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The
LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

Dorothy E. Collins | Hazel Hall

Lucia Clark Markham | Annie Higgins

Pauline Barrington and others

COMMENT

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The Lyric West

Vol. II, No. 11

A Magazine Of Verse

March, 1923

Edited by Grace Atherton Dennen

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The Lyric West No. XI

Spring Storm

She is a hoyden who with dancing feet
Mocks the grey city street.
With swallow's gesture to the granite walls
She pirouettes before a window-pane
And over nook and ledge and cornice falls
The silver bright confetti of the rain.

Out of the soft wet fields and hills and cover
Seeking a lover,
She has come down among the city throng
Who in their wet black garments hurry by;
The Elders when Susannah came along
Looked at the girl no less distastefully.

Bareheaded, barefoot,
I shall go
Down cobbled streets
Where the gutters flow

Like pearls, like flowers
Upon my hair
Her mist and raindrops
I shall wear,

In the wind

And in the rain
I'll dance with springtime
Once again.

Mary Carolyn Davies

Lake Coeur d'Alene

A bee bends over
The tallest clover
Till it touches the ground.
There is a sound
Of wings in the bushes. I see no bird.
Only the boughs are blurred.
There is sun silence over the world.
A fern too young and tightly curled
On its stem, to be green yet, is near
Enough for me to feel its queer
Rough beauty. There are winds to hear.
I have forgotten what I knew.
What I loved too.
I am as a tree, or a mist, or that clover
The bee bends over
Till it touches the ground—

The long lake lies
And dreams in the sun.
It is still and gray,
It is very wise.
If it has known that rain can sting,
It has no memories of this thing.
Upon the sun it lays its hands.
—And I touch the sands
And forget the world that I am, and see.

Joy and I are one.
I am very wise
Like the lake that lies
And dreams in the sun.

Four clouds are flowing
Into one shape, like a bird in flight,
(Feather of gray, feather of white)—
Then breaking, going
Their way once more.
They are made new;
They are not as before.

—Lake, forest, sky
Have met, and I,
We are four clouds, flowing,
Into one shape, then breaking, going
Their way once more—

Mary Carolyn Davies

“Donna, Mona, Doris, Dolf, Sybil,
Marna, Maeve—”

Donna, Mona, Doris, Dolf, Sybil, Marna, Maeve—
Each went laughing down the path leading to her
grave;

Each went laughing down the path, curious to see
After all the talk of it, what the world might be.

One was dressed in silver, and one was dressed in blue;
One wore her hair coiled in a certain way she knew;
One laughed out for happiness and one for being young;
But every girl had some design of laughter on her
tongue.

Donna found the path too short, Mona thought it long;
Marna passed the minutes with a jest and song.
Dolf looked down and saw the flowers beneath her feet.
Instead
Maeve saw nothing but the trees twining overhead.

Doris only saw her face in the pools she passed.
Sybil saw and plucked the ferns—but they didn’t last.
Mona pointed out the gold in the sky to Maeve—
But not one at the path’s end saw the small and
waiting grave.

Harrison Conrard

The Romancer

He hawks his wares from door to door and cries
 Them out like any vendor in the street:
 The dripping grapes of wounded souls, the wheat
Of Autumn years, laurels of scarlet lies,
Lilies of childhood, plumes of butterflies,
 Poppies of passion, larkspurs of deceit,
 Hemlock of death, harebells of tinkling feet,
Love-lispings, hates, despair, tears, laughter, sighs.

His cart creaks to our gate, and when we scent
 Its garden-drench we hail its wheels to spill
 Into our baskets its enchantment-streams,
Our pennies trading for illusionment:
 For life holds voids which he alone can fill
 And we must buy his wares to feed our dreams.

William Stanley Braithwaite

An Old Moon

I saw an old moon tonight,
Weary of wandering
Over the earth's face, to light
The sad, dark pondering

Of the ways given unto man
When the bright sun's hidden,
And his world's lost 'midst stars that span
Space, to dream forbidden;—

I saw an old moon drooping
Wearily up the sky,
And a ring of haze was looping
The stars, she went grieving by.

