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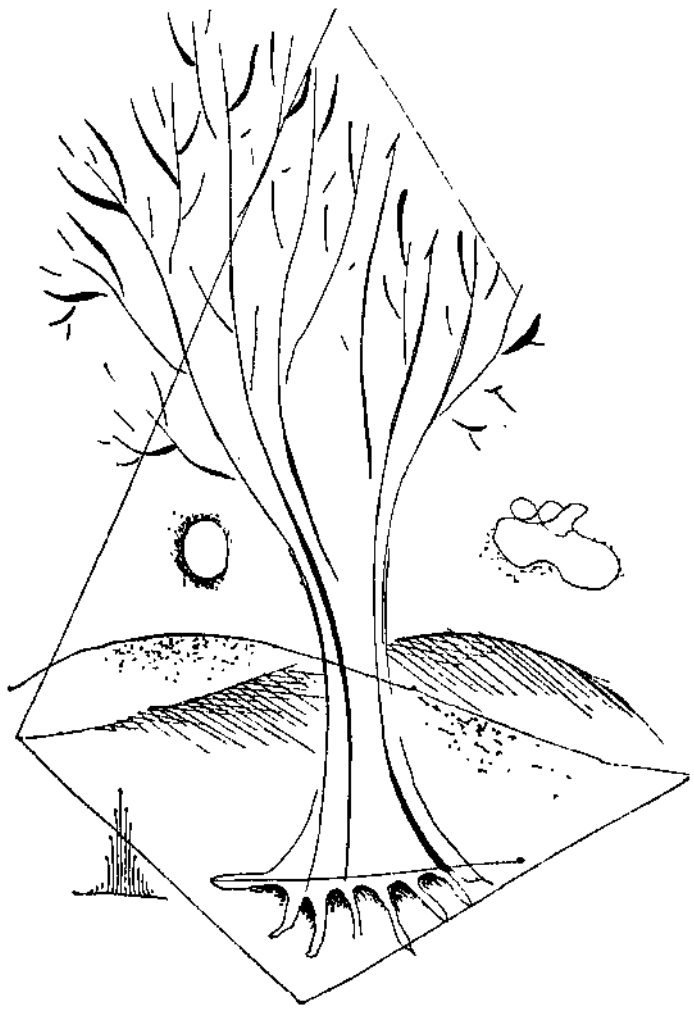
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THE BEST POEMS OF 1937



The
BEST POEMS
of 937



Selected by
THOMAS MOULT
decorated by
MARY M. KESSELL

LONDON
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TORONTO

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Introduction

'It is not the business of a poet to instruct his age. He should be too humble to instruct his age. His business is merely to express himself, whatever that self may be. . . .' The sixteenth annual issue of *The Best Poems* series of compilations from the year's British and American periodicals could not be more usefully introduced than with the above quotation from a recent manifesto by Mr. W. B. Yeats. At the present moment the poetry world appears to be divided into two groups, one of them urging that we have passed beyond what they regard as 'this pretty lispng time' to a less ornamental State in which the poet has to be judged by other things than imaginative power and emotional clarity, the alternative group holding on to the old belief that a poem must be aesthetically adequate or the most complete recognition of the dynamic nature of life will not save it.

The gulf between the two attitudes may be realised when we recall that fifteen years ago it was considered wrong for a poet to convey ideas *as* ideas; to-day the more plainly, even the more starkly, he expresses them and defends his beliefs the more highly certain critics regard him. Closely following upon this praise of the writer who fills his verse with more or less illuminating social wisdom comes the still small voice—still in a twofold sense now, alas!—of one who was never unsympathetic to the 'moderns,' the late Harriet Monroe, editor of the American magazine, *Poetry*. Poems ineffective as art/ she said, 'probably also prove ineffective as propaganda.'

Thus the position stands as *The Best Poems of 1937* is published. It is stated simply that the editor may emphasise what the following pages reveal—that in these annual volumes there is no partisanship. All that con-

cerns him is his conviction that good poetry continues to be written, and that writing it is not enough—the poem muSt be read. Again to quote the late editor of *Poetry*: 'If the hearing which is a necessity of life for the poet fails him, his spirit, talent, genius, sees nothing but Starvation ahead—the poetic flame goes out. The poets' magazines are an effort to prevent the catastrophe, to supply the conta&s that will keep its spirit alive.'

The purpose of *The Best Poems* anthologies, which has been Stated in every issue so far, is to add to the poet's opportunity of making these contacts as well as to help poetry-readers to gain an all-round impression of what is being written in Britain, Ireland, and the U.S.A. as represented in the periodicals (as diStinft from books) of the year, which began for the present purposes in July 1936 and ended in June 1937. The word 'BeSt' in the title is used in a personal sense, and intended to infer an editorial conviction.

A number of the poems here reprinted have inevitably been, or are soon to be, collected by their authors into volumes of individual work. Instances of this refer to Mr. Conrad Aiken, Mr. August Derleth, and Mr. Robert Francis; and also Mr. Edwin Muir, whose *Journeys and Places* has juSt appeared through Messrs. Dent, London. But in no case is the purpose of the book interfered with, and cordial acknowledgment is made to the poets, editors, and publishers, who have generously relieved the compiler of many of the usual anthologist's difficulties as far as lies in their power. During a period of great disproportion in the spiritual and material life, when poetry magazines are Struggling desperately for continuance, this is a tribute to the undiminished enthusiasm for poetry on both sides of the Atlantic.

THOMAS MOULT

To
THE MEMORY
of
JOHN DRINKWATER
HARRIET MONROE
A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE
GERALD GOULD

THE BEST POEMS OF 1937

AUGUST DERLETH

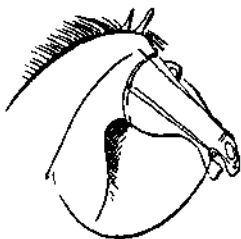
WISCONSIN COME TO AGE

HONEYSUCKLES are Still in the deep valleys.

I mark the old trails over again
each year; I walk them every spring and every
summer, knowing how vain
remembering is. I cannot know how it is to have
been near another month, another year,
or other years.

The fragrance of white violets has perhaps always
been here,
and trails are ever the same.
It does not matter now that only game
use them; defeat decays the mind,
but sometimes it is kind.

Now only animals take paths that proud Algon-
quins walked time paSt,
but it is the thorn apple putting out its guarded
blossoms year on year that says, 'No year is
last.'



JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

AGAINST MOUNTAINS

HOW did I ever think me a child of the hills?
HI who am restless and torn and tormented and
driven,
Mutable Still as the wave the tossed sea-water spills,
Swayed by the wind and the moon, by the
hurricane riven.

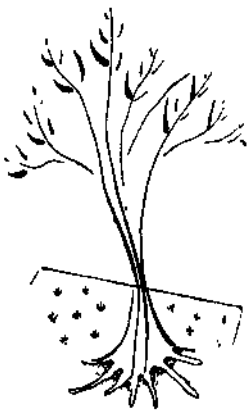
Mountains are silent and old. Not theirs is the
eager
Wild surging of life. They have listened long
since to a Word,
And uplifted and frozen they Stand. Though you
come as a beggar,
Though you beat on their breaSts with your hands
they will not be Stirred.

Their garment is peace. The hem of their garment
is heavy
With silence and sleep. The tired heart hushes
and Stills,
But my heart is eager and wild. It cries out. Oh,
not yet am I ready
For your passionless calm, grey hills.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM *COFFIN*

THE LANTERN

ALL the fields were flakes of fire,
The lightning-bugs were drifting higher
Than dim trees againSt the night.
It mußt be fun to take a light
When going courting. That brought back
A thing of which he'd loſt the track
For fifty years—how he and Jane
Had walked one night along a lane
Carrying a lantern. He had hold,
And she had hold, and there was gold
Light spilling on the clover tops
Between them as they went, and drops
Of dew caught fire, and they ſaid
Not one word but went ahead,
And he knew that their Steps would go
A lifetime long together ſo.



CONRAD AIKEN

THE BRIGHT MARGIN

BUT having seen the shape, having heard
the voice, do not relate the phantom image
too nearly to yourself, leave the bright margin
between the text and page, a little room
for the unimagined. What's here, beneath your
hand,
is less and more than what you see or feel;
deeper than air or water; deeper than thought
can dive, whether between Stars or between gods,
deeper than the sound of your heart. Walk right
or left
it is no matter, whether in room or field,
under a tree or beside a road, the shape
will be deciphered only to elude you.
Is the fog only the shape of yourself, idiot?
and the fog an idiot too? is the god
only the shape of yourself, idiot, and the god
your own vaft fog of folly projected?
Think better of your love than this.

She reads a book:
her hands are on the table: the bright light
falls on the opened pages, the two pages,
and on the ordered words; and while she breathes
the braids upon her bosom rise and fall
as slowly as her eyes recite the lines,
from left to right, from right to left, softly
reshaping from that sight a world of sound.
Then with her ears, but not with ears, she learns
how leaves can make an aureate grace of air
weaving a visual pattern, but in sound,

moved by the wind, heard by the poet's ear,
and now in visual sign transcribed again.
What miracle is this? that she who reads
here in a simple room of time and chairs
can watch a bough dissect an arc of sky?
can feel the current of the wind that lifts it?
can hear and see and feel that wound in air?
As the bough dips and flurries, she reads and
breathes;
as move the leaves, her hands upon the page;
as lives the tree, or as the poet lives
in living with the tree, so lives her eye;
and as the poem lives, her woman's grace.
But which lives first? and who is living?

God
is such a margin as thus lies between
the poem and the page's edge, a space
between the known and the imagined, between
the reported and the real, lie is your fancy.
And you are his.



ALBERT CLEMENTS

WALKING ALL WAYS AT ONCE

I WALK this walk alone. A rainy night
Is best because the rain-pools furnish light
Disclosing animated passages
Winding all ways at once. What really is
A road becomes a thousand roads that show
A thousand more, and each one seems to go
All ways at once. Almost as if a hand,
Though this is more than man should understand,
Were dropping all the different roads across
My feet, so that, at a tremendous loss,
I never know which one to take. Consequently
I take them all and amazingly am free
To be all places in a single breath—
By roads proclaimed ambassador of death!



ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

HAYING

THE supper bell was ringing as Neill Strode —
A bucket of warm milk in either hand,
The cat and her five kittens at his heels —
Down through the yellow tansy from the barn,
Where Tod and I were washing in the trough —
We laid the pipe that summer from the hills —
And said, his weather eye cocked toward the south,
*We're in for rain by morning. The wind has changed ;
So we'll be finishing the hay to-night.*
Tod lifted his black curly head from which
The bright drops splashed, and glared at Neill —
*Aw, have a heart, he said. I've worked enough
For twofarm hands to-day, and there's a dance
At Mary's Corners. Neill, I have a date. . . .*
The crickets fiddled in the duSty grass. . . .
I looked away. What could a fellow do ?
And Nancy'd promised she would go with me. ...
Neill turned and went on slowly to the house.
His shirt was Stained across the back by sweat;
He looked dog-tired. We all were; we'd been up
And in the hay fields since before the dawn —
How endless-long the murky day had seemed!
How hot! And how the green deer-flies had Stung 1

And then I was remembering the drought —
The dreadful years with scarce a drop of rain,
And Neill had almost loft Glenacres, and
Had shot his herd of Starving blooded Stock.
And we'd gone hungry too. *We'd better Hand
By Neill, I said. A crop of hay means cash ;
And cash is mighty hard come by these days,*

But Tod was mad—you couldn't blame him much—
Don't be a fool, he snapped. *Neill thinks because*
We're kids that he can run us. Then Maurine,
Neill's wife—she's kind of little-like and thin
From over-work and worry, but sure good
To Tod and me—we'd lived with her and Neill
Since Dad and Mother died—Maurine then called,
Your supper's hot and waiting. Better hurry, boys!
So when we'd wiped upon the roller-towel
Beside the kitchen door, we dragged our chairs
Up to the table where already Neill
Was eating. He piled our plates with new-fried
spuds,
Thick salt pork gravy, cobs of early corn
And passed the blue glass dish of fireweed honey—
We kept our hives far up the old hill-burn—
Hot biscuits, and sweet butter churned that day—
Our butter gets blue ribbons at the Fair—
And no one talked, till, belts let out a notch,
Our chairs tipped back against the wall, Neill said,
Be sports, you kids! Hay means more meals like
this. . . .

