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The
LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

Antoinette DeCoursey Patterson | Marjorie Charles Driscoll

Allen Clark | Beulah May

Pauline Barrington and others

COMMENT

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The Lyric West

Vol. II, No. 2

A Magazine Of Verse

May, 1922

Edited by Grace Atherton Dennen

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Antoinette DeCoursey Patterson

In Venice—Long Ago

Giuliana (fitting her words to a popular air, and
singing them, scarcely above her breath, as the
gondola
in which she is sitting glides along).

Softly, softly, Gondolier,
Down the rio's dark cool breast
Softly, still more softly, steer.
Though the city seems at rest,
Yet its very walls can hear.

And they listen all night long
To the plotting of the weak—
And the triumph of the strong:
To the word that pales the cheek,
To the sob within the song.
As the boat still moves on Giuliana's eyes never leave
the
form of her proscribed lover, disguised as a gondolier.
At last
her passion encourages in her a more reckless mood,
and she
speaks out boldly:

Giuliana—Since the first hour I learned my sire's
command,

My spirit has been heavy with despair.
Maurizio, let us for a moment land
At that old palace with the crumbling stair—
I long so, just once more, to touch your hand!

Maurizio—The blessed Virgin and the saints above
Keep you, Marchesa, ever from all harm!
You would risk freedom—life itself—for love:
I can restrain no longer my alarm,
And for your sake I must a coward prove.
(Maurizio sends the boat swiftly past the deserted
palace, and continues.)

I'll guide you to your father's home again—
What right have I to these presumptuous dreams!
To your glad youth I have brought only pain—
Forget me—as you'd snuff a candle's beams.
Before such loveliness I pray in vain!

A gondola passes near them, so Giuliana once more
replies
under cover of song:

Beauty is as frail a flower
As of glass the blower blows;
Youth endures for but an hour,
As the fragrance of the rose:
Love's an everlasting dower.

Of the three masked men in the boat, Maurizio has
recog-
nized the figure of one. He quickly turns his own
gondola, and
heads it for the palace.

Maurizio to himself—

The Ten have met. They have decreed before
Night passes I shall share my father's fate
At their assassins' hands—that evermore
Our lands and moneys may be confiscate.
Ah God—TI am so young, and she so fair!

He makes the steps of the palace and holds out his
hand to
Giuliana, who has given a cry of delighted surprise at
his
sudden change of mind.

Maurizio, in a hurried whisper—

The time is short, my sweet one, I am known.
And since I cannot spare you suffering,
This one brief moment we may call our own
I claim with all insistence—Death, your sting
Were powerless now—save for her grief alone!

Maurizio draws Giuliana swiftly within the shadow of the
palace, for already is heard the sound of an approaching
gondola.

Maurizio (continuing)—Now let your arms about my neck entwine— Close, closer still—I would for a brief space Cheat thought, in thinking you are wholly mine. And now I'd look once more upon your face— In its youth and beauty half divine! (He kisses her passionately.)

The pursuing gondola arrives. The men land and, separating Maurizio from Giuliana, close around him. Maurizio struggles, with the desperation of youth, but is quickly overcome. A dagger, red with his blood, drops on the marble landing, and Giuliana, seizing it, plunges it into her own breast. Then, steadying herself against a balustrade, she stands beside her dead lover, facing the men who for the moment seem stunned, and sings—

Beauty is as frail a flower As of glass the blower blows;
Youth endures for but an hour, As the fragrance of the rose:
Love's an everlasting dower!

Her voice strengthens on the final words in a sound of triumph. Then, as her soul departs, her body falls forward into the arms of one of her lover's murderers.

Lucy Hale Sturges

Temporal

Queen Tye came to Alexandria.
The walls were daubed with new paintings,
And fresh rushes were strewn on the tiles.
Purple lotus filled the high jars,
And in a single ray of sunlight,
The dust from the Sahara danced to the thin notes of
the
Arab flute.

Her gown was blue,
The blue of smoking sandalwood,
Caught in with a girdle of dull old gold.

She wore scarabs at her throat,
Green, green as the sea after a storm.
On her long white fingers,
She wore scarabs cut of lapis.

Now Queen Tye has gone from Alexandria,
But the dust from the Sahara still dances to the thin
notes of the Arab flute.

