



Anthony Lobo

POEMS

*Like matchsticks on an ocean
we touched and moved apart*




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Anthony Lobo with his wife Marina Alvisi
in Berlin, 2007



1 *Introducion*
Poems

2 *Music*
Tangolino

3

Munich - 1972

The tramcar turned
I lost the sight of you.
We spoke
You sipped your coffee cup
Against the powers in the high places
Those proud faces
Looking down the hours
Measuring, weighing, sifting me and you!

Within the crawl of cigarette smoke,
The bawl of pop we felt secure
From church and state
Soiled in their Watergate

And all the meaning of our life was DU

But parting grew from meeting

The tramcar turned
I lost the sight of you

(DU = Thou)



4

*“Beauty is a terrible thing. God and the devil struggle there
and the battle field is the heart of man.”*

Feodor Dostoevsky – The Brothers Karamazov

*I lift my hand to touch your face. I know
Your skin, your flesh, the sadness in your eyes,
As though the living – living also dies,
And springing flame must sink to ashes glow.
You were with me, my sweet, within that hour
How well we felt together you and I.
Yet on the mount of ecstasy we die
And live again and bloom and burst in flower.
And then I saw : that other GOD was there!
There was no sweet but Kali, Durga, Death.
Within your beauty God and Devil dare.
And I am drawn within the lion’s breath
To face with horror the abysmal stare
Of death, on field where God and Devil met.*



5

My shadow has become high noon

*My shadow has become
high noon*

*Within your sun
And midnight turned to
midday soon.*

With leap and run.

*Be not too fierce and
shrivel me*

*For night to day should
gripe*

*Nor ebb burst into
mighty sea*

*To drown despair and
hope.*

*Be gentle, love, as of
your sex*

*Be coy, be calm, be cool
And though discretion*

*lovers vex
Play passion by a rule!*

6

Like matchsticks on an ocean

*Like matchsticks on an ocean
We touched and moved apart
A sudden gasped emotion
Then breaking of a heart*

*The swirling and the swingings
Were not our making, no!
But frantic closer clings
Stemmed not the rending flow*

*The roaring of the waters
Drowned out our feeble cry
Most pitiful of daughters
I loved you once, did I ?*

7

The meaning of the why

*Because I do not know the meaning of the why
And if I see
Because this world is nearer tears I cry
And in my sadness find but only me*

*She turned her warm wet mouth
Seduction in its pout
And naked nipples to my timid touch
And pleaded bold her eyes
Fathomless wise
With promises of much and more and much
Through fronds of floating hair
The ravishment of her stare
Gave me all answers in the sated sense
To riddles of the where and why and whence*

*But do I know the meaning of the why?
I said I saw
And grasped at once its mystery and law
Within my sadness still it 's only I*

8

Like cold wine

*Like cold wine
Sipped to the slake of thirst
Fine like marbled grief
Eched line by line
Frozen in flood burst
Only the lips were red
Warm like a wound that bled*

9

Music

In between



10

Our fears do not sit with us

*Our fears do not sit with us
Like the electronic ghosts of Disneyland.
Our fears are ourselves,
Brigitta.
Not our inadequacies,
Or bishops' bogies,
Or that holy hag, the church,
Limited intelligences giving no – question answers!
Our love is to be lived in honeymoons,
Is that all to it, Brigitta?
We cannot cry together,
Or know the routine
Of washing up and diapers and death.
We cannot be sad together.
There is no time,
Except for passion's pitch.
We cannot be ordinary, just day to day.
Sometimes with runny noses and the like.
Since we live in honeymoons
Our fears, Brigitta, are final, like ourselves.*

11

A disease without a name

In spite of the Jesuits

Papal prostitutes flaunting spiritual exercises,

I walk in a meaningless maze

A neurosis of nothingness!

Brigitta

I cannot kiss across continents

I cannot frieze my love in stone

Like Konarak or Rodin.

My sexual suicide was slow,

A preparation to eat a Christ castrated and canniballed.

I am still meaningless

Brigitta

A disease without a name.



12

You cannot expect me to write, Brigitta

You cannot expect me to write, Brigitta,

Like a pure and pimple-chested nun

After the models they provide

Eliot and Rilke and the like

*(Though I saw some good models, in a forty inches bust and buttock
show in Las Vegas!)*

You cannot cap a volcano in convulsions.

Nor can I simper like a solitary in his cell.

Brigitta! Are you afraid to sit in the roller coaster of my mind

Because the wind whirl will whip your nun's wimple away

To leave you naked?

