Vol. XII No. IV

Prairie
by Carl Sandburg

Kaleidoscope
by Marsden Hartley

D. H. Lawrence, Eloise Robinson,
William Carlos Williams

Poems by Children

543 Cass Street, Chicago

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There is no magazine published in this country which has brought me such delight as your POETRY. I loved it from the beginning of its existence, and I hope that it may live forever.

A Subscriber

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**POETRY for JULY, 1918**

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JULY, 1918

PRAIRIE

I was born on the prairie, and the milk of its wheat, the red of its clover, the eyes of its women, gave me a song and a slogan.

Here the water went down, the icebergs slid with gravel, the gaps and the valleys hissed, and the black loam came, and the yellow sandy loam.

Here between the sheds of the Rocky Mountains and the Appalachians, here now a morning-star fixes a fire sign over the timber claims and cow pastures, the corn belt, the cotton belt, the cattle ranches.

Here the grey geese go five hundred miles and back with a wind under their wings, honking the cry for a new home.

Here I know I will hanker after nothing so much as one more sunrise, or a sky moon of fire doubled to a river moon of water.

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The prairie sings to me in the forenoon, and I know in the
night I rest easy in the prairie arms, on the prairie
heart.

. . . . . . . .

After the sunburn of the day—
handling a pitchfork at a hayrack—
after the eggs and biscuit and coffee,
the pearl-grey haystacks
in the gloaming
are cool prayers
to the harvest hands.

. . . . . . . .

In the city, among the walls, the overland passenger train
is choked and the pistons hiss and the wheels curse.
On the prairie the overland flits on phantom wheels, and
the sky and the soil between them muffle the pistons and
cheer the wheels.

. . . . . . . .

I am here when the cities are gone.
I am here before the cities come.
I nourished the lonely men on horses.
I will keep the laughing men who ride iron.
I am dust of the dust of men.

The running water babbled to the deer, the cottontail, the
gopher.
You came in wagons, making streets and schools,
Kin of the ax and rifle, kin of the plow and horse,
Singing *Yankee Doodle*, *Old Dan Tucker*, *Turkey in the Straw*.

You in the coonskin cap at a log-house door hearing a lone wolf howl,

You at a sod-house door reading the blizzards and chinooks let loose from Medicine Hat,

I am dust of your dust, as I am brother and mother

To the copper faces working in flint and clay,

The singing women and their sons of a thousand years ago,

Marching single file the timber and the plain.

I hold the dust of these amid changing stars.

I last while old wars are fought, while peace broods mother-like,

While new wars arise and the fresh killings of young men.

I fed the boys who went to France in great dark days.

Appomattox is a beautiful word to me, and so is Valley Forge and the Marne and Verdun,

I who have seen the red births and the red deaths

Of sons and daughters, I take peace or war, I say nothing and wait.

Have you seen a red sunset drip over one of my cornfields, the shore of night stars, the wave lines of dawn up a wheat valley?

Have you heard my threshing crews yelling in the chaff of a strawpile and the running wheat of the wagonboards, my cornhuskers, my harvest hands hauling crops, singing dreams of women, worlds, horizons?
Rivers cut a path on flat lands.
The mountains stand up.
The salt oceans press in
and push on the coast lines.
The sun, the wind, bring rain,
and I know what the rainbow writes across the
east or west in a half-circle:
A love-letter pledge to come again.

Towns on the Soo Line,
towns on the Big Muddy,
laugh at each other for cubs
and tease as children.

Omaha and Kansas City, Minneapolis and St. Paul—sisters in a house together, throwing slang, growing up.
Towns in the Ozarks, Dakota wheat towns, Wichita, Peoria, Buffalo—sisters throwing slang, growing up.

Out of prairie-brown grass crossed with a streamer of wigwam smoke, out of a small pillar—a blue promise, out of wild ducks woven in greens and purples,
Here I saw a city rise and say to the peoples round the world: "Listen, I am strong, I know what I want."

Out of log houses and stumps, canoes stripped from treesides, flatboats coaxed with an ax from the timber-claims—in the years when the red and the white men met—the houses and streets rose.
A thousand red men cried and went away to new places for corn and women; a million white men came and put up skyscrapers, threw out rails and wires—feelers to the salt sea: now the smokestacks bite the sky-line with stub teeth.

In an early year the call of a wild duck woven in greens and purples: now the riveter's chatter, the police patrol, the song-whistle of the steam boat.

To a man across a thousand years I offer a handshake. I say to him: "Brother, make the story short, for the stretch of a thousand years is short."

What brothers these in the dark?
What eaves of skyscrapers against a smoke moon,
These chimneys shaking on the lumber shanties
When the coal boats plow by on the river;
The hunched shoulders of the grain elevators;
The flame sprockets of the sheet-steel mills,
And the men in the rolling mills with their shirts off,
Playing their flesh arms against the twisting wrists of steel:

What brothers these in the dark
of a thousand years?

A headlight searches a snowstorm.
A funnel of white light shoots from over the pilot of the Pioneer Limited crossing Wisconsin.
In the morning hours, in the dawn,
The sun puts out the stars of the sky
And the headlight of the limited train.

The fireman waves his hand to a country school teacher on
a bob-sled:
A boy, yellow hair, red scarf and mittens, on the bob-sled;
in his lunch-box a pork-chop sandwich and a V of goose-
berry pie.

The horses fathom a snow to their knees.
Snow hats are on the rolling prairie hills.
The Mississippi bluffs wear snow hats.

Keep your hogs on changing corn and mashes of grain, O
farmerman.
Cram their insides till they waddle on short legs.
Under the drums of bellies, hams of fat,
Kill your hogs with a knife-slit under the ear;
Hack them with cleavers;
Hang them with hooks in the hind legs.

A wagonload of radishes on a summer morning:
Sprinkles of dew on the crimson purple balls.
The farmer on the seat dangles the reins on the rumps of
dapple-gray horses;
The farmer's daughter with a basket of eggs dreams of a
new hat to wear to the county fair.
On the left and right hand side of the road, 
Marching corn.
I saw it knee-high weeks ago—now it is head-high.
Tassels of red silk creep at the ends of the ears.

They are mine, the prairie, mother of men, waiting.
They are mine, the threshing crews eating beefsteak, the farm-boys driving steers to the railroad cattle pens.
They are mine, the crowds of people at a Fourth-of-July basket picnic, listening to a lawyer read the Declaration of Independence, watching the pin-wheels and Roman candles at night, the young men and women, two by two, hunting the by-paths and kissing bridges.
They are mine, the horses looking over a fence in the frost of late October, saying good-morning to the horses hauling wagons of rutabaga to market.
They are mine, the old zigzag rail fences, the new barb wire.

The cornhuskers wear leather on their hands.
There is no let-up to the wind.
Blue bandannas are knotted at the ruddy chins.

Fall-time and winter apples take on the smoulder of the five o’clock November sunset: falltime, leaves, bonfires, stubble—the old things go, and the earth is grizzled.
The land and the people hold memories, even among the ant-hills and the angleworms, among the toads and

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woodroaches, among grave-stone writings rubbed out by the rain. They keep old things that never grow old.

The frost loosens corn husks. 
The sun, the rain, the wind, 
loosen corn husks. 
The men and women are helpers. 
They are all cornhuskers together. 
I see them late in the western evening 
in a smoke-red dust.

The phantom of a yellow rooster flaunting a scarlet comb, 
on top of a dung-pile crying hallelujah to the streaks of daylight; 
The phantom of an old hunting dog nosing in the underbrush for muskrats, barking at a coon in a treetop at midnight, chewing a bone, chasing his tail round a corncrib; 
The phantom of an old workhorse taking the steel point of a plow across a forty-acre field in spring, hitched to a harrow in summer, hitched to a wagon among cornshocks in fall:
These phantoms come into the talk and wonder of people on the front porch of a farm-house late summer nights. 
"The shapes that are gone are here," said an old man with a cob pipe in his teeth—one night in Kansas with a hot wind on the alfalfa.

