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Poetry

A Magazine of Verse

Edited by Harriet Monroe

JULY 1917

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Poetry
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VOL. X
NO. IV

JULY, 1917

FOR AMERICA AT WAR

OUR MOTHER POCAHONTAS

Pocahontas' body, lovely as a poplar, sweet as a red haw in November or a pawpaw in May—did she wonder? does she remember—in the dust—in the cool tombs? *Carl Sandburg*

I

POWHATAN was conqueror,
Powhatan was emperor.
He was akin to wolf and bee,
Brother of the hickory tree;
Son of the red lightning stroke
And the lightning-shivered oak.
His panther-grace bloomed in the maid
Who laughed among the winds, and played
In excellence of savage pride,
Wooing the forest, open-eyed,
In the springtime,
In Virginia,
Our mother, Pocahontas.

Her skin was rosy copper-red,
And high she held her beauteous head.
Her step was like a rustling leaf,
Her heart a nest untouched of grief.
She dreamed of sons like Powhatan,
And through her blood the lightning ran.
Love-cries with the birds she sung,
And bird-like in the ivy swung.
The Forest, arching low and wide
Gloried in its Indian bride.
Rolfe, that dim adventurer,
Had not come a courtier.
John Rolfe is not our ancestor—
We rise from out the soul of her
Held in native wonderland
While the sun's rays kissed her hand,
In the springtime,
In Virginia,
Our mother, Pocahontas.

II

She heard the forest talking,
Across the sea came walking,
And traced the paths of Daniel Boone,
Then westward chased the painted moon.
She passed with wild young feet

ICU

On to Kansas wheat,
On to the miners' west,
The echoing cañon's guest;
Then the Pacific sand,
Waking,
Thrilling,
The midnight land . . .

On Adams street and Jefferson—
Flames coming up from the ground!
On Jackson street and Washington—
Flames coming up from the ground!
And why, until the dawning sun
Are flames coming up from the ground?
Because, through drowsy Springfield sped
This red-skin queen, with feathered head,
With winds and stars that pay her court,
And leaping beasts that make her sport;
Because gray Europe's rags august
She tramples in the dust;
Because we are her fields of corn;
Because our fires are all reborn
From her bosom's deathless embers,
Flaming as she remembers
The springtime
And Virginia,
Our mother, Pocahontas.

III

We here renounce our Saxon blood.
Tomorrow's hopes, an April flood,
Come roaring in. The newest race
Is born of her resilient grace.
We here renounce our Teuton pride,
Our Norse and Slavic boasts have died,
Italian dreams are swept away,
And Celtic feuds are lost today . . .

She sings of lilacs, maples, wheat;
Her own soil sings beneath her feet,
Of springtime
And Virginia,
Our mother, Pocahontas.

NIAGARA

Within the town of Buffalo
Are prosy men with leaden eyes.
Like ants they worry to and fro,
(Important men in Buffalo!)
But only twenty miles away
A deathless glory is at play—
Niagara, Niagara.

The women buy their lace and cry,
"Oh, such a delicate design!"
And over ostrich feathers sigh,
By counters there in Buffalo.
The children haunt the trinket shops;
They buy false-faces, bells and tops—
Forgetting great Niagara.

Within the town of Buffalo
Are stores with garnets, sapphires, pearls,
Rubies, emeralds aglow,
Opal chains in Buffalo—
Cherished symbols of success.
They value not your rainbow dress,
Niagara, Niagara.

The shaggy meaning of her name—
This Buffalo, this recreant town—
Sharps and lawyers prune and tame.
Few pioneers in Buffalo,
Except young lovers flushed and fleet;
And winds halooing down the street,
"Niagara, Niagara."

The journalists are sick of ink,
Boy-prodigals burnt out with wine
By night where white and red lights blink—
The eyes of Death, in Buffalo.

And only twenty miles away
Are starlight rocks and healing spray—
Niagara, Niagara.

By the quaint market proudly loom
Church walls. Kind altars gleam within,
Confession boxes crowd the gloom,
Baptismal fonts, in Buffalo.
St. Michael fights the dragon drear;
The stations of the cross are here.
But my church is Niagara.

Above the town a tiny bird,
A shining speck at sleepy dawn,
Forgets the ant-hill so absurd—
This self-important Buffalo.
Descending twenty miles away
He bathes his wings at break of day—
Niagara! Niagara!

What marching men of Buffalo
Flood the streets in rash crusade?
Fools-to-free-the-world, they go,
Primeval hearts from Buffalo.
Red cataracts of France today
Awake, three thousand miles away,
An echo of Niagara,
The cataract Niagara!

MARK TWAIN AND JOAN OF ARC

When Yankee soldiers reach the barricade
Then Joan of Arc gives each the accolade.

For she is there in armor clad today,
All the young poets of the wide world say.

Which of our freemen did she greet the first,
Seeing him come against the fires accurst?

Mark Twain, our Chief—with neither smile nor jest
Leading to war our youngest and our best.

The Yankee to King Arthur's court returns.
The sacred flag of Joan above him burns.

For she has called his soul from out the tomb.
And where she stands, there he will stand till doom.

. . . . . .

But I, I can but mourn, and mourn again
At bloodshed caused by angels, saints and men.

Vachel Lindsay

THE GREAT AIR BIRDS GO SWIFTLY BY

The great air birds go swiftly by,
Pinions of bloom and death;
And armies counter on shell-torn plains
And strive, for a little breath.
Pinnacled rockets in the gloom
Light for a little space
A gasping mouth, and a dying face
Blackened with night and doom—
As if in a little room
A sick man laid on his bed
Turned to his nurse and questioned when
Mass for his soul would be said.
Life is no larger than this,
Though thousands are slaked with lime,
Life is no larger than one man's soul,
One man's soul is as great as the whole,
And no times greater than Time.

Alice Corbin

DESIGNS IN CHINESE COLOR

THE CITY

A city man had vowed to worship Buddha
  As should be meet.
He chose a pagoda on a lonely hilltop
  For his retreat.
Yet wandering went his eyes—daily wandering—
To where the city thrived, getting and squandering.
Between him and that city quivering trees
Moved rhythmic tops like waves upon the seas.

"Alas!" he cried, "I am not blown like gossamer
  Quickly above!
Down go my thoughts, down with that small footpath
  Through the bamboo grove
To where the city people utter words
Like numerous flocks of cheeping noisy birds.
A captive in a wicker cage is my poor heart,
Bruising its wings, where it is hung apart.

"Though this pagoda on the mountain's crest
  Is my lone cell,
What shall avail its seven heavenward stairs
  Or wind-rung bell?
What use is solitude or prayer forlorn,
While I still love the place where I was born?
Would I could shut the city from my thought,
Then might I worship Buddha undistraught."

CLOUD-LOVED

Far up the side of White-cloud Mountain
  A deep pool lies,
Content in every change of weather
  To reflect the skies;
Fed by the grace of heaven from seeping little springs;
Mirror of pointed firs, solace of eagles' wings.

And yet the water of the cloud-loved pool
  Breaks foaming from the quiet hills away,
To add its trickle to an oceanful,
  Flooding, storming, mocking every day.

MAGICIANS AND THE GODS

"Magicians fear the gods," old Chung would say;
  "They will brazen it out with you and me,
  Beating us down with mystery;
  They will falter and fail, grovel and pray,
  If they meet a god at a turn in the way."

