

NOTICE TO READERS

When you finish reading this magazine, place a one-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors. No wrapper. No address.

Vol. XIII

No. III

oetry

A Magazine of Verse
Edited by Harriet Monroe
December 1918

Peace

Suddenly bells and flags!
Suddenly—door to door—
Tidings! Can we believe,
We who were used to war?

Look—she is here, she lives!
Beauty has died for her.
Soon where the shrapnel fell
Petals shall wake and stir.

Agnes Lee

From poem on page 117

543 Cass Street, Chicago

\$2.00 per Year Single Numbers 20¢

v. 13

1918-1919

c. 5

Moloka

You would enjoy the pleasure that comes as POETRY passes from hand to hand up here in the lines. I share my joy! Even "rough-necks" take to it.
Captain C. J. Masseck, of the A. E. F. in France

Vol. XIII

No. III

POETRY for DECEMBER, 1918

Peace	<i>Agnes Lee</i>	117
The Harp	<i>Helen Hoyt</i>	118
I have Found my Beloved—Stature—Name—Difference— Unity—Happiness Betrays Me—Triumph—Interlude—At the Museum—Memory—Oh, We shall Meet—Ascension— The Root		
Volunteers	<i>Arthur D. Rees</i>	125
Tears, Idle Tears!—Cares that Infest the Day—Longings for Home—Unseeing the Seen—The Melancholy Plaint of the Russian Song		
America	<i>Harriet Monroe</i>	133
La Neige à Poughkeepsie	<i>Lysiane Bernhardt</i>	136
The Garden of the West	<i>Louise Driscoll</i>	138
Christmas Indeed	<i>H. M.</i>	146
Tribute to Joyce Kilmer	<i>Marsden Hartley</i>	149
Reviews:		
Carl Sandburg's New Book	<i>Alfred Kreymborg</i>	155
Stephens as Elegist and Anthologist	<i>A. C. H.</i>	161
In the Irish Mode	<i>A. C. H.</i>	165
First Books of Verse	<i>H. M.</i>	167
Correspondence:		
The Day of Victory	<i>E. C.</i>	171
A Word of Protest	<i>Minna Mathison</i>	172
Notes and Books Received		173 and 174

Manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped and self-addressed envelope.
 Inclusive yearly subscription rates: In the United States, Mexico, Cuba and American possessions, \$2.00 net; in Canada, \$2.15 net; in all other countries in the Postal Union, \$2.25 net. Entered as second-class matter Nov. 15, 1912, at the post-office, at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly at 543 Cass St., Chicago, Ill.

Copyright 1918, by Harriet Monroe. All rights reserved.

POETRY asks its friends to become Supporting Subscribers by paying ten dollars a year to its Fund. The magazine began under a five-year endowment which expired Sept. 30th, 1917; and although the endowment has been partly resubscribed for another period, this Fund is insufficient and expenses are constantly increasing. The art of poetry requires, if it is to advance, not only special sympathy from a discriminating public, but also endowment similar to that readily granted to the other arts. All who believe in the general purpose and policy of this magazine, and recognize the need and value of such an organ of the art, are invited to assist thus in maintaining it.

**Doetry**
A Magazine of Verse

VOL. ¹/₂ XIII
NO. III

DECEMBER, 1918

PEACE

SUDDENLY bells and flags!
Suddenly—door to door—
Tidings! Can we believe,
We who were used to war?

Yet we have dreamed her face,
Knowing her light must be,
Knowing that she must come.
Look—she comes, it is she!

Tattered her raiment floats,
Blood is upon her wings.
Ah, but her eyes are clear!
Ah, but her voice outrings!

Look—she is here, she lives!
Beauty has died for her.
Soon where the shrapnel fell
Petals shall wake and stir.

Agnes Lee

THE HARP

Strike—strike!

Already the strings of me quiver,

Vibrate,

With the imagining of your fingers . . .

Strike!—set free these aching sounds!

Strike harshly, wildly—loud,

O strong, beautiful!—

Till the strings cry out,

*Till the strings are torn with the fierceness of your hands'
delight,*

With the agony of their own music,

With the agony of their releasing.

Broken.

Still.

I HAVE FOUND MY BELOVED

I have found my beloved in the time of apple blossoms—

O pink blossoms, white blossoms, fragrance of love!

I have found my beloved in the time of apple blossoms—

O beauty and fragrance!

Soon will the apples push out their green sides,

Soon will they round into happy red—

The boughs of the trees will bend and be weighed down
with that ripe burden,

With that rich burden of fruit,
That fragrance of red!

STATURE

I must stand on tiptoe to reach your lips,
I must stand on tiptoe in my soul to reach you,
To reach the height of my own love.
It is what I want—to have you tall.

NAME

My name is beautiful to me when you say it;
A new name.
No one ever had this name before:
Your voice changes it.
It is a new name,
Sacred;
Never till now spoken, or any touch laid on it.

DIFFERENCE

I say so many things, I cannot understand your silence.
I give so much, I cannot understand your always taking.
I change myself so willingly to please you,
I cannot understand that you have never thought of changing.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

UNITY

Your love is terrible.
Oh, do not love me so much!
Sometimes there are moments
Fear comes to me because of our love;
That it is a prison about me,
That it owns me,
Owns the separateness of me.

Oh, let us be two again!
We who have been so intricately one,
Let us be two.
For finally there is never one,
And unity is but annihilation.
Dissolve me from this closeness;
Give me back to myself,
Myself to my own self again.
Oh, let us be two. Two!

Beloved!

HAPPINESS BETRAYS ME

Happiness betrays me—
Happiness slays me!

Sorrow was kind and loneliness was my sweet companion,
Denial gave me good gifts.
Now freedom is a bondage upon me

And smoothness slackens my feet.
I will find my way back to the thorns;
I will find my way back again to the good thorns and steep-
ness.

Happiness betrays me—
Happiness slays me.

TRIUMPH

O Triumph, dear Triumph,
Splendor of self-delight and exaltation,
I have felt you in little moments,
Moments of nothingness,
More than in great times of applause.
I am alone, walking or dancing—
Suddenly you come
And lift up my hands as if they would reach the stars.
I could shake the stars and the world for sheer merriment of
power;
I will run laughing and shouting with you through all the
streets of the world!

INTERLUDE

I will dance and wrap myself with drooping veils about me,
Turquoise blue and green and blowing amber.
How their pale, their weightless touch
Will be delight upon me,
Their dusky colors melting and returning.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

I will raise them before me,
I will let them fall from me;
Every swaying movement
Sways them and curves them,
Every swaying movement
Sways them and folds them—
Dropping about me,
Down from my shoulders over my fingers;
Laying their touch over my fingers,
Over my feet drooping and dropping with grace upon me.

Flowing of color, flowing of shadow, flowing of motion,
Flowing upon me, flowing from me—
O sliding shadow, sliding color, veils of motion!

AT THE MUSEUM

At last we let each other go,
And I left you;
Left the demand and the desire of you,
And all our windings in and out and bickerings of love.
And I was wandering
Through corridors and rooms of pictures,
Waiting for my mind to sharpen again
Out of its blur.

Now was stern air to breathe,
High, rational,
Clear of you and me.

The medals in their ordered cases,
Round and clean-edged,
Cooled me.
The tossing and tumbling of my body
Drew itself into form,
Into poise,
Looking at their fine symmetry of being.

MEMORY

I can remember our sorrow, I can remember our laughter;
I know that surely we kissed and cried and ate together;
I remember our places and games, and plans we had—
The little house and how all came to naught—
Remember well:
But I cannot remember our love,
I cannot remember our love.

OH WE SHALL MEET

Oh we shall meet,
But how shall be that meeting?
Oh we shall meet,
But there is no repeating
The look, the word, the laugh that used to be—
There is no meeting now for you and me.
We shall be there—in the room together, near—
But the old delight that made old meetings dear

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Will not return, the leaping of will to will:
Only a husky word, a trembling that tries to be still;
And we shall look at each other then, unbelieving the past,
Knowing that even our sorrow could not last.

ASCENSION

Our love died and went into the grave.
We piled stones upon it.
Both of us piled stones upon it.
We did not dream that it would ever rise again;

Now it has come forth
With new life, not as its old life;
With radiance about its head:
Lifted apart from us; beyond the unhappy clay.

