DECEMBER, 1915

TWO POEMS

NEAR PERIGORD

A Perigord, près del muralh tan que i puosch 'om gitar ab malk.

YOU'D have men's hearts up from the dust
And tell their secrets, Messire Cino, Right enough? Then read between the lines of Uc St. Cire,
Solve me the riddle, for you know the tale.

Bertrans, En Bertrans, left a fine canzone:
"Maent, I love you, you have turned me out. The voice at Montfort, Lady Agnes' hair, Bel Miral's stature, the vicountess' throat, Set all together, are not worthy of you . . . ."
And all the while you sing out that canzone, Think you that Maent lived at Montaignac, One at Chalais, another at Malemort
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Hard over Brive—for every lady a castle,
Each place strong.

Oh, is it easy enough?
Tairiran held hall in Montaignac,
His brother-in-law was all there was of power
In Perigord, and this good union
Gobbled all the land and held it later
for some hundreds years.
And our En Bertrans was in Altafort,
Hub of the wheel, the stirrer-up of strife,
As caught by Dante in the last wallow of hell—
The headless trunk "that made its head a lamp,"
For separation wrought out separation,
And he who set the strife between brother and brother
And had his way with the old English king,
Viced in such torture for the "counterpass."

How would you live, with neighbors set about you—
Poictiers and Brive, untaken Rochechouart,
Spread like the finger-tips of one frail hand;
And you on that great mountain of a palm—
Not a neat ledge, not Foix between its streams,
But one huge back half covered up with pine,
Worked for and snatched from the string-purse of Born—
The four round towers, four brothers—mostly fools:
What could he do but play the desperate chess,
And stir old grudges?
Near Perigord

"Pawn your castles, lords!
Let the Jews pay."

And the great scene—
(That, maybe, never happened!)
Beaten at last,
Before the hard old king:
"Your son, ah, since he died
My wit and worth are cobwebs brushed aside
In the full flare of grief. Do what you will."

Take the whole man, and ravel out the story.
He loved this lady in castle Montaignac?
The castle flanked him—he had need of it.
You read today, how long the overlords of Perigord,
The Talleyrands, have held the place, it was no transient
fiction.
And Maent failed him? Or saw through the scheme?

And all his net-like thought of new alliance?
Chalais is high, a-level with the poplars.
Its lowest stones just meet the valley tips
Where the low Dronne is filled with water-lilies.
And Rochecouart can match it, stronger yet,
The very spur's end, built on sheerest cliff,
And Malemort keeps its close hold on Brive,
While Born his own close purse, his rabbit warren,
His subterranean chamber with a dozen doors,
A-bristle with antennae to feel roads, 
To sniff the traffic into Perigord.
And that hard phalanx, that unbroken line, 
The ten good miles from thence to Maent's castle, 
All of his flank—how could he do without her? 
And all the road to Cahors, to Toulouse? 
What would he do without her?

"Papiol, 
Go forthright singing—Anhes, Cembelins. 
There is a throat; ah, there are two white hands; 
There is a trellis full of early roses, 
And all my heart is bound about with love. 
Where am I come with compound flatteries— 
What doors are open to fine compliment?"
And every one half jealous of Maent? 
He wrote the catch to pit their jealousies 
Against her, give her pride in them?

Take his own speech, make what you will of it— 
And still the knot, the first knot, of Maent?

Is it a love poem? Did he sing of war? 
Is it an intrigue to run subtly out, 
Born of a jongleur's tongue, freely to pass 
Up and about and in and out the land, 
Mark him a craftsman and a strategist? 
(St. Leider had done as much at Polhonac,  
[114]
Near Perigord

Singing a different stave, as closely hidden.)
Oh, there is precedent, legal tradition,
To sing one thing when your song means another,
"Et albirar ab lor bordon—"
Foix' count knew that. What is Sir Bertrans' singing?

Maent, Maent, and yet again Maent,
Or war and broken heaumes and politics?

II

End fact. Try fiction. Let us say we see
En Bertrans, a tower-room at Hautefort,
Sunset, the ribbon-like road lies, in red cross-light,
South toward Montaignac, and he bends at a table
Scribbling, swearing between his teeth, by his left hand
Lie little strips of parchment covered over,
Scratched and erased with al and ochaisos.
Testing his list of rhymes, a lean man? Bilious?
With a red stragglng beard?
And the green cat's-eye lifts toward Montaignac.

Or take his "magnet" singer setting out,
Dodging his way past Aubeterre, singing at Chalais
In the vaulted hall,
Or, by a lichened tree at Rochecouart

[115]
Aimlessly watching a hawk above the valleys,
Waiting his turn in the mid-summer evening,
Thinking of Aelis, whom he loved heart and soul . . .
To find her half alone, Montfort away,
And a brown, placid, hated woman visiting her,
Spoiling his visit, with a year before the next one.
Little enough?
Or carry him forward. "Go through all the courts,
My Magnet," Bertrand had said.

We come to Ventadour
In the mid love court, he sings out the canzon,
No one hears save Arrimon Luc D'Esparo—
No one hears aught save the gracious sound of compliments.
Sir Arrimon counts on his fingers, Montfort,
Rochecouart, Chalais, the rest, the tactic,
Malemort, guesses beneath, sends word to Coeur de Lion:

The compact, de Born smoked out, trees felled
About his castle, cattle driven out!
Or no one sees it, and En Bertrans prospered?

And ten years after, or twenty, as you will,
Arnaut and Richard lodge beneath Chalus:
The dull round towers encroaching on the field,
The tents tight drawn, horses at tether
Further and out of reach, the purple night,
Near Perigord

The crackling of small fires, the bannerets,
The lazy leopards on the largest banner,
Stray gleams on hanging mail, an armorer's torch-flare
Melting on steel.