This is no time for papal pronouncements

Infallible and saying nothing,

Stuck like flies in last year's jam.

Because, Brigitta, Eureka!

I have found my voice!

13

There was this fire within me till I spoke

*There was this fire within me till I spoke,
Stud stallion, naked quivering in the dark
Balled and buttocked, waiting for the climb
For spiritual seeding.*

But Brigitta

*The black bureaucracy had its sterile needles ready,
Disposable, for the insemination of the virgin
Was always to be artificial.*

Sine tactu hominis!

And they would wash their hands in impotence.....

There was this fire within me till I spoke

*Brigitta, and I cried from the bottom of my dried-up well
And no one heard me!*

(Sine tactu hominis = without human touch.

A theological phrase to describe the virgin conception)

14

When our tongues met

When our tongues met

Like lash on snaking lash

When our breath was a shuddering sponge

Sucking at the DU

Brigitta

Why did your eyes go suddenly sad?

Why did you become

The sum of all women in one?

And I the primitive enemy

The flame, that eats away the candle for its game?

Believe me, Brigitta, it was you and I

And our pure nakedness and the sky.

And do not ask if Freud knew

Why you and I had this screw!

(DU = Thou)

15

Music
Dermaptera I



16

The day you went

*The day you went
There was a blinding sun you remember?
I thought how hot it is for September
Perhaps you did not say the things you meant.*

*You were too bland.
A lizard wandered slowly up the stair
Smooth belly, wrinkled skin and raddled stare.
You said it was not love but gland.*

*Both ill at ease
We watched the tea stains dry on porcelain
You said I'll cry, why couldn't you be sane
There was to be for both no second lease.*

*And so you went
I heard your footfalls hesitant and slow
Or were they rapid? God, I do not know
The evening shadows grew incoherent.*



17

Wiesbaden. Autumn 2000

To Marina

"But with you ah! tender is the night."

John Keats: Ode to a Nightingale.

*Tender is your touch in the well of stair.
There in the dimming dark the weather's wear,
An autumn mantle, with its brush of air,
Nips at the nipples, volcanic, smooth, bare.*

*If you venture, awaken me, I'll dare.
This is no place or time for boudoir breasts,
Between which my small robin redhead nests.
I am your frost, your fire, your rod, your glare*

*Into the moist abyss now sucking deep.
The stirrings of delight start up and stay
Tremulous and tender in your gaze.
My soul awash with tears, begins to stray
In the aroma of together's haze.
Unmann me, curled with you in tender sleep.*

18

“They were naked and unshamed before each other”

Gen. 2,25

*There are things to say, things I left unsaid,
In the banality of love, the coo,
The sigh, and in the rapture of the woo,
In the tumble and tussle of the bed*

*We are like maelstrom monkeys, devilish and brown,
Plucking a petal from the water's whirl,
This moral thing in us, a panic twirl
Judges the water's colour, as we drown*

*The rules, rhymes, reasons, cloth of ugliness,
Are clothes they wear, the tangled webs they weave
In black and white, but scarlet sinlessness
Defines delight, explicit as we cleave
For we are in the sheen of skin expressed
Naked, ashamed, impudent breasts, **NOT DRESSED***

19

On a picture of Marina at 17

Shy seventeen (you don't know what I mean)
Oozing innocence from all pores with grace
Wide-eyed and waiting for a knight with mace,
Now wanting, now not wanting to be seen.
Flowered dress but hinting at deflower,
The nibble at the nipples, strut with roll,
The jutting hip, seduction as its goal,
But age withers and the simper goes sour
For in the end the moralists have it right
The swagger and the snicker of the cat-walk
Have vanished with the last electric light
And beauty's bubble bursts in shards of talk
We see now dimly as though in a glass
The glory is vanished. All flesh is grass.

20

Absence

Marina Helena and photographs of Ansel Adams

"Sweet Helen, make me rapturous with a kiss."

