

RECURRENCE

A Quarterly of Rhyme

Volume IV · Summer 1953 · Number 13

*Set from the scan of the magazine. The poems, their titles, the poets'
names and the figures at the feet of the leaves are the printer's; everything
in this color is this edition's.*

CONTENTS

<i>Icarus.</i> Leslie Nelson Jennings	3
<i>Cellophane.</i> Myron H. Broomell	4
<i>Assembly Line.</i> Hanson Kellogg	5
<i>The Trolley.</i> Ann Stanford	6
<i>Morning Tide.</i> Ann Stanford	7
<i>Apple in a Southern Garden.</i> Ann Stanford	8
<i>Rhythmic Line.</i> Neeta Marquis	9
<i>Old Mountain Woman.</i> Kate Fort Codington	10
<i>Intimations.</i> Maureen Cobb Mabbott	11
<i>Heart or Soul?.</i> Madge Hales	12
<i>Souvenir de Mortfontaine.</i> Madge Hales	13
<i>Proverbs Reconsidered.</i> Elinor Lennen	14
<i>Capsule Moments.</i> Elinor Lennen	15
<i>Mars.</i> Marion Lineweaver	16
<i>Contributors</i>	17



Copyright 1953 by GROVER JACOBY

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Recurrence: A Quarterly of Rhyme is published by
Variegation Publishing Company, Room 310, 124 West 4th
Street, Los Angeles 13, California. 25¢ a copy, \$1.00 a year.

GROVER JACOBY, *Editor*

ICARUS

Leslie Nelson Jennings

It could have been that over Crete the sun
Burned with a far more brazen eye than this
That saw your flight from a dark shore begun.
Reading the omens and the auguries
Of wind and water, you could only choose
What never seemed a futile compromise
Between the little that you had to lose
And the blue peril of unventured skies.

How pitiful those pinions that you spread
Against immaculate air, the morning light
Soft as a nimbus on your upturned head.
And then the noonday zenith, blinding-bright.
Oh, fugitive, we still remember well
That other one who trusted wings, and fell!

CELLOPHANE

Myron H. Broomell

A glass wrapper as flexible as a tongue
Lies around goods unwrapped when I was young—
The cigarette, the carrot, the cheap candy.
The age, as it grew old, grew apt and handy.

For my part I prefer (though I shall die)
Tainted commodities, unknown the why:
Saw oysters sold in bulk, meats hung for flies,
And youth a hero that believes and dies.

ASSEMBLY LINE

Hanson Kellogg

This is the year that everything repeats
(Criteria flayed down to bone-white bone).
Friends from the era of the winding phonograph
Invade me on these corners where I stand alone
Out of the teeth of traffic. Spring fruits seed
and laugh
Through split and yellow grins.

No fine, nor even final, thing begins
When days yield nothing happier than patterns,
When no float, as it passes, ever passes,
And mirrors face the guilt of looking-glasses . . .

Guilt of reflection, guilt of offbeat drum,
Face me clear with what I have become:
Shadows for the stage set, black against
grey stone;
Shadows the jury, with movements of their own,
Always the same gestures—and the smoke,
the spiral hum.

THE TROLLEY

Ann Stanford

By drugstore and cafe
Warehouse and chimneystack
Flanged to a rigid way
I follow down the track.

Though rot and favor gnaw
Upon the civic heart,
Obedient to law
On schedule I depart.

MORNING TIDE

Ann Stanford

More ominous than the sea's, the roar
Of traffic climbs the morning air,
And past the curbing like a shore
The threatening combers break and rear.

In phalanxes of curve and chrome
Merged by the automatic light,
The thousands that went ebbing home
Back to the city whirl from night.

APPLE IN A SOUTHERN
GARDEN

Ann Stanford

Rooted in surety of frost and snow,
Certainties seed-borne, treacheries of spring,
The emigrant settled here against the wall
Swells into April with a tenuous show.

The fig already spreads impatient shade.
Acacias past the flower—and once or twice
We breathed the varied scent of summer days.