And I said, "Old moon, what care you
If the night's for sleep and rest,
Tomorrow's sun will fare you
Chaste as my love's breast."

Marvin Luter Hill

March Storm

Dust in the street today,
And dust upon my pane!
The tall trees bend and sway—
A battalion of rain

Comes marching—gray coats wet
And cannon loud,
With drum and bayonet,
Their flag a cloud.

Their bayonets flash out—
But their attack is fleet!
The gray coats veer about,
The drums beat a retreat.

My garden is a pool,
The trees stand straight and drip;
The air is clean and cool,
And in the west a strip

Of blue, where the rain stopped—
Curving and shining there,
As if the day had dropped
A ribbon from her hair.

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Kate Quinan Foster

Joyous

Lustrous petals, white on white,
Ivory and pearl,
In dewy freshness, to the light
Languidly uncurl—
As on a mother's breast at night
Baby fingers, exquisite.
Oh, joy to be alive this morn,
A rose is born!

Hazel Hall

The Hippity-Hopper

I saw you go by
And I saw in your face
More than I heard
In the rigid grace
And dance of your hippity
Hoppity pace.

Child, too many
Have passed as you do;
You tell of the many
And nothing of you:
What many have done,
What many will do.
Yet for all the archaic
Accents you speak
I am permitted
To see in the streak
Of sunlight that makes
A bronze of your cheek,
Something immobile
For all that you move
As transient as wind.
And for all that you prove
Nothing endures
For me you prove
A static symbol.

And strange, Child, strange,
That my idea of you
Owes nothing to change,
While you must be prey
To life's wasting range.

Light strikes you to bronze,
And forgetting the rhyme
And trite rhythm you use,
I would sing you to time—
In syllabled sculpture
Give you to time.

Hazel Hall

Pursuit

She knows someone is following her—
Else why the commotion of her feet,
And why do her shrill heels cry and cry
To people passing: Quick! let me by?

She knows someone is following her,
And fears to look backward down the street—
Else why does she always plunge ahead
Crying: Quick! let me pass! with her tread?

She knows someone is following her,
And: Mercy! Mercy! her footsteps beat.
Yet relentlessly her own Self steals,
Close as a shadow, forever at her heels.

Hazel Hall

Stranger

He has gone down the street, and I know he will not be
back.

Our street was too hollow a place, too tooled a track,
For him to find or to lose himself; he will not be back.

There was that in the ride of his shoulder and of his
head,
That cried for the fumes of a background deeply red.
There was a demand for fullness in the breaking of his
tread.

When I see him again I shall see him, not seeing him,
Carved black against the line of a hill's hot rim,
Finding and losing himself in the space that has lured
him.

Hazel Hall

Profit

What if it were true, People,
And you were all you longed to be,
Could the earth be more than earth,
Could the sea be more than sea?

Walk upon the world, People;
Follow green tides into space,
Then find your profit in a breath
And in the light across your face.

Hazel Hall

The Way She Walks

She walks with a gravely conscious tread,
As though she carries above her head
A banner whose flaming inscription runs
In characterly dazzling as the sun's.
And little old winds, like little brown elves,
Run at her side and talk to themselves.

If you look deep as she carries it by
You will see the red inscription's cry:
There is earth below, there is sky above,
And life is music and laughter and love.
You will see the winds, like little brown elves,
Wink at each other and talk to themselves.

Alice Barkley

Grey Rain

Cold grey rain is falling,
Grey sky overhead,
Grey the streets and empty,
As if all hope were dead.

Grey my soul within me,
Grey as the world without,
Veiled with useless longings,
Overcome by doubt.

But one lone umbrella,
Red mid all the grey,
Lifts my soul from sadness,
Brightens up the day.

Jeannette M. Collins

On the Arrival of Mary

Birch trees, that lift your clean stems to the clouds,
Have you not heard?