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Look at six eggs
In a mockingbird's nest.

Listen to six mockingbirds
Flinging follies of Oh-be-joyful
Over the marshes and uplands.

Look at songs
Hidden in eggs.

When the morning sun is on the trumpet-vine blossoms,
sing at the kitchen pans: Shout All Over God's Heaven.
When the rain slants on the potato hills, and the sun plays
a silver shaft on the last shower, sing to the bush at
the backyard fence: Mighty Lak a Rose.
When the icy sleet pounds on the storm windows and the
house lifts to a great breath, sing for the outside hills:
The Ole Sheep Done Know the Road, the Young Lambs Must Find the Way.

Spring slips back with a girl face, calling always: "Any new
songs for me? Any new songs?"

O prairie girl, be lonely, singing, dreaming, waiting. Your
lover comes, your child comes, the years creep with toes
of April rain on new-turned sod.
O prairie girl, whoever leaves you only crimson poppies to
talk with, whoever puts a good-by kiss on your lips and
never comes back—

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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

There is a song deep as the fall-time redhaws, long as the layer of black loam we go to, the shine of the morning-star over the corn belt, the wave line of dawn up a wheat valley.

. . . . . . .

O prairie mother, I am one of your boys.
I have loved the prairie as a man with a heart shot full of pain over love.
Here I know I will hanker after nothing so much as one more sunrise or a sky moon of fire doubled to a river moon of water.

I speak of new cities and new people.
I tell you the past is a bucket of ashes.
I tell you yesterday is a wind gone down, a sun dropped in the west.
I tell you there is nothing in the world only an ocean of to-morrows, a sky of to-morrows.

I am a brother of the cornhuskers who say at sundown:

To-morrow is a day.

*Carl Sandburg*
ISLAND SONG

Look you—the flesh, how it has fallen away,  
And that dear beauty of my youth! The lips  
You loved to press—they are grown cold enough  
With years; and this poor heart that beat so high—  
God!—it is like a stone within my breast.  
I will sit down where the old women sit  
And pound the Awa with these withered hands.  
I will chew beetle till my teeth are black—  
That were like little pearls, you said—and spit  
With them. My tongue shall be a wagging tongue  
For old wives’ tales, and I shall learn to laugh  
At the low things they whisper, leering still  
Half foolishly, scratching their shrivelled thighs,  
And trying to recall passion that’s dead—  
Oh, many a weary day.

So our lives run  
When that first stroke is spent that drove the barque  
Against an ebbing tide. We drift, we fade  
Like Kepi blossoms drooping in the sun,  
That the night knew for fragrance.

Robert Paine Scripps
MOONRISE

And who has seen the moon, who has not seen
Her rise from out the chamber of the deep
Flushed and grand and naked, as from the chamber
Of finished bridegroom, seen her rise and throw
Confession of delight upon the wave,
Littering the waves with her own superscription
Of bliss, till all her lambent beauty shakes towards us
Spread out and known at last: and we are sure
That beauty is a thing beyond the grave,
That perfect, bright experience never falls
To nothingness, and time will dim the moon
Sooner than our full consummation here
In this odd life will tarnish or pass away.

PEOPLE

The great gold apples of night
Hang from the street's long bough,
Dripping their light
On the faces that drift below,
On the faces that drift and go
Down the night-time, out of sight
In the wind's sad sough.

The ripeness of these apples of night
Distilling over me
Makes sickening the white

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D. H. Lawrence

Ghost-flux of faces that hie
Them endlessly, endlessly by,
Without meaning or reason why
They ever should be.

D. H. Lawrence

SACRAMENT

My body, dear, like bread I break
For Love's sweet sake;
My soul like wine I give
Each day, that you may take,
And taking, love and live.

But when the altar empty lies
Before my eyes,
The veil in twain is rent—
For me alone the sacrifice
Has been a sacrament.

Pauline D. Partridge
THE TREES

The house is haunted by old trees.
    So close they stand, and still,
No yellow sunlight seeps through their shingled leaves
    And drips down on the sill.
Beech with the mist on his flanks,
    Pine whose old voice is a muffled bell,
Gaunt, wan-bodied poplar
    That has a bitter smell,
Tapping elm and oak-tree—
    They stoop and peer within
By the side of the twisted apple-tree,
    His grey hands under his chin.
They do nothing but peer and haunt through the windows
    That are dead as the eyes of the drowned;
And listen until their silence
    Makes a strangeness all around.
Then suddenly they quiver and shake at the wind
    Their arms that are furrowed as river sands,
And whisper "Did you see?" to one another
    And beckon to one another with their hands;
And they laugh a hungry laughter
    There is no one understands.

By night they creep close to the windows,
    As quiet as grey lichens creep,
And pick at the catches with their fingers—
    How they can get in, and peep
Eloise Robinson

To see their own shadows thronging
   The quiet house of sleep.
Yes, they look in at their own shadows
   Stealing up by the stair
To the closed doors of the chambers
   And listening there.
They watch how their shadows with pulseless fingers
   Noiselessly push and strain,
And beat their breasts on the dark panels
   To open them, in vain;
And how the thin moonlight trickles round them
   Creeping down by the banisters again.

CRÉPUSCULE

In all the lonely places and the hills
By dusk comes down faint trumpeting; it fills
The hollows and the river-banks with sound,
And music is like mist along the ground:
In all the forest paths and secret places,
The lilies seem like small forgotten faces;
And clothed in dimming gold, and by our side,
With muted hoofs, the dead contented ride.

Maxwell Struthers Burt
THERE WAS A ROSE

There was a rose that faded where it grew;
There was a bird that could not brook the wind;
There was a sunset whose wild glory thinned
To nothing-wonder and the night's ash hue.
Pale blossoms, when they quicken, count life sped;
And there were purple asters in the fall
Of the cold year that withered by the wall
And died, with all spring's dreams about them dead.

A rose, a bird, a sunset, and a weed,
A blossom whose death sentence is its sky—
Yea, and dead waves that break on sobbing seas.
Man is a faint, frail brother, with no creed
These know not of. Behold, all things must die,
And all the vaunting ages are as these.

AN OLD MAN'S WEARINESS

I want to lie alone beside the sedges,
Where the dim-faced waters are quietly singing.
There is peace there, and a deep old happiness
That the drake knows when he is tired of winging
The far heights, and avoiding
The craft of the grey hunter.

I have long avoided the grey hunter Death,
And now I am weary and in much need of learning

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What still peace is. I need the voice of the sedges
That knows not any of the old earth yearning
    And its cry, but is quiet,
    Like the air and the water.

THE SCREECH OWL

He sits all day in a cemetery tree,
    The damp of sinking graves upon his breath;
    Brooding the little ways of life and death,
Chuckling at thought of immortality.
Long rows of tombstones make his library,
    Rare tomes of wit—"dry wit," he seems to say.
He cons them till night comes, then flies away
Into the dark, to call for you or me.
Or so, when as a boy I heard his cry
    Grate the harp-strings of night, I thought it was;
    A man, I cross myself, a boy still—half:
As on that night I saw a dear friend die,
    And long sat brooding on the patient stars,
    And seemed to hear, far off, his mocking laugh!

J. E. Scruggs
LE MÉDECIN MALGRÉ LUI

Oh I suppose I should
Wash the walls of my office,
Polish the rust from
My instruments and keep them
Definitely in order;
Build shelves in
The little laboratory;
Empty out the old stains,
Clean the bottles
And refill them; buy
Another lens; put
My journals on edge instead of
Letting them lie flat
In heaps—then begin
Ten years back and
Gradually
Read them to date,
Cataloguing important
Articles for ready reference.
I suppose I should
Read the new books.
If to this I added
A bill at the tailor's
And the cleaner's
And grew a decent beard
And cultivated a look
Of importance—

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William Carlos Williams

Who can tell? I might be
A credit to my Lady Happiness
And never think anything
But a white thought!

