

Go Forward, Going Back

The more India recedes
the less it vanishes
for these alternative
sites of dimension –
the Great Trunk Road
and Eliot's adaptation
of the Upanishadic wheel
'In my end is my
beginning' at which spoke
of the wheel's stasis
after the longest journey
things re-integrate, the Centre
can hold, and W.B. Yeats
sleeps at peace in his Celtic
grave; tread softly on
his dreams, for the Centre
can hold when called upon.
So I say to my daughter
and to my first and second sons.

Syd Harrex