

Ninth Preview of Jennifer Maiden's collection, *Biological Necessity: New Poems*, to be published by Quemar Press in 2021.

Contents: 8 Poems:

Diary Poem: Uses of Biological Necessity

On Re-Reading the Essay

Paper dolls in paper clothes

Gore Vidal Woke Again in Belmarsh Prison

Purgatory

George Jeffreys: 28:

George Jeffreys Woke Up in Isolation

A somewhat consistent rule

Diary Poem: Uses of Indigo

After the Volcano

Diary Poem: Uses of Biological Necessity

I would tell you I am always a quiet sleeper, but after my
last essay, it could have connotations of spying.

For some reason, I have been remembering

Melinda saying she'd watched me until morning,



and that I slumbered stilly without moving.

Was she surprised that someone so unresting,

when awake, could shed agitation easily?

Nye Bevan once said that socialism would eventually be

the system that succeeded because it was eventually

a biological necessity. I sleep as moveless as the moon.

Last night I had three nightmares, interlocking.

When I told Katharine - although not droning

out their narrative - she said it was surprising,

as she'd looked in on me and I had slept so calm.

But in my head, the dying were re-dying.

If I would not impose my dreaming on the close-by,

would I tell you of it, or are you of such intimacy

I would be too afraid to abuse your welcome?

Bevan also said, supposedly

mysteriously that 'the religion of socialism' was really

'the language of priorities', but I think that currently

we understand that more clearly. A priority

is an act of denial, a spiritual tragedy, defining



but redeeming, giving the self clear outlining
which allows it to combine: click into safety.

Peace is not an abstract noun when it means
not dying or losing biology, and safety remains
concrete as a bunker against long suffocating
or permanent timidities from delirium.

The essay being over, I have designed the cover
of this next book of poetry: not dystopian,
as I have no knack for apocalyptic fiction,
but the rising moon rosegold in chunky vapour,
sumptuous intersecting energy of atoms.

One reviewer, although sensitive and praising,
suggested that I might now start to tire:

I'm not sure if meant my work or meant its writer
would ultimately wilt in need of slumber,
but I would tell you I am already a quiet sleeper,
would seem to rest as moveless as the moon.



On Re-Reading the Essay

On re-reading the essay, the image in my head
is of a champagne glass being almost drained
and then set down on a surface. The shape
of the glass is the Diane de Poitiers breast
one: round and wide with its rim more open
even than the lips which drank its golden
bullets that burst like daylight, say it was
Pol Roger, Churchill's favourite perhaps
because it matures like a red at your wrist
in the dry glow as you work, whether you win
the peace with Stalin or bomb Dresden
into mummified ash. An essay, slow wine
or a poem are long-range missiles. As
I re-read the essay, Morrison said we'd spend
over the next decade two hundred and seventy billion
on a defence package including the long-range,
because the world would be wild, post-Covid,



although the dole has to stay near-starvation. As
I re-read the essay, the FBI arrested
Ghislaine Maxwell finally: a surprise as she was
assumed in Council on Foreign Relations protection,
but there was some mysterious Murdoch-Mossad
turnaround in the Press and she appears abandoned.
She never before really looked abandoned: dishevelled
and wry at times, of course, accompanying Epstein
like a long-bought wife or weary watchdog. Diane
de Poitiers as the mistress of a King - Sixteenth
Century French Henry - had more petite smoothness,
but in both her and Maxwell the lips are pinched
deliciously by wit, although Maxwell had more victims.
After the careful Military-Industrial Complex,
Five-Eyed set-up of Russia then China, Morrison
threatens two hundred and seventy billion victims. In
my head the glass on the table beads like yellow sun
the colour of vaccine and one knows any essay should
have a new vaccine's function.



I wanted to help the reader be afraid but
survivingly, awarely of the powerful macrocosms.

A vaccine is at once a macro and microcosm.

At the end of my essay was a balcony image:

Kim Philby taking his book at last outside
to show his Control he was ready to go home.

Kim had a smile pinched by wit like Ghislaine,
or Diane. On re-reading the essay, the image
in my head is of a glass to give champagne
to the air and the mouth by a wider, finer rim,
being almost drained and set down on a surface,
and the residue the colour of vaccine.



Paper dolls in paper clothes

I am thinking of paper dolls in paper clothes.

There is now a court sketch of Ghislaine Maxwell in tears having been denied bail. Did she expect bail after years of experience with Intelligence Agencies? Did she trust them, think her father, Epstein, even Stephen Ward, must still be alive somewhere. In the sunlight, plastic surgery?