William Carlos Williams

PLUMS

It is a waste of time to talk to my cousin about his plums,
Though I know—
standing on the path with the sun in my hair
I make a sufficiently pleasing picture.
The plums are soft with bloom, and luscious purple—
If I took a step forward and held out my green smock,
Looked up and laughed at him,
He would throw them, showering rain-drops, into my lap,
And, quickly descending,
Slide his arm round my waist and—probably—kiss me.
Shall I go, I wonder?—
No, I will have none of these things.

P. T. R.
TO A PHRASE

I have been combing the sands of my thought for you—
You
Who left me the trace of your fragrance
In lieu of yourself,
A pungency as of sandalwood,
Or things lain long in lavender,
Very faint,
But of a stabbing sweetness.
Now that I have found you,
Your delicate coloring,
Which once delighted me,
Has faded in the wash of many tides.
Yet you can still
Sting the tears to my eyes,
Little Phrase-someone-said-to-me-long-ago,
Who might have meant so much
But who meant so little.

But I think—
I have untangled you from the seaweed of forgotten things,
I think I shall toss you back into the sea!

Hazel Hall

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KALEIDOSCOPE

IN THE FRAIL WOOD

Marie Laurencin!—
How she likened them to young gazelles
Disporting in a quiet glade, with their thin legs
And their large wondering eyes,
Full of delicate trembling—shy, tender, suspecting,
Furtively watching for the stranger in the wood.
L'éventail exquis! la main d'ivoire!
Les yeux de gazelles!—glimmering, provocative
Magic tumbling out of them like bronzed hoops
Or circled ropes to dance with like gilded wire.
The hand touches a frail cheek, and faints
In its cushioned depths with the excess
Of its palloring fragility.
Light zephyrs hover over the edges of frail lace,
And roll from off dark coils of ribboned hair—
Great bird-swings poised at the nape of the childish neck
Setting out the white throat from the blue or rose shadow—
Blue, and a far cerise, with a gentle dove-like grey
Encircling them, covering them with mists of timidity.
Speak they in concert of a little girl's morning,
As she steps frailly out of the linen and the lace
That folded her young virgin limbs from the terrors
Of the monstrous undivulging night:
Stepping out upon the edges of a world too bright
With glinting facets of a diamonded despair,
Into the busy bustling world of young gazelles,
With their long thin legs tripping noiselessly;
Into the thronging glade of girlish hopes and fears,
In a harsh world where the folding and the unfolding
Of tenderly sequined fans makes a living music
For their anguished eye and ear,
And a wall to keep the beasty wolves from their fingertips,
And the tongues of hummingbirds distantly
From their young and frightened throats.
I hear the hearts of little girls beating
Against the hearts of the young gazelles!
It makes a white commotion in forests of thick pearl;
And their young white fingers waver as would
Young jasmine buds on the fallen embers of the breeze.

SPINSTERS

October in New England:
They are the gargoyles supporting old buttresses,
These virgins that roam wistfully among the ruins,
Victims of an effete worship.
Some of them love their father,
Some of them love their mother,
Some of them love themselves,
Some of them watch for a sail
That will never skim their horizon.
They form the granite supports in the arches
Of old cathedrals and mausoleums with shut doors.
They hold the rafters up, whose lacework
Is the fluttering place of bats.
There is a spacious cobweb covering all their nights
With a dewless gossamer.
A stillness that is the speech of ice
Consumes their swiftly gliding days.
They mother the owl and nurse the adder
In their vacuous dreams.
Lost hopes run rivulets of despair
Down their parchment cheeks.
They are rushing eagles without a sky;
Their pinions are drenched, their heads droop
And they cannot soar for the beating of the rain.
Soon, and they will join their sisters the leafless trees,
Who stand like stone until the lightning strikes
Them to the mouldy earth, or a lusty axe
Fells them to the ground for the evening fire.
Delicious would the blow of the axe seem,
With health and vigor and lust springing from the handle.
Leaves are they that droop when the first frost touches
Their veins; they coil together and wither on the stem,
Swaying and swirling to the earth.
Their eyes are like lanterns in the depths
Of old cellars that are riddled with the years.
Deserted farms are they, with the good grain gone,
The flax spun. The fox eats the grapes, the deer
Pass furtively by on the edge of the dusk
For the sweet apples fallen from the once young boughs,

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They search the cellar, seeking the hummingbird,  
And find the cutworm on the beam.

Gargoyles of stone—soon the wind will have lifted  
The furrows from your brows and cheeks, and hands.  
Soon—when the work of the wind and rain are done—  
You shall have the youth of the dust upon you—  
Then you can run and dance and blow  
And toy with the wind as if you had borne  
Litters of laughing children.

The dust is your sighing place:  
When you have finished with the mottoes  
Of old gravestones—“here lies,” and what was good  
Graven in white words—  
You shall yourselves have one!

Bats breed in belfries, hummingbirds on young boughs!  
Spinsters, you are the gargoyles for high towers!  
The burr of the chestnut hides the meaty nut!

HER DAUGHTER

She was so young, so like a tigress,  
Her large round eyes of jet and amber  
Lanceting one through from edge to edge  
And from side to side with a girl’s ferocity.  
Her hair was short, also jet in hue  
With blue lustres in it, and her lips were round  
And full, and her breasts were round and full,
Marsden Hartley

And they shot through the black wool mesh
Great shafts of jungle fire out at one.
She made no other overture.

Following her, upon the bridge made of young trees
Turned so like dusted ivory with the heats and rains
And fogs, and early dews and mists—
Or, as one would say, blanched to a veritable white—
Her mother.
Her mother, shaded by a parasol, walked discreetly
So many paces behind her—so many paces,
Smiling at something, surely not this,
Smiling with a vague enthusiasm;
For she was too old to laugh heartily about lusting flesh.
She had no breasts now, and her eyes were rimmed
With gold, and there was no light and no heat in them,
Or any tendency to casual fervors.

But she was young, so like a tigress—
Her very large round eyes of jet and amber
Lanceting through one from chest to spine
And from scalp to heel with a girl’s ferocity.
She had her lusty appointment with the sea.
Her suit of black wool showed all of that—
Her lips were not colored,
And her hands were pale—the mother had no breasts.
This was certainly a fair exchange for the sea.
AFTER BATTLE

I

"I don't know where
We're going to," one said—
"'Tis but a week has sped
Since I saw the blooming sun
Up there where it is day,
And every day was fair.
How the water gurgles by the port!
I hear the tread
Of dreadful waves
Above my head—
Or is it just the sea,
Or is it just, eternity?
They do not call us now,
Who have a sorrow
On their brow."

II

I heard the thunder
Climb the bleeding hill—
I heard it loud, and then
I heard it still.
They must have got some more
For the long rows in our yard!
I heard someone implore
How many—have you heard?

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And one said ten thousand,
One said not a word!
I heard the spades go clinking
In our earth:
"We must go clinking
All we're worth,"
The bright spades said,
"For they are piling
Up the youngest dead;
And they must have a place
By heaven's grace—
There must be rest
For those that cannot longer
Heave a breast."

III
They speak of death
Among deep roots of grass;
They speak of death
Among deep waves of glass.
They tell of light, and star, and love—
But who shall ever them believe?
The earth is not the sea,
Nor sea the earth can be;
But death is much the same
To them, and me—
It is but one felicity!