THE ROOT

Love faded in my heart—
I thought it was dead.
Now new flowers start,
Fresh leaves outspread.
Why do these flowers upstart
And again the leaves spread?
Oh, when will it be dead—
This root that tears my heart!

Helen Hoyt

VOLUNTEERS

TEARS, IDLE TEARS!

Tom Shelley, Virginia

I was born in Ireland,
I've been in every country of the world,
I am an American citizen seventeen years,
I'm only thirty-nine years old;
And yet, in spite of all that,
The army won't enlist me as a soldier
For the great war.

I've been a sailor over twelve years,
And can tell about the building of ships—
Ever since the first one was made
Of the hollow of a tree.
And still they won't take me in—
This war is hard on me.

I can teach how to cut a dug-out canoe,
Or stretch one of skins;
I've sailed in a reed raft off Australia,
And in the surf boats of Madras;
I can help to build ships,
And explain how the keel of a vessel
Is only the old log minus the dugout.
Ask me why the fo'castle of old Egyptian ships
Was shaped up into a neck-like thing,

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

And finished off into the figure of a bird,
Or a beast?—

It was religion; that's what it was.
I can tell all that,
And yet they won't enlist me.

I can talk about paddle propulsion, galley oars,
Sail, steam and oil;
And there's not a splice, eye-splice, chain-splice,
Or rigging shroud that I don't know.
I've a union card too,
And yet I can't make a hit.

I've been wrecked off the Brazilian coast,
Where the bay of the Amazon looks like another ocean,
And off the east coast of Ireland too,
Almost in sight of the rocks of Holyhead;
I know what sea power is, and that no man or nation
Will ever command the waves, for sea power
Is not from guns, but from winds.
I know everything I've said,
And yet I can't get a show.

They take these young fellows—
Why can't I enlist too?
I can do more, and I know more,
And I can stand more and fight more
In a day than any of them.

Arthur D. Rees

CARES THAT INFEST THE DAY

Frank Maine, Maine

Two months ago I left railroading,
And from that hour—leisure and peace!
Yesterday I came here from New York,
On a tour to the West,
But I listened to the tap of a drum, and enlisted.

My coming here was only a step
In my usual path, in drifting westward
To the wheat fields for the harvest.
I follow the growth of the grasses:
First to Texas where the wheat ripens early;
Then with the prairie people
And the southern harvesters
From field to field I go
Northward up the Missouri and Red rivers
Until I reach the wheat bonanzas of the Dakotas;
And then northward still,
Beyond the "blue stems" of Minnesota
And up to Manitoba
Where the harvesting ends, for the wheat
Can not grow when Winter shrivels the grass.

Then southward I would turn
To the orange groves and fruit fields
Of California, drifting perhaps to Mexico
And the oil fields for the winter;

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

And after that, begin the round again,
And wander to Texas for spring ploughing;
And later northward once more,
With summer returning for its harvest.
It's a good life, but beyond me now.

LONGINGS FOR HOME

Charles Hastings, Delaware

My home is in Laurel.
But they speak my name there no more.
Yet the place is still green in my memory,
And I'm only twenty five—I may be forgiven.

But tell this to my people there for me,
And put it in their paper:
That I've wandered many miles from home
Since the dark night when I ran away;
And now I've enlisted for the war.
My path is too winding and hidden
For them ever to find clues of me,
But I'd like my people to know that I understand now
How a weary life and destroyed ways
Take many a man away from home.

I know too the selfishness of the stony cities now;
For in them my Buddy and I
Once threw dice for the only job to be had,
And I took to the road and its taunts,

And he took the job.
But both of us had known together
The cold glitter of the stars over us all night,
When the heart-sides of us thumped hard
And were sad.

But I want my people to know nothing of that.
Tell them only that after seven years' wandering
My heart is growing peaceful again
And my face bright with looking toward my home;
And that the army is my refuge,
Where I'm happy and content.

Tell them too that on my first furlough
I'll be returning to them in the old house.
Returning! returning!—
There's in that word something beautiful
To me now!

But my young laughter is returning in silence,
And my fierce waywardness is returning in sorrow—
Tenderly to the mother who thought
She would see her son no more.

UNSEEING THE SEEN

Joseph Quinn, Carney's Point

I was a chemical worker in a powder factory,
Sometimes even cutting the powder myself,
In preparation for other people to shoot it.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

But now I've enlisted for the army,
Wanting to do my duty, I suppose,
And shoot it myself.

And then—I'll tell you—
I want to forget a few things about women,
But haven't yet discovered the formula.
The harder I hunt the more I remember,
And the more I pretend indifference
The crazier is my madness.

When I told the recruiting officers I was not married,
I meant it in the sight of God,
For I knew they couldn't see as God sees.
I'm not living with my wife at any rate;
Another fellow is, and I'm going to war.

How well I remember the long kiss in the dark,
That made her mine!
Something I would and wouldn't forget!
Oh, well—it's easy to be chaste when you're old,
And to say what you think's best to be done:
But virgins won't go to virgins for advice;
And so we all live and learn,
And agree at last, it may be,
With the scrupulosity of the passionless.

Yet after all why should I care?
It's only that I can't help caring—that's all.

Arthur D. Rees

The finest moments of life anyway
Are moments of some intoxication,
And each mouth must drink from its own goblet,
Be it even the cup of wrath.

All battles are for the beauty of women!
Falling into love, flying into passion—
This invaded Belgium;
And nuptial fires kindled the flames of Louvain.

THE MELANCHOLY PLAINT OF THE RUSSIAN SONG

Ilya Vladimir, Pennsylvania

I was born in Russia, but I am fighting for this land,
Because I make my living here—
Yet saving none of it.
In my merry moods my motto is,
Keep money coming and going—
Then you'll always have some.
Many people's money is mouldy.

But in other moods I forget about that,
For I'm always looking across the seas
To the Russian plains, and longing
For the broad flood of the Mother Volga river,
And the gloomy forests of Smolensk.
I can see the lynxes fighting
With the falcons there,

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

And even hear the ravens croaking at night
As they divide the dead.

My mother I left there, and my sister;
My mother weeping as a river runs—
For that's how we sing it in our old songs—
And my sister weeping as a streamlet flows;
Their tears falling like the tender dew
Upon the willow bushes and the moss.

They don't know where I am now,
Yet I can almost hear them singing of me,
As in our ancient poem:
"Thou bringst, O Sun, thy warmth and joy to all—
Where doth thy burning beam on Ilya fall?
And hast thou in the desert dried his bow,
With sorrow sealed his quiver, and with woe?"
And I can almost see them wandering everywhere for grief:
Into the forests of dark oak,
Where Sorrow cuts them like an axe;
Into the fields where it mows them like a scythe,
And into a damp earth grave
That Sorrow, like a spade, has dug for them
Among the weeds, the beggars and the blind.

I hope none of this is true,—
But I don't know!

Arthur D. Rees

AMERICA

She is young and beautiful—my country—
Mother of many children.

Years ago,

A slim girl running on sea sand,
She heard Niagara shouting the message of mountains,
And the great lakes singing softly
Of prairies that swing in the wind.
How could she stay, keeping soft and white her rich and
powerful hands?

She rose and walked like the sun into the west:
Sowing, reaping, felling the forests,
Digging out coal and iron and gold from the hills.

Onward, outward—

Past rivers like a sea,
And mountains that snowily, secretly, kiss the moon—
Out to shining Arizona athirst in the sun
And Oregon shaggy with firs by her northern ocean,
Whom the silver Sierras link together forever.

And she gathered the children of many races into her arms,
And said, "Hate dies here—be brothers."
She lifted the humble to the high place,
And the proud she rebuked with a laugh.

At ease in her strength she lay dreaming
When the heat of the day was done.
But suddenly—far away—

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Out of the thick black night, out of the past,
Came the terrible booming of guns,
The tramp of armies marching over fallen towers,
Over cottages collapsing into dust.
And through the iron clamor she heard agony calling—
The bitter cries of children starved and driven,
Of young girls ravished,
Of boys ripped open on the trench-strung field;
And the dull groans of the old
Prodded from the flaming door.

Once more the incredible thing—
The tyrant gorged and ruthless
Spitting red war in the face of the world!
Once more Freedom at bay—threatened, defiant—
Calling her chosen,
Lifting her rainbow-colored flags to the sun!

