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POEMS

GREEN

THE dawn was apple-green,
The sky was green wine held up in the sun,
The moon was a golden petal between.

She opened her eyes, and green
They shone, clear like flowers undone,
For the first time, now for the first time seen.

ALL OF ROSES.

I

By the Isar, in the twilight
We were wandering and singing;
By the Isar, in the evening
We climbed the huntsman’s ladder and sat swinging
In the fir-tree overlooking the marshes;
While river met with river, and the ringing
Of their pale-green glacier-water filled the evening.

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By the Isar, in the twilight
We found our warm wild roses
Hanging red at the river; and simmering
Frogs were singing, and over the river closes
Was scent of roses, and glimmering
In the twilight, our kisses across the roses
Met, and her face, and my face, were roses.

II

When she rises in the morning
I linger to watch her.
She stands in silhouette against the window,
And the sunbeams catch her
Glistening white on the shoulders;
   While down her sides, the mellow
   Golden shadow glows, and her breasts
   Swing like full-blown yellow
Gloire de Dijon roses.

She drips herself with water,
And her shoulders
Glisten as silver, they crumple up
Like wet and shaken roses, and I listen
For the rustling of their white, unfolding petals.
   In the window full of sunlight
   She stirs her golden shadow,
   And flashes all herself as sun-bright
   As if roses fought with roses.

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III

Just a few of the roses we gathered from the Isar
Are fallen, and their mauve-red petals on the cloth
Float like boats on a river, waiting
For a fairy-wind to wake them from their sloth.

She laughs at me across the table, saying
She loves me; and I blow a little boat
Rocking down the shoals between the tea-cups
And so kiss-beladen that it scarce can float.

IV

Now like a rose come tip-toe out of bud
I see the woman's soul steal in her eyes,
And wide in ecstasy I sit and watch
The unknown flower issued magic-wise.

And day by day out of the envious bud
My treasure softly slips uncurled,
And day by day my happiness vibrates
In wide and wider circles round the world.

FIREFLIES IN THE CORN

A woman taunts her lover.
Look at the little darlings in the corn!
The rye is taller than you, who think yourself
So high and mighty: look how its heads are borne

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Dark and proud on the sky, like a number of knights
Passing with spears and pennants and manly scorn.

And always likely!—Oh, if I could ride
With my head held high-serene against the sky
Do you think I'd have a creature like you at my side
With your gloom and your doubt that you love me?
   O darling rye,
How I adore you for your simple pride!

And those bright fireflies wafting in between
And over the swaying cornstalks, just above
All their dark-feathered helmets, like little green
Stars come low and wandering here for love
Of this dark earth, and wandering all serene—!

How I adore you, you happy things, you dears
Riding the air and carrying all the time
Your little lanterns behind you: it cheers
My heart to see you settling and trying to climb
The corn-stalks, tipping with fire their spears.

All over the corn's dim motion, against the blue
Dark sky of night, the wandering glitter, the swarm
Of questing brilliant things:—you joy, you true
Spirit of careless joy: ah, how I warm
My poor and perished soul at the joy of you!
The man answers and she mocks.
You're a fool, woman. I love you, and you know I do!
—Lord, take his love away, it makes him whine.
And I give you everything that you want me to.
—Lord, dear Lord, do you think he ever can shine?

A WOMAN AND HER DEAD HUSBAND

Ah stern cold man,
How can you lie so relentless hard
While I wash you with weeping water!
Ah face, carved hard and cold,
You have been like this, on your guard
Against me, since death began.

You masquerader!
How can you shame to act this part
Of unswerving indifference to me?
It is not you; why disguise yourself
Against me, to break my heart,
You evader?

You've a warm mouth,
A good warm mouth always sooner to soften
Even than your sudden eyes.
Ah cruel, to keep your mouth
Relentless, however often
I kiss it in drouth.

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You are not he.
Who are you, lying in his place on the bed
And rigid and indifferent to me?
His mouth, though he laughed or sulked,
Was always warm and red
And good to me.

And his eyes could see
The white moon hang like a breast revealed
By the slipping shawl of stars,
Could see the small stars tremble
As the heart beneath did wield
Systole, diastole.

And he showed it me
So, when he made his love to me;
And his brows like rocks on the sea jut out,
And his eyes were deep like the sea
With shadow, and he looked at me,
Till I sank in him like the sea,
Awfully.