Marsden Hartley

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FAIRY FOOTSTEPS

AUTUMN SONG

I made a ring of leaves
On the autumn grass;
I was a fairy queen all day.
Inside the ring, the wind wore sandals
Not to make a noise of going.
The caterpillars, like little snow men,
Had wound themselves in their winter coats.
The hands of the trees were bare
And their fingers fluttered.
I was a queen of yellow leaves and brown,
And the redness of my fairy ring
Kept me warm.
For the wind blew near
Though he made no noise of going,
And I hadn't a close-made wrap
Like the caterpillars—
Even a queen of fairies can be cold
When summer has forgotten and gone!
Keep me warm, red leaves;
Don't let the frost tiptoe into my ring
On the magic grass!

THE DREAM

When I slept, I thought I was upon the mountain-tops,
And this is my dream:
I saw the little people come out into the night,
I saw their wings glittering under the stars;
And crickets played all the tunes they knew.
It was so comfortable with light—
Stars, a rainbow, the moon!
The fairies had shiny crowns
On their bright hair.
The bottoms of their little gowns were roses:
It was musical in the moony light,
And the fairy queen—
Oh, it was all golden where she came,
With tiny pages on her trail.
She walked slowly to her high throne,
Slowly, slowly to music,
And watched the dancing that went on
All night long in star-glitter
On the mountain-tops.

BUTTERFLY

Butterfly,
I like the way you wear your wings.
Show me their colors,
For the light is going.
Spread out their edges of gold,
Before the Sandman puts me to sleep
And evening murmurs by.

EVENING

Now it is dusky,
And the hermit-thrush and the black-and-white warbler
Are singing and answering together.
There is sweetness in the tree,
And fireflies are counting the leaves.
I like this country,
I like the way it has,
But I cannot forget my dream I had of the sea,
The gulls swinging and calling,
And the foamy towers of the waves.

THUNDER SHOWER

The dark cloud raged:
Gone was the morning light.
The big drops darted down,
The storm stood tall on the rose-trees;
And the bees that were getting honey
Out of wet roses,
The hiding bees would not come out of the flowers
Into the rain.
RED CROSS SONG

When I heard the bees humming in the hive,
They were so busy about their honey,
I said to my mother,
What can I give,
What can I give to help the Red Cross?
And Mother said to me
You can give honey too!
Honey of smiles!
Honey of love!

ROSE-MOSS

"Little Rose-moss beside the stone,
Are you lonely in the garden?
There are no friends of you,
And the birds are gone:
Shall I pick you?"

"Little girl up by the hollyhock,
I am not lonely.
I feel the sun burning,
I hold light in my cup,
I have all the rain I want,
I think things to myself that you don't know,
And I listen to the talk of crickets.
I am not lonely,
But you may pick me
And take me to your mother."

THE CHAMPLAIN SANDMAN

The Sandman comes searching across the Bay.
He goes to all the houses he knows
To put sand in little girls' eyes.
That is why I go to my sleepy bed,
And why the lake-gull leaves the moon alone:
There are no wings to moonlight any more,
Only the Sandman's hair.

Hilda Conkling (seven years old)
Elmond Franklin McNaught

SPARKLES

I
See, I am bringing you happiness—
A great handful of cherry-blooms:
Hear that bird singing!
The trees are full of witchery,
And there's where we find poems.

II
The rose-bush is afire with roses.
I could make a flag of flowers:
The corn-flowers are as deep as the blue,
And daisies are the flag's white stars.

III
July is a time of fireworks:
Some leave a trail of light like a comet;
One is a rainbow;
One makes a geyser of fire,
And one an eddy of stars.
These are foolish fires;
Winter fire has thoughts.

Elmond Franklin McNaught (nine years old)

IN THE MORNING

In the morning I hear the night
Pitifully crying,
And the leaves,
Standing on their little arms,
Sing and sing.
In the daylight,
When the sun is rising,
It is so sweet
To hear the trees dance;
For when they dance
They sing a little song
For the people whom they love so.
For those who are good they sing a good song,
But for those who are bad they sing a bad song.
And so it always goes!

Juliana Allison Bond (four years old)
THAT LITTLE GIRL NEXT DOOR

Evening
That little girl next door,
She always wants me to play with her.
I don't get time to water my flowers any more,
I don't get time to take care of my flowers,
I don't get time to do anything.
She just makes me play with her all the time.
I won't play with her any more—
When tomorrow morning comes
I won't play with her!
I'll say: "You go away, little girl,
I have to work;
I won't play with you ever any more—
I have to take care of my flowers."

Morning
Mama, that little girl next door
Won't come out to play with me.
She has to work, she has to help her Mama.
I saw her wiping a cup—
I don't think she ought to work so hard,
I think she ought to play with me.
I don't care if she rides my velocipede,
I don't care if she plays with
My spade and wheel-barrow.
She can play with Ol' Mister Nichols
And Amy Lowell, and Tum Tum.
She won't break them—
She never breaks anything!
She can play with all my toys.
Mama, you go over
And tell that little girl next door
To come over to our house to live.
We won't make her work all the time,
We won't make her work ever at all.
We will tell her to play every morning.
Evans Krehbiel

LOGIC

You said God was near
And tells me what to do.
If I can't see him, he must be somewhere;
If he isn't outside of me
He must be inside of me.
If I eat this egg
It might land right on top
Of God's head.
I don't think
I can eat any more.

TRAVELS

When I go to sleep
In my bed,
My hair climbs up,
My eyes fall down,
The cover crawls around my back;
My feet go up hill and down,
My hands float around;
The bed goes up in the sky,
The stars look at me;
The moon takes me
Way up where God is.

My pillow wakes up
In the morning,
And my feet want to get up.

TREES

The trees
Grow and blow,
And walk in a row
Along the world.
If they grow too high
They will put God's eye
Out with their leaves.
I like trees.
MR. EDGAR JEPSON, a self-appointed London critic of poetry—author also of those epoch-making novels, Happy Pollyooy, The Terrible Twins, Whittaker's Duke-dom, etc.—has quite obliterated POETRY and all its works in the May number of the English Review. And Mr. Burton Rascoe, literary editor of the Chicago Tribune, has quite obliterated Mr. Jepson, "whoever he is," in his summary of the latter's article in the Tribune of May 25th. And Mr. Jepson's happy phrase, "plopp-eyed bungaroo," descriptively applied to the "Great-hearted Young Westerner on the make" (no doubt We, Us & Co.), which has been started by "B. L. T." on a rapid journey up and down the various "colyums," will soon be as common coin as a five-cent nickel. And the editor of POETRY has wiped Mr. Jepson off the map in an article recently sent to the editor of the English Review, who will publish it unless he feels too sorry for Mr. Jepson. All this being the case, it seems unnecessary for POETRY to do anything more; it may go on its way rejoicing, quite oblivious of its all-British critic.

Certain details of his arraignment, however, are amusing enough to give us pause. Like Mr. Rascoe, we "don't give a damn" that Mr. Jepson has no use for four of POETRY'S fourteen prize-winners (he doesn't mention the other ten!)—Messrs. Lindsay, Masters, Frost and Head. Neither are we moved by his scorn of Chicago as the "seat" of "a new
school of poetry, United States poetry," and, inferentially, his scorn of the new school so seated. The four prize-winners above mentioned, being abundantly able to take care of themselves, will go on with their poem-making in spite of Mr. Jepson's anathema; and Chicago the powerful will go on mirroring her new-flowering beauty in Lake Michigan, and her new-flowering soul in her poets and other artists, who will give a new glory to her fame that long ago crossed the world. Indeed, is not Spoon River already published in many languages, has not the sky-scraper traveled to many cities, and is not one of our young radicals designing the new capital of Australia? It is better to look forward than back, more stimulating for a city to have her art-history in the future than in the past. Chicago needs no apologists; rather should we say of her as Pericles said to his fellow-citizens when the beauty of their metropolis was in the making: "You must yourselves realize the power of Athens, and feed your eyes upon her from day to day until love of her fills your hearts."

