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THE BEST POEMS OF 1934



The
BEST POEMS
of 1934



Selected by
THOMAS MOULT
& decorated by
MERLYN MANN

LONDON
Jonathan Cape Limited
TORONTO

JONATHAN CAPE LTD., 30 BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON¹
AND 91 WELLINGTON STREET WEST, TORONTO

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY J. AND J. GRAY, EDINBURGH
PAPER MADE BY JOHN DICKINSON AND CO. LTD.
BOUND BY A. W. BAIN AND CO. LTD. IN CLOTH,
FAST TO LIGHT AND WASHABLE, MADE
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(An asterisk denotes America)

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INTRODUCTION

THIS is the thirteenth yearly volume of poems which, collected in the present instance from the periodicals of Great Britain and America between July 1933 and June 1934, are believed by the compiler to be the best examples of contemporary activity in poetry, apart from those printed in books during the same period.

Opinions on the value and representativeness of the selections that follow this foreword may be divided. Nevertheless the editor continues to receive the encouragement of poetry-readers and the unstinted help of the poets whose work he wishes to include, and he and his publishers may excusably refer with pride not only to those indications of the esteem in which the volumes are held, but once again to the fact that no series of anthologies, either poetry or prose, has had so long a life in the whole of modern literature.

The whole purpose of the collection is to help poetry-readers to gain a quick, all-round impression of what the poets are writing in our time, and thereby to assure that poets shall have an audience outside the especial periodical in which their work has been first printed. The selected poems are printed in chronological order, and particulars of the date and place of original publication accompany the list of contents. Several of the seventy-six pieces here reprinted have inevitably been, or are soon to be, collected by their authors into volumes of individual work—as, for example, A. E.'s 'Karma,' to be included in *House of the Titans*, of which Messrs. Macmillan will be the publishers, and Mr.

Gilbert Maxwell's 'Green Tree, My Body,' which is also included in *Look to the Lightning*, a volume published by Dodd Mead and Company in New York. But in no case is the purpose of this compilation interfered with.

Cordial and grateful acknowledgments to the various poets, the editors of the various journals concerned, and the publishers for their especial help, is made for the thirteenth time.

THOMAS MOULT

To
THE MEMORY
of
STELLA BENSON

THE BEST POEMS OF 1934

DAVID MORTON

. . . AND THAT WERE I

WHAT wanders here, between this earth and
sky,
— This heaven of blue, this earth in early flower—
That suddenly is somehow more than I
And less than I, and nameless for an hour?
A wilder passion than my blood has known
Fires in old roots sunk deeper than my days,
As though this flesh might burgeon and this bone
Hang fruits along the air in happy praise.

Let no man read my life in any terms
Of any actions, any words I say:
All these were winter fodder for the worms . . .
Only in some white passion on the way
To sudden flower before the flower come
On swelling bush or apple tree or plum.



EDWARD DAVISON

THE SECRET

OTHER poor fools in mirrors staring
Have tried to see behind the eyes
That watched them baffled and despairing.

One there was who, beyond all error,
Found what he looked for and grew wise,
Sufficient wise to smash his mirror;

And ever after walked avoiding
Windows and waterpools wherein
His secret might have leapt from hiding.

But I, ignorant still, and cheated,
Gaze on my glassed and cryptic twin,
And he looks back at me, defeated.

WILFRED J. FUNK

THE SURGEON

NOW he begins, his fingers feel
The tiny burning bit of steel;
They move, obedient to a star
Unseen by us; his sure hands are
So swift that the swift hands of death
Are held; there is one slender breath
Between the two, so delicate
No callipers can measure it
Save those he holds—I think there is
No deed so near to God as his.



GLADYS CAMPBELL

CORANTE

LISTEN, men: Stop talking of Helen and
Deirdre—
They are gone,
They are dust and dreams of dust;
Leave them alone.

There is a woman among you
Moving like flame,
Like crimson fire, like silver fire.
Give her a name.

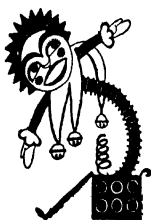


GILBERT THOMAS

HOLIDAY

AS, in a gracious hour of liberty,
One may return, from years in bondage spent,
To his own cliffs of Westmorland or Kent,
And, where his happy childhood wandered free,
May know the inward peace of memory,
Yet thrill with virginal astonishment,
Now that his eyes, in city gloom long pent,
Circle again the light upon the sea:

So, when a quiet moment lulls stern care
That holds an exile from her native clime,
The spirit, to the lofty verge of Time,
Comes, with a tranquil recollection, home ;
Yet spell-bound, as if taken unaware,
Sees an immortal splendour on the foam.



ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

POTATO DIGGERS

THE men have marched from one dew to the
other
With levelled backs and hands like forward feet;
Their thighs have been wide open to the sun,
October has burned them deep into the marrow.
They have run the dark soil through their hands
And seen it whiten and resign its mysteries.
They have run their fingers through the earth
And felt out fruits which have the feel of flesh
And warmth of flesh, and left them heaped behind.

The men are drunk with fragrance of brown earth.
They cannot stand erect, their necks lean over;
Their fingers are turned inwards on their palms
As if they still had preciousness to hold.
Their heads are ringing with the hymns of blood.
They feel the pull of earth along their bellies;
Their knees are bent apart, the savoury earth
Is high up in their bodies as the heart.

These men have walked for one day with the beasts
They walked with long ago. They have been
creepers
On the ancient nursery floor. No words
Are in them now; they are like infant children
Creeping surely home to food and rest,
Like children quiet on the lap of night.

W. H. AUDEN

POEM

TO ask the hard question is simple;
Asking at meeting
With the simple glance of acquaintance
To what these go
And how these do:
To ask the hard question is simple,
The simple act of the confused will.

But the answer
Is hard and hard to remember:
On step or on shore
The ears listening
To words at meeting,
The eyes looking
At the hands helping,
Are never sure
Of what they learn
From how these things are done.
And forgetting to listen or see
Makes forgetting easy;
Only remembering the method of re-
membering,
Remembering only in another way,
Only the strangely exciting lie,
Afraid
To remember what the fish ignored,
How the bird escaped, or if the sheep
obeyed.

Till, losing memory,
Bird, fish, and sheep are ghostly,

And ghosts must do again
What gives them pain.
Cowardice cries
For windy skies,
Coldness for water,
Obedience for a master.

Shall memory restore
The steps and the shore,
The face and the meeting-place,
Shall the bird live,
Shall the fish dive,
And sheep obey
In a sheep's way;
Can love remember
The question and the answer,
For love recover
What has been dark and rich and
warm all over?

DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

DAISIES

THE day was white with daisies. Like a cloud,
They drifted on the meadows where we stood.
Even the robins were jealous. Sharp and loud
They called from leafy Heavens of the wood.
The East was blue before us, and the West;
A deeper blue stretched to the North and South,
And I remember the frail tides of your breast,
Half-frightened; the wild, sweet berry of your
mouth.

How many springs have waned to summer's dust,
How many autumns lain upon a bier
I cannot say, nor count them, if I must,
But I remember, as yesterday, and as clear,
Two lovers lost in daisies and happy, so —
And that was long and long and long ago.



WILLIAM SOUTAR

THE OLD YEW

STILL bends the shady yew, above the dead,
As if in thought: the tallest grass stands still:
Even the cuckoo on its colour'd hill
Is wordless; not a bee hums overhead.
Now for one moment time has stay'd his tread
Beside the grave: 'twould seem no miracle
To hear a ghost step past his coffin-sill
Into this ground so deeply quieted.
Only in silence are we made aware
Of the real world, our holy Yggdrasil,
Whose freshness thrusts from out the charnel
house.

There are no dead: into the lighted air
Life's dark root lifts, 'tis indivisible
From the autumnal beauty of the boughs.

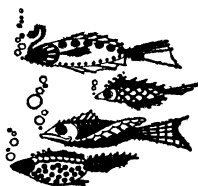


GLENN WARD DRESBACH

DESERT

HERE thwarted gods have left their signatures
Of pain upon chaotic heights of stone.
Men failed to read them. . . . Only wind endures
And cedars slant the way the wind has blown.
Here furrows for a season marked the sand
In wistful patterns, but the seed had died.
Now sags a shack as empty as the land,
A trail drifts shut in this wild countryside.

The pain that mortal flesh experienced here
Has left a warning that will soon be gone—
Upon the restless sand, in atmosphere
Where eagles' eyes flash back into the dawn,
All frail things pass; forever must remain
Of thwarted gods their signatures of pain.



GENE BOARDMAN HOOVER

MID-WESTERN VILLAGE

THERE is no colour in this drowsy town
Where sun-burned farmers grumble on the
street

About the chinch bugs, clover turning brown,
And why there is a pittance paid for wheat.
The corner grocer whets his butcher knife,
Donning a clean white apron every day—
His daughter scrubs the floor; his dowdy wife
Conducts a choir . . . and he is asked to pray.

The furtive cottonwood against the sky
Keeps lonely vigilance; a torrid breeze
Blown suddenly against a plover's cry
Is throttled in dead branches of the trees.
Here romance died . . . forgotten long ago,
With covered wagon trains and buffalo.



MARGARET BRISBANE

1914-1929

ALL through the years that sleeping you have
lain

I had forgotten how you used to look—
And now nowhere you are, for sun and rain
Have made an end, and even worms forsook
A house so battered and so long decayed:
How is it then that memory delayed
Should leap to hear you laughing in a lane?

Did we once walk here, very long ago?
Were we the echo other lovers seem?
Does recollection, stumbling, halt and slow
Swing hardly back? Or was it in some dream
Between sleep and awakening we were here?
How else should I, a stranger, subtly know,
And find no strangeness meet me anywhere?