Lucy Hale Sturges

Noon

White waters sing in the porphyry fountains,
Locusts whirr in the noonday heat,
Soft winds blow down from the distant mountains,
Dropping rose cones at the Buddha's feet.

Deodar trees cast shadows entrancing,
Patche sof blue on the sand white glade;
Even Petrina is weary of dancing,
And sleeps in the toi toi shade.

Parrots scream from the cast iron grating,
Scorning to dream when the sun is high,
Laughing and shrieking in endless debating,
Quarreling under a cloudless sky.

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Lucy Hale Sturges

Romance

Where snow white peacocks spread their tails beside
the pool,

Where black Italian cypress trees

Stretch slender fingers towards the evening star,

Where close cropped lawns reach to the lapping seas,

I waited: and your call came from afar.

Mabel W. Phillips

Calcutta

The River.

Draped in a nun's veil
Silently the river glides
To secret meetings.
The temple pearl-white,
One of Buddha's priceless gems,
Clasping Asia's throat.

The City by Night.

A nestling rose-bud
Over which the shades of night
Spread cool, fragrant leaves.

The City by Day.

A passion bloom
Into which pours hiving bees
Seeking sweets to devour.

E. MacAlister Hepburn

The Dancer

A floating wisp of thistledown she came,
Blown hither by the clapping of our hands,
Ethereal, aerial, remote,
Moon mist and star dust, and a still white flame.

She danced and still tears caught us by the throat;
She slipped away and someone sobbed her name.

Edna Worthley Underwood

Fans
Improvisations from Old Chinese
Paintings

I

A CHINESE FAN PAINTED BETWEEN

1260 and 1300.

This amber tinted, circling fan of silk
Bears three chrysanthemums in fine flower-pink.
The centuries have swept them, six in full.
Their freshness is of genius, not of youth;
A haunting, poignant thing of memory
That stings like wind of Spring—too cold—too sweet.

II

1630—1740

The eyes of love and night and all sweet things
Are like the blossoms twain on this bare bough
Hung high upon the aged, twisted peach,
Whose unmasked outline cuts this silken fan,
In spaces exquisite, with Indian ink.

And signed in pride of power—an ancient name.
And marked—a date of faded royalty.

III

FAN BY RYOKYO OF THE FIFTEENTH

CENTURY

How noble is the curve that rims this fan!
As faith and love are noble. Segment cut
From out the substance of diviner worlds.
It seems a stranger as I hold it here
Against the monstrous ugliness of things.

No color mars its pure unmotivated calm,
No line insistent like a bugle's blare,
But only shadowed things: traced vines—
Wisteria—ghost like—in love's long ago—
Against a smoking sunset's splendid rim.
IV

SUMIYE

How rich, how resonant, this Indian Ink,
That bodies forth the heights, the deeps of sky,
The splendid rhythm of a dragon's sweep,
Or shine of tumbled seas, black thunder's roar,
Or stains this silken fan with shadowed grass
As delicate—as fresh—as light at dawn!

Lucile Evans

O Love That Is Born of the Moon and a Flower

(The song of Nephthys, Egyptian dancing girl in the
temple of the goddess, Athor.)

O LOVE that is born of the moon and a flower and dies
in the moment of birth,
Tender, ecstatic and sad, cradled in starshine and
mist—,

O Love that has stolen my soul for thine own and left in
its place but the dearth
Of peace I once knew in the lost golden days, and lips
that are fevered, unkissed—,
Ah, my arms stretch lonely and aching, up to that
moon and its flower,
And my heart cries to thee, blest goddess, for one touch
of thy magic and power.

Marjorie Charles Driscoll

In Babylon

I heard two lovers crying as they kissed.

“O, that we dwelt in Babylon!
In Babylon of ancient days,
Where great queens lived and loved and sinned
And went their proud, imperious ways,
That now are dust in Babylon—”

“Nay,” said the wind.

‘When that I blew in Babylon,
Before her empty ramparts grinned
A toothless challenge to the skies,
I heard the grief of parting sighs,
The little sound of lonely cries,
Of love forlorn in Babylon—”

Said the night wind.

I heard two lovers weeping as they went.

