

Vol. XV

No. II

Poetry

A Magazine of Verse

Edited by Harriet Monroe

November, 1919

Prize-Award Number

A Prayer for My Daughter
by W. B. Yeats

Council Talks
by Lew Sarett

Yone Noguchi, Evelyn Scott,
Robert Nichols

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You have got all the other magazines imitating your experiments. I never miss reading POETRY. It is amazing how you keep up its interest.

H. L. Mencken

Vol. XV

No. II

POETRY for NOVEMBER, 1919

	PAGE
A Prayer for My Daughter William Butler Yeats	59
The Flower of Flame I-IV Robert Nichols	63
Hokku I-IV Yone Noguchi	67
Tanka I-VIII Jun Fujita	68
Tropical Life Evelyn Scott	70
Twenty-four Hours—The Storm—Rainy Season—The Year —Tropical Flowers—Mail on the Ranch—The City at Midnight—Ship Masts—The Silly Ewe—Conservatism— The Vampire Bat—Fear—Little Pigs	
Three Portraits Malcolm Cowley	76
Moonrise—Barn Dance—Danny	
Your Voice Godwin Trezevant Carrall	79
Lyrics Willard Wattles	80
In Memory—Epitaph for the Unburied Dead—But I have Lived—I who have Known your Beauty	
Treasure Louise Driscoll	82
Council Talks Lew Sarett	83
Chief Bear's-heart Makes Talk—Little Caribou Makes Big Talk	
A Word to the Colossus H. M.	90
Visitors from the Other Side H. M.	93
Yone Noguchi E. T.	96
Correspondence:	
About Council Talks Lew Sarett	98
From Brazil to the U. S. Evelyn Scott	99
Announcement of Awards (with reprint of prize poems) . .	101
Notes and Books Received	115, 116

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Moloka



NOVEMBER, 1919

A PRAYER FOR MY DAUGHTER

I

ONCE more the storm is howling, and half hid
Under this cradle-hood and coverlid
My child sleeps on. There is no obstacle
But Gregory's Wood and one bare hill
Whereby the haystack and roof-levelling wind,
Bred on the Atlantic, can be stayed;
And for an hour I have walked and prayed
Because of the great gloom that is in my mind.

II

I have walked and prayed for this young child an hour,
And heard the sea-wind scream upon the tower,
And under the arches of the bridge, and scream
In the elms above the flooded stream;
Imagining in excited reverie

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

That the future years had come
Dancing to a frenzied drum
Out of the murderous innocence of the sea.

III

May she be granted beauty, and yet not
Beauty to make a stranger's eye distraught,
Or hers before a looking-glass; for such,
Being made beautiful overmuch,
Consider beauty a sufficient end,
Lose natural kindness, and maybe
The heart-revealing intimacy
That chooses right, and never find a friend.

IV

Helen, being chosen, found life flat and dull,
And later had much trouble from a fool;
While that great Queen that rose out of the spray,
Being fatherless, could have her way,
Yet chose a bandy-legged smith for man.
It's certain that fine women eat
A crazy salad with their meat
Whereby the Horn of Plenty is undone.

V

In courtesy I'd have her chiefly learned;
Hearts are not had as a gift, but hearts are earned
By those that are not entirely beautiful.
Yet many, that have played the fool

William Butler Yeats

For beauty's very self, has charm made wise;
And many a poor man that has roved,
Loved and thought himself beloved,
From a glad kindness cannot take his eyes.

VI

May she become a flourishing hidden tree,
That all her thoughts may like the linnet be,
And have no business but dispensing round
Their magnanimities of sound;
Nor but in merriment begin a chase,
Nor but in merriment a quarrel.
Oh, may she live like some green laurel
Rooted in one dear perpetual place.

VII

My mind, because the minds that I have loved,
The sort of beauty that I have approved,
Prosper but little, has dried up of late,
Yet knows that to be choked with hate
May well be of all evil chances chief.
If there's no hatred in a mind
Assault and battery of the wind
Can never tear the linnet from the leaf.

VIII

An intellectual hatred is the worst,
So let her think opinions are accursed.
Have I not seen the loveliest woman born

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Out of the mouth of Plenty's horn,
Because of her opinionated mind
Barter that horn and every good
By quiet natures understood
For an old bellows full of angry wind?

IX

Considering that, all hatred driven hence,
The soul recovers radical innocence
And learns at last that it is self-delighting,
Self-appeasing, self-affrighting,
And that its own sweet will is heaven's will,
She can, though every face should scowl
And every windy quarter howl
Or every bellows burst, be happy still.

X

And may her bridegroom bring her to a house
Where all's accustomed, ceremonious;
For arrogance and hatred are the wares
Peddled in the thoroughfares.
How but in custom and in ceremony
Are innocence and beauty born?
Ceremony's a name for the rich horn,
And custom for the spreading laurel tree.

William Butler Yeats

THE FLOWER OF FLAME

"Un amour taciturne et toujours menacé."—*De Vigny*

I

Foamless the gradual waters well
From the sheer deep where darkness lies,
Till to the shoulder rock they swell
With a slow cumulance of sighs.

O waters, gather up your strength
From the blind caves of your unrest;
Loose your load utterly at length
Over the moonlight-marbled breast.

There sleep, diffused, the long dim hours—
Nor let your love-locks be withdrawn
Till round the world-horizon flowers
The harsh inevitable dawn.

II

We watched together
The sun-shaft pierce
The smoking weather;
The hail-blasts fierce

One moment illume
That waste so cold—
Iris'd sheets of spume,
Wild welter of gold!

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The gaunt gulls flying
Were backward tossed,
Their cruel crying
In uproar lost.

She flung aside
Her fettering cloak,
Made of her wide
Strong arms a yoke;

Calling, "Haste, lover,
Outstrip the hours—
It soon will be over,
This love of ours!"

Drove on my face
Kisses like cries,
Gazed as to trace
Light in blind eyes;

Broke with strange laughter
Headlong away,
Before nor after
Ever so gay!

III

All is estranged today,
Chastened and meek.
Side by side taking our way,

With what anguish we seek
To dare each to face the other or even to speak!

The sun, like an opal, drifts
Through a vaporous shine;
Or overwhelms itself in dark rifts
On the sea's far line.
Sheer light falls in a single sword like a sign.

The sea, striving in its bed
Like a corpse that awakes,
Slowly heaves up its lustreless head.
Crowned with weeds and snakes,
To strike at the shore, baring fangs as it breaks.

Something threatening earth
Aims at our love.
Gone is our ignorant mirth,
Love like speech of the dove.
The Sword and the Snake have seen and proclaim now,
"Enough!"

IV

The moon behind high tranquil leaves
Hides her sad head;
The dwindled water tinkles and grieves
In the stream's black bed.
And where now, where are you sleeping?

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The shadowy night-jar, hawking gnats,

Flickers or floats;

High in still air the flurrying bats

Repeat their wee notes.

And where now, where are you sleeping?

Silent lightning flutters in heaven,

Where quiet crowd,

By the toil of an upper whirlwind driven,

Dark legions of cloud.

In whose arms now are you sleeping?

The cloud makes, lidding the sky's wan hole,

The world a tomb;

Far out at sea long thunders roll

From gloom to dim gloom:

In whose arms now are you sleeping?

Rent clouds, like boughs in darkness, hang

Close overhead;

The foreland's bell-buoy begins to clang

As if for the dead:

Awake they where you are sleeping?

The chasms crack; the heavens revolt;

With tearing sound

Bright bolt volleys on flaring bolt;

Wave and cloud clash; through deep, through vault,

Huge thunders rebound!