My country,
Beautiful and strong,
Startled, slowly arising,
Hearing at last the insult,
Feeling the crimson mist in her eyes,
My country stood up tall to the height of the world—
Straight and tall,
From the blue Caribbean at her feet
To her coronal of islands
Strung from the Arctic sea.
And she summoned her states,

Harriet Monroe

And breathed in their ears the iron vow of war—
War to the end, to the death, war to the life,
War of the free, for the free, till the world is freed.

She gathered her armies,
Her millions of sons,
And loosed them like flakes of snow to the storm,
Bidding them cover and smother and put out forever
The abysmal abominable fires.
In massive drifts she hurled them,
Over land and sea and through blue trails of air—
Crystal souls of youth,
That seized the sun in a flash
And flung it to whatever eye would see,
Spending, giving their light, lest it be put out in the wind.
She bade them move innumerable, mass on mass,
To smother and quench forever the infernal fires,
And nourish the new spring—
The flower-fringed hope of the world.

O my country,
Seeker of freedom,
How shall she pause in the ways of peace or war
On her long march toward the far-off invisible goal—
The city of white towers,
The city of love,
Where the nations of the earth shall meet in joy together,
And the souls of men shall be free!

Harriet Monroe

LA NEIGE A POUGHKEEPSIE

Lorsque la tourmente eut vêtu
Chaque toit d'un glaçon pointu,
Couvert chaque route de neige,
Poughkeepsie avait hier, comme par sortilège,
Transformé sa grisaille en de fraîches clartés.
La neige est couleur de gâité!
Le ciel est gris, la terre est blanche,
Sous l'avalanche.

L'endroit dont je veux vous parler
N'est point bati pour s'exiler.
L'ennui s'y trouve en étalage—
C'est plus froid qu'une ville et moins beau qu'un village ;
Mais sous les fleurs d'hiver Poughkeepsie a souri—
La neige avait partout fleuri!
Le ciel est gris, la terre est blanche,
Sous l'avalanche.

Quittant son air morne et banal,
Poughkeepsie en costume hivernal
Prend la grace d'une bourgeoise
En sa robe de mariée! Elle apprivoise
Le voyageur qui passe, et sur ses froids chemins
La neige a tracé des jardins!
Le ciel est gris, la terre est blanche,
Sous l'avalanche.

Lysiane Bernhardt

Le champ se confond aux chemins,
Et chaque plaine sans confins
Est une steppe en robe claire.
"On n'entend plus marcher les vivants sur la terre,"
Souffle un mort à son frère; "il doit neiger là-haut!"
La neige a donné son assaut!
Le ciel est gris, la terre est blanche,
Sous l'avalanche.

Décembre est triste à ce qu'on dit;
Mais quand la neige respandit,
Et, changeant les pierres en marbre,
D'une maison fait un palais, et quand chaque arbre
Porte une floraison, riez, gosses et gens,
La neige est un autre printemps!
Le ciel est gris, la terre est blanche,
Sous l'avalanche.

Lysiane Bernhardt

THE GARDEN OF THE WEST

(The Jackal is the only animal that ventures into the Desert. The ancient Egyptians believed that every person had a soul in the form of some animal, a creature within the creature. At death the soul was released, and was escorted across the Desert by the Jackal to a mysterious Heaven called the Garden of the West.)

A Butterfly. We leave the yellow palms behind,
The yellow-green date-palms that stand
At the borders of the land.
There are no talking leaves out here.
The desert way is blind to me—
Will the white sand be kind to me?
What is it that I fear
As I leave the palms behind?

The Jackal. The sand is neither cruel nor kind.
I count the toll, I count the toll—
Here a soul and there a soul.
Day and night, night and day,
Over the white, silent way,
To and fro
I go,
Without rest,
From the Fountain of the Nile,
To the Garden of the West.

The Butterfly. I played with flowers yesterday—
Are there no flowers by the way?
Is the Desert never stained

With pomegranate petals, rained
To the sand by some light wind
Sweet with peach or tamerind?
We leave the singing boys behind—
Their songs were kind.
Jackal, Jackal, what shall I find?

The Jackal. There was singing yesterday,
And tomorrow boys will sing;
But today you and I
Will not hear anything.
There is lotus by the Nile,
Stranger flowers in the West,
But the way between is not
Adorned for any guest.
You will find no songs nor flowers nor rest.

The Butterfly. Jackal, Jackal, when we reach
The Garden's lovely gate,
Will there be one to welcome us
With honey delicate?
With flower wine and pollen dew,
Who will wait for me and you?

The Jackal. First there is the scent of it,
Faint—sweet—far.
There's a little wind that tells
Where the lemons are.
Birds that crossed the sand with me
Sing in a high silver tree.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The Butterfly. Jackal, Jackal, yesterday

I was a girl.

Last night I felt my wings

Suddenly unfurl.

Last night a butterfly

Saw a little girl die.

The Jackal. Over this white, silent way,

Day and night, night and day,

Souls are led by such as I,

All surprised that bodies die;

Every soul stirred to surprise,

When its body dies.

The Butterfly. Jackal, I was round and sweet.

I had small swift hands and feet,

And a high, silver voice,

Fit for little tinkling words,

Sweet as honey on fresh curds.

I was made to rejoice;

I was made for love, men said—

Brown of skin and eyes, with red

Parted lips; and I was fed

With love words that singing boys

Thought about me in their hearts.

I was skilled in those girl arts

That are piercing sweet. I had

All that makes boy glad.

The Jackal. Day and night, night and day,

Over this white, silent way,

Such as you and such as I
Still go by, still go by.
Milk child and beard of white,
Power and glory, faith and might,
Little love-girl such as you,
Trailing wings of gold and blue:
All go the way I know—
Sad, glad, eager, distressed,
From the Fountain of the Nile
To the Garden of the West.

The Butterfly. Jackal, Jackal, he sang to me,
He touched me tenderly.
He brought me lilies wet with rain,
White lilies without any stain
Of color on their loveliness,
Their perfume a caress.
The singing boys seemed far away
That day.
I did not hear the birds, nor see
The people go by me.
I only knew
A mist of tears, with his face
Shining through.

The Jackal. Day by day and year by year
Tales like this I hear.
To every soul its bitterness
Seems like loneliness.
To every soul love is shown

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Standing alone.
Every love seems to be
Unlike love's great company.
"Never was love like mine!" they say,
Day and night, night and day.

The Butterfly. Jackal, I was slim and straight,
With little round breasts delicate,
Throat curved like a crescent moon,
Bud that would be flower soon.
Warm and quick pulses were mine—
I was like a draught of wine
Lifted to his thirsty mouth!—
Like a soft wind from the South
Touching him caressingly,
Wrapping him about, when he
Saw a singing boy go by
Silently,
With his lute unstrung, at rest,
And a lily on his breast.

The Jackal. The days go by, the days go by,
The same sun crosses the same blue sky,
The same stars shine in the depth above,
And men still dream of undying love.

The Butterfly. Jackal, it was a little thing!
The boy said he could no longer sing.
He showed me his lute, unstrung, at rest,
And I gave him a lily to wear at his breast.

The Jackal. The days go by, the days go by,
And still there are gardens sweet with bloom,
Lovers vow and lovers die,
Tomorrow's lovers stir in the womb.

The Butterfly. Jackal, Jackal, I saw his face—
It was strange to me.
Then I saw a shining knife
Flash suddenly.
I felt my wings of blue and gold
Unfold—unfold.

The Jackal. First there is the scent of it—
Camphor and myrrh,
Cinnamon and cedar
And heavy juniper.
Then there is the sound of it,
Flute and canzonet.
They who reach the Garden
Soon forget.

The Butterfly. Jackal, Jackal, how do you know
That souls forget?
You come and go at the Garden's gate,
But have you entered yet?

The Jackal. A soul-less thing am I,
That cannot die.
The gate is shut to me
Eternally.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

But there is a bird that sings
In the silver tree—
A red bird like a jewel set
In a filagree
Of little, shining leaves—
And he sings to me:

*Come with your souls, for here await
All garden joys primordiate.
The wind comes over a deep blue pool,
It is never too warm, it is never too cool,
The roses are never open wide,
And no one knows that he has died.*

*He who comes through the garden's gate,
Is never afraid or desolate.
On little paths and wind and wind
He shall unwearied pleasures find.
He shall know beauty's last secret,
And he shall forget, he shall forget!*

*Come with your souls, there is no fate
That death shall not alleviate.
I am the Voice that calls to men—
Deep in their hearts they hear me when
I sit and sing in the silver tree,
"You were not and you shall not be!"*

The Butterfly. Jackal, Jackal, I would not go!—
I would remember, I would know

When he comes over the still white way
That you and I have come today.
Jackal, Jackal, let me wait
And watch for him at the Garden's gate.