“O, that we dwelt in Babylon!
We should know all her ancient bliss
Of star-hung night and royal noon,
Of purple dawn, and we should kiss
As once they kissed in Babylon—”

“Nay,” said the moon.

“When that I shone on Babylon,
Before her shattered pride was strewn
Under the feet of marching years,
I saw the gleam of hidden tears,
The darkening of secret fears
In lover’s eyes in Babylon—”

Laughed the old moon.

Idella Purnell

Afternoon Song

“O Sing unto the Lord a new song; sing unto the
Lord,
all the earth.”

Though green cool waters, fern-ringed, under trees,
Are still and calm, freighted with lilies' white
And pleasant buds, to perfume and delight
The warm, moist air, and yield to heavy bees
Their golden dew,—beloved, even these
Are not as tranquil or as stilly right
As your dear eyes, brown-shadowed. There the light
Of thought gives me the love I ask to please

My seeking and my want. You fill my need
With warmth that is as clean as any wood
Where trillium stars the underbrush, and fern
Is tender-green. So dear, let us give heed
We thank the Source of this, our unbought Good.
Love is the Giver and the Gift we learn.

Idella Purnell

EVENING SONG

“Let my prayer be set before Thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.”

Do you wish a poem, Loved One? . . . Do not ask it; I am dumb. Before the purple twilight in worshipping I come. For I feel earth's rhythm shake me, and I know earth's living rhyme, And the poems of her breathing—but they pass me, into Time!

Miriam Allen deFord

Footsteps

I remember this city;
Its amber streets where black feet hurry,
Stepping on hearts;
Its walls that blot the sun,
Its silent river, flooded to the brim,
I remember this city.
A red sky is over it,
And the birds sleep on the tree-boughs.

O vanished years of star-gleam and lost music,
You pass me by in long eternal rhythm,
Veined marble halls clouded with wine-deep velvet,
Frail colonnades under a liquid sky,—
Dreams of dead ages pace whisperingly
Over your polished floors.
Feet that arched in forgotten dances,
Feet that slunk stealthily to outworn crimes,
Feet that were padded for vengeance.
Ghosts of dead footsteps soughing down the marble,—
And phantoms of soft footsteps yet unborn.

Miriam Allen deFord.

Bernardine Algert

Encore Printemps

DES VERS

Now it is Spring in Paris,
But blank houses in gray side streets
Give no sign. . .
On the Boulevard Malesherbes
Flowersellers blaze with purple violets
In the rain.
And under the dripping awnings
Of the book-shop,
Near the Madeleine,
New volumes of spring verse arrive.
Everyone is taking tea chez Teddy.
Cigaretts and white hands
Are passed to be enjoyed:
The Boulevard des Italiens bristles
With officers and spring hats
And sidelong glances. . . .
And girls are humming bits of song.

SOIR VERT

The Seine lies
Green under a silver moon,
And fretted by her heavy bridge.
A slow air stirs the bending poplar tops,
And the mad moonlight shows
Two young things making love
Upon the wall.

LA FIEVRE

Along the Champs Elysees
The first and faintest chestnuts bloom,
A heavenly mist;
And far away the Arc de Triomphe
Darkens the red sun.
And east, the golden horses
Of Pont Alexandre III gleam against falling night...
Throbbing in the blood,
From trees, from sidestreets and cafes
A wild soft air enfolds us,
And wild mad thoughts race
Past our hearts.

Janet Lewis

The Wild Crab-Apple Tree

Then at last there came a day,
If this is how the stories go,
When Finn was very near, and so
Diarmuid took her in his arms
And climbed the wild crab-apple tree,
And there they sat to watch and see
If Finn came passing down below.

Diarmuid's foot hung down in air,
And yet the ground was hid from them
By fruit and leafage flowering there
As thick as flowers on the hem
Of Grania's gown, and Grania said,

"The sky against your head is blue,
Your head against the sky is bright,
Your lips are cold, Diarmuid,
And in your eyes, Diarmuid,
Are a thousand points of dancing light."
And Grania lay among the boughs,
Among the apples and the blossoms,
The little flowers with golden bosoms,
And apples, fruit that never grows
Under familiar cottage eaves.
Her hair fell down among the leaves.
The green leaves stirred, and Grania said,

“My heart is sitting on your hand,
Your hand that holds the branches down.
And it has wings as bright as sand,
And it is yours, Diarmuid,
And on your wrist, Diarmuid,
It sits like gold upon the brown.”

