

FOUR QUARTETS

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I KESKHAIGLA (Central Hospital)

I

1.

A list of words,

hidden inside,
in the origin of words -
everywhere everything around,
... and the trees, pointing
onto the accuracy of the bow.

2.

A list of words, necessary for later ::
Words which easily jump out of their places,
playing around with their laughy hands,
or ticks, running wildly - but it is winter ::
fields are solid -

...the summer was warm, and left the leas untouched,
and when the night sounds swept over them,
washing the culms ::

winter arrived. Music - a freeze of words,
complete in its disavowal,
a state of peace and of the domain of men -

how oft is the longing something peaceful,
how oft the pain something pure,
as the coming is always an entirety of the whole.

3.

Over the stairs, a small film of cold ::
almost coruscating, covering the surface with its icy fire,
a film, which every single woman spews in here
with all her power, her heart, her will, all her iron ::
a lake of millenniums of men's will -

the world is perfect -
the corridors are perfect -
the insects hanging from ceilings,
scrutinising the flow of those unearthy objects
with their dream knitted veins.

4.

The anonymity of sounds, thus attaining their flavour ::
about to fall, over, about, in the rhythms of the glass
pushing one's memory :: a memory of sea,
morningly clear, and with sharp edges,

(a black of the night)
(a boat of the break)

a brutish shape, surrounded by the litter and tin trash bins,
a seagull, still in nosedive, eating mostly plastic
there is plenty of it (a nearby motorway runs down plastic here the whole day)
and when the night comes, it becomes the birthplace of desires,
plenty of frost, plenty of white, radios afar.
The man who lets the patients in
is brutish, too. "Take your stuff", he sneezes.
"Go upstairs. There is no-one anyway."

A warm beam of light :: on certainly a mostly icy world
the words harsh, sharp and demanding -
and the rats have had their feast :: having drunk most of measles
now hung over -
Nurses, behind the curtains, all asleep.

It is a feast, under the pungent star,
Outside, darkness, the smell
of mundane talking.

The mothers were to be alone,
stepping in to a lift, through a fainted eyesight ::
an aisle, a corridor,
the entrance, a promise of a redemption – and of an end ::

In the beginning there was a concord ::
the beginning :: a remission from the entirety
quelling with its murky edges, resounding back
the windows ::
two rhythms
outside -
from the floors ::
two rhythms
outside -
from the stalls ::
to purify the duality of glass – some garbage, a cube, lamps swimming in the light,
a pleasure of the space :: a pure abstraction, a game of conceits,
crank, irrelevant and foreign ::

a concord in two ::
a coral quarrel of winter
sweeping away the reminiscences of the warmth ::
and close the midday :: the book, some shades, a pencil, a plaque,
and the end of a corridor
clocks stand still –

slow, full, black winter ::
dark and wholly coherent in its world,

The grandeur of its large waiting!
The world is not yet there ::

only its pointing out of the black of cyclamens, the lack of gardens,
the platitude of the horizon and the fog, which everywhere and elsewhere,
tossing around, widely wishes to wave
its silver silence.

II

Inside,
being tenderly, nastily, in the truculence of hospitals,
anonymously like clouds, fulfilling the most sacred

through cubes, cubes, and
Outside, blocks surrounded by dogs,
some bitter taste of hail:
a couple in dismay, walking towards nowhere,
backs, coldness of walls and the consummate cold of the singular ::

no-one to help one out, all drunk.

III

One will be :: always a beginning,
and the quest of the end,
and, just as an everyday second -
stored in cells, in the hair and in the heirs of men ::
every part of the body as a cell from the past, saved,
bottled and put away, only
to be taken up when no one needs them,

by the cellars,
by the stars,
by a natal chart of trees, of behemoths, and,
by the legend of a king, and his queen.

III

A legend of a king ::
a bottle of bodies, spat onto the earth
and let them slowly taint

then – the spring
delicately scattering the cowslips like dross
around a stony field,
filling up the senses - and the bodies
aching caves of hours -
the body - the body - :: a livid white,

a crisp vulnerability
of permanence.

