

RECURRENCE

A Quarterly of Rhyme

Volume V · Winter 1955 · Number 19

*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>Aerials. Eloise Downer</i>	43
<i>This Lovely Miracle. Eric Barker</i>	44
<i>The Irony. Carleton Drewry</i>	45
<i>Virginal. Clyde Terry</i>	46
<i>Gilded Love Song. Clyde Terry</i>	47
<i>Ebb Tide. Eleanor Glenn Wallis</i>	48
<i>Treacherous Acres. Margaret Haley Carpenter</i>	49
<i>The Mirror. Ann Stanford</i>	50
<i>Sunflower, An Aztec Memory. Charles Edward Eaton</i>	51
<i>La Gioconda. Raymond Roseliep</i>	52
<i>The Realist. Oliver Hale</i>	53
<i>Strangeling. Hannah Kahn</i>	54
<i>Chimes. Hannah Kahn</i>	55
<i>How Still They Grow. Madge Hales</i>	56
<i>Contributors</i>	57



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GROVER JACOBY, *Editor*

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[*The publisher's own advertisement, from the last leaf:*]

ENJOY THE OTHER EMPHASIS AS WELL. The two quarterlies, *Recurrence* and *Variegation*, differ not so much in kind as in emphasis. In *Variegation* you will find the contrasting rhythms of free verse. Each line of *vers libre* is a unit with a certain trend and direction, and there is always discernible the occurrence of accent, not at specific stated intervals, but still with a feeling for its placement which registers certain effects. For this reason free verse is not an attempt to undermine conventional methods, but actually reveals them in a new and valuable relationship. This relationship is further amplified by the editor's epigraph on the title page of each issue of *Variegation*: "Free verse is not a desertion of prosody; it is an exploration, intentional or unintentional, of the mysteries lying at the metrical core of speech."

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A E R I A L S

Eloise Downer

Metallic trees, row on row,
on rooftops high and low!
Birds perch and preen
upon their silver sheen,
flutter and search
in vain for green.
Briefly they rest
but do not nest
in forests without shade,
man-made.

THIS LOVELY MIRACLE

Eric Barker

On this magnetic ground
All things go round and round.
The circle has been wrought
Infallible for all.
The motion of the earth
Inhabits us from birth
To death and birth again.
Put down with might and main
Our deepest roots are vain.
No single thing is still.
I walk a flying hill
Holding to anchored trees
Whose goal is Hercules.
In every stone there lies
A Mercury in disguise.
Live baffled to confute
This perfect absolute,
This lovely miracle.

THE IRONY

Carleton Drewry

After the hard slow months
Of anxiety, hope, the small
Concern, suddenly all
Happened at once:

Bereavement with birth
And abandonment one day,
And two walking away
Over ironic earth.

VIRGINAL

Clyde Terry

How cold you are, beloved.
How cold your little hand.
Whence do you come, beloved,
And from what chilly land,

Where neither passion flowers
Nor red hibiscus grow,
But only young narcissi,
Their silver feet in snow?

GILDED LOVE SONG

Clyde Terry

All day
Lovely Adelina
Sits in a wing chair
By a gold fire.
All day
She dreams of lacy willows
And home-coming pigeons
In one white spire.

Gold are the flowers
In the bowl beside her;
Brown-gold the firelight
On the polished stair;
Green gold the cat's eyes
Waxing in the shadow;
White gold in the shining
Of her parted hair.

EBB TIDE

Eleanor Glenn Wallis

I remember night, a slow rain falling
In a January thaw as warm as May,
But throughout the hours of day
There were no birds calling.

“Loosed from old moorings,” said the
quiet voice
That knew the ebb tide near,
“When did we ever fear
What came to us as sequel of our choice?”

I remember dawn, recall the bright
Sun on the aftermath of storm;
And cast upon the beach of day his slight
Immobile form.

TREACHEROUS ACRES

Margaret Haley Carpenter

Deserted now the temple columns wait,
Stained with the lonely symbols of decay;
The crystal chimes are still; the hour is late;
The priest has slipped away.

. . . Nor to his treacherous acres shall I return,
Thinking the grasses soft beneath my feet,
Thinking the poisonous clover and bitter fern
Fragrant and good and sweet.

