



Excerpts from

brookings: the noun:
new poems

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Diary Poem: Uses of brookings: the noun

I have placed on the cover of my new book a woman.

I've just written an *Eleanor and Hillary* again, one

where Eleanor not-jealous of Julia reflects on

how Julia now works for the Brookings Institution.

Eleanor then

tells Hillary she's always thought there could be a noun

'brookings' meaning activities that the covert rightwing

make seem smoother and more inarguable than

their lethal ones: a good anti-racist position, anti-pollution,

anti-gender/cross-gender discrimination, and

of course pro-educating women. 'Who wouldn't belong?'

she asks, 'when you can brook forever?' Since then,

those lines from Longfellow about a virgin:

'Standing with reluctant feet/ where the brook

and river meet' snag distractingly my brain, like

rough fingernails snaring on satin. The river beyond soft

brooking glints a deadly global thing. I searched up the poem



by Longfellow, 'Maidenhood': stiff second person: 'Then
why pause with indecision/ When bright angels in thy vision/
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?' Then not quite so tinny,
since terror trickles in tune on stones.

And any water-words seem toylike drones:

'Seest thou shadows sailing by, /As the dove, with startled eye/
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?' The Eleanor and Hillary
was called *Concrete*, after her invested-in Swiss-French firm
building bunkers for Daesh in Syria, but aquiline
shadows also flitting on the water are the ones
like the Japanese toylike car company's million
dollars of vehicles to the Jihad, the U.S. Investment firm
employing General Petraeus which gives Al-Queda arms
and funds, or the Caterpillar of building machines
that cocooned the Daesh complexes underground.
Eleanor also might say that global capitalism
needs wars and displaced populations to starve down
the cost of labour, thin out the opposition. The stream,
she'd think, takes odd twists and odder turns,



as it harmonises pebbles. These new Democrats
being globalist need the wars but Donald Trump
being nationalist-industrialist slows them down,
blames Obama and the Bushes for Middle East
expensive crusades for resources, all the markets
of reconstruction, says 'Let them pay for their own
damage: I didn't do it.' And indeed he did not, thinks
Eleanor, in depression. 'Deep and still, that gliding stream/
Beautiful to thee must seem,/As the river of a dream',
acknowledges Longfellow to the maiden.

I have placed on the cover of my new book a woman
in ancient gentle stone (really concrete), paying attention
to a child showing a drone like a garden plaything. Drones
in the sky focus on them. This is our discourse, our diction,
with brookings sleek as pebbles in our mouth for elocution.
I have placed on our cover the woman, child and stones.



On the edge of Lake Geneva

Jorge Luis Borges woke up on a bench on the blue pure grace
of the edge of Lake Geneva next to the containedly baffled face
of an Australian critic who had last talked with Kenneth Slessor.

'Why', the critic asked, 'Are you interested in Australia?'

Borges fixed his no-longer blind eyes even more awake
by focusing on Mont Blanc like a white virgin or a cupcake:
when you regain your vision, everything is pure.

He said, 'In one's sleep one always obsesses. Here,
again, the Nobel Prize was haunting me. All of my
conservative supporters told me I would win it. Every
year, it came and went without me. My work
was a whole issue of *Encounter*, before the CIA
scandal overwhelmed that publication. Pinochet
giving me an award was never sufficient reason
for me to be overlooked on literary merit. Murnane
being put forward by the *New York Times* to attain
the Nobel makes me live it all again'. The critic at last



understood this morning-cold meeting, and the past
made sense of the present. He soothed, 'Murnane
was championed decades ago by Salusinszky.
Salusinszky is a professional conservative but he
does not need Murnane to be so. Although I've seen
how often the Avante-Garde and experimental become
toys of the rightwing, as kaleidoscopic shopfronts. That
is not so in this case.' Borges' hand still had somewhat
the blind man's small agitation on his cane. But in this white
and azure lucent ecstasy he was eager to explain:
'It was the Peronistas who contorted me right-wing.
For a while I was not a democrat but in the Eighties, when
all the charming delirium of *Encounter* had gone,
and Vietnam's labyrinthine diction,
and the Six Day War's seduction,
I was convinced by democracy again.' The critic gave the thin
smile he used while his mind turned the handle of his own
trinket machine of quotations: ' You likened, I remember,
The Falklands War to two bald men fighting over



a comb. ' Borges gave a thinner smile: 'Yes, I do not mean democracy as an excuse for war. If I sat here again as a ghost with a ghost's compulsion to recant, I would tell you I regret my saying that Lorca was not as good as his reputation because he was left-wing. Such were ever things one said to please professors in Geneva.'