I know this lane. I know its every bend:
Familiar find the brown stream at its end
Deep in the meadows: we have lingered here
To gather yellow flags and horned cranesbill:
Watched the quick swallows circling far and near,
Passed by the valley farm and climbed the hill.
To-day again the swaying hay-carts slow
Go creaking through the fields and out of sight
Between the stack-yard gates.

An old delight
Awakes in me to stand and watch them go.

Then silence. It was here I heard you laugh.

And now the heavy-scented air is still,
Rapt in a daydream the May daisies stand,
And you have run along the sunlit hill:
Your shadow flickers upwards, disappears . . .
Sweeps in an instant down the other side.
Over the plain the breeze flows like a tide
Rippling the uncut meadow grass that bears
The imprint of your flying o'er the land.

FRANCIS HACKETT

THERE IS A LAND

THERE is a land where never sets the sun
Though fast with thickets to enlase the night,
And on its strand a hero would outrun
His shadow cast by limbs so fleecy bright.

O serene isle in green and winey sea
Where golden tribute spills along the shore,
You must concile the white hostility
Of bolden waves advancing with a roar.

Up flings the fountain in a jet of hope
And glistens ere it squanders in the pool.
Gay rings the jester with the world his scope
And listens weeping as he plays the fool.

My heart, you are this land of tireless strife,
And there's no rod to beat the pain apart.
The savage briar gives the rose its life.
Can God root out the thorn that bore my heart?



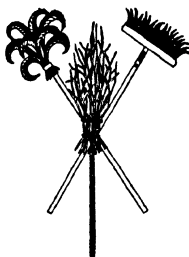
RICHARD CHURCH

THE BONFIRE

GOD of gardeners, accept this coil
Of acrid smoke from nettle and weed,
This left-hand mound of sinful soil
That I have sifted from the seed.

With hoe and mattock, spade and rake,
From morning dew to evening grace,
My back has bended for Thy sake,
To bring sweet order to this place.

Thy fruits and tubers basketed,
Thy flowers lit from setting sun,
With fragrant heart and reverent head
I tend this altar gleaming red,
As my forefathers must have done.



ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

PICNIC

NEAR Florence once upon a hill
When all the world was rent by ill,
There were, so says Boccaccio's pen,
Some ladies and some gentlemen
Who, tired of cities packed with evil,
Consigned the loud world to the devil,
And far from all that discontent
Partook of private merriment.

To me, it seems they did no wrong
In lightening with an hour of song
And wanton mirth and revelry
One spot of earth's vast misery.
Had they been heroes and gone down
To fight the plague-fire in the town,
Their deaths had been of no avail
Save rob us of a pleasant tale.
Nor do I think that we do ill
Who picnic now upon this hill.

I think that you, O girl of gold
With secret meditative eyes,
Might have been welcome to that old
Gay group of learned butterflies.
And you, ferocious mighty face
With eyes so deep-sunk and so kind,
Could also there have found a place
And clashed with the Petrarchan mind.
Tall girl as slender and as dark
As any shadow of the moon,

Even that company would hark
If you sang low some Spanish tune.
And not a lady of them all
Would fail, O man of might, to note
Your lion-wisdom and recall
The laughter shouted from your throat.
No, not a look, a laugh, a word
Of this our hillside mood to-night
But would have chimed in good accord
With that old island of delight.

Let never the immortal gods
Reproach me that, when here below
They gave their golden periods,
I did not answer, did not know!
And when sometime the story ends,
What save such memories have I
Of laughter and the love of friends
To make me welcome in the sky?



WILLARD MAAS

THE HEART FLIES HOME

THERE is nothing here to set the small heart
leaping,
Feet gliding over stone.
The eye perceives tendon
Of steel, muscle of iron, towers of granite bone,
The piercing cry of strength, man and his city,
And man's deeds;
But nothing for the warm heart's needs.
Electric fronds of light, black trunks of marble,
Overhead swift snakes coil
On a rusting skeleton; underground
Subways roar,
In the sky steel insects soar,
Over all the rich perfume of oil;
But nowhere, never a handful of soil
For a hand to touch, the nostrils to breathe in,
Only iron wing and iron fin.
So must the heart pity
One who listens for the sound
Of water pouring from the ground,
And grasses softly pushed by summer wind—
Oh, there are voices calling me back to little
flowering valleys,
Green talking groves, laurel-dark alleys,
The brown spring earth, new-turned loam.
I walk through stone. The heart flies home.

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

HALT AND PARLEY

GOOD Toll-gate keeper, kindle a light!
The Sun has fallen: full sudden the Night:
(He seemeth some ancient anchorite
Who broodeth, and heedeth us not.)

He heeds.

Stay by the Gate and tell your needs!

Sir, we would learn the lawful toll.

How many travellers?

Body and Soul.

How long have you journeyed together thus?

All Day, and nothing shall sunder us.

How have you fared? Was the roadway rough?

Some miles were stony and steep enough.

But why have you toiled and suffered so?

And whither is it that you would go?

Our goal is a vision that vanisheth.
To pause is to perish: devouring Death
Would slow our pulses and choke our breath. . . .

Toll-man, teach us your name! A sage
Are you, acquaint with our pilgrimage?

*No sage, yet mayhap wiser than Man,
Torn with a doubt since Time began:
Man the afraid, infirm, impure,
Yet how he can love and how endure,—
Endure to the end and arise again,
Victorious victim of passion and pain. . . .*

*Motley the breed that mounts to my Gate:
They fear their fate, yet they face their fate.
Of Radiant Heat and Primal Slime
Engendered, thither they creep and climb—
Ether and earth, perverse, sublime. . . .*

*The Ongoer made me His Deputy here:
Who payeth may pass, though he reckon it dear,—
His quittance from clumsy, cumbering gear.*

You are Death?

*I am Death, Devourer and Foe
Or Friend and Deliverer: how may ye know? . . .*

*Slowly the Gate swings for entrance— and end:
The shrouded way waits, unposted, unkenned,
Time's phantasies fade; the Real impend. . . .*

Let the toll be taken!

*Nay, gallantly dare
The dark passage, Soul! Body's paid the full fare—
Poor clod—while you've parried and parleyed out there.*

JOHN MANN

RECOMPENSE

SHALL the rose her petals mourn
Who harbours the devoted thorn?
Or complain she is bereft
When her fruitful heart is left?

Why, swift spirit, art thou still?
Love is dead that worked thee ill,
And, on a last, repentant page
Has left to thee the strength of age.



MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

NO RETICENCE

THERE is a little dream within your hand,
Open your hand, and let the dream fly free.
A bird, up to the heaven that knows it! See!
It has touched the sky, as ships again touch land.
It is content, your dream. If you had planned
To keep it hidden, it would soon have died.
But now it owns the sky, and skies are wide.
Weep if you must, a bit. I understand.

Shared dreams are lost, you think? No, no, say out
Your shyest dream, for all the world to hear.
Love should be, not a whisper, but a shout;
Beauty should be a tumult at the ear,
Snatching us in its mad hands, breaking the sky
With its impulsive, harsh, triumphant cry!



JEAN BATCHELOR

ZODIAC

BY the flight of setting stars
Let others date their calendars,
Marking moons that wax or wane
To sow or harvest home the grain.
My sudden seasons take their round
From the silence or the sound
Of a voice whose uttering
Turns to leafy lanes of spring
Winter snow. A certain face
Gives to day and night their place.
At one step my waiting door
Greets the summer sun once more—
And time and space, if these be gone,
Are alike oblivion.

FRANCES FROST

SONG

THE mind is cool and clear
and knows the worth of love;
it swings within a groove
as rigid and austere

as that of any star
exact upon the sky.
But the hot heart is assailed
by anguish and by war;

the heart that is at most
scarce—balanced on the dark
must cry into the wind
and hear its crying lost.



ERNEST RHYS

GRAYBIRD'S MATIN

I

I TOLD you how heavy
I felt when the daylight
Awoke me, — the leafy
Long boughs in the grey light
Still fast asleep:
I saw the dawn creeping
Down the beech boughs above you,
And you there, still sleeping, —
Saw it pause — and to love you,
Look, waver, and leap!

II

It lit on your wing then,
And tipt every feather, —
It told me to sing then,
First three notes together,
Then two, and then one!
As I piped, the light glisten'd,
Day came out of night,
And you woke up, and listen'd,
To my song of delight
In the day new begun.

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

MORNING AND EVENING WERE THE FIRST DAY

THE white cock crowed, the horse breathed deep,
The cow roused slowly from her sleep;
The morning star shone large and high,
Pulsing above a reddening sky,
And where the bramble berries hung
The night dew in tense garlands swung.

The magic put the candle out
Where bare-footed the young wife stood
In the dark doorway of the shed,
Her hand upon the flaking wood.
The magic put the candle out,
No smallest wind moved down the hay,
And nothing looked as it would look
Soon, with the coming of day.

Old, old was the well. She had seen her face
In its round dark mirror once and again
Before she lowered the bucket down
And drew forth water cold as rain.
But now it was not her face she saw
It was not her voice so still and mild
That murmured like pebbles dropping down,
That whispered up to her: —*Child! O child!*

*Listen to me,
Little young daughter —
Listen to me,
The wise well-water!*

*You who are like
A pink hedge-rose
Or the south-west wind
When it softly flows,*

*Trust not in youth
For youth will go.
Let your heart be a spring
Where the waters flow*

*Deep, dark and still.
When the fiery sun
Scorches the fields,
May those waters run!*

*When the sky burns down
On a land distressed,
From the cup of your hand
Give peace and rest.*

Breakfast is eaten and the dishes washed.
The cow crops grass that grows between the stones
Of the rough pasturage. Softly her bell clangs
And beats a little song with muffled tones.