Oh, let no ember stir! Let never a spark
Rise from these ashes where the altar stood
To light the spirit back into that dark
And perilous deep wood.

THE MIRROR

Ann Stanford

Through day, new cirrus ridges stain
The sky, bound curving to the wake
Of metal forays, perfect there
As wings evolved upon the air.
Evenings, the bird-eye passenger
Picks lamplight flowers from the scene;

Pecks up the city corn, the seeds
Of country villages, the far and bleak
Grains over Texas; culls the Bear
Revolving on a courthouse square—
And Hesperus but lifts to stir
The curious where the searchlight leads;

Brings again inward to the cave
This mortal mirror of the night,
Serpents of stars, the outward curve
Of banished novae, the lonely spark
Of pebbles strewn beyond preserve
And Milky Ways blinked sudden dark.

SUNFLOWER, AN AZTEC MEMORY

Charles Edward Eaton

Devour me, brown and yellow eye;
Eat the crust and throw the rest away.
A fierce fanatic, I have watched the days
 go by,
Searching the hours for some lost seed
 of grace.

I have fringed the morning round my face,
Brown at heart, offered my dismay
As most desirous at the heart of gold.
Where forever was, I gave it place
Within the wound of growing old.

O fierce-hearted, now longing to be taken,
What saint discovered first the peace
 of being broken?

I thought, once long ago, how powerful
 to die

When heart had had its fill.
But who among us stores his passion
 to the hull?

I seldom meet a man who gorged upon
 the beautiful.

So born to live beneath the natural eye,
I watch the golden look, the love, the hate
 fill up the till
And hope my hunger has been seen as token.

LA GIOCONDA

Raymond Roseliep

You are a thousand women—eyes
and mouth that banter or reprove;
and yet but one I recognize:
I swear I saw her breathe and move.

THE REALIST

Oliver Hale

All that is present to the eye, when formed
and palpable, he holds to with belief;
by commonplace and dailiness unharmed,
walks narrowly between them, feeling safe.
Yet Time's apostasy has him alarmed,
and Change confronts him like an epitaph.

STRANGELING

Hannah Kahn

How long will they keep you here,
How long must you stay . . .
Six years, seven years, eight,
Forever, a day?

You, uncharted by time,
Unmarked by clock . . .
A pendulum moving that ticks
An hour turned back.

Who will unravel the skein?
Will time unwind
The tangled thread that is now
Part of the mind.

How long will they keep you here,
How long must you stay . . .
You to whom time has become
Forever, a day.

CHIMES

Hannah Kahn

Something presses
through the mind
purple roses
golden wand

supple leaves
that move the wind . . .
tissue
that compels the hand.

Something glazes
what is known
reveals the shadow
on the stone

reaches inward
like a bell
clamouring . . .
then still.

HOW STILL THEY GROW

Madge Hales

(After seeing "Les Enfants du Paradis")

How still they grow who have love
Rampant at journey's end;
How mute even the mutable heart
With slow fires to tend.

How thought sinks, hallows the energies
Held in check;
How eyes exhaust, articulate as lips
Who have their love to wreck.

CONTRIBUTORS

ELOISE DOWNER is a professional painter of screens, and she has also designed costumes.

CLYDE TERRY'S poems in this issue appear posthumously.

RAYMOND ROSELIEP is a professor of English at Loras College in Dubuque, Iowa.

A selection of MADGE HALES' poems is being made by C. Day Lewis for a volume to be published early this year by Chatto and Windus.

MARGARET CARPENTER will be guest editor of the Spring issue of *The Lyric*.

ELEANOR GLENN WALLIS is well-known for her poems about animals.

CHARLES EDWARD EATON lives in Woodbury, Connecticut.

Two poems by ANN STANFORD which appeared last year in *Variegation* were praised in a recent issue of *The Indian P.E.N.*, the review which performs the valuable function of reviewing current literature in the Indian languages.

ERIC BARKER'S verse has appeared frequently in both *Recurrence* and *Variegation*.

OLIVER HALE and CARLETON DREWRY are both former contributors to this quarterly.