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Series IV. Manuscripts

Arnaut Daniel
Glamour and Indigo: proofs, with IX and XVII,
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Glamour and Indigo.

(From the Provençal of EN ARNAUT DANIEL.)
By Ezra Pound.

GLAMOUR AND INDIGO.

Sweet cries and cracks

and lays and chants inflected
By auzels who, in their Latin belikes,
Chirme each to each, even as you and I
Pipe toward those girls on whom our thoughts attract;
Are but ~~so~~ more cause that I, whose overweening
Search is toward the Noblest, set in cluster
Lines where no word pulls wry, no rhyme breaks
gauges.

No culs de sacs

nor false ways me diflected
When first I pierced her fort within its dykes,
Hers, for whom my hungry insistency
Passes the gnaw whereby was Vivien wracked;¹
¹ Vivien, strophe 2, nebotz Sain Guillem, an allusion
to the romance "Enfances Vivien."
Day-long I stretch, all times, like a bird preening,
And yawn for her, who hath o'er others thrust her
As high as true joy is o'er ire and rages.

Welcome not lax,

and my words were protected
Not blabbed to other, when I set my likes
On her. Not brass but gold was 'neath the die.
That day we kissed, and after it she flacked
O'er me her cloak of indigo, for screening
Me from all culvertz' eyes, whose blathered bluster
Can set such spites abroad; win jibes for wages.

God who did tax

not Longus' sin,² respected
² Longus, centurion in the crucifixion legend.
That blind centurion beneath the spikes
And him forgave, grant that we two shall lie
Within one room, and seal therein our pact,
Yes, that she kiss me in the half-light, leaning
To me, and laugh and strip and stand forth in the lustre
Where lamp-light with light limb but half engages.

The flowers wax

with buds but half perfected;
Tremble on twig that shakes when the bird strikes—
But not more fresh than she! No emper^o,
Though Rome and Palestine were one compact,
Would lure me from her; and with hands convening
I give me to her. But if kings could muster
In homage similar, you'd count them sages.

Mouth, now what knacks!

What folly hath infected
Thee? Gifts, that th' Emperor of the Salonikes
Or Lord of Rome were greatly honoured by,
Or Syria's lord, thou dost from me distract;
O fool I am! to hope for intervening
From Love that shields not love! Yea, it were juster
To call him mad, who 'gainst his joy engages.

POLITICAL POSTSCRIPT.

The slimy jacks

with adders' tongues bisected,
I fear no whit, nor have; and if these tykes
Have led Galicia's king to villeiny—³

³ King of the Gallicians, Ferdinand II, King of Gallicia, 1157-88, son of Berangere, sister of Raimon Berenger IV ("quattro figlie ebbe," etc.) of Aragon, Count of Barcelona. His second son, Lieutenant of Provence, 1168.

His cousin in pilgrimage hath he attacked—
We know—Raimon the Count's son—my meaning
Stands without screen. The royal filibuster
Redeems not honour till he unbar the cages.

I should have seen it, but I was on such affair,
Seeing the true king crown'd, here in Estampa.⁴

⁴ King crowned at Etampe, Phillipe August, crowned
May 29, 1180, at age of 16. This poem might date
Arnaut's birth as early as 1150.

IX.

L'AURA AMARA.

[Dante, in the Second Book De Vulgari Eloquio, concerning subject-matter for canzoni, selects *armorun pro-bitas*, *amoris accensio*, and *directio voluntatis* as subjects treated by illustrious men in the common tongue. He cites De Born's

"Nom puese mudar q'un chantar non esparja";
this poem, "L'Aura Amara," of Arnaut's; Bornel's

"Per solatz revelhar
Que s'es trop endormitz."

Cino Pistoijs's

"Degno son io, che mora"

his own

"Doglia mi reca nello core ardire,"

mentioning himself as "Amicus eius," the friend of Cino.]

1.

The bitter air
Strips panoply
From trees
Where softer winds set leaves,
And glad
Beaks
Now in brakes are coy,
Scarce peep the wec
Mates
And un-mates.
What gaud 's the work?
What good the gleees?
What curse
I strive to shake!
Me hath she cast from high,
In fell disease
I lie, and deathly fearing.

2.

So clear the flare
That first lit me
To seize
Her whom my soul believes;
If cad
Sneaks,
Blabs, slanders, my joy
Counts little fee
Baits
And their hates.
I scorn their perk
And preen, at ease.
Disburse
Can she, and wake
Such firm delights, that I
Am hers, froth, lees
Bigod! from toe to earring.

3.

Amor, look yare!
Know certainly
The keys:
How she thy suit receives;
Nor add
Piques,
'Twere folly to annoy.
I'm true, so dree
Fates;
No debates
Shake me, nor jerk.
My verities
Turn terse,
And yet I ache;
Her lips, not snows that fly
Have potencies
To slake, to cool my searing.