And in the quietest space
They probe old scandals, say de Born is dead;
And we've the gossip (skipped six hundred years).
Richard shall die tomorrow—leave him there
Talking of *trobar clus* with Daniel.
And the "best craftsman" sings out his friend's song,
Envies its vigor . . . and deplores the technique,
Dispraises his own skill?—That's as you will.
And they discuss the dead man,
Plantagenet puts the riddle: "Did he love her?"
And Arnaut parries: "Did he love your sister?
True, he has praised her, but in some opinion
He wrote that praise only to show he had
The favor of your party, had been well received."

"You knew the man."
"*You* knew the man."
"I am an artist, you have tried both métiers."
"You were born near him."
"Do we know our friends?"
"Say that he saw the castles, say that he loved Maent!"
"Say that he loved her, does it solve the riddle?"
End the discussion, Richard goes out next day
And gets a quarrel-bolt shot through his vizard,
Pardons the bowman, dies.

Ends our discussion. Arnaut ends
"In sacred odor"—(that's apochryphal!)
And we can leave the talk till Dante writes:
Surely I saw, and still before my eyes
Goes on that headless trunk, that bears for light
Its own head swinging, gripped by the dead hair,
And like a swinging lamp that says, "Ah me!
I severed men, my head and heart
Ye see here severed, my life's counterpart."

Or take En Bertrans?

III

Ed eran due in uno, ed uno in due. Inferno, XXVIII, 125.

I loved a woman. The stars fell from heaven.
And always our two natures were in strife.
Bewildering spring, and by the Auvezère
Poppies and day's-eyes in the green émail
Rose over us; and we knew all that stream,
And our two horses had traced out the valleys;
Knew the low flooded lands squared out with poplars,
In the young days when the deep sky befriended.

And great wings beat above us in the twilight,
And the great wheels in heaven
Bore us together . . . surging . . . and apart . . .
Believing we should meet with lips and hands.

High, high and sure . . . and then the counterthrust:
"Why do you love me? Will you always love me?
But I am like the grass, I can not love you."
Or, "Love, and I love and love you,
And hate your mind, not you, your soul, your hands."

So to this last estrangement, Tairiran!

There shut up in his castle, Tairiran’s,
She who had nor ears nor tongue save in her hands,
Gone—ah, gone—untouched, unreachable!
She who could never live save through one person,
She who could never speak save to one person,
And all the rest of her a shifting change,
A broken bundle of mirrors . . . !
I had over-prepared the event—
    that much was ominous.
With middle-aging care
    I had laid out just the right books,
I almost turned down the right pages;

    Beauty is so rare a thing . . .
    So few drink of my fountain.

So much barren regret!
    So many hours wasted!
And now I watch from the window
      rain, wandering busses.

Their little cosmos is shaken—
    the air is alive with that fact.
In their parts of the city
    they are played on by diverse forces;

    I had over-prepared the event.
    Beauty is so rare a thing . . .
    So few drink at my fountain.

Two friends: a breath of the forest . . .
Friends? Are people less friends
    because one has just, at last, found them?
Villanelle: The Psychological Hour

Twice they promised to come.

"Between the night and morning?"

Beauty would drink of my mind.
Youth would awhile forget
    my youth is gone from me.
Youth would hear speech of beauty.

II

("Speak up! You have danced so stiffly?
   Someone admired your works,
   And said so frankly.

   "Did you talk like a fool,
     The first night?
     The second evening?"

   "But they promised again:
     'Tomorrow at tea-time.'" )

III

Now the third day is here—
    no word from either;
No word from her nor him,
Only another man's note:
    "Dear Pound, I am leaving England."
   Ezra Pound

[121]
SUNRISE ON RYDAL WATER

To E. de S.

Come down at dawn from windless hills
Into the valley of the lake,
Where yet a larger quiet fills
The hour, and mist and water make
With rocks and reeds and island boughs
One silence and one element,
Where wonder goes surely as once
It went
By Galilean prows.

Moveless the water and the mist,
Moveless the secret air above,
Hushed, as upon some happy tryst
The poised expectancy of love;
What spirit is it that adores
What mighty presence yet unseen?
What consummation works apace
Between
These rapt enchanted shores?

Never did virgin beauty wake
Devouter to the bridal feast
Than moves this hour upon the lake
In adoration to the east.
Sunrise on Rydal Water

Here is the bride a god may know,
The primal will, the young consent,
Till surely upon the appointed mood
Intent
The god shall leap—and, lo,

Over the lake's end strikes the sun—
White, flameless fire; some purity
Thrilling the mist, a splendor won
Out of the world's heart. Let there be
Thoughts, and atonements, and desires;
Proud limbs, and undeliberate tongue;
Where now we move with mortal care
Among
Immortal dews and fires.

So the old mating goes apace,
Wind with the sea, and blood with thought,
Lover with lover; and the grace
Of understanding comes unsought
When stars into the twilight steer,
Or thrushes build among the may,
Or wonder moves between the hills,
And day
Comes up on Rydal mere.

John Drinkwater
THE MAGI

Out of what far-off ancient cities
Did the wise kings see the star,
Leaning from their towers of magic—
Caspar, Melchior, Balthasar?

In what strange marts did they barter,
In what ivory chests make stir,
Gathering for their eastern journey
Gold and frankincense and myrrh?

_Nancy Campbell_
THE CABARET DANCER

Breathe not the word Tomorrow in her ears.
Tomorrow is for men who send their ships
Over the sea to moor at alien slips;
For dreamers, dawdlers, martyrs, pioneers,
Not for this golden mote. To her appears
No hovering dark that prophesies eclipse.
Grace of the swallow in the swaying hips,
Heart of the swallow, knowing not the years!