Dear lake, below my birches, now I love
Your opal-tint reflections, twilight made.

Old, sprawling trees, your perfume made me glad
This spring, the first

For many years, I shame to tell you this
But now, good trees,
How can I but be glad your beauty lives

Brown house, with loving vines made green and cool,
Were you once home, now heaven you are to me.

Each glowing fire that sends its darting light

On pictures that once satisfied my soul

Restores my love of art. And so, each song
Comes with new melody to fill my mind.

I finger every book with quickened joy
Because of hands to hold it bye and bye.

But now—now give me these thin little hands

This toothless smile, that's made for me alone,

Let me make long the years that now are mine,

Discernment come and grace for larger cares

With coming years.

Hilda Brann Boulton

Beggars

Love comes but once
And now I know!
Though many a time,
In Love's old clothes,
Came Pity and Passion,
Beggars, to my door,
I was blind.
But now I know!

Have I not seen
Love's face?

Bertha McE. Knipe

The Almond Blossoms

The almond tree is in flower,
The dooryard is a wedding bower,
Wild sweet and roofed with tremulous patterns of rose
and pearl.

Under the almond bower the cobbler leans to his
work,—

He presses the hard leather over his knees,
He kneads it with his flat thumbs,
He moulds the leather to his needs.
The cobbler is an old man,
His hands move slowly, his dim eyes rove.
There is warmth in the sheltered doorway
And the south wind dances with the sunbeams.

The cobbler is an old man,
He has known the lonesome desert,—
The shifting sands under the grey wings of rain,
The pain in a homesick heart;
Here in the warm doorway,
He remembers the bleak trail and snow-capped peaks,
The wail of the searching beast
And the pale huddled sheep,—
Night winds by a fireless camp
And the death of sleep.
Here in the warm doorway he remembers
The far journey and his heart expands.

He raises his head, he listens,—
The music of winging bees,—bees
Gathering in the almond trees' boughs!

The cobbler is an old man,
He listens to the bees, he laughs aloud,
He calls to his wife,
"Felice, Felice, the bees, the bees, the black bees,
The Spanish bees, pure Castilian, that I
Brought from the fair!
See, they are working in the almond flowers;
The hives will be filled, they will be running over
And the honey is white, I swear to you,
It is pure white, white like the soul of a flower."

Felice is an old woman,
She crouches in the doorway,
A goat skin lies over her knees;
She is cleaning the goat skin,
Her long fingers are curved like an eagle's talons,
She claws at the raw hide;
Her narrow eyes glitter, they are shallow pools;
Her face is wrinkled like a dried fig,
It is the color of a pine-tree nut.

Felice is an old woman but her eyes are not dim,
Her ears are not dull;
She hears the voice of her husband and is silent,
She listens to the droning of the bees and is silent;
She has learned many things over the mealing stones
And the kneading trough;

Over the cradle and the little brown bodies.
The bees gather in the almond flowers.

Felice is an old woman, she remembers the hours of her
youth,
She remembers the day of her wedding,—
Wax flowers and a veil and paid fiddlers
Who played all the day, and the almond tree
Flowering by the doorway.

Allene Gates

Concerning a Love of Clothes

Again Spring comes, and Earth is clothed anew
With emerald blades of grass and blossoms fair.
Both mortals and immortals feel they, too,
Must now array themselves with special care.

Alluring and entrancing hats come out;
Enchanting robes, to which sweet perfume clings;
But Cupid, shopping, wistfully looks about:
“I’d like to see the latest thing in wings!”

Lucia Clark Markham

Rain in the Night

You to whom the raindrops sing
May walk safely through the spring,
Satin curtains of the grass
Swinging wide to let you pass;
You will find arbutus trails
Winding down the frozen dales;
You will see the red globes loom
Through the snow of cherry-bloom.

But to one who hears the pain
Crying in the midnight rain
There is never peace nor mirth
In the bourgeoning of earth.
If she walk where trees confer,
Little hurt things turn to her;
Broken pinions cloud her skies
For the sorrow of her eyes,
Tortured blossoms flock in bands
To the pity of her hands.