Dr. Faustus (Christopher Marlowe)

*You went in cold December down the stair,
When winter`s filigree hung from branch and tree.
We must have space between us to be free.
The proposition was exact and fair.*

*The banalities of life tie up the ache:
The bake, the boil, the supermarket aisles,
The porno ads with simpering stupid wiles
Of TV maidens on a desperate make.*

*I kiss the flower, soft petals for soft lips,
No humped hillocks and where we crawl to win,
An empty ecstasy of silence grips.
My mountain mood is dazed: Old Faithful`s spout
With swish of sound, is silenced in the rout.*

(Old Faithful = a geyser in Yosemite Park, USA)

21 *Music* Dermaptera II

22 *Synthetic Fraeulein*

*Synthetic Fraeulein breathe on me
With your Colgate mouth
And your contact lensed differently tinted eyes- one green, one brown
Frown at me under Lakme lashes.
Your skin, moisturised to a sheen by Givenchy
Is panzered against my presses.
And all the channels to your heart are by Chanel.
You are made in Paris, New York, Rome, Berlin and nowhere.
In this first world jungle, Fraeulein,
Your media mind is tattered like last year`s advertisement!
But you and I, Brigitta, when we meet
Under the shower or in the street
It is our skin against skin and our heart beat!*

(Fraeulein = Miss)



23

Love on the internet, frustrated in cyberland

ANN

*My electronic fan
My email female.
From outmail to hotmail
The blinking screen blank
Like an orgasm over – zank!
Cyber romantics we wait on line
At Gates without access
And windows without a view.
In a cybercafe we sip from the tube.
My cursor, my cupid dart's on screen
To pierce the website.*

ANN

*My mouse, my magic modem,
My dreamworld disc
My plastic squeeze! Straddled on this stool,
I am Sir Galahad with ten bytes strength
Because my heart is empty.*

ANN

*Don't offer me computer salvation – it can be saved!
The web's a hid and tangled place
But even modem ghosts can't there embrace!*

24 Music

Wonder

25

Miserere

Have mercy on me God
 Mercy, mercy
From the dawn of the age
To its destruction
Mercy, mercy

For the sinner has seen his sin
And he knows he is captive within
O God, of the ages,
Mercy, mercy

In my soul and my anguish alone
In the world and its tumultuous tone
 Mercy, mercy
And I turn not to flesh and its fickle
Promise of sweet for the sickle
Of death cleaves me in soul
Mercy, O God of the ages that roll
 Mercy, mercy

Let once but your finger of grace
God of this human race
Touch me and heal
Ravish and steal
Render me fit for a place
Where I can see
Mercy on me.
God of my fathers your face.

26

Madonna

*They took the Jesus Child you know
The wicked king would kill
And hid him down in Egypt land
His mother was so still*

*She looked with pensive eyes at Him
Her face was pure of guile
Her husband was a carpenter
Who trudged a hungry mile.*

*And all those years in Nazareth
She wonderd what would be
As other mothers sometimes do.
She had no certainty.*

*She had her joys and sorrows too
Some days she knew her loss
As that day in the temple court
And then below the cross.*



27

To Therese of Lisieux

I gaze with steady eagle eyes at you
And eagle hearted I will soar above
Yes, I will pierce the deep infinite blue
My wings alas are fragile, of a dove
These sobs that rack me are they words I speak ?
So crude o cumbered fashioned without form
O God you know my fleding wings are weak
While words I whisper sink into the storm
I fly, I cannot look, I may, I will
And I will long although I cannot rise
See once my pain now lift me to the full
Of flowing fountains hidden from the wise



28

Do not leave me, yes leave me, let me go!

Do not leave me, yes leave me, let me go!

I push, I clasp, I shudder in your grip

And baited mouth to mouth and lip to lip

I am pure wire in electric glow.

Late have I loved you, late, I wonder why

What meaning had those other baubles then

That hither thither like a fretful hen

Or like cavorting pig in human sty?

Did you seduce me then, or was I rake,

Rogue, reckless rascal till the tables turned

The when you plucked my thigh; nor could I slake

My passion in my weakness and was churned

Twixt heaven and hell and both of my own make.



29

Jeremias

Why is your hand on me? Could some strong soul
Stretched in this strain, stripped, still gasp yes
If so what then? For I´m not strong much less.
A puling infant puppetting a role
His make up mocks. No “can” no “will” but “must”
I must, must what? Must mimic match mood, smile
Or curse, when you say curse, or watch your file
Of wrath ripple and grind and rasp rough rust.
See sinners sow-soft wallow in their peace
And know no peace for pistoned, pronged by power
I prophesy at an accursed hour
And suffer, God, I suffer without cease
For what? For mighty monument?
You silence me, I bow, I know I´m sent.