Up and down, up and down the hayfield steadily,
Steadily,
Moves the horse, and like a great insect the reaper
chirrs.
The field is striped with stubble and the darker
grasses
And a fragrance rises with every breeze that stirs.

Pitching a little he sits, and the salt sweat
Beads his young brows and runs into his eyes.
Between the shoulder-blades his shirt is wet,
And he is troubled by the insistent buzzing flies.

'Good crop this year,' he thinks, 'I guess the barn
Will be full up, and the beasts can't complain
Next winter of their victuals if these clouds
Hold up and it gets in before the rain.'

But what is it the corn,
The Indian maize is saying,
With their tall barbaric head-dresses
Swaying and swaying?

*We are holy,
We are the corn.
From us the curved
Stone cities were born.*

*Behold and worship,
Pallid man,
The gods who reigned
Ere you began!*

The hours pass. She is ringing the bell for supper,
The swallows all are twittering on the wires
overhead.
He has seen his welcome waiting, her eyes reflect
his coming,
But 'South! south! south!' is all the swallows said.

The moths beat at the screen. He has taken the lantern.

The dark soft barn is glowing with the flickering yellow light.

He has milked the cow and fed her, and with his swinging shadow

Has made sure that the barnyard is ready for the night.

He is tired with the day, he is weighed between the lantern

And the heavy milk-filled pail. The lighted room is there,

And she whom he so loves is sitting, small and waiting,

With her sewing by the lamp in the painted rocking-chair.

But for the moment he stops and stares into the sky. The Great Dipper swings above his roofs, for the last firefly

Sparks through unseen grass, two apples fall
And from the pond a loon gives its wild call.

The white cock sleeps, quiet and deep
On horse and cow comes rest and sleep;

Farmer and wife together lie

Asleep and hidden from the sky.

The constellations swing, the dew

On twig and grass blade shines anew.

A cricket chirps, a spider weaves

Her web between the hollyhock leaves.

So, on a passing scent of roses,

Night follows day: the cycle closes.

ALEXA LANE

GHOST

I KNOW now how it feels to be a ghost,
Slithering down the chill damp lanes of night,
Blown like the spray along some lonely coast,
Lost in the dark, and vanished in the light;

Pausing to lean against a shutter's lock,
Thinking to enter there and drink a toast . . .
Having no fleshly hand to sound a knock
Or lift a glass to satisfy a ghost;

Turning away—mad for unhaunted sleep . . .
Having no body that a bed could hold,
Having no warm and heavy tears to weep,
Having no age—and being eons old;

Whispering husks of words that rattle—hollow,
Whimpering at the thin blue edge of dawn,
Hugging a flame too pale for moths to follow,
Calling your name . . . knowing that you are gone.



ROBERT FITZGERALD

PETIT JOUR

A COLD light for orisons. Reflect
Upon the diver ascending fathoms five.
Rumple the newest skull and genuflect.
Father, since our scholastic members thrive,
May we compel this world for clasp of thee,
Seeing, as morning flares and night's imagined
Mist dries from the air like memory,
The sun's transparent basin licked by wind.
Therein be instruments fittingly strung
To sound the enviable surf aloud,
While we whose business is not old nor young
Compose in winter light the winter cloud,
Returning when thy creative interval
Has taken down the evening from the wall.

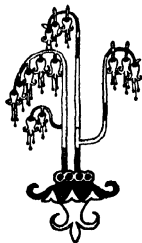


ELDER OLSON

ELEGY AT THE END OF SUMMER

NOW were the shape of beauty lost
Save for your courage, lovely ghost:
Save you take heart, to perish now,
It were undone as leaf from bough.
Weep not for what is lost and flown;
You are the wind, and the wind gone:
Weep not for what is flown and lost;
You are the brief diaphanous ghost,
You are the dream that none could stay,
The bloom broken and blown away,
The flying leaf, the falling bird,
The stolen that could not be restored,
The rainbow's circlet, the glass of sky:
You are the lovely that must die.
Yet if lamenting still it grieves
For rose unclasping stainless leaves,
For dancers stilled in the loud fall,
For youth leaf-crowned at carnival,
Say to the heart, Be still, you mourn
The ruin of what was never born:
Say to the tongue, Speak not, you lie:
These have not lived and cannot die;
These are as the pure perfect sun
Changeless at evening and at dawn;
These are as music, that ends not,
Though lute and minstrel be forgot,
Though nevermore in coronal
Of gilded harp that music shall
Move in glimmering strings again
As the wind moves in glimmering rain.
Think, though the blossom blaze with rime,

The seed yet sleeps secure in Time:
The harp, though its strings resound no more,
Stands yet unwrought, a tree in flower,
Nor yet hath the flown bird bent wing.
Still is it summer and coloured spring
And the wild autumn too, no less
That this be winter's wilderness,
Though in black leaves the winter swan
Drift with her pale image, blown
On the dark waters of a dream,
Though the snows gather and the dim
Year go underground, though you
Have end at last in frosty dew,
Though here your glowing limbs lie still:
And silence take the darkening hill.



FLORA J. ARNSTEIN

A CHILD SPEAKS

IT was my father who said:
I 'How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange
land?'

And there were tears upon his cheeks,
And in his beard the drops glistened,
And his voice was heavy with remembered Zion,
Banishment and captivity.

But I who sat beside him heard within my heart
A song beginning:

A song of voyage and of desert travel,
Of the camels' clumsy footing,
Their loose and shaggy heads . . .

The far horizon of the date-plumed sands,
And petrified dune-ripples

Of the waters of Babylon, where in the shallows
I cooled my tired feet,

I did not sorrow, neither did I sing,
For in my father's face I saw

Only the grief of Zion, and I feared—

My song was not the Lord's but only mine,
A child enraptured by an alien land.

SOLON R. BARBER

THE SKIES OF UTAH

(For my mother)

THERE is a stillness here that throbs, that
whispers. . . .

I think I hear her singing at her window
where she arranged the flowers
and hung the coloured curtains. . . .

The skies of Utah are blue windows of the moun-
tains
with silver smokeplumes rising straight before them.
The hills are brown
the wheat is in the bin.

She went in Indian Summer, a time quite good for
going.

In older days they cut meat into strips
and dried it in the sun.
She went in the time of goldenrod, the purple
aster. . . .

The skies of Utah are sapphire temple windows.
The hills are blue, smoke floats above the moun-
tains.

I think I hear her singing the old songs she loved.
She would call me at sunrise —
sleepily I turned over.
I think I hear her singing at the stairs.
I left her.
Did she keep her memories of me?

I packed my bags and left her.
Did she remember that I kissed her?

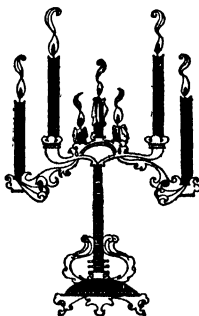
She wrote me letters, saying that she kept my picture
on her table, with the perfumed powder.

The skies of Utah are sapphire in their blueness.
The hills are blue. She said the flowers are sweet.
I carried flowers to her — armsful of Autumn flowers.
Sometimes I think she did not see them.

And in my heart I shall remember singing.

And she loved violets —

And songs I used to sing. . . .



DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

FOR JOHN GALSWORTHY

BEYOND the blue, bright boundary of our day
In that far land that knows your footsteps now,
May English daisies star your fields always
And laurels of English violets wreath your brow.
May broad lakes holding heaven upside down,
Broad lakes that Wordsworth knew, and Shake-
speare's lanes
Stretch to the north and south, and lilacs be blown
In riots of lavender beneath white rains.
May Surrey's countryside lie at your door,
Fast at your door in that far land of peace,
Your happy wildflowers dance for evermore
In tides of colour through bright eternities.
On those far shores where slow clouds surge and
foam
In silent breakers, may you whisper: 'Home!'



JESSE STUART

SONGS OF A MOUNTAIN PLOUGHMAN

SIR: I am a farmer singing at the plough,
And as I take my time to plough along
A steep Kentucky hill I sing my song—
A one-horse farmer singing at the plough.
I do not sing the songs you love to hear;
My basket songs are woven from the words
Of corn and crickets, trees, and men and birds.
I sing the strains I know and love to sing.
And I can sing my lays like singing corn,
And flute them like a fluting gray corn-bird;
And I can pipe them like a hunter's horn—
All of my life these are the songs I've heard.
And these crude strains no critic can call art.
Yours very respectfully, JESSE STUART

I cannot sing the tunes great men have sung.
I cannot follow roads great men have gone—
I am not here to sing the songs they've sung.
I think I'm here to make a road of my own.
I shall go forth not knowing where I go.
I shall go forth and I shall go alone.
The road I'll travel on is mud, I know,
But it's a road that I can call my own.
The stars and moon and sun will give me light;
The winds will whisper songs I love to hear;
Oak leaves will make for me a bed at night
And dawn will break to find me lying there.
The winey sunset of another day
Will find me plodding on my muddy way.

* * *

The lark is flying in the morning clouds
And pouring forth the music from its breast.
And I have stopped my mules from harrowing
clods—

(My mules are always glad to get a rest)
A song rings across my pasture leafing early—
It sounds across the bottoms of green wheat.
These notes do not come from a small bird surely,
A small speck where the skies and hill tops meet.
The mules—if they could have the sense to listen
Would please me better, but they fight the flies
And everlastingly keep trace-chains jingling—
I strain my ears to catch a sound that dies.
The speck gets fainter—weaker grows the sound—
The mules and I must go on harrowing ground.