But they wake not where you are sleeping.

Robert Nichols

HOKKU

I

Bits of song—what else?
I, a rider of the stream,
Lone between the clouds.

II

Full of faults, you say.
What beauty in repentance!
Tears, songs—thus life flows.

III

But the march to life—
Break song to sing the new song!
Clouds leap, flowers bloom.

IV

Song of sea in rain,
Voice of the sky, earth and men!
List, song of my heart.

Yone Noguchi

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TANKA

I

A frail hepatica
Shyly holds its fragrance
Beneath the fresh morning dew.
So, Elizabeth.

II

The air is still
And grasses are wet;
Thread-like rain
Screens the dunes.

III

The storm has passed,
The sky washed clear.
Rain-drops on twigs
Reflect the moon.

IV

A sloping sand plain
Fades into pale night air;
A black tree skeleton
Casts no shadow.

V

The brook has gone,
Left the lifeless bed behind;

Jun Fujita

A lonely bird
Seeks the water in vain.

VI

On a country road
An old woman walks;
The autumn sun
Casts her shadow long and thin.

VII

Across the frozen marsh
The last bird has flown;
Save a few reeds
Nothing moves.

VIII

Graves are frozen.
A few leaves
Stood, danced
And have gone.

Jun Fujita

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

TROPICAL LIFE

*White flower,
Your petals float away;
But I hardly hear them.*

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

The day is so long and white,
A road all dust,
Smooth monotony;
And the night at the end,
A hill to be climbed,
Slowly, laboriously,
While the stars prick our hands
Like thistles.

THE STORM

Herds of black elephants,
Rushing over the plains,
Trample the stars.
The ivory tusk of the leader
(Or was it the moon?)
Flashes, and is gone.
Tree tops bend;
Crash;
Fire from hoofs;
And still they rush on:

Trampling the stars,
Bellowing,
Roaring.

RAINY SEASON

A flock of parrakeets
Hurled itself through the mist;
Harsh wild green
And clamor-tongued,
Through the dim white forest.
They vanished,
And the lips of Silence
Sucked at the roots of life.

THE YEAR

Days and days float by.
On the sides of the mountains
Blue shadows shift
And sift into silence.
Morning
The cock crows.
There is that rosy glow on the mountains' edge.
José in the door of his hut,
Maria's lace bobbins
Tapping, tapping.
Evening
The parrot's shrill cry,

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Pale silver green stars.
Night
And ghosts of dead Josés
And dead Marias
Sitting in the moonlight.
Peace—
Depressing,
Interminable
Peace.

TROPICAL FLOWERS

"An orange tree without fruit—
So am I without love,"
His heavy-lidded eyes sang up to her.

Her glance dropped on her golden globe of breast,
And on the baby.

MAIL ON THE RANCH

The old black man on the mule
Opens the worn saddle-bags,
And takes out the papers.

From the outer world
The thoughts come stabbing,
To taunt, baffle, and stir me to revolt.
I beat against the sky,

Against the winds of the mountain;
But my cries, grown thin in all this space,
Are diluted with emptiness
Like the air,
Thin and wide,
Touching everything,
Touching nothing.

THE CITY AT MIDNIGHT

The golden snow of the stars
Drifts in mounds of light,
Melts against the hot sides of the city:
Cool cheek against burning breast,
Cold golden snow falling all night.

SHIP MASTS

They stand there
Stark as church spires;
Bare stalks that will blossom—
Tomorrow perhaps—
Into flowers of the wind.

THE SILLY EWE

The silly ewe comes smelling up to me.
Her tail wriggles without hinges,
Both ends of it at once and equal.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Yesterday the parrot bit her;
Last week the jaguar ate her young one;
But experience teaches her nothing.

CONSERVATISM

The turkeys,
Like hoop-skirted old ladies
Out walking,
Display their solemn propriety.

A terrible force,
Hungry and destructive,
Emanates from their mistily blinking eyes.

THE VAMPIRE BAT

What was it that came out of the night?
What was it that went away in the night?
The little brown hen is huddled in the fence corner,
Eyes already glazing.
How should she know what came out of the night,
Or what was taken away in the night?
A shadow passed across the moon;
The wind rustled in the mango trees.
And now, in the morning,
The little brown hen is huddled in the fence corner,
Eyes already glazing;

Evelyn Scott

Because a shadow passed across the moon,
And the wind rustled in the mango trees.

FEAR

My soul leaps up at a sound.
What is the question I cannot answer,
That must be answered?
What is the blank face I must fill in with features?

My brain pulls, stretches, tears;
But I cannot open wide enough to see!
Always at the agonized point of conception,
But never conceiving.
Always giving birth,
But never born!
What is it I am to conceive?
To what must I give birth?

LITTLE PIGS

Little tail quivering,
Wrinkled snout thrusting up the mud:
He will find God
If he keeps on like that.

Evelyn Scott

Lifelong he would be following the round
Of plowing soggy ground to sow with corn,
Of cultivating, harvesting and husking.
He could not marry her. But still that chorus
Of silly words rang in his ears, insistent:
"She will be coming soon, she will be coming."

Out of the shadow she slipped into moonlight,
And stood beside him staring with round eyes
Expectantly

"Why Harry, you're not angry?
What makes you you're so quiet—"

Desperately

He bent and kissed her.

Their two shadows lengthened
Across the hayfield, where the dew had turned
The stubble into silver. And the frogs,
And lonely owls that screeched across the woodlot,
The drunken laughter, and the lonely fiddle,
Out of discordance, turned to symphony,
Turned to an intoxicated chorus:
"She came to meet me here, she came to meet me."

BARN DANCE

He had been happy thinking she might love him,
And whistled at his plowing all the day;
But now, while dancers stamped and scraped above him,

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

On the barn floor, he lay below in silence
Among the cattle on a pile of hay.

He had dressed quickly when his work was over,
And watched the guests stroll towards him up the lane;
But she came smiling with another lover:
Hurt and ashamed, he stole off from the dancers,
Like a whipped dog, to blubber out his pain.

He breathed more calmly, hearing the insistence
Of horses munching fodder; and he grew
Indifferent to the fiddles in the distance,
To womankind and to his disappointment,
Down here among the cattle that he knew.

DANNY

You marched off southward with the fire of twenty,
Proud of the uniform that you were wearing.
The girls made love to you, and that was plenty;
The drums were beating and the horns were blaring.

From town to town you fought, and bridge to bridge,
Thinking: "So this is Life; so this is Real."
And when you swept up Missionary Ridge,
Laughing at death, you were your own ideal.

But when you limped home, wounded and unsteady,
You found the world was new to you; your clutch

Malcolm Cowley

On life had slipped, and you were old already.
So who can blame you if you drink too much,

Or boast about your pride when no one sees,
Or mumble petulant inanities?

Malcolm Cowley

YOUR VOICE

To Edith Wynne Matthison

I

At your voice,
My heart dies a death of beauty;
As a wind blows a fruit-tree in April
And the blossoms lie white on the greensward,
As a wind shakes a golden forest
And the leaves are strewn in their splendor.

II

The wind of your voice has fallen on my soul, making and
unmaking its waters.
They rush together and apart, from change to change un-
ceasing—
Great deeps surging and breaking, by that passionate music
divided.
And in the quietest coves, in the inner caves and recesses,
Like hyacinths in spring are blowing the delicate pale-
colored waters.