'You were here as a child,' the critic remembered, however added, 'Of course one is always a child in Geneva.'

Recruited, he thought, for some Devil's prize or passion, to want rewards as conflicting and compulsive as the shop-front with its disparate dazzling toys, and all the while the lake its meltwater too cold for corruption seemed to take all calmness for itself from human needing. Borges said, 'This was the right place to die. If I wrote one of my early stories, in it the boy I was would stumble on my grave. I did indeed make sure there were carvings from Old Norse and Old English on it to intrigue him. What is worse, my friend, than the snowblind purity of our words that blend fiction and reality becoming either one at the end,



forever?' 'There is a softness in the experimental, too
pure to be political, that conservatives encourage, it's true,'
said the critic, 'Slessor told me that he turned time back,
indeed turned his back on time, chose a new hundredth yacht,
to write *Beach Burial*, which once did not exist. If you and I
could journey back so, would you still want the Nobel?
I am clever about fundings and committees. Well?
It might simplify your sleep, scatter it safely dystopic,
not so singularly obsessed.' Borges looked at the critic,
said, 'You will remember more than me my work,
but one story was I think, *The Secret Miracle*'?' 'In which,'
said the critic, 'a man before a firing squad receives
the reprieve of a whole year without time? If one grieves
for humanity, the remedy is secret. You explained before
that living in a dictatorship taught you to write in metaphor.'
'There are endless routes in the labyrinth, but none',
said Borges, 'in art can be controlled or won. In art alone
reality is conserved in its confusion. The Nobel Prize
then would have tolerated values I despise



now because of aging, but I only wanted to receive
its respite from torture then when I could believe
that art itself was mercy: that I could impinge on reality,
like a Peronista, a muddled-meddling red Lorca, that was why
they should have given it to me then, when it was real, open,
this lake of yearning. Now I have what it would have given,
the passivity in regret, the strange blessing to be jealous.'

The critic nodded: 'A gaucho in love on the Pampas.

Home from the labyrinth, the lake. But why then am I with you?'

Alps rippled heavens, lake white with merging blue.

Borges said, 'To tell me a story that will fix me back in living,
about a thing that once had every meaning.'

Their eyes met, as Borges could use his, understood.

The critic's fluxed, lake-mutable as a fiction, grey
as God. He began: 'It was a lake-calm day in Sydney
and there was no firing squad...'



White Helmets

Words are white helmets in this brookings stage, in which savagery hides in brook-like charm, fluffy clouds of equality, seeming humanity. 'Humane', it is said the White Helmets stage atrocities and rescue in the name of human rights, are really part of ISIS. It is claimed they kidnap and murder children, for false flags.

To fight the Syrian Government, they perform mostly their own filming but a doco praising them won an Academy Award. Denmark has refrained at last from funding them because of their terrorist association. They are supported still by many countries classing them 'moderates', by think-tanks of Democrats and apparently George Clooney. They are a soothing concept.

My George and Clare if in Syria could try to retrieve, desperate, a child from them in Idlib before it dies, too, of chlorine poignantly on YouTube, and indeed maybe

I will write this for you some time. But, at the moment, we are at the initial stage in brooking: shallow wetness



ripples bare on our glittering feet. We can't even yet
glimpse ocean beyond the cloud-world's rim, since every
word forms a cloud to save us, a white helmet.

The round, pretty eyes of the Hebrides: Two:

Mirrors and Smoke

Mary Anne MacLeod woke up outside the Oval Office in
a filmy Washington dawn. Her son Donald frowned nearby
reading *Fear* she had lent him by Bob Woodward. She
talked directly these days with Donald. They'd become
easier with each other, their explanations intersecting
in a soft and delicate rhythm that was always reminding
her of the tide in the Hebrides intermingling with the shore.
For a long time of course their discourses before
had been polite and parallel but at last now it was possible
to offer word by word for acceptance, brick by brick a tower.



She said, 'Of course the book is a CIA strategy, however what concerned me most was that peculiar portion about you never entering the Oval Office alone at daybreak because you were afraid of all the ghosts of former Presidents. If that were so, dear, I could speak to them.' Donald asked with a filial indignation: 'You know, don't you? You don't really think that of me? I just don't go in alone but with someone the Neocons wouldn't like to lose as well on a fatal morning.'