Breathe not a word of beauty that shall fade,
Of lagging steps, of bare and lonely sorrow
On roads that other dancing feet have found
Beyond the grove where life with laughter played.
Breathe not a word of that grim land Tomorrow,
Lest she should quake to ashes at the sound.

Hermann Hagedorn

[125]
O bygone raptures, bygone tortures,
Why have you become no more
Than the colors and the shadows
Of a distant faded tapestry . . .
Wrinkled by a breeze?

Lifted by tenderness, I have sung:
"This shall wing me through dusk,
Lighten the anguish of death."

Stunned by betrayal, I have groaned:
"This shall darken the dawn,
Stab me with every sunbeam,
Lame me so long as I live."

And now you are no more mine
Than the colors and the shadows
Of a distant faded tapestry . . .
Wrinkled by a breeze.

Yet I continue to spend hours
Figuring what lies beyond—
A window, a doorway or a wall.
The Chasm

THE CHASM

Yesterday
The world dreamed before me
A golden meadow
Silvered with rivers;
Larger than all eternity
And yet so small
That “Here is the world!”
I could say,
And lay it all
In your little hand.

But I spoke a woman’s name,
And the darkness of a thousand nights
Leaped from the past,
And dug between us
A chasm of aching distance.
I called to you;
But only the years answered.
You faded, faded,
And were lost.

O phantom of today,
Méa of yesterday,
I thought there was no gulf
Our love could not bridge.
POMEGRANATE

Pomegranate, how prodigal
Is the hour of your giving!

The apple-nymph basks, content
To apportion her tribute—
Blossoms and incense to Spring,
Substance to Fall;
But you—you lift up
In one riotous offering
The fruit with the flower,
Moons interclustered with stars.

Dryad, impulsive or vain,
Is it fervor or weakness?
Who can dazzle Apollo!

Richard Butler Glaenzer
THE HEART ON THE HIGHROAD

Away from light and shelter, warmth and peace,
How many and many a night of wind and rain
My anxious heart its wanderings could not cease,
Leading you home amid the tempest's strain.

Long, long you have been safe from stormy skies,
Long, long in shelter from the winter's chill;
But still the night wind shakes me with its cries,
And on my heart the icy rain falls still.

CHINOISERIE

Is it the moon afar
Yonder appears?
Nay!—'tis the evening star
Seen through my tears.

J. K. Wetherill
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

POEMS

CLOISTERED

To-night the little girl-nun died.
Her hands were laid
Across her breast; the last sun tried
To kiss her quiet braid;
And where the little river cried,
Her grave was made.

The little girl-nun's soul, in awe,
Went silently
To where her brother Christ she saw,
Under the Living Tree;
He sighed, and his face seemed to draw
Her tears, to see.

He laid his hands on her hands mild,
And gravely blessed;
"Blind, they that kept you so," he smiled,
With tears unguessed.
"Saw they not Mary held a child
Upon her breast?"

THE DEATH WATCH

A tree falls in the blast,
The other trees are sighing;

[130]
The Death Watch

Fast burn the candles—fast.
She is long dying.

A flower fades in the sun,
The other flowers are weeping;
See! Dawn's at last begun.
Dead—or but sleeping?

A star falls, tired from flight,
The other stars are flying;
It is o'erpast, the night—
She is long dying.

INTUITION

My lover has no lute to sing to me,
My lover has no song to mark me fair;
His lips are strong and silent utterly,
He lays no foolish kiss upon my hair.

My lover does not hold within his eyes,
Where all may see, a torch of love aglow.
No tears he gives to me, nor any sighs.
My lover speaks not, but I know, I know!

[131]
THROUGH THE WINDOW NEAR HIS BED

Through the window near his bed,
    On his tousled head,
All her magic on the sprite
Poured the Lady of the night.

Down a ladder came the lad
    With the moonlight mad;
Down a ladder from his room
To the moonlit garden's gloom.

White with light was every limb—
    Moonlight maddened him
As he nakedly came down
To the garden's moonlit frown.

Trod he underneath the trees
    With a sprightly ease,
While the moonlight on his face
Lingered with a wingèd grace.

Thus he came to know the smart
    In the trembling heart,
When that cruel bee, the moon,
Stings one in her midnight noon.
THE IDES OF MARCH

Just as, amid cabals of his treacherous court,
Suspecting each rich curtain of a knife,
A king broods heavily,
Even so, aware that flesh and bone are restless
With secret news and undefined intention,
Sits on his shaking throne my winter soul.

H. C. Long

BELGIAN

This is the field that was crushed in their dying,
And over and over the wind blows sighing—
A desolate, sobbing, searching wind.
'Tis a low gray land of barren spaces
And long rough ridges of burial places,
The grass bruised into the choking sod.

The clouds are lank with a dull slow weeping,
And the mist enshrouds the place of their sleeping.

Katharine Howard

[133]
FLY ON!

O Dove, you lay on the altar of her
Called Venus, called goddess of love.
Your wings were wounded, you did not stir.
And you died 'mid her flowers, O Dove.

But a breath stirred the world, it flooded to you,
And you quivered and lived, O Dove!—
And lifted your wings and flew—and flew
To Mary, called mother of love.

And you touched the son of Mary, the maid,
By the great white throne of love.
But the flowers at Mary's footstool fade,
And you died 'mid her flowers, O Dove!

Oh, live again! Fly on to mine own,
Mine own bright garden of love!
The wind is cold round the ancient throne,
And my day desires you, O Dove!
MAKE NO VOWS

I made a vow once, one only.
I was young and I was lonely.
When I grew strong I said, "This vow
Is too narrow for me now.
Who am I to be bound by old oaths?
I will change them as I change my clothes!"