Maurine's blue eyes were pleading, *Go 'with him—*
Not even Tod could quite withstand that glance;
So like bull yearlings bunting at a fence,
We charged the telephone. Tod got there first.
When he'd called off his date, I rang up Nancy—
Nan's pretty as crab-apple blossoms, and as slim
As any alder tree. She dances too
Like willows swaying in the April wind—
But Nancy Saunders comes of farmer-Stock.
Next 'week, then, Karl, she said, when haying's done.

Neill had the big greys hitched up to the rick
While we ran to the barn. So Tod and I
Climbed in the back and sat with dangling heels
As Prince and Nelly ambled down the lane
Between the daisies and the bouncing-bet.
It was a different world from afternoon,
The air as yellow-cool as buttercups;
The sun had set; the sky, no longer fiery-blue,
Was fleeced with lamb's wool clouds, and these
Were fringed with white rose pink. I looked at
Tod

And Neill, and wondered if they noticed too.
I couldn't see Neill's features, but his back
Looked reSted-like. Tod sort of sighed and chewed
A clover Stalk . . . and when at laSt we slid
The creaking gate bars out and rattled in
The weSt-end meadow — the sightlieSt spot
In all Glenacres any hour of day —
It was so beautiful now in the dusk
That something caught me in the throat
Like Christmas carols on the radio. . . .

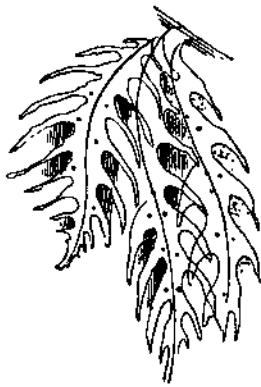
Long purple shadows from the fir trees lay
Across the cocks and Stubble. It was so Still
That we could hear the falls of Cedar Creek. . . .
A wood thrush in the hazel bushes piped
One sweet high note; an owl called to its mate;
White foxgloves glowed like candles by the
fence.

In place of choking duSt, there now was dew.
As Tod and I forked up the hay to Neill
Who Stacked as faSt as two of us could pitch,
The fragrance made me think of Nancy's hair. . . .

With every load the magic grew. A Star
Rose in the west... we worked with scarce a
word.

Oh, it was like our church with hymns and prayers
On Sundays when the riding parson comes.
Then as we took the laSt load in, the moon
Came up behind the hill, and Tod and Neill
And I, the horses and the meadow, all
Were silvered with its light, and suddenly
I was as far away from Tod, as if
I swam alone across a lake and left him,
My own brother, on the farther shore.
My heart cried out, but there was no reply . . .
Between a field and hayloft, I grew up. . . .

Toward morning I half-wakened to a sound
Of rain drops pelting on the attic roof. . . .



HERBERT PALMER

BROOK NOSTALGIA

O H, I would go away and fire my eyes,
Get a new brain, and woo the gravel flies,
And make a glow-worm pillow of my sighs!

Forget, forget—where alder roots cling wet.
Where water runs I can a year forget.
The empty brain grows pleasuring ears and eyes.

See, watch, suspend. JuSt that, and gild my nose,
Mindless as hern or otter, in the sun's throes,
Where rock-moss drips, where water gleams and
flows.

Grey is my heart, and grey the face of thee.
These chopine heels set not the pace for me.
Where winds walk warily I cannot see.

But by the ivied bridge the dun-flies gleam;
The brown trout turns his speckles to the Stream,
And small Stones Stun my dark Street-troubled
dream.

Only where water runs I can forget.
Fins, little wings and pebbles pearl Time's net.
What sometimes was, came oft, and shall be yet.

AUDREY IFURDEMANN

FRUIT

THIS is the song of fruit,
Whereof the skins are thin,
That, from a questing root,
Have suckled sweetness in,

That, by their alchemy
Grown drowsy-drunk with sun,
Lean, with the leaning tree,
Toward oblivion.

This thing the fruit intends,
The cherry, the plum, the pear,
Whose cry\$tal flesh suspends
In crystal air:

Bitter about the seed
And a thinly bitter coat!
Blithely the small birds feed
With honey in each throat.



JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN

WINTER CASTLE

I

KNOwING your body and the lines of it,
Knowing a portion of your heart, at worSt,
There is a country in your mind unlit
By any torch of mine. I have a thirst
To-night to spy its wells, hunger to touch
My fingers to its fruit, desire to trace
Its dark horizons and to climb and clutch
Its dizzy goat-paths where the sharp winds race
And flying clouds are close; and if my luSl
For finding things bring me a bitter view,
Why, I am one whom danger never thruSt
Away from her so sharply as she drew;
Our hands together, on the cruel ground
I shall Stand Steadfastly, and make no sound.

ii

This is the hour forever known to love
No lover shall escape, when failure brings
Black hurt, and the bewildered movement of
This loneliness that comes on evil wings:
Soft, silent-moving wings that smother breath
Until I cry to drink the living air
And force the closing coffin of this death
Whose Straining hands are colder than despair.
I am more lonely than that slope of snow
We marked at sundown toward the icy wcSt
Though it be borne, and I again shall know
That sharp accord that is of all things beSt,
What to my lips is pressed was never sweet—
The bitter sense of unexplained defeat.

III

There has not been such joy as this to-night.
In all the ageing world no lips have found
Save ours this laSt bright drop. Where the faint
light

Catches the shrine, the shadow chills the ground.
In the dim wolds gigantic miseries go
Wailing in frozen fields a winter wrong,
And bitter blood is spilt upon the snow
And moon is none and icy winds are long.
What terrible exception lights the flame
That biases round us in this evil night,
We who alone of things lay ignorant claim
In the dark hour to scale this single height?
Mother of God, what mercy in your face
Lends us this secret solitary grace?



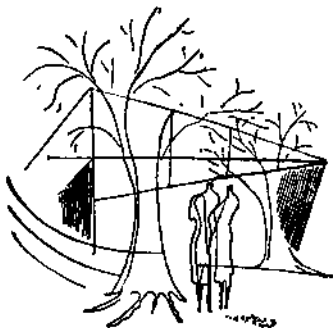
LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY

ANY PAINTER

HIS palette spread with pigments, cobalt blue
And bold earth-shades, his swift brush would
evoke

Phantoms and latent miracles to new
Estates of being with each facile Stroke.
He snares the sunset with a crafty hand,
A fisherman with colour for a net,
And holds no mortal province contraband
To vision daring cliff or parapet.

And yet, unknown to him, sardonic fate
Guiding unconscious fingers, may surprise
The sorrow hidden under smiling eyes;
Or in his pious art, Still obdurate,
Uncover through the medium of paint
The cloven hoof of some familiar saint!



ROBIN LAMPSON

THE MENDING OF A CONTINENT

(The San Francisco Bay Bridges)

THE mark of a nobleness greater than the earth's
is upon these Structures.

'Look how noble the earth is'—the sky-covered
valleys, the seas, and the mountains.

But even the world's highest mountain was up-
heaved by the blind concussion

Of dumb, Stumbling forces, a magnificent accident
of disinterested atoms,

While here is the beauty of the atom's own sym-
metry elaborately visioned

And dreamed and planned by the brain of man:
no ponderous fortuity

Ensuing from the twitching of the planets' flank,
as Everest was,

But the purposeful mending of a continent by
puny human fingers and brain cells.

Worship the inanimate earth if you will, O
philosopher; cry down

Mankind as ignoble and vile, but here, from the
crucible of our race's

Discontent and aspiring, now arises a huge handi-
work more symmetrical and excellent

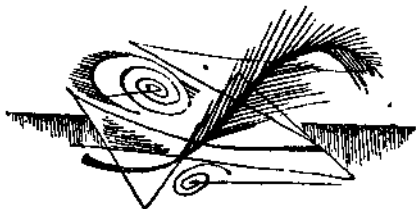
Than any design fashioned by the quivering planet
and its Stone-hewing tides.

Proudly we identify ourselves with this vitality
and achievement, yet remember

The slow tortuous climb of the race, the pain
co-existent with awareness,

The bloodshed, cruelties, ignominies, the glories
built on injustices,
The Pyrrhic victories, false advances, regressions
—and the sharp pangs of our present im-
perfections.
But these Structures are a palpable sign of the
nobleness companioning the anguish
Of our animate consciousness; these towers are a
visible token of our racial
Stature; each Steel beam is muscled with the
Strength of our co-ordinate knowledge.
Here is a new human flowering: mankind augment-
ing its humanity.

These delicate-powerful towers and cables and
spans are the living
Warm skeleton of our race's embodied aspiration
and intelligence and achievement:
These muscular Structures shall breathe the traffic
of nations, feel the tides
Of mankind as a lifeblood, be clothed in our
consciousness of humanity's power.



MARK VAN DOREN

PROPER CLAY

THEIR little room grew light with cries;
He woke and heard them thread the dark,
He woke and felt them like the rays
Of some unlawful dawn at work—

Some random sunrise, loft and small,
That found the room's heart, vein by vein.
But she was whispering to the wall,
And he muft see what she had seen.

He asked her gently, and she wept.
'Oh, I have dreamed the ancient dream.
My time was on me, and I slept;
And I grew greater than I am;

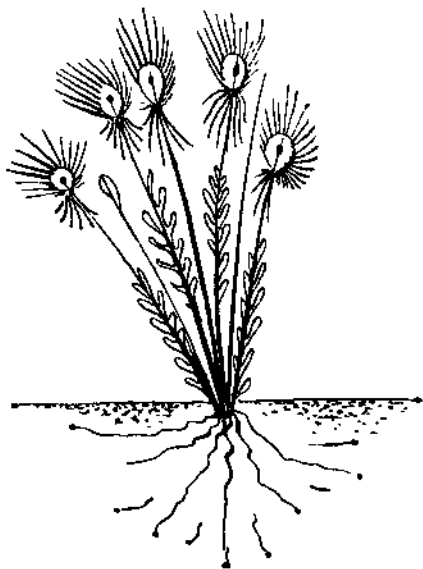
'And lay like dead; but when I lived,
Three winged midwives wrapped the child.
It was a god that I had loved,
It was a hero I had held.

'Stretch out your mortal hands, I beg.
Say common sentences to me.
Lie cold and Still, that I may brag
How close I am to proper clay.

'Let this within me hear the truth.
Speak loud to it'—he Stopped her lips.
He smoothed the covers over both.
It was a dream perhaps, perhaps.

Yet why this radiance round the room,
And why this trembling at her waist?
And then he smiled. It was the same
Undoubted flesh that he had kissed —

She lay unchanged from what she was,
She cried as ever woman cried.
Yet why this light along his brows?
And whence the music no one made?



