



PEGASUS

A Magazine of Verse

VOLUME I, NUMBER 3

May 1923

A NEW DIGITAL READING EDITION

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

By May, Pegasus has widened its field without losing its compressed lyric manner. Short poems by Helene Mullins and Howard McKinley Corning sit beside longer meditations by Dorothy Page, Genevieve Manchester, H. Thompson Rich, and others; city architecture, California flora, weather, and memory repeatedly meet in miniature forms. The number also adds reviews and a prize announcement, signs that the magazine was trying to participate in a literary culture beyond its own pages.

The most revealing outward connection is Lench's review of Shigeyoshi Obata's translations of Li Po. Obata's *The Works of Li Po* appeared in New York in 1922 and London in 1923, with English verse, introduction, and translated critical material. Its presence here places this small San Diego periodical inside the era's active traffic in Asian poetry and translation. The federal copyright catalog separately records this May number, confirming its publication in Lench's name.

SOURCES CONSULTED

- Open Library record for Obata's *The Works of Li Po*
- U.S. copyright catalog, 1923 periodicals

TEXTUAL AND EDITORIAL NOTE

This edition is newly typeset from the supplied HathiTrust scan. Obvious OCR artifacts, broken words, duplicated drop capitals, and spacing errors have been corrected against the page images. Period spelling, capitalization, and unusual diction have otherwise been retained. Hyphens and em dashes have been checked against the printed pages rather than normalized into a single mark. Each poem begins on a new page, with its printed issue page and scan page identified, and every poet's name is placed immediately beneath the corresponding title.

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ECHO

Dorothy Page

O beauty trembles through each hour, a gong
Of troubling sweetness, calling one to thought,
Half thought that swirls confusedly along
With here and there a fragile cadence caught
And held, a fragment of the lovely whole,
And as an echo yields the tone again,
So I, with sentient body, mind and soul
Respond to beauty with a throb of pain.

Issue p. 2 · Scan p. 4.

CONUNDRUM

Helene Mullins

Why do
Bright pink
Hollyhocks
Cast grotesque
Grey shadows
Before them
In the dust?
Why do
Opal
Tinted dreams
Trail grotesque
Grey shadows
After them
In my life?

Issue p. 2 · Scan p. 4.

LAVATION

Helene Mullins

Drip... drip... drip...
Pain trickles down
Over the edge of my life.
Already the dampness
Is causing
Little crevices
To appear...
Drip... drip... drip...
Without cessation,
Without mitigation...
My life is becoming
Water-soaked,
And useless . .

Issue p. 3 · Scan p. 5.

JOURNEY'S END

Harry Noyes Pratt

The wind, the clouds, the sun and I,

Out in the hills together.

The wind is strong and the sun is high,
While over the hills the clouds run by;

And who in the world knows whether
Their journey's end lies close or far,

And which shall find it nearest?
The sun goes down on the black sea-bar;
The white clouds cling to the farthest star—

But I come to you, my dearest.

Issue p. 3 · Scan p. 5.

THE URN

Charles Howard Marsh

In the urn of my heart
Are the ashes of many dead Springs.
Colorless and cold they are
And undisturbed by any wind of grief.
But sometimes,
When the fragrant memory of you
Creeps stealthily through the April twilight,
There is a strange quickening,
A pulsating thrill,—
And a tiny cloud of dream-dust rises...
I thought I heard your footfall on the stair!
Ashes of roses!
Ashes of memory!

Issue p. 4 · Scan p. 6.

UNFRAMED

Howard McKinley Corning

How foolish we are
To take pictures of the sea
And put them in frames...

Issue p. 4 · Scan p. 6.

DAWN IN THE WOODS

Howard McKinley Corning

The gaunt trees
Are like harpsichords
Stretched on the black frame of earth
That morning
With hands of rosy light
Strokes
To unutterable harmony.

Issue p. 4 · Scan p. 6.

TO HER ABOUT TO WED

Charl Nolan

Remember that love
is not a ballet movement,
nor an October moon
at dusk;
rather the growth
of a blue flower,
fragile, deep-rooted,
living by warmth of the sun.

Issue p. 5 · Scan p. 7.

NIGHT MOTH

Genevieve Manchester

Like after the brittle snap
Of stars long crystallized
The years pass with a smothered sigh
And the moon-glare
Distends my loneliness.
Ponderously
The weighty sorrow
Of many human cycles
Clings to me like an octopus
And leaves me puckered.
The leprous talons of Time
Disembowel me
And I am sick with the fever
Of great loneliness.
And yet
How I hug my loneliness!