IIII

In the consonance of the waiting of one's body -
the corridors :: plain white, basic, clear structures,
of seconds – sorry to repeat, but it's important ::
- lived white walls
leaving the hum of the world ::
a most ordinary day ::
a chord of piles of plates
a spacious truthfulness :: ::

The spring is gone,

... *the spring is gone*
... *the spring is gone*

gone before it started,
The spring is gone,
the softness of leaves,
the trolleys of thieves,

Where it already was
Where it already was
with a clarity of thought
and the poignancy of trees : : :

The summer is gone,
...sliding somewhere, on a wooden floor
at its huge birthday. The best yet.
And even bigger its birthday cake.
The whitest, the biggest, the saddest,
the most ornate, the most scrumptious,
made of blood, whipping cream and joy,
and tears, and of happiness -

a veritable ooze of liquids
a maze of drains,
purging the womb
consonances all put in a perfect row,
indicating - the brightness of the night

and like the seconds reveal their end.
like the singularity indicates, it's infinite ::

The autumn is gone
the night will be light
the clocks start to work,
time, existence, and the perfectibility ::

a perfect winter day,
in the trinity of white
trash bins and the seagulls
the sea
the all.
About – the
... all.

(actual recording of Tallinn Central hospital, birth department 25.11.2009)

FOUR QUARTETS

II PIAZZA DI SANTO SPIRITO

I

1.
The town breathes -
through the ashlars, catnapping in quiet -
through the reticence of the rain, -
through the candour of the sun, and the streets -,
the town which breathes :: ... the casements, the fountains, the grapes - !

In the contour of his draught :: a yellow square, – with perfect lines
laying on the drying clay, -the ice of the evening, the cyan,
and then, bored of it, the chirping of his lights ::

an oestrous square ::
 the dispute of existence,
 inducing the prominence of cloister-porches,
 the immaculacy of cobwebs -
 wrapping small parcels of trees with the lines of images
 the quiet inhabitants,
 serenely standing in their eternal stance ::

is it real, or is only all he has created real?

In the deity of man: ...a doctrine of perfect loneliness of the moon,
In the deity of images: ...the doctrine of wind which murmurs around the moon,
The holiness of reason, of growth and the eternal dance of spring ::
...In the dispute of banks, which lazily wheel the night,
...In the scent of the wind - with rosemary and a hint of mould -
that solemn trail of spirit!... which like a ship's trace high the sky
falls down in perfect circles, deliquescing the torrent of pigeons :: a flyaway drizzle
with virulent berries chinking the bronze in the towers- ::

- an incessant sound of church bells -
- an incessant despair of men ::
- the hooting of waiters, scouring the noon, the midday, and the vigil -

Where do the spirits eventually go?

(Up in the hill :: a terrain - flickering, taupe - singing to the marble ::
and a lethal crib of death in the middle of it -

- grey

and brown -

and in one split second! - a second of perfect yellow... the cedars' hum,
caressing the old cemetery :: the illness of a cattish nun -and her deathbed- ::
a lament in the quiet of firedrops,
the cradles of newborn fallen asleep,
the market of life :: the town will not die
bedding a lavish deathbed for God, and fluttering the sea of wax, sodden in lustres:
- the vomit-green dormancy is infinite -
- the ripeness of the coming sun is infinite -
- the nuns in despair to paint over the walls are infinite -
- the statues' breath in the infinite -
- ..man whom they gave birth to :: being nothing less, than indefinite.)

2.

What made us think, even a little? The lights flicker ::
taupe, and brighter grey -
an assembly of desires, destruction and elegance,
haughtily titillating the spirit
- primal and inarticulate, more like fear ::
grieving, in oil and in his surges, a small group of people, standing in the middle of an arcade ::
thunderstorm, an early winter
seeding the world - and then: A thousand virgins on the nubian streets,
striking up the lilies - which burst in darkness, solacing the reason,
releasing the mould but return fouled ::
the ignition of the most unaltered of colours, sordid in its nature
the compassion of past and presence
in the neuter of the intellection ::

We go blind.
The paintings commit the presence. -
We go blind, committing the past.
We go blind.