A. A, *LE M. SIMPSON*

DAWN

WITH O such graceful white and self-assurance
the morning opens her gown to take in half
the world.

Huge ridges grow to a tremulous edge
while half-abandoned valleys drain their withered
flanks,

and as she turns, slowly her splintered spears
drench pinnacle and needle.

Below, that calmer ricked and quartered country-
side
awaits serene the new sunlight;

lyin_ in sleeves beneath the green trees
its dun mists disclose the living quiet.

And in the shadowed town
the hotel and the Stone soldier in the square
already have received a hint from the early spire;

along the kerb Stained lonely men
no longer looking through veiled skull-sockets

but on her unimprisoned unimprisoning ether
perceive a Strong music.

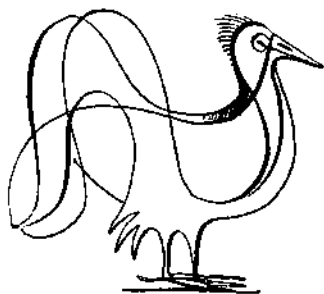
The tired nations tossing in sleep
see from their window-square her certain dawn;

pellucid blue prepares their breakfast smoke
and the frail hour waits on the hedge-tops

forgetting the hate,
how Keats was sick and Stephen Stoned and Shelley
drowned,
Lawrence chance-killed, and Abyssinian homes.

The hollow bugle ruSts, the half-pilled eagle peeks,
the tired nations lay aside their pain,

and as the light slants down unusual channels
its gradual lovingkindness drips to day.



KATHRYN WINSLOW

VESTIGIAL

THIS morning is macadam and bus
to travel toward noon
and then the lump of sun on my head
for walking home
—the Steep hill.

I will be dry as flannel in a rag.

These, my fingers, play upon a harpsichord of rain
—thoughts fingering the grass of spring
—wild mustard, Queen Anne's lace.

the raindrops in my hand . . .
clouds caught on the ridge of lips . . .
sky under my heel . . .
what is sky?

I am sky
shining on coasts and wharves,
coves of bay and Starboard lights
—green
treememory-
jade Stones in nubian ears
England
—where is summer?

Summer is in the bracelet on my arm . . .
spangle and wire
—and every grape a blue spangle
on the brown Etruscan hills
—the duSty gold mimosa trees,
pollen-sweet for June

EDWIN MUIK

THE TOWN BETRAYED

OUR homes are eaten out by Time,
Our lawns Strewn with our listless sons,
Our harlot daughters lean and watch
The ships crammed down with shells and guns.

Like painted prows far out they lean:
A world behind, a world before.
The leaves are covering up our hills,
Neptune has locked the shore.

Our yellow harvests lie forlorn
And there we wander like the blind,
Returning from the golden field
With famine in our mind.

Far inland now the glittering swords
In order rise, in order fall,
In order on the dubious field
The dubious trumpets call.

Yet here there is no word, no sign
But quiet murder in the Street.
Our leaf-light lives are spared or taken
By men obsessed and neat.

We Stand beside our windows, see
In order dark disorder come,
And prentice killers duped by Death
Bring and not know our doom.

Our cattle wander at their will.

To-day a horse pranced proudly by.
The dogs run wild. Vultures and kites
Wait in the towers for us to die.

At evening on the parapet

We sit and watch the sun go down,
Reading the landscape of the dead,
The sea, the hills, the town.

There our ancestral ghOSts are gathered.

Fierce Agamemnon's form I see,
Watching as if his tents were Time
And Troy Eternity.

We must take order, bar our gates,

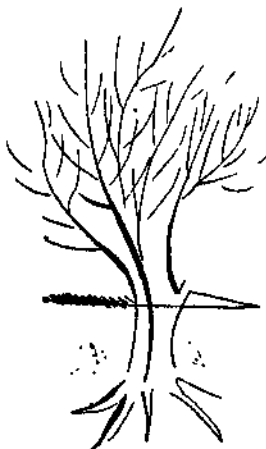
Fight off these phantoms. Inland now
Achilles, Siegfried, Launcelot
Have sworn to bring us low.



ROBERT FRANCIS

DAYS

NOTHING between this day and days you knew,
Nothing of intervening years for you
To see if you were here to see. Nothing
Of time. The petals of the apple blossoms
Drown in the deep grass as they always drown
In grass in May. Greenness overruns
The air, leaving room only for birds
To fly and birds to sing and wind and sun
And you riding a small boy on your shoulders
Pausing to see and point a bird, the same bird.
Nothing of years, of time. Nothing of change
Except in us. We are older now.
Too many days (you smile and understand?)
Too many days like this have made us old.



HARRY ROSKOLENKO

UNION SQUARE

THE Stone faces —fold into the flesh;
signals of life, the Streets —uttering;
nor the smile that brightens from the gleaming
eyes,
the happy sound of voices —the pitch musical;
neither the smile —nor the sound of the mouth
muttering; men go like the winds, fumbling in
the Square—
across the grasses and the monuments
of historical memory.

There is nothing urgent here —
though I have seen a face blaze into the sun,
antagonistic, the slogan of *eyes* and *hands* raised —
the face a banner: there is nothing here
but monuments and rituals
and people Standing and reading papers.



HUMBERT WOLFE

GERALD GOULD

In Memoriam

GERALD, I remember to-day, and perhaps you
VJT remember

an autumn evening when we sat by the fire,
(fifteen years ago it was, and we were not old then),
and spoke, as the bitter wind outside shouted,
'November,'
of the poet's aching mission and the heart's desire,
and all the secrets of life that were untold then.

You, with that 'Strange fair look of a cherub caught
in a net of Stars and the laws of Smith and Jevons,
urged as you always did the cause of Labour.

But as I watched your eyes under your greying
hair, I thought,

'Here is a creature, loft out of what incredible
heavens,

re-writing political economy with lute and tabor,'

'But what does that matter,' I thought, 'he is of
the movers

and makers of the world by the Strength of his
dream,'

Fools a& and babble, but the dream in the end
prevails.

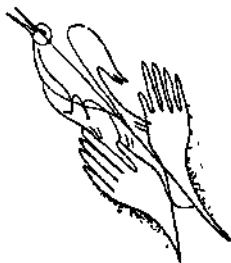
Yes, Gerald, but before you had satisfied your
lovers,

before the rill in the mountains had widened into
the Stream,

you left us to find the other nightingales

whose song has troubled the quiet upland pasture
of Tempe. You are walking with your own,
and they are glad. But we for whom your song
broke, as across the edge of hope you cast your
lariat of dream, are beggared and alone;
and the days that you made short, Gerald, are long.

Hail and farewell, you dear St head, farewell!
And take with you wherever your foot strays
with the old careless sweetness of despair
this flower of verse, whose small and earthly smell
is but the shadow of the unearthly bays
the Muse herself has laid upon your hair.



LILIAN BQVPES-LYON

DENYING THE DEAD

BECAUSE we regret them, so confidently, we
are denying the dead
Their narrow participation even in life,
That we vowed in the clarity of loss should be as
their lengthening shadow;
One honour, a fiery imperative, behind each of us.
Our breath could have been their inspiration,
death deferred,
The adventure of our rich regret their ranging
opportunity.
Rough change, repatriation Strange they need;
instead,
Punftually reviving the lit face, the geSlure, at
the candle of our word
We singe an imponderable moth or two, we char
a leaf.
Tough friends, arterial hoSt, young ghoSt in each
of us,
Oh parsimony that would domesticate your wild
oblivious cross!
Because we forget you so grudgingly we are
denying the PaSt bread,
Offering it Sterile charity;
Refusing our soul comfort we have killed again
the Stilled man in the meadow.
Better to have piled on him, as the Earth does,
deed upon Spring deed.

HERBERT PALMER

ROCK PILGRIM

LET the damned ride their earwigs to Hell, but
let me not join them.

For why should I covet the tide, or in meanness
purloin them?

They are sick, they have chosen the path of their
apple-green folly.

I will turn to my mountains of light, and my mauve
melancholy.

Let their hands get the primrose—God wreathe
me!—of lowland and lagland;

For me the small yellow tormentil of heath-hill
and cragland.

Man's days are as grass, his thought but as thistle-
seed wind-sown;

I will plod up the pass, and nourish the turf with
my shin-bone.

I should Stay for a day, I should seek in high faith
to reclaim them?

But the threadbare beat Straw, and the hole in my
shirt will enflame them.

They are blinder than moles, for they see but the
flies in God's honey;

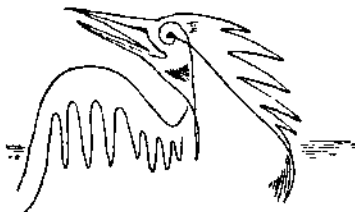
And they eat off their souls; and they kneel to
the Moloch of money.

They have squeezed my mouth dumb; their clutch
for a year yet may rankle.

I will tie Robin Death to my side, with his claw
on my ankle.

Let them come, Stick and drum, and assail me
across the grey boulders,
I will flutter my toes, and rattle the screes on their
shoulders.

Let the damned get to Hell and be quick, while
decision is early.
I will tie a red rose to my Stick, and plant my feet
squarely.
My back shall be blind on their spite, and my
rump on their folly;
I will plod up the ridge to the right, paSt the
crimson-green holly.



LEILA JONES

COLOUR OF OCTOBER

NOW let the heart that gazed, remember
This day, laden with lovely light;
Summer's laSt yellow-burning ember;
Gold on the bluebird's wing in flight,
Sleek gold on boughs, gold on the meadow,
And brooks are rimmed with amber shadow.

I said, 'By this gold brink of seas
So vaSt and clear, one might embark
To some dreamed-of Atlantides,
Moving forever through the gold.
Where day and evening and the dark
And reStive seasons never pass;
None knows regret and none grows old,
Nor years run wasting through Time's glass,'

The port (they tell) is never found,
Nor drowsy keels glance on the sand,
Since all of perfe&ness laps round,
With bounties for the trailing hand.

Now earth rides anchored to a dream,
And I no fairer tale may tell
Of countries set beyond the Stream,
Nor Time provide a citadel
More bright for wishful hearts to hold
Than this day hung with autumn gold.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

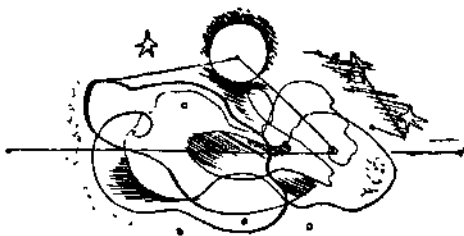
AFTER MUSIC

THESE eyes are Strangely learned
In imaging each thing
Twinned by some sister shape:
The sombre cloud as the burned
Arabian wonder's pyre;
The pale spoil of the beach
As petal-drift of Stone;
Winged serpents in the fire.
But the quick eyes must fail
When music moves to fill
The reaches of the mind, —
Their skill is of no avail.
For what image can contain
The grieving of the Strings,
The trumpet's triumph and threat?
Thought muSt fall back again
Before the majesty
And sweetness of those sounds
Whose superhuman joy
Is darkness to the eye.
Oh, on what do you brood,
Heart blind with ecstasy,
When the low flutes call you
Home to beatitude?

WALTER DE LA MARE

CHERRY TREES

UNDER pure skies of April blue I Stood,
Where in wild beauty cherries were in blow:
And, as sweet fancy willed, see there I could
Boughs thick with blossom, or inch-deep in snow.