Issue p. 5 · Scan p. 7.

PROSARTES

Ruth Clay Price

Pale green,
 Frail green,
 Tiny flower chime;
 Ringing,
 Swinging,
 From each leafy spray:
 Airy hands,
 Fairy hands,
 Hang the bells by stealth.
 Gay gold,
 Fay gold,
 Glint of berry time;
 Round drops,
 Bound drops,
 Leaves have hid away;;
 Dim hands,
 Slim hands,
 Count the fairy wealth.

*A California wild flower, commonly called Fairy Bells or Drops of Gold.

Issue p. 6 · Scan p. 8.

IN PASSING

H. Thompson Rich

*"I have lived long enough, having seen one thing,
that love hath an end." —Swinburne.*

I—TWILIGHT

If it be true that you no longer care—
That Love is arid at its fountain-head,
That all the sacred words we softly said
Are perishable as those petals there;
If it be true that all our dreams are air
And all our memories are shameful things,
Bats haunting ruined towers with hideous wings,
Then have I come at last to know Despair.

Then am I mocked and muted utterly,
And silence is the one thing left to me
Worthy the goal that I had thought to win:
The lyre lies broken and the golden song
Fades on the air... gay Pan has lived too long,—
Now is the Twilight of the Gods set in.

II—AND AFTER TWILIGHT

Now lay upon my brows the ivy leaf
And put me down in purple and brocade,
And set beside the tombstone of carved jade
A lighted tall black candle for your grief;
And place, where my white hands are crossed, a sheaf
Of hawthorne...and beneath some loud cascade
Let me with solemn canticle be laid,
And with a prayer that life was kindly brief.

For I have lived it all in the few days
Of loving you, and the one gorgeous dream
That saved the grim years has come grandly true:
And as I lived it in a golden haze,
So let me die it in a silver stream—
Out-flowing to the Infinite from you.

Issue p. 7 · Scan p. 9.

WIND SONG

Virginia Lyne Tunstall

There's a song in the wind tonight,
But who knows the words of it?
I, I, know the words of it!
It is a song of old days,
Of love shivering and desolate,
Of empty rooms and forgotten faces...
If I sang it, it would break your heart.

Issue p. 7 · Scan p. 9.

MIGNONETTE

Virginia Lyne Tunstall

Make fast the shutters then, and bolt the door;
Here the dear tenant will return no more.
How vain the tears, how selfish the regret,
But, ah, the wind across the mignonette!
Heaven's halls are high, and wide for her to roam,
Who knew the little solitudes of home.
Heaven's gardens bloom with asphodels, and yet,
She loved the whispering scent of mignonette.
Here in her room, I touch her empty chair.
Her garden calls me, though she is not there.
She is not there—O God, can she forget
The murmuring wind across the mignonette?

Issue p. 8 · Scan p. 10.

RETROSPECT

Ida M. Dowell

Embalmed in the dust of beauty
Our golden days are softly folded
In the winding sheet of memory—
And over all love's candle
Casts a radiance of hope.

Issue p. 8 · Scan p. 10.

KARA-NON

Lucy H. Sturges

At Kara-non

The silver dragon rides the waves

And water sings

Through willow leaves.

In the dawn

The listless bamboo thickets sigh

And the black-winged cranes

Veer and reply.

He who believes

May enter; lanterns crumbling and wind-worn

Shed a dim light

And lead him on,

But I must wait;

O, you who have a voice as smooth

As water sliding over stone

Will you pass in.

At Kara-non?

Issue p. 9 · Scan p. II.

SPRING

David N. Grokowsky

Spring is an overflowing of happy beings,
Of pushcart peddlers and fruit venders.
They know spring who know winter.

Spring
Yet I know spring, and I am the poet.
And the little child conceiving mud pies,
And the limping cur with winter's dirt.

Spring
A mellow settling of earth's troubles,
And a mellow setting for earth's troubles.
I love to watch the sunbeams play on waters,
Little fireflies of the deep,
Companion to the stately watery shadows
 of unnumbered trees.

Issue p. 9 · Scan p. 11.

THE RAINBOW

Louisa Remondino Stabel

The rain and the sun, they have given you birth—
A bridge to eternity.
The secrets of eld in your colors held.
The manifold span of a promise you are,
That the ether holds for man.

Issue p. 10 · Scan p. 12.

SYMPHONY

W. H. Lench

Distant thunder
A wind creeping through the pines
With a mellow harp-like sound
And the laughter of young girls
Sweet as a hillside of wild cyclamen.
On a fence
A meadow lark flutes its song.