Godwin Trezevant Carrall

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

LYRICS

IN MEMORY

*Robert Clayton Westman of Massachusetts
died in France August 10th, 1918*

*Blest be the happy dead:
Where'er they lay their head,
Out-facers of pretence
Who have achieved indifference.*

I will make his name silver,
I will loose it to run
In terrible beauty
From earth to the sun.

I will cast it in bronze
And carve it in jade,
And ring it in bells
That his memory made.

In beryl and jacinth,
In onyx and flame,
In pearl and chalcedony—
His beautiful name.

I will set it in rubies
Till it make the blood start,
And oh, I will wear it
In death on my heart!

EPITAPH FOR THE UNBURIED DEAD

The old men sit and sit
Long after they are dead,
And no one seems to know of it—
They look so kind and staid.

The young men beat the bars
That hold them fast inside.
Then one day comes, they beat no more,
And know not they have died.

BUT I HAVE LIVED

Love is in my heart tonight as a bird is in its nest;
I will build me a wall of song from the fragrance of thy
breast.
For some are wise, and some are not, and some will go their
way;
But I have rifled the rose of life, and I have had my day.
It's many will lay their golden heads in the muck of Flanders
clay,
And many are quick and warm tonight who will be cold in
May;
But I have lived and I have loved . . . a little song is
best—
Love is in my heart tonight as a bird is in its nest.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

I WHO HAVE KNOWN YOUR BEAUTY

I who have known your beauty
And bent beneath your spell,
Harry the hills of booty
Unbroken as Ishmael.

The white feet of your going
Turn and turn again
In a little round of the knowing
Bruised heart of pain.

But the cloud of your hair falling,
And the glory of your white hands,
Are mine past the bane's recalling
In the inviolable lands.

Willard Wattles

TREASURE

What will I remember and what will I forget?
Apple trees in blossom or wind at break of day?
I sang a song that no one heard—I shall be singing yet,
Out beyond the high stars and through the Milky Way!

One said he loved me and one said not a word,
You walked beside me and never heard me sing!
I waited in the darkness like a brooding bird,
And death came like a lover with a golden ring.

Louise Driscoll

COUNCIL TALKS

CHIEF BEAR'S-HEART MAKES TALK

Agent-man from Keetch'-ie O'-gi-ma',
Our Big W'ite Chief,
De heart of all de Cheebway
In my tribe are good to you;
My people want your heart
Be good to all de Eenshuns.

In summer of de many rains,
Comes long-blade soldier, Major Rice,
An' black-robos priest, for mak'-um treaty.
Dey mak'-um talk in council, so:
"Cheebway, Cheebway, mak'-um treaty;
Walk on far-away reservation and live;
You go new reservation, you get-um plenty t'ing
From Keetch'-ie O'-gi-ma':
Get-um plenty grub an' big annuity;
Plenty t'ing for belly an' for wear."
Den Long Blade and Black Robes stick one hand
On big black book an' treaty-paper,
An' raise-um oder hand to Keetch'-ie Ma'-ni-do',
De w'ite man's Big Spirit, an' say:
"Cheebway, all dose t'ing on treaty sure will be!"

Ho! Eenshun scratch-um paper;
Stick-um t'umb on treaty;
An' walk on reservation.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

W'at's come treaty now! Ugh!

No got-um plenty grub!
Cheebway got-um small flat belly;
No got-um w'ite man's big fat belly!

Comes soon de Winter-maker,
Blowing on de river wit' hees icy breat'
An' making dem stand still
Wit' sleep beneat' de snow.
An' Nort' Wind whistle crazy-wild
T'rough crying spruce an' cedar;
An' Muk'-wa, ol' fat bear, he sleep
An' shiver in hees hole;
An' Pee'-nay, hongry pa'tridge,
Bury in de balsam snow-drif'.
Now walk on Eenshun wi'-ga-wan!
Cheebway sit dere hongry—
In winter no can get-um grub lak moose
Who paw big hole in snow for plenty moss.
No got-um lots annuity;
No got-um w'ite man's grub.
Squaw, she got-um bad osh-kee'-shee-gwa'-pee-nay'—
She sick on eye lak devil-hell.
Squaw-sich, little gal, she got-um measles-sick,
De spotted-sickness on de face.
Little boy, he got um heap sick—
Bad coughing-sickness. Ugh! He spit all-tam'!
Got sick on lung, an' hot on cheek;

Got eye she blaze lak wild-cat!
W'y should be dose t'ing?
Ugh! Go w'ite man's town:
He got-um plenty grub;
Hees belly laugh wit' grub!
W'y should be difference, ha-aaah?
Mebbe w'ite man's God he want-um difference! Hah!
Mebbe Ma'-ni-do' no lak-um Eenshun chil'en! Hah!
Mebbe Ma'-ni-do' forget-um Eenshun chil'en! Ugh!
Mebbe so! Mebbe so!
Mebbe *no*!
Look-um straight!
Talk-um straight!
Ai-yee! Keetch'-ie Ma'-ni-do'
He *no* forget-um Cheebway Eenshun!
Eenshun chil'en, good chil'en!
Big Spirit lak-um Eenshun chil'en
Jus't so much he lak-um Long Knife chil'en!

Ho!

How! How! How!

Inspector Taylo', in council of olden tam
De Long Blade raise-um hand to sky and say:
"All t'ing on treaty-paper sure will be!"

Mebbe

Mebbe

Mebbe he was only fool for fun! Hah?

Ho! Long Blade only fool for fun! Ho! Ho!

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Mebbe so! Mebbe so!

Mebbe hees tongue she talk-um little bit crooked! Ho?

Mebbe so! Mebbe so!

Mebbe he got-um forks in tongue
Wit' little poison-gland! Ugh!

Eenshun t'ink—
He lie!

Look on me!
Look on me!
Look on me!

Talk-um straight *today!*
No got-um double-snake-tongue!

I have said it!

Ho!
How! How!
Ho! Ho! Ho!

LITTLE CARIBOU MAKES BIG TALK

Boo-shoo! Boo-shoo!
Me, Ah'-dek-koons, I mak'-um big talk. Ho!
Me, ol' man; I'm got-um sick in knee
In rainy wedder w'en I'm walk. Ugh!
Me, lak moose w'at's ol',
I'm drop-um plenty toot'!
Yet I am big man! Ho!
An' I am talk big! Ho!

Hi-yee! Blow lak moose ol' man!
Ho!
Ho!

Hi-yi! Little Caribou him talk
Lak O'-mah-ka-kee dose Bullfrog;
Big mout', big belly,
No can fight!

Ugh! Close mout', young crazy buck!
You stop council-talk,
You go 'way council;
Sit wit' squaw.
You lak pollywog tad-pole:
No can jump-um over little piece mud;
Can only shake-um tail lak crazy-dam-fool!

Keetch'-ie O'-gi-ma', big Presh-i-den',
He got-um plenty t'oughts in head, good t'oughts;

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Me, Little Caribou,
I'm got-um plenty t'oughts in head, good t'oughts.
Yet Eenshun Agent Myers all-tam' saying:
"Ah'-dek-koons he crazy ol' fool!"
Ugh! *He* crazy ol' fool!

Keetch'-ie O'-gi-ma' long tam' ago was say in treaty:
"All de Cheebway should be farmer;
All will get from gov'ment fine allotment—
One hondred-sixty acre each." Ho!
Ho! Eenshun scratch-um treaty!
Stick-um t'umb on treaty!