30

Music

“M”

31

Homeless in cyberland

To Marina

"Only our pain is never masquerade" (F.L. Lucas)

*I have an email address and no home.
There's an answering machine and no voice.
No space in my facility to roam,
And in my plastic modem squeeze, no choice.
Hurtle and heave, shudder, shriek, the vision will vex.
You spin in dervish dance, an ecstasy
Of nostalgia, of electronic sex
Within the incense of the sanctuary.
But there is no protection, only this.
One time within that Eden was a bliss.
Transferred from flesh to CD lest it cloy
Preserved in plastic, a most brittle joy.
Gathered together with dust, a switch off grief.
Now passionate, now sweet, now sharp, now brief.*

32

If the Pope spilt porridge on his purple

*If the Pope spilt porridge on his purple
Brigitta, it would make news, it would make news!
His black bureaucracy would scuttle round like spiders,
Creating cobwebs in the mind of common people.
Dabbling in dogma and doctrine and dishonest doubt,
While his cardinals would creak in contemplation
And the Holy Ghost would yawn in boredom.
“Ruah” it said or simply “Boo”!
But for you and me, Brigitta,
If the Pope spilt porridge on his purple
It would merely be a matter for the wash – o – mat!*

33

Music

“A”

34

Gulag

A long while ago
Before we knew the pain
Of armies marching once again
Of hunger shrivelling up a plain,
We played as boys,
With guns and bombs as toys,
Forgetting other human joys.
We learnt to kill,
In mock, perhaps, with deadly skill,
Incited by the power to will.
And we were mute
When politicians pleaded suit,
Not knowing we were final loot.
“Be brave,” they said.
“For country all have bled”.
They lived, we died in stupid stead.
O God, were these
Worth laughter in a breeze?
Or sunlight on the trees?
And still we went
On others’ mission sent,
On others’ murder bent.

So man was tool;
So mob was made a fool
By saviours born to rule.
All down the years
We lived within our fears
And dried within our tears.
And so our land, an archipelago, a sand,
Sieved by a single hand,
Became a cell
A human paradise, a hell
And conscience could not tell!
One day perhaps
We'll have a winter's lapse
And freshening of spring saps.
With lift of head
Some one will face the dead
And God will give his bread.
They will not lead
To battle and to creed
To struggle and to bleed.
They will but be
God simple and God free.
Some day perhaps we'll see.



35

False alarm New York, November 2001

For Marina

*Nukes and nudes and nuns don't mix
Butcher God!*

Mary is Immaculate and Miriam is raped.

*In black boxes are taped
Hell as it happens.*

*Like sperm spilt out of the sky
The missiles fly
To conceive death
And the wailing, wailing, wailing
sirens and women and children.
Wailing.*

*Must redemption always be in blood
With mass graves or worse
Vaporized victims
Hiroshima!*



*Like jacks in the TV box
Frightened rabbits in a Warren or a Bush pop out.
Surreal staggering of fire fighters themselves on fire .
Serpentine insecurity checks crawl around counters of dying airlines.*

*We are Nobel Incorporated, the defenders of democracy and cigarette
smoke.*

But nukes and nudes and nuns don't mix

Butcher Men!

And I, when I awake, shall be filled with your face, my love.

Pierce me in the pelvic grind

Phallic!

My lust is blind, a Samson gazeless in Gaza.

Bone grates on bone.

Flesh squashed to squirt.

New life to new birth.

But when I wake up I am filled with your face, my love.

36

*Bogmalo Beach Goa, third world perspectives,
for Marina (the haven) Helena (the fair Osama of Troy)*

*The waves lip the sand
And their saliva's froth rolls back and forth.
I sip the salt of tears. Who is the felon?
Roll over my rim, spill onto the brim!
I'll drop anchor in your port, Helen.*

*Twin Towers, accusing fingers, crashing like markets dissolve
in black cascades
Special effects for real in this twister's whirl.
Still I'll drop anchor in your port, Helen!*

*I stir with a stick to find a memory
In rambunctious rubble,
While shards of pride smoke, unable to hide forever.
This is apocalypse, armageddon
(Afghanistan was afterwards)
Now it's kairos o'clock
Time to drop anchor in your port Helen*

*The womb is the ultimate shelter
Against the welter in the labyrinth of life.
The slow urgency of grass begins in the bomb holes of death.
Roll over my rim, spill onto my brim.
I must drop anchor in your port, Helen.*

37

Iraq Lies

*You came back in a body bag, my son.
The war was not your make.
They said "You'll be back for tea and cake",
Now soured dough, sodden raisins and a bun.*

*In trying to forget Hitler and Hiroshima
We created Taliban and Terror
And Mohammed Atta and Twin Towers
And George W. Bush and weapons of mass destruction
And children as the face of war.
They have no tomorrow
And no today.*

A half million children in Iraq
Dead. They paid the price.
„It was worth it“
Margaret, Margaret
Albright, Almighty, Alright.
„Let the little children come to us“
We'll put guns in their hands
And use their foetuses for face cream.
While thousands on the stands scream
George the Dragon Killer.
But the Killer and the Dragon were both in a can of worms.

