

Vol. XVIII

No. V

Poetry

A Magazine of Verse
Edited by Harriet Monroe
August 1921

Growth, by Charles R. Murphy
Hoofs and Haloës

by David O. Hamilton
Beyond Sorrow

by Eda Lou Walton
Florence Mixter, DuBose Heyward

543 Cass Street, Chicago

\$3.00 per Year Single Numbers 25c

POETRY is one of the three good magazines in America.

Geoffrey Parsons, of the New York Tribune.

Vol. XVIII

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POETRY for AUGUST, 1921

	PAGE
Growth (seven poems)	Charles R. Murphy 235
Hoofs and Haloes (five poems)	David Osborne Hamilton 239
Memory	Margaret Belle Houston 241
Poems (five poems)	Florence Kilpatrick Mixer 242
It Vanished	Grace Hodsdon Boutelle 245
The Mountain Graveyard	DuBose Heyward 246
Innocent Sleep	Nancy Campbell 247
Dirge	Richard Hughes 248
Timelessness	Louise Townsend Nicholl 249
Folk-song, from the Danish—Lucrezia Borgia's Last Letter	Antoinette DeCoursey Patterson 250
In the Night Watches (four poems)	Margaret DeLaughter 252
Love's Passing—My Sepulchre.	Gladys Edgerton 254
Poems Original and Derived	Mason A. Freeman, Jr. 256
Beyond Sorrow (seven poems)	Eda Lou Walton 260
Midsummer Delite	H. M. 264
Brazilian Dance Songs	Evelyn Scott 267
Aboriginal Tasmanian Poetry	H. W. Stewart 271
Reviews:	
Robinson's Double Harvest	H. M. 273
The Poet of the War	A. C. H. 276
Mr. Masfield's Racer	N. Howard Thorp 279
Songs and Splashes	H. M. 281
Modern and Elizabethan	H. M. 283
Classics in English	Glenway Wescott 284
Our Contemporaries:	
The Dial's Annual Award	289
New Magazines.	290
Notes and Books Received	291, 292

Manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Inclusive yearly subscription rates. In the United States, Mexico, Cuba and American possessions, \$3.00 net; in Canada, \$3.15 net; in all other countries in the Postal Union, \$3.25 net. Entered as second-class matter Nov. 15, 1912, at the post-office, at Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879.

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

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AUGUST 1921

GROWTH

ADVENT

OUT of a silence greater than all words;
Over the unspeakable, dumb,
Everlasting hills
With their muter herds;
Swifter than a blade that kills;
Mightier than prayer;
Fairer than the dawn
When some dew yet remains unbroken;
Stronger than despair;
From the unspoken to the spoken,
While the heart rests momentarily;
Lovely as the half-uttered words of a child,
More delicate, more mild;
Terrible as the torn breasts of anguish

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When strong wills languish:
Suddenly, dreadfully, exquisitely,
Love, death, and God shall come.

SOWN

Rain and the patience of the planted field,
Grey skies that hasten to the need
Of brown moistening earth, and to the sealed
Faint harvest in the unbroken seed—
Patience for waiting give us! O planted men,
Who waits your budding and your heaped
Flowers of death? Again, again
Perhaps ye shall return—the reapers, not the reaped—
And, braver than corn-seed hid away together,
Of our meagre or our mighty yield
Shall wake for the gathering in harvest weather.

TO EARTH

Oh, fortunate the waiting that shall end in wonder,
And blessed now the patience that is in thy biding;
For now are the herded clouds and the wild rain's thunder
Over the roof of thy quiet seeds' hiding.

We too, O earth, shall need thy blessedness of waiting
For the green flowering of pastures, when the panting
Storm shall cease; though blood be the rain that is abating,
And men be the seeds of our wild planting.

WINTER

Now are ye lean, O trees, and shaped for soaring
Over the sacred snow that hides the land;
Now after stress of bitter storms endured
On the spent earth unmutinous ye stand.

Only your faces now are turned not earthward,
However deep your roots are clasped there.
With the gaunt gesture of a saint's uprising,
Ye are the resurrection that is prayer.

SPRING

Trees have a gesture of departure,
Yet forever stay;
Into what eager land they'd travel
No man may say.

In the spring they stand on tip-toe;
Yet, self-willed, remain
In autumn to let earthward
Their hopes like rain.

Yet forever a new spring cometh,
And their muteness swells
To the voice of one long risen
For long farewells;

Who with steps of eternal patience,
In eternal quest,

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Would venture a truth too lofty
To be expressed;

Whose heart at times is burdened,
When no dream consoles,
With a heritage too mighty
For rooted souls.

HUMILITY

Open the doors of temples, scorn
Their veils! Yet in the flight of bird on sea,
In the fall of leaf from tree,
In the green patient spears of grain, in the torn
Sides of mountains where some verdure clings—
In all these things—
We have enough to brood on till we be
Ready and humble as the corn.

MID-MAY

Put aside your words, and there are left
Stones of the grey walls and apple-trees;
And in the flesh and mind, and in what seems
Birthing almost of an immortal soul,
Virginity and fortitude and hope—
Delicate as blossoms on the gnarled limbs
White, grey and green above the risen grass.
Charles R. Murphy

HOOFS AND HALOES

TE DEUM

Out in the hot sun I saw Satan stand:
He stroked the peaches with his finger-tips,
And burst the melons open in his hand,
And squirted the fat grapes between his lips.
He cracked an apple, and deep in the rift
Of snowy meat his yellow teeth he thrust.
A daisy from the grass he plucked and sniffed—
His fiery breath soon charred it into dust.
He pinched the purple plums, and playfully
Took up his tail and twirled it round and round
To lash the gold leaves from a maple-tree,
And laughed—the birds fled screaming at the sound.
He swung the boughs, and with his sharp horns pricked
The pears as they went swinging through the air,
And drove his hoof into the ground, and kicked,
Stirring the damp earth through the grasses there;
Then tore the tangled undergrowth apart
Till in its shadow he was deftly placed,
And stretched and said: "I marvel at God's art!
The earth could not be formed more to my taste."

THE IDIOT

When earth was madly green he lay
And mocked his shadow's dancing feet,

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Or from his laughter ran away
To watch the poppies burn the wheat.

But when the frozen leaves whirled by
And colored birds were blown afar,
He climbed the bitter winter sky
And hanged himself upon a star.

BEAUTY IN FOURTH STREET

I

It was not strange that Beauty found
Our path in June, and eagerly
Thrust up the gay flowers through the ground
And put a bird on every tree.

But strange it was when skies were grey
That Beauty followed where we led,
And sat beside our stove all day,
And lay at night upon our bed.

II

I live with Beauty, and across the way
I see a shabby park where women sit
And scold the dirty children from their play,
While old men shift their wrinkled legs and spit.

David Osborne Hamilton

So close to me these dusty lives go past—
Shall I cry out how Beauty came to me?
O futile lips, be still! O heart, close fast!
Break not with joy, lest you set Beauty free!

OUR TIME

Once more earth bellows with the lust
Of rolling drums. Once more we win with fire
The passing wind, and perish for the dust
Of man's desire.

Fierce as the tiger in the night,
And greedy as the swine that roots the clod
Is man, whose spirit of eternal light
Moves into God.

David Osborne Hamilton

MEMORY

I walked with you beside the orchard bars,
Where the still plum-tree drops her whiteness down.
You kissed my brow: your kiss was like a crown.
You kissed my mouth: my crown was set with stars.

Margaret Belle Houston

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

POEMS

ALL SOULS' EVE

Hark!—do you hear the choral dead?
Forgotten now their pride
Who on this night would have us know
They passed unsatisfied.

They shiver like the thin brown leaves
Upon a sapless tree,
Clinging with palsied, withered might
To their identity.

Their voices are the unearthly winds
That die before the dawn;
And each one has some tale to tell,
And, having told, is gone.

.

Ah!—you who come with sea-blue eyes,
And dead these hundred years,
Be satisfied! I hold the cup
Still brimming with your tears.