After the earlier press release confirming she is being dressed in paper so that there is no possibility of her hanging herself on anything more heavy,

Twitter in particular saw the announcement as a sign she would be Epsteined in the course of time,

George Galloway earlier saying he would be surprised if she suicided, but 'not as surprised as she would be'.

I am thinking of paper dolls in paper clothes.

Celebrities. There are glossy paper booklets for most : feminist heroes, actors, historical figures, the White House. Each twitching adolescent she trained like a white mouse



would have been nurtured to desire such closetry,
as bright and fragile as paper, as heart-tearingly pretty:
scarred chorus lines of them. A pedantic avuncular Israeli
ex-agent makes the point that Ghislaine's father was probably
not Mossad as such but just worked for Israeli Army
Intelligence, introduced Ghislaine and Epstein to Ehud Barak,
but he does not understand why they or the CIA made the mistake
of re-arresting Epstein, arresting Ghislaine at all there
since she wasn't living really in America. I wonder whatever
did they tell her to reassure her, promise her?
Or does she die of love, but not for Epstein ?
Did Epstein die for love? The New York apartment
with its spying and recording devices provided by Wexner
must have been a wonderland if you consider
espionage as an antiseptic: cleansing the agent from
sexual inhibitions, everything that comes
from the impotence of being the youngest daughter
of a charismatic embezzling press baron, your twin sisters
making a fortune from cyber networking, a search engine,



but all that is given to you is Jeffrey Epstein.

I am thinking of paper dolls in paper clothes.

I am thinking of Wexner's firm, the underwear Secrets:
rounded bras and panties like soft dawns or lacy sunsets,
as if selected for a prince's vision,
already at Covid distance on their runways, Ghislaine's
promise to Florida children that even they could become
such exquisite models if they learned their lesson.

We could digress a little to the Clintons.

Hillary of course hired Ghislaine's nephew Alexander
to make policy decisions on the Middle East for her
at the State Department, but Ghislaine's passion
for Bill was probably genuine, I believe. Is there a gamethink
where a Republican Intelligence faction, a Netanyahu rump,
want to embarrass the Democrats, prevent Ehud Barak
from running for Israeli office? Mossad against the Army?
Indeed, the sinister CIA paper clothing story
seemed to have a Democrat finesse. But whatever: Ghislaine
crouches crying on the video in the courtroom,



the new transparency on the runway is sunset rose,
and I think of paper dolls in paper clothes.



Gore Vidal Woke Again in Belmarsh Prison

Gore Vidal woke again in Belmarsh prison. Briefly, he had slept re-reading his *History of the National Security State*, which in the barred dawn he'd found on Julian Assange's bed, as if Assange still gripped it sometimes as he once had when being dragged through the street from the Embassy at last. Assange was exhausted, having finally appeared in Court via a video link initially the Prison said that it forgot to organise at all until the Defence objected, so that there was more sickly waiting. Deadly waiting. White was not the colour to describe Assange. His face had a mottled prison chiaroscuro of pale blanket and grey cell floor colours, that cell window, lit as livid. At the same time in Spain, Vidal then recollected, Assange's partner Stella Morris had thoroughly testified about how the CIA-hired Spanish Security outfit had spied on the Embassy with any possible device and planned to kidnap and murder their subject.



At first Vidal had thought her out of her depth, but
then aphorised that we only find our depth
by being out of it, so sighed and shrugged:
'The English trial continues as a farce - the United States
having declared a new Indictment, but not
presented it, and its revisions only about
you having helped Snowden and Manning, not much
of a revelation and any bad bits based on the paid bias
of a plea-bargaining Icelandic pedophile', said
Vidal. Assange woke up and took the book
from him gently. Vidal intended to sound tough,
but heard himself whisper, spontaneous with kindness -
odd how compassion always lowered his voice -
'I thought it once a biological necessity that
your own country deserted you: Gillard wanting to take
away your passport, Greste writing you weren't a journalist,
re-establishing his credentials by defending a well-packaged
eloquent Iranian producer, one easy to showcase
for eager literary prizes and festivals. It all seemed



to me as if they were following physical logic:
we Americans were as powerful as death,
and there was no reward if they resist. But
even though like me you are a ghost in a mask
of imprisoned skin, the festival of spirits
does a wayward dance, biology not as tragic
or the State as secure as at first.' Assange's shrewd gaze
acknowledged the thirst to give hope, but also hoped
there was some truth in it, conceded, 'I am alive', as if
somewhere he had children, friends, and Stella Morris
was finding her depth in billowing Spanish justice.



Purgatory

It is not in itself evil.