Constance Lindsay Skinner

Mandolines under the Moon

[Vagrant strains]

Lux del oro

Lux del mar

Oh why should I be w-a-a-a-and-er-er-ing
Far, far from thee,
Lights of the sea?
What should my thoughts be po-o-o-ond-er-er-ing
Since love is bold,
O Lights of Gold?

Thou art the valley of my heart
Lux del oro, lux del mar
Ne'er from thy beauty will I part
For lights of alien gold and seas afar!
All my hopes like doves are flying
In thy skies of jewelled blue,
All my prayers like winds are sighing
Through thy palms and olives too.
All my dreams for aye are growing
In thy golden poppy-field—
All my faith and passion blowing
Neath thine azure mountain shield!
O my California, garden of God,
Roots of my life and love are thy sod.

Luz del oro, luz del mar!

Sing Carita, dance Carita!

Give me your hand—

This is our land!

Sing Carita, dance Carita!

Sway your young hips,

Tune your rose lips.

While the mandolines are stri-i-i-ing-i-ing

Dance with me, Carita, si-i-i-ing-i-ing

Luz del oro, Lux del mar. . . .

Allen Clark

I Am Your Lover

I am thy Paris. See the towers glow!

Leander; waters murmur in the dark.

I am thy Dante. Deathless verses flow

Out to the ages for the world to mark.

I am thy Launcelot. The bright lists ring

To slipping swords and clash of shields and spears.

I am thy Percivale. The great stars sing,

And in celestial light the Greal appears!

I am Plantagenet. The Paynims reel

Blown back like smoke before my shining blade.

I am thy Robin, and through Sherwood steal

To that dear cavern in the hawthorne glade.

I am thy Anthony. The legions pass.

A world falls crashing from my frenzied hand.—

But dreams of dust that is as withered grass?—

I am your lover! You will understand.

Sydney King Russell

The Young David

His only weakness was a love for words
That poured from his young lips in glad refrain
For these he left his father's flocks and herds
To wake deep valleys with his magic strain.

With these he won into the courts of grace
And into women's hearts, with melting ways,
But scoffers called him weakling to his face
Nor recked the valiance of his latter days.

Yet who but stands forth blest above the strong
Whose soul rises to heaven as he sings,
Working, like David, miracles with song,
Conjuring madness from the hearts of kings!

Nellie Burget Miller

A Pagan in Church

The sermon was tedious, that day, without doubt,
And a tipsy bee on the window-sill
Tumbled and droned, incessantly.
But, still, I cannot quite make out
How I came to drift on a southern sea
With a drunken, rollicking pirate crew,
From out of my strictly orthodox pew.

Call it fancy, if you will,
Or the ghost of a sleeping memory,
Or lay it all on that tipsy bee.

I sailed all day on a sea of glass,
Where the sun grimaced from a sky of brass—
Then shipwreck . . . and heaven grew
Slowly from out two eyes of blue.
My dear, was it you
That I found on the shore?
Then why the cross
And the bloody stone?
What gruesome deed must I atone?

Such a straight safe path I am walking now
But what if the saint with the placid brow
And the scholarly drone,
Could know how my pagan soul flies far

To a wind-swept hill 'neath a southern star,
And clings to a cross
In the night alone,
Or gashes its breast
With a knife of stone?

You daintily settle your sleeve's soft lace,
And find the hymn with a deft sweet grace,
Looking at me with accusing face.
Caught me napping, again, you see,
Parson is closing his final fifthly,
Out of the window darts buccaneer bec.

Mary Sinton Leitch

Silence

What do I love the dearest in my wood?
The violets as white as virgin's snood,
The gauzy humming-bird?
The scurrying insect-life when moss is stirred
By an inquiring hand?
The odors that the balmy south wind brings?
The brown pine-needles carpeting the land
Richer than any rug from Samarcand?
Oh dearly, dearly do I love these things!
And yet, of all, I love the silence best—
The silence of the wood—
That gently seems to nest
And nestle in the over-burdened heart;
Soft as the feathered breast
Of yonder thrush that hovers o'er her brood
Silence that soothes the ache and pain and smart
Of Life's swift lash laid on the quivering soul.
It is a chalice full of sanctities,
It is a benediction breathing peace.
It is as calm, as deep,
As cool green wells of sleep
In which the spirit sinks and is made whole.
And if from some bird-throat a sudden rill
Of sound may flow,
It is but etched against the stillness so
That all the wood seems even more deeply still.