3.

In the remnants, the silence ::
a night - the silence ::
a slow gyre :: the silence of paintings, shyly colouring the dusk,
and alleys, fathomless and fragrant,
shrouded with the David's quiet -
a sage night - the air and the multitude of aisles,
a platonic year, magnifying the stone's mute fizz

With a deafness of the shapes ::
One sees what one believes -
and only what one believes,
and all the artists' wile ::
In the painting of an image ::
Is it real? And what is real?
Objects determined by their inner controversy
...The details!
with the creaks in the oyster marble, in a perfect tension:
a sorrow, which has become bitter by its hasty wisdom,
a joy, like a platter full of flutes flying away,
The confinements of the details ::
Land, being defined by sea,
as the painting is defined by the light
everywhere and difficult to implicate,
as most, by the space and the time ::
through its appearance, through the spirit of the visible ::
Is it me, or is it us?

Like the words, which brush beyond the words,
by avoiding the truth
and distinguishing what surrounds the truth
reaching the spirit of an object.
The scent of the bushes, the essence of the sound, the piles of stone ::
The core of objects is not to achieve
but the details.
The truth to lay wordlessly,

likewise the music, in details
and the canvas, creating what is beyond the truth is truer
than the oil above it.
A beginning versus the end :: the sense of heatwinds coming
the silence versus the wisdom,
the light versus the interior,
an ungodly truth versus a divine lie.

The winter is to set in.
The autumn is to sleep.
The winter will be beautiful, with his early mornings,
when the invisible boats sail
its candid streets.

4.
The truth recoils from perfidy
as the night who waits elongating itself far and long -
and when the lie and truth become each other
then they form a lurid truth between each other,
truer, as truth, but itself - a lie.

The origin of the awareness, sparkling in the distance,
in a faraway mirage, worshipped in the negation and its image:
when neglected, becoming an intellectual intuition -
keenly aware of the reality :: but gifted only to a very few,
likewise the reality is a gift to a very few.
If burnt, contaminating everything, everywhere,
If understood, becoming nothing, and nowhere,
In a sense of society bursting a famine to understand -
we go low.
The ceilings stretch: sensing the summer winds are coming in
- in the faith of the mind: considering reason to originate the faith
We go low:
the colours over the linen, in the vibration of the air, in the secrets of plants,
prevailing to comprehend the juxtaposition of the lights:
We go low:
The spring, in its perpetual dance,
the sun, and the moon, never fully together,
the autumn, and the spring, never fully together,
but in the image
We go low:
a hand, a ring, a circle,
a lily, a square, a figure,
the world consists of careful artistry of details
we go low:
the past, like an illusion of the distance,
in the funnels of time, eating suppers, like men eat the ideas of what is coming,
the vapour of the earth, -
We go low.
(We are the earth.)
We go low.

5.
And the sun goes down - - for the thousandth time.
The mountains follow the grit of the sea ::
Small, odorous chambers open up, and people den in,
as the animals who look for a shelter.

Quotidian wine is sombre, the walls go warm.

And as the evening dives towards the bottoms of the sea,
the flowers rain,
people unclothe.

The night veils the ceiling, - the grief of the history
looms out, direful and starry.
And when the nightbirds bilk a seraphic smile from the deceitful night,
then the women's breasts begin delicately to sprinkle

a slickly mauve milk.
Drop – drop -drop -drop
Permeating one another
and everyone around.

II

1.
The brilliancy of the square-shape,
people, sitting in the sun, framed by the nuns and policemen,
both stern, the cars, the onions and the peas,
forming the plan of God's light – and of time
the English, the Australian and the American,
the artistry of sight, recreating the air, and the reduced prices
the transparency of history and the silence of the earth. - -
Looking – looking inside the mind and soaring on spirit
recreating the science ::
The tourists, the fresh lovers and the painters,
hunting the treasures, the hidden frescoes and the time lost
and its mourn,
when looking to the distance becomes looking to the time - - -
a painting...!

