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NO. 4

The LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

Constance Lindsay Skinner | Ernest Dexter

Kipling | W. M. Heath

D. B. Kimball and others

NOTES

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The Lyric West

No. 4

A Magazine Of Verse

July-August, 1921

Edited by Grace Atherton Dennen

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THE LYRIC WEST is a magazine of verse designed to foster the poetic development of the expanding West, though it will at all times be an open market for the work of all verse writers of all places. Those who believe in the purpose and power of such a magazine are invited to become Guarantee Subscribers by the payment of ten dollars toward a Guarantee Fund.

Constance Lindsay Skinner

Hymn to the Dark

Kan-il-lak the Singer to Nak-ku

Where the purple sky tents my sleep
Amid the silver reeds by the moss-green waters,
Come, come, Nak-ku, Woman,
Thou star-crowned dusk!
For dusk of my soul thou art—
Mystical, passionate, Summer dark,
My heart beats under and through
Like the pulse of rivers under the night.

Come to my lips, thou ever-new Song!
I will sing in the twilight hollows
Under thy breast.
My song shall be of children—
Of little candles to come forth
From the altar where nine months long they burned,
Lit by the flame of my singing.

Oh! what song is like the song of a man
In the place where the candles are lighted?
Chant of Immortality!
In the Woman alone can thy melody be written,
In the Woman alone thy harmonies found.

Long have I called thee, Nak-ku,
With a thousand songs,

Of earth and sea and joy
Of art, pain, and the quick need.
Once hast thou answered—calm-lipped, still remote.
Now I sing thee the hymn of a man seeking his
immortality:—
Come, come, thou dusk of the soul, Woman,
Mystical, passionate Dark,
In whom all life is enwrapped
To sleep—and to wake!

Constance Lindsay Skinner

Nak-Ku Replies

I hear thy song, O Kan-il-lak,
And desire flames from my soul like a day departing.
Beyond that splendor waits the sea—
Cold, silent in unfathomable night.
There shall desire quench in yearning
Amid the unanswering Dark.
I shall crave Love, O Kan-il-lak,
When the night covers me:—
Shall long for thy broad chest
As for the coasts of an island strong with pines;
Shall long for thine arms
As for the harbors of dawn,
Where the tides that swept in tumult round a world
Come to peace.
Yet, O Kan-il-lak,
If I turn back to meet thee midst the starlit singing
 reeds,
There to melt with thee, as waters mix with waters,
Stilling thy yearning with mine surrendered—
For what shouldst thou seek hereafter,
Thou who makest songs of thy searchings?

Nay,
For thee, Singer to my Soul,
I will bear the burden of maidens;
For lo—thou hast called thy Quest by my name.

Chas. F. Lummis

Song

The Sun awakes to wonder
 With every dawn anew—
To wonder and to wander
 His trysting way and true;
Still faring yonder, yonder,
 To where the skies turn under—
 Ay, where the skies turn under,
Where he shall come to You.

O, Morrow that hast not seen us,
 O, Night so blind and blue,
Shall ever a high Hereafter
 Re-live the Love we know—
The tender tears and laughter,
 And never a cloud between us,
 Nay, never a cloud between us—
Just Heaven—and I—and You?

Clark Ashton Smith

In Lemuria

Rememberest thou? Enormous gongs of stone
Were stricken, and the storming trumpeteers
Acclaimed my deed to answering tides of spears,
And spoke the names of monsters overthrown—
Griffins whose angry gold, and fervid store
Of sapphires wrenched from marble-plunged mines,
Carnelians, opals, agates, almandines,
I brought to thee some scarlet eve of yore.

In the wide fane that shrined thee, venus-wise,
The shrunk clamours died. . . . I heard the tune
Of tiny bells of pearl and melanite,
Hung at thy knees, and arms of dreamt delight;
And placed my wealth before thy fabled eyes,
Pallid and pure as jaspers from the moon.

Clark Ashton Smith

The Infinite Quest

In years no vision shall aver,
In lands no dream may name,
Toward alien things what longings were,
And thence what languors came!

For each horizon straightly sought,
For fealty to the stars,
What death and weariness were bought,
What bitterness, what bars!

I waken unto years afar,
And find the quest made new
In Earth, that was perchance a star
Unto my former view.