W'at's come treaty? Hah!
Eenshun got-um hondred-sixty acre,
But got-um too much little pieces;
Pieces scattered over lake
Lak leaves she's blow by wind.
In tamarack swamp by Moose-tail Bay
He got-um forty acre piece.
In muskeg and in rice-field,
On Lake of Cut-foot Sioux, ten mile away,
He got-um forty acre more.
In sand an' pickerel weed,
On Bowstring Lake, she's forty mile away,
He got-um forty acre more.
Hondred mile away, on Lac La Croix,
W'ere lumber-man is mak' big dam

Lew Sarett

For drive-um log—an' back-um up water
All over Eenshun allotment land—
He got-um forty acre more, all under lake!
How can be?
Got-um land all over lake!
Got-um land all under lake!
For Eenshun be good farmer
Eenshun should be good for walking under water!
Should be plough hees land wit' clam-drag!
Should be gadder crops with' fish-net!
For Eenshun be good farmer
Eenshun should be fish!

Ugh!

I have said it!

Ho!

Hi! Plenty-big talk!

Ho! Ho! Ho!

Lew Sarett

COMMENT

A WORD TO THE COLOSSUS

EVERYONE admits that the methods of modern education are far from perfect; that the whole system is too much a cramming process, too little that "leading-forth" of the individual mind which is implied in the etymology of the word. Too often the creative imagination of the child is not only not developed—it is deliberately snubbed and stifled. And even his critical faculty is discouraged by the average teacher's authoritative attitude, which repeats day after day: "Your opinion is of no importance; So-and-so [Addison, for example] has been admired by two centuries of competent judges, and it behooves young people like you to accept their opinion."

Among the natural childish impulses which are stultified by this process is the love of poetry—not only of taking it in but especially of giving it out. The case of Hilda Conkling, whose imaginative impulse toward poetic expression has been encouraged, is merely an extreme example of what might be done with many other children—in fact, of what is being done in the English courses of a few progressive schools, like the Francis Parker School in Chicago. An editorial in the Holyoke *Transcript* puts the matter thus:

Whatever may be the manner or the method or the mere inspiration of the coming of the verses of this little girl, there stands out for us a vital suggestion as to the relation of poetry to the new education. The cultivation of the imagination is very much the business of every teacher of every grade from kindergarten to

Ph. D.—the cultivation, rather, of the creative power of the student, sometimes to express itself in poetry, sometimes in inventions to further the most practical matters of life.

College curricula too frequently merely continue the stuffing and silencing process begun in the primary and secondary schools; and the young mind, inevitably wearied, takes refuge in live, up-to-date interests like athletics. Thereupon the professorial mind, puzzled and antagonized, cries out that the modern youth is not a seeker of knowledge, like his grandfather or even his father, etc., etc. The common disease is intelligently diagnosed in a letter recently received from a student in one of the smaller middle-western colleges—a youth who, according to one of his fellow-students, has “changed the entire atmosphere” pervading the student body of the institution; and the remedial process which he outlines may prove suggestive. He writes:

Permit me to describe the ordinary college administration's idea of how to provide stimulation to intellectual pursuits. It is apparent to all—deans, professors, students, parents, and the administrative officers, that scholarship and intellectual effort are on the wane. Other interests less worth while, some of them totally worthless, some of them positively vicious, take their place. We must restore the “ancient régime,” says the conservative dean or professor, et al. Scholarship and allied interests must take the place of what we see now—and deplore. And the procedure takes two directions. First, a campaign to which I can give no more dignified title than “scolding.” On every hand, in the class-room, from the pages of the current journals, from the college chapel and lecture platform, with many doleful waggings of the head, the student is soberly told of his decadence. Scolding, then, is the first method.

The second means employed is the offering of prizes for high scholarship records. I do not believe the giving of prizes, especially if they are accompanied by honor, to be utterly valueless.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

But I do insist that permanently to instill intellectual ideas by the giving of prizes for marks, and by the scolding process, is to misjudge the true psychology of the average college student of today.

And so, contrary to the opinion of many of my elders—grown men, superior in mental equipment and training—I do not believe that the student youth of America are decadent, nor that they have sloughed off the fine intellectual traditions which may have existed in the past. I only believe that the wrong methods have been employed in trying to restore a consistent and intelligent attitude toward intellectual things.

• • • • •
Last year we turned to dramatics. Here was a good chance to test what we regarded as the first principle in interesting students in intellectual pursuits—*i. e.*, the recognition and encouragement of original work.

As head of the dramatic organization, I sent out a call for original one-act plays. Two original plays, written, performed, and coached and directed by undergrads, were presented with great success within six weeks. The interest displayed in the innovation was remarkable. As one of the indirect consequences, a literary magazine, publishing essays, stories, poems, and plays of the campus, is to begin this fall. Other inducements to work along creative lines are following in the wake of this first venture. It has been said that these amateur, imperfect attempts to encourage and secure recognition for creative work have already done more to revive the intellectual ideal than all the powerful moves of officials.

The second part of the plan is the bringing to the college classroom of men and women who represent accomplishment and achievement. The beginning of this was made at the same time as the production of the original plays. It was also on a small scale, but the idea and purpose carried much weight. Two young women, formerly of the Chicago Little Theatre, consented to play pioneers, to present a one-act play and talk to interested students in an endeavor to show some of the possibilities of the drama and its present-day developments. Their success, both in entertaining and in inspiring others, was phenomenal. If men and women of achievement could be brought to college campuses, as a part of the educational policy, the results would be astounding. The falsity of the sentiment that the American college student has no interest in intellectual things would be quickly demonstrated.

A Word to the Colossus

Another step in the same direction is the organization of poetry clubs among the students. College faculties are reluctant to introduce courses in modern poetry, though the Universities of Illinois and California, Baylor University of Texas, and a few other colleges, have made a brave beginning. But the students themselves may organize a poetry club, and discipline each other quite effectively by reading and criticizing their poems at its meetings; keeping up to date with the best current work by following the new publications. In Harvard and the University of Chicago, the members of such clubs have received, to the editor's knowledge, a more rigid training than is obtainable anywhere else in this art, except in a few groups and coteries of poets who have already more or less "arrived."

Of course the only reasonable attitude toward that modern colossus, Education, may be one of avowed skepticism—a sad acceptance of its stony and withering stride over the flowery meads of youth. But if one is to resist this perhaps too facile temptation so far as to argue with the colossus, it would seem that the first point to be insisted on must be that the flowers have individual rights to follow the creative principle within them into whatever shape and color it requires.

H. M.

VISITORS FROM THE OTHER SIDE

Now that the war is over, a number of foreign poets are coming to give readings or lectures in this country. However one may deplore our well-known American tendency

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

to lionize celebrities from across the sea at the expense of our own, the list promised for this season includes three or four poets of high distinction whom we shall do well to honor, besides a few younger men whose work is still experimental, who may prove interesting on the platform.

Of the former, William Butler Yeats, who was last seen in this country in the winter and spring of 1914, and who will reappear about February first under the auspices of the Pond Bureau, needs no introduction to readers of POETRY, and should require none before any audience, beyond the mere recognition of his pre-eminence as the most distinguished Irishman, and the foremost poet (in English), of our time. The dinner given to Mr. Yeats by POETRY on the evening of March first, 1914, has now passed into literary history, partly because of the generous cachet accorded by the guest of honor to Vachel Lindsay, who at that time was little known. Mr. Lindsay acknowledged the Irish poet's praise by reading, for the first time, his then unpublished poem, *The Congo*. Mr. Yeats' very suggestive speech, printed in our issue of April, 1914, has been an inspiration to all students and lovers of poetry; and it will be a privilege to hear him again.