Issue p. 10 · Scan p. 12.

TO A NEARLY COMPLETED SKYSCRAPER

Challiss Silway

Stretch your arms heaven-ward,
Nose up to the sky,
Cry out in anguish for full birth!
I know so well your desire
To rise above less fortunate fellows—
To call out
 See! I am the last word
In the work of man—
I lift him closer to God!
You glutton for height!
He shall look down on you
And laugh at your absurdity!

Issue p. 11 · Scan p. 13.

SPIDER WEB ISLAND

W. H. Lench

On white beds
Like sharks' bellies
The war disabled lie.
Nurses on duty
Move with cat-like tread...
Around bed eight,
Doctors spectacled
Converse and nod
In intimate monotony.
My pal Joe... Tonight
They will take him
To St. Peter's Room.
God... I wish...
I wish... I was dead.

EDITORIAL AND BACK MATTER

REVIEWS

The Works of Li Po, the Chinese Poet, Done into English Verse by Shigeyoshi Obata. E. P. Dutton & Co., 1922.

Li Po interests us as the greatest and best known Chinese poet. Shigeyoshi Obata has caught the moods of the poet in these delicate translations. You have seen on the margins of a Whistler etching little miniatures, just a line or two, structurally perfect as to flash a panorama or complete mood before one. This is what Obata has done in his translations of Li Po.

This is a book to take these spring days to a cool canyon or quiet hill and there lose oneself in its strange imagery and beauty. You will have to turn just a few pages to find this reverent mood:

“Tonight I stay at the Summit Temple.

Here I could pluck the stars with my hand,

I dare not speak aloud in the silence

For fear of disturbing the dwellers of heaven.”

W. H. L.

Samphire, By John Cowper Powys. Thomas, Seltzer, 1922. Samphire is the strongest and most beautiful of the modern books of poems. I do not say, modern verse, because it is not; it is the poetry of all time, poetry that will be alive when all the modern claptrap imitation is forgotten and most of the modern verse.

Poe never did more entrancing rhythm, nor did he carry mystery with more exquisite grace or weird imaginings—his poems are not to be explained, neither are the Powys poems. Each reader must be his own interpreter and the poems will develop new wonder at each reading.

“Samphire!” There is something magic in the name that starts thought along mystic channels before one opens the book—and when one closes it and meditates on its varied meanings it is but to re-open and read again, for,

“Who knows where that stairway goes? Who knows where that passage goes? And that door? Who knows? Who knows?”

The work of Powys approximates the art of Poe and Keats, with Poe in such poems as “The Castle of Gathore,” and with Keats in his constant feeling for beauty. It is a comforting book to read after being fed up to nausea with the sort of free verse that is neither free nor verse and the obvious rhymes, lightened, to be sure, by an occasional flame. “Samphire” is a book to possess and absorb, a book to be enjoyed by candlelight—

“... as we sit and think And talk to shadows and watch the coals Redden up from beyond the brink Of the common reach of souls.”

Katharine Howard.

THE BEN FIELD PRIZE ANNOUNCEMENT

A prize of fifty dollars has been offered by Ben Field, president of The Verse Writers' Club of Southern California, for the best poem, or group of poems, appearing in Pegasus during the year. The judges will be named later.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

HARRY NOYES PRATT, winner of the Laura Blackburn prize in The Stepladder, sends his work from Alameda, Cal.

LUCY H. STURGES, who writes Japanese interpretations, lives in Chicago.

CHARL NOLAN, Chicago, appears for the first time in a poetry magazine.

VIRGINIA LYNE TUNSTALL belongs to that group of lyric writers in Norfolk, Va., who are doing good work.

DAVID N. GROKOWSKY is the editor of *Caprice*. A book of his poems, *Mexican Quarters*, will be published shortly.

RUTH CLAY PRICE, Los Angeles, appears in the *Lyric West*, *Caprice* and other poetry magazines.

CHARLES HOWARD MARSH is a professor of music at the University of Redlands, Cal.

HELENE MULLINS, of New York, has contributed to the leading magazines.

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING writes us from Portland, Ore.

DOROTHY PAGE, San Francisco, needs no introduction to our readers.

CHALLISS SILVAY, a young poet of promise, lives at Ocean Park, Cal.

H. THOMPSON RICH, Hollywood, Cal., was editor of *The Forum* during the war.

GENEVIEVE MANCHESTER, IDA M. DOWELL and LOUISA REMONDINO STAHEL live in San Diego, Cal.