CHINESE EPITAPH

She was a Manchu lady . . .
Near the tomb where she lies

Broods an ancient Buddha with robes of jade and of coral
And curious lapis-blue eyes.

She was a wistful lady . . .
When the west wind sighs
Inscrutable even as the terrible calm of Buddha
Her impassive disguise.

She was a Manchu lady . . .
Azure the skies,
And golden the tracery sealing the proud lips of Buddha
As the west wind dies.

ALCHEMY

They had no souls, the envious ones!
They were blind to your heart's beauty,
Deaf to your spirit's voice,
And dumb in the presence of your holiness.
But they felt a vague warmth
In their cold hands
As you passed.
And so they reached out
For your flaming soul;
Throwing it on their own dead altar-fires,
Warming their numb fingers in the golden flame
That rose to Heaven,
Flickered,
And went out.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Somewhere, among the scattered ashes,
Lies the matrix-stone
Of your imperishable beauty.

INVOCATION

Tonight in sleep there came to me
A dream where Christ walked on the sea;
And, shipwrecked, I called out, to hear
His quiet answer, "I am near."
But when the waves had risen high
I doubted—till I heard him cry:
"Come take my hand, beloved one—
The long and lonely night is done.
Fear not! and you shall walk with me,
As Peter walked, upon the sea."

Who was it called? The night is slow
To answer; but awake I know
The clutching terror of the heart
That feels the weed-choked waters part,
And, drowning, rears a Christ who stands
With dim-remembered outstretched hands.
Who knows if Peter's Christ is mine?
Like Peter, now, I ask a sign . . .
If Christ still walks upon the sea—

How calm is dawn on Galilee!

Florence Kilpatrick Mixter

LULLABY

Come, sleep. Her heart's a wood-anemone.
Her thoughts are swallows flown
Across the dusk. Her hair's a willow-tree
By the west wind blown.
Her eyes are pools where bubbles rise and break—
Dream-bubbles from the deep.
Her soul's a moth that flutters in their wake.
Come sleep. . . . come sleep. . . .

Florence Kilpatrick Mixter

IT VANISHED

To C. A. B.

Can it matter to you and me
Where the hurrying years have fled,
Since they told me you ceased to be,
Since the day when they called you dead?
Death? As a cobweb spun
By night on the dew-drenched grass,
It vanished . . . I saw you pass
With your face to the rising sun.

Grace Hodsdon Boutelle

THE MOUNTAIN GRAVEYARD

High on the mountain where the storm-heads are,
Lying where all may see, there is a place
As hideous and shocking as a scar
That mars the beauty of a well-loved face.
Infinitely drear, and raw, and nude,
It waits and listens in the solitude.

There is no friendly tree in all that square
Of scattered stones and arid, troubled clay.
Bleak as the creed of those who journey there,
Hard as the code by which they lived their day,
It gives them all they ask of it—its best;
No beauty and no softness—only rest.

But oh, the pity of it all is this:
They lived with beauty and their eyes were blind.
Dreaming of far strong joys, they came to miss
Those that were near. So at the last we find
No tenderness of blossom, but instead
Mute emblems of the longings of the dead.

These rain-bleached sea-shells in an ordered row
Tell of an ocean that they never knew
Except in dreams which, through the ebb and flow
Of years, set seaward as the torrents do.
Always they planned to follow, knowing deep
Within their hearts that dreams are but for sleep.

DuBose Heyward

And see these tawdry bits of broken glass
Which speak the foreign glories of the town—
The crowds, the lights; these too are dreams that pass
Here where the hemming walls of rock look down,
And clasp their children fast within their keep
Until they cradle them at last to sleep.

Yet all the while if they could only know
The beauty that is theirs to breathe and touch—
The whisper of the dawn across the snow,
The vast low-drifting clouds that love them much—
Oh, they could call their dreams home down the sky,
And carry beauty with them when they die.

DuBose Heyward

INNOCENT SLEEP

My little son half woke last night—
A golden-headed rosiness,
Dark-eyed with drowsiness;
Peered for a moment at the candle-light.

So I have seen the daisies sleep
Pink-tipped along a mountain wall,
And hardly stir at all
At the bright dawn—their dreams have been so deep.

Nancy Campbell

DIRGE

To those under smoke-blackened tiles, and cavernous
echoing arches,

In tortuous hid courts where the roar never ceases
Of deep cobbled streets wherein dray upon dray ever
marches,

The sky is a broken lid, a litter of smashed yellow pieces.

To those under mouldering tiles, where life to an hour is
crowded—

Life, to a span of the floor, to an inch of the light;
And night is all feverous hot, a time to be bawded and
rowdied:

Day is a time of grinding, that looks for rest to the night.

Those who would live, do it quickly; with quick tears,
sudden laughter,

Quick oaths, terse blasphemous thoughts about God the
Creator.

Those who would die, do it quickly; with noose from the
rafter,

Or the black, shadowy eddies of Thames, the hurry-
hater.

Life is the master, the keen and grim destroyer of beauty.
Death is a quiet and deep reliever, where soul upon soul
And wizened and thwarted body on body are loosed from
their duty

Richard Hughes

Of living, and sink in a bottomless, edgeless, impalpable
hole.

Dead, they can see far above them, as if from the depth of
a pit,
Black on the glare small figures that twist and are shriv-
elled in it.

Richard Hughes

TIMELESSNESS

We knew a timeless place beside three trees,
Where lights across an arching bridge were set;
And, dark against the sky, was flung a frieze
Of human joy in shifting silhouette.
Figures of children—swift, and lovers—slow,
Made us a pageant as they crossed the hill.
We called it “being dead,” and watched them go,
Remembering when we were living still.
Now you have died, and found those timeless nights;
Ours was a dream which you have made come true.
Three trees are there, a hill, a bridge of lights:
I know, I know—I have been dead with you!
I shall put off my grief, my sick despair,
Since only joy is silhouetted there.

Louise Townsend Nicholl

FOLK-SONG—FROM THE DANISH

Little Rose and her mother, from the boat where it lay,
Bantered each other in the merriest way.

Ha, ha, ha, sa, sa, sa, sa!

Bantered each other in the merriest way!

“No lover shall wed me—no matter how bold—
Till trees in the garden bear blossoms of gold.”

Ha, ha, ha, sa, sa, sa, sa!

“Till trees in the garden bear blossoms of gold.”

From the porch thinks Hr. Peder, amused at her jest,
“’Tis always the one who laughs latest laughs best!”

Ha, ha, ha, sa, sa, sa, sa!

“’Tis always the one who laughs latest laughs best!”

And when later they entered the garden—behold
From each tree was hanging a ring of bright gold!

Ha, ha, ha, sa, sa, sa, sa!

From each tree was hanging a ring of bright gold!

But Rosalie, scarlet as fresh-dripping blood,
Kept both her eyes fixed on the grass where she stood.

Ha, ha, ha, sa, sa, sa, sa!

Kept both her eyes fixed on the grass where she stood.

Then Hr. Peder he kissed her, still full of the jest:
“Most surely the one who laughs latest laughs best!”

Ha, ha, ha, sa, sa, sa, sa!

“Most surely the one who laughs latest laughs best!”

LUCREZIA BORGIA'S LAST LETTER

Before me shine the words of her last letter—

Lucrezia Borgia to the Pope at Rome—

Wherein she begs, as life's remaining fetter

Slips from her, that his prayers will guide her home:

The favor God has shown to me confessing,

As swift my end approaches, Father, I,

A Christian though a sinner, ask your blessing

And kiss your feet in all humility.

The thought of death brings no regret, but pleasure;

And after the last sacrament great peace

Will be mine own—in overflowing measure,

If but your mercy marks my soul's release.

And here the letter finds a sudden ending,

As though the dying hand had lost its power:

My children to Rome's love and care commending—

Ferrara—Friday—at the fourteenth hour.

An odor as of incense faintly lingers

About the page of saintly sophistries—

And I am thinking clever were the fingers

That could mix poison and write words like these.

