

The Method

*Be a sponge for this child's play,
A blotter for the rain
Absorbing all that comes your way
To filter and to strain,*

*Then return it purified,
As with your truest friend
Who sadly seeks you as a guide
For their fortunes to amend;*

*Whose wheat you take into your hand
And blow its chaff apart.
Returning kernels newly fanned
To the storehouse of the heart.*

*And if you're soaked by the piercing hail
That pins you to that tree,
Look out, look out, to the Malvern Hills
Whose light will set you free.*

COMMENT (FROM THE JOURNAL):

'Is this a poem or the posy of a ring?' as Hamlet said. I'm struck that if I did make a proper poem of it it would fit in nicely with the theme of 'Resurgence'. I kept hearing or reading about how Bob Dylan's method (I had originally thought to call it 'How to Succeed') was to be a 'sponge' or 'blotting paper', absorb all influences, filter them through his psyche, then finally express them as his own. The third stanza is taken from an Arabic proverb, while the last is a return to my 'King Charles's Head' of gnosis, which, unlike the Dickens version, cannot be mentioned often enough—you'd better believe it, and you may have cause to thank me for it.

These squibs, if finished, might decorate a long narrative poem, but I can't see any other future, as I can't bring myself to set much store by them; at least, until I produce something as good as 'Leisure'. Imagine the contempt with which Davies' poem would be treated today.