Yet most for this I love the silence best
That it is big with longings unexpressed
And lyric with unutterable song ;—
Astir with winds and wings
That ever with their soundless whisperings
Up-lift my heart and make my spirit strong.
For silence is as wide
And boundless as the wide and boundless sea:

It flows around me in a mighty tide
Of vast beatitude.

Oh may I ever live upon the shore
Of its beneficent immensity
That, when life's clamor grows too harsh and rude,
I may steal forth to the great quietude;
That I may feel its healing waters pour
Over my tired soul and wash it clean
Of trivial things and mean!

And thus it is the silence of the wood,
The silence of renewal and of rest,
That I love best—
The silence that today envelops me
Yet bears within its bosom all eternity.

Andrew Dewing

Kwannon

Where drifting vapors and the sea-mists rise,
And white stars shimmer in a darker height,
You moved, strange with the beauty of strange
Night;
Your hands held dew-cold lotus, and your eyes
Were vague with songs unsung, and far surmise
Of fleeting years that died in love's despite;
Your dream-moved lips had known the old delight,
When lingering music filled the alien skies.

The murmur of far winds on ghostly seas
Is heard where now you move across the years,
To Him whose white hand put white starlight
there;
Do you remember, ere the music flees,
Our phantom flowers in a night of tears?
And gleams the olden starlight in your hair?

Mary Brent Whiteside

Journey

Sometimes with face against the pane,
I watch the little passing towns,
In lines of weary grays and browns,
That loiter dully by the train.
No high and lighted towers change
Their nights to something brave and strange,
And beauty, if she found the place,
Passed onward with averted face.

Yet as I journey, I have found
There is no hamlet of them all,
However desolate and small,
But has its plot of holy ground,
Where flowers bloom in white and red,
Against the crosses for the dead.
And sorrow, bending with a tear,
Has left one kiss of beauty here.

Maud Hogue Hess

The Cabin

Like cameo brooch
On flowered gown,
My little cabin pinned itself down
To give the prairie a dab of white;
And there it clings—a splash of light
In its corralled gown of meadow blue
With ribbon of water running through.

And the high-hipped slopes
Are looped about with knots of reds
And yellow and brown—
Tufted mantles trailing down
To greening meadow beds
Where wild grain pods look up
And nod their fuzzy whiskered heads.

Beulah May

Redondo Beach

Along the wharf the tall ship lies
Slow swaying in the rising tide,
Filled with orient merchandise.
Peacock plumage, ginger dried,
Balsam, nard and annobar,
Chinese carvings, muslin bales,
Ivory chessmen, gems from far
Mecca, famed in Indian tales,
Wood of sendal, Tussian silk,
Persian shawls and printed fans,
Strings of pearls as white as milk,
Brought by Indian caravans.
Piled about the wharf they lie,
Bales and casks and matting old,
While the swift cranes dip and fly
Lifting boxes from the hold.

I have been abroad today,
Wandered in the glowing east,
Trod the streets of Mandalay,
Heard the chant of Chinese priest,
Talked with Tartar from the north,
Sailed with Sultan's argosies,
For my quarter deck the wharf
Where the calilio lies.

Rising, falling with the tide,
Ever eager to be free,
Soon she'll lift her bows and glide
Out across the sunset sea.

Nancy Ellen White

May Moon

Quaint, high moon,
Slim, shy moon.
Silver crown of a soft May sky!

Across the blue-dyed heaven you race
As one who frightened turns and flees
From the terror of a half-guessed fear.
Your virginal beauty is caught in black trees,
In the delicate God-woven lace of their leafage
Caught, and held for a quivering space.
Then the keen-carved tip of your silver bow
Tears the etching of filmy lace.
On, on, in your chiselled loveliness
Till you sink below the horizon far,
Leaving the vast blue of earth and of heaven
Lit by a lonely evening star.