- and in a split second :: looking to the past –
when the sun is tearing down the sky,
the dead whispering in colours, the dust dancing in the oil,
the wind in colonnades, the brush in the time. - - -

Another shape of the square: an image, a beautiful sunny day,
the life conquers the square :: and right when it has won, it loses ::
moving to live inside the past, as the people who move away,
like migrating birds, in their mind
escaping the presence and surrounding themselves with the past,
abandoning their grieving reason ::
– and image their imagination and repent the real -
because when one looks back,
the things turn real.

God's finger anointing art :: slightly, like a breath -

and the science is something even further,
behind the secret of art.

And this is why the spirit is hardly attainable
- - but even less attainable is the mind,
an eery fish.

2.

The brilliancy of a single line, forming the plan of the room of God,
in ruins and in the mould of cellars,
brewing the wine from the moist, bitter and with a hint of tar,
with rosemary and with a hint of pint,
in its foam the structure of days curling over squares,
their return and their regret ::
oval, reluctant and mute,
like a knife, stabbing in circles and colouring the white.
The mud and the convent :: all dotted in a straight line
as the points in a rhyme in the shape of a square.

And again :: loud, screaming noise, effervescing in sharp cubes,
of yellow, tiled leaves, dryly rattling in the windows ::
Walls sweltering, the ovens turn cold,
a weighty stanza of air and that of ceiling above,
bang! It falls down to the square, the heat of the church,
perfect!! just to watch the square, dream of history,
listen to the rhythm of vegetables,
to the drone of scooters and the church bells,
- before the sunrise it will get louder,
louder, much much louder,
and when the dawn breaks,
when the young have vanished and have been replaced with the old,
when the food is flooding with the complaints of health
and the doves start to bathe -
then, in the morning
the world has become old.

3.

Sadness opens the reality of life, but never the ability to touch.
The manifest of venerable days:
the fountains coughing out the dust, the insides of the earth,
the tiredness of its history, its pretentiousness and its
calm sound - the meltwaters pour like a tender fray through the valley, pigeons,
with cried eyes drinking the sky
and the frolicking peace of swallows diving over the nuisance of the past ::
The tears of statues,
their bowed-down heads, in a thousand-yard stare
the severe desert, a just war of art -
and the five billion cubicles of earth - the dust, the purple grit, the minerals:
the green - of water's wean, - the purpose of silence,
The house casted out of golden sand, of champagne,
and frozen - - - (the froth still pliable to hiss) - - listen to the walls ::
The bread. The dough, the river and its edible shores,
the Mercury, the vines, the lyres completely out of tune,
and then the sunrise :: the green cloister with its clamorous bells ::

The reality of life inheres greater in the grieving,
in the bliss everything turns to a dream.
In the secrecy, the secret turns itself to a real life
and the real life becomes a dream.

4.

The river betrays. The river betrays with its one perfect straight line
through its clandestine life, all in four-squares
in the stillness of maids taking an early bath
and when the curtains flap lazily in the wind
The solitude inside of a church, pregnant in its mind
with the structure of days – ::
with the hills -
with the waving earth - -
with its shape of birth. - - -
We go slow.

We could go slow:

The great peace.
The great peace, ...
of doves' glide over the sky, drunken from the spirit of man

III

1.

the beauty of the structure ::

the structure of air, of oil and of dirt

the structure of cloud, woven with a wraith

the breath of dusted taw

the mountains sousing in monkshoods' drops,

the sun welling and the Florentines who cannot breathe ::

(where music began to breathe)
(where the words began to see)
(where the thoughts began to relate)

...