What does give us pause is Mr. Jepson's praise rather than his blame. In all POETRY's history, covering five-and-a-half years, the only events or persons he mentions at all are the four poets above listed and Mr. T. S. Eliot, and the only event or person he mentions with approval is our "discovery" of the last-named poet. (It should be explained that his article, being on Recent United States Poetry, does not take up the British side of our history.)

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Perhaps I am ungrateful in having mixed feelings over this one item of praise. We should consider it honor enough, no doubt, to present, in the course of half a decade, one poet worthy of Mr. Jepson's laurel wreath. Why should I smile in thinking of it, and detect, moreover, a sympathetic smile on Mr. Eliot's lips, and the quiver of a wink in his left eye as he tries to wear the wreath gracefully? It is not that I don't admire the combination—Mr. Eliot deserves all the honors that are coming to him. But why is he the only American of all our tribe to win this tribute? If Mr. Jepson admires the fine ironies and sophisticated intuitions and decoratively balanced rhythms of Mr. Eliot, why is he so blind to Cloyd Head's delicate modern patterning of the human tragedy, so deaf to the sombre yet whimsical emotional and musical motives of Wallace Stevens? These men, as well as Mr. Eliot, are super-intellectuals; and quite as profoundly as he are they stirred to the heart by the beauty and the sorrow of life as it is today. Indeed, their art gives the effect of having more behind it—richer experience; and sympathies, if not deeper, at least broader in range. Can it be that Mr. Jepson is unconsciously prejudiced in Mr. Eliot's favor by the fact that he has left this barbaric land of plopp-eyed bungaroos, and gone into what seems to be—alas!—permanent exile in a country truly civilized? I pass over the probability that our critic's feeling has been stimulated, if not by personal acquaintance with his favorite, then by subtler atmospheric influences—the fact that Mr. Eliot is now very much "in the air" of influential
Mr. Jepson’s Slam

literary London. It would be enough for Mr. Jepson that Mr. Eliot finds his native land intolerable; indeed, he says as much in his closing paragraph:

It would be the last absurdity for such a poet to go West and write for that plopp-eyed bungaroo, the Great-hearted Young Westerner on the make.

Well, in our humble opinion, Mr. Eliot’s choice of exile has definitely narrowed the range of his art. He is probably in less danger than Mr. Jepson of identifying his hero Prufrock with “the soul of America”—he knows better than that, no doubt—but, like Henry James, another superfine artist, he has cut himself off from all possibility of expressing that soul, by giving up the inward union with it and removing himself from the spiritual claim of it. Making a wandering cosmopolite of himself, he probably dooms his art, again as Henry James did, to the presentation of the various phases of that rather forlorn human type. The Love-song of J. Alfred Prufrock is a masterpiece in precisely this kind; it is doubtful if even its author will be able to surpass it. But we protest that it is not the soul of America. Listen to Mr. Jepson:

Could anything be more United States, more of the soul of that modern land, than The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock? It is the very wailing testament of that soul, with its cruel clarity of sophisticated vision, its thin, sophisticated emotions, its sophisticated appreciation of a beauty, and its sophisticated yearning for a beauty, it cannot dare to make its own and so, at last, live.

Such a statement is curiously typical of much foreign misunderstanding of us. A certain kind of intellectualized stay-at-home Englishman falls in with the intellectualized
wandering American. The two sympathetically admire the beauty of the old things, the old ways, in literature, art and life, and distrust and dislike the new. Thus Prufrock's "cruel clarity of sophisticated vision" covers the western horizon for Mr. Jepson, becomes "the soul of that modern land" which, we are informed, is afraid to live.

Of course, Mr. Jepson knows absolutely nothing about our soul. Probably his "plopp-eyed bungaroo" is nearer it than Mr. Eliot's world-weary hero. But Mr. Jepson has no longer the excuse of remoteness: the soul of America—a cross-section of it, so to speak—has now crossed the sea, and may be discovered by anyone who cares to get acquainted with our boys in the trenches. They are of all kinds—from farm and university, factory, office and forest range. They are not afraid of life—or death. We commend them to Mr. Jepson.

H. M.

THE NEW POSTAL RATE

This office has been bombarded of late by arguments against the new zone rate for periodicals, which goes into effect July first. The Authors' League, the Publishers' Association, and other objectors tell us that the new law should be repealed, as it means the death of the magazines, of popular education (in a great measure) and of American literature.

Well, we are not yet convinced. For years this nation has been giving, as President Taft once put it, a subsidy of over fifty millions a year to the periodicals. This was
questionable policy even in time of peace, as abuses usually grow up around subsidies. In time of war it would seem obvious that the magazine business should cease to demand help from the government, but should pay full cost for the carriage of its products, like farmers and manufacturers.

It is probable that the educative value of periodical litera-
ture would not be impaired. The present system tends to centralize and standardize American literature. By en-
abling the publisher of Collier's, for example, to send his paper to San Francisco as cheaply as to Albany, it discour-
ages spontaneous self-expression through local publishers in San Francisco, and encourages a marketable New York point of view. By enabling the Collier's man to send a mass of advertisements over the country at government expense, it makes him publish his paper to distribute these ads in-
stead of to distribute the educative literature it contains. Thus, however noble his intentions, his paper is forced to print only the most popular thing, the thing which the people will buy in such numbers as to impart enormous value to the advertisements. Writers who can and will supply this purely commercial demand are thus forced more and more to a standard; when they conform they get a large audience and enormous prices, prices out of all relation to the literary or educative value of their product.

Local self-government in intellectual matters would be, we believe, vastly more educative and vastly better for literature, than the present domination of New York. And local self-government will be enhanced by the new law.
In various respects the new law should tend somewhat to
de-commercialize the magazines; at any rate it will put
them on a just basis before a people at war. It will increase
POETRY's bill for postage more, in proportion to income,
than that of the Saturday Evening Post. But POETRY is
not howling, and probably both magazines will survive the
change.  

H. M.

REVIEWS

AS OTHERS SEE US

The New Poetry—An Anthology, edited by Harriet Monroe
and Alice Corbin Henderson. Macmillan Co.

The spirit which led the editors of The New Poetry, in
their approach to the problem of selecting an anthology of
modern American and British verse which should be hos­
pitable to all poets entitled to a place therein, is happily
embodied in Robert Frost's intriguing line—

Something there is that doesn't love a wall.

The portcullis of Carl Sandburg's "hog-butcher of the
world" has been lowered in democratic fashion to an hun­
dred and one men and women, all the alphabetical way
from Conrad Aiken to Edith Wyatt. Lyrist and imagist,
sonneteer and vorticist, lover of Attica in modern guise and
proclaimer of New England after the fashion of Homer,
priest of form and neophyte of freedom, the ism and the
anti-ism which is just as passionate an ism: each is per­
mitted to argue his case. It is apparent, to be sure, that

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several folk who have distinguished themselves since the year 1900 have been excluded or overlooked, and others who are included are not represented by what some of us consider their best effort, and still others are included whom the same some of us would have excluded or overlooked. I regret, for example, the absence of two such individualists as Marianne Moore and Mina Loy, artists who represent, respectively, the intellectual and the moral independence of the modern woman, and both of whom were recently graced with the paternal approbation of no less a mortal than Mr. Pound. And a book which hobnobs with aristocrats from every stratum of thought should not have snubbed that prince of Fifth Avenue, Donald Evans, who, with his amazing nonchalance of style, might likewise be termed the prince of poet-satirists. In the Irish galaxy, there should have been humble domicile for the Dublin singer, W. M. Letts. On the other hand, while I do not miss Alfred Noyes or Lascelles Abercrombie, who belong to the Victorian limbo, I am more than gently irritated by the presence of mouthing poetasters and rhetoricians of the stamp of Hamlin Garland, William Ellery Leonard, Percy Mackaye, James Oppenheim, Charles Hanson Towne and Louis Untermeyer. Luckily, there is compensation in the exile imposed upon Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Clinton Scollard, Seumas O'Sheel, George Sylvester Viereck, and their ilk. It is obvious that I am not an expert in cataloguing names, nor, for that matter, a well-read man; so permit me to open for myself the volume per se, advancing, like the editors,
from A. to Z. Isn't that all so-called criticism amounts to? The impressions I offer, touching upon only the most significant, or the most widely advertised, of the denizens of The New Poetry, are neither arbitrary nor impersonal, neither infallible nor final.