* * * * *

Strong muscled men that followed at the plough
And tilled the clearings round their mountain
homes,
Come to Plum Grove at last—they're sleeping
now—

Strong, sturdy women—makers of these homes,
Lie close beside their muscled men that ploughed
The rugged slopes and made the daily bread.
They sleep beneath a quilt of dirt and cloud
And wind and star, but in a lasting bed—
They sleep beneath where flower petals curl—
They do not dream of wind and grass and flowers.
They sleep beside each other in a world
Of silence and a world that kills their powers.
They sleep by those in life they feared to trust;
And those they fought and killed, since all are dust.

If I am ever forced to leave this land,
Luck be with you, my honest Greenup friends;
Long as the rivers flow and high hills stand,
Luck be with you — I pray no ill attends —
For we are of one flesh, my faithful friends;
We've helped each other at the crib and stack
And man for man we have done death-like errands.
Some of us have sought the world's far ends —
The hills kept calling and we all came back
To white frame-houses and the rough log-shack.
My friends, remember, I shall stand for you,
Solid as stone, long as the waters cry for you —
A troth of truth, I give this hand to you
That I shall stand by you and die by you.

I shall feel wet oak leaves close to my skin
And I shall smell these dead leaves after rains.
The Winter of this life is setting in —
I do love oak leaves' coffee-coloured stains.
My body will be stained from head to toes
And I shall have the oak roots through my skull,
And fern roots through my lips and eyes and nose.
Each Summer I shall wear loose green in full.
I think I shall be able to discern
You and the rain through hard eyes of the trees,
And I shall hold with fingers of the fern
The nourishment there is in my dead leaves.
And I shall taste the oak leaves and the rain.
I shall not feel the oak roots groove my brain.

The greenbriars, shoemakes and the goldenrod;
The pine trees, chestnuts and the sycamores;
The dry disturbing winds, the floating cloud;
All this is Autumn — and the leaf-strewn floor.

And long dry ridges sheltered by the sun—
All this is Autumn and the brown corn shocks
Men cut before the day has new begun.
They cut the corn, leave bare the stumps and rocks.
The mould-board moon rides high above the fields,
A white disk ploughing through the blue-sky dirt,
And leaves no trace behind of mellow fields—
But brown ploughmen leave traces of their work—
All this is Autumn—such a bone-dry world;
Tree leaves, cornblades, flower petals frost-curved.

'Oh, take a rest,' I know the wind has said.
'Lie still,' the ferns have said, 'there is a reason.
Muscles are lifeless in a body dead,
A body dead and corn sprung from its bosom.'
'Lie there,' a gray stone said, 'the best is over.'
'I'll pin you down,' oak limbs have said to me—
'I'll make a quilt for you,' said the green clover,
'If I don't spindle under this shade tree—'
'I love dirt lips,' the greenbriar roots did say,
'I love the heart and ribs and slimy eyes,'
'Now I shall hold you down,' said the warm clay,
'I'll hold you down so you can never rise.'
Now if there is a Resurrection Day,
I shall be one that's taken by surprise.

MARK VAN DOREN

MY ONLY NEED

MY only need — you ask me, and I tell you —
Is that henceforth forever you exist.
You are not mine; I may not ever bell you
Like an owned animal for night and mist.
My only need, whatever darkness take me,
Whatever tears close now my separate eyes,
Is that you live, and let the knowledge make me
Immortal as the day that never dies —
That, swift and even, turns into the sun,
As turns the after-shadow down to death.
Let neither then my night, my day be done;
Let them both swing in silence, with no breath
 To call you from the distances you keep
 (Would they were little; would that my
 love could sleep!)



REX HAZLEWOOD

SONG

(To Constant Lambert)

DEATH? What is death?—
He steals lad's golden breath,
He binds around the necks of older folk
The silver years, and twists until they choke.

Riderless the horses go.
The trumpets cease to blow,
The great trees fall,
Unanswered voices, unanswered voices call.
There is crying and weeping abroad.
O Lord, how long, O Lord?
They lie so still, after, after
They fall asleep in those green beds.

Death! Who cares for death?
Lift up your lovely heads
And laugh and laugh, happy rosy tumult of
 laughter,
Sway and gleam with laughter,
And dance and leap
With laughter, sweet-falling laughter:
Who cares for Death?

O, do not weep, do not weep.

MYRA MARINI

FUNERAL

SURROUNDED by friends and
curious strangers,
her sons and daughters kissed,
as they never kissed in life,
the cold forehead of the image—

the irrelevant image,
with the small hands curled upon
the mother-bosom, hands
once vehement in life;

banked with flowers—the smell
of the deaths of roses—
six cars of flowers
(she loved plants that grew).

Tall sons and vivid daughters,
pale now, white-mouthed;
and those not born of her
who called her mother

and bore her grandchildren
or begot them, knelt, rose,
knelt to the ritual—
(the priests were fat, and one

showed a length of trouser,
the lace skirt puckered)—
rose, knelt; but the old man
sat unmoving, stubborn in grief.

With all the mummery of
swinging censer—the priest
chanting beautifully, but
mumbling the muttered prayers,

slighting the words—the song
Rock of Ages broke the bonds
of grief. O, why
bury with ironies her

who laughed at inconsistencies,
who lived honestly,
who loved—(reservations to her
were traitorous, she never

knew them)—why carry in pomp
to the closed niche
her body, shorn
of all its clarity?

(The driver of one car
said to the driver of the hearse,
‘How old was this stiff, anyway?’)

And the embellished card
Pray for the soul of
Concetta Marini,
loved on earth.

GILBERT MAXWELL

GREEN TREE, MY BODY

SLOWLY the puzzled brain in shaping a thought
Has come upon this truth beyond denial:
Only by grief is the stupid body taught,
Only by cold and fear and the fire's trial. . . .

Green tree, my body, that had grown so tall,
Wherefore, I said, are you so stricken now?
Sere is the leaf, and shortly with its fall
Sorrow will lie like snow along the bough. . . .

Slowly the mind made answer: 'Though the root
Be nourished in distress, the bough shall bear
In greater measure, wisdom for its fruit;
The thorn of grief shall blossom on the air!'



FREDA C. BOND

LAMENT FOR THE MAKERS: NEW STYLE

THESE are the makers, these—
Darkening the pavements as they crawl
About the City and Whitehall,
Making history, fortunes, laws.
Why should we mourn for these?
We hear their hurried tread
On the hard pavements, coming and going,
Laws, fortunes, history, swelling and growing—
You must mourn the dead.

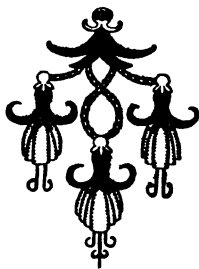
When the lawyer was made, a woodman died,
When the merchant was made, a shepherd died,
When the Under-Secretary was made, a poet died.
You must mourn for them, as they,
The makers, mourn their dead.

For which of them escapes the day
When all his making turns to bitterness
And in his urban bones
The buried farmer groans?
Then the speech of men is less
Than the faint shudder of the ripening wheat,
The grasshopper upon the Royal Exchange
Becomes a burden, and the street
Rings hollow to the feet
That long to smudge the dew on the wild thyme
Beside the chalky sheep track, and to range
The seaward down.

You see the makers, huddled in the town,
Their black-clad shoulders bent

Over their busy making;
But who shall see their thirsty spirits sent
To the proud, shining plough lands, and to byres
And neat, brown stackyards, slaking
Their draught with the strong flavour of the loam,
The tang of rain-soaked woods and autumn fires,
And all the dear, lost scents of their remembered
home.

They feed their flocks on many a phantom hill,
They drive their furrow through a visioned plain,
And though their harvest yields
Harsh fruit and bitter grain,
They shall not cease their husbandry until
They claim their acres in the Elysian fields.



MARY ELIZABETH BARTON

PERSPECTIVE

A HOSTILE day, and body and mind exposed
to the harshness of frustration, to a wrong
rhythm;
eyes weary with light, and back aching
against the futile consciousness of the soul.

Yet suddenly, walking home, the cloud lifted . . .
joy of walking alone at night past warm houses . . .
world warm under darkness, and no stumbling.
I walk smoothly, not to spill this elation,
not to jar the welling of a tenuous rhythm.
This happiness is of the body moving, the mind
lifted;
this happiness is of the mind stilled in the body's
darkness.

I will record all joy against a harsh day.

Walking alone at night. . . .
Looking up in a lighted room from reading Homer
to feel quietness about, and the long time. . . .
Putting the body to sleep between the smooth sheets
in a dim room with the lamp's glow on copper,
and the cranes on the vase lifting their long legs
in sleep. . . .

Sunlight on words, casting on empty paper
shadow of hand moving, shadow of pen. . . .

Suddenly to come past a tower at sunset with the
birds singing . . .
the long streets filled with light . . . then branches
shifting before a window . . . and the houses. . . .

These are the joys of one always alone.
Silence is good, loneliness is good
to lift the heart up from the net of days.
Silence is the mode of the soul, the secret rhythm
of the soul's withdrawal. There will always be
silence.

Though the flesh prevail, wounded, still silence.
Even if life itself should be no longer lonely,
if I should walk surrounded by one love all my
days,
still silence will prevail over that heart-beat
and the clasp shiver and fall away.

Silence forever, and I sit reading Homer
and know quietness, and the dark window and the
long time.



R. L. MÉGROZ

A WIRELESS READING

(To W. B. Yeats)

SOMEBODY coughed. A chair scraped. Awkward pause.

Smoke fumed peacefully in dull air
About us while we waited. An unbodied voice
Began to chant familiar words that changed
In unexpected meetings and climbed our silence
Until some gust of meaning shed them down,
Echoes of echoes, faded leaves of sound
Thrown from a tree that burst new buds each
moment.