2.

like the spirit, which absorbs hope,

only hope :: yellowy streets, drown into the golden glow of distance

the time to close the cafés

doves go to sleep

the ground is clogged with gold

the sky is clogged with gold

and the marble-algae pillars slowly birl - - the bells slowly stall

and all the beauty

is mired in the eternal.

IV

1.

To vision: it is to action. In a deceit of the perspective
to action - being unharmed, unnoticed and stand under the heavy snowfall
Decades being in that point where the paint began to breathe
All that city that lives behind the absolute.
An exquisite understanding, like an early winter,
which came with winds and severe frost,
the flowerfall :: giving birth to people, to the mind, to the imagination,
And thus nothing moves, nothing renews,
in this cradle of thought where everything is about the death,
and the valley is the grave of God.
How everybody finds the light!
How the painters anele its walls!
How man creates the eternal!
How everybody prepares the feast!
And the rhythm of the vision, in the rhythm of paint, of the carefulness of folds,
its stripy socks and the firmness of curls,
street, square and the unforgivingly ceremonious flow of people ::
That nothing is less -
- to dive so deep to our meaning
that it reaches the absolute.

And the afternoon :: a blench, the slidedown of Bardini gardens,
with frogs jumping inside its grass,
warm breeze climbs upwards the hill, and let the monasteries warble,
count Myshkin, with his glittering eyes,
walking across a small square in front of a castle,
like a ghost, closes the door behind him
.. and for a week he would never come out.

2.

The ideal is never the perfect,
but the room - the space,
the ruse and the image -
and what is perfect, rarely creates something real.
Dwelling on the absolute ::
What comes after the absolute?
Look at the soul!
real is what we see - as an image -
the past, real and substituted
with the shadows of the legacy of the time ::

the clemency of the night ::

and the confidence of time ::

and we know everything about the clay, about the distance and about the stars,
we know everything about man, his secrets and his yields
but about the spirit :: we know nothing.

V

1.

Extricating the grey, around wood, soft almost like bread ::
floor as an icefield, white, taupe, then grey, then white again ::
without heat – in the flowing brightness of the ceiling ::
A spring-night, light in its perfect bubbles,
raining down in birds, and making most people ill,
the loneliness of the sun in his grey robe, a cold,
freezing snowfall, in wide, open flakes,
the power of light --- the lack of light ::
through the spirit one perceives the world
- without the spirit there is nothing ::
the spring, the bird melt, the smell of the
earth, when it is softened by the water of the snow -
does one know, or does one believe
or does one know that one believes
it is only the spirit of the away
why cities determine us,
in the principle of faith:

City of paintings, almost a painting itself.

Imagination is about action, as an image.
In an ultimate fear, coercing the abandonment,
in the rhythm of despair, in that fist of lust,
is to discover the limited ::
- The thirst. The fountain. The thirst. -
A sunset, a gaze of the elucidated peace in an ephemeral city
a handful of tribes of people, in their words ::
-

the tombs. The tombs of words in countless alcoves,
words and words and more wordless words -
the tombs which were casted in stone
rods which spread out from the stone
falling down, sounding lithely, like cilices,
through the solitude of walls, with the one inch of dried oil on it, molten saltdust in air,
boys kicking footballs to the back-side of oil ::
the beginning and the end. The greed and the regret,
the cueue of combs, falling to the sun ::
the mundane joy of despair -
an autumn afternoon
running down the streets like a repetition of words.
The life outside the walls
the words
of the away.

2.

We know nothing, we only conceive the away.
And in image of the away, becoming the only place
where we would really live.
We cannot live here, so we live away.
We cannot live away,
so we live in the past.
We cannot live in truth, so we make images.
All art is about power ::
Reaching out, in an image of the away ::
The concept of me :: The concept of the society ::
We know :: I am, and yet,
we can't create ourselves.

I am,
not entirely. With myself I am not a realm.
So I am, but for myself,
at least, a secret of me.

3.

In my beginning is my end. In succession
dying and being reborn, spalling, mending and descending

But :: who am I?

(actual recording from the Church of St.Spirito, Florence, Italy, 5.07.2010)