Oh, he was multiform—
Which then was he among the manifold?
The gay, the sorrowful, the seer?
I have loved a rich race of men in one—
—But not this, this never-warm
Metal-cold—!

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Ah masquerader!
With your steel face white-enamelled,
Were you he, after all, and I never
Saw you or felt you in kissing?
—Yet sometimes my heart was trammelled
With fear, evader!

Then was it you
After all, this cold, hard man?
—Ah no, look up at me,
Tell me it isn’t true,
That you’re only frightening me!

You will not stir,
Nor hear me, not a sound.
—Then it was you—
And all this time you were
Like this when I lived with you.
  It is not true,
  I am frightened, I am frightened of you
  And of everything.
  O God!—God too
  Has deceived me in everything,
  In everything.
THE WIND, THE RASCAL

The wind, the rascal, knocked at my door, and I said:
   My love is come!
But oh, wind, what a knave thou art
To make sport of me when the days of my heart
   Are drearisome,
   And wearisome.

THE MOTHER OF SONS

This is the last of all, then, this is the last!
I must fold my hands, and turn my face to the fire,
And watch my dead days fusing into dross,
Shape after shape, and scene after scene, from the past
Sinking to one dead mass in the dying fire,
Leaving the grey ash cold and heavy with loss.

Strange he is to me, my son, whom I waited like a lover;
Strange as a captive held in a foreign country, haunting
The shore and gazing out on the level sea;
White, and gaunt, with wistful eyes that hover
Always upon the distance, as his soul were chaunting
The dreary weird of departure away from me.

Like a young bird blown from out of the frozen seas,
Like a bird from the far north blown with a broken wing
Into our sooty garden, he drags and beats...
From place to place perpetually, and seeks release
From me, and the hound of my love that creeps up fawning
For his mastership, while he in displeasure retreats.

I must look away from him, for my fading eyes
Like a cringing dog at his heels offend him now,
Like a toothless hound pursuing him with my eyes,
Till he chafes at my cringing persistence, and a sharp spark flies
Into my soul from the sudden fall of his brow
And he bites his lip in pain as he hears my sighs.

This is my last—it will not be any more—
All my life I have borne the burden of myself,
All the long years of sitting in my husband's house,
And never have I said to myself, as he closed the door:
"Now I am caught—you are hopelessly lost, O self;
You are frightened with joy, my heart, like a frightened mouse."

Three times have I offered my soul—three times rejected—
It will not be any more—no more, my son, my son!
Never to know the glad freedom of obedience, since long ago
The angel of childhood kissed me and went. I expected
A man would take me, and now, my son, O my son,
I must sit awhile and wait and never know
A bridegroom, till 'twixt me and the bright sun

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Death, in whose service is nothing of gladness, takes me.
For the lips and the eyes of God are behind a veil,
And the thought of the lipless voice of the Father shakes me
With fear, and fills my eyes with tears of desire;
But the voice of my life is dumb and of no avail,
And the hands in my lap grow cold as the night draws nigher.

ILICIT

In front of the sombre mountains, a faint, lost ribbon of rainbow,
And between us and it, the thunder;
And down below, in the green wheat, the laborers stand like dark stumps, still in the green wheat.

You are near to me, and your naked feet in their sandals,
And through the scent of the balcony's naked timber
I distinguish the scent of your hair; so now the limber lightning falls from heaven.

Adown the pale-green, glacier-river floats
A dark boat through the gloom—and whither?
The thunder roars. But still we have each other.
The naked lightnings in the heavens dither
And disappear. What have we but each other?
The boat has gone.
BIRTHDAY

If I were well-to-do
I would put roses on roses, and cover your grave
With multitude of white roses, and just a few
Red ones, a bloody-white flag over you.

So people passing under
The ash-trees of the valley road, should raise
Their eyes to your bright place, and then in wonder
Should climb the hill, and put the flowers asunder.

And seeing it is your birthday,
They would say, seeing each mouth of white rose praise
You highly, every blood-red rose display
Your triumph of anguish above you, they would say:

"'Tis strange, we never knew
While she was here and walking in our ways
That she was as the wine-jar whence we drew
Our draught of faith that sent us on anew."

And so I'd raise
A rose-bush unto you in all their hearts
A rose of memory with a scent of praise
Wafting like solace down their length of days.