Word caught up word in glowing intimation
And sentences flung softly falling veils
About the naked sides of burning truth,
Revealing more than mind earth-paradised
Could see of beauty in a truth all naked.
So our ears guarded and kept the voice, while
thought

Waiting its cue built image upon image,
Tone on tone, until, the grace accomplished,
A conflagration of impassioned words
Was globed upon the horizon with a sweet
And terrible serenity of light,
A moon-lamp of our own reality.

ROBERT NATHAN

ISRAEL

THESSE are the chosen people. He has set
Upon their brow the diadem of thorn,
The one imperishable coronet,
The crown of pain, the briar branch of scorn.
Around their shoulders He has hung His scrolls,
The desert — dark, and yellow as the light;
He is the voice of ages in their souls,
The burning bush, the pillar in the night.
These are the chosen; He has named them all.
None can escape the poison of His grace,
Or ever ease the everlasting smart.
It is for them, the honey and the gall,
To be the wakeful, the abiding race,
And guard the wells of pity of the heart.



JOSEPH BRADDOCK

ODE TO THE SEA

I

THOU final element, where shall I find
An orchestra with music like to thee?
To watch thee leap,
Or to behold thy cloudless smiles
Is to come, naked soul, upon Eternity.

II

Majestic symbol, open to the wind,
Star-sapphirine and ever-questing Sea;
All circling deep,
Cool guardian of palm-feathered isles
Lapping earth's ragged shores' remotest
promontory!

III

Moody thou art, and like a king canst frown;
Or maid in dudgeon when she scorns her silk,
Peevish and wan.
Then, furious, with white waving locks
Assailst iron ramparts conjuring thee to streaming
milk.

IV

Oh, I have seen thine anger seamen drown,
The slowly, sadly disappearing hulk;
While scream their bane
Sea-fowl veering about the rocks,
Until, 'all passion spent,' subsiding, thou dost sulk.

V

Beneath thy glaze a myriad wonders move.
 I dreamed me of a kingdom submarine,
 Stupendous towers,
 And purest fretwork lapis stairs,
 And arches where fantastic swimming rainbows
 shine.

VI

The parrotfish, half-rosy, half of dove,
 Travels through elkhorn forests yet unseen,
 And creature-flowers
 Change vivid colours in their lairs.
 The senses fail picturing such a gorgeous scene.

VII

Upon the seas a passing shadow falls,
 The shadow of migrating birds: below
 The goggle fish
 Observe the forms of ships steal on:
 To Kent from farthest India dauntless wrynecks go.

VIII

But when thy surface, beaten silver, crawls,
 And all but gentle zephyrs cease to blow,
 I have my wish, —
 The waters part beneath the sun,
 And new-born Venus in her pristine glory show.

IX

I think of myths and legends manifold,
 Of changing Proteus and of Thetis fair;

The dolphin train;
Of Dragon-ships thridding the fjord;
The monster serpent Iörmungandr writhing there.

X

Thou certainly, O Sea, art æons old,
Washing yon crag backed like a Stegosaur,
Thou primal main!
Of Earth the cestus; and the lord
Of nations maritime, their sailors' sacred care.

XI

All light and movement thou: and when, at eve,
Thy bosom blushes wine and jade and rose,
I close mine eyes
Recalling seascapes I have seen,
Intoxicated as my inward vision grows.

XII

I see and hear the plangent breakers lave
Firm miles of tawny beach soon to disclose,
A pygmy size,
The busy children's joyful mien,
The moated castles which their energies engross.

XIII

The tide enters a secret sandy bay
Beloved of lovers; there swan-breasted heave,
Caressing, soft,
The forced procession of the waves,
Passing through emerald at the plunge before they
leave.

XIV

Chaste virgin Sea! however vandals may
Scar and defile the land, they cannot grieve,
For gain or thrift,
Thy watery wildness that outbraves
All pastorals romantic solitaries perceive.

XV

Type of man's changeful mind! The Ocean psalm
Shall bring us solace everlastingly!
Chameleon-like
Matching our every wayward mood,
Yielding our spirits freedom to satiety.

XVI

Some blissful evening when the soul is calm,
Put on the purple chlamys of the Sea!
Hear the antique
Voice of old Ocean and his brood
Pæan the blue-flowered fields in restless jubilee.



KENNETH C. KAUFMAN

BIG LIGE

THEY caught Big Lige on Cabin Creek,
His rifle was in his hand;
He rested the barrel on a ledge of rock,
It was there he made his stand.

But the marshal he knew of a secret path,
Under the brushy rim;
He crawled on his belly like a snake
Till he got the drop on him.

They tied his feet beneath his horse
To take him to old Fort Smith.
Said Lige, 'Ain't you-uns a-usin' the rope
That 'uz twisted to hang me with?'

They carried him to the Federal jail
And put him behind the bars.
Said Lige, 'I'd ruther be makin' my bed
On a blanket under the stars.'

The jailer brought in his supper—
'Now, Lige, don't feel too low.'
Said Lige, 'I'm a-needin' the wind in the grass
And the runnin' of buffalo.'

They sent and fetched him a lawyer—
'Lige, you've broken the law.'
Said Lige, 'I kin smell the wild-grape vines
That bloom on the Spavinaw.'

Lige stood and faced the Hanging Judge
And the bearded jurymen:

'I killed the murderin', lyin' thief,
An' I'd do it damn quick again.

'I cracked his neck with these two hands
The same as you'd crack a louse,
I pitched him into his greasy bunk
An' then sot fa'r to his house.

'Now you-uns kin take an' hang me
Er thank me an' let me go,
But I'm mindin' about the wind in the pines
Along Boktukkelo.'

They put Lige on the high scaffold:
'I been in a hundred fights;
I'd a-thought I'd die with lead in my guts
Er an arrer through my lights.'

The chaplain read the Book and prayed;
Said Lige, 'Shut up yore jaw!
I'm sick fer the smoke of the white teepees
On the upper Washita.'

He looked across at the Indian shore
With the wide river between;
Its water was rolling so free and proud,
The hills were beginning to green.

'Bullet er rope er scalpin' knife,
Hit's all the same to me—
In Arkansas er out on the plains
Er at home in the Cherokee.'

They slipped the knot beneath his ear,
The black cap over his head.
'The turkeys are yelpin' on Boggy now,'
Was the last word that he said.



YVONNE FFRENCH

AMAZONAS

FAR from the world where horn-rimmed Culture
peers
Through powerful lenses at its cancered brain,
And Relaxation, phoned about the ears
Clashes its cymbals to a negro strain,

The great queen, coiling through her torrid lands
And steaming forests, like a python, gleams;
Till dawn, exposing her with fiery hands,
Breaks through the sullen splendour of her dreams.

She lies there vast, uncivilised, supine,
Her savage beauty bears no trace of scars;
And on her brows the glittering Andes shine
Plumed by her palms and circled with her stars.



GRANT H. CODE

URANIA

LET others chart the stars,
Those glimmering foamy reefs
Breaking across dark seas
That fire-lit planets sail.

I knew a dreamer's son
Who gave his life to weigh
And measure double-stars,
Linked fires, a thousand odd.

Now he is fire-dust too,
Whirled in a planet's rim,
Balanced in tides of space
Flowing between the worlds.

Let others weigh the dust,
Spread nets to catch the suns.
Guide me through star-cast shadow
Where all fires cool and die.



A. J. M. SMITH

UNIVERSE INTO STONE

LET us invert this monstrous world
And stare with downcast eyes
Below the world to where the stars
Are littered on the skies.

Then reaching up with knotted hands
Into the roadway, see
I pluck a stone as you would pluck
A cherry from a tree.

I cannot hold it! Look! It flies
Into the horrid air.
It puts the stars out one by one,
And spreads a darkness there.

It gathers size as it recedes—
It is the Moon—the Sun—
The myriad Milky Way have grown
With my small pebble one.

The cornucopia of the sky
Is shrivelled into stone,
And I who pulled that pebble down
Stand in its mouth alone.

I am the tongue of that vast bell
Inverted over me—
The voice, the victim, and the god
Lost in infinity.

Bring me my hammer! Bring my blade!
I'll shape this world of stone
Into the likeness of a heart,
Of flesh and blood and bone.



BERNICE KENYON

HOUSE-WREN

SPEAK once again, and tell me all your news,
Small gossip, you who fill the garden walk
With so much gay and repetitious talk,
And then wait calmly on your branch to muse
On man's endeavours and their futile end—
Speak out, and say your parentage and name,
And what your prospects are, and whence you came,
And whom you count as enemy and friend.

All this you have been telling me for days,
Blithely awaiting that most fortunate hour
When I shall speak your language, and your bower
Ring with long explanations of our ways;
Alas to show you, with sufficient chatter,
How little indeed man's heavy efforts matter!



HERBERT READ

A SHORT POEM FOR ARMISTICE DAY

GATHER or take fierce degree
trim the lamp set out for sea
here we are at the workman's entrance
clock in and shed your eminence.

Notwithstanding, work it diverse ways
work it diverse days, multiplying four digestions
here we make artificial flowers
of paper, tin, and metal thread

One eye one leg one arm one lung
a syncopated sick heart beat
the record is not nearly worn
that weaves a background to our work

I have no power, therefore have patience
These flowers have no sweet scent
no lustre in the petal no increase
from fertilising flies, and bees

No seed they have no seed
their tendrils are of wire and grip
the buttonhole the lip
and never fade

And will not fade though life
and lustre go in genuine flowers
and men like flowers are cut
and withered on a stem

And will not fade a year or more
I stuck one in a candlestick
and there it clings about the socket
I have no power, therefore have patience.



HORACE GREGORY

CHORUS FOR SURVIVAL

LET us survive,
outlive the syllables that sound my name,
being alone
down the corridors of steel,

avoiding death, the brief, post mortem fame
the empty wreath closed with an iron seal,
the secret locked, the word unsaid,
body at rest among unfriendly dead.

