



Cwarel Isaf Institute

Stafford Beer

Lyrik

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A Selection of Stafford Beer's Poetry *taken from TRANSIT*

Christmas Tree

Feel free my friends
to hang your judgments on me
gaily gift-wrapped.
Branches may droop
green needles brittle and fall
coloured lights smash.
Stark but bedecked
weighed down by your judgments that
made you feel good
I watch you go.
There is one problem for me
sawn off below.

The Cost Benefit Analysis Song

How many bricks constructed this prison
And how many grapes went into the wine
How many illusions were lost for the vision
Of how many angels advancing in line ?
How many lifetimes were ended in torment
And how many people this day would resign
How many bank balances just for this moment
And how many grapes went into the wine ?
How many units of human compassion
And how many grapes went into the wine
How many illusions were sacrificed wantonly
How many people have looked for a sign ?
How many women are need to fashion
The how many men who are forced to assign
How many excursions to bed were for passion
And how many grapes went into the wine ?
How many men have been killed by our soldiers
And how many grapes went into the wine
How many insurgents are listed in Folders
And how many children are shot through the spine ?
How many truths have run through our fingers
And how many credos Believing in mine
How many have led into unthought of dangers
And how many grapes went into the wine ?

Ballade for Warren

You liked the formal beat of ancient forms
The discipline they call for in the brain ;
You liked the flash of honesty that warms
The protocol of each austere refrain.
Because we made no parting, you and I,
To all my friends I say this fond goodbye
Here's one you left religiously performs
The rituals of friendship. Is it vain
To conjure your greathearted through the storms
That lifted you above the common plane
To spar with angels ? And is it profane
Because they inconsiderately die
To all my friends I say this fond goodbye?
The lively young define the living norms
By which to soil the earth and light the lane
That leads into the sky. And their reforms
In worlds outside our room may yet explain
The marks we left upon the windowpane.
Because I'll leave them too without a cry
To all my friends I say this fond goodbye.
So much we know through pleasure, thought and pain
Will perish in the future's hurricane :
Because there's nothing to indemnify
To all my friends I say this fond goodbye

Communication

You set up my assortment of words
Like photographs on the piano.
I have not seen the frames before.
Give back those dogeared pin-ups
That have populated my visions.
I'll expand my assortment of words
Making a big fat utterance
Of thoughts not flatulent before.
This tome will block the entrance
To the brain nursing its lesions.
I shall pare my assortment of words
Clipping them down to the lucid
Til all is spalled that was before
The meaning had become tacit
Among the discarded revisions.
In the end there is nothing of words
but it's beautiful and exact :
I haven't meant such a void before.
What sound, what mark reflects
The thoughts or attests to the visions ?

for some friends, with "Decision and Control"