"Magicians know the gods," old Chung would say;
  "Though a god should come in a ragged gown
  Begging his rice through the dust of the town,
  They will fumble their magic, fall flat and pray,
  Should a god in rags come strolling their way."

A SWALLOW

A swallow flicks my shoulder
  And turns off in the twilight—
A twitter on the terrace,
  A spot against the skylight.

FISH

If but an egret wade the riverside,
The knowing fish will quickly run and hide,
Trusting the water in their swift retreat
To keep the secret of their pattering feet.

PORCELAINS

There are porcelains a-plenty wrought by skill,
  Hard as jade, sweet-toned as a bell,
  In a hundred shapes that tradesfolk sell:
  Wine-cups, rice-bowls, lanterns, plates,
  Tea-pots, snuff-bottles, vases with mates.
There are porcelains a-plenty wrought by skill.

There are porcelains made by no man's will—
  Miracles, they, of the kiln and fire,
  Outwitting dreams, outrunning desire;
  Fashioned when genii blew the coals;
  Decreed for the reverence of men's souls.
There are porcelains made by no man's will.

Lyon Sharman

THREE CANTOS

II

Leave Casella.
Send out your thought upon the Mantuan palace—
Drear waste, great halls,
Silk tatters still in the frame, Gonzaga's splendor
Alight with phantoms! What have we of them,
Or much or little?
Where do we come upon the ancient people?
"All that I know is that a certain star"—
All that I know of one, Joios, Tolosan,
Is that in middle May, going along
A scarce discerned path, turning aside,
In level poplar lands, he found a flower, and wept.
"*Y a la primera flor,*" he wrote,
"*Qu'ieu trobei, tornei em plor.*"
There's the one stave, and all the rest forgotten.
I've lost the copy I had of it in Paris,
Out of the blue and gilded manuscript
Decked out with Couci's rabbits,
And the pictures, twined with the capitals,
Purporting to be Arnaut and the authors.
Joios we have. By such a margent stream,
He strayed in the field, wept for a flare of color,
When Coeur de Lion was before Chalus.
Or there's En Arnaut's score of songs, two tunes;
The rose-leaf casts her dew on the ringing glass,

Dolmetsch will build our age in witching music.
Viols da Gamba, tabors, tympanons:

"Yin-yo laps in the reeds, my guest departs,
The maple leaves blot up their shadows,
The sky is full of autumn,
We drink our parting in saki.
Out of the night comes troubling lute music,
And we cry out, asking the singer's name,
And get this answer:
" 'Many a one
Brought me rich presents; my hair was full of jade,
And my slashed skirts, drenched in expensive dyes,
Were dipped in crimson, sprinkled with rare wines.
I was well taught my arts at Ga-ma-rio,
And then one year I faded out and married.'
The lute-bowl hid her face.
"We heard her weeping."

Society, her sparrows, Venus' sparrows, and Catullus
Hung on the phrase (played with it as Mallarmé
Played for a fan, *"Rêveuse pour que je plonge,"*);
Wrote out his crib from Sappho:
"God's peer that man is in my sight—
Yea, and the very gods are under him,
Who sits opposite thee, facing thee, near thee,
Gazing his fill and hearing thee,
And thou smilest. Woe to me, with

Quenched senses, for when I look upon thee, Lesbia,
There is nothing above me
And my tongue is heavy, and along my veins
Runs the slow fire, and resonant
Thunders surge in behind my ears,
And the night is thrust down upon me."

That was the way of love, *flamma dimanat.*
And in a year, "I love her as a father";
And scarce a year, "Your words are written in water";
And in ten moons, *"Caelius, Lesbia illa—*
That Lesbia, Caelius, our Lesbia, that Lesbia
Whom Catullus once loved more
Than his own soul and all his friends,
Is now the drab of every lousy Roman."
So much for him who puts his trust in woman.
So the murk opens.
Dordoigne! When I was there,
There came a centaur, spying the land,
And there were nymphs behind him.
Or going on the road by Salisbury
Procession on procession—
For that road was full of peoples,
Ancient in various days, long years between them.
Ply over ply of life still wraps the earth here.
Catch at Dordoigne.
Viscount St. Antoni
In the warm damp of spring,

Feeling the night air full of subtle hands,
Plucks at a viol, singing:
"As the rose—
Si com, si com"—they all begin *"si com."*
"For as the rose in trellis
Winds in and through and over,
So is your beauty in my heart, that is bound through and over.
So lay Queen Venus in her house of glass,
The pool of worth thou art,
Flood-land of pleasure."

But the Viscount Pena
Went making war into an hostile country
Where he was wounded:
"The news held him dead."
St. Antoni in favor, and the lady
Ready to hold his hands—
This last report upset the whole convention.
She rushes off to church, sets up a gross of candles,
Pays masses for the soul of Viscount Pena.

Thus St. Circ has the story:
"That sire Raimon Jordans, of land near Caortz,
Lord of St. Antoni, loved this Viscountess of Pena
'Gentle' and 'highly prized.'
And he was good at arms and *bos trobaire,*
And they were taken with love beyond all measure,"
And then her husband was reported dead,
"And at this news she had great grief and sorrow,"

And gave the church such wax for his recovery,
That he recovered, and
"At this news she had great grief and teen,"
And fell to moping, dismissed St. Antoni;
"Thus was there more than one in deep distress."

So ends that novel. And the blue Dordoigne
Stretches between white cliffs,
Pale as the background of a Leonardo.
"As rose in trellis, that is bound over and over,"
A wasted song?
No Elis, Lady of Montfort,
Wife of William à Gordon, heard of the song,
Sent him her mild advances.
Gordon? Or Gourdon
Juts into the sky
Like a thin spire,
Blue night's pulled down around it
Like tent flaps, or sails close hauled. When I was there,
La noche de San Juan, a score of players
Were walking about the streets in masquerade,
With pikes and paper helmets, and the booths,
Were scattered align, the rag ends of the fair.
False arms! True arms? You think a tale of lances . . .
A flood of people storming about Spain!
My cid rode up to Burgos,
Up to the studded gate between two towers,
Beat with his lance butt.

A girl child of nine,
Comes to a little shrine-like platform in the wall,
Lisps out the words, a-whisper, the King's writ:
"Let no man speak to Diaz or give him help or food
On pain of death, his eyes torn out,
His heart upon a pike, his goods sequestered."
He from Bivar, cleaned out,
From empty perches of dispersed hawks,
From empty presses,
Came riding with his company up the great hill—
"Afe Minaya!"—
to Burgos in the spring,
And thence to fighting, to down-throw of Moors,
And to Valencia rode he, by the beard!—
Muy velida.
Of onrush of lances,
Of splintered staves, riven and broken casques,
Dismantled castles, of painted shields split up,
Blazons hacked off, piled men and bloody rivers;
Then "sombre light upon reflecting armor"
And portents in the wind, when De las Nieblas
Set out to sea-fight,
Y dar neuva lumbre las armas y hierros."
Full many a fathomed sea-change in the eyes
That sought with him the salt sea victories.
Another gate?
And Kumasaka's ghost come back to tell
The honor of the youth who'd slain him.