Lucia Clark Markham

A Birch Tree Singing

Bonny white birch tree
Singing on the hill,
Happy in the starshine—
Be still, be still!

I am sick for silence,
Listening for the beat
Of a lost dream running
On its silver feet.

Did it go the dark way
Where no echoes are?
Did it fly the bright way
Far and far,
Till its moth-wings crumbled
On a fiery star?

Maybe I could hear it
Dance along the hill—
Singing white birch tree,
Oh, be still!

J. R. Moreland

“I Do Not Think the Dead Drift Far”

I do not think the dead drift far,
Nor to some unknown planet go,
When life has faded like a star,
Or gone as quietly as snow.

Familiar scenes, the old home space,
The quiet street, the rose, the sky,
Surround the soul's new dwelling-place,
For that we love can never die.

And all the treasure of the mind,—
The heart's keen pain or ecstasy,—
We cannot flee or leave behind,
But keep through all eternity.

J. R. Moreland

Dandelions

Small round yellow blossoms
Like golden coins
Scattered among tender grass,
With here and there a ghost-like
Seed bloom
Fragile and exquisite
As a new fallen snow crystal. . . .
Who finds such loveliness
Common or vulgar
Is a stranger to beauty.

Helen Frazee-Bower

The Tiger City

Behind the bars of circumstance,
 Denied the food of dreams
The city in its tawny pride
 A restless tiger seems.

Ensnared in meshes of desire,
 Of poverty and sins,
The Tiger City moves its jaws
 And swallows men—and grins.

A loathsome thing; and I should fear
 Destruction it imparts,
Did I not feel beneath its skin
 The pulse of human hearts;

Did I not know that back of all
 The fury it expends
The Tiger has a kindly need,
 That hungers most for friends.

So I will stroke the city's back,
 And give it dreams to eat—
Some day the Tiger may curl up,
 A kitten at my feet!

Helen Frazee-Bower

Travelers

Travelers of every land,
 You who follow after
Sea-call and hill-call
 And the joy-call of laughter—

You who take the open road,
 Diligently scorning
Home-need and heart-need
 And the road's own warning—

In the quiet of the night
 Do you stop and ponder
Grim thoughts or brave thoughts
 Of the Last Road yonder?

Travelers, how will you feel
 When that dawn has risen,
Housed-in, caged-up,
 In a grass-bound prison?

Can they ever trap you so,
 Seize and bury under
Brown earth and leaf mold
 Your free hearts, I wonder?
Will you not at last elude
 Even death's restraining,

Foot-loose and thought-free
Your clear course maintaining;

Till the passing centuries
Still shall find you going,
In dust-whirls and fog-wreaths
And the wild winds blowing!

Helen Frazee-Bower

New Beauty

You have made winter days so beautiful—

How can I bear the wonder of the spring!

How can I look on this, who found not dull

Long hours of cloud and shadow, who could fling

A joy triumphant in the face of storm—

Well knowing how for you and me there glowed

That inner fire that keeps the spirit warm,

The fire eternal that our love bestowed.

You have made winter days so beautiful,

With beauty deep and still, that I could hold—

But this new beauty: shining days that pull

Our hearts into a web of green and gold—

Too strange it is, too sweet! I fear the thing.

How can I bear the wonder of the spring!

Doris Hutchins

Your Room

I wish I did not have to pass
Your room, or go inside;
(I mean the room that once was yours,
Now it's unoccupied.)

But something dragged me in although
I tried to keep away;
(Into the room that once was yours,
Now owned by shadows grey.)

I am so glad it was at dusk
I came here, for the less
One sees, one has to suffer when
He looks on Emptiness!

I stood awhile before your glass,
And kissed it where I thought
Some faint soft shadow of your hair
Might possibly be caught.

In the dim light, I saw your couch
Harsh, coverless, and cold;
Some cushions lay on it, but they
Were very frayed and old.