But that ancient outworn vow
Was like fetters upon me now.
It was hard to break, hard to break;
Hard to shake from me, hard to shake.

I broke it by day but it closed upon me at night.
He is not free who is free only in the sun-light.
He is not free who bears fetters in his dreams,
Nor he who laughs only by his dream's hid streams.

Oh, it costs much bright coin of strength to live!
Watch then, where all your strength you give!
For I, who would be so wild and wondrous now,
Must give, give, to break a bitter burdensome vow.
HARK TO THE WIND OF THE WORLD

Hark to the wind of the world!
The shafts of my life are far-hurled—
   I cannot belong to you! . . .
I belong to the cataract, leaping;
I belong to the west-wind, weeping;
I belong to the white swan, sleeping;
   I belong to the wild curlew!

Away! I say it must end!
Call me not, call me not friend—
   I am false for I must be true!
I belong to the cedar, swinging;
I belong to the silence, ringing;
I belong to the noon-sun, singing
   Where the singing god-reed grew.

Go further, further away!
I will walk with you yet, some day,
   But I will not belong to you.
I belong to the eagle, flying;
I belong to the sea-tide, sighing;
I belong to the wilderness, crying;
   I belong to dawn and the dew!
If my mother knew
How our doves at dawn
Shake me with their wings,
Wild, bewildered, wan,
When the white star sings
And they would be gone:

Would she from her sleep
Rise and look afar,
Past our fold and keep,
To that pulsing star?

If my mother knew
How the heath in flower,
With its faint perfume
At the twilight hour,
Fills my little room
Like some lady’s bower:

Would she from the hearth
Rise and look again,
Past our piteous dearth
To the purpling plain?

If my mother knew
How my heart will beat
With the hope of hands,
For the fall of feet,
Though no pilgrim bands
Find our narrow street:

Would she from the loom
Rise, remembering so
How the heart must roam?
Then—would she let me go?

I GIVE THANKS

There's one that I once loved so much
I am no more the same.
I give thanks for that transforming touch.
I tell you not his name.

He has become a sign to me
For flowers and for fire.
For song he is a sign to me
And for the broken lyre.

And I have known him in a book
And never touched his hand.
And he is dead—I need not look
For him through his green land.
I Give Thanks

Heaven may not be. I have no faith,
But this desire I have—
To take my soul on my last breath,
To lift it like a wave,

And surge unto his star and say:
His friendship had been heaven;
And pray: for clouds that closed his day
May light at last be given!

And say: he shone at noon so bright
I learned to run and rejoice!
And beg him for one last delight—
The true sound of his voice.

There's one that once moved me so much
I am no more the same;
And I pray I too, I too, may touch
Some heart with singing flame.

Grace Fallow Norton
EDITORIAL COMMENT

CHRISTMAS AND THE POETS

O War, or Battle's sound
Was heard the World around,
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked Chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood,
The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The Winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the wild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

At last surrounds their sight
A Globe of circular light
That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd.
The helmed Chembim
And sworded Seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid,
Harping in loud and solemn quire
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such musick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But where of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator Great
His constellations set
And the well-balanc't world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.
Christmas and the Poets

Ring out, ye Crystall Sphears.
Once bless our human ears
   (If ye have power to touch our senses so);
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
   And let the Bass of Heav'ns deep Organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th' Angelike symphony.

For if such holy Song
Enwrap our fancy long,
   Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckl'd vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
   And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould—
   And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Through the majestic colonnade of Milton's ode we walk with bowed heads and muted instruments in this year of grace 1915. What can be said for a world whose nineteen-hundred-and-sixteenth Christmas dawns to the roar of guns, a world which in nearly two thousand years of vaunted loyalty to the Prince of Peace has not yet molded its age of gold out of the refractory ore of races and nations? What can be said for a world which, with nothing to do but be happy in the use of its own riches and the contemplation of its own beauty, prefers to divert those riches to agony and luxury, and to destroy that beauty and pervert that happiness, through unjust laws and ingenious devices and distorted ideals?

It may be well to emphasize the command toward love and peace in the annual festival. "Men must come to it—they
must love one another," writes a modern observer of mundane excesses; "there will be war until they do." From the first the poets have emphasized this ideal, beginning with that great poet who said, "Love your enemies"; and through all the wars of racial jealousy, political intrigue, or religious perversion, which have stained this planet for nineteen hundred years, we hear men singing of the Prince of Peace, and paradoxically flaunting the ideal of universal love. English poets have sounded this note from their earliest carols until now. Over four hundred years ago the anonymous author of God rest you merry, gentlemen, ended his Christmas song with this stanza:

Now to the Lord sing praises,  
All you within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood  
Each other now embrace.  
This holy tide of Christmas  
All others doth deface.

"Peace on earth!" is the refrain of most Christmas hymns even to this day, and the idea so pervades the festival that soldiers in the trenches, we are told, make an informal truce in honor of it, and return to normally friendly intercourse across the dead line of war.

When will the word of ultimate authority be obeyed? When will men and nations accept as a working principle of life the command that they love one another? When will time "run back and fetch the age of gold?"

We began with the heroic Milton—let us end with this Christmas sonnet by a living poet, Robert Bridges, the Lau-
Christmas and the Poets

reate, whose spirit, if tested, might prove no less noble than that of the stern Puritan:

Eternal Father who didst all create,
In whom we live and to whose bosom move,
To all men be Thy name known which is Love,
Till its loud praises sound at heaven’s high gate.
Perfect Thy kingdom in our passing state,
That here on earth Thou mayst as well approve
Our service as Thou ownest theirs above,
Whose joy we echo and in pain await.