The Jackal. Day by day and year by year
Prayers like this I hear.
Every soul would wait to say
Some last word about yesterday.
Every soul, if it could,
Would be better understood.

The Butterfly. Jackal, what is the scent that comes—
Breath of flowers and fragrant gums?
Jackal, what is the song I hear,
So piercing high and clear?
Jackal, Jackal, I see
A shining, silver tree!

The Jackal. Your wings are trembling,
Gold and blue thing.
They flutter and unfold,
Blue and gold.
You saw a girl die,
Butterfly.
I may not rest
In the Garden of the West.
The way across the Desert
I have shown—
Now I go back alone!

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

COMMENT

CHRISTMAS INDEED

THE signs swing high for a Christmas of deeper joy than this country has known since the abolition of slavery, or than the elder world has known since the *Marseillaise* was first sung in Paris. It will be a joy sanctified by the sorrows of sacrifice, and deepened by a hope which must persist through whatever disorders delay its fruition.

For, looking back over the mortal hazards of the past four years, one can find no earlier moment so indulgent to the world's hope of a new era, an era of freedom and fulfilment for the oppressed peoples of the earth. The mediæval craft of feudalism—with its autocrat-commanders, its crew of super-slaves, its guns of force and murder, its camouflage of pseudo-scientific efficiency—has been rammed, smashed to scrap and splinters, by that trim, slim, powerful modern destroyer, the armed will-to-freedom of the democratic nations. At no earlier moment of these sanguinary four years and four months could the end of the war have brought such confidence that this deed had been completely done.

"Wars have a way of deciding things," said a wise friend in the chaos of the first upheaval, when war seemed to most of us nothing but obliteration and destruction—an impossible absurdity, an anachronism. If this war decides that kings must go; that weak peoples, whether formed into states or not, shall be protected and encouraged instead of

coerced; that the nations shall gather together in closer brotherhood and rule their intercourse by the moral law: then it will be worth all it has cost in precious lives and heaped-up treasure, in ruin and agony and desolation. If its flaming night lead us to such a dawn, we must rejoice on Christmas day, lift our hearts high above their sorrows.

Rejoice, but not forget. Rejoice, but not relax. The spiritual discipline which has brought the world to a point of high resolve, has but begun if the new purposes are to be achieved. Great leaders are needed as never before for the huge international task; and powerful crowds to follow them and achieve it. It may be that the hardest fight is before us, for now the foe is not armed and uniformed, set out in battle array with noisy guns and grenades; but secret, silent, insidious, in our own ranks, even in our own hearts.

We have need of all the constructive forces for the re-making of the world. And foremost of the constructive forces, especially the getting-together forces, are the arts. The arts, even the language-arts, are universal; they unite the peoples of the earth. If there is to be, either actually or spiritually, a league of nations, the arts of the different nations must be developed and encouraged toward expressiveness and mutual understanding.

In this country, peopled by all the races of the earth, we have the greatest opportunity for international sympathies ever offered to a powerful nation. We were all deeply moved last month when the Czecho-Slovaks met in Inde-

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

pendence Hall and signed their declaration of independence on the table sacred to our own. But unless we feel the meaning of this symbol, unless we comprehend the ideals of these resurrected states now struggling each for its place and flag, we shall lose the affection and gratitude which they accord us now. From these races should come deep enrichment to American intellectual and artistic life; but rather if we accept what they bring us, if we encourage their separate racial individualities, than if we try to make them over to the prevailing Anglo-Saxon pattern.

This magazine's experience may serve as a hint and prophecy of that enrichment. Last month two of our three prizes went to immigrants from Syria and Italy, and during the past six years of our history many races have been represented in *POETRY*, either by poems written in English by citizens or residents of foreign birth, or by translations, adaptations, interpretations from their literature and folklore. Not only France, Italy and Belgium have been brought nearer to us in this way, but also nations more remote—Russia, Serbia, the Ukraine, Roumania, Syria, Armenia, China, Japan, Bengal; as well as a few nearer home—Peru, Nicaragua, and certain of our own aboriginal tribes. All this beauty and racial sincerity should be preserved, not destroyed; loved and cherished, not ignored. We of these United States possess the nucleus of an enlightened internationalism.

On that vivid and romantic Thursday, the seventh of November, when the cosmopolite crowds of our cities took

Christmas Indeed

in their own hands, prematurely but with spontaneous rapture, the celebration of the end of the war, one truth was borne in upon me through the paper snow-storm, the gaudy improvised processions, the chorus of laughter and tooting and yells, the flicker and flutter of ten million flags of the many allied nations—all that wild irresistible drama of joy—the truth that we, *e pluribus unum*, are already a union of many races, that we have slipped far away from the Puritan tradition, from the Anglo-Saxon genealogical tree; and that there is no reason why we should not become as freely and multitudinously expressive as a forest of many kinds of trees shaking their innumerable leaves in the wind.

H. M.

TRIBUTE TO JOYCE KILMER

As friend of an earlier time

If my tribute is tardy, at least my friendliness is not—I am informed of Joyce Kilmer's virtues by at least an intimacy of probably ten years' earlier knowledge of his charms. I hold him among the quiet lovers of the earth, for Joyce without love would not be Joyce. No term could have fitted him then better than "dear Joyce," and I see no reason for the change even though I did not see him for several years before his sudden departure. Joyce was dear to anyone who had the qualities of endearment, and the understanding. He had the quiet way of being genuine. His fervors, as I knew him, were chiefly for

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

poetry then; and if I am not wrong, he enlarged them to include the larger, to him at least, aspects of religion. I shall want to believe in his then rumored conversion to the catholic faith after a reading of *The Hound of Heaven*, because, as I have said, he had the heart to adore and the will to worship. He was naturally "there" in his convictions, and that poem by so great and so genuine a poet would certainly have moved him strongly on the way, as it is certain to move anyone who has the gift for getting poetry—even without the ecstatic uplift, the frantical pursuit involved in the theme. The bravery of Joyce was not and could not have been boisterous; it was strong in its simplicity and its reality. He had the faith in beauty which showed him the way to his heroisms. He was not sham ever. Setting aside the whether-or-no of his greatness as an artist in poetry, it is safe to assume that he is entirely worthy of association among the poets who have died for the cause at hand, as well as the many of the good ones among the living who are at least devoted, however silently, however openly, to the idealism inherent in it. Some may speak, and some may act, and some may wish to speak and act. Joyce was a simple actor, without affectation, without histrionic gesture. His acting would be just the "doing"; his death proves that. He did what he could in an unoffending way. He had intelligence of a fine order to contribute, and he (and I do not see how he could have changed from the sure indications of our esthetic youth, and his younger manhood) had only the wish to fulfil the

Tribute to Joyce Kilmer

mission of beauty conferred upon him through talent, and it may be real genius; which was the business of heroism. His sense of command could only have been equal to his quality to obey. He obeyed the laws of poetry so well in their significance, that he must splendidly have shown his gifts as soldier for the laws he so ardently wished to serve.

I speak across the years in his behalf as almost boy, for though I was then a little older, we were on very common terms of friendship, with a very special interest in things poetic. He loved the simplest things then, because he was himself among them perhaps the simplest; so easy to understand for his unmistakable humanisms, both as poet and as man. It was the period of *The Summer of Love*—first book I think, and full of first book's ardors and preferences. I never thought of Joyce as "bright" in the cheap sense of sophistication in books. I never even thought of him as so "clubby" as the list of names of the societies to which he belonged now indicates. I never thought anything about him really, because there was enough to think of him, a warm gentleness, insuperable boyish faith in things worthy of faith, and a gift for the quieter intimacies of two or several loving the same thing, which was more apt then to be poetry than any other special thing. Being the more unobtrusive radical in my esthetic tastes, I never really knew just how much we got together in matters of art, for I seldom have that kind of factitious relationships with anyone. In the sense of association of differences of

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

tastes, I was something essentially on the outside with Joyce Kilmer. We respected each other in the manner of friends for these probable differences. I never came together in the same sets, as an ambitious person. I saw him out of hours, so to speak. If I did not care so much for his poetic company, it was so slight a difference that I never considered it important. I am not of Joyce's camp now, poetically speaking, and yet I know the quality to be genuine in him, and will leave assertion to those who want to stretch claims for dead men. It is for me a sadness, the wish to overstate one's case in the hour of sympathy. I myself would never say "great" about anyone or anything until I could be sure of it; but it is easy to say genuine, because it is true.