Antoinette DeCoursey Patterson

IN THE NIGHT WATCHES

INVOCATION

Kwan-yin, mother of mercies,
Kwan-yin, goddess of prayer,
Hear my voice at thine altar,
Heed my foot on the stair!

Lo, the rice-bowl is empty;
Toa-tai smiles no more.
Sorrow lurks at our roof-tree,
Ruin waits at the door.

Kwan-yin, mother of mercies,
Kwan-yin, goddess of prayer,
Hear my voice at thine altar,
Heed my foot on the stair!

PIERROT AND COLUMBINE

The gods are dead, and we are old;
And we are old, for now at last,
For now at last our hearts are cold;
Our hearts are cold, and love is past.

Our love is past, and even so,
And even so our dreams have fled.
Our dreams have fled, and so we know,
And so we know the gods are dead!

REQUIEM

All the love, the love we gave them;
Tears, unanswered prayers to save them!
Now, what is there left to show?—
Wooden crosses in a row!

They wore their crown of thorns so lightly,
June still blossoms just as brightly.
How can laughing roses know
Of wooden crosses in a row?

Is it, then, so sweet, their sleeping?
After all, was life worth keeping?
There they lie, and none may know—
Wooden crosses in a row.

TOWARD EVENING

The poppies just outside my door
Still flaunt their crimson loveliness.
How can they blossom any more,
Now I have lost my happiness?

Not any grief of mine can mar
The beauty of this tranquil weather.
Each evening, with the first pale star,
Comes that same thrush we loved together,

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

And pours gold notes from every bough
Of his old sacred apple-tree.

But he has lost his magic now—
He cannot sing you back to me.

Margaret DeLaughter

LOVE'S PASSING

Gold as the sun,
Bold as a boy,
Your wanton wings waken
The love you destroy,
Leaving within the heart of each flower
Longing for an impassioned hour.

Shade of the sea,
Maid of the sky,
Your azure wings beat on
My heart as you fly
Dreamily on in a happy trance,
Letting me wither with never a glance.

Rare as a pearl,
Fair as a nun,
Your white wings inspire
The love that you shun,

Rising from passion and glad desire
Into the sun's heart higher and higher.

Flown from the world,
Blown like a breath,
You leave me earth-rooted
And wedded to death,
Wasting for lips I have never known,
Hoarding my fragrance for you alone!

MY SEPULCHRE

The flame blue of heaven glows overhead,
Under my halting feet crisp leaves burn red.
Oh, what an ecstasy now to be dead!

Oh, what an ecstasy now to lie down
One with the autumn earth pulsing and brown—
So in the sunlight to slumber and drown!

To drown in a sea of gold, melt into air
Crisp with the tang of frost, pungent and rare—
Sunshine my sepulchre, wind my last prayer!

Gladys Edgerton

POEMS ORIGINAL AND DERIVED

THE TRIPLE SHROUD

This is the triple shroud,
Spun of a single thread
On spindles of the whirling worlds
In thundering halls of dread;
It makes the living shine as flame,
And resurrects the dead.

Life is the shroud of love,
Woven of dust and breath.
Death is the shroud of life;
Love is the shroud of death.

THE WAY

Some souls have slept with sorrow,
And some have walked with shame.
With both I went in shadows
Through firmaments of flame—
To clasp the formless in the form,
The substance in the name.

ONCE MORE

Once more I strip my shroud from me,
Once more unfurl my azure wings,

Pursue athwart the reeling suns
An ever-dancing star that sings
Of madder joys than I have dreamed,
And fiercer griefs than I have borne:
Yet would I burn between her breasts
Behind the curtains of the morn!

EPIGRAMS

The Poet

Up leaped the lark in flight,
And saw the dawn
Singing above the night.

The Untrammelled

Only the wind is free—
He shapes at will
The sea's plasticity.

The Beggar

The tulip lifts its bowl
Toward sun and cloud
To ask its daily dole.

Weeping-willow

Is it a maid I see
With hair unbound,
Or a weeping-willow tree?

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The Lotus

The lotus dreams that she
May root in mud,
Yet steal off with the bee.

On a Cameo

This image on a ring
Is all that lives
Of what was once a king.

Late Mourning

Plum petals fall like tears
Upon a grave
Neglected now for years.

Recognition

What seek you from the sky?
Long since
The noisy geese flew by.

The Prophetess

For years the earth has known
Impending fate
Each time the dead moon shone.

FROM THE VEDIC

The Egg

What lies hidden in the shell
Was born through torment deep in hell;

And it will burst its bonds to sense
Analogous experience,
And swing through poles of heaven and hell
To lurk again within the shell.

Ecce Homo

Behold the man indeed—the inner self
Who sits inside, no bigger than one's thumb;
Who limbless moves, and lacking eyes can see;
Scans all the past, can all the future plumb.

The Herdsman

I hail the wandering herdsman of the night,
The watcher and the shepherd of the stars,
Who points the pathway leading to the light,
And for the sheep lets down the golden bars.

The Rosary

Within the all-enfolding hands
The worlds are being told like beads.
Lift up your eyes and look thereon!—
What need have ye of forms and creeds?

Creation

The moon was gendered from my mind,
And from my eye the sun had birth,
And from my breast the winds burst forth,
And underneath my feet the earth.

Mason A. Freeman, Jr.

BEYOND SORROW

SO IT BEFELL

When the day is long
And full of pain,
I remember
A certain little lane
Where every night,
At half-past seven,
The train flashed by
On its way to heaven.

There you and I,
Watching in the lane,
Dreamed of riding
Inside the train—
Away from the wide
Sun-flowered plain
And tall fields of
High rolling grain.

When night is long
And strangely sane,
I remember
A certain little lane,
Where, on one night—
So it befell—
The train passed heaven
On its way to hell.

WITHOUT GRIEF

Beyond sorrow I have seen a pool
Of clear green waters
Without shadows,
And in it lay my body cool
And quiet as a leaf.
And I have watched it lying there
And seen the sunlight on it—
Now I come back and meet you
Without grief.

I WOULD BE FREE

I would be free of you, my body;
Free of you, too, my little soul.
I am so tired of this mocking hobby,
I am so tired of this imaged whole.

I would be neither base nor godly.
Loathing myself, could I bear then
To see all life and suffering oddly
Twisted and shaped to the needs of men?

I would be neither my own nor another's:
I would not tend for myself, nor hate
The flame of silence that in me smothers
Under the crackling smoke of fate.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

God!—what is there for such as in me
Cannot be two and are not whole?
Within the spirit dwells the body,
Upon the body feeds the soul.

CRISIS

Then, being aloof,
To give myself
Was nothing to me:
Only leaves falling
On the roof
Were prophecy.

DESPAIR

If the dream goes
Does it matter?
Life remains compact,
Integrate, whole;
And the living of it
Is the same
Day by identical day—
There is nothing missing!

NOW MORE THAN EVER DIVIDED

Now more than ever divided,
Loving and yet not loving,

A worshiper of your gentleness,
Demanding my own aloofness;
Now more than ever divided,
Two of myself, two in you;
Reared as a tower of granite
Bright on the last blue hill,
Crumbled and rooted with wild-flowers
Under the touch of your hand,
Torn as a leaf from a woodvine
Colorfully tossed to the wind,
Caught with dry tendrils of yearning
Close to an ancient wall!

IN RECOMPENSE

Now for the long years when I could not love you,
I bring in recompense this gift of yearning—
A luminous vase uplifted to the sun,
Blue with the shadows of near-twilight.
Here in its full round symmetry of darkness,
Burning with swift curved flashes bright as tears,
I lift it to the lonely lips that knew
Its slow creation, and the wheel of sorrow turning.
Take it with hands like faded petals,
White as the moonlight of our garden;
And for the long years when I could not love you
Drink from its amber-colored night.

