

# JOSEPH WARD

Desert Poet. Prospector. And a Manxman.  
*His Life and Adventures.*

1879-1928.

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## THE SCARLET WOMAN

Look at that face, *the* sniff of scorn, the haunting covert, yet defiant then hopeless look in the eye, the laughing hypocritical hopeless cry as she divines life's true purpose and its denial, terror grips the poor heart, which at times quails with the curse of hell, she blames fate, society, God – then itself, then fitlessly falls, faints, relents, returns, then forgets in the dregs of hopeless misery, mercy from those who were not so tempted – no – from her luckier sister – no – from those who profess Christ's forgiveness – no – admantine relentlessness – yes – forever. They forgive – never. But are they are Judge? No. Were I the Judge, I'd say, as Jesus –“Go and sin no more,” and blame her sisters, and the man. There stands temptation, passions, controls and once started on the downward path engulfs. In the ultimate God is to blame – yes, God. She fell. I fell, many fall, many did fall, many will fall. It was ever – and ever – ever will be. It must be, so why mercy—think of that fainting heart, as dim memories of dreams its gardens haunt. Dreams of romance as when a ittle girls with dolls, she mimicked mother-love, and as a girl at school, at the Sunday Church, of dressing for the party, and in the glow of youth and hope, and hearted, oh, so light, lithe as the angels wings, beautiful as a dream – her hair—glory of adornment, in wild abandon flowing on her shoulders; her sprightly step and bubbling spirits and laughing voice, that glorified her father's heart - the apple of his eye. Now his hopes dashed for ever to the ground. The adder's sting within his heart. Desire of death his dreams, a cry of death upon his lips, despair and enmity to all existence, God ad all. While she, the victim, her hopes of mother-love unfruited, denied the little ones, that yearning, craving, questless voice, the lispings of whose prattling music she will never hear; oh, what sadness, what grief; how her heart breaks in awful silence. O! God, Oh! Drink, oh, anything, come quickly. And as the years pass, if she lives she can't forget these, when comes the change of life, childless, and with the hope of death in her heart, she sees through little fault of hers the gilded letters of hell. She feels how it has long spelled her, scared and soiled and fallen, she longs for death, this poor, fragile, tender thing, and seeks it – gets it. As her former happiness, innocence, purity and beauty stand revealed, her heart sinks like lead, a cold freezing terror grips her, and with one last shriek of that despair, she takes the fatal drink, holding high the deadly goblet, the guu, the – to escape. The terrible thoughts which dagger her soul, to its very vitals, and from a cold forgiveless world, that knows no mercy, charity or code of honour, save that of selfish ignorance and unrelenting hate. Oh! Smug appearance, appearing ones decry her now, point not the scornful finger, this poor lost victim, she is more innocent than you – yes, far more – you are the guilty ones, and so shall stand for eternal time, because you did not your duty, your social duty. Ye hounds of grafting men, ye noblement, who think you've lived the right lie. By a scratch you've lived it. Ye have not wholly lived it – ye were lucky, lucky, lucky. Ye got protection of a kind, of many kinds, and ye publicly at least escaped, till in the flowering of your heart children ye

received eternal protection, and that holy light of motherhood hallowed your countenance, that rose so infinitely high above the abasements and debasements of sex and lust, rose to the infinite heights, in heaven yourselves – you have no mercy for her who rose not, who failed to rise, who could not rise, sealed by the fate of God – she could not. Iron-bound by the eternal grip of destiny she was helpless as the feeble air-current in the whirling tornado. Blame not this fragile thing, this fleeting creature—this vision of a moment—a flash of loving light across the stage (creation's dawn], a moment in the limelight she danced the red, then blackness—you in glory in the white—oh, the different feelings each and – of us who view each life in its own peculiar light, who shall judge? ("Judge not.")

True for our time, mercy teacheth, you need it more than she, she asks it not from you, guiltless—you are less. Pity—no; justice—some day light will shine, knowledge enlightens, and duty will lead, and such living hells will cease to be, each human life will live it's accomplished destiny, and these poor sullied hearts will have paid the price.

Their sacrifices will fruition in glory, to myriads who will be legatees of their vicarious crucifixion of the altar of ignorance, and inhumanity will then be near, and in the evening vespers, whispering softly, the angels will sweetly sing the Virgins holy song, and in the miracle of God all who have passed the fiery gates, will stand again, happiness of glory on every face, innocent as the dewey morning, fragrant as the lilacs bloom, in our youthful garden to memory dear, soft as the moonbeams light, as a smiling mother will look again at her new-born daughter, and love and happy in her daily joys and sounds. Tears will be there—tears of joy—when hate and torment, in each re-born creature will be obliterated, forgotten. This is the meaning of heaven, the miracle of God will not for all the hosts of fallen. Then we'll know why outlined on each cycling course each went her way, to joy or sorrow, to heaven or hell, and whence this torment. We may then know what now is sealed—inscrutable. Duty, action – remember others are failing, guide their faltering steps, protect, or the curse of hell be on you, for neglect, fatal neglect. Protect the little ones, the weak, the innocent, remove temptation, through poverty or opportunity, change your iron-clad social customs so she who is weak may not fall, for if she does, the guilt lies with you, she is less guilty than you – you only I blame. June 4<sup>th</sup>, 1919.