Another gate.
The kernelled walls of Toro, *las almenas;*
Afield, a king come in an unjust cause.
Atween the chinks aloft flashes the armored figure,
Muy linda, a woman, Helen, a star,
Lights the king's features . . .
"No use, my liege—
She is your highness' sister," breaks in Ancures;
"Mal fuego s'enciende!"
Such are the gestes of war "told over and over."
And Ignez?
Was a queen's tire-woman,
Court sinecure, the court of Portugal;
And the young prince loved her—Pedro,
Later called the cruel. And other courtiers were jealous.
Two of them stabbed her with the king's connivance,
And he, the prince, kept quiet a space of years—
Uncommon the quiet.
And he came to reign, and had his will upon the dagger-
players,
And held his court, a wedding ceremonial—
He and her dug-up corpse in cerements
Crowned with the crown and splendor of Portugal.
A quiet evening and a decorous procession;
Who winked at murder kisses the dead hand,
Does leal homage,
"Que depois de ser morta foy Rainha."
Dig up Camoens, hear out his resonant bombast:

"That among the flowers,
As once was Proserpine,
Gatheredst thy soul's light fruit and every blindness,
Thy Enna the flary mead-land of Mondego,
Long art thou sung by maidens in Mondego."
What have we now of her, his *"linda Ignez"?*
Houtmans in jail for debt in Lisbon—how long after?—
Contrives a company, the Dutch eat Portugal,
Follow her ship's tracks, Roemer Vischer's daughters,
Talking some Greek, dally with glass engraving;
Vondel, the Eglantine, Dutch Renaissance—
The old tale out of fashion, daggers gone;
And Gaby wears Braganza on her throat—
Commuted, say, another public pearl
Tied to a public gullet. Ah, *mon rêve,*
It happened; and now go think—
Another crown, thrown to another dancer, brings you to modern times?

I knew a man, but where 'twas is no matter:
Born on a farm, he hankered after painting;
His father kept him at work;
No luck—he married and got four sons;
Three died, the fourth he sent to Paris—
Ten years of Julian's and the ateliers,
Ten years of life, his pictures in the salons,
Name coming in the press.

And when I knew him,
Back once again, in middle Indiana,
Acting as usher in the theatre,
Painting the local drug-shop and soda bars,
The local doctor's fancy for the mantel-piece;
Sheep—jabbing the wool upon their flea-bit backs—
The local doctor's ewe-ish pastoral;
Adoring Puvis, giving his family back
What they had spent for him, talking Italian cities,
Local excellence at Perugia,
dreaming his renaissance,
Take my Sordello!

Ezra Pound

(*To be concluded*)

PADEREWSKI

Chicago: February sixth, 1916

Let the sun weep and the moon shed tears—
A sun god is ravaged,
Poland dying, and cold.

"We saw babies sucking beet roots,
Wrapped in rags;
Starvation, ruin, mould."

Let great elegance weep, fierceness and pride:
There, in front of Poland's flag,
Paderewski, passionate, cold.

And the light flamed of Poland's years.
And Chopin from her crags—
A clear proud story told.

Let the sun weep and the moon his bride:
Great art is ravaged,
Poland desolate and cold.

THE MOON

Like a pale and full-blown lily of the waters,
White petals fraught with immortal delicacy,
Slightly resting on tremulous azure waters,
Floats the moon in a sky of ineffable delicacy.

Dorothy Dudley

THE HOST OF DREAMS

I lay there in my straight white gown,
With flowers in my hands,
And candles burning at my head
And burning at my feet.
I heard them say that I was dead
But I was fast asleep.
And it was little they knew,
For I was dreaming wonderful
And I was dreaming true.
I was asleep, yet I could hear;
And I was seeing far and clear
As I had not seen before.
And then I rose and went my way—
The Host of Dreams had beckoned me
Out through the open door.
The straight white one was lying there
With flowers in its hands;
The candles were burnt low.
I laughed a little because
They did not see me go.

Katharine Howard

SUMMONS TO YOUTH

Exultant youths who would bewail or vaunt
  The odds of love, no longer waste your breath:
A greater feat now summons you than love
  Or life itself—it's war, and war is death!

Rudolph Altrocci

MOSES

Behold the hoary patriarch on Grand Street! Not a whim
Nor idle pleasantry of mine—it's Moses—look at him!
From Sinai's mount he brought the Law in ages long ago,
And now he traffics candles here to keep the world aglow

OLD CHINA

Hop Wah, the genial Chinaman, with steaming iron sings.
His heart is light because his little laundry shop takes wings,
And sailing o'er the silver skies, like birds in summer-time,
Through dreaming lanterned dells he strays as Bowery bel-
  fries chime.

Morris Abel Beer

TO WALDEN

The stillness of anemones,
Filling with moonlight . . .

Listen, child:
Gather the folds of your dream
Close about you,
And heed not
The hand of Time—
Ingratiating,
Jingling with hours,
Bright hours,
Gaudy . . .

(Do not be tempted to sell him
Your childhood)

But I,
I have nothing to offer,
And nothing to ask
But love—

Love that is hushed—

Still as anemones,
Filling with moonlight.

THE ISLAND

Upon a silent island
In your bosom I am shut.
I wandered on the island
In a pale noon, and a hut
I found within the island
Dusk of willow, elm and fern—
Alone amid the island,
A shadow in an urn.
It is a fairy island—
I never shall escape
Until the willowed island
Shall change its wistful shape;
Until the urn shall shatter,
And the shadow slake
The frail wish of the sleeper,
And she shall wake.
I dare not stir the island
Silence with a happy word;
I dread to shake the island
With a plea that may be heard;
So in sleep I keep the island,
Mate its dream with one mine own,
Lest into life the island break,
And leave me all alone.

Robert Alden Sanborn

HISTORY

I

This sarcophagus contained the body
Of Uresh-Nai, priestess to the goddess Mut,
Mother of All—

. . . . . .

II

The priestess has passed into her tomb.
The stone has taken up her spirit!
Granite over flesh: who will deny
Its advantages?

Your death?—water
Spilled upon the ground—
Though water will mount again into rose-leaves—
But you?—would hold life still,
Even as a memory, when it is over.
Benevolence is rare.

Climb about this sarcophagus, read
What is writ for you in these figures,
Hard as the granite that has held them
With so soft a hand the while
Your own flesh has been fifty times
Through the guts of oxen—read!

"The rose-tree will have its donor
Even though he give stingily.

The gift of some endures
Ten years, the gift of some twenty,
And the gift of some for the time a
Great house rots and is torn down.
Some give for a thousand years to men of
One country, some for a thousand
To all men, and some few to all men
While granite holds an edge against
The weather.
"Judge then of love!"

III

"My flesh is turned to stone. I
Have endured my summer. The flurry
Of falling petals is ended. I was
Well desired and fully caressed
By many lovers, but my flesh
Withered swiftly and my heart was
Never satisfied. Lay your hands
Upon the granite as a lover lays his
Hand upon the thigh and upon the
Round breasts of her who is
Beside him; for now I will not wither,
Now I have thrown off secrecy, now
I have walked naked into the street,
Now I have scattered my heavy beauty
In the open market.

"Here I am with head high and a
Burning heart eagerly awaiting
Your caresses, whoever it may be,
For granite is not harder than
My love is open, runs loose among you!

"I arrogant against death! I
Who have endured! I worn against
The years!"