Grant body and soul each day their daily bread:
And should in spite of grace fresh woe begin,
Even as our anger soon is past and dead
Be Thy remembrance mortal of our sin:
By Thee in paths of peace Thy Sheep be led,
And in the vale of terror comforted.

H. M.

ON "NEAR PERIGORD"

The historical data for this poem are, first, Uc de St. Circ’s statement that Bertrans de Born was in love with the Lady Maent, wife of Sir Tairiran of Montaignac, and that when she turned him out he wrote a canzon, Domna pois de me no’us cal. My translation of this poem appeared first in Poetry and Drama over a year ago. I reprint it here for clarity:

THE CANZON

From the Provencal of En Bertrans de Born—Original composed about 1185 A. D.

Lady, since you care nothing for me,
And since you have shut me away from you.

[143]
Causelessly,
I know not where to go seeking,
For certainly
I will never again gather
Joy so rich, and if I find not ever
A lady with look so speaking
To my desire, worth yours whom I have lost,
I'll have no other love at any cost.

And since I could not find a peer to you,
Neither one so fair, nor of such heart,
So eager and alert,
Nor with such art
In attire, nor so gay,
Nor with gift so bountiful and so true,
I will go out a-searching,
Culling from each a fair trait
To make me a borrowed lady
Till I again find you ready.

Bels Cembelins, I take of you your color,
For it's your own, and your glance,
Where love is;
A proud thing I do here,
For as to color and eyes
I shall have missed nothing at all,
Having yours,
I ask of Midons Aelis (of Montfort)
Her straight speech free-running,
That my phantom lack not in cunning.

At Chalais of the Viscountess, I would
That she give me outright
Her two hands and her throat.
So take I my road
To Rochechouart,
Swift-foot to my Lady Anhes,
Seeing that Tristan's lady Iseutz had never
Such grace of locks, I do ye to wit,
Though she'd the far fame for it.

Of Audiart at Malemort,
Though she with a full heart
Wish me ill,
I'd have her form that's laced
So cunningly,
Without blemish, for her love
Breaks not nor turns aside.
I of Miels'de'ben demand
Her straight fresh body,
She is so supple and young
Her robes can but do her wrong,

Her white teeth, of the Lady Faidita
I ask, and the fine courtesy
She hath to welcome one,
And such replies she lavishes
Within her nest.
Of Bels Mirals, the rest:
Tall stature and gaiety,
To make these avail
She knoweth well, betide
No change nor turning aside.

Ah, Belz Senher, Maent, at last
I ask naught from you,
Save that I have such hunger for
This phantom
As I've for you, such flame-lap,
And yet I'd rather
Ask of you than hold another,
Mayhap, right close and kissed.
Ah, lady, why have you cast
Me out, knowing you hold me so fast?

Besides these strophes there is also a four-line coda to his jongleur, Papiol, as follows:

Papiol, my lodestone, go, through all the courts sing this canzon,
how love fareth ill of late; is fallen from his high estate.

Second, as to the possibility of a political intrigue behind the apparent love poem we have no evidence save that offered by my own observation of the geography of Perigord
and Limoges. I must leave the philologists and professional tacticians to decide whether Bertrans's proclivities for stirring up the barons were due to his liver or to "military necessity." When he did not keep them busy fighting each other they most certainly did close in upon him—at least once.

The traditional scene of Bertrans before King Henry Plantagenet is well recounted in Smith's Troubadours at Home. It is vouched for by many old manuscripts and seems as well authenticated as most Provençal history, though naturally there are found the usual perpetrators of "historic doubt." I can not develop the matter in the foregoing poem, as it would overbalance the rest of the matter set forth and is extraneous to my main theme.

If my hasty allusion to the scene of de Born and King Henry is obscure, I can only reply that Heine has made an equally erudite allusion. His poem, in the Neue Gedichte, entitled Bertrand de Born, is as follows:

Ein edler Stolz in alien Zügen,
Auf seiner Stirn Gedankenspur,
Er konnte jedes Herz besiegen,
Bertrand de Born, der Troubadour.

Es kirrten seine süßen Töne
Die Löwin des Plantagenet's;
Die Tochter auch, die beiden Söhne,
Er fang sie alle in sein Netz.

Wie er den Vater selbst bethrorte!
In Thränen schmolz des Königs Zorn,
Als er ihn lieblich reden hörte,
Den Troubadour. Bertrand de Born.

É. P.
REVIEWS

NEW BOOKS OF VERSE


To express democracy as emotion is no light motive for a poet. The monarchical ideal, the militaristic ideal, personified in the figure of king or warrior, has made and unmade nations and inspired half the great poems of the world; but democracy, dethroning both king and warrior, sets up no such appealing figure for art to celebrate. In fact, it sets up no figure at all, and its ideal of human brotherhood flattens easily into a platitude.

Mr. Bynner exalts this ideal to passion by prefiguring it in the love of man and woman. He fuses it, makes it workable, gives it a place and a pedestal, by thus relating the love of many with the love of one. In so doing he accomplishes the difficult task of a poetic exposition of his social philosophy; always presenting that philosophy not through abstractions but through concrete examples—the loves and sorrows of individuals. Gradually he builds up, with beautiful art, and always in the simple diction of everyday speech, a clear and lofty expression of the beauty of human brotherhood, and a prophecy of its universal power in a spiritualized world.