It is the shape of evil,

that we have come to associate with evil:

coronal,

as in the Crown of Thorns starfish that will

devour coral.

It is covered with little

flowerets to harpoon the living T cells

of mammals, swarming to the most vulnerable

body parts like blood vessels,

until their organs fail.

In the air, some metaphoric scientist did once call

it 'in purgatory', neither in heaven or hell,

life or death. It is in its own microcosmal

trance, its floating puffball freedom, aerosol

bondage to the currents but the purgatorial

prongs can penetrate the invisible holes



in a mask up to three layers. Biological
necessity gives it a force like gravity, all
designed to break down the cell wall
and replicate itself like a miracle,
a flock flying through the blood. Royal
objects have that strange ambivalent thrall:
the crown, the mace, the orb that I recall
from a picture book in childhood: the jewels,
and the shape I still find most tantalisingly whole:
the round orb balanced in the hand like a world,
a ball of flames, the sun, under the footfall
of a fear lion, or in a queen's imperial
display, as confident as a peacock's tail,
and as glowing as a crown about to fall.

As Silkin said about moss and its mossy details:
'you cannot speak of misery to it'. 'Ubique' entails,
as in the motto of the Foreign Relations Council,
a billowing oblivion. It has buds: little, with necks like coral,
floats unconscious of its own hunger, anchor-orbed, floral



with that innocence in all spores, all the viral:

still,

and in itself, not evil.



George Jeffreys: 28:

George Jeffreys Woke Up in Isolation

George Jeffreys woke up in isolation in a hotel in Darling Harbour.

It was second week of their Covid quarantine, and Clare and the three-year-old Corbyn were splashing in the shower with a view over moon-cleansed Sydney, where the glitter seemed hysterical with, he thought, mild cabin-fever.

In a week, they'd stay again at the house of Clare's mother in Mt Druitt, but he wasn't unhappy here. Or anywhere, he realized, these days, as he felt internally quieter.

In the glass wall-window he could see a quarter of Sydney, with Clare and Corbyn superimposed over, like a Renoir mother and child in wispery at a river, the garments being stray fluorescent fog. *I am her lover:* part of his tranquility was to choose his diction sharper, and to be excited by it, and the designation 'partner' was not as sustaining as the intimate one. However, she had pointed out that a 'partner' could be a dancer,



and the reflection of her stretching up in the water
made him touch the prisms of the window picture
as if holding her up lightly, she coming there. Syria -
where they had just again been - was not turning vaguer
in their memories: the Kurds bargaining again with America
with oil neither owned, the various Jihadis in departure
either home to ignite Western Cities, undermine China,
or work for Turkey in denuded Libya, but one chessmaster,
Russia, exasperating all with moderation, was the winner -
at least as long as it cared, George reflected in the harbour
mirror. Clare and Corbyn - both petite - were using one huge
cloudy hotel towel to dry themselves. Clare was in anger
at new US sanctions against Syria, and so her fingers
were consequently deliberately softer: she would never
let herself confuse one arena with another. Would she be forever
without spontaneity, sometimes she would ponder,
if it hadn't been for George's provocations? He fixed supper.
She knew he had been unsettled by a review of his last memoir,
in which the critic stated Clare grew but not George. She'd reassure



him about that later, she promised the harbour, that had steamed over
as if the world did not exist, children confused with hunger
who still wondered if politeness would mean some sort of dinner
not the wrench around of the screw in their Covid horror. Clare
who had used soap that dissolved like Damascus jasmine, but sweeter,
dried Corbyn's hair with the last dry bit of towel, and incarnated to savour
olive oil and spice-rich smells from their double burner.



A somewhat consistent rule

(One of my motivations for working on these cases was that the U.S. drone campaign appeared to be horribly mismanaged and was resulting in paid informants giving false information about innocent people who were then killed in strikes. For example, when I shared the podium with Imran Khan at a “jirga” with the victims of drone strikes, I said in my public remarks that the room probably contained one or two people in the pay of the CIA. What I never guessed was that not only was this true but that the informant would later make a false statement about a teenager who attended the jirga such that he and his cousin were killed in a drone strike three days later... There is a somewhat consistent rule that can be seen at work here: it is, of course, much safer for any informant to make a statement about someone who is a “nobody”, than someone who is genuinely dangerous.' - *Lawyer Clive Stafford Smith, founder of Reprieve - originally established to oppose the death penalty - and then to oppose torture, illicit detention and extraordinary rendition - testifying to the life-saving value of the exposing Wikileaks cables, at Julian Assange's Old Bailey Hearing, 9th September, 2020*)

Gore Vidal woke up in the Old Bailey.