LOUISE BOGAN

THE SLEEPING FURY

(Rome, Museo della Terme)

(*In memory of Harriet Monroe*, December 1936)

YOU are here now,
Who were so loud and feared, in a symbol
before me,
Alone and asleep, and I at laft look long upon you.

Your hair fallen on your cheek, no longer in the
semblance of serpents
Lifted in the gale; your mouth, that shrieked so,
silent.
You, my scourge, my sifter, lie asleep like a child,
Who, after rage, for an hour quiet, sleeps out its
tears.

The days close to winter,
Routh with Strong sound. We hear the sea and
the foreSt
And the flames of your torches fly, lit by others,
Ripped in the wind, in the night. The black sheep
for sacrifice
Huddle together. The milk is cold in the jars.

All to no purpose, as before, the knife whetted and
plunged,
The shout raised, to match the clamour you have
given them.
You alone turn away, not appeased; unaltered,
avenger.

Hands full of scourges, wreathed with your flames
and your adders,
You alone turned away, but did not move from my
side,
Under the broken light, when the soft nights took
the torches.

At thin morning you showed, thick and wrong in
that calm,
The ignoble dream and the mask, sly, with slits at
the eyes,
Pretence and the half-sorrow, beneath which a
coward's hope trembled.

You uncovered at night, in the locked Stillness of
houses,
False love due the child's heart, the kissed-out lie,
the embraces
Made by the two who for peace tenderly turned
to each other.

You who know what we love, but drive us to
know it;
You with your whips and shrieks, bearer of truth
and of solitude;
You who give, unlike men, to expiation your
mercy.

Dropping the scourge when at last the scourge
advances to meet it,
You, when the hunted turns, no longer remain
the hunter
But Stand silent and wait, at laSt returning his gaze.

Beautiful now as a child whose hair, wet with
rage and tears
Clings to its face. But now I may look long upon
you
Having once met your eyes. You lie in sleep and
forget me.
Alone and Strong in my peace, I look upon you in
yours.



HAROLD VINAL

EVEN IN **THIS SPRING**

BY the shaped leaf, the furtive flower
Is sudden spring made manifest;
By a swift artifice, the wren
Perfects the small sphere of the nest.

The hemlock shudders leaves, the thicket
Swells to a wave of sound;
The signature of hope is written
Upon the fearful beauty of the ground.

And everywhere there is a Stirring
Of a Strange, a frantic peril;
One is aware even in such a moment
Of some terrible evil.

Is it a twig snapped lightly, the brief
Mercurial flow of blood in the vein of a flower?
By what anonymous fear is one aware
Of a darker, a more subtle hour?

Always there is something too fragile
To detect, dissolve, loSt in a breath,
Something unsyllabled, unuttered,
Breaking the heart with death.

HUMBERT WOLFE

LONDON CHRISTMAS

I

Carols

CHRISTIANS awake! Salute the happy morn!
Grings through the Streets from Bow to Kensal
Rise
from throats of ragged choristers, forsworn
to add another to life's tragic lies.

Blind to its bitter paradox, their ditty
knocks at no heart, save one, perhaps unguessed,
where at the casement in another City
a whole world's sorrow beats upon the breaSt,

where there is room for all. These unaware
how far, in its despite, their song may climb,
slouch, rapt in dream of their own heaven, where
it never was or will be closing-time.

ii

Christmas Dinner

In butchers' shops vaSt Stores of slaughtered kine
near hecatombs of turkeys, geese and chickens
Strung gaily by the poulterers, incline
the thoughtful mind to speculate if Dickens

was really justified in his belief
that overeating creatures, sacrificed
to make a London holiday, in brief
epitomized the birth of Jesus Christ.

Enough of that! A million cooks are dressing
the birds that also died to save the sinner—
And since they know not what they do, the blessing,
some dare to ask, may purge the Christmas dinner.

III

Christmas-trees

'O tannenbaum wie grün sind deiner blätter,'
Fir tree! how green thy leaves, and how they
splinter
the snow with colour, that makes the world your
debtor
in bird-abandoned avenues of winter.

Thrice happy tree, about whose candled grace
childhood looks up and out, unconsciously,
to where, hill-planted, in another place
unlit, ungarnished Stands a leafless tree.

They have cut it down—the woodcutters of Rome
long since; but what it bore delivered them
from their own hearts. In any London home,
that blackened fir-tree in Jerusalem

each year remembers how the midnight came
dark and uncandled, and how, when dawn was red,
on the third day with everlasting flame
the needles rose, like candles, from the dead.

IV

Peter Pan at Midnight

The laSt great bus has roared upon its route.
Hyde Park is empty, and no watcher sees
the sculptured child, clasping his silent flute,
beside the water and between the trees.

The older Pan two thousand years ago
in some tree-haunted place, beside some rill
as dark as this, as cold as that with snow,
touched one wild note—and was for ever Still.

Wild as the untamed heart of man is wild,
old king of trees, now bared, of fields untrod,
here in a London Park again a child
brings you at midnight to the feet of God.



PHYLLIS M'GINLEY

CHRISTMAS CAROL—1936

°The world now has 7,600,000 men under arms, excluding navies, as against 5,900,000 in 1913.—News item in the *Sun*.

OH! Little town of Bethlehem, how Still we see
thee lie;
Your flocks are folded in to sleep, and sleep your
little ones.
Behold, there is a Star again that climbs the eastern
sky.
And seven million living men are picking up
their guns.

Hark, the happy cannons roar—
Glory to the Di&ator,
Death and fear, and peace defiled,
And a world unreconciled!

Once more the bells of Christendom ring out a
proclamation
Of joy to all the universe, and mercy, and good
will;
While brother shoots his brother down, and nation
scowls at nation,
And seven million uniforms are decorate at drill.

Hail to Dupont and to Krupp!
Steel is Strong and going up.
Let the tidings glad be sent—
'Tis the Morn of Armament.

God reft you merry, gentlemen, whose will these
armies are.

Go proudly in your coloured shirts, let nothing
you dismay.

(Oh, little town of Bethlehem, how fades your
shining Star?)

While seven million fighting men Stand up on
Christmas Day.

Sing hosanna, sing Noel,
Sing the gunner and the shell.
Sing the candle, sing the lamp,
Sing the Concentration Camp.
Sing the Season born anew,
Sing of exile for the Jew,
Wreath the world with evergreen.
Praise the cunning submarine.
Sing the barbed and bitter wire,
Poison gas and liquid fire,
Bullet, bomb, and hand grenade,
And the heart of man, afraid.
Christ is come, the Light hath risen,
All our foes are safe in prison,
And the ChristmaStide begets
Seven million bayonets.

Hear the carol once again—
Peace on earth, good will to men.

HERBERT PALMER

THE SOUL OF MAN

THE Soul of Man is like a tree;
Though mightier Stem it spreads to Heaven,
Its top remotest myStery;—
No other end the Soul is given.
Only sky-veiled shall it behold
The light of Life and Being's gold.

Its roots are deep in devil's dung;
Its summit where the Stars are flung;
Though winds send many an azure blossom
To float across the broad clouds' bosom.
It spreads aloft so high to see
That clouds drape its bright leafery.

And God?—We know not what He is,
Unless it be the Sap of Bliss
Risen from plummeted Star-kiss
That puts Strong life into the Tree
And lifts man's heart to ecstasy
When for Heaven's help he yearns and cries
And Stares into the zenith's eyes.



GEORGE CHAPMAN

PADRAIC LONGS FOR HEAVEN

OCH, I'm aweary of the lonely road
And the road's aweary of me;
And I'm aweary of the heavy load
And the load's aweary of me.

'Tis I'll be glad when I come to the Inn,
To the House the Carpenter built;
And lay down my Stick and my bag of sin
And confess a share in the Guilt.

Shure I'll know the Place by the pierced Sign,
By the sheep and lambs in the yard,
The wheat in the field, the grape on the vine
And the Gate with angels on guard.

God willing, these same, to my needs will see
When I proffer the pence I've Stored
In the needy pocket of Charity
To pay for my shelter and board.

Och, to be gone from this World of fable,
And have spirits making my tea;
And the Holy Virgin setting table
And the Saints hobnobbing with me!

D. S. SAVAGE

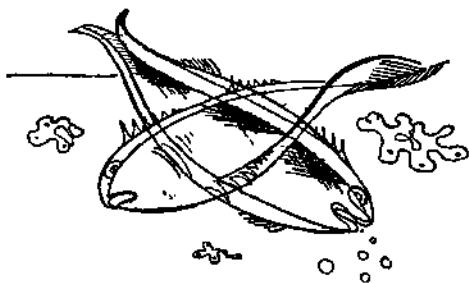
A WORD FOR WINTER

A GRIEF of glaciers smashed my summer slowly
Cutting me off from source and sun
Fixing the tree trunks in a winter vice,
My landscape levelled to a snowflat scene.

Stumbling thin-shod I walked half winter through
An icefast earth with no birds calling.
The cold locked life within each frozen cell,
Anguish ingrown, isolation killing.

But winter-bounded I became winter-weaned,
Inured, accustomed to the blood's slow tread,
Ate winter's berries, built with ice a wall
For warmth and shelter, mapped the rough tracks
I trod.

Now, master of this life that I have made
From snow and silence, fit, no longer loath
To leave, I bale the skins I trapped for trade,
Plan out my route, set compass for the South.



EDWIN MUIK
HOLDERLIN'S JOURNEY

WHEN Holderlin Started from Bordeaux
He was not mad but loft in mind,
For time and space had fled away
With her he had to find.

'The morning bells rang over France
From tower to tower. At noon I came
Into a maze of little hills,
Head-high and every hill the same.

^CA little world of emerald hills,
And at their heart a faint bell tolled;
Wedding or burial, who could say?
For death, unseen, is bold.

'Too small to climb, too tall to show
More than themselves, the hills lay round.
Nearer to her, or farther? They
Might have Stretched to the world's bound.

^CA shallow candour was their all,
And the mean riddle, How to tally
Reality with such appearance,
When in the nearest valley

'Perhaps already she I sought,
She, sought and seeker, had gone by,
And each of us in turn was trapped
By simple treachery.

'The evening brought a field, a wood.
I left behind the hills of lies,
And watched beside a mouldering gate
A deer with its rock-cryStal eyes.

°On either pillar of the gate
A deer's head watched within the- Stone.
The living deer with quiet look
Seemed to be gazing on

'Its pidhired death— and suddenly
I knew, Diotima was dead,
As if a single thought had sprung
From the cold and the living head.

'That image held me and I saw
All moving things so Still and sad,
But till I came into the mountains
I knew I was not mad.

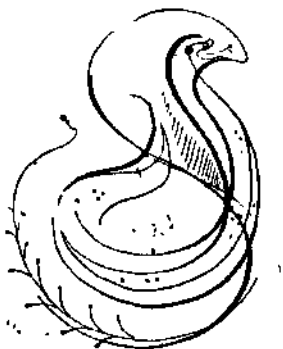
'What made the change? The hills and towers
Stood otherwise than they should Stand,
And without fear the lawless roads
Ran wrong through all the land.

'Upon the swarming towns of iron
The bells hailed down their iron peals,
Above the iron bells the swallows
Glided on iron wheels.

'And there I watched in one confounded
The living and the unliving head.
Why should it be? For now I know
Diotima was dead

"Before I left the Starting place;
Empty the course, the garland gone,
And all that race as motionless
As these two heads of Stone,'

So Holderlin mused for thirty years
On- a green hill by Tübingen,
Dragging in pain a broken mind
And giving thanks to God and men.