It is impossible for me to enthuse about the work of Conrad Aiken. I admire the man and critic, but not the poet. He is hemmed in by electicism, the poetical, and an affectation of method due perhaps to that ancient enemy of the creative faculty, inhibition. I don't question his integrity as a man and critic, but the poet in him is too often a mockingbird.—Richard Aldington, one of the most potent forces of the days when Mr. Pound was the Barnum of imagism, is a shadow of the poet who wrote Choricos. Choricos is a magnificent dirge, with an authentic rhythm and choice of language. The Poplar is as fine a tree poem as the new movement has contributed, and Lesbia an effusion containing at least five famous lines, one of them a quotation. Popularity and too much publicity have since led Aldington from art to cleverness.—Walter Conrad Arensberg is richer and poorer through a scholarship which begets and hampers expression. Nevertheless, Voyage à L'Infini is more than a tour de force. Scholarship only intrudes far enough to polish an idea which is as original as it is profound.—As a rule, William Rose Benét is tiresome. He abuses the foot-rule and at the same time fails to remove its traces after his carpentry job is finished. He is too often that damnable citizen, the facile craftsman. I prefer the work of his
As Others See Us

younger brother, Stephen Vincent Benét.—Maxwell Bodenheim was at one time my arch enthusiasm. Today he represents for me the arch example of the man who fits Renoir's warning: "Success is harder to combat than poverty." Bodenheim is joined in this combat by the great majority of poets who have deservedly won the reputation which is theirs. They find it impossible to throw away the prize of a style perfected through the most arduous labor. In other words, they are as self-imitative as the average sonneteer is imitative of the past: academic form prevails over a form naturally evolved from new adventuring. Bodenheim has made a fetish of his extraordinarily rich gift for images. His greatest strength is his greatest weakness.—Rupert Brooke is tremendously overrated.—Witter Bynner, like Aiken, is often threatened with that bugaboo, the poetical. However, it does not scare away an easy flow of lyricism which is native to Bynner. The three poems, To Celia, are lovely, persuasive songs which do not require the aid of wild-eyed controversy.—Joseph Campbell is a better imagist than some of the imagists themselves. At Harvest and On Waking sway to provocative cadences.—Skipwith Cannell, who has not been writing for the past three or four years, is well represented by The Red Bridge and The King. Primarily, Cannell's influences are two such varied forces as the Bible and the Russian ballet, to which he has added a note of personal scorn which is healthier than the mawkish optimism so often mistaken for a virile attitude towards living.—Padraic Colum sings quietly and with straightfor-
ward diction about Irish folk. His jovial nature and unaffected narrative style move forward like companionable horses dragging along the themes of country life.—Adelaide Crapsey, a courageous human hewing out tiny five-line etchings as huge as mountains, with death peering out from behind, should go down in American poetic lore with Emily Dickinson. Death was the earthly victor after a short struggle, but life will cherish her art for years to come.—I am tempted to continue the same strain around H. D., and why should I be ashamed of so doing? Aren’t women a valiant and integral part of the renascence of American poetry? H. D. is the finest of the imagists, and the single one who has maintained an unflagging devotion to what one might call the best a fellow can attempt. The selection made by the editors reflects credit on all three women concerned.—Still another woman, Mary Carolyn Davies, of California, might, if she would—but simply refuses to—measure up with the three preceding poets. When first I saw her work, I turned somersaults of pleasure. Here was a girl expressing the girl consciousness with delightful naïveté. But Miss Davies came to New York, grew popular, joined the Poetry Society of America, and sold yards of verse to editors.—Walter de la Mare is my favorite English poet. Whimsical sorrow inventing tunes which are as simple and as subtle as Schubert do not require analysis. And analysis would only lose the duel.—T. S. Eliot’s two long poems, Portrait of a Lady, and The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock, easily confute the recent statement of that overrated pudding of
conceit, Mr. H. L. Mencken, who asseverates not only that a long poem is an act of criminal procedure, but that a story is lost when told in verse. Eliot is an exquisite satirist with an uncanny power for intricate narrative.—Major Arthur Davison Ficke is another member of the fraternity of poetical poets.—When John Gould Fletcher "is good," he is almost the best of Americans; when he "is bad," he is almost the worst. If one is concerned only with a man's magnificent qualities, Fletcher will pass the glittering gate. His Irradiations, of which four are quoted, and The Blue Symphony, a splendidly sustained composition, belong to an earlier period of Fletcher's expression. He is the experimenter among the imagists, and as such is certain to emerge from the rut in which he is traveling at present.—F. S. Flint is the least significant of the imagists. He contributed several lovely poems to the first imagist anthology, some of which have been chosen by the editors. Sentimentality is the bain of Flint.—Need one spill further rhetoric in behalf of Robert Frost? He is a greater poet than any of the early New-Englanders—which has probably been said by another.—Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, leading imitator of John Masefield, is a literateur patronizing the lowly. Perhaps that is why he is so popular with the intelligenzia.—Ralph Hodgson is responsible for my favorite Eve poem. For this, my heart holds him blessed. The poem is not included in The New Poetry.—Helen Hoyt makes a genuine appeal in her woman poems. Had she the courage of a Rousseau, we might eventually learn what this thing called, woman,
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is! But she is often side-tracked by her Puritanical forebears.—Orrick Johns' Songs of Deliverance are Whitmanesque in their breadth of feeling and eloquence of expression. I wish there had been room, as well, for his Country Rhymes, originally presented in Poetry. They well nigh stamp Johns as our finest American lyrist.—It was William Gillette, wasn't it, who said that if a man speaks well of himself, nobody believes him; if he speaks ill, everybody believes him. So I leave the work of a certain A. K. to others.—D. H. Lawrence is a poet who writes good novels, whether in verse or prose. His prime fault is exaggeration. He doesn't fit into imagist anthologies.—Vachel Lindsay, the Billy Sunday, Ty Cobb and Bert Williams of poetry, has made art out of vaudeville—and then again, and alas, vaudeville out of art. He has immortalized rag-time.—Amy Lowell is represented by her best poem, Patterns, by an atrocious piece of journalism, 1777, and some miscellaneous numbers. The Lowell following is to me one of the mysteries of this planet: she is facile, prolific, a reader of good books, a genius as a propagandist, and a scintillating lady; but she has contributed absolutely nothing which is new to poetry. For this sin, may Hell pardon me!—John Masefield, though a greater poet than Amy Lowell, is not a great poet. George Moore said of Victor Hugo that his novels live along the same level of excellence, which expresses my objection to Masefield.—By way of luring me still closer to Beelzebub, along comes Edgar Lee Masters. Spoon River is universal material handled by an islander. The
idea is supernaturally unusual, the handling ordinary.—Anybody with a name like Edna St. Vincent Millay cannot avoid writing poetry. Popularity has been getting its vulgar hand into her work; but she has enough Irish in her for a “come-back” some day.—Ezra Pound! Let me replenish and relight my pipe! Pound is the enfant terrible of modern verse, but not quite as terrible as he and some others consider him. Behind his leer and braggadocio, lurks a circumspect consciousness as to the past, as to what his neighbors in the Elysium to come will think of him. He is the most brilliant and most versatile of Americans; but when he is more concerned with himself and less with outsiders and their opinions, the true Ezra will emerge. His prose is more Ezraian than his poetry. What is the fare, one-way, to Hindustan?—Among those who are concerned with tradition for the form of their thought, Edwin Arlington Robinson is clearly the chief of present-day poets, for he has been enhanced instead of retarded by tradition. Isms and movements and men of momentary lustre come and go; Robinson remains. In his fashion, he is the proudest name in American letters.—When Carl Sandburg is deaf to propaganda, to the call of the bleacher fans, he can toe the plate with any slugger on the diamond and drive the outfielders to the fences. Like Hans Wagner, he misses many an easy one, but show him the wings of a fast one?—farewell!—A writer who is rarely advertised but who deserves advertising is Clara Shanafelt.—For sheer artistry, for intricate originality of thinking and its component evocation into
marvellously lovely patterns and rhythms, the self-conceit I own by nature of being a human doffs its cap to Wallace Stevens. In his fashion, he is the equal of Robinson. He has invented more free forms than any other devotee of free verse. Sandburg once said of him that he can be re-read more frequently than any other.—I leave conjecture in re Rabindranath Tagore to the woman's club and the university professor. All three are above me.—If honesty is still an admirable virtue (I believe it lives in disrepute) William Carlos Williams deserves a garland, with which he would hang you! There is no cleaner man. There are folk, to be sure, who denounce his cleanliness as filth. As an artist, he is erratic; he has not arrived, as they say. But many who have arrived—unfortunately there are too many—are through; Williams will never be through. A few of his best poems are worth a library of the so-called successful.