As often the world returned to him in bits,

as garish and symbolic as postage stamps,

but he was focused by the words of Stafford Smith:

about the boy at the meeting protesting drones strikes:

who was no doubt concerned, civic-souled and mild:

not dangerous enough to live, poor child.

Vidal remembered certain intelligence agents were said

to lament Assange becoming known on TV

before they could kill him first conveniently.



When someone says that one is not a threat,
how much of a threat is that supposed to be?
Vidal saw another part of the postal display:
a magistrate showing her luxuries of scorn
at the defence, like something out of porn
he would still quite like to write. Somewhere on the net,
in a Wikispooks photo she held a champagne glass
poised at an exhibition, virginal with joy:
a living dual passport, with the innocence of a boy
trusting that power is too dangerous to die.
She had rescinded permission for every Human Rights
outfit to observe this Hearing by remote,
declaring they would be beyond her 'control'. But
as Stafford Smith said, 'somewhat consistent rule',
from nowhere the slowly-integrating Vidal
had arrived in the public gallery, unreal
as justice, and innocently, awkwardly, he
returned her gaze: a somewhat final mystery.



Diary Poem: Uses of Indigo

It is a luscious concept, the cross between violet and blue,
the depths and disparities, de-solutions, dissolutions of the hue,
asserting its own secrecies and shadow. I am thinking about indigo,
there is something in it about the subconscious compulsion to allow
rhyme into sleep's hinterland. My cousin in an email reminded me
that my nineteenth century great-grandfather created indigo dye
from plants, in India, manufactured it and carpets, traded on the sea
in his own ships. He once fought for the British in the Indian mutiny
but there is an indigo-profound trajectory away from all that, too.

Finally a monstrous typhoon from the indigo Bengal Bay
sank all his ships, killed his English wife and children.

In Australia, he had her fair fine hair as his watchchain.

After the typhoon in Bengal he staunchly married again:

my grandmother, whose blood was Indian.

He named his second family after the first ones,

in various ways: my grandfather was James Scrimmes

Borthwick Maiden. His father's first wife was Betsy Scrimmes, my

grandmother Emma Borthwick. Her family's Indian names



on the early certificates are phoneticised strangely,
with one called 'Niger' - some form of Nagar - little town?

There is again the merging indigo all his own.

My family has a history of depressions, resurrections
a merging indigo bay of them. It has taken me a time
to return today to the topic of Assange.

Craig Murray's blog recounting the Old Bailey
proceedings does not go into the details of his condition,
but the Herald declares them shamelessly:

indigo suicide intentions, palpable hallucinations,
by an aspiring journalist who really doesn't like him.

The prosecution suggests if they were genuine,
he wouldn't have been able to survive with efficacy -
expose things like Collateral Murder's audio -
ignores that survival is a characteristic of depression,
until the indigo overwhelms, blends true,
the inner and the outer howling through,
indistinguishable from the twilight in the bay.



After the Volcano

Preparing to read Martin Johnston's *Central American Football* poem at a Zoom Memorial for him, I think of the reference to Malcolm Lowry: 'what a time to be reading Malcolm Lowry', and my brain flits back to workshops in which Latin American women had been traumatised by things like Pinochet but also eruption of real volcanoes, that combination of political persecution, torture and torture by fire's natural concatenation.

in Lowry's *Under the Volcano*, the Consul's alcohol addiction is partly a metaphor for the igneous self-destruction of the Western Empire, the inhabitants discarding him when dead down a slope to contemptuous oblivion.

In my recent essay on misuse of conservatism, I see Johnston as one of the left-wing artist victims of political subtle despair, internalised addiction as a form of controlling artists. In *Central American Football*, frighteningly, 'the patient chac-mool grins in the next gallery', linking the ancient football games,



they often lethal, sometimes sacrificial, to the form
relaxed in stone with the pot on its stomach offering
a sacrifice to the gods, sometimes just bakery or corn,
sometimes the heart or blood of a sacrificed person.

Indeed, the football was gladiatorial sometimes,

And so the poem does finish on the heart. Bolivian
politics are post-volcanic, one hopes, not digressing,
but their election is very soon and may overcome
the recent Pinochet-style coup against them.

I am a sounding board for my daughter's translation
of letters between Bolívar and Sáenz that burn.

Johnston may have been thinking of all Latin American
blood sacrifices, like that of Allende, at his writing time.

Chac-mools were not revered at the back of the building.

They were placed between the priests and the congregation.

In Latin American spirit, of Lowry, or indeed Johnston,

I can store on them new maize for the god of rain.