Quaint, high moon,
Slim, shy moon.
Silver crown of a soft May sky!

Ellen Morrill Mills

Spring, the Herald

Spring, you were fickle when first I met you—
Smiling at me across the stile;
Summer is coming—then shall I regret you,
Rogue O' the Year, with your tear and your smile.

Summer is opulent, mystical, glowing—
Rubies set in a ring of gold!
Yours the white beauty of moonstones in silver,
Pure as your youth, and as sweetly cold.

Summer is restful, royally idle,
Tucking a blossoming rose in her hair;
Spring—with her ear to the earth for their coming—
Wakens that rose, and a thousand more fair.

Hers that the hillside fail not of its verdure;
Hers that no violet misses its way;
Hers that in dazzle of sunshine and shower,
April shall keep her fair promise to May.

So she fares, wayward, and plies her white magic—
Peeping thru fledgling boughs, tearfully shy;
Whisking away in the mist of a shower,
Laughing in tune, as the stream purls by!

Spring, you were frolicksome when last I met you—

Smiling at me across the stile;
Spring, you had cruel youth, yet I regret you,
Rogue O' the Year, with your tear and your smile!

Edward H. Pfeiffer

In a Wood

Spring arose like a flame.

Her breath was a joy through the land,
The wind softly fondled her name
And sighed for the touch of her hand.

I yearned for the young year's stir.

Close to a tree I stood,
Waiting and listening for her
In the heart of the waiting wood.

Waiting, I heard the cry

Of a bird, and I saw the grass
Startle, as though close by
Spring were about to pass.

Waiting, I felt a warm

Breath from the lips of earth,
And hovering mists took form
Like dreams that were coming to birth.

Waiting . . . and sudden I cling,

A trembling leaf to the tree. . . .
Sweet body and soul of spring!
My love! You have come to me!

Joseph Andrew Galahad

To the Star of Song

Since you are not too far removed—apart—
For me, with eyes uplifted, to see the way you go:
Since you are not too cold in your renoun
To warm my small bare room with your bright glow:

Since you are not too proud to be as humble
As all your greatness gives you grace to be:
Since you are not too busied with your vast affairs
To flash a lifting ray on those like me:

Oh—let me speak! My heart is running over—
I cannot stay the tidal wave that sweeps
Away such little things as men have builded,
To find its god where your high cadence creeps.

Across my hours, in dignity and beauty—
Till I have found a light in darkened places—
Till I have heard a melody forever
To people silences with long loved faces:

Till I have heard the music of your singing
Hush out the gross wild discord of the age:
Till I have heard the wind-blown fluty measures
Float down to break the bars across my cage!

Oh—I would say some part of this that chokes me

To silence with its glory. But I find
There are no words to say one-half so surely
As what your quick thought reads within my mind.

Hugo Folliard

To One Named Rue

O keep your soul in that high plane
Where ends ignoble thought and deed,
Where earnest eyes replace the vain,
And thought, the creed.

Imperious lady, still be queen
To that high vision we see not,
Where all that's base and all that's mean
You have forgot.

Yet keep your voice as you ascend
Rejoicing, cheering, unafraid,
Take pause and from your heart's pride, lend
To us your aid.

Pauline Barrington

Comment

(Legends. By Amy Lowell. Boston. Houghton Mifflin Co.) Amy Lowell is an imagist, a writer of free verse, polyphonic prose and regular rhymed poetry. She is an experimenter with all forms, independently, using new or old as best suited to her purpose. Her technique is sure as she is well grounded in the traditions of English poetry, possesses a deep knowledge of Chinese literature and a strong sympathy for the modern French poets. Miss Lowell has defended well the faith and been true to her ideals of the craft of poetry making. Since 1914 she has published six volumes of poetry and two of prose criticism, not to mention her enlightening prefaces. "A legend is something that nobody has written and everybody has written, and which anybody is at liberty to re-write. It may be altered, it may be viewed from any angle, it may assume what dress the author pleases, yet it remains essentially the same because it is attached to the very fibres of the heart of man." Thus Miss Lowell starts the preface to her last book, "Legends." There are eleven legends, taken from Peru, China, England, Europe and North America. "From a Yucca to a Passion-vine" is the story of a small red fox, who loved the moon, and his journey to find her. At last, after traveling far, he reaches her and ever after "Upon the disk of the moon are spots, black obscene spots, the prints of a fox's paws."