*The New Poetry* is the most valuable anthology of modern verse yet published. Any anthology has faults which arise from the viewpoint of the beholder; assign the work to him, and he would have produced a better volume. But even the most derogatory critic has had to admit that *The New Poetry* affords an adequate retrospect of the renascence of American verse. And towards this renascence, for the most part six or seven years old, the editors have contributed more than the combined efforts of the commercially endowed editors of *The Atlantic, Harper's, The Century, et al.* When I say this, I say something, for no one person has
As Others See Us

quibbled more valiantly with this or that phase of the "Harriet Monroe doctrine" than your humble servant. I say this or that, because I have never doubted the general policy of POETRY, even though my particular breed of poetasting was politely rejected for three consecutive years, so that Uncle Bill Reedy once ejaculated that I had to publish my own magazine to see my stuff in print!

As to the present moment of American verse, I am pessimistic, as the above screed possibly argues. I feel that for the past year or two most of our poets have been merely repeating themselves, and erecting a new academy from a radical cornerstone. I have followed American art in all its manifestations with all the passion I possess over a period of about eighteen years, only to discover that the average American artist falls sooner or later into the maw of success, and its material twin, commercialism. Or he is turned aside from his real pursuit or vigil by some issue far less vital than self-expression; and by the self I mean that forcing into wedlock of the inner with the outer self which makes for the broadest individualism and which renders a man a citizen of the world. The war may or may not be responsible for this present moment. Aside from this, I feel about the war that nobody will be able to press it into the service of art until it has receded into the shadow of fablehood, when the values of the war shall become as apparent as the values in Homer's epic around the fable of Troy, or those in the Shakespearean symphonic stories around Italy, Denmark and England. The terrible business is so huge

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and so close—well, that German sunbeam, as Irwin Cobb calls Schopenhauer, once said that even a small object held close to the eye limits and distorts our field of vision; and the war is no small object.

Miss Monroe's Introduction, an unostentatious statement of the facts of the present studied in the light of English poetic history, is opportune in view of the car-loads of controversial mis-statement shunted by the admirers, as well as the detractors, of modern poets. This happy foreword defines the general ideals of the new in acceptance of and opposition to the old—"they follow the great tradition when they seek a vehicle suited to their own epoch and their own creative mood, and resolutely reject all others." It traces, concisely and accurately, the story of English poetic history, bringing out in relief the pioneers, Chaucer and Langland, Burns, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley and Byron, with a particular reference to the influence wrought by them over the story of to-day, and the added influence of such factors as the Bible, the Orient, Greece, Italy, the Celt, remote France and the France of the 'nineties, which re-introduced Whitman to America; and it concludes with an hypothetical appraisement of the place held by to-day between yesterday and to-morrow. The pessimism implied in the preceding paragraph doubtless finds a retort in Miss Monroe's quiet prophecy that our poets have "the qualities of pioneers, who look forward, not backward, and who may lead on, further than we can see as yet, to new domains of the ever-conquering spirit of beauty."  

Alfred Kreymborg

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Mr. O'Neil's Carvings

MR. O'NEIL'S CARVINGS

A Cabinet of Jade, by David O'Neil. Four Seas Co.

To this book, in spite of the redundant lyricism on the cover of it, people who have long breathed the somewhat heavy and fulsome air of our poetic renascence may come to cool off and forget for awhile. It is tiny and delicate, and nowhere large; and it defies and breaks down even the author's efforts—as in the misintroductory Quo Vadis—to make it a little overwhelming, to use it for large ideas or ideals.

The best poems show an artist with clear, keen and selective eyes. In them, the image is clean and perfectly self-sufficient, the expression of a purely contemplative poet; as in First Love:

At the window she watches,
Down the lane,
His coming shadow.
Like a quiet pool
Flecked by the wind,
Her heart quivers.

And in a few others like this—Peasant Thought, Tramping, The Beach; and in Vernal Impulse, when the startled lovers turn with a look of conscious oneness in their eyes—in these brevity, aloofness from nearly any emotion, and plain music, go to make up vivid pictures, so swift that one sees them rather than reads them. Also very fine are others, of a symbolic character, where the image is the true and direct vision of the artist, and the symbol is therefore inseparable from it, arising from it as if by magic. The symbolism of these poems is not obvious; that is, the symbol has
not been mechanically forced into the image or vice-versa. I might say, impressionistically, that if we were to ignore the suggestion in them—which we cannot do, since the suggestion is intrinsic—we could still enjoy them as neat and powerfully short presentation. Here, to justify my paradox, is Wantlessness:

Out West
Where there is boundless freedom,
Where distances tire the mind,
I saw storm-drenched ponies,
Dejected, motionless,
With liberty to do,
But not knowing what.

As good as this—and I really wish I could quote them—are Lime Light, Nakedness, The Prodigal Son; and that fine short song, The River.

Unfortunately there are others, and they are in greater quantity, in which, the image being unauthentic, the symbol is inevitably false. Enslaved, Walt Whitman, Amor Omnia Vincit, Love, Aftermath, The Answer, An Epitaph, A Character, Lights, show either obesity or leanness—two aspects of impotence. And others, which I would call the more personal poems of the book, mostly love poems, are full of stale grandiloquence and sentimentality—two other aspects of impotence.

Mr. O’Neil’s brevity is lightness, delicacy and spontaneity; and the healthy exclusion of rhetoric, vagueness and excrescences of thought—old things that are ever so copious in this our too prosperous poetic era. But that brevity is also smallness of content.
Although naked, washed, cool-looking and perfumed, the book is slim and weak. 

Emanuel Carnevali

MR. BYNNER AT GRENSTONE


Although published later, Grenstone Poems is certainly in the main of earlier composition than The New World, which appeared in 1915, for it shows the author at a stage not so near as The New World to achieving for his utterance its own style and voice. Perhaps it is the impression of the book as a whole rather than any individual poem that seems most strongly echo-ish. And the effect is not unpleasant even when the derivation is most distinct, as in the pieces that inherit from A Shropshire Lad gifts of feeling and grace which they all but make their own. For the workmanship is delicate, and though the book as a whole would bear considerable cutting away, the poems themselves are always compact. God's Acre, which is short enough to quote, is typical of Grenstone quality:

Because we felt there could not be
A mowing in reality
So white and feathery-blown and gay
With blossoms of wild caraway,
I said to Celia, "Let us trace
The secret of this pleasant place!"
We knew some deeper beauty lay
Below the bloom of caraway,
And when we bent the white aside
We came to paupers who had died:
Rough wooden shingles row on row,
And God's name written there—John Doe. 