John Drury

Evening in the West

The frail moon settles like a curved shining sword,
slowly, inevitably,
into the staring western sky
and the sunset bleeds red.

And I said:
O that I had fingers delicate enough
to carve a poem
out of this exquisite ivory moment
of evening beauty.

John Drury

Hurried

A large yellow moon with a strange face
stares blankly at me
from between tall black silhouettes
of chimneys.

“O moon,
I should like to stay
and talk silently with you
in some lilac-scented garden,
but I am dragged
by invisible hands of the city
to where the electric-lights
shout in a babel of golden color.

Gertrude Brice Farwell

Soul of Earth

(Earth, being in perpetual, the material universe)

You are silent, I know not why;
Yet great thoughts from You rise in my mind.
The smile of Your moonlight is pregnant
With meanings that ever evade me,
For Your lips are sealed
And when thoughts rise to Your eyes
You draw over them blue veiling shadows
Till Your fields lie dreaming in mists,
And like Your proud hills You are silent.

You are silent, I know not why;
Vainly I seek to know You.
Thoughts lie in the curving arms of Your seas
Tenderly embracing the strong land,
But Your lips are sealed.
My spirit seeks You in a mystery of longing;
Light struggles with the shadows in Your eyes,
Song trembles behind the stillness of Your lips,
But You are silent with Your stars.

Gertrude Brice Farwell

Liberated

I was restless,
Within me stirred a great longing;
My chained heart yearned for freedom
Like a caged bird for the open sky.
I searched for life's meaning in secret,
In vain read the works of the scholars;
Blind grew my weary eyes,
For the house of my soul was dark—
One day you opened its door.
You called me out into the sunlight.
Why had I never thought
To open the door myself?

Edward H. Pfeiffer

July

Because the world is full of clover—clover, cooling
 clover,
I seek among the tangled leaves the gift that grows for
 you;
And lo, I find a four-leafed hope—my joy is flowing
 over!
—I take my luck within my hand, and give the leaf to
 you.

Because the world is full of roses—roses, burning roses,
I bend above the bush and breathe the very breath of
 you;
A burst of flame, a breast of flower, see, my hand
 encloses. . . .
—I take my life within my hand, and give a rose to you.
 . . .

Ernest Dexter

Early Morning at Suisun

All the whole eastern world was done in grey
Save a few stars above the morning veil,
Veil of blank cloud
Stretched like a motionless sail.
I tried to say
A thought almost aloud:
When were the mornings that had seen
Such flat trees outlined on so vast a screen?
Horizoned, distant, level placed,
Except for varied shape and varied height,
Marking the else unmarked, they spaced
The mystic blendings of the day and night,
For twilight there was none. Only one grey
Land that seemed measureless.
But for this tree line there was naught to guess
That world and cloud were dual entities.
Motionless
Phantom trees,
Fragile, unearthly, floating, shadowless,
Yet formed of shadow. Gone
Did the sense reach to know them. Symbols drawn
Where things cannot avail,
To mark the last faint breathings of a dawn,
To mark when time shall end

And all things blend
And no light following, only dusk and grey,
With man, the vision painter, gone his way.

Ernest Dexter

High Noon on the Slough

Rows of low wharves seen from the opposite shore;
Turn of the ebbing tide;
Slack water; sloops at anchor;
Boys stripped and waiting, irresolute
Tules in crowds, bareheaded
One launch, puffing, absurd, stirring black water,
Rocking the tules;
Butterflies, drunk, perching,
Clinging awhile to lavender asters
Blown across in chaff from the hay wharf
And lodged in the tules, growing on nothing;
Sunflowers too heavy to stand
Sprawling on the mud near the asters;
Boys plunging and squealing;
Rusty oil pipe with gaping mouth
Waiting the scow that will feed it;
Quivering air on the metal roofs of the warehouse;
Slime on the ankles of the piles;
Shadows hiding far under the wharves;
One old Greek with arms crossed, hugging the top of a
pile,
Thinking of something his father told him
About the old port of Athens.

Ernest Dexter

Late Evening at Suisun

One tapering spire surmounted by a cross
Gilded, against a sky of smoky red
Blotched with black blood,
Light not of heaven or earth—
If by the sky heaven is understood—,
Touching the cross until its arms and head
Nor glow nor flame but rather stand aloof
As needing not the spire.