SMELL!

O strong-ridged and deeply hollowed
Nose of mine!—what will you not be smelling?
What tactless asses we are, you and I, bony nose,
Always indiscriminate, always unashamed!
And now it is the souring flowers of the bedraggled
Poplars—a festering pulp on the wet earth
Beneath them—with what deep a thirst
We quicken our desires, O nose of mine,
To that rank odor of a passing springtime!
Can you not be decent? Can you not reserve your ardors
For something less unlovely? What girl will care
For us, do you think, if we continue in these ways?
Must you taste everything? Must you know everything?
Must you have a part in everything?

William Carlos Williams

POEMS BY CHILDREN

A LITTLE GIRL'S SONGS

SPRING SONG

I love daffodils.
I love Narcissus when he bends his head.
I can hardly keep March and spring and Sunday and daffodils
Out of my rhyme of song.
Do you know anything about the spring
When it comes again?
God knows about it while winter is lasting:
Flowers bring him power in the spring,
And birds bring it, and children.
He is sometimes sad and alone
Up there in the sky trying to keep his worlds happy.
I bring him songs when he is in his sadness, and weary.
I tell him how I used to wander out to study stars and the moon he made,
And flowers in the dark of the wood.
I keep reminding him about his flowers he has forgotten,
And that snowdrops are up.
What can I say to make him listen?
"God," I say,
"Don't you care!
Nobody must be sad or sorry
In the spring-time of flowers."

BY LAKE CHAMPLAIN

I was bare as a leaf
And I felt the wind on my shoulder.
The trees laughed
When I picked up the sun in my fingers.
The wind was chasing the waves,
Tangling their white curls.
"Willow trees," I said, "O willows,
Look at your lake!
Stop laughing at a little girl
Who runs past your feet in the sand!"

TO A MOUSE

Little Mouse in gray velvet,
Have you had a cheese-breakfast?
There are no crumbs on your coat—
Did you use a napkin?
I wonder what you had to eat
And who dresses you in gray velvet.

WATER

The world turns softly
Not to spill its lakes and rivers.
The water is held in its arms,
And the sky is held in the water.
What is water,
That pours silver
And can hold the sky?

SUNSET

Once upon a time at evening-light
A little girl was sad.
There was a color in the sky,
A color she knew in her dreamful heart
And wanted to keep.
She held out her arms
Long, long,
And saw it flow away on the wind.

When it was gone
She did not love the moonlight
Or care for the stars.
She had seen the rose in the sky.

Hilda Conkling (*six years old*)

IN THE GARDEN

I have come into the garden.
It is spring-time and there are flowers everywhere—
Even on the tails of the peacocks.

Malcolm Edward Erskine

CRYSTALS

O POET

O poet, dost thou love thy songs?—
Or wouldst thou rather paint the golden cliffs?
Or model great bronze statues on the city's streets?
Or be in the front of an engine black
And steer him around the curve?
Or look at the stars through a telescope?

TO A SPARKLING PIECE OF CRYSTAL

O thou white and yellow stone,
How dost thou make thy nest and breed thy young in the rock?
Art thou a brother of the ruby red,
Which is more like Mars than the Pleiades seven
That sit in the heavens high,
Or the tailish comet that circles the sky?
O thou crystal bright as Venus
Shining in the twilight gray!

THE BUBBLE

Ethereal globe of thinnest glass,
Sphere of air, yet visible,
What hand of nymph or fairy
Could mold thy fragile form,
Airy, buoyant, weighing naught?
And of what clay, if such it be,
Did thy creator model thee?

THE BROOK

Where comest thou from, O little brook?
Where didst thou learn they song?
"From the caw of the crow and the hawk's shrill note,
And the thrush's evening voice."

Where will you go, O little stream?
Where will you rest at last?
"Where the sand-piper's scream and the duck's cross quack
Echo out on the ocean wide."

Frank M. Schoonmaker (ten years old)

SONG-DROPS

WINTER

The snow-flakes fall upon the ground;
The snow-banks are gilded with beauty.
Moon-maidens come to drive upon the snow,
And then it melts,
And the moon closes her eyes slenderly.

THE SPIDER'S WEB

O spider,
I love your spun web
With pearls about it.
If only one could touch such beauty
And not destroy it!
But spider, keep your pearls
Like shimmering ornaments.

INSCRIPTION ON A SUN-DIAL

Oh, Time flies fast,
Days fly fast,
Years fly fast.
But love—stays fast
Folded in your breast.

Louise Hart

THE FORFEIT

She was holding up the big green leaf
Over my head, and she said,
"Heavy, heavy hangs over thy head,
What shall the owner do to redeem it?"

"Climb up the world
And bring me down the moon."

The moon was a white lily bud
That hadn't grown to a flower yet.
When she picked it
All the little rain-drops flew off
And made stars.

Betty Orr (five years old)

GREEN AND GRAY

SPRING MORNING

Spring has come this morning!
The room is like a bright cake of honey,
And the grass is as green as my crayon:
This brightness has been all winter growing.

GRAY MORNING

The gray-faced sky lets me look at it,
And the timid rain upon my face
Is softer than sunshine:
Some people are like this gentle morning.

Elmond Franklin McNaught (eight years old)

AMERICA TO HER FLAG

O flag, thou art the king!
In battle thou won,
In peace thou waved
Over the houses of the people
In glory.
Blessed be thy name forever!

Lee S. Fechheimer

PETALS

THE SNOWSTORM

Something is going to happen:
The moon is blue,
The sky is black,
The stars are yellow.

Suddenly the snow comes . . .

Next morning
The children make snow-men
All over the town,
With tall silk hats,
And berries for eyes,
And little brown mittens.

FROZEN HEART

The ground is covered deep with snow,
And over the hill a treasure lies—
The reddest heart in the world.

It is my heart lies so red
In the white snow . . .
Frozen.

And I have forgotten all
But one old friend.

WAR

Over the battlefield
Dead men lay,
Bloody and cold
Under the stars.

Over the battlefield
Cannon are booming
More death to come.

And women
Sit with their children
In their ruined homes.

Over the battlefield
Falls the deep snow.

PRAISE

O birds,
Sing of the beautiful heaven.

Sing, birds,
Of the angels,
The harps,
And the sweet bells.

We should love this heaven of God's
For ever and ever!

Lila Rich

EDITORIAL COMMENT

WILL ART HAPPEN?

A SINGULAR misapprehension of the origins of art seems to persist in the public mind. POETRY has been reproached for printing no war poems at the very moment of the nation's dread decision; American poets have been reproached for not buckling down to the production of masterpieces; prizes have been offered for war songs, marching songs. And the public, noting these and other stimuli, is dissatisfied if the touch of the button does not produce the light.

Apparently the public, expectant and impatient, cannot be reminded too often of Whistler's axiom, "art happens." It may happen under a stimulus and it may not; it may or may not happen in a remote and impenetrable hermit's cell. It is good policy, no doubt, to apply the stimulus—at least it sets people thinking, starts currents which may travel invisibly and exert some influence sooner or later. A prize, in its round-up of good, bad and indifferent, may even bring to the light a masterpiece; though in that happy event the public would find that no hope of a prize inspired it, but an emotion quite unconnected with thought of reward. For example, POETRY, in its War Number of November, 1914, presented a prize to Miss Louise Driscoll for her brief drama *Metal Checks,* one of the finest poems yet produced in exposition of the tragedy of war; but Miss Driscoll wrote her poem with

no thought of a prize but to express her own emotion, and merely seized upon POETRY'S contest as a convenient way of getting it before the public.

