summer wine. She let the flowers wither and die.

ALICE: Why don't you go?

BEATRICE: You can't make me.

ALICE: Sometimes, with great effort, I can.

BEATRICE: Sometimes.

ALICE: With effort.

BEATRICE: You are cruel. You don't care about me at all. I come to keep you company on frigid winter nights and all you do is ask me to leave.

ALICE: (*Walking aside.*) The west wind comes up cold from the sea. It howls through the corridors of my brain. Grey clouds surround me. Grey clouds embrace me. I wish she'd go. (*Pause*) Did I let the flower wither? Was he like a god looking down from Olympus? Remembrance is painful. Forgetfulness is sweet and soft and seductive.

BEATRICE: (*Coming up to her.*) It's better if you think of me as a friend.

ALICE: Are you trustworthy?

BEATRICE: Have I ever hurt you?

ALICE: No. The pain... the pain comes from elsewhere.

BEATRICE: You see, I am a salve.

ALICE: An opiate.

BEATRICE: Better than the drugs they prescribe you.

ALICE: But I hate you.

BEATRICE: (*Walking aside.*) What is hate but another form of love? A ducat has two sides but it is still of the one coinage. And we two are one, forged of the same metal. She wants to be alone and lonely. I bring her pain. I bring the vision of reality that she so much disregards. For her brief time now I will leave her alone.

(Alice comes up.)

ALICE: I think you are going.

BEATRICE: It is time.

ALICE: I don't want you to leave.

BEATRICE: It is time.

ALICE: If you go, don't shut the door.

BEATRICE: You know I always leave the door open.

(They do not move. Curtain.)

First performance:

Oamaru Repertory Society, August 2016

Alice: Karen Marshall

Beatrice: Jocelyn Cochrane

Directed by Karen Marshall

MARK PIRIE

RIDE THE TEMPEST

The hallowed point
 will be my claim.
Inside the tube's
 inner wall
sprays of
 anger crash around.

As the spiral circus
 arrays my board
trying to snatch
 Neptune's crown,
I quickly decide
 to end our game
and fall inside
 its swirling gyre
where rocks
 teeth my wetsuit.

As the wave
 throws me forward
onto
 a laughing beach

I catch
 my damp breath
and reflect on
 our violent game.

POEM IN FENDALTON

For Tom, my grandpa

I thought of you walking
through Fendalton
where the well-to-do
peer through suburban dreams
their lawns and driveways
spilling onto the footpaths
and I pictured you inside
the house, Straven Road,
with your daughter
off to another football match.

I carried your thought with me
through Hagley Park
and cast it like a stone
into the summer-rich shadow
showering the Avon
with mid-morning light
and as the ducks
nuzzled the water
I watched you
sink deeper and deeper
from my sight
like the man I never knew.

December 1994

PRESENTS

It's good
when you
get what you
ask for
but spare a thought
for *people who can't
always get
what they want*
not only can
money not buy
you love
it also can't buy
you
happiness.

(3 poems from *Ride the Tempest*, ESAW, 2016)

NEIL YOUNG ON CHRISTMAS DAY

Neil Young
is my one true friend this Christmas Day
that is now becoming white
for him.

My parents' generation was raised
on Young's music,
though I doubt they all would've gone
for his hair.

After all
the hippie era was divided, not
everyone was 'tuning in' and 'dropping out'
as the gurus urged.

No, my mother, my father, in Sydney
probably heard Neil Young
thru a radio back then, while they
were out,

maybe
at the weekend on Bondi Beach
but not at a concert, not in the flesh
at Woodstock.

That was for the next
generation: built on motifs, influences
and video myth to uncover. Nowadays
this music

all seems
an act of homage to lost youth; I mean
sitting here listening to Neil
play

on Christmas Day,
on a day
that is suitably becoming white,
harvesting the moon.

WATCHING NADAL

Nadal's forehand curls and spins
at high velocity and powerful speeds.
A physicist might be in the stands
pondering it. Or a Mathematician
calculating the probabilities
of Nadal's shot hitting the net
or missing the line. Maybe not.
Eager supporters watch in Nike polos
and other look-a-like gear.
The women in fashion sunnies, and
the older men in wide brimmed hats
enjoy the spectacle as Nadal
serves, returns behind his back,
then strokes a winner. Timing
and reflexes, he might say, have nothing
to do with Mathematics or Physics.

Australian Open, January 2016

(2 poems from *Rock and Roll: Selected Poems in Five Sets*,
Bareknuckle Books, Australia)

F. W. NIELSEN WRIGHT

17 POEMS IN INSCRIPTIVE TEXT

BIRTHSTONE PARTY The trivia of life remains ;
When you are 83. I studied Greeks and Romans Ad
nauseam all lifelong. The trivia of life remains ; Some
of it caught up in rum ends. What shall I do for my
last fling ? Till catches me my death throe. The trivia
of life remains ; When you are 83. So much in old
age for romance.