Eda Lou Walton

COMMENT

MIDSUMMER DELITE

THE poets should companion us in midsummer—poets old and new, so they be good ones. And we shall like them the better if we give way to their moods a little instead of imposing on them our own. "In this time of our despair we should turn to the poets for guidance and inspiration toward manhood, rather than sink into the degradation of utter unbelief in anything outside our small selves"—so wrote the *Chicago Post's* London correspondent not long ago. Yes, guidance and inspiration, no doubt, but why be so solemn about it? We turn to the poet for delight, and of delight even guidance and inspiration are mere corollaries.

Delight, let us remind ourselves, is no cheap or vulgar emotion. What says our faithful guide, the *Century Dictionary*? First, we are told that our modern spelling is "wrong"—we should return to the earlier *delite*, for there is no etymological reason for linking up this Old-French word with the Anglo-Saxon *light* and its extinct guttural. *Delite*, then (let us, for a midsummer moment, resume the old spelling) comes from the Latin *delicere*, to allure—the same root which gives us *delicate*, *delectable*, *delicious*; and the verb transitive means, we are told, "to affect with great pleasure or rapture."

I will delite myself in thy statutes,
sings the Psalmist to God himself.

Man delites not me—no, nor woman either,
cries Hamlet. And in *Macbeth* we are reminded that
The labor we delite in physics pain.

No, delite is too rare to be cheap, and too richly fine to be vulgar. Guidance and inspiration spring from under its wings, but so do gayety and all the keen little joys of sense. Are few of us heirs of delite?—Do we take our little joys and big ones merely as fact-ridden pleasures and without this finer imaginative zest? Then surely we are cheated of our share of man's universal inheritance; then surely we have a grievance against the world, whose misguiding civilization has locked us away from nature and the other high original sources of delite; then surely we must turn to the poets, the artists, the seers, and take them out with us under the sky, into the woods, the plains, the mountains—set them against the play of winds and waves, of sunshine and dark storms. Somehow we must restore the connection, regain and develop our souls' capacity for delite. It is a stark, sometimes a bitter business; it implies the stripping away of "fold on fold of flesh and fabrics and mockeries." It implies the strict sincerities of nature and of art.

Perhaps the poets would be of more assistance in this business if we could trust them more—if, as I said above, we could give way to their moods a little instead of imposing on them our own. The man in search of guidance and inspiration resents a sense of humor in a poet, criticizes a grotesque as if it were intended for a god.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The tame man resents a wild fling of free verse; the violent man resents the sonnet's rounded mold of sentiment. The average man looks for peace in art, resents its call to war; looks for his own image in a poet, and a flattering image at that. Our standardized fellow-citizens—wearing their clothes, doing their jobs, thinking their thoughts all too much alike—would standardize that incarnation of the untamable, the poet. As *The Nation* puts it:

We do not banish poets from the Republic, but try to make them over into the image of congressmen. "Is it necessary," we ask, "to be so wild and passionate and heedless? How are we to know that the fellow is a poet and not a *poseur*?"

And the paper advises:

Let us be content not to know. Better that ten thousand *poseurs* should have their little fling and fun than that one Shelley, or one far less than Shelley, should be wounded or restrained or silenced. Can we not be liberated from this spirit of miserable thrift? . . . Let us admit the noble madness of poets and allow for it. Our verse will be less cool and humble and diluted, and more simple, sensuous and passionate. . . . We stand in bitter need of a glow, however faint, of the Dionysian, the unsubdued. The universe, as William James finely said, is wild as a hawk's wing.

So, in our summer wanderings of body or spirit, it may be well to practice a little spiritual lavishness. Only by giving ourselves away to our poet-companions can we explore their kingdom of delite. It should be a proud companionship of the free—on equal terms of challenge and retort, of daring, unflinching sympathy. Almost any poet worthy of the name, thus treated, has much to give.

H. M.

Brazilian Dance Songs

BRAZILIAN DANCE SONGS

It may be worth while if I set down for the readers of POETRY some of the songs which I learned on a *fazenda* twenty-seven miles from a railway in the state of Bahia, in Brazil. "White people" did not come to this place, and I think it very improbable that any Brazilian has taken the trouble to note either the words or the music of these songs, so full of atmosphere, which are known to the *vaqueiros* (Brazilian *gauchos*) and to the country people in general who dance—sometimes to the sound of a guitar, sometimes to the combined stimulus of an accordion and a bean-rattle, but again to the simply rhythmic accompaniment of the latter instrument alone, an affair made from a gourd and gaily decorated.

This dance, or *samba*, may be varied, but frequently it consists of no more than monotonous movements of the hips and an uninterrupted stamping of the feet. The men, usually heated to the proper pitch of enthusiasm by a copious indulgence in rum, move in a hesitating circle, each man with a hand on the shoulder of the dancer before him; approaching and retreating as they face the women who make a similar approach and retreat, the groups joining in the song which is half recitative. The dance sometimes constitutes a method of lightening labor; for when a hut is to be constructed the prospective owner invites a sufficient number of friends, who dig the large pit in which the mud is to be mixed for chinking the frail walls of the palm-thatched dwelling. Here, appro-

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

propiately intoxicated by their appreciative host, the male visitors, in the dancing attitude described above, churn the mud with their feet, while the women pass to and from the nearest water supply, carrying and emptying large earthen jars, to the encouragement of the singers who stamp and sway with a hypnotic motion, an expression of mingled stupidity and exaltation upon their tan-complexioned faces. I give you a very literal translation of a song which I heard on one of these occasions. In the original there is a marked regular beat, but the singers interpret the music very freely with an unduplicatable variety of minor quavers and resultant accidentals that show the African influence dominant over the Portuguese.

I was a seven-months child.

I did not drink milk from the breast of my mother.

Yet now they send me to the stream to pound their clothes.

In my father's corral were a hundred cows

From which the milk was taken to feed me.

Yet today they send me to the stream to beat the clothes.

Ei! Take the leaves from the poisonous corana, little Bahian half-breed!

I have no heart, Yaya;

But I go to wash your clothes!

In regard to this one must recall that there is a traditional distinction in being a seven-months child, and that only mothers of the common people suckle their children. Yaya and Yoyo are feminine and masculine terms of respectful address introduced by the Negroes.

Another song begins:

In my land there are palm trees, little half breed,
Where the *sabia* sings.

Ei, lei-lei, Yaya!

Come here, my pretty little lady.

The birds in this place
Can not sing like my birds.

Ei, lei-lei, Yaya!

Come here, my little miss!

The songs one hears in more populous districts are many of them entirely Portuguese in origin, and have the Latin religious naiveté. One, known I think from one end of Brazil to the other, is called *Noiva Morta* (*The Dead Bride*), and the lines are as follows:

When I die I shall be dressed like a bride,
With my hair flowing free under my veil.
They will say to each other,
"Already she resembles one of the angels of heaven."

My dress will be woven of jealousy
And marked with cruel passion.
My wreath will be of the flowers of white longing,
And my sepulchre shall be in your heart.

A lullaby, which was often sung to my baby, says:

Hush, hush, hush!
Open the door!
Turn the lamp high—
Little Manoel Jose wants to nurse,
Little Manoel Jose wants to sleep.
He will not sleep in a bed,
But in a hammock of boughs
Under the leaves.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

This little baby can not sleep in a bed
Because he is accustomed to lie between the feet of Our Lady, Saint Anna.
And another favorite of the same nurse-maid of extremely
unpoetical exterior has the charmingly unconsidered
verse:

I will come to you singing
In a cart filled with roses and pinks.
Our Lady will stand in the centre
And she will select for me the one of you who is most beautiful.

And again:

I saw the sea fringed with gold,
And I thought it was a cushion of blue velvet.
I saw the sea wound with streamers of white ribbon.
No—I was mistaken.
There is nothing there,
But I see white faces rising up at me out of the water.

Here is a bit which is particularly characteristic of an
ingratiatingly elastic ethical consciousness:

Negress Laurencia, who gave you the lace?
It was the shopkeeper, senhora.
He is called Senhor Chico.
He is called Senhor Chico.

*Lace of silk threads,
Skirt of coarse cotton!*
O lady, strike me!—
Don't lock me up!
If I stole the lace
It was because I needed it very much
To make me a skirt
For the procession of my saint!