Joyce Kilmer is, I think, just as good as Brooke and Seeger one way or the other. These men will live not by the wondrous achievement that is claimed for them, but by the fixed ardor that was in them for the ideals of poetry. It is best to set aside affectations, even in the presence of personal privation. And if you knew Joyce Kilmer you would surely say something is missing from our so obvious earth. If there is a sure state of heaven and a certainty of continuity in that place, I am willing to believe that Joyce is there, just for the cleanliness and the sincerity of him. If he prayed, I am sure he prayed; as when he smiled or confided there was no mistaking these attitudes in him. He had a fine fund of laughter in his eyes alone, and made your moment rich with an affluence

Tribute to Joyce Kilmer

of genuine warmth. He looked at you, his qualities. My addresses to him in person, though they shall never reach him in the ways we think we may reach those who are endeared to us and who by strange evidences are "not here," will somehow strike their note. I am quite on the outer circle of this eternal event, geographically speaking, but it does not prevent me from raising an old-time voice in praise of the first years of knowing Joyce Kilmer, and I say "dear Joyce" now to him as I have frequently written it to him from the Maine woods where then the *Summer of Love* came as sentimental tribute to a something that made us glad to know each other. And so it is, and shall remain forever "dear Joyce" for me; not Joyce as the latest among heroes, not Joyce as the least or the greatest among poets, but simply Joyce, a fine thing living in a fine quiet way.

Dear Joyce, I salute you with a faithful heart. You have always held the old place in my perhaps seemingly so vague, and some might even say so "vagrant," esteem. I do not ever lose or discard essences, Joyce; I retain the flavors of those entities that were ever rich to my sense, and you are most certainly among them. How fine must be the faith in renewals and recoveries! What a brightness it would lend to the swift going of such as you, who made us somehow fond of them, who knew the deeper shades of friendship. The beauties of death and heroism are not for the conspicuous alone; they are not merely for men with a name. We must confer them upon the multitudes of the

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

nameless, if only that they are men, or boys, with a strange and certain feeling in them of an intangible something sublime in the pursuance of the office or charge entrusted them. The singer may sing of such beauties, but the voiceless leave no clue, excepting the very certainty of their humanisms, and the somehow inevitable pride in sacrifice. They are among the many who smiled, the smile that is in itself among the deathless victories. Joyce was one who smiled for the world, unstintedly; he literally had the heart for smiling. It was the cherished inevitability of him as a person; fine, and distinguished in this fineness. It is best to remember what we have and not what we lose. If you had Joyce however slightly, or however intimately as friend, you had a something genuine, and it did not fail of its sure yet simple confidence, and you had his presence to remember.

I want to remember you ardently at this hour, dear Joyce. A pretty piece of symbolism that you should have belonged to the "Rainbow Division"; surely you should be at home in that company with all your ardors and faiths to pour. You are, I am certain, captain in it now.

Marsden Hartley

REVIEWS

CARL SANDBURG'S NEW BOOK

Cornhuskers, by Carl Sandburg. Henry Holt & Co.

Recently, I overheard two stenographers attack the meaning of the line, "My country, 'tis of thee"—offspring of *God Save the King*. They couldn't arrive at the sense, if any, of the phrase, "'tis of thee," until one of the girls settled dispute and eavesdropper by concluding: "It's poetry—and poetry always sounds wrong."

Cornhuskers never sounds wrong. It's true of the man and to the man who set it down. Every man who does this is contributing a new form to art. Such a man is a maker, deserving of the rare name, poet. I can't imagine Sandburg deliberately sitting down in studio apparel, subjecting a mood to a traditional form, inventing nice even lines and capping them with nice even rhymes. I can imagine him hiking along, down a smelly old alley, suddenly smitten with a mood, like a blow between the eyes. I can see him sticking a Pittsburg stogie into his mouth—fire and smoke in a corner of his head, a stub in one hand, moth-eaten note-book in the other—his heart haunted, eyes haunted, hands haunted, all of him haunted by the mood, and all of him concentrated into trying to get the pesky thing down, lest the pesky thing get him down. Then he slinks home, tries it in the crucible of self-criticism, or tailors it a little, sews on the buttons, surveys himself in it, and it in himself, and—mood and form as like as twins

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

—descends upon his family, and then into the open outside world. And along the Loop, at the Chin-chin-chow Club, up and down the Michigan Bull, the cry runs, not "Unto us a poem is born," but "Unto us a Sandburg." I can't imagine Sandburg sitting down to a theory. The theory comes after, as it did with Whitman. To recall an old axiom, "There is no ought in art," and to revise it somewhat—none except the ought which is enslaved by and enslaves the particular mood, adventure, tale of the individual, *per se*, who is himself, and not any other individual in the world that is, was or will be. Sandburg is such a fellow.

There are influences, yes. Something of the Whitman who loved to catalogue people and places; something of that imagism which has reduced expression to an irreducible minimum; something of the O. Henry who loved the colloquial America—or the American language, as distinguished from the English; something of the homely outlook and gesture of that other Illinoisian, Lincoln. But below and above and around these influences, and above and below and around the major Sandburg, apart from them—life. Something of himself, something of the self outside, of the particular imagination embodying the particular adventuring; something of those other selves, the other fellow, mountains, plains, cities, civilization, barbarism; something of passion, love, observation, humor, irony; something of hate, the weapon of love. Each plays its phrase in the tune that is Sandburg.

The book is divided into five groups: *Cornhuskers*, *Persons Half Known*, *Leather Leggings*, *Haunts and Shenandoah*. *Prairie*, the long opening poem, is composed of glorious patches and irreconcilable bits of journalese. I feel the same enthusiasm and doubt in connection with the other long poems, *The Four Brothers*, and *Potato-blossom Songs and Jigs*. Sandburg is essentially a lyrist, and the lyricism of these three chants is sporadically interrupted. Of this, however, the poet himself is conscious when he says in *Potato-blossom*:

The story lags.

The story has no connections.

The story is nothing but a lot of plinka planka plunks.

And in the final line: "Let Romance stutter to the western stars! Excuse . . . me . . ." Otherwise, what a coon song and dance it is! I'd like to hear Bert Williams chant it, and Walker—alas, if he were only alive!—cake-walk it with his wife, Ada Walker. Maybe they'll do it in nigger-heaven, where it belongs.

River Roads introduces Sandburg's varied use of the device of repetition, *Prairie Waters by Night* his unflinching and precise marriage of sensations of eye and ear, *Early Moon* his immense devotion to mysticism in a translation of the past into terms of the future—a phase re-echoed in *Falltime*: "Is there something finished? And some new beginning on the way?" and again in the wonder-breathing chant, *Caboose Thoughts*, with its colloquial opening: "It's going to come out all right—do you know?" marching erect all the way to the colloquial close: "They get along

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

—and we'll get along." The Sandburg heaven is nothing but the common street seen upside down. It's a place where the Lord isn't even a president, but a sort of composite of his own kin of earth folk and earth things. The imagistic poem, *Loam*, concentrates this thought in three memorable stanzas—or should I say paragraphs?

Wilderness is a remarkable presentation of many-sided selfhood, with a zoo as symbol; Sandburg's self-confessed animals being, wolf, fox, hog, fish, baboon, eagle and mocking-bird. Folk who grow soft with horror in the presence of egoism won't find this blast nice. Individualists will frame it over their beds, lest they forget the refrain, "I came from the wilderness"; and its visionary twin, "I am a pal of the world." In immediate contrast, comes *Chicago Poet*: "I saluted a nobody—I saw him in a looking glass." An egoist knows himself so heartily and well that he, and no other like him, has your true humility, with its appreciation of his proportionately small stature in the measurement of distances between earth and sky. Further "persons half known" include Nancy Hanks, Inez Milholland, Adelaide Crapsey, Don Magregor, Bilbea, "Southern Pacific" Huntington and "Southern Pacific" Blithery, a washwoman, some bull frogs, Buffalo Bill, Jazbo the singing nigger, and finally Child Janet and Child Margaret, the two Sandburgians to whom the book is dedicated. The songs hobnob with a rogue's gallery of moods, in which the poet himself is one of the jail-bird cronies. In *Chicago Poet*, he steps out of his cell for a sunny morning with his kind,

and in *Jazbo*, he goes back to his cell to the tune of, "I went away asking where I came from."