The usual immediate result of such stimuli is verse which, at its best, may be classed as good journalism; and of all the numerous war poems written in America since war was declared perhaps none is too fine for this definition. It may be that we do not yet feel the war with enough intensity; it may be that the great modern song of war will be written by one of our soldiers on French soil, and will embody a point of view undreamt-of by Rupert Brooke or Alan Seeger or Frederic Manning, even though all of these have given us beautiful imperishable poems. As modern war is more grim and terrible and world-engulfing than ever war was before, so the new war song, when it comes, may well express a terror and beauty, and an over-arching infinite love, beyond the highest or deepest possible reach of the singers of lesser ages. As yet the poets, all those writing in English, have but touched the edges of the awful subject. They have been tossed by the shore-waves of the world's emotion—they are not on the vast mid-ocean tides.

Some critics try to comfort us with the assurance that the best war poem will be written after the war. But history is not convincing on this point—the chance of it then may be more improbable than now. The poet who waits to mature his thought may prove as impotent as the laggard in battle. He should take a gambler's chance of immortality today—tomorrow may be too late.

POETRY will help him; POETRY is eager to be the medium of his interpretation of the present crisis. POETRY will print promptly, we repeat, any expression of it which, in the opinion of the editors, *is* poetry and not merely journalism, whatever the poet's point of view may be. If our poets are strongly moved, whether for rapture or protest, by a consideration of what this nation, or the present crisis, means to them, we may even print an American number presenting their varying ideas. William Vaughn Moody wrote, as we all remember, an *Ode in Time of Hesitation*—who will do as well with an *Ode in Time of War?* *H. M.*

NATURE THEMES IN ANCIENT HAWAIIAN POETRY

The poetic genius of primitive Hawaii was essentially Polynesian. Hawaii was the remotest, northernmost colony of the unique adolescent culture which blossomed on the coral garlands of the isle-sprinkled South Seas. The first migrants to the north brought with them the legends and chants of the home-land. Their songs and poems are strewn with references to Ka-hiki, the mystical cradle of the Polynesian race.

Nature themes form the matrix of the myths and songs of all primitive peoples. It is not surprising to find them plentiful in old Hawaiian verse, which was rich in nature-imagery and local allusion. A detailed knowledge of Hawaiian natural history and native life is necessary to understand fully the *meles* (songs) of the pre-European period.

Hawaiian poetry abounds in references to the ocean. Most of these allusions are microscopically specific: the native poet

was intimately familiar with the coasts and reefs; every tiny headland had its name and story; every strip of coral beach was the scene of some heroic exploit. The following portion of a dance song (*hula*) describes the approach of a storm from the sea; the poet is standing on a rocky promontory, and notes the anticipatory phenomena:

Black crabs are climbing,
Crabs from the great sea,
Sea that is darkling.
Black crabs and gray crabs
Scuttle o'er the reef-plate.
Billows are tumbling and lashing,
Beating and surging nigh.
Sea-shells are crawling up;
And lurking in holes
Are the eels *o-u* and *o-i*.
But taste the sea-weed *a-kaha-kaha*.
Ka-hiki! how the sea rages!
The wild sea of Kane!

This and the other translations quoted were made by the eminent student of Hawaiian folklore, Dr. Nathaniel B. Emerson, who devoted the leisure of a long and scholarly life to study of the ancient Hawaiian civilization. The original texts may be found in his monumental treatise *The Unwritten Literature of Hawaii,* which was published by the Smithsonian Institution some years ago.

Another fine poem on a nature theme describes a rain storm. This *mele* formed the first stanza of a song for the *ala'a papa* dance, the dance of highest rank and dignity. According to Dr. Emerson, "In its best days this was a stately and dignified performance, comparable to the old-fashioned courtly minuet." The scene is laid in Ko'o-lau, the wind-

ward district of Oahu. Ko'o-lau is bounded on one side by the sea, on the other by a magnificent mountain wall. The poet describes the rain advancing from the sea across the lowlands, and finally dashing itself against the great precipices.

> 'Twas in Ko'o-lau I met with the rain:
> It comes with lifting and tossing of dust,
> Advancing in columns, dashing along.
> The rain, it sighs in the forest;
> The rain, it beats and whelms, like the surf;
> It smites, it smites now the land.
> Pasty the earth from the stamping rain;
> Full run the streams, a rushing flood;
> The mountain wall leaps with the rain.
> See the water chafing its bounds like a dog,
> A raging dog, gnawing its way to pass out.

A quaint fancy of the Hawaiian led him to endow the beautiful tree-snails (*ka-huli*) with vocal powers. These shells are prettily banded with various shades of green, brown, black, and white. They were formerly abundant in the humid forests, and were gathered by the natives for necklaces. Here is a *Song of the Tree Shell:*

> Trill a-far,
> Trill a-near,
> A dainty song-wreath,
> Wreathe *ako-lea.*
> *Ko-lea, ko-lea,*
> Fetch me some dew,
> Dew from the pink *ako-lea.*

The *ako-lea* is a beautiful climbing fern, with reddish stems. The *ko-lea* is the red-breasted plover. The Hawaiian poet delighted in plays upon words, and here the chirping of the "snail" suggested to his onomatopoetic imagination the names of the fern and the bird.

The shark (*mano*) is plentiful in Hawaiian waters. It had a prominent place in many ancient legends and religious beliefs. Individual sharks were worshiped as demigods. The spirits of certain persons, either before or after death, were believed to have taken possession of certain sharks. Occasionally they resumed human form. These human shark-monsters were greatly dreaded, because of their ravenous lust for human flesh. The famous shark *Ni-uhi,* mentioned in the song given below, belonged to this class.

One of the ancient animal dances was dedicated to the shark-god, and was called *hula mano,* shark dance. According to Dr. Emerson the performers assumed a sitting posture; the action was quiet and not spectacular; and the *mele* was cantillated in distinct and quiet tone and manner.

Alas! I am seized by the shark, great shark!
Lala-kea with triple-banked teeth.
The stratum of Lono is gone,
Torn up by the monster shark,
Ni-uhi with fiery eyes,
That flamed in the deep blue sea.
Alas! and alas!
When flowers the *wili-wili* tree,
That is the time when the shark-god bites.
Alas! I am seized by the huge shark!
O blue sea, O dark sea,
Foam-mottled sea of Kane!
What pleasure I took in my dancing!
Alas! now consumed by the monster shark!

Lala-kea was a designation for the whole class of man-eating sea monsters. Stratum of *lono* was one of the underlying strata of the earth that must be passed before reaching the Hawaiian Hades. The *wili-wili* is a lowland tree that flow-

ers in the spring and early summer; in these months parents forbade their children from swimming in the deep waters, for fear of the shark. *Kane* was the chief god of the Hawaiians.