I think I can not end this reminiscence better than by

Brazilian Dance Songs

giving you the first two verses of the *Fado de Hylario*. A *fado* is properly a song of the people, and the one noted here is of Portuguese inspiration and as well known in both Portugal and Brazil as *Suwanee River* or *My Old Kentucky Home* among us:

Go away ashamed, moon!—
Get out of the heavens!
The eyes of my beloved
Are far brighter than yours!

Our Lady is knitting a pair of stockings
With yarn made of light.
The points of Her needles are the stars,
And the stockings are for the baby Jesus.

The above translations are from memory, and in spite of the defect of ignoring the rhythm will, I think, give some idea of the temperamental qualities of the Brazilian people.

Evelyn Scott

ABORIGINAL TASMANIAN POETRY

The extinct Tasmanians are interesting in that they were the most primitive race that we have any knowledge of. They wore no clothes, and their only shelters were a few pieces of bark propped up for a break-wind; yet they decked themselves with shell-necklets and had quite elaborate poetry. Does not this prove that art, if it does not come before utility, at least comes directly after food, before clothes and shelter? In singing their songs two or three would take up the burden, always at intervals of a

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

third. Some listeners have likened them to the songs of the Arabs; one (I don't know whether he was a Scotchman) compared them to the bagpipes. Around their fire at night they sang of the doings of the day, and very often some striking scene would be enacted. If the acted scene was a success, a corollary was born which passed on from tribe to tribe all over the island.

Their language, full of vowel sounds and liquid consonants, was almost as musical as Italian. Here is a song sung by the women, with a rough translation following it:

Nikkeh ningeh tribneh nickeh mollyga pollyla.

Namu rykemmeh treganna mabeh thinninneh treganna

Nehnane, kehgreuna, nynaby thinneh, tringeh gugerra tyathinneh,

Nynabythinneh koobryneh, mareh terrennet.

Pypatehinneh pungtinneh, loocoothinneh.

The women hunt the kangaroo and wallaby.

The emu runs in the bush, the kangaroo runs in the bush.

The young emu, the wallaby, the joey-kangaroo, the bandicoot, the kangaroo-rat,

The little kangaroo-rat and the little opossum, the ring-tail opossum, etc.

And so on, enumerating all the animals that are hunted. There were endless repetitions, some lines being repeated two or three times. Time was kept by beating sticks together and beating with the hands on skins rolled up tight to form a drum.

A narrative called *The Legend of Fire* is the only fraction of their mythology which has been preserved. The two stars Castor and Pollox are associated with its heroes' adventures.

H. W. Stewart

REVIEWS

ROBINSON'S DOUBLE HARVEST

The Three Taverns, and *Avon's Harvest*, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan Co.

It is a relief to some of Mr. Robinson's admirers to find him once more in the U. S. A. instead of in Camelot; for, to tell the truth, he is much more at home here, and the figures he presents are much more convincing. Although there are in *The Three Taverns* certain studies of historic or legendary characters—Hamilton and Burr, Rahel Robert, John Brown, Paul of Tarsus, Lazarus—both books are mainly in this poet's most characteristic vein, mainly studies of his gnarled and weather-beaten neighbors; of incomplete, unrounded characters in tragically ill-fitting human relationships.

Of these monologue or dialogue narratives *Avon's Harvest*, the longest, is perhaps the most distinguished. With true New England frugality, it weaves a closely knit, formidable tragedy out of meagre materials—a college antagonism, a blow, a long worm-eating revenge; and its creeping emotion of horror is all the more powerful, perhaps, because of the poet's restraint. Probably a psychoanalyst would diagnose Avon's case as insanity—delusions induced by fear of the serpentine, ruthless being whose offensive love had changed into consuming hatred. But such a gradual burrowing insanity was never more sharply and powerfully presented. The thing is done with a kind

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

of cold thrift, as effective in its way as Poe's lush and shadowed eloquence; the music in the one case being slow and stern, and in the other rich and full of sombre color. *Avon* has a tonal, almost monotonous beauty:

You need not ask
What undulating reptile he was like,
For such a worm as I discerned in him
Was never yet on earth or in the ocean
Or anywhere else than in my sense of him.

Again:

And having had one mordacious glimpse of him
That filled my eyes and was to fill my life,
I have known Peace only as one more word
Among the many others we say over
That have an airy credit of no meaning.

Last year's book, *The Three Taverns*, is mostly also dramatic narratives. I confess that certain ones interest me intellectually but bring little emotional thrill. The Hamilton-Burr dialogue, the monologues by Saint Paul and Rahel Robert and John Brown, are searching essays in character analysis, but they leave one cold. There is more of John Brown's flaming personality in a few lines of Lindsay's poem—

And there he sits
To judge the world;
His hunting ogs
At his feet are curled—

than in these pages of farewell to his wife and the world, fine as many passages are:

Could I have known, I say, before I left you
That summer morning, all there was to know—
Even unto the last consuming word
That would have blasted every mortal answer
As lightning would annihilate a leaf,
I might have trembled on that summer morning;
I might have wavered; and I might have failed.

The best line in the poem is fortunately the last:

I shall have more to say when I am dead.

There is no lack of fire in *London Bridge*, a case of ill-assorted marriage in which the pair hurl swathed rocks of hatred at each other—these two are terribly alive. Also, in a marriage-case less violent but more perplexing, one is deeply moved by Nimmo of the “velvet eyes”,

At his bewildered and unfruitful task
Of being what he was born to be—a man.

And one “gets” completely “the inextinguishable grace” of the vagabond in *Peace on Earth*, and the nothingness of Taskar Norcross,

a dusty worm so dry
That even the early bird would shake his head
And fly on farther for another breakfast.

But it is in Mr. Robinson's meditative poems that one tastes most keenly the sharp and bitter savor of his high aloof philosophy. He is not for Demos:

Having all,
See not the great among you for the small,
But hear their silence; for the few shall save

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The many, or the many are to fall—
Still to be wrangling in a noisy grave.

He offers no solution of the problem of creation, either in general or in detail, but he presents it in vivid lines:

There were seekers after darkness in the Valley of the Shadow,
And they alone were there to find what they were looking for.

He insists—

That earth has not a school where we may go
For wisdom, or for more than we may know.

But meantime,

Say what you feel, while you have time to say it—
Eternity will answer for itself.

H. M.

THE POET OF THE WAR

Poems, by Wilfred Owen; with an introduction by Siegfried Sassoon. B. W. Huebsch.

English critics have been giving high praise to Wilfred Owen's poems. Now that he has achieved an American edition, we are enabled to ratify their choice of him as the most distinguished poet of the War, and join in their sorrow over his early death as one of its heaviest losses.

Personally I find his work very fine indeed. I don't think the much-discussed *Strange Meeting* stands out far, if any, above the others—*Apologia Pro Poemate Meo*, or *The Show*, for instance; or the three lyrics, *Greater Love*, *Arms and the Boy*, *Anthem for Doomed Youth*. The experi-

ment with assonance in *Strange Meeting* arouses interest, but this is not the only poem by any means in which he uses alliterative assonance skilfully, although here the scheme is more definite and obvious.

Certainly there is nothing cheap about Wilfred Owen, and if he was making propaganda against war in his verse, as he might very justly, he was consciously making poetry also; which is what some of the other war-poets forgot or failed to do. In one or two of the poems in the latter part of the book one comes upon the vein made popular by Siegfried Sassoon and Gibson and others—the sort of “bloomin’ ” character-sketch or satiric incident, as in *Chances* or *S. I. W.*, in which someone wrote the mother of the soldier who had kissed the muzzle of his gun and shot himself, “Tim died smiling.” But these are below the level of Wilfred Owen’s other poems, although certainly not below this type of poem by Sassoon or Gibson.