Maurice Maeterlinck is another name too distinguished to require further emphasis. Maeterlinck's career may be one of the tragedies of literary history—the fact that his best work was done in youth, and that life seems to have blurred his genius instead of developing it. The theatricalism of *Monna Vanna*, and even the somewhat over-

studied but delicate naïveté of *The Bluebird*, weakening to mushiness in *The Betrothal*, have been a serious disappointment to those who saluted the young playwright, thirty years or more ago, as a creative poetic genius of the first order. However, the softened fibre of his later work can not deprive his fame of *Pelléas et Mélisande* and those other early plays, which reveal the very inmost soul of brooding and life-bewildered youth. Mr. Maeterlinck's tour, which begins in January with the operatic première of *The Bluebird* in New York, will be his first acquaintance with this country.

An Englishman of the highest distinction among present-day poets and novelists is D. H. Lawrence, who wrote last May to the editor of his intention to give a few lectures in America during the coming season. Whether the intention has become a certainty or not we are uninformed, but one can think of no one in the younger generation of British poets who would receive a more enthusiastic welcome from our literary artists. Since January, 1914, it has been our privilege to print many of Mr. Lawrence's finest poems, and his novels have the same searching and profound sincerity.

Lord Dunsany, Irish poet, playwright and teller of tales, has been ushered into this country by a good deal of "little-theatre" and magazine popularity. His plays, though written in prose, are essentially poetic in spirit and essence. Cloyd Head feels that while the new dramatic movement does not derive from Dunsany as it does from Synge and

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Yeats, the young Irishman's plays are the most important thing now going on in it; that they have the unassailable validity of a fairy-tale—that effect of being far-off in space but immediate in time; and that, moreover, their dramaturgy is skilful to the point of magic. Lord Dunsany has written also some reflectively fantastic stories, a few being suggested by the war, in which he served as a British officer.

Siegfried Sassoon is a friend and soldier-comrade of Robert Nichols, the English soldier-poet who was in these parts last year. Eunice Tietjens, reviewing *Counter-attack* last July, said: "Sassoon, more than any other poet of war, has gone straight to the root of war—his book is a cringe of pain."

John Drinkwater is another English poet whom the papers credit with an intention of visiting the United States this season, the occasion being the American presentation of his play, *Abraham Lincoln*, which has had a popular success in England. POETRY has printed a few of Mr. Drinkwater's poems (Dec., 1915, Sept., 1916, and Nov., 1917) and will soon review his play.

For a word about the Japanese poet, Yone Noguchi, we yield to Mrs. Tietjens, who knew him personally in Japan.

H. M.

YONE NOGUCHI

Years ago, when a group of gay young blades were making San Francisco a literary centre with the now traditional *Lark*; when Gelett Burgess, Bruce Porter, *et al*, were

young, and Joaquin Miller was still writing his rugged poetry, Yone Noguchi came to this country—a rather frail, dreamy Japanese lad of perhaps eighteen. He went to live with Joaquin Miller, and the big-hearted bard encouraged his dreams. Presently fragile little poems began to appear in *The Lark*, a first breath from the living Orient.

Looking back on them now one can see how directly they forecast the modern movement. They were in free verse—in the nineties—they were condensed, suggestive, full of rhythmical variations. In matters of technic they might have been written today, and, though few people understood them then, time has proven Mr. Noguchi a forerunner.

Since then he has grown to be the most important link between the poetry of America and the poetry of Japan. He writes in both tongues, though mostly in English, interpreting the East to the West and the West to the East. He lives now in a suburb of Tokyo and is professor of English in Keio University. This year he is making a lecture tour of America.

Mr. Noguchi has lived also in London, and his two books of poetry, *From the Eastern Sea* and *The Pilgrimage*, were both printed first in London and soon after in Japan; also *The Pilgrimage* was published later in this country by Mitchell Kennerley. They are books of subtle, delicate lyrics, full of that strange blend of old Japan and the West of today which makes the poetry of contemporary Japan so intriguing. This *Ghost of Abyss*, from *The Pilgrimage*, is typical of them:

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

My dreams rise when the rain falls; the sudden songs
Flow about my ears as the clouds in June;
And the footsteps, lighter than the heart of wind,
Beat, now high, then low, before my dream-flaming eyes.

"Who am I?" said I. "Ghost of abyss," a Voice replied,
"Piling an empty stone of song on darkness of night,
Dancing wild as a fire only to vanish away."

But Mr. Noguchi's chief service to English and American poetry is perhaps that of interpreting to us the spirit of his own land, where every educated person is still a poet, and where everyone writes a spring poem with as much regularity as every American purchases a straw hat. His little book *The Spirit of Japanese Poetry* (Dutton) is really a door into the Japanese mind, a door through which the western reader can take the first steps towards understanding, and therefore loving, the sharp, condensed, almost aching beauty of classical Japanese poetry. E. T.

CORRESPONDENCE

ABOUT COUNCIL TALKS

The author of *Council Talks* sends us the following descriptive and explanatory notes in regard to his poems, which are interpretations of Chippewa character and life studied at first hand during nine summer seasons of life in and near the reservation.

Dear Editor: My poems are poetic versions of fragmentary talks made by Indians at recent councils. The council is the formal meeting in which the Indians transact all tribal business, all

About Council Talks

treaties, and negotiate with the government. Whenever any matter of tribal concern comes up, a council is called. Whenever the United States government, through its Department of the Interior, Bureau of Indian Affairs, wishes to transact business with its Indian wards, or desires to hear any complaints, the tribe is called together for a council-meeting. Here representatives of the government, and spokesmen for the Indians, make their talks. The Indians listen very attentively, and quietly except for occasional grunts of approval or disapproval. Here and there in the poems

In order to make Indian council-oratory clear and effective for the reader will note "Ho," "Ugh" and so on, italicized. I used them in order to incorporate through these grunts of approval and disapproval the reactions of the Indian audience.

These poems are not literal translations or interpretations by any means. Indian oratory, even the best among the Chippewas, is fragmentary, crude, full of duplications and monotonous repetitions. I have taken the fragments and the basic conceptions, and built them up, keeping in mind Indian character and thought as I know it. These are therefore very broad, free versions. Those who don't know Indian life and Indian thought, it is necessary to supplement the original themes in many ways, in subject-matter, diction, words and so on. And yet in doing that, there is a constant danger of idealizing the Indian. Every time you touch the original a bit, you make him less Indian—you Anglicize him. The Anglicized, idealized version of a council-talk, therefore, although it gains in clearness and polish, loses some of the rugged, crude, elemental qualities of the original article as it comes from the Indian's tongue, with his crude vocabulary and ideas. These experiments in dialect are attempts to solve the difficulty. I have used the dialect spoken by many reservation Indians today in the remoter parts of the north woods—a broken, crude English that keeps the poems down to life, makes them more realistic, crude, and elemental. It makes them harder to read—one has to read them slowly and brokenly; but that is exactly the way they should be read.

Llew Sarett

FROM BRAZIL TO THE U. S.

The following letter, from one of the poets represented in this number, gives vividly certain reactions of a com-

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

patriot returning to this country after a long sojourn in tropical Brazil:

Dear Editor: It would take a long time to adjust oneself to this overpowering environment. In a sense, the very democratic aspect of our institutions, when viewed at close range, gives me an impression of hopelessness from the individual's standpoint. Picturesque injustice may fire one to an equally colorful rebellion, but there is something "boyg"-like (if I may coin the simile from Peer Gynt's experiences) in this negative equality. None of this is to decry Americanism, but simply to express a perhaps too emotional conviction of one of its necessary evils. Uniformity augments a meagre personality, but diminishes the impressiveness of a vivid one. So much of our education, especially along cultural lines, seems to content itself with admonitions as to what *not* to do.