Leather Leggings shows man in his multifarious mad activity making "the ball of earth—a small thing." It is the history of science reduced to a poem. The same adventure arises out of *Prayers of Steel*, from "Lay me on an anvil, O God," up to "Let me be the great nail holding a skyscraper through blue nights into white stars." The first group is the America of open spaces, this third group the America of cities. It is felt by an American, partly a Swede, and expressed in the American language, partly English; such is the inference and effort as told in *Jabberers*, "I rise out of the depths with my language." *Interior* is after the manner of William Carlos Williams, so Sandburg delights in confessing. It's a manner worth examining. The title—*Psalm of Those who Go Forth before Daylight*—explains itself. There are slants at many towns: Keokuk, Buffalo, the Springfield of Lincoln and Lindsay, Joliet, Natchez, New Orleans. *Testament*, reminiscent of Robert Carlton Brown, closes the group. It is cheerily addressed to "undertakers, the nanny and billy goats, the blue smoke of flowers and the dirty-fisted children" who'll have the disposal of Sandburg's remains in their keeping.

The fourth group, *Haunts*, is quietly and mellifluously a love group. The tone of the series is epitomized in the line: "To-day, let me be mono-syllabic . . . a crony of old men who wash sunlight in their fingers and enjoy slow-pacing clocks." *Mammy Hums*, concerning "the right

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

shoulder of a strong man I lean on"—with the underlying motive throughout, "Then the face of sleep must be the one face you were looking for"—is as beautiful a thing as "free verse" has ever contributed to poetry; unless you prefer *Handfuls*, a cameo of "baby-red gamblers" drifting on to "gray gamblers, handfuls again." The war group, *Shenandoah*, doesn't stand up to the other group. It is permeated for the most part with propoganda for propoganda's sake—a fault with Sandburg much more prominent in *Chicago Poems* than in *Cornhuskers*. However, *Old Timers* and the brutal *Gargoyle* are authentic as art. And the last speech in *Grass*—"I am the grass, let me work"—unconsciously prophesies the Sandburg song coming up through the soil of the future, when average poets and poetic controversy are laid away, and Carl Sandburg is laid away.

There are certain well-intentioned mortals who, as soon as they hear the mere name, poetry, quake at the knees, crumple up, grovel, and then indulge in a whole category of spasms to the tune of that monstrosity, idol-worship. There's nothing that I personally detest more than such eye-sores. They are priest and congregation of every institution and gathering where Art and Uplift are synonymous. Fellows like Sandburg—there are a number of them over here now—don't belong to such devotional conclaves. Sandburg lives on the level. If he has dealings with poetry he has them on the ground common to both, as to trees, rocks and streams. Whether it's a slugging or wrestling match they engage in, an old-fashioned foot-race, or whimsi-

cal dance, you'll find their four arms in a clinch. Any lofty lady-like pirouetting on her part, any silk-hat doffing on his—are strictly taboo. Such customs belong to the limbo of lies and hypocrisy. Whitman kicked the first of them thither; fellows like Sandburg are gradually booting the remainder. I advise anybody who is disturbed by this non-pretty theory to attend a prize-fight. That's the game—something more than a boxing contest—a man undertakes with art.

Not long ago, I was hunting about an obscure Massachusetts village in search of the lair of a certain reputable man-poet. There was no postoffice to guide me, not even a general store. Fine haven for a recluse—I thought. Sundry small boys, stray cats and dogs, couldn't direct me to him. A battered looking old gentleman of the New England of yesterday finally volunteered: "You ask them men a-huskin' corn—they'll tell you where he lives." And they did. Well, the first thing I saw on the table of this man-poet—Robert Frost, by the way—was a copy of Sandburg's *Cornhuskers*. Does the coincidence require commentary?

Alfred Kreyborg

STEPHENS AS ELEGIST AND ANTHOLOGIST

Green Branches and Reincarnations, by James Stephens.
Macmillan Co.

When Mr. Stephens is writing as an Englishman writes, is it not true that one misses what is perhaps most distinctive—James Stephens? His threnodies, *The Autumn in*

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Ireland 1915 and *The Spring in Ireland 1916*, although very lovely, with a familiar loveliness of phrase and texture—something that no one who cares for the classic tradition of English verse can fail to appreciate—yet do not out Lycidas *Lycidas*. One wishes somehow that Mr. Stephens had given his grief expression in his own words, or in what one would imagine might have been his own words if he had not accepted the solace of this high-lineaged English elegiac mode. This is not said for the sake of being captious, or because one is incapable of appreciating classic values, or because one wishes a poet to fiddle forever on one string. It is simply that one wonders what Mr. Stephens would have written if he had not perhaps felt that he must write something to stack-up with *Lycidas*, *Adonais*, *Thyrsus*, or *The Scholar Gypsy*. If Mr. Stephens wanted a model, would not *Clann Cartie*, from *Reincarnations*, have been a better one?

O Wave of Cliona, cease thy bellowing,
And let mine ears forget a while to ring
At thy long, lamentable misery!
The great are dead indeed, the great are dead;
And I in little time will stoop my head
And put it under, and will be forgot
With them, and be with them, and thus be not.
Ease thee, cease thy long keening, cry no more:
End is, and here is end, and end is sore

This passage is the beginning of *The Autumn in Ireland 1915*:

It may be on a quiet mountain-top,
Or in a valley folded among hills
You take your path, and often you will stop

Stephens as Elegist and Anthologist

To hear the pleasant chatter of the rills,
The piping of a wind in branches green,
The murmuring of widely-lifted spray
As long boughs swing
And hear the twittering
Of drowsy birds when the great sun is seen
Climbing the steep horizon to the day.

Reincarnations is a book of translations, or rather adaptations, from Irish writers of from one hundred to three hundred years ago—Keating, O'Bruidair, O'Rahilly, Rafferty and others. The poems number about thirty, and in them the poets sing chiefly of such eternal themes as love, the beauty of woman, old times gone, and the poet's poverty—very much indeed of the poet's poverty. Apropos of the fact that poetry is now classed as an essential industry—although nothing is said of a minimum wage for poets!—it is perhaps pertinent to quote this from *The Apology*:

Often enough I trudge by hedge and wall.
Too often there's no money in my purse,
Nor malice in my mind ever at all.
And for my songs no person is the worse
But I who give all of my store to all.

If busybody spoke to you of it,
Say, kindly man, if kindly man do live,
The poet only takes his sup and bit;
And say, It is no great return to give
For his unstinted gift of verse and wit.

Mr. Stephens says in his *Note*, which is really a preface although inconspicuously placed at the back of the book—an undemagogical proceeding which one wishes more poets would follow: "They all sing of their poverty: Keating as a fact to be recorded among other facts, O'Rahilly in a

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

very stately and bitter complaint, and Raftery as in" [the familiar "Behold me now, with my back to the wall, playing music to empty pockets"]; "but O'Bruadair lets out of him an unending, rebellious bawl which would be the most desolating utterance ever made by man if it was not also the most gleeful."

Here is O'Bruadair's *Righteous Anger*:

The lanky hank of a she in the inn over there
Nearly killed me for asking the loan of a glass of beer:
May the devil grip the whey-faced slut by the hair,
And beat bad manners out of her skin for a year!

That parboiled imp, with hardest jaw you will see
On virtue's path, and a voice that would rasp the dead,
Came roaring and raging the minute she looked at me,
And threw me out of the house on the back of my head!

If I asked her master he'd give me a cask a day;
But she, with the beer at hand, not a gill would arrange!
May she marry a ghost and bear him a kitten, and may
The High King of Glory permit her to get the mange.

This has an eloquence that ought to console any poet for the lack of a more cumbersome endorsement of this world's goods. At least the poet has what others have not, he has his vision; and if he is twice-blessed, as these Irish poets are, he has his wit. And certainly James Stephens is twice-blessed in this respect! *Reincarnations* is a book for poets. There is much in it that they will most appreciate. One would like to quote some of the poems in praise of women, *Nancy Walsh*, or *Mary Hynes* from Raftery; and *Sean O'Cosgair* is a remarkable little poem about a young man who was drowned. But the best thing after all is to own the small book for oneself.