The trouble with these poems, if one considers them as propaganda, is that they do not propagandize! They have a piquant flair for the easy-chair reader—quite as much as that first emotional reaction to war which was Rupert Brooke’s. For the fact is, they represent war as adventure; and on the page it matters not whether a man is killed in a trench or in a gun-fight in Arizona—the zest for the reader is the same. And the result, so far as propaganda against war is concerned, is quite the opposite of the effect intended.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

But when it comes to the slow horror of such a poem as *The Show*, or the subtle satire of *Arms and the Boy*, or the pitiful hopelessness of *Strange Meeting*, there you have the deep personal experience and revelation which is the only sort of propaganda (and one might say of poetry) that counts. These poems are indeed at the opposite pole from Rupert Brooke's gesture of sacrifice and renunciation. And yet the sacrifice is made no less, with a marvelously cool restraint and clear perception. This is what makes *Greater Love* such a fine poem—fine also in sheer poetic quality; with a certain seventeenth-century perfection, like George Herbert or Donne.

To go back for a moment to the sort of satiric graphic sketches noted above, what I mean about these is what Wilfred Owen meant:

Nevertheless, except you share
With them in hell the sorrowful dark of hell,
Whose mould is but the trembling of a flare,
And Heaven but as the highway for a shell,
You shall not hear their mirth;
You shall not come to think them well content,
By any jest of mine. These men are worth
Your tears: you are not worth their merriment.

Neither are we, I have sometimes thought, worth their stark tragedies, or these trench paradoxes which furnish incidents for the poetic cinema, so to speak—so that poets also may become war profiteers! It is this that I have resented in many of the war-poems which, like the war to end war, were supposed to rid war of its glamour. The

best of Owen's poems are far indeed from this; and that is their virtue.

Wilfred Owen evidently belonged to a later generation than Rupert Brooke, in spite of the few years between them; this not only in respect to his attitude about war, in which change Brooke would undoubtedly have shared had he lived, but in respect to his verse as well. It is nervous, sinewy, closely packed. His is a hardness and a precision that—could it have been preserved past the Sambre Canal, where he fell only a few days before the Armistice—would certainly have achieved much. He could not, one feels sure, have degenerated into any "Georgian" looseness of thought or structure. There is too much aloofness in his poems for that, and too much clear vision.

A. C. H.

MR. MASEFIELD'S RACER

Right Royal, by John Masefield. Macmillan Co.

The poem *Right Royal*, by John Masefield, is undoubtedly a splendid realistic description of a steeplechase; written, I should judge, by one who has never ridden over a course, but who, being a good horseman, has painstakingly covered every point in the race. Particularly good is his description of the London betting commissioner's representative who visits the racing stables, and his picture of the race crowds on their way vividly recalls Charles Lever's description of those making their annual pilgrimage to the Punchestown steeplechases.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

But whether Right Royal could really have won this race, as he does in Mr. Masefield's poem, is another matter.

After the most grueling race, of some four miles, to which a horse can be subjected, it seems unreasonable to suppose this super-horse capable, in a run of four furlongs on the flat, of making up thirty lengths lost by his mishap at the jump known as Lost Lady.

Let me make this quite clear: Compton Course, on which the race was run, was four-and-a-quarter miles in length. The first time around the course Right Royal lost thirty lengths at the hurdle and ditch. Eighteen lengths he seems to have made up by the time he came to his Lost Lady jump on the second time around the course. This of course took a great deal out of the horse.

Now, at the average speed at which steeplechases of this distance are run, the horses were covering approximately forty-eight feet a second—about four and a half lengths. Right Royal, in pecking at the Lost Lady jump, thereby coming almost to a standstill, recovering himself and again getting into his stride, must have lost some four seconds, or eighteen lengths. As he was twelve lengths behind when taking the jump, he had thirty lengths to recover before overtaking his field, in half a mile. This is obviously impossible.

Conceding a steeplechase to be the chanciest of races, the poem nevertheless seems to convey the impression that the rider of Right Royal rather expected all the other

Mr. Masefield's Racer

horses to meet with mishaps, thereby enabling his mount to win. A number of stanzas, being entirely irrelevant, should have been omitted: for a four-mile effort it carries too much hay. But the poem as a whole is delightful, and takes every lover of a thoroughbred well over the jumps with him and holds the interest from post to finish.

N. Howard Thorp

NOTE. Because of the controversy as to whether Mr. Masefield's hero is a real horse or a super-steed of the poet's invention, the editor submitted the book to a cowboy poet whose horsemanship is as famous throughout the West as his poetry.

SONGS AND SPLASHES

Morning, Noon and Night, by Glenn Ward Dresbach.
Four Seas Co.

One may find a few fine lyrics in this book, as in the two earlier ones which this poet has put out—songs simple almost to obviousness, but deftly and musically turned. Such are three or four in the *Burro Mountains* and *Apple-blossoms* groups which open the volume, numbers three and four of the *Fruit-growing* group, the longer poem *To One Beloved*, and the first of the *Songs after the War*. These, all but the last, our readers have seen; here is a shapely new one, with a wistful ending.

I heard a thrush when twilight came
Sing of the woes it had not known—
Of hearts that burned in rainbow flame,
Of barren fields where seeds were sown.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

And then it sang of happy trees
Where fruit is golden in the sun,
Of raptures and of mysteries
Through which the songs of seasons run.
And I was sadder for the song
Of rapture than the song of pain—
For one lost gladness, gone so long,
Came back and could not hurt again!

Of the longer poems *The Nest of the Bluebird* has a softly flowing dreaminess, the dreamer recalling the many human lives of his wandering soul. If only there were more magic in its tunefulness, more invention in its phrasing and epithets, more white alchemic fire in its motive power—the creative zest behind it—we should have a memorable poem, somewhat in the mood of Tennyson's *Lotus-eaters* but bearing a different spiritual inference.

Sometimes one is more irritated; sometimes it seems absurd that a poet who has studiously trained himself should do the obvious or banal thing with such an innocent air. Certain of the narrative poems are too cheaply journalistic, one would think—*The Colonel's Lady*, for example—to be allowed typewriter privileges, not to speak of printer's ink. And how can an accredited poet commit such a crime as the second of these two lines:

I cannot dine with you today
And hear how all your wealth does good—

or close a war-song with such a meagre rhyme-compromise as

But, Lord of Nations, tell us
That Wars no more remain.

A few of the songs remind us that the poet has lived in New Mexico and Panama, but the impress of the wilderness, of strange places, is not very strong on a temperament perhaps too hospitable to the lighter and more facile emotions. H. M.

MODERN AND ELIZABETHAN

The Poet in the Desert, by Charles Erskine Scott Wood.
(New revised ed.) Privately printed, Portland, Ore.

Maia—a Sonnet Sequence, by Charles Erskine Scott Wood,
with two sonnets by Sara Bard Field. Portland, Ore.

Some years ago—in September, 1915—POETRY reviewed the first of these two books, then just published. Let us reaffirm the opinion then expressed, which referred especially to the *Prologue*, now the poem's first section:

Mr. Wood proves himself a poet not only by the sweep and power of his vision, but by the rich imagery and rhythmic beauty of his free verse at its best. His special distinction is that he really "enters into the desert," that his poetry really presents something of the color and glory, the desolation and tragedy, of this western wonderland.

The new edition of the poem is almost a re-writing of much of it; and for the better, as it is relieved of a good deal of social and political propaganda.

It may be difficult to judge impartially *Maia*, coming as it does in all the luxury of Gothic type on hand-made large-paper, with decorative illustrations singularly personal (at least the frontispiece is confessedly by the author), and of a beauty a bit amateurish perhaps, but delicate and rare. But one may safely record astonish-

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

ment that the same man should achieve, when well along in the dangerous middle years of life, these two poems of different moods and modes—the challenging radical modernism of the one, and the old-world freshness and acceptance-of-joy of the other.

It goes without saying that Mr. Wood is a more arresting poet in the western desert than in the Elizabethan garden. The sonnets are, perhaps inevitably, imitative of Sidney or Spenser; while *The Poet in the Desert* is the intensely personal work of a modern observer and thinker, an impassioned challenge to civilization, containing passages of beauty and power. H. M.