She said 'Yes, that's why you always were so fine at the Military Academy. I knew you'd like turning stress into strategy and popularity. You'd moonlight in Manhattan, but it was just to escape empty time.' That odd man Bolton had arrived without a greeting. Donald and Mary Anne took him into the Oval Office. It was still all golden sudden intersecting horizons, like a Hebridean morning on the sea. Bolton nodded to Mary Anne brusly, himself feeling unusual in this place: whoever else Trump brought in he thought, was going to be a circus, anyway. Bolton



said, 'It's confirmed the Russians just supplied three S-300 Air Defence Systems in battalions to Syria because of the Israelis, British and French playing mirrors and smoke with bombing to down the monitor plane full of Russian military techs. I've accused the Russians of Escalation. But I don't like being set up for Suez Mark Two by that gang of amateur chessmen.' ' President Eisenhower' explained Donald to his mother, 'at Suez wouldn't have that done to him. I admire Eisenhower.' Who was not at that hour in the room. She asked, 'And Monroe, I believe?' 'Yes, the Monroe doctrine was just to keep the British out of our neighbourhood. It wasn't until Teddy Roosevelt that it was turned to war.' Donald thought: Bolton's bloodlust is tempered by his need for isolation. 'Globalism feeds on military spending', he told Bolton, sat at the old desk with its new picture of Ivanka. Mary Anne dusted that with her trim white Island fingers. She asked, 'Why is it that men trust no one but their sons-in-law, not their sons? Like you, with Jared Kushner?' He considered: 'Their daughter



would not choose a betrayer, of either their close plans
or of their brains. And she knows I love the devout ones,
the Ministers like your father. And any massacre in Gaza
was not with Jared's consent.' Bolton exclaimed 'Patagonia!'
and paced the floor like a President, arms locked behind his back.
Trump explained, 'He is referring to despair. There is a theory
the Israelis are using the post-Falklands War British power
over Argentina to colonise Patagonia, build an escape-country
of frozen milk and frozen honey if there is too much danger where
they awkwardly are. That would explain the risky desperation,
the disregard for earthly opinion. But I think their Russian plane plan
was a weird one, even for them. I've no carriers in the area,
though, and don't intend to send one. Do you know, Mother,
one real problem?' Mary Anne said, 'Well, I do remember
that one of the places for Israel originally was to be Patagonia.
And also I think Kenya?' She found it hard to imagine.
As usual, Donald meant something else, and she
was as patient as if on her birth Isle of Lewis,
plaiting wild fleece. It was such an ease,



such a comfort now when they spoke together. Word
by word, their diction soothed her fingers. He said,
'The Russian systems are analogue and no one here
learns it. All our systems are based now on transistors.
Even if we capture something from them, we can't use it.'
Bolton muttered, 'And India has just bought S-400s from them.
So much for the plan to link Japan, India and Australia
to out-manoeuvre China. Not to mention the oil India
is buying from Iran.' Morning-tea light quickened, thickened
about them. Gold interns brought in trays of cookies, cloudy coffee.
Bolton seemed suspicious. Mary Anne laughed 'Biscuits!', with relief.
Trump said, 'If I lose in the Mid-Terms, Britain will attack Syria
again, despite Russia having signed with Turkey to knock out
some CIA ex-headchoppers in Idlib. And if it isn't Syria, then
the false flag will be Ukraine. I'm relying on Russia not to bite.'
He bit a chocolate wheatmeal like a cunning provocation. She
thought: he has a German bite, untidy and open like his father,
asked him, 'Was it after all New York Military Academy
that made you want to be President, and not some



Dare-to-Dream money fantasy that came with built-in failure?'

Bolton thought of Eisenhower, said, 'Of course, perhaps they

voted for a soldier', puzzled, as he himself was not one:

soldiers spoke a socialist language: resource, tariff, priority,

to be not the believer but escaper. He said, 'I still would not

have voted for you. I believed in Iraq and the Bushes.' Trump

laughed with the gentle expression of his mother at the biscuits.

Would Ivanka or young Kushner be Ambassador to Patagonia?

Mirrors, yes, and smoke. This fear was sometimes better

pleasure than lost night life in New York.