This kind of expository poem is perhaps the most difficult to write, so easily does its fire turn to the dust of argument. Now and then Mr. Bynner seems in danger of moralizing, but in almost every case his mood freshens and bears him
away from the bogs. His art lacks mass and weight, perhaps—it is a white-sailed sloop racing over the deep waters of his theme, not a heavy brig or a steel freighter, veterans of storms. The democracy it expresses is the democracy of a sensitive aristocrat who feels through imagination, not that of a hard man of the people who feels through knowledge. There is not, in Mr. Bynner, such richness and fullness of experience of life as in Whitman or Mark Twain, or that more modern democrat Edgar Lee Masters; and thus his poem lacks the breadth and bigness of the works of these.

But it has great beauty, at times a lyric ecstasy, a note clear, fine, pure. It not only achieves with felicity its spiritual motive, but incidentally sketches with light strokes a few living figures—the steel-worker, the two brothers, and even Celia, who, though dimmed by certain speeches, is at times vivid in superlative loveliness.

Having printed eight pages of this poem last April, we will pause now merely for a salutation:

The wind of death is a bright kiss
Upon the lips
Of every immigrant, as upon yours and mine—
Their is the stinging brine
And sun and open sea,
And theirs the arching sky, eternity.

H. M.

Rivers to the Sea, by Sara Teasdale. Macmillan.

Who can review a book like this? It would be like analyzing the flowers of June, for Mrs. Filsinger's lyrics have the clarity, the precision, the grace and fragrance of flowers.
They seem absolutely simple and sincere, the utterance of a heart too full to hold its emotion—the real lyric cry. That is, the score or more best of them have this beauty, and the best are almost invariably in two or three tetrameter quatrains with alternate rhymes—the simplest tune in the language. In other measures she rarely rises to her highest level, although Broadway and The Lights of New York are good sonnets, and Spring in War Time uses admirably a plaintive little refrain. In free verse she is least at home—it is a pity she tries it.

The poems have a girlish delicacy, and all of them express an ardent love of life. They are chiefly love songs, and love songs of nature and the town—keen emotions of joy or wistful longing vividly expressed. But it seems futile to talk about them when they illustrate themselves so much more briefly and happily. We would like to quote seven or eight, but must content ourselves with these two:

**APRIL**

The roofs are shining from the rain,  
The sparrows twitter as they fly,  
And with a windy April grace  
The little clouds go by.

Yet the back-yards are bare and brown  
With only one unchanging tree—  
I could not be so sure of Spring  
Save that it sings in me.

**COME**

Come, when the pale moon like a petal  
Floats in the pearly dusk of spring,
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Come with arms outstretched to take me,  
Come with lips pursed up to cling.

Come, for life is a frail moth flying  
Caught in the web of the years that pass,  
And soon we two, so warm and eager  
Will be as the gray stones in the grass.

At least a dozen other songs are as perfect as these—*Longing, Debt, Joy, Morning, Dusk in War Time*—too many to mention. So let us end with this quatrain, *Swallow Flight*, because it expresses with such rare precision this poet’s temperament:

I love my hour of wind and light  
I love men’s faces and their eyes,  
I love my spirit’s veering flight  
Like swallows under evening skies.

*H. M.*

*The Factories with Other Lyrics*, by Margaret Widdemer.  
John C. Winston Co.

Miss Widdemer has a motive and a message. Certain tyrannies of modern society—child-labor, prostitution, war, over-worked poverty—are an anguish in her heart, and her wrath flames out in the *Poems of Now*; achieving in one or two, especially *Teresina’s Face*, the high beauty of true lyric passion, and in others, like *The Beggars* and *A Modern Woman to Her Lover*, the less rare beauty of more consciously studied rhythmic statement. Such poems, being the intense expression of an individual woman’s emotion, speak for all womanly women, utter their pity and wrath, their increasing power against wrongs new and old.

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Again a few of the love songs are so strongly individualized as to become typical, and a high lyric beauty exalts their simple measures. Among the best are *Siege, Thought of You, A Girl's Love Song,* and this *Changed*:

These are the woods where my heart held fast
Shadow-green silence and lonely grace;
Now they are only a way you passed,
Leaving an empty place;

These are my sea-birds that circled wide,
Bearing my thoughts from the dust of things—
Only the wish to be by your side
Lifts on their lagging wings;

This is my world that was once so sweet,
All of itself in the morning dew,
Now it is only a road for your feet,
A sheltering-place for you!

The grace of Miss Widdemer's touch is shown also in some of the lighter poems, and her dramatic intuition of character in *An Old Portrait.* Two or three poems are lovely in their feeling for the mysterious evanescence of life; we hear the very flutter of wings in *Wind-litany* and this *Cloak of Dreams*:

They bade me follow fleet
To my brothers' work and play,
But the Cloak of Dreams blew over my feet,
Tangling them from the way:

They bade me watch the skies
For a signal—dark or light,
But the Cloak of Dreams blew over my eyes,
Shutting them fast from sight:

I have nor pain nor mirth,
Suffering nor desire—
The Cloak of Dreams 'twixt me and earth
Wavers its filmy fire:
I dream in dusk apart,
Hearing a strange bird sing,
And the Cloak of Dreams blows over my heart,
Blinding and sheltering!

Altogether a very promising first volume.

H. M.


Perhaps the most impressive feature of Afternoons In April is joy—joy in color, joy in sound. Grace Hazard Conkling is not of those who savor grief as they smell a flower. All her winds are boon. Her ship goes sailing down her dream rich with fragrance of myrrh and spikenard, and light of beryls, emeralds, rubies, opals. Now and then we have snatches of the great song.