GILBERT MAXWELL

TIME IS NO MATTER

LOVE is not dead that slumbers in the brain,
The loins, the hardworn spirit ... it will rise
Out of its sleep again
To peer forth darkly from the untearful eyes.
Love will lie quiet only a little season
Between the green and the snows;
It will awaken utterly without reason,
Where and when, none knows.
No man is escaped from love put firmly away
In the cold vaults of thought
Where it will never die, where it will Stay
Dormant not ever. . . . Crying, it will be brought
Into the nightmare light and the luSty air—
A chilly ghoSt in a world too warm to care.



STEPHEN SPENDER

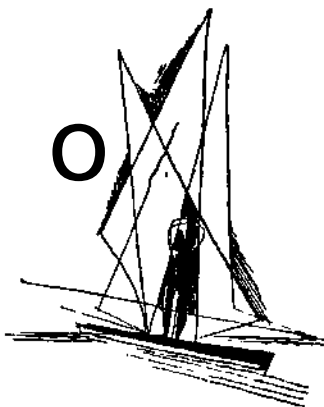
SPEECH

By the brother of Pietzruch, a communist Polish
Jew murdered by Nazis in January 1933

SO far from gentle, he is the danger
His murderers and those who gave them orders
Still fear. They did not kill to kill
My already dying brother, Stoned
By Starvation, hunger heavier
Than a grave's alleviating weight of soil:
For visibly he belonged to dark
Death, like lean tendrils
Of sunless plants, prophesying shroud worms.
They shot only his face
That's Still the face of what he is:
Their leaden bullets against a knife edge
Of Steel, have tried to turn the blade:
But instantly when he died, the entire knife
Of what he thought and strove, glued to my
hand.

He's dead. His living was one word
Influencing surrounding speech
Of a crowd's life, printless until
The words of all this time are frozen
By all our deaths into the winter library
Where life continually flows into books.
In us the blood Still melts.
We breathe a ripe or sparse or torturing air
And are the cursive ad of history
Moving with fever, like diStradion
In waves. I, with dead eyes
Of him you killed—with his undying will

Your bullets shot at—read
Present history, and, in the reading, I write.
Myself a word amongst your living words
Reading your words, I see in them death's orders.



BEN BELITT

JOHN KEATS, SURGEON

IS not the level shine of Steel
Honed to the littleness of hair
Sufficient implement to deal
A Stroke to lay the spirit bare?

The hurt lies not so recondite
As point may drive, or probe explore,
Yet, though the blade drink long or light,
The fever kindles as before.

It nothing augurs that the hand
Hew the division deep enough:
The sutures though they tremble Stand,
And caSt the kindly unguent off.

Here were a juggler's fraud at beSt,
To mitigate the lesser ill,
And leave like an unriddled jeSt
The ruined heartbeat ailing Still.

Is there a Stranger provender
To get the ravaged part its peace —
Wolfsbane, aloe, mandrake, myrrh?

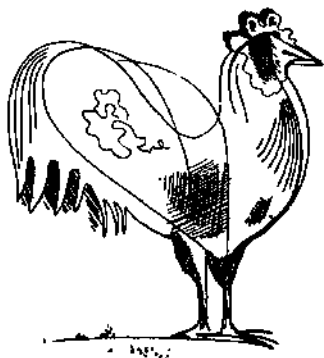
No, no; not these. . . .

RICHARD CHURCH

REVOLT

THE interminable **StruCTURE**of words
Occupies a poet's life.
He grows old, grows blind,
Loses reality, goes secretly mad,
Scorns the easy singing of the birds,
Preferring the music of his weary mind,
Confusing thus the joyous with the sad,
And peace with Strife.

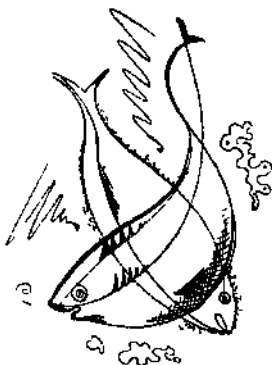
Why should he adulterate his heart
With reason, and cloud his sense
Thereby? Let the wise fool
Forget his shrewd grammarian's part
And all the subtle science of the tense,
Learning to live and sing by rule
Of chance, the other man's wife.



REGINALD C. EVA

ADAGIO

DOWN from the weeping elms and sodden eaves
All the long day cold rain dripped drearily,
And from the reeking pile of last year's leaves
The thin blue smoke climbed upward wearily;
The faded petals of a sad pale rose
Fell and were trampled into mire; the sea
Beat with a muffled boom on sullen crags
And the gulls' raucous crying ceaselessly
Shivered the air. And now the twilight drags
The sombre day down to its cheerless close.



JOHN PEALE BISHOP

CONQUEST OF THE WIND

THAT John who first looked on the Rock Bridge,
before
The savage had his blood; door-sheltered Ann
Who saw her brother dwindling in the dawn
Pursue no other portent than the sun;

And Primrose of the block-house, to whom the
spring
Of flowers brought only bloodroot; that other
John
Who under the shadow of the Massanutten
Drank from chilled Streams the shadow he had
fled;

The nameless many whom I do not name,
Packed upon horseback, who came where moun-
tain trail
Pressed thickets of laurel and wildernesses of
May
Led on through calico's unbroken bloom:

Nameless, I say them over to confess
From what dissolved roots these boughs have
grown;
I am fixed with the sweet-gum, persimmon,
dogwood,
In that green century and foreSl mould.

The rifle and the axe are in my blood.
The harsh forefathers to that valley came,
Seeking not goodliness of ground, but springs,
And taller trees than those the savage burned,

When the laSt autumn hunt scattered his fires,
Leaving smudged scrub for snowy deer to browse,
A blackened flame which April licked to grass,
Luring the buffalo through the mountain gap.

Tall sycamores peered out, sun-spotted fawns;
The willow half-existed in a gleam.
They found their forests and undid their packs,
They set their hearts down by the shelving Stream.

Because of them I was set down by Streams.
Incarnate in that ancient choice, I Stood
Beside those Streams where the green heron shyly
Stares at green silence through loSt afternoons.

Stout bodies hooped by Stronger skeletons,
Strong ribs and Sturdy to outlaSt the heart:
They slaughtered the last savage, increased their
Stones,
Foresaw no end contending with that Start.

Not all: there were Still those who could not Stick
By any hearthstone, but muSt make their fires
Where none but the reflctcd panther's eyes
Could feel the blaze upon their lonely hands.

None saw, when morning rose, for forests round,
Their wings of smoke above the wild tree-tops.
They found their fortune in a buckskin day
By merely following a western cloud.

The rifle and the axe are in my blood.
CoaSt, mountain, desert, mountain coaSt,
The land exhausted by their morning raids:
But where shall the exhausted heart have rest?

My long since born and abandoned homes
Are scattered, duSt, about this continent,
America a passage of the sun,
A crossing and a conquest of the wind.

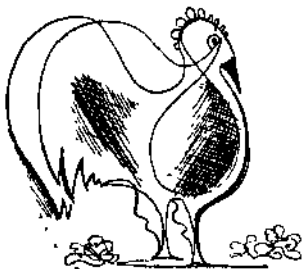
And therefore am I shadowed by blue hills,
Because of boyhood, brambled by old Stains,
Blackberry memories of meadow heat.
From confines of the ground such fathers creep,

Escape, and gilding Stones as gliding silt,
Run courses confluent to the Shenandoah,
Or pile as driftwood by the flooded shores
And willow islands of the rising Stream.

The nameless many whom I do not name
Have scattered names above a thousand miles,
Once the mad measure of a western air
And now dispersed upon the Storms they made.

The divagations of the wandering will
Are long the devastations of the wind.
Let the curlew cry, or the trumpeter swan.
If any cry let those doomed throats proclaim

The triumph of that space-destroying rage!
Let the wild swan on glittering wings return,
Outstretched as on a space of cloud, and cry
The anguish of its race and vanished range!



RUTH FITTER

THE DOWNWARD-POINTING MUSE

TRUE to the daemon, sorrowful and Strong,
No fatal error yet, no ache to whisper
The nearest way to earth; dig the day long,
But pause at evening: see where Hesper
Clears the dark tree, and lights among the dews
The downward-pointing Muse.

She knows the Star, and she regards it not,
Pavilioned in the citron-coloured eve:
She knows the plant clustering her hallowed spot,
Loves dearly, but doth leave
Both flower and Star, and answers with no word
The day's laSt darling bird.

Fair spirit, turn, rewarding with a tear
If smiles are not to be,
The light from heaven, the flower clear,
The high and haunted tree:
Return for rays, for odours, for the choice
LaSl song some look, some voice!

She will not be invoked, so be content
Thus purely to be motioned to the shade:
She means no anger, no lament,
But mirrors heaven, where she was made:
With auguSt look, with neither smile nor frown,
She Stands there, pointing down:

Down to the fixed and universal grave,
To the deep mines, the dreadful core;
To the dark Mother, to the lightless wave
Of buried rivers over nameless ore:
To thick-ribbed vaults, the wombs of primal fear,
And all the demons there!

Let it be so, if she, the nightingale,
The single Star, the clear nocturnal bloom,
The fair delicious lily of the vale
Stands glimmering through the gloom:
Let it be so, and hers the lamp shall be
To light the mystery.

Faithful as death, she answers in a dream:
Behold, she says, an earth as clear as glass,
Whose dreadful heart, burning like cherubim,
My Still more fervid look doth pass:
And downward Still, my heavenly one
Points to the buried Sun.



RUTH FITTER

BURNING THE BEE-TREE

LAY on the fire their ancient hold,
Which they left when the tree died:
We threw their tower down on the mould,
And split it open wide;
But they had taken away their gold,
And there was none inside.

Nothing but the embalming Stain
And a few shards of comb,
And a breath as of the clover-plain
Still lingered in their home.
With skeletons of robbers slain,
Who had too rich a tomb.

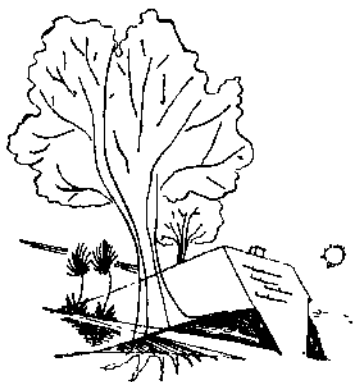
Up sweetly on the autumn air
Spiced funeral vapours rise:
What do you hear above, what fair
Vision salutes your eyes,
What reverend memories repair
The breach of centuries?

I smell the death of song, I hear
That fair bird's laSt lament;
I see the shades of heroes near,
About their purple tent:
I see the rich, the dabbled hair,
The damasked armour rent.

And pure, on humble air, the song
Of love is heard to chime

The oak's unchanging leaves among
In an unchanging rime,
For the bees remain the same so long
They keep no count of time.

The labour, and the bitter Sting,
The cells' meticulous range,
Honey, which makes a perishing thing
Immortal, do not change:
Life, make one couplet that I sing
As deathless, and as Strange!



ELIZABETH COATS WORTH

THE SPIDERS

THE spiders are good housekeepers
With little agile noiseless hands
They work with duSt to make all soft,
Their music is Time's flowing sands.

They love things grey, and light that's veiled,
They love a room where naught is Stirred,
Where no wind comes, no footstep falls,
And where no voice is ever heard.

