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**BLAKE**

P O E M

The [First] Book of Blake

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# THE [FIRST]<sup>1</sup> BOOK OF BLAKE

KATMANDU. Typed by Gypsy 1983.

## PRELUDIUM TO THE [FIRST]<sup>1</sup> BOOK OF BLAKE

Of the fried brains of primal existence,  
When Eternals ate out of golden bricks and bottles  
And gave Blake a place in our mouths,  
Loud, audacious, out of order and solitary.

Gadzooks, I hear your call gladly.  
Dictate your lunacies to me so that even Joan can't hear them  
And leave me to the task of relation.

### Chap: I

1. Lo, a shade of melancholy is risen  
In London! Dark, snappy to the touch  
Is this demon of the mind who rasps  
Throats in the courses of time.  
It could be Blake, say some thoughtless fools  
But we all know it is Sir Joshua.

2. Lots of times he figured, & moan'd  
Word by word in his attic room,  
Unseen, unknown! changes appeared  
Like Bad Art, twisted into horror  
By the Multi-colored demons of Blot and Blur.

3. For he strove in battles dire,  
In unseen conflicts with shapes  
Bred of his comely mistresses  
Of beast, bird, fish, serpent & element,  
Combustion, blast, vapour and cloud.

4. Dark, like the children of the chimneys,  
He hid in his private coffin,  
With activity unknown and horrible;  
A Poet without a poem,  
In a huge jar of ink.

5. But Tygers beheld his vast possibilities;  
Ages on ages they lay, waiting to win him over.  
Till finally they smelled his time  
And burned an idea bright into his mind.

6. His trusty pen now ready, weird Blake  
Prepar'd: his ten thousands of blunders  
Rang'd in prolific array, stretch from London into America  
And the rolling of his wheels can be heard for miles.  
Like twisting wrestlers his groans can be heard  
In the Alps, in Greece, in the heart of Venice,  
And even in your own mind.  
Is nothing sacred to this mixer of sorrows  
But guinea-like suns and innocent lambs?

### Chap: II

1. Art was not; nor truth of perception  
The will of Blake was not yet born,  
He twitched and turned in  
Eternal life, before his death arrived.

2. The sound of a baby, the people  
Awoke, & vast clouds of tears roll'd  
Down the dull eyes of the world, so called  
It by Blake, the new born.

3. Loud the crying, like that of an error,  
Now was the earth prepared to accept its new christ,  
The carpets rolled out and minds split open  
Words passed lips like Roberts? and Graham?  
Crying was heard in Santa Fe  
And rumors had it that He was only a copy.

4. But he spoke like a man, with  
A man's empty eyes, and seemed to  
Look through you rather than at you.  
"Here alone I, in place of yourself,  
"Know what you are and what you desire.  
"I know what is cold and I know what is fire.  
"I've written a book, it's a must for you all  
"Read it and praise it as lackeys you must.

5. "Lo! Am I divine as I search with your souls,  
"For Innocence, Experience, Los and  
"Of course, Luvah. Give me a handle  
"So we can all be friends.  
"Under one Heaven, One God  
"One King, one Law, one society  
"One curse, one rule, why of course, it's me."

### Chap: III

1. The voice ended: they saw his waxed moustache  
Emerge from his changing lip; his hand  
On the empty bottle grasping for a  
Look at eternity. Inspiration seized the weak,

2. Spasms of desire, intense need  
In epileptic dronings of rye and barley  
In whirlwinds of yeast and molasses  
And enormous forms of energy;  
All the seven heavy ingredients of sin.<sup>2</sup>  
In gallon form appear'd,  
In the flames of Blake's vast still.

3. Thunder and lightning, and Southern  
Comfort too, then fire burst out in the north end  
Of town, where Blake's fine army had bedded down  
And angry yelps could be heard from above  
Where his wife lay waiting for her imprisoned Orc.

4. But no fire came from the fire, and  
No light from the light because it wasn't there.

5. Then Blake raised his arm and up  
Came Urizen; like an elevator boy he  
Danced at his command, and the only one  
Gone was Los, who had hidden in the valley

Between UBlake and Mars and ate fruit in the  
Faces of the Eternals.

6. Los didn't like the leechy Urizen  
As Blake gave him plenty of Hell.  
And Blake didn't like the bellowing Los  
As Orc wouldn't let him leave his side.

Chap: IV

1. At a los was the world as they  
Watched the Blake grow.
2. He whimpered and cursed  
And drove himself wild.
3. They soon grew to rue the day of the  
Tears
4. And asked Willy Boy would he give  
Them a break.

Chap: V

1. Ages on ages roll'd over him  
As he sought for a world winning stance.  
Till finally he found that the right  
Recipe was christ with a little romance.
2. He pleaded his case in darkness at first  
Beating his head on his desk,  
But every desk he finally marred  
Was replaced with a new point of view.  
So he turned his restless eyes  
To the sun and winced with pain when  
He saw an eclipse formed an image of  
Dancing men as carollers chimed at his door.
3. Lo! I have it indeed, in  
Darkness I no longer dwell, I  
Smell the green of a wonderful faith  
And the aroma of my own dirty socks.
4. And the world shook with his might  
As the demons were gassed and burned,  
Painters were sent to Sigh beereeya for  
Their blasphemous errors of sight.  
The truth was clear to his tuned in ear  
The truth was right and that was he.

5. He carved a man out of the sky,  
In spiraling descent, he reached  
The ground, as Urizen, the evil,  
With the world as a hoax, and the freedom  
To twist his own imagination to  
Terrible deeds of the senses.

Chap: VI

1. Yes, Blake ate at diners, and  
Sampled the human art, he drew fine  
Portraits of human acts and painted on their  
Flimsy canvas. But he finally decided  
To deform the human art.  
No more could they draw at will  
Fine pieces of life, but bound to  
Blake by the majesty of truth  
They cowered in awe of eternity.
2. Their children wept, & built  
Temples to his faces,  
And followed his wise advice  
And called him God.
3. And his mystery remains  
Surrounded by laughter, now caus'd  
By demons of satire and cynic.
4. The remaining songs of UBlake  
Beheld their scorn and shrunk together  
Beneath the Net of Bell.  
Persuasion was in vain;  
For the ears of the satirist  
Were ringing with laughter and scold,  
And his eyes were aglow with the humor of souls  
Which whisper and ever remain.
5. So Bell called together a smattering  
Of the remaining children of memory  
And used them to toy with the idea of Blake  
Hoping it not the same when he leaves it.
6. And the kicks seemed to be worth the time.

<sup>1</sup> This word afterwards inebriated.

<sup>2</sup> This line stained by a drink in one copy.