I peeped into your closet, but

No soft things hung inside;
So then I gently closed the door,
And leaned on it—and cried!

Kalfus Kurtz Gusling

A Kiss in the Rain

Stormy the night, and dark the sky above you,
Your eyes, the only stars to guide my feet.
Though I had wondered how 'twould be to love you,
I had not dreamed your mouth would be so sweet.

Speechless you stood, and bent your head above me,
And though you kissed me for a little space,
Nature was grieved because you did not love me;
I felt the rain, her tear-drops, on your face.

Annie Higgins

I Remember

I remember much too much:
Every burning way
Your eyes met mine, and what you said,
And what you did not say.

And when at night I think of things
Just to forget your words—
Things like dead bodies under the sea,
Or silly little birds—

The fearful things I try to think
Refuse to be thought by me,
And soon as I have pictured birds
They fly into a tree.

Then a big wind of darkness comes
Blowing my thought like dust that flies.
And there is nothing but your voice,
And the great fire of your eyes.

Annie Higgins

All Night

All night they were telling it to me
In whispers of little song,
The wet green buds on an old gray tree
Were telling it all night long.

“We will cut with branches through your pane,
We will flay you with bud and bloom,
We will let the sun, we will let the rain
Into your quiet room.

“With blossoms frail as butterfly wings
We will hover over your head
We will wind your throat with boughs like strings,
And choke you till you are dead.”

I had no word to say all night,
And fear lay in my mind,
But at dawn I answered with all my might:
“You’ll do nothing of the kind!”

Jack Hyatt, Jr.

Blindness

Every day I meet people
Looking for God.
Some of them go to Church
Pious and look for HIM
Some shut themselves
Up for an hour each night
Virtuous . . . and “read” the Bible,
But never find HIM.
Others stretch forth the hand of Charity
With one eye open to see if God looks
. . . and are disappointed
If HE smiles not upon them.
. . . men and women . . .
Peering, peering, everywhere
Forgetting to look at themselves.

Jack Hyatt, Jr.

Similia

Marriages and Trees

Work of Man and God

So alike.

It seems that some

Marriages

Stand not the first cold

Blasts of winter,

But shed like the trees

Leaves of Affection

To stand forth in Time

Naked, gaunt, shameless

And ugly,

While others, like

The fir trees, live

Thru all the Seasons of Life

Evergreen.

Mary Coles Carrington

The Vase

I have in my room a vase,
A dull, inarticulate thing of colored glass.

Hour after hour it waits, charmless, unchanging,
Halting no roving glance, no idle gesture,
In the chill light a bubble blown and empty,
And nothing more.

But when the sunbeams, on their merciful errand,
Silently slip into the open casement,
The soul of the happy vase leaps up with a shout,
A cry voiceless yet, in its infinite compass,
Eloquent to the startled ear of the spirit;
With a hundred tints, with a hundred fires it glows,
Unearthly, poignant, past all knowledge of beauty,
Then, its glory gone with the passing sunlight,
Humbly submissive,
Sinks once more to dumb and passionless waiting.

My heart is like that little vase, beloved,
Under the fleeting radiance of your smile.

Read Bain

The Secret

Shall I seem silly speaking some of spring
As every man in every age has done;—
Assisi, singing to his Brother Sun,
Or Browning, touching God's great Everything?
And yet, this day! Bright with new coloring,
The dandelion-gold spread ton on ton,
The cherry frock of morning, sunshine-spun,
The green of grass—God's glorious gardening!

He flings into the ceaseless time-machine
Another spring—and grinds out witching days.
As they dance by in garments white and green,
We simple souls must give them love and praise.
A day, a blossom: Who the secret knows?
The black manure—the White Killarney rose!

Richard Butler Glaenzer

Indelible

Dates and names and faces
Mean much less to me
Than perfumes and sounds and graces;
For I have forgotten your face and name
And whether it was in June or September
Of—even the year is uncertain—
That your eyes said Yes to me;
But the scent of cedarberries on your breath
And the sudden loud booming of the sea
Behind that glorious curtain
Of oleanders in flame
And the curve of your sun-bronzed arms,
Though momentary charms,
I shall remember
After my marriage with Death.