Mockingbird, mockingbird

Cord Meyer and Allen Dulles began CIA Operation Mockingbird in 1950, hiring journalists from Corporate Media including CBS, The NY Times, American ABC, NBC, Newsweek, and Associated Press, employing about 3,000 CIA agents and over 400 journalists. Philip Graham of the Washington Post quotes a CIA operative: 'You can get a journalist cheaper than a good call girl, for a couple hundred dollars a month'. In 1976, a new policy was announced: the CIA 'maintains covert relationships with about 50 American journalists or employees of U.S. media organizations. They are part of a network of several hundred foreign individuals around the world who provide intelligence for the CIA and at times attempt to influence foreign opinion through the use of covert propaganda. These individuals provide the CIA with direct access to a large number of foreign newspapers and periodicals, scores of press services and news agencies, radio and television stations... and other foreign media outlets.' Mockingbird was streamlined because it had been outsourced successfully offshore.



CIA motto: 'The Work of a Nation. The Center of Intelligence.; ' Unofficial motto: 'And you shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free..' (John 8:32)

Mockingbird, mockingbird, you echoed me in the night,
with nothing but your own mirror-light: 'I am the Work
of a Nation. The Centre of Intelligence.' I scoffed:
'The official motto. Tell me the unofficial, something like
Work shall set you free - or was that Auschwitz?' The bird's
cry blinded like a mirror: 'It was about truth, truth,
not work, from John 8:32: *And you shall know the truth
and the truth shall make you free.*' Tell me, mockingbird,
mockingbird, tell me,
you are wedge-tailed, winged grey, bosomed white,
your round eyes, indelible pupils, freeze fierce, paranoid,
claws gripping the branch eternal but elegantly relaxed,
you are said to sing on graves, you are said to be sacred:
as dangerous as an albatross to murder, mockingbird,
mockingbird, tell me of your loyalty,
true beyond all truth in self. I know that you will answer me,
mocking to the last, will answer
only what you hear from me, that your call will sound as free
as my own ghost in the dark.



History's Actors

'People like you are still living in what we call the reality-based community. You believe that solutions emerge from your judicious study of discernible reality. That's not the way the world really works anymore. We're an empire now, and when we act, we create our own reality. And while you are studying that reality—judiciously, as you will—we'll act again, creating other new realities, which you can study too, and that's how things will sort out. We're history's actors, and you, all of you, will be left to just study what we do.'

Should I have put it in quotes like that? When it was quoted in *New York Times*

by a journo called Suskind criticising Bush-Iraq, he just said it was an adviser

to Bush, didn't name Karl Rove and Rove always denies it, although in

a pop song and all over the internet now and forever

he is accused of being the utterer. It almost sounds too well-composed, too clever

for someone to say on the spot. Rove said the words made no sense, but

they do to a student of the actors. *King Lear* is in the news again:

a libel case, but seeing a video: Cordelia in the arms of the King,

death-limp, death-unreachable, I remembered what can be spoken,

what can't, and never the same time. When I sat for for the HSC one question

was how would you do a *Lear* stage production and I wrote that incest

or the urge for it should be shown, as in '*I will punish home*',

and it went over well: I came second in the state, but at Uni later

the same observation produced shudders and great changing-of-subject.

I gave up on it until you and here. What did Lear want from Cordelia?



Nothing reality-based, at least not hers. Over-praise is a thing beloved of history's actors, their lubrication. In being judicious she was resisting spin-control, of course, but her uneasiness is as profound as the womb: every court is a harem and every seraglio a slaughterhouse at last. The intention to murder softens the speech into phrases: as in '*War on Terror*' there is cleanliness, protection: the *White Helmets*. It is not Orwellian deception so much as hunger. Both the beast and the abattoir worker are crazed for reassurance. King Lear suggesting to Cordelia that they both watch in quietness superior to court politics was at best useless, and at worst the recipe for their annihilation. How many versions of Yemen will the Mainstream flow past you, according to the current, and the current status of the Saudis, whose mercenaries slaughter that country and starve it for oil? The war on terror is against Jihadis trained by the West and placed wherever the oil and the trade routes need a battle. The oil and the trade routes and the water. In the recent King Lear filmed in Britain, the victims were already on stage, stacked in blood, and Hopkins carried in only the broken rope that hanged her.



We are the brook and they are the river,
according to what Rove denies he said.

King Lear in the grey poor video made here
staggers onstage, weighed real with his dead.