However, there may be more than a little envy to sharpen this judgment—envy of a uniformity from which the alien arrival is excluded. America, in some respects, has developed very near to perfection, and perfection is always oblivious. Doubtless my criticism is born of the same impulse which leads so many European visitors to object to our rapid systems of transit; and, after all, perfection's discouragement of original assertion has not altogether achieved its theoretical effect, as one may observe who reads some of the poems that have appeared from time to time in POETRY.

One could not find two poets less middle-class, or, in other words, two poets whose work lends itself less to generalization, than H. D. and William Carlos Williams. To my mind they are, in their very unlikeness, among the most sharply individualized poets contemporary America has produced. One could imagine the flower of H. D.'s Narcissus-like pathos as rooted among the crumbling ruins of decadent feudal institutions. William C. Williams' questioning is deliberately defiant, and the answer he demands from a homelier world. But these two have it in common that their originality is inevitable. There is one type of negation which is the other side of affirmation. W. C. Williams' denial, for example, is a species of self-assertion very positive in effect; while Alfred Kreyenborg in particular, and Wallace Stevens in a lesser degree, by the insidious negative inference which accompanies their too exquisite solution of the universe, transform the solid substance of earth into unstable vapor. Of the other "new" poets, too many fail to realize the futile paradox of the bizarre convention.

From Brazil to the U. S.

I wonder if you will smile when I tell you that in the July number of POETRY I enjoyed most D. H. Lawrence and Hilda Conkling? D. H. Lawrence has the trick of realizing the incidents of a tragedy in their cosmic relation, and using this background of inhuman values to throw the exquisite and torturing insignificance of human suffering into relief. He is a god playing at humanity. When I read the little girl's poems I felt as though the one called *Narcissus* might just as well be called *Hilda*, and so be perhaps more appropriately named. She has the unashamed animism of the true poet.

Of course I was interested in Edna Worthly Underwood's letter from Rio, though from the tone of it I am afraid she must be a newcomer and in some part have mistaken quantity for quality. *La Revista de Semana*, *Fon-Fon*, *Revista Souza Cruz*, and *O Malho* all publish a great deal of verse, and I doubt if any American papers, so preoccupied with politics as are *Fon-Fon* and *O Malho* in particular, give any comparable consideration to what passes for the art of the nation. But Rio de Janeiro poets do not "sing like birds," unless the critic refers to the slight variation which the mechanism of bird expression allows to the individual songster. These poets are indeed most often technicians of type, and often as little aware of the deepest significances which their environment presents as are the birds of Mrs. Underwood's comparison, who sing on heedless of the jungle's proximity.

Evelyn Scott

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS

Each November of POETRY's history has brought to the members of its staff the agreeable duty of awarding two or more prizes. When the magazine began, prizes in this art were practically unheard-of in America, although annual prizes and scholarships in painting, sculpture, architecture and music have been common. The editors believed, and still believe, in these awards, both as a stimulus to the artists and as a kind of advertisement of the art before the

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

public. We believe that they are as well deserved, and as effective for these purposes, in poetry as in the other arts, and we rejoice that the example of the magazine is being followed by the Poetry Society of America, through Columbia University, and that other institutions and individuals are considering the bestowal of such awards.

Compared with other artists the poet, as everyone should know, is absurdly ill-paid. POETRY is, we believe, almost the only one of the special magazines which has been able to pay anything to its contributors, yet we should hate to expose the ridiculous smallness of our checks for some now famous poems of the past seven years: ridiculous, compared with the five, eight, even ten thousand dollars paid to our contemporary painters and sculptors of equal rank for a single work of no greater beauty and inherent value. Nor will the few prizes offered in this art bear comparison with the numerous and extremely large awards to painters and sculptors in our various large cities—for example, thirty-four hundred dollars in five prizes, accompanied by gold, silver and bronze medals, at a single annual exhibition of the Chicago Art Institute!

POETRY would like to change all this—it would like to be rich enough to pay for poems at least a living wage, so that poets would not have to face the grim alternative of starving or getting an engrossing and art-destroying job. The editors constantly run up against cases of poignant suffering caused by this condition—suffering which, far from enriching the poet's art, tends to stifle it altogether.

Announcement of Awards

They could dispose of thousands a year to individuals who desperately need the money, and whose talent gives them fully as much right to financial endorsement as the numerous American art students have who enjoy local or travelling scholarships, or even large allowances, with studio and residence, from the American Academy at Rome.

If these arguments sound familiar, almost a repetition of those offered last year and the years before, it must be because we hope to convince by iteration. And we must emphasize also our gratitude to all donors of prizes, especially those two guarantors who have been, for the past six years, pioneers in a good cause.

Mr. S. King Russell, of New York, specified last February that his prize was "to be given, as a mark of distinction and encouragement, to the young poet, comparatively unknown as yet, who, in the opinion of the jury, most deserves and needs the stimulus of such an award." And indeed, most of POETRY'S awards have been made in this spirit, ever since Mr. Yeats advised us to be so guided when he declined our earliest prize in favor of a younger man. This year, especially, the Levinson Prize is awarded specifically on that principle; for when the jury stood three to three the deciding vote was cast by a member who so explained it: prizes, in his opinion, should be an expression of confidence in an artist's power—a gamble on his future—rather than an award for a more completed and achieved work of art, but with less promise in it.

It would be comparatively easy to award this year's prizes

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

to poets already so honored by us or others: for example, to Carl Sandburg for his beautiful *Redhaw Winds*, published last October; or to Edgar Lee Masters, for the three epic chapters from his *Domesday Book* of last June; or to Sara Teasdale, winner of two P. S. A. prizes, for her exquisite lyric, *Song*, in POETRY last September; or indeed to Mr. Yeats himself for his poetic drama of last January, *The Only Jealousy of Emer*. But we are convinced that awards should not be mere repetitions, or the mere ratification of loud applause. In this conviction we prefer to consider *hors concours* these already laurelled poets; including also Cloyd Head and Vachel Lindsay. And poems by members of the jury also are not in competition: in this case *Red Earth* and *Candle-light and Sun* by Alice Corbin, *The Harp* by Helen Hoyt, *Facets* by Eunice Tietjens, and *America* by the editor. Translations also are exempt.

With this preliminary, and in the hope that our contributors and readers will not demand infallibility in human judgment, the editorial staff of POETRY has the honor of announcing three prizes: the first two being for poems, or groups of poems, printed in this magazine during its seventh year—October, 1918, to September, 1919; and the third requiring no limitation of date.

The HELEN HAIRE LEVINSON PRIZE of two hundred dollars for a poem or group of poems by a citizen of the United States, is awarded to

H. L. DAVIS

Announcement of Awards

of The Dalles, Oregon, for his group of poems, *Primapara*, published in the April number.

This prize was founded in 1913 by Mr. Salmon O. Levinson of Chicago. Previous awards have been as follows:

1914—Carl Sandburg, for *Chicago Poems*.

1915—Vachel Lindsay, for *The Chinese Nightingale*.

1916—Edgar Lee Masters, for *All Life in a Life*.

1917—Cloyd Head, for *Grotesques*.

1918—John Curtis Underwood, for *The Song of the Cheechas*.

The prize of one hundred dollars, offered by an anonymous guarantor for a poem, or group of poems, without distinction of nationality, is awarded to

MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT

of Moline, Illinois, for her poem, *The Old Woman*, published last January.