A. C. H.

IN THE IRISH MODE

My Ireland—Songs and Simple Rhymes, by Francis Carlin.
Henry Holt & Co.

If about half of the poems in this book were omitted, the reading would be more of a pleasure; the task of searching for the really excellent poems should not be imposed upon the reader. Mr. Carlin has a natural facility for rhymed verse, or rather for rhymed song. Much of his work is good, much only passable, and a small number of the poems are exceptional. Among the latter may be mentioned: *The Little House*, *The Virgin's Slumber Song*, *Unknown*, *My Neighbor*, *The Scotstown Visitor*, *The Three Songs*, *Keimaneigh*, *Maureen Oge*, *The Field of the Fort*; the ballads *MacSweeney the Rhymer*, *The Ballad of the Mother's Revenge*; the brief epigrams *The Cuckoo*, *Wine*, *Reflection* and *Sleep*.

Of course, as the title indicates, the poems are chiefly of Ireland and will therefore appeal especially to "the little clan" of those who are also of Ireland or devoted to the glamour of Celtic verse. But it must not be supposed that this is verse of the pseudo-Celtic school. It is, as I think, genuinely Irish and in what Thomas MacDonagh called the Irish mode: The ballads have the genuine folk or bardic quality, and only occasionally does one feel that the inspiration has not kept time with the beat of the song; as in *Gleann-na-smol*, which Burns would have done better, or in *The Dead Nun*, which makes one think regretfully of Wordsworth, perhaps all the more so because it is about

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Lucy! However, there is enough intrinsic beauty in the book to give Mr. Carlin a passport to a wider audience, if but this wider audience had been considered in the arrangement. In poems such as *The Little House* there is a delightful simplicity, all the more welcome after the undue emphasis placed upon the bizarre image by many young ultra-modern writers:

Bathing birds beneath a spout
Of mountain water screened about
With supple ferns and tufts of grass,
Are on the highway I would pass.

And little bows of colored foam
Arching mountain streams, that roam,
Beneath a bridge of stone and moss,
Are in the meadow I would cross.

But the little house where I would call
Has a ruined roof and a tumbled wall—
Beyond that streamy meadow's grass,
On the road that I shall never pass.

The last stanza of *Maureen Oge* has this simple expressive touch:

O Maureen Oge beyond the sea,
I wait not only with the rose;
For in the house where you should be
The walls are lonesome for your clothes.

One would like to quote more from the book if there were space. A. C. H.

FIRST BOOKS OF VERSE

Renascence and Other Poems, by Edna St. Vincent Millay.
Mitchell Kennerley.

Here is a very exceptional first book, a book which is achievement rather than promise. One would have to go back a long way in literary history to find a young lyric poet singing so freely and musically in such a big world. Almost we hear a thrush at dawn, discovering the ever-renewing splendor of the morning.

Renascence gave me the only thrill I received from Mr. Kennerley's 1912 anthology, *The Lyric Year*. It was so much the best poem in that collection that probably it's no wonder it didn't receive any one of the three prizes. Reading it once more, after six years' discipline in modern poetry, I am thrilled again. The surprise of youth over the universe, the emotion of youth at encountering inexplicable infinities—that is expressed in this poem, and it is a big thing to express. Moreover, it is expressed with a certain triumphant joy, the very mood of exultant youth; and the poet gets a certain freshness and variety into a measure often stilted. The poem is too compact for quotation—it should be read entire. Possibly its spiritual motive is summed up in the couplet:

God, I can push the grass apart
And lay my finger on Thy heart!

This poem is much the biggest thing in the book; indeed, one almost sighs with fear lest life, closing in on this poet as on so many others, may narrow her scope and vision.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

It requires a rare spiritual integrity to keep one's sense of infinity against the persistent daily intrusions of the world, the flesh and the devil; but only the poet who keeps it through the years can sing his grandest song.

But even without *Renascence* the book would be exceptional. Not so much for *Interim*, though its emotion is poignantly sincere and expressed without affectation, as for some of the briefer lyrics. Such songs as *Kin to Sorrow*, *Tavern*, *The Shroud*, are perfect of their very simple and delicate kind; and one or two of the sonnets are admirable—*Time does not Bring Relief* and *Bluebeard*. A few of the best songs were first printed in *POETRY*, though we find no acknowledgment of this fact in the book; (which, by the way—let me heap coals of fire on the publisher's head—is beautifully designed and printed.) Among the poems unfamiliar to our readers perhaps *God's World* is typical of the poet's mood and manner:

O world, I can not hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!
Thy mists, that roll and rise!
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with color! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, World, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this—
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart. Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year.
My soul is all but out of me—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

H. M.

Green Leaves, by Florence Ripley Mastin. James T. White & Co.

This book is a slight but delicate offering. A grave sincerity, and a technique simple, at its best, to the point of austerity, distinguish the revelation of penetrating, intimate feeling. The poet is not yet sure of herself or her method. One finds old-fashioned "poetic" artificialities—words like *lethèd*, *yea*, *perchance*, *give pause*, with *But oh* and *Quoth he* lines and over-wrought figures, especially in the latter half of the book. In the better poems, however, the emotion is carried without strain.

The first section, called *Indoors*, presents *The Teacher* and brief portraits of her grade-school pupils. Our readers will remember a few of the latter, especially the one of David, who failed, ending:

You will always fail—
You are too big to succeed
In the swift years before death.

From the *Outdoors* section a number of brief poems might be quoted if we had room—*A Manhattan Yard*, *Were One Wish Mine*, *Touch*, *A Girl's Thought*, or this, *The Reporter*:

In the March stillness
I heard a woodpecker—
Up the hill,
Near the blue painted sky.
He had captured all my news—
"Tap, tap," went his type-writer.

The third section, *Remembrance*, seems to come mostly from an earlier or poorer vintage. Ditto the fourth, a

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

group of war poems called *Bare Branches*, in most of which the poignant emotion of the moment gets poetized away.

On the whole, however, this is a promising first book.

H. M.

Etchings, by Robert Earl Barclay. Privately printed, Cambridge, Mass.

Here is a tiny book of tiny poems in free verse, poems which earn their title because they are well and simply drawn, without loose or straggling or unnecessary lines. The author is still under twenty—a boy-student in the U. S. N. Radio School of Harvard. But though he is in the war, his subjects are far from warlike; like the style they are of an extreme simplicity. So simple indeed are these little poems that it requires a second glance to discover that they have texture. The light shines through them and does not disdain to show their pattern, to reveal a certain quiet distinction of style. Here is one, for example, called *Spires*:

From the hill
I saw the spires of many churches;
But in the valley
I found them empty—
With here and there
A beggar
Resting on their porches.

One night, over a year ago, a young lad from Grand Rapids stalked over to see me through the snow, and read some promising but much too expansive poems. He had worked his way up from nothing in his native town—it was an exciting child-epic of studying and going to school while he earned money at paper-routing, lawn-mowing, any old

way, toiling and moiling all day long and half the night. And now he was working his way through the University of Chicago, and never for a moment doubting his goal.

Can there be any connection between that boy and this young radio-sailor-poet, between those poems so over-expansive and these so sharply drawn? H. M.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE DAY OF VICTORY

The following letter to the editor seems such a vivid picture of the mood of city crowds on that wonderful Monday, the eleventh of November, that we risk the author's wrath by publishing it:

Oh, why can't I just cry in the streets! I am so small and impotent, and the emotion is so big—a great, suffocating sweetness!

There are millions of paper-doves fluttering down from the tremendously, hugely happy skyscrapers.

The sun is in a frenzy to stretch its rays—hot silver—a little further than on the usual days.

New York is born, New York is wedding her people. Here are flags for a marriage-dress, here are thousands of paper-doves for rice.

Soon the crowds will forget that they were all poets today. They will cover it with the pall of misery in their houses. But we shall be here to make them remember.

This day is pay-day,
This day is millennium.
Beauty shall never
Die into nothingness—
It is a joy forever!

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Down here you would not see one ugly face. They are all beautiful. They look at the children in the middle of the street, and laugh.

The people are all doing crazy things; they are all loving, loving, loving!

It's not drunkenness—it's not! Someone is crying—someone is crying. The misery is not forgotten but it is being requited, and those who cry are thanking God.

If I were not so mad, so insane with my happiness, with the sense of our tremendous power, I'd believe in God—now! E. C.