Undoubtedly the most characteristic nature theme in Hawaiian verse is the volcano and its fiery goddess Pele. Around her name, mightiest of the Polynesian goddesses, accumulated a mass of lore and legend. The following stanza, from an ancient *mele,* of eight stanzas, is representative:

> Heaven's painted one side by the dawn,
> Her curtains half open, half drawn;
> A rumbling is heard far below.
> Wakea insists he will know
> The name of the god that tremors the land.
> " 'Tis I," grumbles Pele,
> "I have scooped out the pit Hu'e-hu'e,
> A pit that reaches to fire,
> A fire fresh kindled by Pele."
>
> Now day climbs up to the east;
> Morn folds the curtains of night;
> The spade of sapper resounds 'neath the plain;
> The goddess is at it again!

In another *mele* the poet views the destruction wrought by one of Pele's dreadful lava flows. The beautiful woodland is devastated, and the humid Hilo district is scorched by rivers of fire.

> Puna smokes mid the bowling of rocks—
> Wood and rock the she-god heaps in confusion,
> The plain Olu-ea is one bed of live coals;
> Puna is strewn with fire clean to A-pua,
> Thickets and tall trees a-blazing.
> Sweep on, O fire-ax, thy flame-shooting flood!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The bones of wet Hilo rattle from drought;

She turns for comfort to mountain, to sea,
Fissured and broken, resolved to dust.

Dr. Emerson considers *The Water of Kane* the finest embodiment of the romantico-mystical idealism of the ancient philosophy. Kane was the chief god. The imagery of the poem recalls passages from the Vedic hymns. The last three stanzas will suffice to show the rich nature symbolism of this Polynesian masterpiece. It is the supreme expression in Hawaiian nature poetry:

This question I ask of you:
Where, pray, is the Water of Kane?
Yonder, at sea, on the ocean,
In the driving rain,
In the heavenly bow,
In the pile-up mist-wraith,
In the blood-red rainfall,
In the ghost-pale cloud-form;
There is the Water of Kane.

One question I put to you:
Where, where is the Water of Kane?
Up on high is the Water of Kane,
In the heavenly blue,
In the black piled cloud,
In the black-black cloud,
In the black-mottled sacred cloud of the gods;
There is the Water of Kane.

One question I ask of you:
Where flows the Water of Kane?
Deep in the ground, in the gushing spring,
In the ducts of Kane and Loa,
A well-spring of water, to quaff,
A water of magic power—
The water of life!
Life! Oh, give us this life!

Vaughan MacCaughey

REVIEWS

MR. ROBINSON IN CAMELOT

Merlin, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan Co.

Que diable faites-vous dans cette galère? one might ask Mr. Robinson when one finds him trying to resuscitate Merlin and Vivian and King Arthur, and others of that overworked and much over-poetized Camelot crowd. To tell the truth, they do not show very disquieting signs of life at the touch of his blank-verse wand, although they indulge freely in long discursive monologues and dialogues. He puts Merlin and Vivian through new paces, quite domesticates them at Broceliande—

> "Now be a pleasant Merlin," Vivian said—

and gives us a glimpse of the "poor, foiled, flouted, miserable king," with his "old illusions that were dead forever"; but there is little magic in his touch upon any of these familiar figures.

It is too late in the day to touch them without magic, even though the poet's purpose be not mainly with their familiar drama but with his philosophy of life. He uses Merlin to show us once more the wise man, the king-maker, wearying of wisdom and power and utterly content with love until, finding that "his cold angel's name was Change," he is forced back upon philosophy. And he uses this episode, and the whole Camelot tragedy, to show the tragedy of human destiny, which mixes up wise man, fool and king until one can not tell them apart, and confounds their plots and

counterplots, their crusades and wars—all the elaborate machinery of their presumptuous ruling of men's lives. And of course, through all this, the poet has modern affairs in mind, as well as those of the little mythical group so dear to song and story.

It is Robinson experimenting à la Tennyson, and the fusion is not complete. There are passages of "orgulous" blank verse—if we may borrow Merlin's word in praise of Vivian—many long and wisely reflective speeches; but they are neither in our temper and dialect nor in those of the time-honored heroes of the *Morte d'Arthur*. Such a speech as this of the shorn sage to his charmer, for example, is neither fish, flesh nor fowl:

> My dear fair lady—
> And there is not another under heaven
> So fair as you are as I see you now—
> I cannot look at you too much and eat;
> And I must eat, or be untimely ashes,
> Whereon the light of your celestial gaze
> Would fall, I fear me, for no longer time
> Than on the solemn dust of Jeremiah—
> Whose beard you likened once, in heathen jest,
> To mine that now is no man's.

And Vivian, who is represented as pleased, for a brief period, with this solemnly pompous love-making—Vivian, who, as the slip-cover kindly informs us, "for the first time in modern literature comes to her own"—what does Mr. Robinson make of the witch-lady of old romance?

Alas, we become too familiar with her, with the usual consequence. She dissipates her witchery in speeches of forty or more smooth pentameter lines, uttered while Merlin is

in "the noose of her soft arms"—like this:

> Look at me now and say if what I say
> Be folly or not; for my unquiet head
> Is no conceit of mine. I had it first
> When I was born; and I shall have it with me
> Till my unquiet soul is on its way
> To be, I hope, where souls are quieter.

This from the author of such a masterpiece as *Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford!*

It is queer what a fascination those old tales have for the most indigenous poets! One would have pronounced Mr. Robinson immune—now that he has had a light case of the fever perhaps he will be. *H. M.*

A MISGUIDED POET

Sappho in Levkas and Other Poems, by William Alexander Percy. Yale Univ. Press.

This book has been so much praised by highly respected reviewers that I have taken it up a number of times with a firm resolve to read it. But each time I have failed. Only the heroic purpose of writing about it enables me to read it, because it is full of everything that I most dislike and resent in poetry: from words and phrases imitative of a bygone diction or manner, like *guerdon, methinks, of yore, the empurpled air, the limpid surge of darkness, the gray and lucent hour, the gods' ambrosial dalliance,* and hundreds more such minor derelictions, to the mortal sin of sacrilegious misuse of a great name and an ancient tradition.

It is strange that the lyric Sappho, whose fame rests upon some thirty magic lines, should have inspired more long-

winded poetic palaver than any prolix queen of history. She, whose song was of a poignant brevity, is made, in this case, to utter page after page of such cannery talk as this—I quote at hap-hazard, for it's all alike:

> When shining day aroused the earth and me
> I turned me from that road-side home, full-fledged
> In Aphrodite. Not the gales of spring
> Dashing the tenuous, frayed clouds high up the sky,
> Were plumed with wilder rapture than my heart!
> Nor was the earth's red longing for fruition
> More hot than mine for Phaon.

It should be explained that the lady's monologue is addressed to Zeus, who was probably asleep as he does not reply. Her eloquence continues through no less than five hundred "lines long and short," and finally culminates in the following outburst as she takes the fatal plunge:

> Ah—madness—madness—uncoil, old anguish!
> Ah!
> O cool, gray wind of dawn! O sea!
> Thou harlot-hearted woman, sleep!
> And wake thou, Sappho, leafy-templed child of God,
> Upon the lovely world another day!
> Come, fearless, piteous heart of mine . . . come . . .
> At last the comfort and the cleansing of the sea.

Is there anyone who can hear the supreme lyric poet of the world addressing in this strain either Zeus or herself?