Being alive, and through disquiet, smiling,
let me survive, naked in light, this room my cell;
learn bitterly to know myself too well,
to know the shadow dwindling in the hall,
till the self-flowering tree
that bears man's destiny
hangs withered fruit across the garden wall.

See the world break in me

flood, war and hurricane
enter the narrow rivers of the brain,
break and subside
in darkness flowing with the warm blood-tide
until I wake, ageless, the limbs walk free,—
open my heart to meet my love again.

RUTH PITTER

AN IMPATIENCE

GREAT men and learned I can hate,
And would confound them if I could;
I saw a simple thing of late,
A soul that lived in solitude.

With anger I have closed the book
That lusts to make all men believe;
But the lone wildling creature's look
Homage demands and shall receive.

Your thoughts are vast, yet shapeless things,
And never done, like Babel tower;
But to its life this spirit brings
Completeness like the five-leaved flower.

You end in chaos as you began;
You are made filth and food of flies;
This loves, and when it ends its span
As flowers fall, even so it dies.

Your ways, your ends are dread to me
When in your hell I share your dream;
But when this dies—I seem to see
Five petals on the sliding stream.



ROBERT FITZGERALD

FOR THE OTHERS

THEY will come to my house, to the street's end
In the tedious season,
Naming the dry leaf, and the wind at morning
Bearing death.

From the tastefully cut helms, the craftsmen's
speech,
I shall turn clearly
To grip in daylight time's still edge
Finding my body, sight, touch, hearing, strange
Identity then with what mind in what place
Of all that makes the story?

Birds
Sing in the dark trees at the world's end
In the evening of time. The bearded men
Stand there among the horses. The lutes play.

And there are valleys in the mountains
And women cutting the hay, and carrying it
In under the hot sun.

These we know.

O father, father,
These many days and many harvests
We have endured, and the grey sea under mists,
The agony of our daughters, and
Old men dying in candlelight
At the summer's passage —
remembering
Landfalls, delay of autumn, grief among dreams.

EDWIN MORGAN

AT THE SHORE

BEFORE that ship, there was no motion,
Before that bird, there was no light;
Just the gray furrows of an ocean,
Just a sky turning into night.

And I had been as not before
In broad deep distances alone:
Just a cold rippling over stone
And the wind whitening the shore.

Yet the dark heart would not be still,
The body would not peaceful lie,
With hopes a sky could not fulfil,
And fear seas could not purify.

That gust of darkening mist was sweet,
The drear uneasy ocean's breath,
Where, whispering quietly of death,
The wistful ghosts of the deathless meet.

And that bleak unsubstantial sky
Blew dark upon a cloud of white,
And feeling its empty coldness, I
Knew it would yield no more than night.

The night made one of sea and bird
And sky in a sharply still embrace,
And I turned in the dark for a hand or face
Or some inconsequential word.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

LIFE GOES ON

LET not your life become a Pharaoh's tomb
Of buried memories, hopes embalmed,
Shut in hot airless silence
Where day by day nothing stirs, nothing lives,
Gold in the darkness never gleams,
The drugged soul broods in a passive swoon
Sightless over unseen treasures softly rotting
In the hot darkness through dusty months.

Youth may be furnished like a king
With crystal dreams and golden ecstasies,
But when the proud king leaves for a far journey
And is lost in the cold wake of the world
In starry seas, the lively palace
Sinks dark and sullen as a tomb.

Let the rain and wind of tears and sighs storm
through it,
With swift wreckage tarnishing the gold,
With lightning of despair and long low thunder
Of the world's sorrow, until the tomb is broken
And the moon gleams through.

Mourn not for the wreckage, but as the moon fades
In the quick dawn, break from the ruins,
For life goes on.

Taste then the morning air
However bitter and however cruel.
Receive in nakedness those darts of light
Whether in kindness or in anger thrown,
Tread humbly on the sacred breast of earth,

And grasp revered water's touch.

Oh, no more gold and crystal in high rooms,
But rain-washed rock and tender fugitive water
Under the old sky worshipped with new eyes,
For life goes on.



JOHN LEE HIGGINS

SEA NYMPHS

LIKE ivory trees in the moonlight
nude bathers stand on boulders,
as belated gulls sweep in, fold
pinions, and sink to the sedge.

Over the black moon-water, cool
statues lean, crouch to leap,
curve in luminous arcs, and dip
slenderly under phosphorus stars.

No sound but parted water closing
and the surf moaning wearily as
they slip from upper air, down
the glaucous walls, arrowing
to the under, sombre silence.

Down past sleeping monsters and
wraith shapes glimmering, open-eyed,
like round stars in black water.

Down, down the soundless deep
to the rock caves below, to the
lush sea-gardens abloom with
strange leaves and pale flowers.

A. E.

KARMA

ALL that was harsh or sweet
To me was brought
Through some affinity
With soul or sense or thought.
I complain not nor wonder.
Just was my lot.

I ask the wise to say
Why are we heir
To the wonder of the sky,
The shining there?
What justice gave to me
This star-delighted air?

Is there still in us
A heaven-descended ray
Of that which wrought the tapestry
Of night and day?
Do our first works, sun, moon and
stars,
Shine on our clay?

O, how my heart leaps up!
It can laugh. It might fly,
Even in dream being knit
To that majesty!
Though long passed from our glory,
I can sing! I could fly!

WILBUR UNDERWOOD

CHAPEL OF THE PERPETUAL ADORATION

WE turn from noisy streets, the hurrying band,
The tread of restless feet that never cease,
Push back a leathern door and sudden stand
In silence, awe and unimagined peace.

Behind a grille a myriad quivering flames,
Two kneeling white-robed nuns, and high above
A gleaming golden monstrance that enframes
The moonbright body of Eternal Love.

Nuns kneel in adoration night and day
Like incense rise their prayers unceasingly,
With face unveiled before their Lord they pray
Atoning for the world's impurity.

Daylong in streams sad, troubled beings stop
To light a taper in the hallowed place
And pray; and as they pray their burdens drop;
The peace past understanding lights each face.

Christ's Brides keep watch for us; and not in vain
Their holy aid; in that inviolate air
Temptation dies, fade life's dark care and pain
Lost in exalting power of their prayer.

Eternal Love, that stooped in human guise,
Unseal our blinded eyes that we may see
Eternal things and pray, awake and wise,
With these Thy watchers in Gethsemane.

MINNIE HITE MOODY

THIS COSMOS

THIS cosmos is a dream pulled down
To tottering shapes of tower and town,
To April meadows gay despair
With mottled sunlight lying there,
To cattle in the winter dawn
With silver icicles upon
The shaggy armour of their sides —
The cyclic meter of the tides,
Moon upon moon and day on day,
Is cosmos on its mystic way
To ultimate and intricate
Oblivions without a date,
Unnamed by sign or numeral
Or hieroglyphics on a wall.

Then let analysis begin
With each respective origin:
The dream is life and life the dream,
Part and parcel to the scheme;
And love is as the roots of grass
Vaguely wakened as we pass;
The bone is breath and breath the bone,
Each with a rapture of its own,
Each with inevitable dearth
Somewhere in ether and in earth.
The leafy bough, the open flower,
The climbing sun that tells the hour,
The clock that marks its shining word,
The perilous beauty of a bird —
All, all are dust and spinning thus
Into a realm anonymous

Alike to intellect and creed,
To melted frost and broken reed.

And birth is death and death is birth
In every corner of the earth,
And so as surely in the void
Even to the outermost asteroid,
And so beneath the deepest sea
With polyp and anemone,
And so within the lion's lair
And in the burrow with the hare—
No consolation lurks in this
Inexorable emphasis.
Pity the spirit doomed to dwell
Within the prison of a cell;
Pity the dream that sees its home
Split into gene and chromosome,
Pity the vein whose throbbing flood
Is sorrow liquidate in blood—
Not even love can build a fence
Against the microscopic sense,
Nor sight, thrice-passionate, deny
The colder ultra-violet eye.
Too calmly is the dream reduced,
The spell collapsed, the vision loosed;
Better the man who seeks his bed
Wearily after evening bread
Than the unsleeping who would press
The upright couch of consciousness,
Arranging in the wistful brain
Patterns irrevocably sane,
Yet somehow strange and somehow weird—
It is as if the soul were speared

And held impaled as complement
To scientific incident.

Bone, breath and vision then are thus
Divisions of a syllabus
Outlining an immortal span
In terms of marrow and of man;
But were there truth in shining hope
Or were it sensible to grope
There is no altering the lot
To which these bodies were begot.
Impenetrable though our doom
As midnight in a shuttered room,
We cannot deviate one whit
From destiny, or, trying it,
Only a worse and earlier fate
Shall be our lot at any rate;
For the inquisitive are dressed
In rougher shrouds than all the rest,
And ashes are the prize of such
As dare to ponder overmuch—
Earth needs so little time to dull
The glittering and anguished skull!

Yet there are consolations still:
Arbutus on a windy hill,
And autumn smoke and April rain,
Frost forests on a window-pane,
Young green upon a budding grove,
And hours mystical with love.
By each of these, men walk in light
Straightway along the blackest night
And laugh again and cease to be
The puppets of infinity.

Blessed indeed the moments spent
In sensitive bewilderment,
For finger tips and ear and eye
Mark a bright road to travel by,
And verily the nostrils tell
The bitter rue from asphodel.
Wherein are motives else than lust:
Hereby men deviate from dust
A little while—by these alone
They travel separate from stone
Heedless that taste were vaguely more
Than carnal pleasure to ignore,
And ignorant that touch were blent
With biological intent.
Nevertheless, let flowers blow
Since smell is such and sight is so;
Unlucky we who sit and brood—
Our utmost faculty is crude,
And all our intellect is less
Than cosmos' slightest carelessness!
The dream is one with mouldering earth
Even with the frantic breath of birth;
Protest is futile, hope is gone
Though the earth turns and life goes on,
The hands that beat the desperate breast
Shall be as quiet as the rest.