## **NATIONALISM.**

Let them stop in their own country (Johnson). Yes, that is what killed those million boys, each booming his own country. American his—Englishman his—Frenchman his—German his; Union Jack, Marsaillaise, "Deutschland uber alles," the rest under, and on the other side of the globe, a Jap. howling himself hoarse, till his head aches. Banzai. Welsh regiment going to the front. "Wales for ever." Brave boys all, but small is the mind of man, each a boss, and the bosses fight, Vorwärts, obey orders, or die—What will I die for *Boss*? I don't know, no one knows that, but you'll die—die if you obey orders, and more than die if you don't.

## HAWKER AND GRIEVE

Flying straight, the little plane rapidly faded from view; in six minutes it was out of sight.

Cable ship Farraday reports sighting airplane lights early Monday morning *in* mid-ocean, midway between Newfoundland and Ireland, 900 to 1,000 miles from Newfoundland.

It Hawker died, if he disappeared within its watery depths, if his body died, his fame will live for ever, emblazoned on the scroll of time, imperishable, immortal, the feat of courage, daring personified.

## I SEE A LIGHT

Like the dashing meteor its shadowy flight,  
Winging the wide Atlantic's darker night.  
????? in the darkness where billows roll,  
As the night of time on the eternal scroll.  
A speck of light in eternal night,  
Then midnight darkness reigns supreme;  
A hash of mind athwart our sight,  
Then cold inanimate forces gleam.

Unconquerable will, tho' silenced by  
The dip of death, hearts wailing cry;  
Courage supreme, uncover, ye.  
Awed, thrilled by this cold majesty.  
Hope till the last, their vitals gripped,  
Then accident of fate, their prize was stripped;  
Success – its vision pictured there,  
Mirrored their souls with wild endare.

Ill-fated, fell, they bravely fought;  
Dreamless silence quickly brought  
Release, reward and deathless fame,  
Glorified eternal name.  
Upon this scriptless page of life.  
Death's sceptre fell, abashed death stript,  
As the frail carrier, with its burthen, dipped  
To icy depths in the wastes alone;

A cry, a wail, then softly moan,  
Asleep, they meet the Great White Throne.  
They knew we watched.  
We peered the mists, the mighty deep

Of cold, bleak Ireland's rocky coast,  
Where the Tuscania's lost, but deathless host,  
With these they shallin honour sleep.

We watched endarkening heights, the clouds,  
Peering the deep which silence shrouds,  
The wastes, as soundless depths' enstraining eyes,  
Voiceless, heard not the last, last cries.  
But the all-seeing Eye, it saw it saw,  
Piercing the darkness – we see not the law,  
But God said, "Not enough; It's o'er."

This night or death, time no more,  
Faceless in memory eternal fame,  
As down the ages voices came.  
Rushed as they spoke or this great deed,  
In silence harkened though hearts did bleed.  
High above the billows roar,  
Flashed a great light to a distant shore,  
On times great ocean centuries o'er.

Dark as ????? – and cold  
As erey ????? wilds, yet bold;  
With Divine vision they winged their way,  
Pioneers of a coming day.  
On time's wide sea a beacon shown,  
In the shadowy years alone, alone;  
Fadeless as endless night – their memory keep.

These martyrs – God their vigil keep;  
In eternal glory do they sleep.  
On honour's roll to eternity,  
They went for us, for us they died; oh say,  
Remember, forget it not – the day!  
Sadly we linger, listening on,  
Hopeless as the hours speeding on;  
They come not, no, asleep, they're gone.  
Frail as the tossing bark on storm cloud wave,

Their bodies sleep in ocean's grave.  
But on,  
Till time's unrolling scroll shall fade, will they live on;  
Indomitable souls; time's endless sea;  
Fadeless their honour name shall be.  
They live with God througheternity.

Flashing the sky their lone plane light,  
As they sped from view to eternal night;  
Never shall human eye ensee,  
Or know the fate that sets them free.  
In spirit world we know and learn,  
So why lament and grieve and yearn;  
Buty gone, reward has sealed  
Their fateful vigil unrevealed.  
One, her heart is sank like lead;  
Hopeless hope, a lok or dread,  
Upon her countenance then fled;  
No word or comfort, not a ray  
To cher her drooping heart that day.  
Through the valley or the shadow they passed from sight,  
To glory, like the spirits flight.  
While watching them and watching sea;  
Oh, cheer this suttering fragile thing.  
As she sees her mate in spirit wing  
Her flight to immortality.  
Her spirit through the ordeal passed,  
As time's sweet healing souths she brew;  
A halo in her soul at last,  
She knows, though dead, he's living now.  
When she will meet and some day know  
The mystery, duty done will glow,  
As like the living flame.  
That vision through the darkness came  
With trembling heart and quickenig fear.  
Her vitals froze as the dread news hear,  
He's lost, he's lost, oh, misery!  
Mercy, God, we cling to Thee."  
As time her suffering sould shall heal,  
And the noble sweets of memory seal,  
And though she hears no earthly voice,  
With him in spirit she'll rejoice.  
And we in awe uncover stand,  
In silent worship of the hand,  
Guiding the fleeting vision athwart the skies,  
In the silence – e'en to Paradise.  
To the rising dawn of another light,  
The will that held the lever there,  
On that lone flight through the darkened air;  
As it sped o'er the deep where angels keep  
Their vigil where the wearied sleep.  
The very ocean paused to moan,  
Awed by the sight of this strange thing,

And could not let these pass alone,  
Who to the fates their challenge fling;  
But took them to itself to weep,  
And now they in her bosom sleep.

We will rise from the dead, and in the temple of love live with  
mother,  
sisters, and God for ever ane ever.

(Written May the 25<sup>th</sup>, 1919)

Replacement, Verse 1: More musical, more rhythmic, thought not more expressive.