CLASSICS IN ENGLISH

Sappho, by Henry Thornton Wharton. Brentano's.

The Golden Treasury of the Greeks, by Alexander Lothian.

Basil Blackwell, Oxford, England.

Medallions in Clay, by Richard Aldington. Alfred A. Knopf.

The Poets' Translation Series: Second Set. The Egoist.

Translators put one under no obligation to consider their work in relation to original texts not included in their books. I shall assume no familiarity with the classic works involved, but shall consider these books principally as English poems upon foreign and antique subjects.

Wharton is the standard *Sappho*. This new edition outdoes the former, containing useful literal translations,

a useless and elaborate "life," metrical versions from various hands, and disastrous attempts at paraphrasis by Miss Anne Bunner. He is not content with a single notion of the shifty poet-pedagogue; he must have them all—an encyclopedia of Sapphos.

Mr. Lothian, who has "rendered" the Greek *Anthology*, has worked hard. His neat rhymed verse is no more Greek, or at least no less English, than Herrick; the comparison which he invites could not be fair to him. At his worst he contrives an embarrassed jig-rhythm. At his best there are elegant stanzas like this:

Yet there, your nightingales as clear
Sing as they sang of old.
The clutch of death is wide; but here
Is what he cannot hold.

Medallions in Clay contains the translations from Anyte, Meleager, the Anacreontea, and the Latin poets of the Renaissance which Mr. Aldington prepared for the *Poets' Translation Series* published some time ago in England. A writer dealing with a past age must decide whether frankly to outfit it in historical trappings, "costume," etc.; or to transpose it into the idiom of his race and day, which produces an effect consistent if bizarre (see Synge's Villon and Petrarch). Mr. Aldington has done neither the one nor the other.

All traces of period have disappeared. He might have preserved the aroma of these verses more successfully if he had kept the original line-divisions, leaving the

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

words more or less in their original order. This would not of course indicate the original tune, but it might create another; as in Miss Densmore's Chippewa translations, or Arthur Waley's *Uta*. Such rhythms are at least jagged, and clash upon the ear; whereas the sort of cadence Mr. Aldington writes lulls the mind to sleep. Contemporary poetic prose seems to be a variety of metrical molasses.

Mr. Aldington, however, is earnest and scholarly, his translations are infinitely to be preferred to the hackwork of professors, and they doubtless contribute much to the general culture of Anglo-Saxons. To do so may have been the aim of the various imagists whose zeal and study carried out the scheme.

Except H. D., they share his shortcomings, as well as some of his excellences. They all have reverent and bland dispositions toward the holy classics, they seem to have worked in a cloud of "sweetness and light." But I feel an absence of outline, clear light, sensuous precision, and a corresponding tendency to the sweet and discreetly sentimental. This is true of Mr. Storer's translations of Sappho, Poseidippus, and Asklepiades; and it may be said also of the work of Mr. Flint and Mr. Whitall in the *First Set*.

The Pound-Fenollosa Chinese had faces, manners, garments, dreams, tangibles. Most of these Greeks and Romans have none. The archaic energy which must have animated their exploits, military or imaginative, is

nowhere to be found. No race of men ever subsisted on sweet rhetorical distinction. This absence of vitality is an effect of diction, of sound, of rhythm; as in this, from one of Mr. Aldington's Anacreontea:

I would drink, stretched upon delicate myrtle boughs and lotus grass.
And Love, with his robe fastened about his throat with papyrus, should
serve me wine.

The solitary exception, naturally enough, is the work of H. D. She writes English as hard as Anglo-Saxon, and cultivates no continental suavities. She has had the discretion to select for her contribution Euripides—*Choruses from the Iphigenia in Aulis and the Hippolytus*, which remained impassioned even in the swathings of Professor Murray's Swinburnian verse.

T. S. Eliot, in reviewing the *First Set* in POETRY some years ago, noted that in avoiding such an English cliché as "Achilles ran like the wind," her version, "Achilles had strapped the wind about his ankles," is contrary to Euripides. I agree with H. D., who seems to feel that a modern poet need not reproduce with exactness phrases redundant or over-familiar. She explains thus in a note in the *Egoist* (vol. II, No. II):

While the sense of the Greek has been strictly kept, it is necessary to point out that the repetition of useless, ornamental adjectives . . . is a heavy strain on the translator's ingenuity . . . the Homeric epithet degenerates into what the French call a *remplissage*—an expression to fill up a line. Such phrases have been paraphrased or omitted.

Even Greek rhetoric evidently had its false notes.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

What if these warriors and women of hers are not Greek? The Greeks are dead. We cannot put the mask beside the face to measure it. It is enough if the mask moves and speaks. He who knows no Greek has the right to say: I will call these Greek; for they are surely men and women, they have substance, they move with passion.

They will lift their shields,
Riveted with brass,
As they enter Simois
In their painted ships.

Phaedra cries out on her sick-bed:

Take me to the mountains!
Oh for woods, pine tracts,
Where hounds athirst for death
Leap on the bright stags!
God, how I would shout to the beasts
With my gold hair torn loose!

The individual talent cannot develop richly without an historic sense. One need not know all periods of the past, but some consciousness of Time's moods one must have—one must feel Time strangely garbed, with unfamiliar talk or metric. H. D.'s Greeks, at least for the moment, are my Greeks. It does not matter whether they, any more than Shakespeare's Romans from Plutarch, correspond with the latest or best findings of scientific historians. They live, are entities in the mind, with alien behavior and curious looks; and in the contemplation of them the poet may truly see himself in his own time.

Glenway Wescott

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

THE DIAL'S ANNUAL AWARD

Our much esteemed contemporary *The Dial* is setting a new pace for literary prizes by offering an annual two-thousand-dollar purse to some one of its contributors. This is, we believe, the largest literary award ever made in this country—may it be a hint to others capable of being moved by a generous sense of justice!

POETRY, from its first number, has been urging prizes and scholarships for poets, believing such awards to be as rightfully due in this art as in painting, sculpture or music. But we have not yet made much headway. Meantime count the scholarships in art schools! In this year's graduating exercises at the Chicago Art Institute art school, one young girl sculptor received a thousand-dollar scholarship, and another an award half as large, for the two best designs on the subject *Harvest*—fifteen hundred dollars handed out as a matter of course, just like that, for a couple of nice little academic bas-reliefs (I saw them), not to be compared for a moment with many poems we have printed by gifted but impecunious boys and girls who scarcely know where their next meal is coming from! Why are new scholarships and prizes founded every year in art exhibitions and schools, while it remains impossible to convince our men and women of wealth, however liberally disposed they may be, that the poets have much more need of such awards, and at

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

present more right to them? How shall we wake people up to the bitter injustice of the poet's meagre earnings, to the lack of all financial recognition of his service?

The Dial is doing well to make a generous move in the right direction.

NEW MAGAZINES

New organs of this art are appearing so rapidly that it is difficult to keep track of them. *The Measure* is now nearly half a year old, with Padraic Colum and Carolyn Hall as its editors for the summer quarter. *Tempo*, published at Danvers, Mass., with Oliver Jenkins as editor and R. Ellsworth Larsson as associate, appeared in June. And *Voices—A Journal of Verse*, is to begin next autumn as a quarterly, with Harold Vinal as editor and Fiswoode Tarleton as associate; issuing from Steinert Hall, Boston.

Besides these along the Atlantic, we welcome also *The Lyric West—A Magazine of Verse*, which began in April at Los Angeles, under the editorship of Grace Atherton Dennen, 1139 West Twenty-seventh Street. It is "designed to foster the poetic development of the expanding West, though it will be an open market for the work of all verse writers of all places."