Red that is dull with smoke
Griming the sunset, sinking into night,
Drift from a city lost
By the mere curve of land and borne
Northward along the sky,
Hills glorious in their gloom
Piling up shadows for the darker hours,
Remorse
Deep brooding,
Blind,
Comfortless,
Seeking not comfort but oblivion,
Above, the cross,
Serene, not conscious, beautiful, apart,
And needing not the spire.

Harry Noyes Pratt

The Shadow Trail

Over the desert leads a trail,
Over the sand and the crumbling shale;
Past sage and mesquit and cactus gray—
Into the shadows of far away.

Just a faint, dim track on the desert floor,
So faintly hollowed, a trace, no more;
By butte and mesa, wandering by
To the shadowed hills that silent lie.

The trail is lonely: never a foot
Treads the sand by the mesquit root;
Never a sound but the whispering sand
Along the trail through this lonely land.

The moccasined feet that passed this way
Have rested from travel this many a day.
Their fires are ashes—their herds have fled
They've travelled the trail to the land of the dead.

Only at night when the stars shine dim
I see far off on the desert rim
Horse-men passing, a silent train,
Down the slopes and up again.

Feathered warriors with arrow and bows

In long procession silent go—
Women passing with pony and pack,
Patient, plodding, with laden back.

Over the desert, into the night
Warriors and women pass from sight
Down the trail that they used to know,
The shadow trail of the long ago.

Grace Atherton Dennen

Moments

Winding the Clock

The silence that had fallen stark between us,
After the heat and flame of hostile words,
Was broken by the striking of the clock:
One-two—eleven strokes it made.
The slave of custom, I arose to wind it.
Then, a wonder!
I was aware of Time's vast cycle flowing
Endlessly, endlessly, through the vibrant night.
My hand upon the clock face seemed to catch
And hold this fateful moment of our quarrel.
There it hung poised between gold yesterdays
And black tomorrows, poisoned, evil thing,
To keep or cast away.
With haste, as one in fear, I seized the key,
Turned, turned—and felt the willing wheels respond.

Grace Atherton Dennen

The Awakening

“Scientist’s mind unsettled from overwork. Believes he has found a remedy for death. Child wife offers herself for the experiment.”—Newspaper Clipping.

The Scientist speaks.

Wake, now, it is the time. You should remember,
I said three days. This is the third full day
Some hours ago. Oh, you were ever light,
And pleased with any change. I should have used
A stronger soul! You came with such soft pleading,
I shut you out, you said, denied your love.
Here was a chance to give me some great thing—
And so I used you.

Wake, will you hear? Your pale, small hands torment
me,
(Lying so idly clasped. You wait too long!)
Come back and tell me
All the marvellous, secret ways of death—
Death—outworn wonder—baffled, broken tyrant,
When you shall lift these heavy-lidded eyes—
Oh, what a moment—none so glorious
Since God first caught the planets out of space
And sent them whirling through the void. Creation
Stands hushed and waiting.

Wake! There are sounds and knocking at the door.
Wake, my heart, you who have grown so dear,
Unutterably dear—you of the pale, pale hands—
Failure—? No! Failure makes this blasphemy—
Makes me a monster—No, the waiting stars
Record no failure here! Open your eyes!
This is the most tremendous hour of time—
An Officer Entering.
Take him. The woman has been dead four days.

Glenn Ward Dresbach

The Game—Panama

Señor, you win—but we have broken laws
Of this fair city by the sea,
And since you win it's fair you lose because
I, as a guardian of the law, must be
No longer gamester but Alcalde sworn
To duty. . . . Let me see, Señor—
A thousand pesos! It had seemed much more
Piled on the table there across from me—
And gaming time so near the smile of morn!
You are a stranger here, you say,
And I shall be as lenient as I may . . .
A thousand pesos—that your fine will be!”

“But, say, Alcalde, you invited me—
And you have broken, too,
The laws of this your city. Who will place
A fine on you?”

“Ah, there are gowns of lace
And silk that I must buy to win her smile,
And little silver slippers for the dance,
And rings that she'll grow tired of afterwhile . . .
She'll stab my heart with coldness of her glance!
It's all a game, Señor. . . . Your fine
Is easy since it is so quickly made,
But mine, ah, mine—
How long it must be paid!”