INDIGO—TWO

4.

Behold my prayer,
(Or company
Of these)
Seeks whom such height achieves;
Well clad
Seeks
Her, and would not cloy.
Heart apertly
States
Thought. Hope waits
'Gainst death to irk:
False brevities
And worse!
To her I raik,
Sole her; all others' dry
Felicities
I count not worth the leering.

5.

Ah visage, where
Each quality
But frees
One pride-shaft more, that cleaves
Me; mad frieks
(O' thy beck) destroy,
And mockery
Baits
Me, and rates.
Yet I not shirk
Thy velleities,
Averse
Me not, nor slake
Desire. God draws not nigh
To Dome,⁵ with pleas

⁵ The phrase *cils de Doma* not yet satisfactorily explained. By some conjectured to mean Our Lady of Pui de Dome.

Wherein 's so little veering.

6.

Now chant prepare,
And melody
To please
The king, who will judge thy sheaves.
Worth, sad,
Sneaks
Here; double employ
Hath there. Get thee
Plates
Full, and cates,
Gifts, go! Nor lurk
Here till decrees
Reverse,
And ring thou take.
Straight t' Arago I'd ply
Cross the wide seas
But "Rome" disturbs my hearing.

CODA.

At midnight mirk,
In secrecies
I nurse
My served make
In heart; nor try
My melodies
At other's door nor mearing.

raik = haste precipitate.
make = mate, fere, companion.

XVII.

[In De Vulgari Eloquio II, 13, Dante calls for freedom in the rhyme order within the strophe, and cites this canzo of Arnaut's as an example of poem where there is no rhyme within the single strophe. Dante's "Rithimorum quoque relationi vacemus" implies no carelessness concerning the blending of rhyme sounds, for we find him at the end of the chapter "et tertio rithimorum asperitas, nisi forte sit lenitati permista: nam lenium asperorumque rithimorum mixtura ipsa tragoedia

insect, as he had before demanded a mixture of shaggy
and harsh words with the softer words of a poem.
"Nimio scilicet eiusdem rithimi repercussio, nisi forte
novum aliquid atque intentatum artis hoc sibi praeroget."
The De Eloquentia is ever excellent testimony of the way
in which a great artist approaches the detail of métier.]

"Ingenium nobis ipsa puella facit."
Propertius II, 1.

Had Love as little need to be exhorted
To give me joy, as I to keep a frank
And ready heart toward her, never he'd blast
My hopes, whose very height hath high exalted,
And cast me down . . . to think on my default,
And her great worth; yet thinking what I dare,
More love myself, and know my heart and sense
Shall lead me to high conquest, unmolested.

I am, spite long delay, pooled and contorted
And whirled with all my streams 'neath such a bank
Of promise, that her fair words hold me fast
In joy, and will, until in tomb I am halted.
As I'm not one to change hard gold for spalt,
And no alloy's in her, that debonaire
Shall hold my faith and mine obedience
Till, by her accolade, I am invested.

Long waiting hath brought in and hath extorted
The fragrance of desire; throat and flank
The longing takes me . . . and with pain surpassed
By her great beauty. Seemeth it hath vaulted
O'er all the rest . . . them doth it set in fault
So that whoever sees her anywhere
Must see how charm and every excellence
Hold sway in her, untaint, and uncontested.

Since she is such; longing no wise detorted
Is in me . . . and plays not the mountebank,
For all my sense is her, and is compassed
Solely in her; and no man is assaulted
(By God his dove!) by such desires as vault
In me, to have great excellence. My care
On her so stark, I can show tolerance
To jacks whose joy's to see fine loves uncrested.

Miels-de-Ben, have not your heart distorted
Against me now; your love has left me blank,
Void, empty of power or will to turn or cast

"Brighter than glass, and yet as glass is, brittle."
The comparisons to glass went out of poetry when glass
ceased to be a rare, precious substance.

cf. Passionate Pilgrim, III.

Desire from me . . . not brittle, nor defaulted.
Asleep, awake, to thee do I exalt
And offer me. No less, when I lie bare
Or wake, my will to thee, think not turns thence,
For breast and throat and head hath it attested.

Pouch-mouthed blubberers, culrouns and aborted,
May flame bite in your gullets, sore eyes and rank
T' the lot of you, you've got my horse, my last
Shilling, too; and you'd see love dried and salted.
God blast you all that you can't call a halt,
God's itch to you, chit-cracks that overbear
And spoil good men, ill luck your impotence!!
More told, the more you've wits smeared and congested.

CODA.

Arnaut has borne delay and long defence
And will wait long to see his hopes well nested.