Richard Butler Glaenzer

Catalina Days

Depths of peaceful, limpid blue—
Gulls like flurries of confetti—
Mountains for a background—you
In the foreground on a jetty
With your hands afloat like gulls,
Hands whose creamy beauty dulls
Any painted by Rossetti—
That to me is nearly all
Catalina days recall.

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Judith Tractman

Orchestration

The rushes are blowing madly on their piccolos
And tossing them to the multisonous winds
Who, in turn, fling them teasingly to the greedy sea
That stumbles forward in high-pitched eagerness
Then falls back, breathless, choked with little sobs!

Comment—Rainbow Gold

Poems Old and New Selected for Boys and Girls by
SARA TEASDALE

Conducted by Pauline Barrington.

The Macmillan Company. New York. It is something to be able to sing like a meadowlark; to set free a song so lovely, so poignant, it makes the heart beat in one's throat with an ache from the clear beauty of it! Yes, it is something, indeed, it is a great deal! What are politics, world or otherwise; old forms or new, to the lark, it knows it has a song to sing—and it sings. So it is with Sara Teasdale's lyrics and love songs published not so very long ago in *Rivers to the Sea* and *Flame and Shadow*. Her absolute sincerity, her direct truthful handling and her great simplicity puts her easily at the head of the women writing today. She who touches the fountain head where truth bubbles up, is forever young, it is fitting that she should be the one to make an anthology of poems for children, as she has done in *RAINBOW GOLD*. The much abused child will not find Mother Goose or dripping, sweet sentimentality here, but poems old and new written not for a child at all but for the world at large. Great poems by real poets. In the prefatory note Sara Teasdale says, "I have made a small collection of poems that would have pleased the child I used to be and the boy who was my playmate. . . . I have been guided from first to last by their enjoyment or their boredom. The poems that they loved best had highly accented rhythms, and took them into 'a land of clear colors and stories.' They enjoyed sad poems as much as merry ones; but meditative, moralistic and gloomy poems were never read but once, if they were read at all." Think of being a child and finding in one book, "The Lady of Shallot," "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," "The Pied Piper of

Hamelin," "Sea Fever," and "Lochinvar," just as marvelous as ever. Then "The Ghosts of the Buffaloes" and "Meg Merrilies" with "O Captain! My Captain!" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and more and more.

—*Pauline Barrington.*

“Second April.” By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Mitchell Kennerley. 1921.

To what purpose, April, do you return again?

Beauty is not enough.

Life in itself

Is nothing. An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs.

It is not enough that yearly, down this hill,

Comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers.

“Second April” is not a new book as books are judged in these rapid times; it was published in 1921, and already the swift years are hurrying on with demands for later achievement. But Edna St. Vincent Millay is a new poet in that she is young, and in the natural order of things her writing days lie before her. So we may be forgiven for calling to mind now the poet of “Second April.” In 1917 Miss Millay’s first book of poems was published. It was called “Renascence and Other Poems.” In “Second April” the promise of the earlier volume has come to pass. While perhaps her vision is no larger, her grasp of thought is surer, her technique more practiced, and her eyes search more keenly into the materials of life. There was a certain cold and diffused vapor in her world of *Renascence*; now the atmosphere is warmer, notwithstanding the elegiac quality of her verse; for love’s mischances are human, and an epitaph is a history of a thing that once lived. There are echoes in “*Renascence*” of the “*Ancient Mariner*” and the “*Prisoner of Chillon*,” in meter and in treatment; it is inevitable that there should be reminiscences of her passionate and unwearying study of the English Classics. Both Coleridge’s and Byron’s poems have for their themes *renascence*, or the new birth; but the agony is physical as well as mental. In Miss Millay’s poem the awakening comes from anguish and prayer, and a tense desire

to come at the secrets of infinity. The “new birth” is expressed in these lines:—

O God, I cried, no dark disguise
Can e’er hereafter hide from me
Thy radiant identity!
Thou canst not move across the grass
But my quick eye will see Thee pass,
Nor speak, however silently,
But my hushed voice will answer Thee.
I know the path that tells Thy way
Through the cool eve of every day;
God, I can push the grass apart
And lay my finger on Thy heart!