I knew her first through her poems, Golden-Throated Pastoral Horn and To A Scarlet Tanager. She deals with the classic tradition. Pan trips through her pages; Proserpina, nymphs and dryads are all about us. It is not surprising, therefore, to come upon such expressions as "I would fain," "I pray you," and other outworn patterns, with here and there too reminiscent a phrase, too pat a rhyme. But there is no sentinel! Almost every novel or book of poems I have read for years has had its sentinel, sentinel eye, sentinel star. Trees have "stood forth like sentinels." I read Afternoons In April with fascinated dread, congratulating
myself when I had crossed a field safely. I went on, ex­
pecting at every turn to see a sentinel step out from the
shadow. But he did not appear. And I owe Mrs. Conkling
a personal gratitude.

Alliteration should not be relegated utterly to the past, if
only technique be not too flagrant. To discard the right
word because it beckons alliteration is as forced and affected
as to over-indulge the smooth tempter. However, in A Bee-
ethoven Andante, “The wood-wind warbled wisely” is a good
deal of a mouthful, and might have made even Swinburne
recoil. It seems to me that the most finished product of this
book is the Symphony of a Mexican Garden, which was
printed in the first number of POETRY; one stanza of which is:

What junipers are these, inlaid
With flame of the pomegranate tree?
The god of gardens must have made
This still unrumbled place for thee
To rest from immortality
And dream within the splendid shade
Some more elusive symphony
Than orchestra has ever played.

The Little Town, perhaps because nearer the heart of
today, invites re-reading:

They do not know you, little town,
Who say that all roads lead to Rome.
I've tramped the broad world up and down,
And every road leads home.

P. D.
A PAINTER-POET


As one reads these poems one has a sense of hearing a deep sound in nature, a sound that becomes more and more significant as one listens to it. The leaves rustle, the fire crackles, a wind rises. But behind these noises is the far, deep sound of a river. How is it that these short poems—very many of them only of three stanzas—give one the sense of fullness and profundity? It is because they are all glimpses of the same river of vision.

No poet of our civilization is so cosmic as "A. E." Man for him is one with the world and one with the heavens. Everything he knows, everything he feels, has a history that is before the stars and suns. His own face reflected in an actual river recalls the brooding of the Spirit over the waters. The sorrow and hopelessness that has entered his own heart is the shadow of the dark age that the world has entered into. The thought in this stanza is not far fetched for him:

We liken love to this and that; our thought
The echo of a deeper being seems:
We kiss, because God once for beauty sought
Within a world of dreams.

Behind these poems is a philosophy that has attracted to A. E. many disciples. His personal thought is explicit in A New World and The Man to the Angel:

I close mine eyes from dream to be
The diamond-rayed again,
As in the ancient hours ere we
Forgot ourselves to men.
and

They are but the slaves of light
Who have never known the gloom,
And between the dark and bright
Willed in silence their own doom.

Men are the strayed heaven-dwellers—the gods who have "forgot themselves to men," the angels who have "willed in silence their own doom." And in all the wise and pious things A. E. has to say there is the heroic note. Everywhere there is an insistence on the will—"the sword of will," "the imperial will." His last counsellor declares:

Only be thou thyself the goal
In which the wars of time shall cease.

but the second counsel is often remembered by A. E.—

Make of thy silence words to shake
The long enthroned Kings of Earth,
Make of thy will the force to break
Their towers of wantonness and mirth.

It is this heroic note that makes this poetry of mystical vision direct and bracing:

The power is ours to make or mar
Our fate as on the earliest morn,
The Darkness and the Radiance are
Creatures within the spirit born.
Yet, bathed in gloom too long, we might
Forget how we imagined light.

A short note on A. E.'s poems can only be a résumé of many remarkable points. One might dwell on his eye for color and his power of creating landscape in poetry—qualities that belong to him as one of Ireland's distinctive painters. One might speak, too, about that power he possesses—the
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power that is so effective when a real poet uses it—the power of rhetoric. When one reads that oration On behalf of some Irishmen not Followers of Tradition, one has to acknowledge that eloquence in verse could hardly be more stirring. This oration is by way of reply to the ultra-Celtic party who would deny the Irish heritage to those who were not of Gaelic name or Gaelic stock. And yet no Irish poet has had such reverence for the Celtic past of Ireland. He has dared to make the obscure deities of Celtic mythology as potent as the Olympians; when he speaks of Angus, Dana or Lugh he treats them as great and imposing figures. The heroic age for him is the heroic age in Ireland.

A. E.'s verse is built up on simple forms, but his command of vowel-sounds makes all his lines sonorous. His poems in alexandrines have lovely sound. Perhaps the most perfect lyric in the collection is Sacrifice; its form has the delicate beauty of a rare sea-shell.

Padraic Colum

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite, poetry editor of the Boston Transcript, is joining the procession! He has discovered free verse, he has even discovered Poetry.

To be sure, his review of Poetry of the Year, in the Transcript of Oct. 30th, does not mention the magazine, or
Our Contemporaries

the work it has done for the art, except by listing our poems, for the first time, among the other lists at the end of the article, and selecting a large number for his next anthology. All the same POETRY's influence permeated Mr. Braithwaite's judgments. Does he not place the work of Amy Lowell and Wallace Stevens and Robert Frost among his "Five Best Poems," conspicuously printed in the middle of the page? And is not the portrait which begins his article that of "Miss Amy Lowell—Now Firmly Established in the First Rank of American Poetry"? And have not the "two great successes of the year" been "the typically American poets Frost and Masters", both of whom POETRY printed in 1914, and neither of whom, I think, did Mr. Braithwaite mention a year ago?

Seriously, we welcome this Saul among the prophets. It is a matter of comparative indifference whether POETRY is recognized, so long as it is felt. If the magazine is a living force in the mind of Mr. Braithwaite and other students and lovers of the art, what matter whether or not they acknowledge, or even perceive, its very evident influence?