All change they like to make themselves
Dimly industrious and precise,
Their world secure in flaking walls
Upon whose Stairway run the mice.



W. H. DAVIES

LIFE

THE quality of life on earth
Is Jail that dreams could make it be;
And all I ask for in this world
Is but increase in quantity.
My corn and wine—how sweet are these!
How precious is this living breath!
Is it not man's ingratitude
That looks for better after death?



MINNIE HITE MOODY

LONELY FOR CATTLE

SOMETIMES I become acutely lonely for cattle;
In the night, past the city sounds, I can hear
 them sighing
Under the chestnuts, in the wood-pasture on the
 hilltop —
Always in summer Starlight they slept there, lying
Huddled and indistinct, with the deep moist
 fragrance
Of grassy earth and their great hot bodies breaking
The silence with less than sound, yet more than
 rapture —
A silence louder than bells that marked their
 waking.

These are the rhythms of cattle: the small soft
 friction
Of long rough tongues on rocksalt, over and over;
The bursting of bubbles above the trough in the
 morning,
The creak of Stanchions, the frozen whisper of
 c!6ver
High in the winter mow—and the desperate music
Of warm breath touching froSt, with the eaSt red-
 glowing.
The rhythms of cattle are sounds that snap and
 ruStle:
Fodder and ice, the rattle of pails, and lowing.

These I shall keep of cattle, out of the night and
 memory —

A damp calf in a boxStall, the mother's brown eyes
rolling;
A spluttering lantern, the odour of wick and coal-
oil. . . .
Yes, I am lonely for cattle—lonely beyond con-
soling—
Yet surely there muSt be cattle, this hour, this
moment, chewing
Their cuds in the Starlight somewhere, melting
the froSt with their breath;
Summer and winter they haunt me, above the
sounds of the city,
Persistently as life, irrevocably as death.



RUTH DART

IDENTITY

I AM a thought in other minds,
An echo, sounding in the heart
To waken songs or pangs, or find
A conversational counterpart.

I am a voice to listening ears,
A murmur, shout, or tone of truth,
A ring of jollity, or tears,
A seeming sage, or haSty youth.

I am a form before the eyes,
A swinging movement, a surmise
Of grace or shapelessness.
I am a frame for touching hands,
A felt and feeling warmth that Stands
Apart, or in closeness.

I am a quantity to hold
Reflektion of experience,
Impressed by humans manifold
In sweet or hurtful incidents.

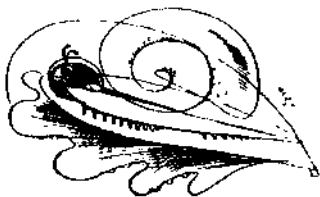
I am a sum of all I've sensed
Of passionate intelligence,
By tongues of science influenced,
And tracings of art's testaments.

I am a page prepared by years
Of forceful primitive careers:
The issue of a race.

I am the memory to be—
The promise of posterity,
A Step through changing space.

*

As breathing beating living leaves,
Above the barren body grieves
Each one known and cherished.
I am not dead. They weep to see
The pieces of themselves in me
That have passed and perished.

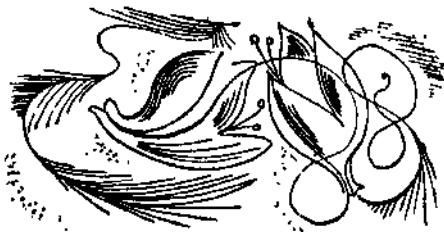


WITTER BYNNER

RABELAIS

LET life laugh loud, since laugh it muSt
Before it seal our mouths with duSt,
Let life laugh low when it shall laugh
Our simple mutual epitaph.
For we shall lie together, friend—
It's yours as well as mine, this end
Of old obscenities and young.
So laugh until your bell has rung.

No more complete, no more compare,
But gaily seize in empty air
These moments given you or me
In which to tease eternity.
O laugh your very loveliest
For both of us! And may you zest
Loose one laft coil in my dead throat!
So have I lived and so I wrote.



MURIEL RUKEYSER

GIRL AT THE PLAY

LONG after you beat down the powerful hand
And leave the scene, prison's Still there to break.
Brutalized by escape, you travel out to sit
In empty theatres, your Stunned breaSt, hardened
neck
Waiting for warmth to venture back.

Gilded above the Stage, Staring archaic shapes
Hang, like those men you learn submission from
Whose majesty sits yellow on the night,
Young indolent girls, long-handed, one's vague
mouth
And cruel nose and jaw and throat.

Waiting's paralysis Strikes, king-cobra hooded
head's
Infected fangs petrify body and face,
Emblems fade away, dissolving even
The bitter infantile boys who call for sleep's
Winy breasts whose nipples are long grapes.

Seats fill. The curtain's up where Strong lights aft,
Cut theatre to its theme; the quick fit's paSt.
Here's answer in masses moving by the light cleft,
They turn the Stage before into the Street behind,
And nothing's so forgotten as your blind
Female paralysis that takes the mind,
And nothing's so forgotten as your dead
Fever, now that it's past and the swift play's
ahead.

MURIEL RUKEYSER

LOVER AS FOX

DRIVEN, at midnight, to growth, the city's
wistful turnings
lead you living on islands to some dark single
house
where vacant windows mark increased pursuit,
chasing the runner outward beyond bounds
around the wildest circle of the night.

Circling returns! the city wreathed in rivers,
Streaked skies surrounding islands of blank Stone—
into this mythic track travelling breakneck,
a Streaming furnace of escape, you, fox,
pursued, brick-red and vicious, circling bricks,

are followed as nimbly all mottled cloudy night;
fastened upon your path, the Floating Man
face down above the city, as shadow, changing
shape,
as shadow of clouds, flying, and swiftly as
indifference running mad around the world.

Speed now! see city, houses run across the water,
mosaic and bright over the riverfall
remote from the bursting eye, the open nostril,
flared lip (an image of angels singing speed),
caught in a nightlong visionary chase.

See the entire scene bright as you fly
round lots pauper all year, shacks lame with
weather,

this sour fertile time teeming and ramshackle
before you, loving, clean sight in spyglass air,
and around town again. River, river.
Why do people live on islands ?

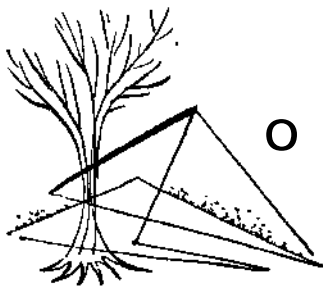


GEORGE RYLANDS

'I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES UNTO THE HILLS'

O MIST-WREATHED summits, ancient of days,
O gleaming tarn and shadowy glen!
Mark you and mourn you all the schemes of men,
Their fearful prayers, their shouts of praise?

From rock to rock the thick-fleeced torrents leap,
The clouds unresting clasp the craggy Steep,
Wine-dark the far moors sweep;
Wind-dark, unharvested as Homer's deep,
Twixt Ilium and Ithaca
Vexing the world-wise wanderer,
While sands of Troy whisper to Hektor, Sleep.



STERLING NORTH

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN

NOW with a lantern hollow out the dark
Nor fear the poisonous air, the awesome shadow--
From your improbable universe move the Stark
Trees; in moves the boulder-turbulent meadow. . . .

Here Stallion, mare, or creature of the mind
Intrudes rough shoulder, shaggy flank or side;
Grasp now the tangled forelock, mount and ride
Incredible shadows, lantern in the wind.

Enough, enough, dismiss the airy beaSt
And Stand beside this pallid thatch, the Straw
Golden in lamp-light. Drowsily from his neSt
The sparrow tumbles: by what savage law

Soft-footed now the cat, his terrible eyes?
Go yet beyond and house yourself from fear
Make rafters from the shadows, join and splice.
Here is the shadowy timber, but beware!

Your roof will tremble at the slightest breath.
How faint and far the voice of morning's lark,
Sweet argument againSt the power of death.
Go with a lantern, hollow out the dark.

LIONEL WIGGAM

THROWBACK

MAN was no subtle blend of air and earth—
No magic texture spun of rain and loam;
No wizard brought this shape to dazzling birth
Quick as a wink, invoked of froSt and foam.
Man's was a growth tortuous as Time:
Once he was fanged and taloned like a cat,
Or like a lizard, once he crawled in slime,
Or upside-down he brooded like a bat.
Echoes in him of these old shapes remain:
The hawk's rapacious gaze, the serpent's rattle;
And like the savage beast's, sometimes his brain
LuSts for the kill, and Man sets forth to battle:
Once more his claws uncurl, his eyes grow wary;
Once more he Stalks his prey, all horned and hairy.



OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

THE FORGE

THE forge is dark
The better to show
The birth of the spark
And the iron's glow.
The forge is dark
That the smith may know
When to Strike the blow
On the luminous arc
As he shapes the shoe.

The bellows blows on the dampened slack,
The coal now glows in the heart of the black.
The smith no longer his arm need raise
To the chain of the bellows that makes the blaze.
I see him search where the blue flames are
In the heart of the fire to find the bar,
With winking grooves from elbow to wrist
As he tightens the tongs in his bawdy fist,
As he hands the bar to his fidgety son
Who holds it well on the anvil down
Till he raises the hammer that Stands on its head
And brings it down with a sound like lead,
For fire has muffled the iron's clamour,
While his son beats time with a smaller hammer,
And the anvil rings like a pair of bells
In time to the beat that the spark expels,
And I am delighted such sounds are made,
For these are the technical sounds of a trade
Whose glad notes rang in the heavens above
Where a blacksmith slept with the Queen of Love.

The horse is looking without reproof
For the leathery lap that has hugged his hoof:
The patient horse that has cast a shoe;
The horse is looking; and I look too
Through the open door to the cindered pool
That a Streamlet leaves for the wheels to cool.
I meditate in the forge light dim
On the Will of God in the moving limb,
And I realize that the lift and fall
Of the sledge depends on the Mover of AIL

O lend me your sledge for a minute or two
O smith, I have something profound to do!
I swing it up in the half-lit dark,
And down it comes in a Straightening arc
On the anvil now where there's nothing to glow.
What matter? No matter! A blow is a blow!
I swing it up in my bulging fists
To prove that the outside world exists;
That the world exists and is more than nought—
As the pale folk hold—but a form of thought.
You think me mad? But it does me good,
A blow is a measure of hardihood.
I lift the sledge, and I Strike again
Bang! for the world inside the brain;
And if there's another of which you have heard
Give me the sledge and I'll Strike for a third.

I have frightened the horse, though I meant it not:
(Which proves that he is not a form of my thought).
I shall frighten myself if I ramble on
With philosophy where there is room for none.

I was going to say that the blacksmith's blow —
If I were the Master of Those who Know —
Would give me a thesis to demonstrate
That Man may fashion but not create.

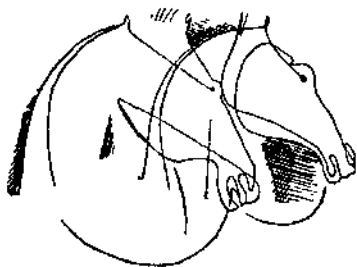
He melts the mountains. He turns their lode
AgainSt themselves like a Titan god.
He challenges Time by recording thought,
Time Stands; but yet he makes nothing from
naught,
He bends Form back to the shapes it wore
Before the dawn of the days of yore;
He bends form back to the primal State;
He changes all, but he can't create;
And tamper he cannot with ways of Fate.
Between ourselves it is juSt as well,
If Man ruled Fate he would make Life hell.