Glenn Ward Dresbach

The Lizard on the Ledge

PON a ledge, hung over the abyss
Of mists and misted hues, the lizard crawls
Into the sun. . . . No destiny than this
Is greater and no kinder fate befalls
His understanding, but when some one nears,
Crunching the crumbled stones upon the ledge,
The lizard flees
Filled with the olden unaccounted fears,
To stare with questioning eyes along the edge
Of some dark crevice. . . . Wondering he sees
A look much like his own in eyes that turn
Back on the ledge from looking very far
Upon the boundless lands that sway and burn
In all strange colors. Lovely as they are
In dreams, when seen they cast on eyes that see
Wonder and fear before Immensity.
And what's the answer to each pushed-back wall
Of these swayed colors and these blooms that swing
On loveliness? . . . Nothing—but everything
And Beauty tells it all!

Be like the lizard, if you will, and keep
Your mind set on a place to crawl and sleep
In sun upon the ledge. . . .

I shall be looking, filled with new unrest,
Groping with dreams to distance, with my breast
Widened to hold my heart—here at the edge!

Doris Packard

The Tryst

I have a tryst with dawn; at drowsy waking
 She tip-toes near to me,
Brushing the heavy sleep away, and breaking
 The night's witchery.

She blows the cloudy cobwebs from my brain,
 And lets the morning in;
She brings the whole blue, singing world again
 Where a thin dream has been.

I would not trust the sorcery of sleep
 And its gray, clinging mist,
If I were not so sure that dawn would keep
 Her tryst.

Anna Porter

At the Zoo

They do not see us—the lions.

Beyond the bars,

And through sordid confine on confine,

They stare at the desert cliffs and the wild free spaces.

Anna Porter

A Sierra Juniper

Out of the granite rock I've wrested life;
Fending the storm I've strengthened root and limb,
Crouching, I hold the plunging chasm's rim,
As I have braved a thousand years of strife.

Alberta Johnston Denis

Japanese Iris

*“For East is East and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet.”*

Kipling

San Marino Ranch

On the meadow-like floor
Of the cañon’s depth,
In the semi-shade
Of the filtered light,
In stately grace the Iris bloom,
In purple and mauve, and white.

Past water-grasses’ tinted plumes
And idly waving sacred Lotus,
Across the rocks and stepping stones,
Above the spot where bamboos grow,
Like a flame
In the green and brown of the gorge,
Burns an Azalea’s rosy glow.

In the very heart
Of the Western World,
This bit of the Samurai land
Is set;
And here,—despite the poet’s words,—
At last, “the twain”
Have met.

Ernest McGaffey

Ballade of the Maya Maiden

There in Palenque, and kissed by warm breezes
Zaya, the Maya girl, studied her codices,
Standing near massive-wrought altars and friezes
Rising above her the temple-crowned Goddesses,
Stone-rounded breasts under stone-sculptured bodices
Musing, colossal, in mystical show,
Long before era of Iliads and Odysseys
Centuries, ages, and aeons ago.

There would she linger in grass-woven kirtle
Just when the dawn with the darkness was sundering,
Waiting by idols of Jaguar and Turtle
While the hide drums of the Priesthood were
 thundering,
Hoping and fearing and praying and wondering
As the mute worshippers watched from below,
What was the theme of her maidenly pondering
Centuries, ages, and aeons ago.

Long ere the Aztec swept down on Copan
Burning and slaying and razing and harrying,
Tikal and Uxmal and old Mayapan
Deep in the heart of the forests were tarrying,
There was her nation its destiny carrying

Blended, as always, with joy and with woe,
Living and dying and loving and marrying
Centuries, ages, and aeons ago.

ENVOY

Prince! though the years of the future are beckoning
What was her fate only Quetzal may know;
She has passed onward with Time and his reckoning
Centuries, ages, and aeons ago.

Decision

Oh, the call of the East is a maiden's call,
And you fain would turn again
To touch once more her shining hair,—
To ease your heart of its pain.

With her smiles and tears she would lure you back
And bind you with silken bands.
Your lips may touch the bloom of her cheek
And your hands imprison her hands.

But the call of the West is the low command
Of a man, and you must obey.
Patient he stands, with sunburnt hair
And eyes of steady grey,

On the rocky trail, where the wild winds sing,
Where the torrents rage from the snows,
Above the gold of the ripened grain,
Where the lark pipes love to the rose.