The shorter poems are not so flagrant in mediocrity: two or three sonnets—*Invocation, Wild Geese*—show talent, but a talent breaking to pieces on old rocks. The poet is so involved with inherited ideas, so netted in the pleached style of Keats, that he can't get out from shore and give his craft a fair chance in the open sea. Even the American mocking-

bird's "song of triumph and unwisdom" suggests Antinous to him. And he actually calls his sweetheart "love," beginning his ode *To Lucrezia* with these moving lines:

> Pause we within the sunset, love.
> Rare is such time, so lovely and so passionless—
> And sweeter far than when the proud gold morning
> Withers the dew with scorn and in his youth.
> Pause here and let me speak
> As lover never spoke to his beloved.

Surely the last line is true, but the poet should not make a merit of it.

I have dwelt at some length upon this book, because it represents certain tendencies which the modern poet should avoid with every fibre of his being and every effort of his art. Mr. Percy is manifestly a student, and he thinks, like some of his readers and reviewers, that poetry can be made out of old familiar devices—a special jargon, an involved and inverted style, ancient myths and heroes, etc. The result is a smothering of whatever inspiration he started out with—an absolutely artificial product, with neither simplicity, sincerity nor emotion, three qualities indispensable in poetry. *H. M.*

AVENGED

The Flower from the Ashes, and Other Verse, by Edith M. Thomas. Thos. B. Mosher.

The White Messenger, and Other War Poems, by Edith M. Thomas. Richard G. Badger.

These books remind me of an evening in 1909, when I read in *Harper's Weekly* Miss Thomas' centenary article

on Poe, in which she proved to her entire satisfaction that Poe was no poet. I did not care what the lady thought, or proved, or thought she proved, but there was something in the spirit of that article—as of a lash wielded by the grim ghost of that cold New England respectability which had pursued Poe throughout his life, and which now tactfully seized upon his hundredth birthday to stamp on his laurelled grave—something which made me vow, like the youthful Hannibal, eternal enmity.

So I am not quite sure of being free from prejudice when I find it impossible to read these books. I dip in here and there and find respectability still protecting dulness. Poe is avenged. *H. M.*

CHILD VERSE FOR GROWN-UPS

Songs of a Baby's Day, by Frances Shaw, with illustrations by Sylvia Shaw. A. C. McClurg & Co.

To the readers of POETRY who have known the appeal of Mrs. Shaw's work, and to everyone else, this rare little book should come as a delight. The suggestion of music with which it opens gives us at once the receptive mood. Its contents have sung themselves naturally and poetically from the mother-instinct. The language is not that of an infant, for an infant is "with no language but a cry"; nor may an infant be said to think. These songs are rather an interpretation of the *feel* of a baby-in-arms, and this *feel* has been expressed by Mrs. Shaw more truly than I have seen it expressed before. The poet's mood is one of delicate humor, with a light

touch upon harmonies more subtle than they seem at the first glance.

We who speak quite naturally of going *out* to dine must chuckle when she makes her small singer say, "when I go up to dine." Here is a sample of the baby-sensation:

> I am a little hunter bold,
> My daily food I seek.
> I take a lick at everything
> That passes by my cheek.
> In menfolk's cuffs and ladies' sleeves
> There's nothing to be found;
> It seems to me there's only one
> Quite happy hunting-ground.

Miss Sylvia Shaw has caught the mood of the songs in her sympathetic illustrations. *Agnes Freer*

The Little God, by Katharine Howard. Sherman, French & Co.

This is an engaging book of "child-verse for grown-ups," by a poet who has hitherto been known for grown-up work. The little hero of the poems "wonders everything." The crocus, the rose, the stinging honey-bee, the "miz," the "poblum" and many other things divert his inquiring mind, which sighs:

> I wish I could remember
> When I was just a worm.

One day he runs away—but let him tell it:

> I ran away—
> I climbed the garden wall
> And ran into the day.
> It was so big and wide
> I couldn't play.
> I don't know why,

But I was quite afraid—
Just God and I
Alone in the daylight.
I was afraid He couldn't
See me from the sky,
I felt so small.

I couldn't play at all.
The wild flowers
Were different from ours.
And then, some way or other,
I grew afraid of God—
I wanted Mother.

The book gives us, with a certain simplicity and sincerity, the quaint wonder and humor and bitterness of little people's lives, as they appear to a sympathetic poet looking in the window of their minds. *H. M.*

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

THE VIGILANTES

It is useless to remind ourselves that the war has been forced upon us with the deadly insistence of a sum in arithmetic—the crisis is spiritual. We find ourselves wondering what the reaction of the poets will be—will it be the old emotional reaction of individual sacrifice, as with Rupert Brooke, or will it be something different? We do not think there will be any *Hymns of Hate*. That is not the spirit in which we have entered the war. But one thing is sure: the country will look to its poets for inspiration and justification, even as it looks to soldiers and inventors for material aid. And the nature of the response will be in some sort a test of the sympathy between the two. Will there be

any popular poets of the stature of Whittier or Lowell? The best poetry about war is usually about wars that are over—like many love songs. Very little real poetry is written in the heat of battle—except the marching songs which correspond in measure to the dynamic pressure of the times, or the songs which, with little intrinsic merit, yet serve to gather up and focus a national mood, and so live forever with a sort of trailing emotional connotation which the lines themselves hardly warrant.

Already a movement has been set on foot designed in some fashion to mobilize the poets, writers and artists of the country: The Vigilantes, with headquarters at 110 West 34th Street, New York City, is a non-partisan organization of authors, artists, writers, and others for patriotic purposes. The articles and poems contributed to the Vigilantes are syndicated to a news service which includes practically every newspaper of any importance in the country.

It will be interesting to see what this very democratic way of commandeering Pegasus will produce. Writers and artists who desire to offer their services to their country are requested to communicate at once with the Executive Secretary of the Vigilantes. *A. C. H.*

AN EXPLANATION

The Poetry Society of America officially objects to a statement by "W. W.," New York correspondent of the London *Poetry Review,* to the effect that it owes its existence to the inspiration furnished by the English Poetry Society.

According to Mr. Edward J. Wheeler, president of the P. S. A., the inspiration came from Paris, not London. From the founding of the American society in the spring of 1910, its model was the Paris Salon of Poetry, and its members were unaware that the English society had been founded in 1909.