A WORD OF PROTEST

We are in receipt of the following explanation from one of the editors of *The Chicago Anthology*:

Dear Editors: Referring, for Mr. Blanden and myself, to your recent review of *The Chicago Anthology*, I would remind A. C. H. that her two poems contained in our book were selected from copies of POETRY furnished by H. M. in A. C. H.'s absence. Since the latter, in furnishing us similarly with her own poems, assured us they represented some of her best work, we inferred that the same judgment applied to those by A. C. H. It would seem unfortunate that the worst poem she ever wrote appeared in a magazine of which she was and is associate editor.

It has never been decided whether poets are trustworthy judges of their own work. However, practically all our selections were made, in the case of living writers, from poems submitted by the poets themselves as representing their best work. The greater or lesser significance of certain poems is, of course, also a matter of individual taste. If A. C. H. will name those "major poets" which she implies are unrepresented in our book, we shall be glad to hear of them. The unwillingness of Mr. Masters to be included was a matter of regret to us. The reasons given were simple and frankly commercial.

If Mr. Jones, in his introduction, adopts a semi-apologetic tone anent the "conservative principles of selection," he also defends H. M. against the charge of ultra-modernism in her conduct of POETRY. If the compilers of *The Chicago Anthology* confess that

to them the tares as yet outweigh the wheat in modernist verse, they need scarcely accept the stigma of old-fogeyism. That more rigid principles of selection were applied to the new forms than to the old we do not deny, but the chronological scope of our work explains this.

Minna Mathison

NOTES

Four of the poets in this number are well known to our readers: Agnes Lee (Mrs. Otto Freer), of Chicago, is the author of *The Border of the Lake*, *The Sharing* (Sherman French & Co.), and also of translations of French poetry.

Miss Helen Hoyt, now once more a resident of Chicago, has contributed to most of the special magazines, as well as others of more general circulation.

Miss Louise Driscoll, of Catskill, N. Y., has contributed to various magazines. Four years ago she received a prize from POETRY for her one-act tragedy, *Metal Checks*, adjudged the best poem received in competition for our War Number of Nov., 1914.

Miss Monroe, the editor of this magazine, is the author of *You and I* (Macmillan Co.) and *The Passing Show*, modern plays in verse (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

The two poets new to our readers are:

Mr. Arthur D. Rees, of Philadelphia, author of three poetic dramas—*Columbus*, *William Tell* and *Give us Your Gods* (J. B. Lippincott Co.). Mr. Rees, having been in recruiting service, has made free-verse paraphrases of the stories told by some of the men on applying for enlistment. The five poems we print are selections from these.

Mlle. Lysiane Bernhardt, a young French actress and poet, has been touring the country this year in the company of her distinguished and heroic aunt, Sara Bernhardt.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

BOOKS RECEIVED

ORIGINAL VERSE:

- The Heart of a Woman and Other Poems*, by Georgia Douglas Johnson. Cornhill Co.
The Red Laugh, by Gervé Baronti. Cornhill Co.
The Modern Comedy and Other Poems, by O. R. Howard Thomson. Cornhill Co.
The Lover's Rosary, by Brookes More. Cornhill Co.
Light and Mist, by Katharine Adams. Cornhill Co.
Cornhuskers, by Carl Sandburg. Henry Holt & Co.
Echoes and Realities, by Walter Prichard Eaton. George H. Doran Co.
Gitanjali and Fruit-Gathering, by Sir Rabindranath Tagore; illustrated by Nandelal Bose, Surendranath Kar, Abanindranath Tagore and Nobenindranath Tagore. Macmillan Co.
Rediscoveries, by Richard D. Ware. Cornhill Co.
Gargoyles and Other Poems, by Howard Mumford Jones. Cornhill Co.
Songs of a Red Cross Nurse, by Brookes More. Cornhill Co.
Martial Lyrics—Poems on the War for Democracy, by Alfred Antoine Furman. S. L. Parsons & Co., Inc., New York.
The Heritage of Hope, by Edna Smith DeRan. Privately printed, Detroit.
The Vagabond and Other Poems from "Punch," by R. C. Lehmann. John Lane Co.

PLAY:

- The Lost Pleiad*, by Jane Dransfield. James T. White & Co.

PROSE:

- The Letters of Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman*, edited by Thomas B. Harned. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Formative Types in English Poetry, by George Herbert Palmer. Houghton Mifflin Co.
Verve: The Journal of Robert DeCamp Leland. The Poetry-Drama Co., Boston.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR THE WHOLE YEAR

POETRY FOR TWELVE MONTHS, \$2.00

Why not send your friends a Christmas present that will last the whole year, a renewed treat to them every month? Such a gift would be particularly appreciated by men in the service, who love to keep poems in their pockets and learn them by heart.

We will see that each person for whom you subscribe receives a copy of the December number, to arrive by Christmas Day, and with it a card saying that a year's subscription to the magazine is being sent by you as a Christmas gift. Fill out the accompanying blanks and mail to us at once.

POETRY,

543 Cass St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send POETRY for one year, beginning with the December, 1918, number, to the following persons:

Name

Address

Name

Address

For each of these subscriptions I enclose \$2.00, (or, for Canada, \$2.15; foreign \$2.25), the total amount enclosed being \$..... I understand that the December number and a card announcing the gift as from me will be sent as stated above.

Name

Address

.....

FOR SAFETY and CONVENIENCE

USE

“Horlick’s” *the Original* MALTED MILK

It contains full cream cow’s milk in combination with extracts of malted grain.

A dependable, highly nutritious, and delicious food-drink.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Horlick’s Malted Milk Co., Racine, Wis.

BOUND VOLUMES *of* POETRY

Complete volumes of POETRY bound in buckram with Index and Title Page

Vol. I—October, 1912 (*Reprint*) to March, 1913...\$2.75
All Other Volumes, II-XII, each..... 2.00

The bound volumes of POETRY make a well-nigh complete collection of the best verse written in English since October, 1912. No library should be without them.

Binders' prices having advanced to more than twice what we originally paid, the above offer is scarcely higher than actual cost to us. Therefore it does not include postage or expressage, which will be extra. Each volume, wrapped, weighs 1½ pounds.

Subscribers may have their own copies of POETRY bound for the exact cost according to the binder's bill (\$1.80 or more for special orders). Or, if they return to us copies in perfect condition, we will send new volumes for \$1.50 each.

POETRY - - 543 CASS STREET
CHICAGO

ANNOUNCEMENT

WE have just issued a volume of verse and two plays by Maxwell Bodenheim, entitled MINNA AND MYSELF.

The edition is limited to one thousand copies, artistically printed and bound.

The price is \$1.25.

*Order your copies at once,
as the edition will probably
sell out in a short while.*

Pagan Pub. Co.

7 E. 15th St.
New York, N. Y.

Sargent's Handbook of American Private Schools

A Guide Book for Parents

Describes critically and discriminately Private Schools of all classifications. In addition to the readable and interesting descriptions, the tables facilitate an easy comparison of relative Cost, Size, Special Features, etc.

The *Introductory Chapters* of interest to all thoughtful Parents as well as Teachers, tell of recent Educational Developments, "War Time Activities" of Schools, "Educational Reconstruction in England," "Recent Development of the Country Day Schools," "Modern and Experimental Schools," "Recent Educational Literature," "Review of the Year in Education," etc.

A Standard Annual of Reference of utmost importance to all interested in secondary education.

Our Educational Service Bureau will be glad to advise and write you intimately about any School or class of Schools in which you are interested.

4th edition, 1918, Round Corners, Silk Cloth, 724 pages, \$2.50.

Circulars and sample pages on request.

PORTER E. SARGENT, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

THE MAGAZINE THAT RIGHTFULLY STANDS AT THE
HEAD OF THE NEW MOVEMENT.—*New York Sun*.

A subscription to POETRY is the best way of paying interest on your huge debt to the great poets of the past. It encourages living poets to do for the future what dead poets have done for modern civilization, for you.

One year—12 numbers—U. S. A., \$2.00; Canada, \$2.15; foreign, \$2.25 (9 shillings).

POETRY

543 Cass Street, Chicago.

Send POETRY for one year (\$2.00 enclosed) to

Name

Address

To have great poets
there must be great audiences too.

—Whitman.

Harriet Monroe

Editor

Alice Corbin Henderson

Associate Editor

Henry B. Fuller

Edith Wyatt

H. C. Chatfield-Taylor

Advisory Committee

Ezra Pound

Foreign Correspondent