When you hear that low compelling call
Vain is the maiden's plea—
With a resolute swing you take the trail
That ends at the western sea.

Belle Cooper

The Quest

I've seen the Midnight Sun splash red on Scandia's
serrate shore;
The moonlight's hushing beauty where Assisi's towers
soar;
I've sailed upon the Zuyder Zee, the Norseman's lair of
old,
And seen the blue of Naples Bay kissing the sunrise
gold;
The Alps have pulled me to their heights with lure of
vistas new;
I've sung my dreams in gondolas in streets of
turquoise-blue;
I've basked upon Nicean strands engyved by sorcerous
waves,
And loved the spell of Hebrides, and Fingal's primal
caves;
Torrid beaches of the South, pines and hemlocks bowed
with snow,
Sagebrush land and mountain land, furthest North and
West I know;
From Colon-town I've watched the smoke-lines of the
New World trade;
Pacific seas' far-distant isles have drawn me to their
shade;
Cheapside, Ludgate Circus, Strand, and Fleet, Wren's
most awesome dome,—

I love them all, but I love most my California home.
I've flirted with a thousand loves; but now I've come to
rest,
My heart is pledged forever to the Sunland of the West!

Sada Cowan

The Tiger

Aye . . . Once before you knew me.
There, 'neath the moon in tall slim reedy marshes
You stalked and scented me
Your Jungle Mate.

Curving body and gleaming skin
Claws that tore;
And teeth that sank. . . .
Aye. . . . Once before you knew me—

There, 'neath the moon, in tall slim reedy marshes
You stalked and scented me,
Your Jungle Mate.

Sada Cowan

To a Bit of Jade

My bracelet jangles on my arm . . . !

And I am a slave girl swayed by love of my

Master.

My eyes follow him about the hall of marble

And my breast heaves tumultuously as he passes by

me.

His tunic brushes my be-sandalled feet

And stings as the tongue of an adder.

Oh, sweet is the fragrance of him as he passes!

White is my body and pleasing to his eye.

Soft are my arms and languorous with desire;

With gold he bought me and his I am

With love he bought me and his I am;

Oh, twicfold slave . . . oh, willing slave am I . . .

My bracelet jangles on my arm.

Harold Vail

Spring Beauty

I have been hurt too much by lovely things;
Tall, lonely candles in a quiet room,
Books, birds and music, starlight in the gloom—
My heart has lived and died because of Springs.
Now jonquils bloom again beyond the town,
And daffodils wave lightly where I pass,
The meadow ways are wild with tangled grass
And all the mountains wear a golden crown.
O God, your beauty is too great for me,
I can no longer bear your splendid moon,
Your stars, your sky, your deep and passionate sea;
Have I not wept my heart out late and soon.
Grant me one little hour to be free—
Or if you will give me an afternoon.

W. M. Heath

The Voice

Always I hear a voice that calls to me.
A lovely whisper of diviner things,
Outside of man's long pain and wondering.
It makes a sweeter music in my soul
Than I can find abroad o'er all the earth.
Is it the still small voice of my far God?
I do not know, but were it not for this,
Then I must surely die of this dark life.
For all men's sorrow lies upon my heart.
I carry in my soul the world's deep woe,
And but for this immortal morning breath,
Sweeping my tired soul, I would not live.
I know not what it is, nor whence it comes.
Only I know it breathes Eternal Hope.

Grace Wallace

A Preference in Angels

Short, thick angels
Have short, thick souls.
I like my angels thin. . . .
With shining eyes. . . .
Brown ones preferredly:
And I like, also,
That their wings
Be not too large;
But soft caressing, tender things,
That flick me
With their flame and azure tips
When I forget to pray.

Paul Tanaquil

The Return of the Prodigal

I tried to conjure up apt things to say,
You must forget that I had just returned,
I must act as I used to yesterday;
Try as I would I could not. And I learned
How many sad things Time can thrust between
Two people in a year, and how words said
Cannot be changed whatever they might mean,
How there's no morrow for a Love that's dead.

We scarcely spoke save to pass platitudes,
You said: "What weather! Look how the rain drips!"
I struck conventional, dull attitudes,
Before my misty eyes swam your red lips,
Coldly I shook your hand, like a chance friend,
This was the irremediable end.