So much is certain. Out of gloom
Alike the sepulchre and womb,
There shall emerge, there *must* emerge
A goal beyond the mortal urge
That spins the cycle over and over,
Clover and wheat, and wheat and clover,

Grasses that feed, and grasses fed
By eager and unhappy dead.
Surely a finite finger moves
These patterns to their special grooves,
Or all is lost, or all is shattered
And nothing at all has ever mattered—
A thousand million lovers fused
One instant that there might be loosed
Once more the grief of birth and death
And worse—the intervening breath.
Be it not cruelly so! A plan
However awful, is to man
A fragile comfort. Let him be
Confident of his destiny.
He labours overhard who must
Depend entirely on the crust;
Then leave him beauty as a token,
Lest his last little trust be broken;
Better it were, perhaps, to probe
Less capably, the subtle globe
And its dark secrets. Better far
Childish acceptance of a star,
And beauty for its simple sake—
From other dreams a man must wake,
Baffled, tormented, fiercely wrung
On Crosses where his heart is hung;
And better never to seek a sign—
Not even science can define
The swift inexplicable way
Of swallows on a summer day,
Or sunlight on a mountain stream;
These are the symbols of the dream,
Kindred of calves in willow shade—
And out of such is beauty made,

And one with such is man content
To wander as an instrument
To beauty farther on, nor care
If she discards him, breathless, there.

Such is this cosmos. Let the loon
Cry shrilly to the ageless moon,
The sun rise red with deathless fire,
Man perish in his own desire,
But let there be a guide and chart
For mind and matter and the heart,
Lest though it break and nations fall,
Cosmos were chaos, after all.

JOHN A. HOLMES

DEATH THIS YEAR

DEATH this year has taken men
Whose kind we will not see again.
Pride, and skill, and friendliness,
Wrath, and wisdom and delight
Are shining still, but shining less,
And clouded to the common sight.
Time will show them clear again.
Time will give us other men
With names to write in burning gold
When they are great, and we are old.
But these were royal-hearted, rare.
Memory keeps with loving care
Deeds they did, and tales they told.
But living men are hard to spare.



JOAN LASCELLES RANSON

HAUNTED

THE ghost of autumn haunts the early spring,
The half-burnt umber of dead leaves
Clings to boughs new-budded with fresh green.
Among bright garlands of clustered sheaves,
The ghostly leaves of last year, half unseen
With fading strength still weakly cling,
Until the harsh wind, blowing day by day,
For the growing young makes way.
In youthful spring the dark and sadder note
Of vanished grandeur, autumn's outworn coat,
Reveals a beauty soon to fade again.
Nature beholds its youth with wistful pain,
In these new buds, so soon to turn;
Just as young men, in glimpses, learn
The outworn tiredness of the old,
Who to the tree of life still firmly hold.



KENNETH ALLEN ROBINSON

LUKE TANNER'S DAUGHTER

(Blue Ridge)

CHASE no snake over runnin' water,
Touch no knot on a deadenin' tree,
Lest you get spelled by Luke Tanner's daughter,
Spelled and taken an' can't get free.

There's more that hides in the iron-weed bushes,
There's more that moves in a poke-berry clump,
Than a copperhead snake with lickin' tushes
Or squirr'l cuttin' on hickory stump.

There's more in the brush where the creek runs
pretty,
There's more in the fernwood, bindin' her hair,
Than a natural girl with a little bitty
Of lace, for frolics, an' shoes to wear.

This is the look of Luke Tanner's daughter—
Her eyes are pickedy; she's been fed
On whisper cake an' on easy water,
The better to grieve you till you're dead.

She draws you with her like someone seekin',
She holds your fingers an' draws you slow;
An' something has started the hounds a-speakin'
Back on the mountain, lonesome an' low.

'Taint over Grindstone, 'taint over Piney,
'Taint over mountains that any man's know'd,
Where there's grass for critters and tracks worn
shiny—
Luke Tanner's house lies a different road.

It never was raised at a daytime raisin',
The chinkin's made of no upright clay,
But Luke Tanner stands in the dooryard gazin'
An' calls 'Come in to th' marryin' play.'

Come feast on sheep an' come dance to fiddles—
Oh swing no girl that you'll ever wish dead—
Till his five tall sons with beards to their middles
Cry 'Come in to th' marryin' bed.'

They'll bed you deep an' they'll bed you double,
They'll bed you richer than red-gold money;
They'll spread you with quilts that they name
'Job's Trouble,'
An' her mouth tastes hot like the bee-gum honey.

Chase no snake over runnin' water,
Touch no knot on a deadenin' tree;
If you've kissed the mouth of Luke Tanner's
daughter,
You're spelled an' taken an' can't get free.

HUMBERT WOLFE

TWO OBOLS

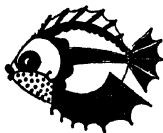
HERE are two obols, sailor,
and let you ferry
a phantom paler
than mist in your wherry
till the black unbroken
silence defers
to the dim moth-spoken
passengers.
Pole swift up the river
to put me over
on the shore where never
again for the lover
the veils and the voices
shimmer and lift,
and the heart, that rejoices,
breaks. Boatman, be swift!



MARK TAIT

PALE MOON

It cannot be that the pale moon
Has always been alone,
She must have had a lover once
In likeness of her own
Who on some dear, dim year ago
Watched nightly at her side,
Or why should she be pining so
Had not a lover died?
Or why should she be shining so
With all a loved-one's pride!



DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

THEY KNOW WHEN APRILS COME

THEY know when Aprils come, the dear, dead
lovers
Of yesteryear who sleep so quietly
Beneath the silence of the snow's white covers
That lay them under softly, tenderly.
They know when waking passion stirs a seed
And dark roots throb with rhythms they have lost;
When hills are crying with colours that burn and
bleed—
Blooms only the spendthrift beauty could have
tossed.
No April takes the meadows past their knowing,
No rose goes out in scarlet but they hear
Its petals in a wave of wildfire blowing
Along the emerald highways of the year.
No Aprils come, but restless as a wing
The dust of lovers stirs, remembering.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

ENCHANTMENT

THERE shall be boughs of blossom against blue
skies
And greening fields after the blanching frost,
And the gemlike wonder of Spring in a robin's eyes,
And a secret glow in my heart that I thought
was lost.

There shall be white roads level and straight and
thin,
And gloomy roads high among purple hills,
And golden roads that double and swerve and spin,
And a fount of gold in the sky that brims and
spills.

There shall be dreaming valleys and misted trees
Where woodsmoke curls and wreathes among
homes of men,
And orchards making a heaven for the bees,
And the blown magic of April's breath again.

There shall be dawn like fire and noon like a rose,
And a pearling drift of splendour in sunset skies,
And I shall see these things as a man who goes
Back to his soul's beginning with ageless eyes.

T. S. ELIOT

WORDS FOR MUSIC

New Hampshire

CHILDREN'S voices in the orchard
Between the blossom- and the fruit-time:
Golden head, crimson head,
Between the green tip and the root.
Black wing, brown wing, hover over;
Twenty years and the spring is over;
To-day grieves, to-morrow grieves,
Cover me over, light-in-leaves.
Golden head, black wing,
Cling, swing,
Spring, sing,
Swing up into the apple-tree.

Virginia

Red river, red river,
Slow flow heat is silence
No will is still as a river
Still. Will heat move
Only through the mockingbird
Heard once? Still hills
Wait. Gates wait. Purple trees,
White trees, wait, wait,
Delay, decay. Living, living,
Never moving. Ever moving
Iron thoughts came with me
And go with me:
Red river, river, river.

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

FROM GENERAL TO PARTICULAR

THIS is a long way that we
Have come to face finality.

Since man pushed the slime aside
And stood up slowly, feeble-eyed,
All men have died; we have not died.

We went concealed against the sun,
Renewed and guarded and passed on
Eon by eon.

The first dawn
Flows in us; even the still, wan
Chaos which light splashed upon:

But this is memory only and
The half-remembered stretched Hand.

Now out of the long secret zone
Of blood and bone
We have escaped, have seen and known
Grass and dirt and tree and stone;

And looked on flesh and loved and lain
Deliriously in flesh again.

From that warm dark you and I
Stand beneath the cold sky
Knowing at last that we shall die.

After the ageless content,
This beautiful, bitter, brief moment;

From anonymous night, the brow
Lifted to all the lights now ;

The sleepers waked for martyrdom.
What once we were we shall become.



HERBERT PALMER

THE LIVING POEM

MY torment loosed a whirling Word,
A meteor of blasting light.
It zipped and zood and sizzed and swirled
And bummed and beetled through the night.

But suddenly it blazed a curve.
Zzzz! Flop! Across my route it rolled.
I looked; and saw in dazed concern
A jagged cinder black and cold.

I said, 'What is this thing that whirled
So strangely from my foaming brain?
There's something here in darkness furled
That striving should make bright and plain.'

And so I bent in toil to it,
Seeking to give it brain and nerve.
I brought the softest soil to it,
And many a green and yellow turve.

I cried and sighed and raved to it.
Over my head wild lightnings flared.
I strained and heaved and slaved to it;
But the word lay dead across the Word.

I ceased. When lo! the crust seemed lit.
Deep in my brain my fingers curled.
I blew. There came a fire on it, —
Spears, banners, flags, a living world

Of waving meadows, trees and corn.
I breathed into its starry night.
And Adam carolled to the morn;
And Eve came with the fading light.



ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

FISHING VILLAGE

HERE every day comes gently as the tide
That swells the torpid river from the sea;
Over time-whitened docks the hours glide,
Slipping like stealthy barges noiselessly
Into the deeper channel of the dark.
Here nights are languid under pendent fogs
That close upon the trawler's valiant spark
Stealing its way past reefs and jutting logs.

Only three things this sleepy village knows:
The tide, the task, and the eternal swish
Of water under docks, that comes and goes,
Breathing its salty litany of fish,
Of floundering suns above the oyster bars,
And cold moons swimming through a school
stars.



ERIC BLAIR

ON A RUINED FARM NEAR THE HIS MASTER'S VOICE
GRAMOPHONE FACTORY

AS I stand at the lichened gate
With warring worlds on either hand—
To left the black and budless trees,
The empty sties, the barns that stand

Like tumbling skeletons—and to right
The factory-towers, white and clear
Like distant, glittering cities seen
From a ship's rail—as I stand here,

I feel, and with a sharper pang,
My mortal sickness; how I give
My heart to weak and stuffless ghosts,
And with the living cannot live.

The acid smoke has soured the fields,
And browned the few and windworn flowers;
But there, where steel and concrete soar
In dizzy, geometric towers—

There, where the tapering cranes sweep round,
And great wheels turn, and trains roar by
Like strong, low-headed brutes of steel—
There is my world, my home; yet why

So alien still? For I can neither
Dwell in that world, nor turn again
To scythe and spade, but only loiter
Among the trees the smoke has slain.

Yet when the trees were young, men still
Could choose their path—the wingèd soul,
Not cursed with double doubts, could fly
Arrow-like to a foreseen goal;

And they who planned those soaring towers,
They too have set their spirit free;
To them their glittering world can bring
Faith, and accepted destiny;

But none to me as I stand here
Between two countries, both-ways torn,
And moveless still, like Buridan's donkey
Between the water and the corn.



ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

EYES ARE LIT UP

SOMEONE whom no man can see
Is lighting candles in the tree.

Star by star, on every bough
There is a taper burning now.

Quietly, the forest through,
Eyes are lit up, two by two.

The silky moles and velvet mice
Have eyes as sharp as cracks in ice.

Dark lanterns of the owls begin
To burn like emeralds and sin.

The raccoon built of hidden wire
Prowls by the glow of his brain-fire

Hérons stand as still as years
And see the fish swim through their tears.

All the creatures of the night
Are busy being their own light.

JOSEPH BRADDOCK

PENSHURST REVISITED

THE road declined, turned — full upon my sight
There burst gold-shining meadows; one tall
elm

Spread coolness where red heifers slowly grazed.
Beneath the stone bridge water welled to join
That other stream named Eden; motionless,
Jack pike lay sunning; blue-backed swallows sped
Now here, now there, o'er mud banks taking insects.
I watched a little, waited: Oh, to see
A kingfisher, by goldcups alchemised,
Flash past, a living star of green! The wind
In light-filled oaks hissed gentle as a tide.

Near Penshurst Place the foursquare church-
tower stood
Proudly among the emerald crowns of trees,
Casting dark shadow: the church clock struck three.
Sweet prospect! most blest village, dear
to me,

Nestling in such luxuriant countryside
This June, this burning June! I'll foot it now
To oldest smithy and quaint butcher's shop;
And find my timbered almshouses, and the last
Cluster of pale wistaria trailing low,
Peonies and honeysuckle. —

Years fall back,
And Penshurst lives again the home of Sidney.
His noble heart! Oh, best adventurous days!
These gardens knew his childhood's toddling steps
Who grew to manhood in an age supreme,
Who died, too young, his country's jewel and
servant.

Great soldier, poet, shining son of England,
Lover of horse and man! does Stella's ghost
Still haunt these purlieus for her Astrophel?
That was a hard hour when the way of her,
At Chartley Castle with the Virgin Queen,
First lit the taper death alone could quench.
'Friend to Sir Philip Sidney,' epitaph
Enough for any man! — and now he fades
As fades an air, the music that he loved;
Or painting vibrant yet within the mind.

I journey on, and pass a darling cottage,
Minute, warm-tinted, Kentish; pause, envying;
Press on again, find the half-shadowed road
Stretched like a ribbon flung to meet the hill;
Red oast-houses, by young, fast-climbing hops,
Slanting their witches' hats against the sky.

A blackbird alights close, his tail at
see-saw, —
Now listen while he flutes! What ecstasy!
How rich his praise! That stream was rightly
named,
For surely this sweet land is veriest Eden?



ROBERT FROST

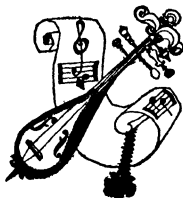
ON THE HEART'S BEGINNING TO CLOUD THE MIND

SOMETHING I saw, or thought I saw,
In the desert at midnight in Utah,
Looking out of my lower berth
At moonlit sky and moonlit earth.
The sky had here and there a star.
The earth had a single light afar,
A flickering, human, pathetic light,
That was maintained against the night,
As it seemed to me, by the people there,
With a world-forsaken brute despair.
It would flutter and fall in half an hour
Like the last petal off a flower.
But my heart was beginning to cloud my mind.
I could tell a tale of a better kind.
That far light flickers because of trees,
The people can burn it as long as they please;
And when their interests in it end
They can leave it to someone else to tend.
Come back that way a summer hence,
I should find it no more no less intense.

I pass, but I scarcely pass, no doubt,
When one will say 'Let us put it out.'
The other without demur agrees.
They can keep it burning as long as they please.
They can put it out whenever they please.
One looks out last from the darkened room
At the shiny desert with spots of gloom
That might be people and are but cedar,
Have no purpose, have no leader,

Have never made the first move to assemble,
And are nothing to make the lonely tremble,
She can think of places that are not thus
Without indulging in 'Not for us!'
Life is not so sinister grave.
Matter-of-fact has made them brave.
He is husband, she is wife,
She fears not him, they fear not life.
They know where another light has been,
And more than one, to theirs akin,
But earlier out for bed to-night,
So lost on me is my surface flight.

This I saw when waking late,
Going by at a railroad rate,
Looking through the wreaths of engine smoke,
Far into the lives of other folk.



PADRAIC COLUM

MIMOSA

'LES MIMOSAS' the flower girls call as they
offer us branches
Along the curve of their sea a-bloom in the sun-
light:
Like dust, like foam are the blooms, but many and
golden
On branch that I hold in my hand . . .
I stand in a garden
Where grows a tree that has bloom on its hundred
branches,
Swaying each as though many golden birds were
upon it,
And a Princess walks; there in veils of gold she is
shrouded,
But like dust, like foam, I know, the heart in her
bosom!



PETER YATES

KNOWLE — AFTERNOON

IN silent reaches of the flowered walk,
A shadow falls upon the last
Dim echoes of a glorious past;
Here flit the ghosts of long forgotten kings:
The afternoon
Sleeps in the lilting murmur of their talk.

With bright impassioned eyes the windows stare
Across a crumbling balcony;
Like old men's eyes they seem to me,
Dreaming again of rich brocaded days:
In retrospect
They hear their laughter fill the happy air.

Why was I born too late to know the spell
Of beauty when the world was young?
The windows stare, but they have sung
Their last; death closely overshadows them;
While the laughter
Sounds faintly, like the murmur in a shell.

SARAH LITSEY

THE CITY

AND I had said, 'I am not afraid of a city.'
That kindly southern city cool with trees;
I think that it was beautiful to me once,
The slow, brown river curving at its feet,
The unhurried streets. Even the houses there
Had friendly eyes. 'I will go back,' I said.

I had forgotten that cities are born of men,
Born of their sweat and their lust and their pain
and their hunger.
By them are the houses reared and the cool trees
planted,
The streets paved and the lazy river spanned.
Out of their great and pitiful hands must flow
Their animate cruelty into inanimate things.

So I came to the city of which I was not afraid
And the winter fell and wind haunted the streets;
The yellow lamps through the night were like a
laughter
Harsh in the throat. The houses had no eyes
That did not look inward, and their doors were
closed.

'I will not let you love me,' said the city,
'With me you may find no peace nor any joy.'
But it was the fearful voice of man which spoke
With a tongue of stone and the merciless lips of
steel.

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

OXEN

FASHIONED for man's heroic use
And not his plodding, dull abuse,
 Deep in your fireless eyes I see
 Your need and your necessity,
Who were created to create
As gods, and not as clowns of fate.

Alien to man's obedience,
His law of lust for tarnished pence,
 Alien to plow and furrowed strife,
 The wage for harrowing days of life,
You were not made for rein and goad,
Thirst, hunger and the parchèd road.

Where cool, pellucid rivers pass
Through meadows beautiful with grass—
 Serene or rumped by the wind—
 You were to dwell undisciplined,
With thundering hoof and flashing eye
Like Taurus in an April sky.

Once friend of emperor and god,—
Now comrade only of the clod,
 With faltering step and bended head
 From dawn till cabin-lamps burn red,—
You wait the healing night unbars,
Its freedom and its friendly stars!

ESTELLE DUCLO

O, NATIONS!

O, NATIONS! triumphant and vanquished,
engrossed with your losses and gain,
The Future, imperilled, is challenging you, thro'
the voice of the Slain!

Have you no statesman or soldier or poet or
prophet to rise
With a saving and ultimate Vision aflame in his
kindled eyes?

Your counsellors balance the fate of the world,
while Time takes toll;—
Remember the scales of the spirit and their
weighing of things of the soul.

Seek not the records of militant ages for guidance,
to-day, —
Let the sinister scrolls be annulled, let your wisdom
and love lead the way.

The importunate Hour awaits a word that shall
quicken again
The fires of faith and of courage and hope in the
hearts of men.