H. H.
Dear Editor: You hit the nail on the head in your editorial on Mr. Bourne's article, "Traps for the Unwary" in The Dial; only, you might have hit harder. For it is significant, in connection with Miss Lowell's "Tendencies in American Poetry," which Mr. Bourne praises, that out of the six poets represented, Carl Sandburg, John Gould Fletcher, and H. D. were first published and introduced by POETRY; and Edgar Lee Masters and Robert Frost received in it their first appreciation. (But perhaps Mr. Bourne does not consider POETRY one of the "little magazines" he mentions so slightly?) Indeed, Mr. Frost's "The Code" appeared in POETRY before his general American acclaim, and Mr. Pound's review of Mr. Frost preceded by some time the more heralded article by Mr. Garnett in The Atlantic.

What Miss Lowell's book accomplishes for these poets is a greater measure of publicity—to be valued, of course; and its chief merit is the outline given of the poet's personality, his history, etc. As criticism it clears up nothing, except that it escapes the Philistine and Puritan traps, although not in the measure proclaimed by Mr. Bourne, being tinged with both in given places. The book is based on a purely fictitious scheme of evolution, with no historical background, and only the critic's desire that the scheme should be so to make it so. Miss Lowell's book is enjoyable in many ways, but it can hardly be held up as a model of criticism, even negatively,
of Puritans, Philistines and Pessimists

as Mr. Bourne would have us believe. Witness the Puritan point of view in her treatment of the sex motive in Edgar Lee Masters' work; so insistent as to be amusing.

Criticism, of course, that weighs and balances only after the event is, indeed, of little consequence to the artist. The only criticism that is of value to the artist and to his contemporaries is contemporaneous criticism, the kind that is perfectly able to navigate in an uncharted sea, take soundings, and proclaim new depths and new shores. We have too little of this in the United States; indeed, except in Poetry and the other "little magazines" I don't know where to look for it. Why should the critics cry out continually upon the need of this criticism instead of giving it to us? Who will deliver us from the "parlor pessimism" of Mr. Bourne and Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, whose article On Creating a Usable Past in a succeeding number of The Dial is of the same breed as Mr. Bourne's—giving the critics and the professors the entire responsibility, and lamenting their bankruptcy? Incidentally, one cannot help being amused by Mr. Brooks' short-sighted, one-sided dig at Vachel Lindsay, who has succeeded in creating for himself not only a usable past, but a usable present as well; which is certainly something that Mr. Brooks has not been able to achieve for himself. I think that everything I have read of Mr. Brooks' criticism has amounted to an almost complete negation of our present, and an exceedingly doubtful hope for our future—hardly what one would call the most creative sort of a matrix!

A. C. H.
Dear Poetry: Have you reflected that these days of the revival of poetry are not unlike those of seventy-five years ago, when America was waking up to the art, and anthologies were almost as numerous as now? Time has obscured many names then brilliant, and added to the lustre of others—will it treat our decisions with similar scorn?

I have here a copy of Griswold’s *Poets and Poetry of America*, published in 1842, in which Edgar Allan Poe is represented by three poems, Emerson by five, Longfellow by eleven, Whittier by twelve, Holmes by fifteen, and Bryant by twenty. At the same time, there are eighty-two other names, familiar only to the specialist in the history of American poetry. Lowell is represented by four poems and eight sonnets; and Charles Fenno Hoffman by forty-five exercises in verse. Of course, much of what is now our great American inheritance was not written in 1842, but the selection is none the less significant. Edgar Allan Poe, three poems; and Lydia Sigourney seventeen!

Moreover, the epidemic of Annuals—from *The Atlantic Souvenir* through all the twenty years of *Gems, Opals, Caskets, Wreaths* (significant juxtaposition!), *Amulets, Keepsakes, Brides, Nuns, and Fair Penitents*—is somewhat similar to the outbreak that followed *The Lyric Year* of 1912. It makes my blood boil when I think of Griswold’s grandfatherly patronage of Poe, and the harm he has done Poe’s reputation in the minds of the children of darkness. But Poe could be trusted safely to emerge from the mass

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of poseurs and dilettanti; and the cheerful thing about the retribution is that now Griswold is remembered because of Poe, and not Poe because of Griswold.

Willard Wattles

NOTES

Of the poets represented in this number, four need no introduction: Mr. Carl Sandburg, author of Chicago Poems (Henry Holt & Co.); Dr. William Carlos Williams, of Rutherford, N. J., whose small volume, Al Que Quiere (Four Seas Co.), was reviewed in Poetry last April; Mr. D. H. Lawrence, the distinguished English poet, whose latest book of verse, Look, We Have Come Through, has been published quite recently in London; and Miss Eloise Robinson, of Cincinnati, who has just sailed for France as a volunteer in the Y. M. C. A. canteen work, and has not yet published a volume.

Of the poets new to our readers: Mr. Marsden Hartley, of New York, has been known hitherto as one of the more radical painters in the “post-impressionist” group, having exhibited in various cities. Experiments in verse are a quite recent manifestation of his rhythmic impulse. Mr. Hartley expects to study this summer in our southwestern wonderland of color, Arizona and New Mexico.

So far as the editor knows, none of these “new” poets has published a volume as yet, or appeared much in magazines. Mr. Arthur L. Phelps is known somewhat in Canadian publications, being a “Methodist parson”—so he says—of Bath, Ontario. Mr. Robert Paine Scripps is a newspaper man now living in Washington, D. C. Mr. Maxwell Struthers Burt, of Princeton, N. J., is now in the aviation service. Miss Hazel Hall lives in Portland, Oregon. Mrs. Pauline D. Partridge, born in Lyons, N. Y., is the wife of the novelist, Edward Bellamy Partridge, and now lives in San Diego, Cal. Mr. John Edgar Scruggs lives in Atlanta, Ga., an employe of a pottery manufactory. “P. T. R.” is a young English poet.

Two of the young poets in our children’s section adorned it last July or earlier. Hilda Conkling is the little daughter of the well-known poet, Mrs. Grace Hazard Conkling. Evans Krehbiel, who was not yet four years old when he reeled off his poems to his mother, is the son of two Chicago artists who lived partly in Santa Monica, Cal.—Albert H. and Dulah Evans Krehbiel. Elmond McNaught lives in Normal, Ill.; and Juliana Bond in Austin, Texas.
The editors of POETRY hereby and herewith give notice to all contributors, actual or potential, that manuscripts sent to this office during July and August are subject to long delay. We make no promises to read them, or look them up, or answer inquiries about them, before late September. Our minds are becoming too sieve-like for human endurance; they demand rest from the arduous labor of reading countless hundreds of productions in verse in order to find the few which it is possible to print in our thirty-or-so pages a month.

**BOOKS RECEIVED**

**ORIGINAL VERSE:**
- Sonnets of the Strife—with Songs, by Robert Loveman. Foreword by John Burroughs. Cornhill Co.
- Rhythms, by Charles Reznikoff. Privately printed, Brooklyn.
- Sonnets from the Patagonian, by Donald Evans. Nicholas L. Brown, Phila.
- Songs of Manhattan, by Morris Abel Beer. Cornhill Co.
- The Fairy Islands and Other Poems, by Valley Flower. Cornhill Co.
- From the Heart of a Folk—A Book of Songs, by Waverley Turner Carmichael. Cornhill Co.

**ANTHOLOGIES AND TRANSLATIONS:**
- The Poets of Modern France, by Ludwig Lewisohn. B. W. Huebsch, N. Y.

**PROSE:**
- Mashi and Other Stories, by Rabindranath Tagore. Macmillan Co.
- A Study in English Metrics, by Adelaide Crapsey. Alfred A. Knopf.

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