D. H. Lawrence
A DAY FOR WANDERING

I set apart a day for wandering;
I heard the woodlands ring,
The hidden white-throat sing,
And the harmonic West,
Beyond a far hill-crest,
Touch its Aeolian string.
Remote from all the brawl and bruit of men,
The iron tongue of Trade,
I followed the clear calling of a wren
Deep to the bosom of a sheltered glade,
Where interwoven branches spread a shade
Of soft cool beryl like the evening seas
Unruffled by the breeze.
And there—and there—
I watched the maiden-hair,
The pale blue iris-grass,
The water-spider in its pause and pass
Upon a pool that like a mirror was.
I took for confidant
The diligent ant
Threading the clover and the sorrel aisles;
For me were all the smiles
Of the sequestered blossoms there abloom—
Chalice and crown and plume;
I drank the ripe rich attars blurred and blent,
And won—Content!

Clinton Scollard
HEART'S HOLIDAY

Without, a city's whirling dust,
    A city's alley-wall;
Without, a bleak, pale strip of sky.
    Within, high festival.

Without, no greeting between friends,
    From the hurrying crowd no smile.
Within, my heart's slow pageant moves
    In glorious solemn file.

There was no call for revel. Day,
    Who summons us each morn,
Came forth in dreariest garb and blew
    No gala herald-horn.

But slave of day I am not—nay,
    Her mistress still, I wield
The crystal sceptre of my mood,
    Bearing my dream's white shield.

Exultant, rapture-flooded, mad
    With mystic inner mirth,
My heart holds her strange carnival
    Unseen of all the earth.
I long for white lilies,  
White roses and rest—  
White raiment and silence,  
Like a dove's white breast.

Thy faun came too near me,  
(Well loved I the dance)  
My garland he blighted  
With his ribald glance.

Thy faun danced too wildly,  
His wreath was awry,  
His pipe was discordant,  
Too harsh was his cry.

I long for white raiment:  
My garland so gay  
I've plucked at in horror  
And flung far away.

I long for white lilies,  
I ask to be still.  
Oh silence his singing!  
Come, cover and kill!
OH HUSH, MY HEART!

Oh hush, my heart, while I recall
The rosy-footed years
When I had no heart at all,
   Only quick smiles and tears.
Oh sweet it was and safe it was
   And oh, I would I were
Still running with white dreams that pass
   Like clouds across the air.

Oh hush, my heart, while I recall
The silent-sandaled days
When I had no heart at all,
   Only my soul's white ways.
Oh sweet it was and very strange
   To find a white soul so;
Oh would that I again might range,
   Heartless, her fields of snow.

Oh would I had no heart at all!
   For oh, the stormy hour
When my hot heart rose to a call,
   Bearing a crimson flower.
Alas, my soul's wide wanderings,
   My limitless desire!
Now all my dreams have heavy wings
   And hover round a fire.

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Now all my world is made of hands
That cling to mine again,
And I am bound with iron bands
Of passion and of pain.

ALLEGRA AGONISTES

A gleam of gold in gloom and gray,
A call from out a fairer day.
Oh pang at heart and ebbing blood!
(Hush, bread and salt should be thy mood,
Stern woman of the Brotherhood.)

Clamor of golden tones and tunes,
Hint of faint horns, breath of bassoons;
They wound my soul again; I lie
Face earthward in fresh agony.
Oh give me joy before I die!

World, world, I could have danced for thee,
And I had tales and minstrelsy;
Kept fairer I had been more good.
(Hush, bread and salt should be thy mood,
Soul of the breadless Brotherhood.)

Some thou hast formed to play thy part,
The bold, the cold, the hard of heart.
Poems

Thy rue upon my lips, I toss.
Rose was my right. O world, the loss,
When Greek limbs writhe upon the cross!

Grace Fallow Norton

TO A FRIEND

As a child parts the petals of a rose,
Seeking perplexed, within the perfumed core,
A tangible sweetness—so my thoughts explore
This twilit hour, through many a fragrant close,
Our interfolded years. Proud Memory shows
Old visions of far days, bright in her store
Beside the light last speech we loitered o’er;
So thornless-fair our Rose of Friendship blows.
But whence the subtle sweetness which makes rare
Slight, common joys, so they be shared by you;
Or why, that distant hour, each spirit chose
Instant the other? Sense may not lay bare
The mystery of love I thus pursue
As a child parts the petals of a rose.

Minor Watson
I remember a day when I stood on the sea shore at Nice, holding a scarlet rose in my hands.

The calm sea, caressed by the sun, was brightly garmented in blue, veiled in gold and violet, verging on silver.

