Helen Redacted
by Quin de la Mer

For the lovers of eternity, Via Postel and The Wanderer
Created by one who remembers

Source material by the poet H.D. (Hilda Doolittle), Helen in Egypt, 1955
Part 1

(She speaks)

I hear voices
no veil between
space

potion not poison
not forgetfulness
but memory

some said from
the dart was

honoured host

iron casement

They met in the dark

he will come the moment she wants
her treasure

the transcendental material meaning in eternity

timeless, but in time “few were the words said.”

few were the words said

shipwrecked lost
to view stars
translating time, into timeless-time ancient time

She knows we judge

death-symbol life-symbol mother

his fingers remorseless steel,
let me go out. let me forget,
let me be lost.......

I under his cloak,
forever Star in the night

let me draw him alone the wandering star

swaying before the season far – from –

heart-break unappeasable ache, burning sinews
he remembers

Immortality made him Mortal

brave?

unearned merit –
a magnet drew
ore from

gold Death
War

a swirl a swarm, an infinite number
one whole, one cluster
a Galaxy
numberless
seem one but many
my hand
the blind invisible curve
I see a mist
a fountain
that desert; we died
you spoke my name
you called me –

(He speaks)
– enough –
afraid of place

where
I saw her
as the wind winter

I saw her through transparent folds
her wrist her throat
long ago in the beginning

She is stronger
stronger than Fate

She
I felt return

Her face
I remember Power I had lost

the weight of Destiny

you may work your way

into the innermost secret escape

the dart I know was Love’s arrow

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The uncharted seas
Achilles waits and life beyond the pylons and these gates
is magic of the wind, the gale;
the mystery of a forest-tree,
whispering its secrets upon Citheron,
let rapture summon and the foam-flecked sand,
and wind and hail
rain, sleet and snow
lifts and falls
conceals, reveals
the actual and the apparent veil
Helen – come home.
Part 2

(He speaks)

You died here.

You slipped from a web or a butterfly they call you the trees.

Lightening skies but waiting to rise why do you return?

The fragrance of pine-cones incense infinite corridors the lantern by the door?

Why must you recall the white fire of unnumbered stars rather than that single taper burning in a onyx jar where you swore never, never to return.

("return the wanton to Greece")

Where we swore together defiance of Achilles and the thousand spears we alone would compel the Fates do the mysteries untangle but to re-weave?

No, I do not grieve,
Helen must remember other loves, "a pearl, a comb, a cup, a bowl," and must your mother, Lea. Theseus says that she is like a butterfly, "a...che with half-dried wings."

It comes to me, lying here, you move. Do you see the cloth move or the folds to my breathing? no, I breathe quietly, I lie quietly as the snow drifted outside; how did I find the threshold? marble and snow were one; is this a snow-palace? does the ember glow in the heart of the snow? yes. I drifted here blown (you asked) by what winter-sorrow? but it is not sorrow.

Draw near, draw nearer; do you hear me? do I whisper? There is a voice within me, Listen...– let it speak for e.

Crete? magic you say, and Crete inherited the Labyrinth, and Crete-Egypt must be slain, conquered or overthrown – and then? the way out, the way back, the way home.

Thetis is the Moon-goddess and can change her shape, she is Selene, is Artemis;
She is the Moon, her sphere remote, white, near
is Leuke, is marble and snow, is here; this is Leuke,
a-drift, a shell but held to its central pole
or its orbit this is the white island,
this is the hollow shell,

(She speaks)

a-drift at rest let me stay
Death immaculate security
find me reflect re-live

true the memory the molten ember Dark Absolute

Death embraced

his face dark clear
drawn from fire beaten it grows cold colder

the polar-star
do you know his eyes?

dark caves

the sheen of the sea

his hands

powerful

his prey

my throat that day

his fingers

had strength

let me go, let me forget

hate

love

nothingness

nothingness

ever widening flight…

but I would not go yet,

I must have time to remember

Thetis,

let me go out, let me forget

nothingness

hate

love

nothingness

nothingness

ever widening flight…

but I would not go yet,

I must have time to remember

Dis, Hades, Achilles.

time with its moon-shape here,

time with its widening star-circles

time small as a pebble

with bones of stones for counters

always another

with wild wings

bring the Hyperboreans to me

encompass the infinite

in the crystal

in my thought

aye

sphere to sphere

the long way
he will finish his task
twelve labours
twelve aeons
twelve years
to me still
small
I wore a jewel
Part 3

Theseus spoke; all myth the one reality dwells here; so you are right the servants were richer than Helen, counting the links in a chain, the pearls on a string He could name Helena, but the other he could not name; she was a lure, a light an intimate flame, a secret the innermost hierarchy; the smouldering flame broken before remembering we are One forever fate brought us together unwavering in the tempest roar.
but there is one secret, 
unpronounceable name
a whisper, a breath
or spoken as only one could speak,
stretched on a pallet,
numb with memory
true, we followed a track in the sand
though we spoke but little,
and the absolute final spark
the ember, the Star had no personal,
intimate fervor; was it desire?
it was Love, it was Death,
but what followed before, what after?
a thousand-thousand days,
as many mysterious nights
so the dart of Love
the Phoenix
of Love
of Death
and the secret is no secret;
the Beast is slain
and the Phoenix rises
key or the clue to the rest
there is no before and no after,
there is one finite moment
that no infinite one can disperse
the seas revolve around
a pause in the infinite rhythm
of the heart and of heaven.