And you were killed my son.
You came back in a body bag.
The war was not your make
They said „You'll be back for tea and cake“
Now soured dough, sodden raisins and a bun.



39

Do not walk in front of me

Do not walk in front of me

I may not follow

Don't walk behind me

I may not lead

Walk beside me and just be my friend.

40

Sea World - San Diego

*“Kein Schamgefuehl” (No sense of shame)
said a prim Frauelein passing by.*

*I saw a walrus lolling with his penis in his hand
And all he seemed to say was “Let me have a stand”
And he bit his mustache fiercely and rolled hie eye balls wide
And nudged the female gently who lay by his side.*

*But Miss Walrus was as listless as a catholic nun in blue
And she moved about an inch away and just refused to screw!
But the Pope gave her his blessing as though as much to say
You cannot be a virgin if you want to have a lay!*

41

To Cheryl - animal resemblances

To Cheryl - animal resemblances

Myopic eyes

With the glasses constantly slipping

Above the squirrel nose

A noon-day bat.

But I didn't mind

The carefully waddled walk.

42

Music
Cool



Anthony Lobo

Born on 19. September 1933 in Santa Cruz, Mumbai/Bombay, India. At the age of 5 shifted to Pune. Finished school, high school, college in Pune. Began studies for the priesthood in the Diocesan Seminary in Parel, Mumbai in 1953 and was shifted to Pune, Papal Seminary. Obtained BA in Philosophy & Licenciate in Philosophy in the Pontifical Atheaneum Pune, in 1957. Was sent for theology to St. Georgen, Frankfurt a.M., Germany in 1957. Was ordained priest in Eichstätt, Bavaria in 1961 and returned to India in 1962. Served in various capacities in the diocese of Pune, such as chaplain to the Young Christian Workers Movement, parish priest, principal of Ornellas High school and vicargeneral. Was involved in several social projects, such as street children and shelters for women.

After retirement, at the age of 69 married Marina Alvisi a German-Italian lady in Pune. Thereafter both settled in Berlin/Germany.

Besides academic studies the practise of yoga with the yogamaster BKS Iyengar was a decisive influence.

An MA and M Phil in English helped him on his way to becoming a poet. The poems are an expression of his life.

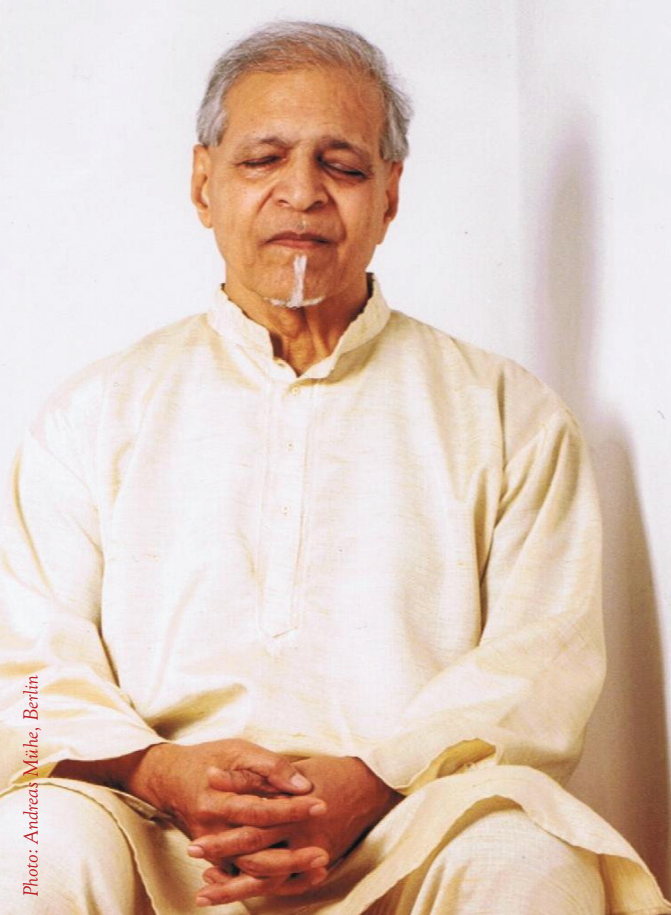


Photo: Andreas Mühle, Berlin