Edna St. Vincent Millay has wide horizons. Her ceiling is nothing less than the sky, and she lies on the great round earth and stretches her limbs into infinity. And so it is with her dream of life, which does not mean only this world’s activities but is forever reaching out into death and the mists and shadows of eternity. “Second April” measures not time but loss. From April to April is not a year but a weight of longing. When the singer does bind herself to earth, she is sister to the spirit of the universe; she hears the
Gossiping of friendly spheres,
The creaking of the tented sky,
The ticking of eternity.

But even here where her feet seem earth-bound, she is questioning God. His majesty is not too great for her to go into His presence, with the prayers of one to whom the vasts of eternity are only growing places for flowers. Miss Millay was born in Rockland, Maine, and the Maine Coast and the waters haunt her. She has an almost rapturous love of the sea, a love

that robs even death of its grimness, if the cool deep hold her body.

Mine is a body that should die at sea!
And have for a grave, instead of a grave
Six feet deep and the length of me,
All the water that is under the wave!

I do not think any poet has expressed a love of beauty more passionately than Miss Millay. John Masefield is high priest of beauty, and his mood is a consecration; Miss Millay loves as earth's children love, with every stirring of her conscious body. "God's World," in the *Renascence* volume is her most perfect bit of work; "Journey" in the "Second April" is very lovely:—

Ah, could I lay me down in this long grass

And close my eyes, and let the quiet wind

Blow over me,—I am so tired, so tired

Of passing pleasant places! All my life,

Following Care along the dusty road,

Have I looked back at loveliness and sighed;

But far, oh, far as passionate eye can reach,

And long, ah, long as rapturous eye can cling,

The world is mine; blue hill, still silver lake,

Broad field, bright flower, and the long white
road.

A gateless garden, and an open path:

My feet to follow, and my heart to hold.

One is vastly impressed with the quality of her love which is a passionate friendship, so intense in longing and inevitability that there is no lack of warmth and human

yearning.

“ . . love be fair and high,
That else forsakes the topmost branch, a fruit
Found on the ground by every passer-by.”

She has some of the religious insight of George
Herbert

and Henry Vaughan, or Blake, in a mystic love for the
vast places of the soul. Her epitaphs and memories do
not sadden; there is no taint of the grave-clothes,—only
the heart has ceased to be earth-bound. This is her

“Song
of a Second April” :—

April this year, not otherwise
Than April of a year ago,
Is full of whispers, full of sighs,
Of dazzling mud and dingy snow;
Hepaticas that pleased you so
Are here again, and butterflies.

There rings a hammering all day,
And shingles lie about the doors;
In orchards near and far away
The grey wood-pecker taps and bores;
And men are merry at their chores,
And children earnest at their play.

The larger streams run still and deep,
Noisy and swift the small brooks run.

Among the mullein stalks the sheep
Go up the hillside in the sun,
Pensively,—only you are gone,
You that alone I cared to keep.

Miss Millay has caught the secrets of lawful meters; so that while they restrain, nevertheless they give a sense of boundlessness. Her meters catch the eye and seem to be usual, but they have the freedom of free verse. Her technique is therefore most satisfying. That largeness of medium is always felt, and yet there are rhymes, quatrains, and couplets, blank verse and rhyming tetrameters. Even the sonnet, most elaborate of all the meters, is developed with the same effect of law and license. The lyrical quality of her verse is felt in the lightness of her touch. Her lyrics do not sing so much as they rise on pinions of light, defying the laws of gravity. Altogether the volume is one that we should hesitate to be without.

—*Frederica De Laguna.*