OF ANY BUT Each day achieves progress immense
Beyond an equal measure ; Of any but the greatest
man's Unmatched among accomplishments. Each
day achieves progress immense ; Unmatched among
accomplishments Of any but the greatest man's
From Europe or from Asia. Each day achieves
progress immense ; Beyond an equal measure
Unmatched among accomplishments.

MINE WAS Mine was the word and image Created
from a sense of honour In witness against a grim
age. Mine was the word and image ; For those who
see : him age Less leader than forerunner. Mine was
the word and image Created from a sense of honour.

EITHER WAY Ambivalent and absurd Was Doctor of Divinity : Hausted, Comic satiric pathetic sad Ambivalent and absurd. Going ; by what he said ; Either way by rhetoric hoisted Ambivalent and absurd ; Was Doctor of Divinity : Hausted.

FOR ONE Life has become the endless night For one in age robust and hale. Sleepless and tortured by tinnitus Life has become the endless night For one sick with imaginities ; That makes of claustrophobia hell. Life has become the endless night For one in age robust and hale.

SO WORTHY The Paradyse of Daynty Devises So worthy of its appellation, Is this the start of modern English verses ? The Paradyse of Daynty Devises, Thus William Hunnis updates ; and revises The Richard Edwardes compilation : The Paradyse of Daynty Devises So worthy of its appellation.

SINCE WHEN Since 2006 I have written a probabilistic History of Shakespeare and Essex. Since 2006 This story of youth and sex Has spun a web elastic. Since 2006 I have written a probabilistic Account more probable Than the bardolater's bible.

TUDOR BLOODSHED English comedians in Europe
In the 1570's and later Interest in drama stir up.
English comedians in Europe With Will Kemp
holding Leicester's stirrup ; Provided play texts to
translator. English comedians in Europe In the 1570's
and later So released Shakespeare plays abroad : In
German versions to be read.

ACCORDING TO World faces change. Still insults
fly. No less so than in the dim past World functions
ineffectively. World faces change. Still insults fly.
Goes off from Gaia world with flea In ear according
to Dumbpost. World faces change. Still insults fly
No less so than in the dim past.

HAS ITS Nothing of human interest lasts ; But
swiftly has its day ; So certify iconoclasts. Nothing
of human interest lasts. Examples fill innumerable
lists. Without its keep will nothing stay. Nothing of
human interest lasts ; But swiftly has its day.

SUCH WAS Such was a Nobel surrogate For all the
rest of us As neoformalists in gait. Such was a
Nobel surrogate For us ; who so with Wordsworth
skate Under death's strict arrest. Such was a Nobel
surrogate For all the rest of us.

ALREADY WAS In 1967 Already was the process
Of age halfway to heaven. In 1967 Had I set out from
haven ; Afloat on verse as calm as prose is. In 1967
Already underway was process. Mine was the
confidence of ages : To sail beyond the ; known
world's edges.

TWO STANZAS Two stanzas end with rhyme word
stream/s In Faerie Queene Book IV Canto eleven.
But one is odd man out ; to matching rhymes ; And
should read strene : to rhyme with waters clean. Two
stanzas end with rhyme word stream/s. Adjective
pleasant falls between extremes Of lineage (viz
strene) in hell or heaven. Two stanzas end with
rhyme word stream/s In Faerie Queene Book IV
Canto eleven.

LET THREE Let three degrees of separation Amount ;
to contact undecayed ; End disconnect ; yield
reparation. Let three degrees of separation End after
due deliberation ; What in between us came for
decades. Let three degrees of separation Amount ;
to contact undecayed.

ON OFF A book of offcuts did I issue
Of paper cloth or wood or tissue ;
Of fragments many and diverse
In said once prose ; self standing verse.
A seventy year stint in print
Haphazard read or back to front.
Whether so short or long a session
The end remains no man's decision.
A Spenser Shelley Shakespeare Shaw
So much has human life on show.
We are reflections in a mirror
Of human deed and human error.
What angels watch by night and day ?
How mortals live ; immortals die.
In spite of me, in spite of you
Expresses self a point of view.
Given a sense of style as well ;
The framework overwhelms the will.

ANDROMANTIC Once I was a babe in pram.
Now an ancient man I am.
Eighty three years intervene.
Who says ? I have lived in vain.
Much of life was a disaster
Alike for brothers and for sister.
A life of comfort did I suffer
As poet and philosopher.
Little enough remains of action :
To give me ; passing satisfaction.
Do not ask ; what makes a : man tick :
Perennial cynic and romantic.
Apriori a map of time
Draw paradox and paradigm.

I HAD Shakespeare had Ann Whateley : Woman of mystery ; Identified inadequately. Shakespeare had Ann Whateley. I had Dennis Wheatley ; Whose fantasies sham history. Shakespeare had Ann Whateley : Woman of mystery.