Mr. Vinal may not be aware that there is an English *Voices*—an interesting magazine of progressive modern spirit, devoted chiefly to poetry but including some imaginative prose, a few drawings and a section of reviews and notes. In the latest *Summer Number*, which

is No. III of Vol. V, we find poems by certain of our own friends—John Gould Fletcher, Louis Golding, Isaac Rosenberg—as well as an article on Rosenberg by Samuel Roth, formerly editor of *The Lyric*, who is now in England. The editor of *Voices* is Thomas Moulton, whose poem of last summer, *Here for a Time*, our readers will remember; and the publishers are Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

The use of a title already pre-empted by another magazine, however far away, is of course unfortunate. POETRY is nearly nine years old, but we received recently a copy of a monthly published by Cornish Bros., Ltd., in Birmingham, England, under the title *Poetry*; with the sub-title *A Magazine of Verse, Comment and Criticism*. Somewhat intrigued, we inquired of the editor, Mr. S. Fowler Wright, whether he was ignorant of POETRY's existence when he adopted the same title. Mr. Wright promised to pass the query on to his predecessor, the founder, but we have never received an answer. As POETRY is fairly well known in England, the duplication of titles is hardly to the advantage of either magazine.

NOTES

Mr. Charles R. Murphy, a Philadelphian and a graduate of Harvard, has contributed to various magazines, and published, through John Lane Co., translations of Verhaeren.

Florence Kilpatrick Mixter (Mrs. Geo. W. M.), who has recently removed to Buffalo from Moline, Ill., will soon publish, through Boni & Liveright, her first book of verse.

Antoinette DeCoursey Patterson (Mrs. T. de Hoge P.), of Philadelphia,

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

is the author of three books of verse, the latest being *The Son of Merope and Other Poems* (H. W. Fisher & Co.).

Nancy Campbell (Mrs. Joseph C.) of Wicklow, Ireland, is the author of *Agnus Dei* (Four Seas Co.).

Miss Eda Lou Walton, a native of New Mexico, was one of Witter Bynner's class in poetry at Berkeley three years ago. More recently she has been living in New York.

Mr. DuBose Heyward, of Charleston, is one of the founders and officers of the Poetry Society of South Carolina.

Louise Townsend Nicholl (Mrs. Marshall Don Bewick) is on the staff of the New York *Evening Post*.

Of the poets who have not hitherto appeared in POETRY:

Mr. David Osborne Hamilton, of New York, is the author of *Four Gardens*, published last year in the *Yale Series of Younger Poets*.

Mr. Richard Hughes, of Talsarnau, North Wales, is a student at Oxford, and a contributor of verse and prose to the *Athenaeum*, *Manchester Guardian*, and other papers. Our readers will remember his recent article on *The Winter's Publishing in England*.

Miss Gladys Edgerton, of New York, has contributed to magazines, and translated certain French authors.

Mr. Mason A. Freeman, Jr. "manufactures vinegar in Huntington, W. Va." He is a member of the N. Y. Society of Independent Artists.

Miss Margaret DeLaughter is a very young poet of St. Louis, Mo.

Margaret Belle Houston (Mrs. M. L. Kauffman), who lives in Bristol, Va., has written for various magazines.

Miss Grace Hodsdon Boutelle lives in Minneapolis. Her poem is in honor of her father, for many years a congressman from Maine.

Manuscripts submitted to POETRY in mid-summer are subject to long delay.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ORIGINAL VERSE:

There and Here, by Allen Tucker. Duffield & Co.

The Marble House and Other Poems, by Ellen M. H. Gates. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Hills of Arcetri, by Leolyn Louise Everett. John Lane Co.

Lincoln Life Sketches in Verse and Prose, by Garrett Newkirk. Duffield & Co.

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The New York Sunday Tribune of Jan. 9th, 1921, said editorially, in quoting seven poems from our January number:

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In the London Times of Nov. 25th, 1920, we read:

"We need not linger over the many English and French contributors to this periodical. . . We do have to note that it has published, as it honestly claims, much of the best experimental poetry written by Americans in the past eight years. . . They have succeeded in their primary design—to create a poetry which should be American in thought, feeling, subject, and form. That is, after all, a distinct achievement."

The Chicago Evening Post, in commenting on POETRY'S eighth birthday, said:

"No editorship is infallible, but it is rather interesting and enlightening to look over the old numbers of POETRY and to realize that the first important chance for publication in America was given to many poets, almost unknown, who have since obtained fame. . . We wonder how many more may yet be helped. POETRY is, so far as we know, unique in the length of its life, recognized position and rigorously artistic standard."

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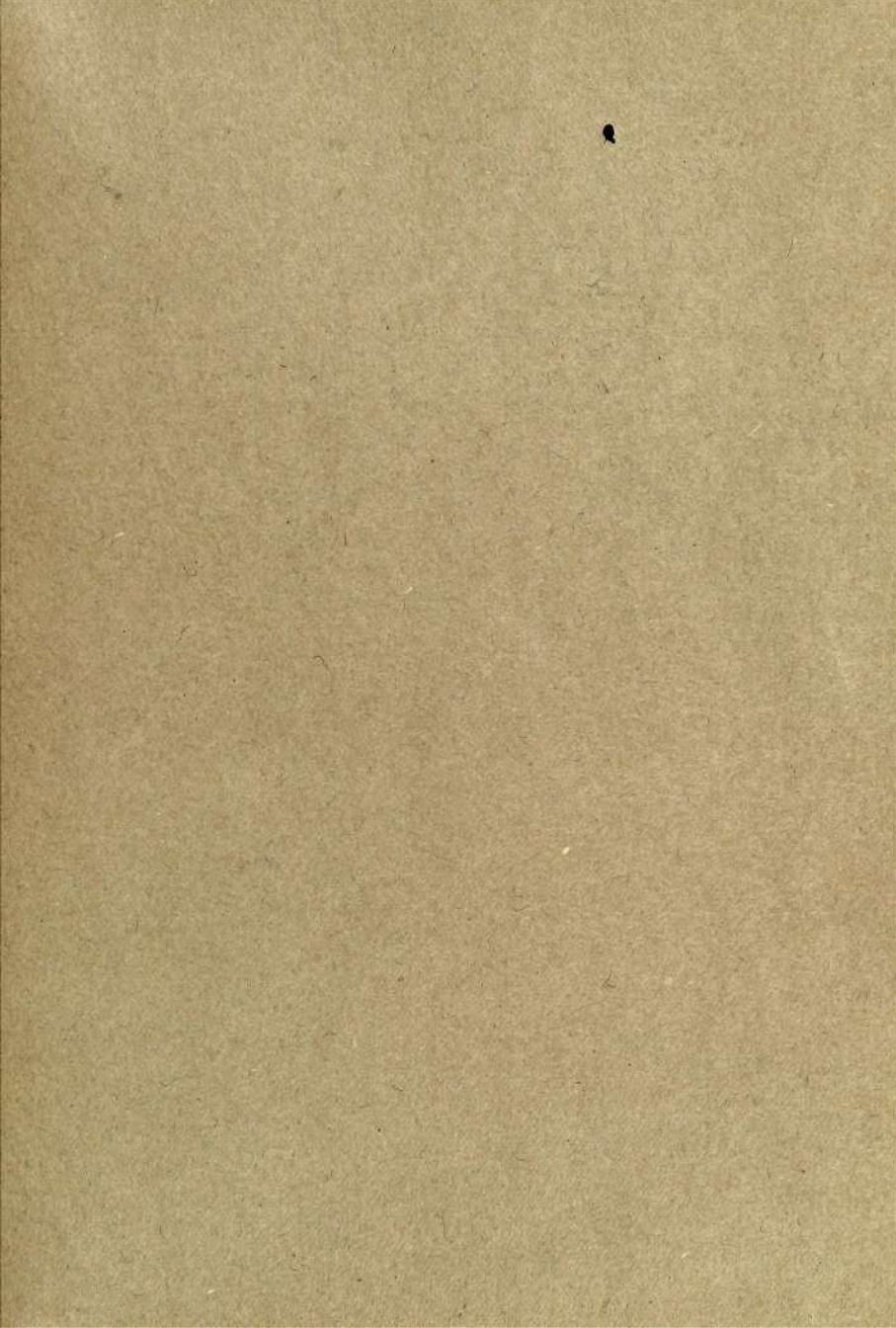
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