

I Fagiolini

Re-Wilding The Waste Land

Texts & Translations

O Vos Omnes Tenebrae Responsories for Holy Saturday

O vos omnes, qui transitis per viam,
attendite et videte
si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus.
Attendite, universi populi, et videte dolorem
meum.
Attendite et videte
si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus.

O all ye that pass by this way,
attend and see
if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.
Attend, all ye peoples, and see my sadness.

Attend and see
if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.

Deus venerunt gentes Psalm 78, v1-4

Deus, venerunt gentes in hereditatem tuam;

polluerunt templum sanctum tuum;
posuerunt Hierusalem in pomorum custodiam.

O God, the gentiles are come into thine
inheritance;
they have defiled thy holy temple;
they have made Jerusalem into a pile of
stones.

Posuerunt morticina servorum tuorum

escas volatilibus coeli,
carnes sanctorum tuorum bestiis terrae.

They have laid out the dead bodies of thy
servants
as food for the birds of the air,
the flesh of thy saints for the beasts of the
earth.

Effuderunt sanguinem ipsorum tanquam
aquam
in circuitu Hierusalem, et non erat qui sepeliret.

They have poured out their blood like the
water
around Jerusalem and there was no-one to
bury them.

Facti sumus opprobrium vicinis nostris,

subsannatio et illusio his qui in circuitu nostro
sunt.

We are become a disgrace in the eyes of our
neighbours,
an object of scorn and derision to those round
about us.

Aestimatus sum

Aestimatus sum cum descendentibus in lacum,

factus sum sicut homo sine adiutorio,
inter mortuos liber.
Versus: Posuerunt me in lacu inferiori,
in tenebrosis et in umbra mortis.

I am counted with them that go down into the
pit:
I am as a man that hath no strength:
free among the dead.
They have hast laid me in the lowest pit,
in darkness and in the shadow of death.

Geocentric Pattiann Rogers

Indecent, self-soiled, bilious
reek of turnip and toadstool
decay, dribbling the black oil
of wilted succulents, the brown
fester of rotting orchids,
in plain view, that stain
of stinkhorn down your front,
that leaking roil of bracket
fungi down your back, you
purple-haired, grainy-fuzzed
smolder of refuse, fathering
fumes and boils and powdery
mildews, enduring the constant
interruption of sink-mire
flatulence, contagious
with ear wax, corn smut,
blister rust, backwash
and graveyard debris, rich
with manure bog and dry-rot
harboring not only egg-addled
garbage and wrinkled lip
of orange-peel mold but also
the clotted breath of overripe
radish and burnt leek, bearing
every dank, malodorous rut
and scarp, all sulphur fissures
and fetid hillside seepages, old,
old, dependable, engendering
forever the stench and stretch
and warm seeth of inevitable
putrefaction, nobody
loves you as I do.

Silence and Music Ursula Wood

Silence, come first. I see a sleeping swan,
wings closed and drifting where the water leads,
a winter moon, a grove where shadows dream,
a hand outstretched to gather hollow reeds.

The four winds in their litanies can tell
all of earth's stories as they weep and cry,
the sea names all the treasure of her tides
the birds rejoice between the earth and sky.

Voices of grief and from the heart of joy;
so near to comprehension do we stand
that wind and sea and all of winged delight
lie in the octaves of man's voice and hand
and music wakes from silence, where it slept.

God's Grandeur Gerald Manley Hopkins

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reckon his rod?

Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black West went

Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs —
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

Ecce quomodo moritur justus

Ecce quomodo moritur justus
et nemo percipit corde.
Et viri justi tolluntur
a facie iniquitatis sublatus est Justus

et erit in pace memoria eius:

Behold how the righteous man dies
and no one understands.
And the righteous men are taken away;
from the face of iniquity the just man has been
taken away
and his memory shall be in peace.

Tamquam agnus coram tondente se obmutuit,
et non aperuit os suum:
de angustia, et de iudicio sublatus est.

As a sheep before her shearers is dumb,
so he opened not his mouth:
from prison and from judgement he was taken
away.

Metachoral in Blue Tim Earley, from *Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery*

metachoral in blue. sliderule. torsion true and slake it through. kindheart past and lesson-dressed.
a porg of sugar. dundle flue. muslin anchor. green bean snapped. ruerusted trailer, deported
clap. blessing rake, spindle flared, suspiring lake, thicket air. clothesline fiddle, snake in tow,
machine trembles, timeworn plow. a rick of jam, bumblebee dare, extortion lordly, amen hair.
grace in shortly, tresses rapt, nonchalance surely, a springworn vow. bearded trestle, overwine
star, strow blessings, about the yard. bilious ecstasy, grass spire rancor, lye soap clotted, several
rats. a nib of germ, egress of cowlings, soretuned berm, God made them ornery. sunspun
drethers, wing and row, furrows roaring, metachoral blue, flick and thimble, eternal hue.

Caligaverunt oculi mei Tenebrae Responsories for Good Friday

Caligaverunt oculi mei a fletu meo: quia elongatus est a me, qui consolabatur me: Videte, omnes populi, Si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus. O vos omnes, qui transitis per viam, attendite et videte Si est dolor...	My eyes became dim with weeping: for he that consoled me is far from me. See, all ye people, if there be any sorrow like my sorrow. O all ye that pass by this way, attend and see if there be any sorrow...
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Ganga's Peace Shruthi Rajasekar

O
M

A daughter was born of the mountains
Descending to bless us
A daughter of the purest water
O Mother
Ganga Ma
Mother feeds, purifies, nourishes us
But do we do the same?
Or serve ourselves?
O Mother, your own children poison you

Da

If man is willing to learn from Da
the lessons are there to see
If man is willing to learn from Da
the lessons are three:

Kindness,
Control what you take,
Give, and give

The water that gives, give back to it.
Control your take
Be compassionate

Can She wait
for man to see?
When man sleeps,
will She have peace?

Shanti,
shanti,
shanti.

The World is Charged John F Deane

I was startled by the squawk, the simultaneous
long-tailed and spread-winged half-spectacular half-dive

of the cock-pheasant, his wattles, his bronzed body
up over the hedge; and see! there! the Japanese anemone,

pea-green heart within a scatter-ring of gold; and here -
humbler still, and local - see the mare's-tail weed

and the quick reaching of the briars, note, too, how the tiny
pimpernel persist along the driveway, from the red gate

to the front door. Astonishment, from heart to eye to ragwort,
from there to woodlouse, eucalyptus, owl, and on to Sirius

and the Plough... And we have been, years, she and I,
walking by fields where generations lived and loved,

have laboured and have disappeared - with their sheds
and implements and cattle - into the deep, where they stay

resonant in their silence, their poorer cottages crumbled
into liqueur of rose hip, dust of nettle, knowing that we too

will be with them, alive and loving in the warm light
that still persists, hereabouts, and everywhere, and forever.