Here it will be unfruitful that delights
In norths forsaken and bewildered finds
Echo on echo of sun-spattered hours—
Only the summer dreamed on winter nights.

RHYTHMIC LINE

Neeta Marquis

My feet press earth, as grass with ardent roots;
Through leaf-thick boughs the sky peers blue
and hot;
Cool in the shade droop lantern-bellied fruits—
Rotundities of ruddy apricot.

My fingers reach; my mouth with zest receives
This honeyed harvest bred of soil and sky,
The cycle closing—feet, hands, sheltering leaves,
Fruit, lips: a blueprint of infinity.

OLD MOUNTAIN WOMAN

Kate Fort Codrington

She lay quite starved from giving, ever giving
To those maternity had made her care.
But still defying want, she locked the closet
That none might see her larder, stripped and bare.
So proud and so magnanimous her spirit,
She faced her neighbor with a merry mood;
And when at last he brought a loaf of barley,
To hide her shame, she gave the robins food.

INTIMATIONS

Maureen Cobb Mabbott

It is a mournful, touching thing
How we are drawn to think of you,
Wanting not only the lovely now
But the past too;
How we are moved, imagining
You an actor in the old play
Of living, watcher at windows,
A name, a way;

How without knowing, we believe
Greatness we want so much to find
Waits for the untiring lover
Here in your mind.

HEART OR SOUL?

Madge Hales

I said to my soul be spoken
Now in the opal light,
But soul kept silence unbroken
And day became night.

I asked my heart to reply
To a love but half content,
But heart was stone to my cry
And refused to be lent.

Yet when I pleaded no more
To soul or heart's fire,
I found soul an equal part
Of what was heart's desire.

SOUVENIR DE MORTFONTAINE

Madge Hales

(After Corot)

Corot saw this with envious eyes;
Persuaded the blind and the dumb that loveliness
Lives in a tree that dies.

So gave the spare beauty of death
To the sapless; sprayed the brief leafing low,
A mere breath

Of a former robustness; in the day
Of a neighbouring oak at its height, and rustics
Deaf to decay.

The fountainless fountain. Mute
As the absentee birds, the bee and the bud,
The worm at the root.

And the frugal and final timber line
Stretching apart, so thin to the sky, in a brittle
Unbreathing decline.

PROVERBS RECONSIDERED

Elinor Lennen

Paper, they say, is patient, more than man.
Unhurrying, it will let you empty heart
Of joys or fears with an attention span
Fresh at the end as it was at the start.

Concomitant, this promise makes a threat:
Paper that will accept your every word
Will not forgive, will not let you forget
The obligation utterance incurred.

Old phrases touched with glory or with shame
Will some time haunt your waking or your sleep
Relentlessly, to bless you or to blame,
For that which paper takes, it takes to keep!

CAPSULE MOMENTS

Elinor Lennen

On time's periphery, no calendars
Mark hours and days and years; when thought would
trace
An era's genealogy, it blurs,
But planet cycle never can erase
The dates of capsule moments when the soul
Perceived eternal beauty, fresh and whole.

M A R S

Marion Lineweaver

The God leans down
Thrusting the shape of night
On seven continents,
And years run on,
Ignorant, bloody, sad.

Sometimes the light
Of some unravished tower
Flares in the barren drouth,
And lines with flame, briefly,
The opening flower
Of his insane,
Insatiable mouth.

CONTRIBUTORS

MADGE HALES recently won the Premium Award given by The Poetry Review, the important British journal which is the organ of the London Poetry Society.

Two poems by MAUREEN COBB MABBOTT appeared not long ago in an issue of *Variegation*.

KATE FORT CODINGTON is president of the Atlanta Writers Club.

MARION LINEWEAVER is the author of a poem that was reprinted in the Sunday New York Herald Tribune from The Atlantic Monthly.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS writes favorably of a novel by NEETA MARQUIS about life in Southern California during the nineteenth century.

ANN STANFORD is the author of two books of verse published by Alan Swallow.

Poems by ELINOR LENNEN and HANSON KELLOGG are to be found in the current issue of *Variegation*.