New poetry societies continue to be founded. The Ohio Valley Poetry Society, with headquarters at Cincinnati, has had an enthusiastic first season, also the San Diego Chapter of the P. S. A.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear POETRY: This is the way some of us felt—

WHEN SPOON RIVER CAME

We never were on any of the maps,
And railroad folders dotted us and left
Our destiny to the particular god
Who watches over one-horse country towns.
And then to find our annals written down
In black and white—in poetry—in a book!
No wonder we felt strange.
Joe Noble bought
The book when he went into Hamlinburg
To buy embalming fluid; for you see
Joe runs, along with his Emporium,
An undertaking parlor.
One blue day
In April I met Reverend Snow close by
The stone bridge at the edge of town. He too
Smelt something in the air . . . He stopped, and then
I knew it wasn't altogether spring
That brought the Baptist minister so far
From Main Street's sidewalks. It was plain to see

The Reverend Snow was wrestling with his soul.
It didn't seem quite decent to draw up
And talk about the weather, so I passed
And wondered.
Well, it wasn't very long
Till everybody had a furtive look.
And Doctor Clark began to take the back
Road into town. And Mr. Templeton,
Our banker, seemed to have a nervous trick
Of laughing and of puckering up his eyes
Whenever we went in to draw some gold.
Miss Curran, when I met her on the way
To school and banged my milk cans, wouldn't smile
That quick-lipped smile of hers—my little joke
Fell flat. . . . She seemed so young and wistful-like;
Something, like smoke—and yet it wasn't smoke—
Came drifting in and shut us from the sun.
I felt it like a fever in my bones.
I wasn't sick, and yet I could have sworn
People looked mottled—sort of yellowish—
And walked as though their eyes weren't very clear.
And then I got it, straight from Reverend Snow!
It came all thumbed and blurred and underscored.
I read it through three times.
I think I know
Why Reverend Snow went out beyond the bridge
And didn't hear the larks in Miller's Field.
I think I know why Doctor Clark comes home
From country cases by the town's back door.
I think I know why Mr. Templeton
Broke down and had to go to Hamlinburg
To take some sort of treatment for his heart.
I think I understand—at least, almost—
Why poor Miss Curran fainted at her desk.
I think . . . Who is that man who found us out?
We never were on any of the maps!

Leslie Nelson Jennings

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

With the beginning of Volume XI—October, 1917—the subscription price of POETRY will be advanced to two dollars a year, and single numbers to twenty cents. The heavy increase in the price of paper, and in all other expenses of the business, makes this change absolutely necessary; in fact, subscribers get the benefit of our endowment to such a degree that even the new subscription price will not cover the actual cost of the twelve monthly numbers.

The endowment fund for the next five years is not yet large enough to ensure the future of the magazine. If our friends think POETRY ought to continue, they should help. We ask some special evidence of support from each reader who believes that the art needs an organ—and especially this organ, however imperfect.

To be sure of continuing we should have several hundred Supporting Subscribers at ten dollars a year.

And we ask each of our regular subscribers to secure one other subscriber. Until October first subscriptions will be received at the old rate of $1.50 per year. Send in your renewals, and add besides a new name to our list.

In time of war cherish the arts.

APOLOGIES TO SARA TEASDALE

After a two-years' respite from serious error, POETRY has to apologize for a ruinous misprint, besides another of less importance, in the group of poems by Sara Teasdale printed last month. In the first poem, *Barter,* on page 124, the last two lines of the second stanza should read:

And for your spirit's still delight
Holy thoughts that star the night.

In the poem *Spirit's House,* on page 125, the word *the,* in the eighth line, should be stricken out, and we beg all subscribers to

draw a line through it in their copies. The line should read:

For I have good of all my pain.

The first error is corrected in a reprint of the whole leaf, which our readers will find opposite the *Books Received* in the present number. This leaf should be removed and pasted in its proper place in the June number, instead of the faulty leaf. The attention of binders especially should be called to it, and all copies of Volume X bound in this office will be so corrected.

This error represents a curious bit of printer's-devil malice. The first proof, which was carefully read by both editor and author, was correct. Who could have dreamed that the typesetter, losing a line from his form, would so neatly fit in another poet's line, matching it up not only in length but in rhyme! Ingenuity in mischief could go no further, and unfortunately the editor's eagle eye was deceived.

NOTES

Our readers have often been informed about most of the poets in this number. Mr. Lindsay will add these poems and others to a new edition of *The Congo and Other Poems* which the Macmillan Co. will issue next autumn. He reminds us that Pocahontas is buried at Gravesend, England, and that Mr. Sandburg's line, which he quotes, is from "one of his loveliest poems," *Cool Tombs.*

Alice Corbin (Mrs. Wm. P. Henderson) has been from the beginning one of the editors of POETRY, and Mr. Pound has represented its interests abroad. Dr. W. C. Williams, of Rutherford, N. J., who was one of our earliest contributors, will soon publish a book of verse through the Four Seas Co. Mr. Robert Alden Sanborn, of New York, is the author of *Horizons* (Four Seas Co.); Miss Katharine Howard of *Poems, The Little God,* and *Eve* and other symbolic plays (Sherman, French & Co.). Dorothy Dudley (Mrs. Henry B. Harvey), a too reticent poet although a Chicagoan, has published little.

Of those whom we are printing for the first time: Lyon Sharman, recently of Chicago but formerly a resident of China and of Winnipeg, has published prose, but as yet little verse; Mr. Rudolph Altrocchi, of the University of Chicago faculty, also has printed little verse; and Mr. Morris Beer, of New York, has appeared in other magazines.

Of the small poets in our children's section, four have a literary heritage. Hilda Conkling is the daughter of Graze Hazard Conk-

ling, Frank M. Schoonmaker is the son of Edwin Davies Schoonmaker, Lila Rich is the sister of H. Thompson Rich, and Malcolm Erskine is the son of the late Barbara Peattie Erskine, a poet of most delicate quality, and the grandson of two well-known novelists, Elia W. Peattie and "Parke Erskine." Of the other four children, Betty Orr lives in Cincinnati, Lee Fechheimer in Winnetka, Ill., Louise Hart in Columbus, Ga., and Elmond McNaught in Normal, Ill.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ORIGINAL VERSE:

Streets and Faces, by Scudder Middleton. The Little Book Publisher, Arlington, N. J.

The Witches' Sabbath, by E. H. W. Meyerstein. B. H. Blackwell, Oxford, Eng.

Jevons Block: a Book of Sex Enmity, by Kate Buss. McGrath Sherrill Press, Boston.

When the Leaves Come Out, by Ralph Chaplin. Privately printed, Cleveland, O.

The Story of a Toiler, by Andrew Franzen. Privately printed.

Strange Meetings, by Harold Monro. Poetry Bookshop, London.

Love and Laughter, by Caroline Edwards Prentiss. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Billie Boy and I, by Will P. Snyder. Sherman, French & Co.

The Mantle of Dunbar and Other Poems, by Chas. Bertram Johnson. Privately printed.

The Concert and Other Studies, by R. D. Jameson. Privately printed.

The Book of Self, by James Oppenheim. Alfred A. Knopf.

Asphalt and Other Poems, by Orrick Johns. Alfred A. Knopf.

Thirteen Poems, by H. C. B., 1910-1916. Headley Bros., London.

Poems, by Ralph Hodsgon. Macmillan Co.

COLLECTED WORKS AND PLAYS:

Complete Poems of Edgar Allan Poe, Collected, Edited, and Arranged with Memoir and Bibliography by J. H. Whitty. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Yzdra, A Tragedy, by Louis V. Ledoux. Macmillan Co.

The Plays of Emile Verhaeren, Houghton Mifflin Co.

PROSE:

Personality, by Sir Rabindranath Tagore. Macmillan Co.

Leaves, that fall to die,
Dance as they pass me.

Music seems to ride
The bluster of sparrows.

Softer than any couch
This ledge of granite.

Mountains rim the horizon:
They cannot hem me in.

The following two pages are supplied in order to correct an error on page 124 of our June issue.
Binder will please note and substitute this leaf for the one in error.

But his life—
The ripple of a wave,
The twinkling of a dancer's feet."

Richard Butler Glaenzer

SONGS OUT OF STRESS

BARTER

Life has loveliness to sell—
  All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
  Climbing fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell—
  Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
  Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
  Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
  Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been or could be.

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