Gently the waves lapped the shore, and scattering into pearls, emeralds and opals, hastened towards my feet with a monotonous, rhythmical sound, like the prolonged note of a single harp-string.

High in the clear, blue-golden sky hung the great, burning disc of the sun.

White sea-gulls hovered above the waves, now barely touching them with their snow-white breasts, now rising anew into the heights, like butterflies over the green meadows.

Far in the east, a ship, trailing its smoke, glided slowly from sight as though it had foundered in the waste.

I threw the rose into the sea, and watched it, caught in the wave, receding, red on the snow-white foam, paler on the emerald wave.

And the sea continued to return it to me, again and again, at last no longer a flower, but strewn petals on restless water.

So with the heart, and with all proud things. In the end nothing remains but a handful of petals of what was once a proud flower.

*John Cournos* after *K. Tetmaier*
I
I have drifted along this river
Until I moored my boat
By these crossed trunks.

Here the mist moves
Over fragile leaves and rushes,
Colorless waters and brown, fading hills.

You have come from beneath the trees
And move within the mist,
A floating leaf.

O blue flower of the evening,
You have touched my face
With your leaves of silver.

Love me, for I must depart.

II
Grow weary if you will, let me be sad.
Use no more speech now;
Let the silence spread gold hair above us,
Fold on delicate fold.
Use no more speech;
You had the ivory of my life to carve.

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And Picus of Mirandola is dead;
And all the gods they dreamed and fabled of,
Hermes, and Thoth and Bêl are rotten now,
Rotten and dank.

And through it all I see your pale Greek face;
Tenderness
Makes me eager as a little child to love you,
You morsel left half cold on Caesar’s plate.

III ARGYRIA

O you,
O you most fair,
Swayer of reeds, whisperer
Among the flowering rushes,
You have hidden away your hands
Beneath the poplar leaves;
You have given them to the white waters.

Swallow-fleet;
Sea-child cold from the waves;
Slight reed that sang so blithely in the wind;
White cloud the white sun kissed into the air;
Pan mourns for you.

White limbs, white song,
Pan mourns for you.
IV THE POPLAR

Why do you always stand there shivering
Between the white stream and the road?

The people pass through the dust
On bicycles, in carts, in motor-cars;
The waggoners go by at dawn;
The lovers walk on the grass path at night.

Stir from your roots, walk, poplar!
You are more beautiful than they are.

I know that the white wind loves you,
Is always kissing you and turning up
The white lining of your green petticoat.
The sky darts through you like blue rain,
And the grey rain drips on your flanks
And loves you.
And I have seen the moon
Slip his silver penny into your pocket
As you straightened your hair;
And the white mist curling and hesitating
Like a bashful lover about your knees.

I know you, poplar;
I have watched you since I was ten.
But if you had a little real love,
A little strength,
You would leave your nonchalant idle lovers
And go walking down the white road
Behind the waggoners.

There are beautiful beeches
Down beyond the hill.
Will you always stand there shivering?

V GLAUCOPIS

O maidens, whom I loved
And now love not at all,
Nor even the memory of your shadowy faces,
Who loved me also,
Striving with delicate and sensuous days
To thrall my soul,
Behold!
From the hush and the dusk
Come, like the whisper of dawn,
Her frail, her magical feet.
From the desert she blossoms,
A flower of the winds,
Tremulous, shaken by love.

Ah Gods!
And I may not hearken
Nor stoop to the flower.

Richard Aldington
EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE TRADITION

Penitus enim tibi O Phoebe attributa est cantus.

The tradition is a beauty which we preserve and not a set of fetters to bind us. This tradition did not begin in A.D. 1870, nor in 1776, nor in 1632, nor in 1564. It did not begin even with Chaucer.

The two great lyric traditions which most concern us are that of the Melic poets and that of Provence. From the first arose practically all the poetry of the "ancient world," from the second practically all that of the modern. Doubtless there existed before either of these traditions a Babylonian and a Hittite tradition whereof knowledge is for the most part lost. We know that men worshipped Mithra with an arrangement of pure vowel-sounds. We know that men made verses in Egypt and in China, we assume that they made them in Uruk. There is a Japanese metric which I do not yet understand, there is doubtless an agglutinative metric beyond my comprehension.

As it happens, the conditions of English and forces in the English tradition are traceable, for the most part, to the two traditions mentioned. It is not intelligent to ignore the fact that both in Greece and in Provence the poetry attained its highest rhythmic and metrical brilliance at times when the arts of verse and music were

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most closely knit together, when each thing done by the poet had some definite musical urge or necessity bound up within it. The Romans writing upon tablets did not match the cadences of those earlier makers who had composed to and for the Cythera and the Barbitos.