This prize, or other prizes similar in intent, have been previously awarded as follows:

1913—Vachel Lindsay, for *General Booth Enters into Heaven*.

1915—Constance Lindsay Skinner, for *Songs of the Coast-dwellers*.

1915—"H. D.," for *Poems*.

1916—John Gould Fletcher, for *Arizona Poems*.

1917—Robert Frost, for *Snow*.

1918—Ajan Syrian, for *From the Near East*.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The prize of one hundred dollars offered by Mr. S. King Russell, under conditions noted above, for good work by a young poet, is awarded to

MARK TURBYFILL

of Chicago, because of the quality of his work printed in POETRY for May, 1917, and August, 1918, as well as last month.

Three other special prizes, of one hundred dollars each, have been previously awarded: to Louise Driscoll, for *Metal Checks*, as the best poem of the war received in competition and printed in our War Number of November, 1914; to Wallace Stevens, for *Three Travellers Watch a Sunrise*, adjudged the best one-act poetic play received in a prize contest—July, 1916; and to Muna Lee, for a lyric poem or poems by a young poet, in POETRY during its fourth year.

Besides the above three awards, and the poems by former winners of POETRY prizes listed above, the following poems receive honorable mention:

The Blue Duck, by Lew Sarett (November).

Nostalgia, and *Tommies in the Train*, by D. H. Lawrence (February).

Song, by Sara Teasdale (September).

Fatherland, by Eloise Robinson (October).

Recuerdo and *She is Overheard Singing*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay (May).

Announcement of Awards

Broken Windows, by William Carlos Williams (March).

Masks, by Max Michelson (November).

The Day in Summer, by Emanuel Carnevali (September).

Little Rabbit, by A. Y. Winters (September).

The Edge and Dawn-wind, by Lola Ridge (October).

Proud New York, by John Reed (April).

Melody in a Restaurant, by Conrad Aiken (August).

The Garden of the West, by Louise Driscoll (December).

Before My Fire in a French Village, and *Ante Proelium*,
by Morris Bishop (March).

Songs to a Woman, by Maxwell Bodenheim (May).

Prayers and Fantasies, by Richard Aldington (November).

Aero-metre and Consecration, by Robert M. McAlmon
(March).

Grandmother, by Frances Shaw (March).

And

A Little Girl's Songs, by Hilda Conkling (July).

The following translations also receive honorable mention:

The Farewell, by Charles Vildrac, translated by Witter Bynner (February).

Chinese Written Wall-pictures, translated by Florence Ayscough and Amy Lowell (February).

Old Folk Songs of Ukraina, translated by Florence Randal Livesay (April).

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

THE PRIZE POEMS

In deference to urgent requests, we here reprint as many of the prize-poems as we have room for, for the benefit of those readers who do not keep their files of the magazine.

Primavera, by H. L. Davis, is a group of eleven poems, of which we reprint four. For the first, we revise the title according to the poet's corrected proof, which arrived too late last March.

PROUD RIDERS

We rode hard, and brought the cattle from brushy springs,
From heavy dying thickets, leaves wet as snow;
From high places, white-grassed, and dry in the wind;
Draws where the quaken-asps were yellow and white,
And the leaves spun and spun like money spinning.
We poured them out on the trail, and rode for town.

Men in the fields leaned forward in the wind,
Stood in the stubble and watched the cattle passing.
The wind bowed all, the stubble shook like a shirt.
We threw the reins by the yellow and black fields, and rode,
And came, riding together, into the town
Which is by the gray bridge, where the alders are.

The white-barked alder trees dropping big leaves
Yellow and black, into the cold black water.
Children, little cold boys, watched after us—
The freezing wind flapped their clothes like windmill paddles.
Down the flat frosty road we crowded the herd:
High stepped the horses for us, proud riders in autumn.

IN THE FIELD

The young grass burnt up, so hot the air was:
And I was lying by her knee, near the cool low

The Prize Poems

Spring branch, in sight of the green shining meadow.
How red her mouth was, how fine her hair, and so cool;
Her hair was cool as the ground; I thought how red
Her mouth was, and wondered at her white wrists.
Another would have meddled, not have let me lie;
Another would have laughed when I put in items her beauty,
But she was still, like any scene or the sky.

Her red mouth, her wrists so white. "This is cool blood,
And it is deep, since it colors your mouth only.
I wonder and wonder at you—do you seem best
Playing with your hand in the dirt, like any dumb person?
For then you are like a black-river bird at rest;
Or like a poet sitting on the stairs among
The people like yours, and talking familiarly with them.
I wonder at you moreover because of your people,
Whose daughters should not seem sweet; yet you seem to me
Pleasanter to touch than are the light breast feathers
Of a bird; and your heart plays lower, more like wind.
It is pleasure to lie by your knee here in the fields."

I say yet, the white alders and the willows' switching,
And the weaving of thin graceful weeds, pleased me more
Than to own pastures: because of her beauty. But say
Nothing like, "Come away," because her people
Work with her now, where about cold low springs the smoke
From waters at morning stains the cold air all day.

MY STEP-GRANDFATHER

My step-grandfather sat during the noon spell
Against the wild crabapple tree, by the vines.
Flies about the high hot fern played, or fell
To his beard, or upon the big vein of his hand.
With their playing he seemed helpless and old, in a land
Where new stumps, piles of green brush, fresh-burnt pines,
Were young and stubborn. He mentioned the old times
As if he thought of this: "I have marched, and run
Over the old hills, old plowed land, with my gun
Bumping furrows—oh, years old. But in this new place
There is nothing I know. I ride a strange colt."

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

"You know old times, and have seen some big man's face:
Out of the old times, what do you remember most?"

"General Lee. Once they called us out in a cold
Plowed field, to parade for him. He was old with frost.
I remember our style of dress; my dead friends last long,
(I would have thought longer); and there were peaked women
Who watched us march, and joked with us as they were trimming
The green shoots of wild roses to eat. But these with me
Lack what the other has—they are not so strong.
And lost battles?—I would be prouder starving in rain
And beaten and running every day, with General Lee,
Than fat and warm, winning under another man."

Alone presently, I laid myself face down
To avoid seeing the field; and thought of how the book
Describes Esther; and imagined how that queen might look,
Preferred for beauty, in her old fields red and brown.
"I am like my step-grandfather," I thought, "and could
Follow whatever I love, blind and bold;
Or go hungry and in great shame, and, for a cause, be proud."
And I came to work, sad to see him so old.

THE VALLEY HARVEST

Honey in the horn! I brought my horse from the water
And from the white grove of tall alders over the spring,
And brought him past a row of high hollyhocks
Which flew and tore their flowers thin as his mane.
And women there watched, with hair blown over their mouths;
Yet in watching the oat field they were quiet as the spring.

"Are the hollyhocks full bloomed? It is harvest then.
The hay falls like sand falling in a high wind
When the weeds blow and fly—but steady the sand falls.
It is harvest, harvest, and honey in the horn.
I would like to go out, in a few days, through the stubble field,
And to all the springs—yours too we have known for years—
And to the bearing vines, and clean the berries from them."

Call, women!—why do you stand if not for your pride's sake?

The Prize Poems

But the women would neither call to me nor speak,
Nor to any man not mowing during their harvest.
They watched with their hair blowing, near the stalks,
In the row of red hollyhocks.

Quiet as the spring.
What is by the spring? A bird, and a few old leaves.

