

## The Instant Moment

### [9] 1. Bei Hennef

The little river twittering in the twilight,  
The wan wondering look of the pale sky,  
This is almost bliss.

And everything shut up and gone to sleep,  
All the troubles and anxieties and pain  
Gone under the twilight.

Only, the twilight now,  
and the soft "Sh!" of the river  
That will last for ever.

And at last I know my love for you is here;  
I can see it all, it is whole like the twilight,  
It is large, so large, I could not see it before,  
Because of the little lights and flickers and interruptions  
Troubles, anxieties and pains.

You are the call and I am the answer,  
You are the wish, and I the fulfilment  
You are the night, and I the day.  
What else? it is perfect enough.  
It is perfectly complete,  
You and I,  
What more – ?

Strange, how we suffer in spite of this!

### [10] 2. Loggerheads

Please yourself how you have it,  
Take my words, and fling  
Them down on the counter roundly;  
See if they ring.

Sift my looks and expressions,  
And see what proportion there is  
Of sand in my doubtful sugar  
Of verities.

Have a real stock-taking  
Of my manly breast;  
Find out if I'm sound or bankrupt,  
Or a poor thing at best.

For I am quite indifferent  
To your dubious state, interruptions,  
As to whether you've found a fortune  
In me, or a flea-bitten fate.

Make a good investigation  
Of all that is there,  
And then, if it's worth it, be grateful –  
If not, then despair.

If despair is our portion  
Then let us despair.  
Let us make for the weeping willow.  
I don't care.

### [11] 3. "And oh – That the man I am might cease to be –"

No, now I wish the sunshine would stop,  
and the white shining houses, and the gay red  
flowers on the balconies  
and the bluish mountains beyond, would be

crushed out between two valves of darkness;  
the darkness falling, the darkness rising,  
with muffled sound obliterating everything.

I wish that whatever props up the walls of light  
would fall and darkness would come hurling heavily down,  
and it would be thick black dark for ever.  
Not steep, which is grey with dreams,  
not death, which quivers with birth,  
but heavy, sealing darkness,  
silence all immovable.

What is sleep?  
It goes over me, like a shadow over a hill,  
but it does not alter me, nor help me.  
And death would ache still, I am sure;  
it would be lambent, uneasy.

I wish it would be completely dark everywhere,  
inside me, and out, heavily dark utterly.

### [12] 4. December night

Take off your cloak and your hat  
And your shoes, and draw up at my hearth  
Where never woman sat.

I have made the fire up bright;  
Let us leave the rest in the dark  
And sit by firelight

The wine is warm in the hearth;  
The flickers come and go.  
I will warm your limbs with kisses  
Until they glow.

### [13] 5. Moonrise

*Text: D.H. Lawrence (1885-1930)*

And who has seen the moon, who has not seen  
Her rise from out of the chamber of the deep,  
Flushed and grand and naked, as from the chamber  
Of finished bridegroom, seen her rise and throw  
Confession of delight upon the wave,  
Littering the waves with her own superscription  
Of bliss, till all her lambent beauty shakes towards us  
Spread out and known at last and we are sure  
That beauty is a thing beyond the grave,  
That perfect bright experience never falls  
To nothingness, and time will dim the moon  
Sooner than our full consummation here  
In this odd life will tarnish or pass away.