As touching the parallel development of the twin arts in the modern world, it may be noted that the canzon of Provence became the canzone of Italy, and that when Dante and his contemporaries began to compose philosophic treatises in verse the son or accompaniment went maying on its own account, and in music became the sonata; and from the date of that divorce poetry declined until such time as Baif and the Pléiade began to bring Greek and Latin and Italian renaissance fashions into France, and to experiment in music and “quantity.”

The Italians of that century had renewed the art, they had written in Latin, and some little even in Greek, and had used the Hellenic meters. DuBellay translated Navgherius into French, and Spenser translated DuBellay’s adaptations into English, and then as in Chaucer’s time and times since then, the English cribbed their technique from over the channel. The Elizabethans “made” to music, and they copied the experiments of Paris. Thus as always one wave of one of these traditions has caught and overflowed an earlier wave receding. The finest troubador had sung at the court of Coeur de Lion. Chaucer had brought in the “making” of France and ended the Anglo-Saxon alliterative fashions. The
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canzon of Provence which had become the canzone and sonnet, had become Minnesang; it had become the ballade and it became many an "Elizabethan" form. And at that age the next wave from Paris caught it, a wave part "Romance" (in the linguistic sense) and part Latin. But Provence is itself Latin, in a way, for when the quantities of syllables had been lost through the barbarian invasions, rhyme had come in as courtly ornament. The first fragment of Provençal poetry is Latin with a Provençal refrain.

Dr. Ker has put an end to much babble about folk song by showing us Summer is ycummen in written beneath the Latin words of the first known example of a canon.

II

A return to origins invigorates because it is a return to nature and reason. The man who returns to origins does so because he wishes to behave in the eternally sensible manner. That is to say, naturally, reasonably, intuitively. He does not wish to do the right thing in the wrong place, to "hang an ox with trappings," as Dante puts it. He wishes not pedagogy but harmony, the fitting thing.

This is not the place for an extensive discussion of technical detail. Of the uses and abuses of rhyme I would say nothing, save that it is neither a necessity nor a taboo.

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As to quantity, it is foolish to suppose that we are incapable of distinguishing a long vowel from a short one, or that we are mentally debarred from ascertaining how many consonants intervene between one vowel and the next.

As to the tradition of *vers libre*: Jannaris in his study of the Melic poets comes to the conclusion that they composed to the feel of the thing, to the cadence, as have all good poets since. He is not inclined to believe that they were much influenced by discussions held in Alexandria some centuries after their deaths.

If the earnest upholder of conventional imbecility will turn at random to the works of Euripides, or in particular to such passages as *Hippolytus*, 1268 et Seq., or to *Alkestis* 266 et seq., or idem 455 et seq., or to *Phoenissae* 1030 et circa, or to almost any notable Greek chorus, it is vaguely possible that the light of *vers libre* might spread some faint aurora upon his cerebral tissues.

No one is so foolish as to suppose that a musician using "four-four" time is compelled to use always four quarter notes in each bar, or in "seven-eighths" time to use seven eighth notes uniformly in each bar. He may use one ½, one ¼ and one ⅛ rest, or any such combination as he may happen to choose or find fitting.

To apply this musical truism to verse is to employ *vers libre*.

To say that such and such combinations of sound and tempo are not proper, is as foolish as to say that a painter
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should not use red in the upper left hand corners of his pictures. The movement of poetry is limited only by the nature of syllables and of articulate sound, and by the laws of music, or melodic rhythm. Space forbids a complete treatise on melody at this point, and forbids equally a complete treatise on all the sorts of verse, alliterative, syllabic, accentual, and quantitative. And such treatises as the latter are for the most part useless, as no man can learn much of these things save by first-hand, untrammeled, unprejudiced examination of the finest examples of all these sorts of verse, of the finest strophes and of the finest rhyme-schemes, and by a profound study of the art and history of music.

Neither is surface imitation of much avail, for imitation is, indeed, of use only in so far as it connotes a closer observation, or an attempt closely to study certain forces through their effects.  

_Ezra Pound_

"SOBRIETY AND EARNESTNESS"

This society, whose purpose is the encouragement of sobriety and earnestness in all the arts.

Thus Mr. Meredith Nicholson to the National Institute of Arts and Letters during its recent session in Chicago. And thus, in effect, the National Institute to the artists of the United States.