We reprint the whole of Mrs. Seiffert's prize poem:

THE OLD WOMAN

A Morality Play in Two Parts

I

Doctor: There is an old woman
Who ought to die—
Deacon: And nobody knows
But what she's dead—
Doctor: The air will be cleaner
When she's gone—
Deacon: But we dare not bury her
Till she's dead—
Landlady: Come, young doctor
From the first floor front,
Come, dusty deacon
From the fourth floor back,
You take her heels
And I'll take her head—
Doctor and We'll carry her
Deacon: And bury her—
If she's dead!
House: They roll her up
In her old red quilt,
They carry her down
At a horizontal tilt.
She doesn't say, "Yes!"
And she doesn't say, "No!"
She doesn't say, "Gentlemen,
Where do we go?"
Doctor: Out in the lot
Where the ash-cans die,

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

There, old woman,
There shall you lie!
Deacon: Let's hurry away,
And never look behind
To see if her eyes
Are dead and blind,
To see if the quilt
Lies over her face.
Perhaps she'll groan,
Or move in her place!
House: The room is empty
Where the old woman lay,
And I no longer
Smell like a tomb—
Landlady: Doctor, deacon,
Can you say
Who'll pay the rent
For the old woman's room?

II

House: The room is empty
Down the hall;
There are mice in the closet,
Ghosts in the wall.
A pretty little lady
Comes to see—
Woman: Oh, what a dark room!
Not for me!
Landlady: The room is large
And the rent is low;
There's a deacon above,
And a doctor below—
Deacon: When the little mice squeak
I will pray—
Doctor: I'll psycho-analyze
The ghosts away—
Landlady: The bed is large
And the mattress deep;
Wrapped in a featherbed
You shall sleep—
Woman: But here's the door
Without a key—

The Prize Poems

An unlocked room
Won't do for me!
Doctor: Here's a bolt—
Deacon: And here's a bar—
Landlady: You'll sleep safely
Where you are!
Woman: Good-night, gentlemen,
It's growing late.
Good-night, landlady,
Pray don't wait!
I'm going to bed—
I'll bolt the door
And sleep more soundly
Than ever before!
Deacon: Good-night, madam,
I'll steal away—
Doctor: Glad a pretty lady
Has come to stay!
House: She lights a candle—
What do I see?
That cloak looks like
A quilt to me!
She climbs into bed
Where long she's lain;
She's come back home—
She won't leave again.
She's found once more
Her rightful place—
Same old lady
With a pretty new face.
Let the deacon pray
And the doctor talk—
The mice will squeak
And the ghosts will walk.
There's a crafty smile
On the landlady's face—
The old woman's gone
And she's filled her place!
Landlady: It's nothing to me
If the old woman's dead—
I've somebody sleeping
In every bed!

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Of the poems by Mark Turbyfill which appeared previous to last month, we reprint two:

A SONG FOR SOULS UNDER FIRE

*Lo, that doves
Should soften
These surging streets!*

I found him talking simply and gladly of God,
In the unmoved city of granite
And noise.

Thought kindled in his cheek,
And his white faith
Was the tree in spring
To look upon.

He whispered me he knew the God of Daniel
In the lions' den;
The faith of Joan of Arc
On parapets.

He will walk, a spirit
Of unguessed power,
Into battle.

He will walk unreached
Into fire!

THE FOREST OF DEAD TREES

I climbed up the rough mountain-side
Through the forest of dead trees.

I touched their smooth, stark limbs,
And learned much of the white beauty of death.

Whose taut, slender thigh was this?
And this, whose gracious throat?

The Prize Poems

O life, you are not more beautiful
Than this silent, curving death is beautiful!

And Eternity—
I think I heard it cry:
"Centre within centre,
Death or Life,
One am I."

NOTES

Mr. W. B. Yeats, the distinguished Irish poet, has contributed to POETRY so often as to require no introduction. His latest book of verse is *The Wild Swans at Coole*, published in America this year by the Macmillan Co.

Mr. Robert Nichols, author of *Ardors and Endurances* (Fred. A. Stokes Co.), is the young English soldier-poet who made a lecture-tour through this country last winter.

Mr. Yone Noguchi, of Tokyo, Japan, is sufficiently introduced to our readers in Mrs. Tietjens' editorial. His compatriot, Mr. Jun Fujita, is now a resident of Chicago, in the employ of the *Evening Post*.

Evelyn Scott (Mrs. Cyril Kay Scott) who appears in POETRY for the first time, was born in Tennessee, and for the last five years has been living in Bahia, Brazil. She has written stories and plays as well as poems, but has not yet published a volume.

Mr. Malcolm Cowley, of Pittsburgh, is now a post-graduate student at Harvard, after some war experience in the artillery. Mr. Cowley has been a member of the Harvard Poetry Club, but has published little as yet.

Miss Godwin Trezevant Carrall, born in Little Rock, Ark., has been on the stage since her graduation from Vassar eight years ago.

Except Messrs. Yeats and Nichols, the above poets are new to our readers. The following have appeared before in POETRY:

Mr. Lew Saret, who is now a member of the faculty of the University of Illinois at Urbana, worked for nine summer seasons as a guide in the Chippewa country. His first book of verse, *Many Many Moons*, to be published this winter by Henry Holt & Co., will consist partly of his Chippewa interpretations.

Mr. Willard Wattles has returned to the faculty of the Uni-

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

versity of Kansas at Lawrence, which he left for military service. His latest book is *Lanterns in Gethsemane* (E. P. Dutton & Co.).

Miss Louise Driscoll, of Catskill, N. Y., author of *Metal Checks*, a tragic dialogue which took POETRY's prize for a war poem five years ago, has not yet published a volume.

Miss Helen Hoyt having yielded to the *wanderlust* and therefore resigned as one of the associate editors of POETRY Mr. Emanuel Carnevali has accepted the post.

The editor is informed, too late for omission of the statement on page 95, that Mr. D. H. Lawrence, the distinguished English poet and novelist, has given up his intention to come to America this season.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ORIGINAL VERSE:

Pictures of the Floating World, by Amy Lowell. Macmillan Co.
Songs of a Golden Age, by Elizabeth F. Sturtevant. Richard G. Badger.

A Tribute of Verse, by H. W. Stewart. Privately printed, Tasmania.

My Rose and Other Poems, by Euphemia MacLeod. Four Seas Co.
Rhymes of Summertime, by Don Garrison. Privately printed, Rushville, Ill.

The John Howard Russell Poems. J. M. Ouseley & Son, Ltd., London.

The Second Poems of Edwin Curran. Privately printed, Zanesville, O.

Merchants of the Morning, by Samuel McCoy. Geo. H. Doran Co.

ANTHOLOGIES, PLAYS, TRANSLATIONS:

A Second Pagan Anthology. Pagan Pub. Co., N. Y.
Stuff. Four Seas Co.

Omar and the Rabbi—Fitzgerald's Translation of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, and Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra: arranged in dramatic form by Frederick LeRoy Sargent. Four Seas Co.

Sweden's Laureate—*Selected Poems of Verner von Heidenstam*, translated with an Introduction by Charles Wharton Stork. Yale Univ. Press.

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Men, Women and Ghosts	1.50	Six French Poets.	
Sword Blades and Poppy Seed	1.50	Illustrated - - - -	2.50
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REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.**

Of Poetry, published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for October 1, 1919.

State of Illinois, County of Cook. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harriet Monroe, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the editor of Poetry, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

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(Seal)

BLANCHE CALKINS,

(My commission expires July 29, 1920.)

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there must be great audiences too.
—*Whitman*

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