Gladys Wilmot Graham

Candles

Two candles ever blazing
Until the end of time.
Burn ye! . . . Burn!
My heart is at thy shrine.
For one is my fervent love for thee,
The other thy faithfulness to me.
Burn ye! . . . Burn!
My heart is at thy shrine.

Lenore Schutze

Sonnet

To Alfred Tennyson

A little untaught bird will try to sing,
If but its cage is hung where it can hear
The warbling of some glorious songster near;
Scarce from its nest, the helpless half-fledged thing
Will imitate with foolish twittering,
And later he will sing, in each refrain
Will be some hint of that ecstatic strain
That ever in his memory will ring.
Since as a child, I learned your melodies
And tried to tell the whispering of the trees,
The waves' wild chorus with its clanging chords,
I loved, like you, the music of the words;
Sometimes my song has made my friends rejoice,
There was in it the echo of your voice.

Anna E. Satterlee

Birthdays

The birthdays of our early youth
Were gala days of play and sweets—
Of running races, jumping rope,
Of wondrous acrobatic feats.
And, O, the cakes our mother made
With shiny icing decked with red,
Molasses candy just like gold,
And other things that we were fed.

In other years our birthday fun
Is circumscribed by hours of work—
At home, in office, shop or field,
In lessons we may no wise shirk.
Yet for a moment we forget
The din of life—its marked routine,
In birthday greetings, good to hear,
In messages from friends unseen.

The late birthdays draw nearer—near—
Three score and ten, four score, or more;
A time for ease, for prayer and praise,
A time to count one's blessings o'er.
These sunset anniversaries
Convince us all, in very truth,
That Age is but a shallow blind—
A mortal camouflage of Youth.

Perennial youth is ever found
In one who lives a life of love;
Whose birthday memories may count
As stepping-stones to heights above.
So, whether here or elsewhere,
The flowers will bloom and birds will sing,
The sunshine drive away the clouds,
If in our hearts it's always spring.

Notes

As an expression of opinion about the nature of the Western Pegasus, we cannot resist printing these lines. They come to us from one of our earliest and most enthusiastic friends, formerly connected with *The Little Review*.

The Western pegasus is an uncut broncho.

It is true that there is a certain
venerableness about antique mares:
but let those whose pegasus is an antique
mare contribute to other magazines
which shall be nameless.

It is also true that Junipero Serra
came early to this country:
smell the garret
in old San Gabriel.

Our tradition is to have none.

The Western pegasus
is a pony that the buckoes cannot break
though they lace him till
his nostrils pant blood.

D. B. Kimball.

A new contributor heartily welcome in the pages of *THE LYRIC WEST* is Constance Lindsay Skinner, known to thousands for her beautiful lyrics. Her "Songs of the Coast Dwellers" won a prize from Poetry, and her Indian poem, "Song of Cradle-Making," won a prize from the London

Bookman. A poetic play, "David and Saul," opened the Forest Theatre at Carmel in 1910. She writes for Scribner's, the British Review and other leading American and English magazines. Miss Skinner lived six years in Los Angeles where she was dramatic critic on the Los Angeles Times and the Examiner.

It is our privilege to publish two poems of Clark Ashton Smith. At nineteen, Mr. Smith won for himself countless friends and admirers by his first volume, "The Star Treader and Other Poems." George Stirling pronounced him "One of the greatest juvenile geniuses in literature." Critics have been waiting eagerly for his later work, but he has been silent for a long time. The strange beauty of the lines with which THE LYRIC WEST brings him once more before his public shows a deepening of power.

Glenn Ward Dresbach, another new contributor, has published poetry in Scribner's, Poetry, Contemporary Verse, The Bookman, The Forum, Current Opinion. His new volume, "Morning, Noon and Night," is meeting with marked success.

John Drury is a Chicago poet whose work has appeared in Shadowland, The Pagan and other publications.

Ernest Dexter says of himself: "My father and mother reared seven children, six years of this process being risked on a mountain government homestead too arid for any crop but verses." Mr. Dexter learned in this way to use the material about him. The sequence on Suisun is his first published work.

We heartily welcome Charles Lummis once more into our pages with a song later to be set to music by Charles Wakefield Cadman.

Advisory Committee

Samuel Clover

Ben Field

Benjamin Stelter

Aurelia Reinhardt

Richard Burton