That is the trouble with institutions intended for the benefit of art and artists. It is not their fault, perhaps, but merely inevitable in any such organization; the
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membership, being numerous, must be composed chiefly, not of exceptional high spirits in the arts, but of sober and earnest workers. These latter, far outnumbering the former, will necessarily protect and perpetuate their own kind by admitting without question the sober and earnest candidate, and rejecting the adventurous and original one.

For this conservatism the sober and earnest are hardly to be blamed. They have no means of recognizing genius when it appears; they honestly suspect original thought, original style. They lack the prophetic imagination to hear in advance the verdict of time, which is merely the reiterated opinion of exceptional spirits. Thus with all possible good will toward genius in the abstract, and with much palaver of praise for entombed genius, they inevitably shut their door in the face of genius in the concrete, embodied in an actual living young man or woman.

Thus we can not too frequently remind these elders who sit in judgment that sobriety and earnestness are precisely the two attributes of mediocrity which need no institute to encourage them; without such aid they win most of the prizes and sit at most of the banquets. The original creative spirit is earnest, no doubt; but his is the earnestness of courage, not that of sobriety. It is the earnestness of fire, which scorches and destroys and gives light, not that of the fog, which decently veils the sun. If the torch-bearer is not encouraged, if he batters
his head against the blind wall of public apathy, it becomes physically and psychologically impossible for him to keep his soul and his light alive. For only when the creative impulse meets an equally strong impulse of sympathy is the highest achievement possible in any department of human effort.

The strongest argument for the Institute’s existence, and for the congressional charter which gives it a certain aspect of official sanction, is, as one or two speakers suggested, the scattered and unorganized condition of the arts in the United States. In England and France the capital is the center, and out of a discord of conflicting claims the verdict of London and Paris emerges recognizably and goes around the world. Here there is no center, and no person or group of recognized authority, whose verdict crosses state lines and at least gives the dissenters something to raise a hue and cry about. The well-meaning but preoccupied “barber’s wife of the Middle West” has nothing but the opinion of her neighbors to pin her faith upon, or to hit with her bludgeon of common sense. Probably her distraught condition is inevitable in a democracy, and we shall have to await the slow development of her intellect; but it is possible that she may be assisted by the imposing name and the belettered membership of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and its more special inner circle, the American Academy.

If she is to be thus assisted, if these bodies have this excuse for being, it is of course absurd that they should
draw the line of sex. Either they exist for the benefit and development of American arts and letters, or they do not. If they do, they are bound to admit to membership such American artists and men and women of letters as deserve the recognition, regardless of race, color, sex, or previous condition of servitude. If they do not exist for such benefit and development, they deserve neither a charter from Congress nor any other official or popular sanction. In this case their purpose is not even "the encouragement of sobriety and earnestness in all the arts," but only in those creations of art which proceed from sober and earnest males.  

H. M.

REVIEWS


For a "contemporaneous" anthology this is far from up to date. It includes deceased poets—Richard Hovey, William Vaughn Moody, George Cabot Lodge, Arthur Upson, Trumbull Stickney; also a number born in the fifties or earlier—Messrs. Woodberry, Santayana, Cheney, Sherman, Carman, et al. On the other hand it omits most of the younger men and women who have anything essential to say—Messrs. Pound, Oppenheimer, Reed, Ficke, Stringer, Leonard, the Misses Widdemer, Akins, Wyatt, Mrs. Wilkinson and others being conspicuous by their absence. Even when anyone of the more radical progressives is quoted, as in the cases of Messrs.
Robinson and Lindsay, and Mrs. Evans (Florence Wilkinson) the poems selected usually represent their more academic moods.

In fact, if this anthology were complete evidence, our living American poets would deserve the common reproach of having little or nothing to say in immediate relation to modern life and thought; and of saying that little, as a rule, in a too self-conscious early-Victorian manner. Also their morality would seem to be of a Puritan primness more appropriate in a young ladies' boarding-school than in a wind-swept continental nation. We have many love-songs, frequently graceful; many landscape poems ditto, much rhymed eloquence of advice or reflection whose tameness prose would reveal; but few poems which remind us that the artist lives only to give himself away to the world, and give his world away to coming ages.

