

from the archives: Colin Stuart

The following poems first appeared in TCR 1.10 (1976), and are reprinted here, with permission from Colin Stuart's family.

on Colin Christopher Stuart

Duncan McNaughton



Tändeln mit den glühnden Rosen.¹

When first I got word he'd died—
my friend for the 20 years he was
present to me in the usual way, and
was present to me in occultation in
the usual way for the next 30—my
thought went to Heinrich Heine and
Gérard de Nerval, for the reason that
Colin now seems to me as if a fusion
of the two personalities into the one
“Man With The Roses.”

Like Heine, Stuart in person and in
his work had (may yet have—I hope
so) an “enduring power to disturb.”
The power to disturb truth on behalf
of trust, the hidden habit of *The Game*
played on behalf of “beauties Rose.”

From the very beginning
(1969/1970, Buffalo, through
Vancouver, Damascus, Bolinas, I've
forgotten where else, the Moon
probably) all our time together, all
our communications, were taking
place Elsewhere. We knew that from
minute one, and that it wouldn't
change. Weird scene. Two strangers,
unreliable fools, meet one day on the
lifetime bridge made of light and sighs
spanning the crevasse beneath two
dissolving clouds...

Sooner or later someone will see to
getting Colin's work on the table with,
I hope, care commensurate to Colin's
devotions.

1 Roughly translated from Heine's German: “Toying with (playing with) the burning Roses.”

We are led through so much for so little
The children go from sleep to school
getting up like the dawn, and crossing
over the bridge of sighs. A truth that
becomes as circular as riding a bicycle.
Even when the lights are turned off.

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The horse was a filly. She was affiliated with Pegasus, the horse of the legends.

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R O S E
B A N K B A N K
R O S E R O S E
B A N K

THE FINAL HOUR
MAY BE FILLED
WITH VIOLETS
KEEP THEM
CHILLED