One has only to contrast his review of this year's poetry with that of a year ago to see how agreeably he has developed in sweetness and light, how completely his attitude toward modern verse has been revolutionized by the reading of POETRY and other new magazines, and by personal intercourse with a number of more or less radical poets. We even find him saying a good word for the Imagists:

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Whether employing the medium of vers libre or metre, they have shown, especially in a certain intensifying quality of mood, the first note of pure romanticism in English poetry of the last decade. . . . In this poetry, as often as it is to be found in other verse of equal quantity, there speaks that alluring voice whose secret is the eternal and pure wizardry of Keats.

Indeed, the image even penetrates his definition of the art; we note that—

The essence of poetry is in the mental and emotional image, and the vitality of the image to weather the usage of familiarity by reading generations is in the personalized spiritual force of the poet.

Which, being interpreted, means that Mr. Braithwaite is climbing up to date, and soon even T. S. Eliot will be taking law and gospel from the Transcript. Good for Boston!

CORRESPONDENCE

A RECANTATION

Dear Editor: I take back most of what I have said to you and others, and thought to myself, about Ezra Pound. And I would like to make an ordeal of it by speaking in a public meeting or at least to a public person, for I want not only to clear myself of the vestments of ingratitude toward one who is a best friend of the muses, but to burn the vestments to ashes. I begin to like Pound very much; what's more to the point, I begin to learn from him—or perhaps, having been learning from him through the months of my distaste, I am at last burning with a fanaticism to shout the
admission from the house-top. He is healthy, he is ardent for anybody's clever verbal shift that adds a new trick to the stock of expression, he is fertile in new tricks himself, and he is learned in the originals of literature of other lands besides our sandy one. At least he is more learned than I am. He knows things I want to know. I envy him a little, but I begrudge him nothing, because what he has and knows he has the knack of shipping in an open package without the aid of refrigeration or injurious preservatives. What his secret is I know not, but it is the informing breath of all literature that lives.

I once wrote you a letter about Pound that I thought was clever. I remember one of my gems was a comment on a batch of his poems in Poetry as "the scrapings of his palette." Well, I say now to myself then, what if they were the scrapings of his palette—if the colors were such as I had never used before, nor heard of! I don't know how to use them now, but I am trying to, which is to my credit, I believe. As I expect to make a success of it, I hasten to acknowledge my debt freely and in admiration.

I may still reserve an opinion that he prints too much, but I am not sure that is not a feeling somewhat mixed with envy. His worst stuff (as I see it) at least shows a healthy enthusiasm for his own experiments, and the allowable exasperation of a brave artist who, on looking up from his lonely and exhausting task, meets the stupid indifference of superficial people. In all the years I have been humming pretty tunes to myself and calling them poetry, he has been
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making a dust and getting dirty and sweating in old tombs, delving out stuff that never stales, and not caring at all how stained his copy is. Why should he, when the effect is provocative of agitation in the languid ranks of American poets?

A long and splendid career to you and POETRY!

Robert A. Sanborn

A PLEA TO THE COLLEGES

My Dear POETRY: I have seen a deal of the colleges and universities during the past year, and have been pleased to find the English departments echoing the cries and countercries heard loudest in the little editorials in the back of this publication. There is no doubt that here they take their point of departure for discussion. Such being the case, I wish to urge upon any professor or advanced student of English reading this letter—that he take measures that the magazine be more openly recognized; that it be subscribed for and circulated more systematically; that it be present not only as an atmosphere and influence, but as much in evidence in its physical form as that great American influence—the Saturday Evening Post. At present I find the magazine oftener in the brain of the professor than on his table.

Vachel Lindsay

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NOTES

Mr. Ezra Pound, the Foreign Correspondent of Poetry, is the author of Poems—(2 vols.), and Cathay, and the translator of Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti (Elkin Mathews, London.) Mr. Pound early won scholastic distinction for his studies and translations of poetry in early Provencal, Anglo-Saxon, and other languages no longer in common speech, and usually too much neglected. The sources of Near Perigord are explained in his article.

Mr. John Drinkwater, one of the younger English poets represented in Georgian Poetry, 1911-12, is the author of Poems of Men and Hours and Poems of Love and Earth (David Nutt.)

Miss Grace Fallow Norton, of Woodstock, N. Y., author of Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's and The Sister of the Wind (Houghton Mifflin Co.), will soon publish another book of verse. Miss Katharine Howard is the author of Poems, and of Eve and other symbolic dramas (Sherman, French & Co.).

Mr. Hermann Hagedorn, of Fairfield, Conn., Mr. Richard Butler Glaenzer, of New York and Bermuda, and Nancy Campbell (Mrs. Joseph Campbell) of Dublin, have appeared before in recent issues of Poetry. J. K. Wetherill (Mrs. Marion Baker) is on the editorial staff of the New Orleans Times-Picayune. Miss Mary Carolyn Davies, of Berkeley, Cal., has contributed verse to various magazines, and Mr. H. C. Long is a Pittsburgh poet.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Original Verse:

The Quiet Courage, and Other Songs of the Unafraid, by Everard Jack Appleton. Stewart & Kidd Co., Cincinnati.
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

Resurrection, by Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne. Privately printed.
The Rocky Road to Dublin, by James Stephens. Macmillan.
The Yellow from the Ashes, by Edith M. Thomas. Thomas Bird Mosher, Portland, Me.
Runes of Woman, by Fiona Macleod. Mosher.
One Way of Love, by Cuthbert Wright. Brentano's.
Songs to Save a Soul, by Irene Rutherford McLeod. B. W. Huebsch, New York.

Collected Works, Anthologies and Translations:
Choruses from Iphigenia in Aulis, Translated by "H. D." Pallantyne Press, London.

Drama:

Essays:

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