Our bards may be too timorous and conventional, but they are not so home-bound and hide-bound as this. A less conservative editor would have presented a better case for them. The true modern American anthology, in short, has not yet been assembled. Meantime, this incomplete and heavily padded one contains Mr. Robinson's Lincoln, Mr. Markham's Man With the Hoe, Mr. Lindsay's Eagle Forgotten, Mr. Schauffler's Scum o' the Earth, Miss Cather's Grandmother, Mrs. Evans' Memorial Tablet, Mr. Kilmer's Martin, Miss Guiney's Kings, and a few other things of inextinguishable fire. 

H. M.
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

*Minions of the Moon; The Republic;* two volumes of poetry by Madison Cawein. Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati.

In the reviewer’s judgment, the two best poems in the first volume are *Wasteland* and *The Old Home*, originally published in *POETRY*. These have a genuine and homely sincerity that distinguishes them from the other more conventionally facile poems of the volume. *The Republic*, the first poem in the second book, is a patriotic ode, full of the usual high-sounding meaningless abstractions, touching earth only once, in the fourth strophe, manifestly imitative of the third strophe of Moody’s *Ode in Time of Hesitation*.

By the long leagues of cotton Texas rolls,
And Mississippi bolls;
By the wide seas of wheat
The far Dakotas beat
Against the barriers of the mountainland:
And by the miles of maize
Nebraska lays
Like a vast carpet in
Her House of Nights and Days,
Where, glittering in council meet
The Spirits of the Cold and Heat,
With old Fertility whose heart they win:
By all the wealth replete
Within our scan,
From Florida to where the snows begin,
Made manifest of Nature unto Man—
Behold!
The land is as a mighty scroll unrolled, etc.

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Mr. Goldring exhibits a determined intention to portray contemporary subjects. The portrayal is largely external, objective; consisting of graphic sketches of houses, streets, places and people. He does it very well, with a certain bare directness; but, after all, one misses just that note of subjective feeling which furnishes the necessary bridge of sympathy. In this sense Mr. Goldring's work comes dangerously near photography, representing scenes with which we are indeed familiar, but to which, if anything more than casual importance is to be attached, the personal vision must be added.

All down Acacia Road there are small bow windows
Jutting out neighborly heads in the street,
And in each sits, framed, a quiet old woman.
They watch the couples who pass or meet.

This, for instance, one of the best stanzas in the book, is more than photography; but if the external eye is to dominate literature, as it has dominated and destroyed drama, what hope will there be for poetry?

*The Poems of Paul Mariett.* Mitchell Kennerley.

Young as he was, Paul Mariett did not die without record, without achievement. This small volume of posthumous poems reveals a mind that had, to a large extent, escaped the swaddling bands of imitation and convention. There is an unmistakable note of sin-

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cerity and honest originality in his work. There is structure and beauty, not lacking in restraint, and a stern quality as of iron in these poems. The twilight of the nerves, that pervasive note of modern poetry, or of the poetry of the nineties, has no place in this book. Twilight is here, but it is the twilight of a strong mind and a strong body, not unakin in spirit, though not in expression, to the hard, unblinking acceptance of the tragic side of life that we have recognized in Synge. As Mr. Walter Lippman says in his preface, "In Paul Mariett the tragic is always active, sharp and colored; it was not so much a regret over life as an insight into it." Not all of the poems represent an equally high grade of achievement. I should especially recommend Coming Home from the Play; Exotic; The Temple of Azzi-Rep; The House of Eric; And A Wife in Every Port; Crew Practice; Lyric—but the reader must make his own choice after all.


It is a pity that the glamour of personal friendship should have permitted the publishing of these early letters of William Vaughn Moody. These letters, not without charm to those who are able to feel through them the renewed warmth of a magnetic personality, yet reflect very little of the poet's literary maturity, and can contribute little to the public appreciation of his genius.

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In a larger group of letters, representing the fuller development of the man, they would have found their place. William Vaughn Moody was a conscientious artist, scrupulously exacting and reserved, deliberately refusing to give anything but the best of himself to the public. The most inspiriting phase of this volume is found in the letter to Mr. Henry Miller protesting against a certain deterioration in the stage presentation of *The Great Divide*, and in the note supplied by Mr. Mason of the author's refusal, for artistic reasons, to allow the novelization of the successful play—a refusal estimated modestly at a cost of from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars. To how many American authors would not such a refusal seem quixotic and extreme? Or how many English authors would have resisted the temptation? It is by such an action that one may measure the strength of the man, and refute the European belief in the complete commercialism of American letters. A. C. H.