What have I done?
What shall I do?

No wonder Pegasus cast a shoe
When I succumbed to the English curse
Of mixing philosophy up with verse.
I can imagine a poet teaching;
But who can imagine a poet preaching?
Soon I shall hear the blacksmith's scoff:
.The ground is Sticky, they can't take off!
When I press with my thighs and begin to urge
The heavenly horse from the earthly forge.

I know right well that a song should be
Airy and light as the leaf of a tree,

Light as a leaf that lies on the wind,
Or a bird that sings as he sits on the linde,
And shakes the spray when he dives for flight
With bright drops sprinkling the morning light;
For a song that is lovely is light and aloof,
As the sparks that fly up from the well-shod hoof.



GEORGE ABBE

EXILED

I

HOW many of you are exiled with me, how many
have gone forth
West and South, forsaking EaSt and North?
That is not half of my exile: how many of you
Understand no language, recognize no face,
Find nothing of happiness in any place,
No word that's true ?

We are a race
Of people hounded from close acquaintance,
Driven from common ways
Because we see too deeply. We have suffered long
In trying to be like others. All our days
We muft lean against windows, looking in
On all the bright hilarity of sin
We have rejected. We know each right and wrong.
Too sensitive, we find all purpose thin,
And cold futility in being Strong.
No one believes us, for our thoughts are wild
To them; we speak too willingly and from a heart
Kept open with the impulse of a child.
Those people have not felt the shock
Of each impression Striking them like rock,
They have not bled
From every fault, and lain like dead
After a tempeSt of emotion. They can mock
Our Strangeness. It is true we fled.
But we retain a Strength
They cannot know: —

A hard integrity pressed at the brain
And barricaded where the swift blood's flow
MuSt *Stop* at length.
When autumn marches and the crystal rain
Of Starlight dashes silver from the leaves
A million of us turn and go
Down yesterdays where beauty grieves,
And on the treasured earth
Of years remembered
Night gives birth
Again to what the wish conceives.
The loves dismembered
And the young faith torn
Are whole and living. Every treaty sworn
With fantasy in time of youth
Shines as the truth.

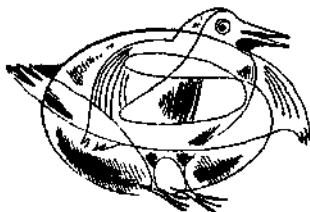
The hills that closeted the giants, trees that drew
Their substance from a world of gnomes and
elves —
We walk among them and we know ourselves.

n

The night broods over bushes where the flames
Of Indian headdress moved, and arrows flew;
We draw our bows anew
And call old names.
And by the empty barn the milkweed broken
Lies as the token
Of a field that grew.
We find old scraps of tin and leather lying
In ash-heaps—harnesses for dogs we loved—

The silver of a buckle and the dying
Insignias of wooden shields.
Where the old garden yields
To rampant weeds we measure loss
Beneath our heels—
A pine sword buried like a wooden cross.

Exiled in midnight we remember dawn:
The shadow of a scarlet tanager
Crosses the lawn,
The crisp red of geraniums lies cool
Within a pool
Of sunlight,
The seed from dark gaillardias blow free
Sharp-winged in flight.
We catch the sound of spring-doors banging,
Kettles boil;
We see the small, long-unremembered things:
The beetle wings,
The thorn bush with the chicken feather hanging,
And crocus tips bled white against the soil.



WILFRED ROWLAND CHILDE

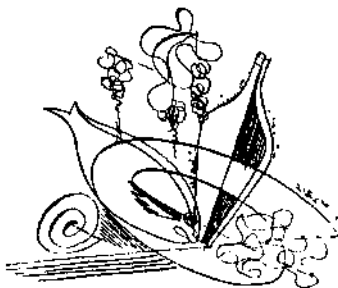
HERB ROBERT

THIS little flower with rosy, child-like face,
And bright eyes peering from green hedge or
wall,
Is dearest, almost, unto me of all
The English wildflowers in each pastoral place.

It has a homely, pungent, pleasant smell,
And where it grows there is a tender breath
Of ancient folk-song, birth and love and death;
This plant the old rustic poets loved well.

It speaks of small parlours under thatched eaves,
Of painted ornaments demure and gay,
Of sunburnt children intent on vivid play,
And robins nesting in deep moss and leaves.

Red rosaries coloured like holly-berries
It tells me of, and grave priests' grassy tombs,
The faded walls of country drawing-rooms,
Lad's love and mint and thrift and ripening
cherries.



ROBERT P. *TRISTRAM COFFIN*

ONE WHO KNOWS HIS SEA-GULLS

T¹WO sea-gulls carved of ivory
J- Stand by the early morning-sea.

One has a head, and one has none,
His clean white breast-feathers run
Up and over and do not Stop,
There is no sign of that large drop
Of dark fire, round as sky,
That could be called a sea-gull's eye.

One sea-gull has a head, and one
Sea-gull Stands there white with none.

Yet one who knows his sea-gulls knows
There is a head hid in the snows
Of the feathers on the back
Of the headless one, and black
Beads of life are sheathed there sound,
Ready to build a world around
The circle of a sea-gull's head
At the lightest alien tread.

A sea-gull's beak is made to slide
Between his wings in back and hide,
His head is made exasly right
To go between his wings for night.

ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

RITUAL FOR MYSELF

ETERNITY is made of common things:
Of birds that sing at dawn, of noons that press
Their weight on summer flowers, of dusk that
brings

The marsh frogs droning in their drowsiness,
Of flesh of women, holding deep within,

The source and sum of all, of mirth, of pain,
Of happiness and sorrow's discipline,

Of long, anonymous hours of sun and rain.
Eternity is here — not far away

In some dim region none has ever known;
It is this hour, this minute, and this day,

This breath of night wind that is damply blown
Over the sun-spent earth. No matter how
The heart may yearn, eternity is now.

Day after day shall come in endless turn,
Bringing the dawn, the noon, the casual close,
And men who have less faith than these shall yearn
For far, Strange worlds. This thing my inStinft
knows,

This faft I feel with breath and bone and tissue,
Beyond the reach of any will or reason:

There is no time beyond to-day, no issue,
No metamorphosis of flesh or season.

Perhaps through long rebirths the soul shall find
Its goal less high, its dream more tangible,

But none shall ever know. I am resigned

To this as truth: forever the mind shall dwell
On life and death and dusk and Stars and thunder—
Forever die to learn and wake to wonder.

LLOYD FRANKENBERG

YOUNG LOVE

SHE it is, where they lie down,
Staring long into his Stare,
Tries with little eyelids there
Whether eyes were blue or brown.

Laughs, with teeth againSt his own,
Asking, Am I always fair,
Will you always always care?
Tracing sinew, tracing bone.

Till she knew him, and can tell,
And can place her finger where
Sound from breath, and breath from air,
Came and went. And came to dwell

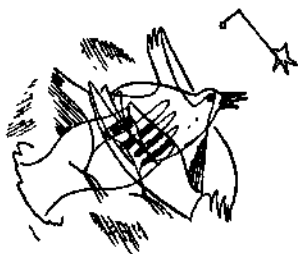
Closer with him, day to day,
Little dare by little dare,
Death has quite undone his hair,
Quite has kissed his lips away.



FRANCES FROST

THE BIRDS

THERE in mid-ocean, when the afternoon
Hoisted aloft its tattered signals, breaking
The dark rags out to wind, and waves were hewn
To mountain-sides and slowly smashed, and shaking
The vessel leaned its masthead seaward—there
The birds appeared in chaos, skimmed, descended
Riding the monstrous waters, flaked the air
In silence, fell by no wild voice defended.
And had they nests that lived upon the foam
As drifting kelp, but secret, silver-feathered?
On the wide element they knew their home
Had they a salty covert tempest-weathered?
Unburdened by disasters born of words,
White in the half-night dipped the unknown birds.



LEGARDE S. DOUGHTY

MAN AND MULE

BEHIND the ploughman's wind-burnt face
There is no compass skilled to trace
The spools of tortuous content
In nine-times-guarded document.
So his forefathers' holy writ
Is left to men more shrewdly fit
To Stroke beards and geometrize
Its circles into tangent guise.
His mathematics, day to day,
Is simply add-and-take-away.
He adds the callus of his hand
And Strength of shoulder to the land;
And sees far weaker men deduft,
By legal super-usufruct,
All that he makes but half a grain
By muscle, dung, and sun and rain.
One with the brown-eyed mule, his mate,
He ploughs the row and ploughs it Straight.
But all the night he frets, and gropes
For clouded Stars and hopeless hopes.
The blessed mule, from five to five,
Comes irresponsibly alive;
Behind the auspice of his gate
Secure, immune, inviolate.

HERBERT PALMER

PRAYER FOR SUNLIGHT IN EARLY SPRING

O Lord, send the Sun!
O Lord, unveil the solar flashing!
For the cloud has slain too long,
And the rain has been too lashing.
Send the Sun,
And dower its song!

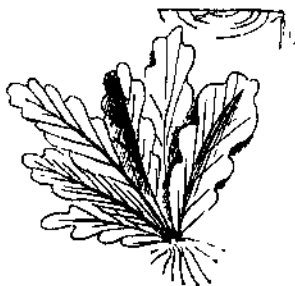
Loose the Sun's bow at the rain,
Pull it firm and very plain
That it soon dismay the rain,
Strong as wanton wind that blew it;
Pour a million gold barbs through it,
Send the Sun againSt the rain,
And the Sun's sweet song.

Fill the damp cold naked places
And the proud slow vacant faces
With the Sun and with a song.
Send the Sun, Lord!
Send the Sun, Lord!
Send the Sun,
And loose its song.

Let the daffodils wake timbrels
And the dance.
Let those bugle flowers in yellow
Dance and prance.
Let all buttercups clash cymbals
Till the fields arc dinging, singing,
And the bare bones Stare askance.

Let the earth dispel her groans
Very soon, very soon.
Let the flesh grow on the bones
Or the bones get to the moon.
Lord of Heaven, Lord of Sunday,
Bend Thy glance and lift the latch!

Lord of Heaven,
Lord of Sunday!
Let all yellow flowers firm catch
In their bowls of satin'd gold
In their petals' glowing fold
(Add the blue and add the white)
Drops of light distilled to match
The gold pendants on the wings
Of the choir that round Thee sings,
That the hands of them who snatch,
Children's hands that clasp upon them,
By the power that to them lingers
May for ever give forth blessings,
Ever blessed in their fingers,
Ever blessing in their grasp.



MARJORIE MEEKER

WILD ORANGES

STILL with awed inner sight I see that tree
Bending beneath its secret flower and fruit
In the wild lonely marsh-land, Strange to see
As an enchanted tree of fairy root.

Forever shall the small bright orange burn
Unplucked upon the bough, the bloom un-
broken

Be loud with bees, forever these return
To grieve me like a lovely word unspoken

Till I go back, for bitter sorrow's sake
And touch the shining bloom and taste the
wine

Of the wild acid orange, and to make
Part of its strict and lonely meaning mine.



JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

SUPPLICATION

HERE where no increase is,
Blossom, nor bud, nor fruit—
Scattered the pregnant seed,
Withered the Sturdy root—
Lord, for my desperate need,
Help me to compass this:

Out of the twisted heart,
Out of the bleeding side,
Out of each empty hand
Fashion me something for pride—
Something enduring, to Stand
Living, vital, apart!

Something that is not I,
But born of my dearth and pain—
By the suns I never knew
Made Strong for the lashing rain,
Holding both honey and dew
Up to a tenderer sky—

Holding them not in vain!