**A WORD FROM MR. YEATS**

The following letter to the editor of *Poetry* explains itself:

When I got the very unexpected letter with the prize of £50, my first emotion was how much it would have meant to me even ten years ago; and then I thought surely there must be some young American writer today to whom it would mean a great deal, not only in practical help, but in encouragement. I want you therefore not to think that I am in any way ungrateful to you, or in any way anxious to put myself into a different category to your other contributors because I send
back to you £40. I will keep £10, and with that I will get Mr. Sturge Moore to make me a book-plate, and so shall have a permanent memory of your generous magazine. I vacillated a good deal until I thought of this solution, for it seemed to me so ungracious to refuse; but if I had accepted I should have been bothered by the image of some unknown needy young man in a garret. Yours sincerely,

W. B. Yeats.

In another letter Mr. Yeats says:

I want to make a suggestion which you need not follow in any way. Why not give the £40 to Ezra Pound? I suggest him to you because, although I do not really like with my whole soul the metrical experiments he has made for you, I think those experiments show a vigorous imaginative mind. He is certainly a creative personality of some sort, though it is too soon yet to say of what sort. His experiments are perhaps errors, I am not certain; but I would always sooner give the laurel to vigorous errors than to any orthodoxy not inspired.

I would like to say, however, that I have liked other work in your magazines; I remember finding one number particularly charming. But I think one is always safest if one selects a personality. Of course there may be other men equally creative, but then you see I am in ignorance, and that is precisely why I feel I can only suggest to you a little timidly: not to put my judgment before yours, but because I may help you out of a difficulty.

The prize having been awarded to Mr. Yeats, the editor of POETRY accepts as final his suggestion as to the disposition of the portion of it which he returns. And she does this with the more pleasure as it enables her to acknowledge her high appreciation not only of Mr. Pound's poetry, but also of his disinterested and valuable service as Foreign Correspondent of the magazine.

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NOTES

Mr. D. H. Lawrence has become conspicuous of late both in England and this country. Besides such works in prose as *The White Peacock* and *The Trespasser*, he is the author of *Love Poems and Others* (Kennerley), and of the recently published *Sons and Lovers* (Kennerley).

Miss Grace Fallow Norton, of Woodstock, N. Y., is the author of *Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph’s* (Houghton-Mifflin Co.) and of numerous poems in magazines.

Mr. Richard Aldington is a young English Imagiste whom POETRY introduced to American readers over a year ago.

Mr. Clinton Scollard, of Clinton, N. Y., was from 1891 to 1896 Professor of English Literature in Hamilton College. He is the author of numerous books of verse, the latest being *Lyrics from a Library* (Browning).

Mr. John Cournos is a young American poet residing in England. “Minor Watson” is a pseudonym.

BOOKS RECEIVED

*Bread and Circuses*, by Helen Parry Eden. John Lane.
*The Beginning of Grand Opera in Chicago*, by Karleton Hackett.
*The Laurentian Publishers, Chicago.*
*Lyra Yalensis*, by Edward Bliss Reed. Yale University Press.

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Heroic Ballads of Servia, by George Rapall and Leonard Bacon. 
Sherman, French & Co.
Lumières du Monde, by Paul Castiaux. 
Mercure de France.
The Crescent Moon: Child Poems, by Rabindranath Tagore. 
Macmillan.
Vestigia, by Algernon Sydney Logan. 
Moffat, Yard & Company.
The Vital Study of Literature, by William Norman Guthrie. 
Chas. 
H. Sarge & Co.
Songs and Sonnets, by Burton Haseltine. 
Privately printed.
The Lonely Dancer and Other Poems, by Richard Le Gallienne.
John Lane Co.
The Vigo Verse Anthology, Elkin Mathews.
Interludes and Other Verses, by Lillie Buffum Chace Wyman. 
W. B. Clark Co.
The Songs of Aphrodite and Other Poems, by Margaret Sackville. 
Elkin Mathews.
Sonnets of Head and Heart, by Joseph Warren Beach. 
Richard G. Badger.
The Growth of Love, by Robert Bridges. 
Theos. B. Mosher.
Andromache, a Play in Three Acts, by Gilbert Murray. 
Mosher.
The Pierrot of the Minute, by Ernest Dawson. 
Mosher.
Songs from an Italian Garden, by A. Mary F. Robinson. 
Mosher.
From the Upanishads, by Charles Johnston. 
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Songs of Adiem, an Anthology. 
Mosher.
The Sermon on the Mount, from the King James Version. 
Mosher.
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