W. H. AUDEN

ORPHEUS

WHAT does the song hope for? And the moved
hands
A little way from the birds, the shy, the delightful?
To be bewildered and happy,
Or most of all the knowledge of life?

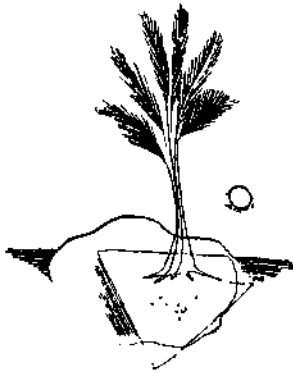
But the beautiful are content with the sharp notes
of the air,
The warmth is enough; O if winter really
Oppose, if the weak snowflake;
What will the wish, what will the dance do?



JAN STRUTHER

HOW STRANGE A STUFF . . .

HOW Strange a *Stuff* is love, which has no worth
Until it's paid for in identical coin;
Which, given and received, enriches both
The lover and the loved; but, given alone,
Robs one and cheats the other: for his hand
Proffers a diamond, but hers receives
A pinch of duSt, a handful of dead leaves.



FLORENCE BECKER

REVOLUTIONARY BLUES

TO see their filthy faces in the Sunday supplement
And know that there is no colour of shirt left for
a decent working man to wear—
To know that even Mussolini was born a baby
And that his corpse will smell no worse than yours
or mine—
It is an insult to the human mind.

It is intolerable waiting for our armies to assemble
While these idiot incendiaries
These robots of history
Go through their dance of death
Ever sillier
Ever bloodier—
Always the chance that they may blow us all to
hell
Before we get the wheel.

Sometimes I think I shall go mad like Don
Quixote
And build a tremendous organ to play the Leonore
Overture.
If they hear it they will drop their battleships and
gases
And dance on the mountains like normal creatures
in the spring.
But then you see the newsreels and rotogravures
And there they are again—
Those faces—

The organ of hearing has left them
We muSt speak to them with caterpillar traftors
With whirring airplanes
With millions of clenched fists raised—
How could I have forgotten?
Here—give me those leaflets.



LORD GORELL

RETROSPECT

i

OUT of the plains, the forests, and the fields
From the dissolving ledge whereon I Stand
An instant's flight confronted by the mist
Impenetrably before me, vision yields
To backward glancing a mysterious land
Where with my muted being I keep trySt.

ii

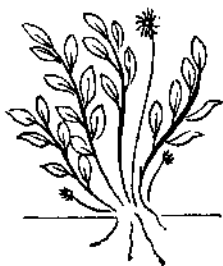
That it was I who joyed and sorrowed there
With dreams now unfamiliar, pleasures reft
And pains outgrown, with comrades Time the
thief,
Like wintry blast on branches, has Stripped
bare
Seems to the throbbing vision of the theft
A convolution paSt all Truth's belief.

in

Strange hillocks sharply from the plain arise
And windings of scarce noted lanes are Strong
Where that which was so dominant is loSt
Within the distant haze: proportion dies,
Some wrongs are changed to right, some rights
to wrong
And little lingers visible at coSt.

IV

Yet is the sky a constancy, the light
That glorifies the meanest earthly thing
Glow with a deepening radiance as the day
Draws surely onward towards the arms of night
Wherein all colours blend, all echoes wing
Through maze of harmony their heavenward way.



THOMAS M'GRATH

PRELUDE

O FOR the loft voice in the
lost lone lilac and the
moon mift over all the
silver hills

O for the
lost lilac as the summer sickens and the
slow sad music of the moonlight fills
all the brittle silence as the slow smoke rises
from the
huddled houses on the huddled hills

O let the
lost voice quiver and rejoice
in the lost lilac let the broken voice
break like the breaking of a far horn breaking
moonlight and silence and the diphthong of a
dawn song



ROSEMARY FARRAR

FORECAST

NOW I remember Still the day and you.
Now I remember all you were that day;
The leaves so quiet and green beneath the blue,
The blazing poppies bold against the grey
Stone wall and larkspurs Standing tall between.
Now I remember you, I have the gold
Of summer yet, though now the winter's keen
Wind howls and floor boards creak with cold.

To-day in February I know how
The yellow daffodils will be in bloom
Where every bulb is brown and frozen now —
There will be purple lilacs in this room —
Spring will be summer, summer will be fall,
But never you, no, never you at all.



WLLARD MAAS

CONCERNING THE YOUNG

BOYS walk along the sanded river-banks
Dreaming of saxophones, April fugues,
And summer girls of cloud-winged evenings,

The empty Streets, seeking answers in
The Gothic archways leading to velvet tombs,
The sound of hymns within the gilded pipes.

Beyond spring's tender hills and the Stone towers,
Words receding into the plane of night,
They have heard the rumour bearing darkness.

The young having died, the old seek atonement,
Lifting their eyes to Statues in the parks,
Mounted iron horses, the bronze inscription.

Whether the heroes be of Lexington or the Marne,
Dry winds of rhetoric ruffle the thinning beards
With orations at the marble drinking fountain.

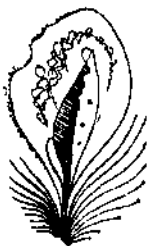
(The cold lips torn from the jawbone, the meadow
Smoking with hand-grenades in the early flowers,
The waters sleeping with mines beneath the foam.)

They have heard the rumour, remembering
A pathway of warm Stars, the deserted docks,
Dormitories, pennants, and painted beds.

Speak of the green hills againSt the winter sun,
Forged from the heart weapons againSt defeat:
They have heard the rumour of days ending in blood,

Out of the classrooms paSI the factory wall,
They Stand upon the platform in the square,
Ere&ing barricades againSt the night.

The world revolves about the darkling mouths
And guns retreat. They have heard the rumour
While the sky turns to dusk and the laSt leaves fall.



WILLARD MAAS

WAKING WE WALK SEPARATELY

THE bright island dreamed of
Beyond the eyes' long search

The waking breaSt Stirring
Beneath the cupped hand asleep

All mornings paSt content
And night the cover turned for love

Out of every window of every awakening
The kind houses and trees

And the sad need given with violence
Snow-fall of winter and autumn rain

The cranes digging down in the cellars
And the men without work gazing into the pits

Travelling to far, unfamiliar towns
And learning alien hills and flowers

Wanting one always who brings
Tenderness to the blood and trembling

Reaching the hand to touch the eyelids
The finger-tips on the forehead and lips

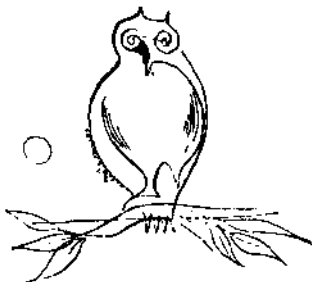
Never knowing the answer nor when love
Fled leaving the illness upon the heart

HELLEN GAY MILLER

IF THERE BE MUSIC

If there be music in that future land
Whose far blue edges lie beyond our knowing,
I shall be wholly reconciled to going, —
For that is language I can understand.
If melodies across those fields be Stirred
By lifted wings too light for human hearing
Or tilted planets time their swift appearing
To harmony that earth has never heard;

If some great rainbow-arch, outside our ken
Yet glimpsed long since through sunset colours
 playing,
Sweep in high chords of song above all praying
Into the perfect sevenfold amen; —
I shall not Stop to think that I have died,
But only listen and be satisfied.



CHARMIAN LYNN MONTROSS

STONES OF MEMORY

THIS house is mine, and it is big and dear
As it has always been. There is no part
Unloved in it and nothing changed this year
Than was long years before, nor my own heart.
Still on the lawn the giant spruce tree Stands,
Marring the gentle twilight-sky with blot
Of scornful branches, shadow black. The lands
Have lain for centuries and shifted not.

There is no difference here. Strange that the
 sound
Of shrieking children at their last hour's play
Should bring the thought of grass and sky and
 ground
That knew some others, playing this same way,
Who, barely gone, have left me as a Stone
In memory of them. I am alone.



V. SACKVILLE-WEST

SUICIDE PACT

She speaks;

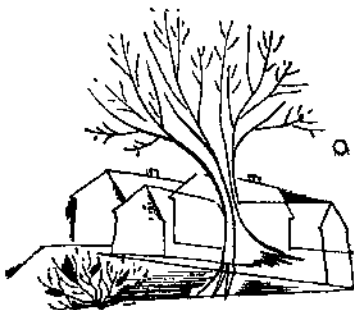
'**N**OW lay your hand across my throat,
And bid the drowsy pulse farewell.
Down in the wood the furtive Stoat
Slinks down the ditch through crisping leaves;
The small sounds wake; the wether's bell
Tinkles the meadow; in the eaves
Patter the birds. Speak one farewell.

'Speak one farewell for all the sighs
Wrenched from the pain of love you taught;
And see the dawn within my eyes
Lighten again, and all for naught.
Lover, speak one farewell, and kill,
Taking your name on my last breath,
But bring to death the skill you brought
To teach me love; the self-same skill
As showed me life must show me death.

"I would not die so willingly
Young as I am, and fair, and sweet,
Did death not come so properly,
Inevitable, sure, and meet.
I take it at your hands; I took
Love at your hands, an unknown gift.
Lover, my life runs out; the brook
Runs in the wood; my shortened shrift
Runs to its end; my senses drift.

°Oh Love, we loved! What should I fear?
Murder is simple in the wood.
This natural death of mine is near
Allied to murder understood.
None blames the beaSts at kill, nor I
Do blame you with my dying word.
I sink beneath your hands and die,
And send my soul into a bird.

°Lover, if you should live to know
That you had killed me in an hour
Of madness, then I pray you go
About the woods when thoughts devour.
There you will find my living soul
In birds, in trees, in squirrels' dreys,—
But oh, alas, I know your whole
Passionate heart would come my ways
To follow me in death as well
And clasp me on the edge of Hel],'



A. R. UBSDELL

SONNET OF BEWILDERMENT

OUT of the mist I reached, and plucked illusion;
I flung my thoughts across a sea of pain
To forge some continuity and Strain
The sap of sun and shadow from confusion;
But they were trapped among the mysteries
Where impotence wooed hope, where each to-
morrow
Will fool to-day, and love is yoked to sorrow
In chains of constant inconsistencies.

Had I the understanding of the gods
Who smoulder in the adamantine Will,
Then could I sop my wounds and see my scars
As presage of a dawn whose flaming rods
Will touch that nothingness the spaces fill
Beyond the uncommunicative Stars.



V. H. FRIEDLAENDEK

FORECAST

THE young of to-day have decided
That poetry is not poetry;
Away with loveliness,
Away with music.
Let the lines roar like a traffic jam,
Stutter like a machine-gun,
Let them be monotonous as ribbon development,
Stark as pylons,
Obscure as police traps,
Garish as petrol pumps.

Well, then, so be it:
The poetry of beauty is out of fashion.

Yet, because of a number of obstinate survivals —
Because dawn and sunset refuse to date,
Because birds and trees,
Waters and winds,
Moon and Stars
Remain persistently in the mode,
Above all because love Stubbornly declines
To be a back number —
Owing to all this excess baggage
From the contemptible paSt,
Poetry, it may be surmised,
Still has a chance to come back to the world,
Drawing all eyes from the pylons and petrol
pumps,
All ears from the traffic jam and the machine-guns,
To some new silver rhythm of her wings
In the changing, changeless sky.