Miss Lowell's technical knowledge of porcelain, as manufactured in ancient China, is amazing. In "A Legend of Porcelain," Chou-Kiou,

"White as milk in a tazza cup,

Red as a pear tree just dropping its petals,
Happy as the Spring-faced wind,"
is in love with a sailor. Thinking of love, she forgot her
filial piety," her father's house goes unguarded and is
accursed. To expiate her crime she first makes a bowl—
"She has blown upon the fire and kindled it,
She has set her fragile bowl in the midst of the
flame,
She lifts her eyes from the red fire
For green spring is like smoke in the
willow-trees."

When the bowl is taken from the cooled kiln—
"Oh, marvel of lightness!
Oh, color hidden and all at once emphatically
clear!
Like a bright moon carved in ice,
Green as the thousand peaks,
Blue as the sky after rain,
Violet as the skin of an egg-plant fruit,
White as the "secretly smiling" magnolia,
And singing a note when struck
Sharp and full as all the hundred and fifty bells
On the Porcelain Tower of Nankin."

But the bowl is not enough to lift the curse from her
father's house, so Chou-Kiou makes a figure—

"More quaintly golden.
This face is clouds and flowers,
These eyes are wind and flame,
This body jade and silver."

It is enough and little Chou-Kiou wins her lover,
"He is a straight shaft of sapphire,

He is a peacock feather borne upon a spear.
He and she before the Goddess—”

“Many Swans” is written in polyphonic prose and if read loud one may readily discern from its rhyme and assonance how it differs from ordinary prose. It is the story of an American Indian, who takes the “shining thing” he wants, even when he is warned against it. It kills all those whom he loves, all life everywhere he goes.

“So he lifted himself against the weight of the sun and

wished a great wish for men, and went on, with his desire sobbing in his heart.” But, the “shining thing” refused to leave him until at last Many Swans realized that he was alone, and he cursed the “shining thing” and longed to die. Then she, whose “eyes were moons for sadness and her voice was like the coiling of the sea,” came and took the “shining thing” and left him. The theme of “Dried Marjoram” was done by Tennyson in “Rizpah.” If one is not an admirer of the moderns, one should read the two, and see for himself how well an imagist can write in regular rhymed form. It is the best book Miss Lowell has written since “Swordblades and Poppy Seed.” “Legends” is like a white diamond. The facets are cut and burnished until they reflect the romance and tragedy of life, but, when one looks deep into the heart of the jewel, it is clear, cool, untouched by the thunder of color or the flash of lightning-keen description on its surface. Miss Lowell has a rare gift for telling a story.

Pauline Barrington

White April, by Harold Vinal; the Yale series of Younger Poets: Yale University Press. This is a volume full of the

refreshing enthusiasm of a young writer to whom the world is glowing with beauty and life is an open door to wonderful experiences. It wakes in the reader a vivid realization that it is good to be alive and to be young. Mr. Vinal's verses have a fine lyric quality that sings itself into the heart and lingers in the memory. He is at his best in his songs of the sea, there his feeling is most deep and sincere and his pictures glow with color and are filled with the breath of wide spaces. These qualities are shown in the following verses:

LITTLE SONG

Put a fence about my house
It matters not to me,
If from the highest window
I can not watch the sea.

Scent the rooms with flowers,
You may leave them bare
If no salty sea-wind
Wanders there.

Leave tall candles burning, A house can be a grave— If it's
far from water And a breaking wave.

Mr. Vinal's work shows a warm love of nature and a latent
power which promises much for his future.

Open Shutters, by Oliver Jenkins, from the press of Will
Ransom, Chicago. "This is the first book issued from the
private press of Will Ransom, at 14 West Washington street,
Chicago." So reads the announcement on the last page of Open
Shutters. It is a worthy book to inaugurate the series of first
volumes which Mr. Ransom is purposing to bring out. Oliver
Jenkins is the editor of Tempo, and a lover of the new poetic
forms. Though many of the verses in this volume are carefully
rhymed and metrically exact, yet the strongest, most
convincing part of his work is in the freer, unrhymed forms.
Here he attains a sweep and breadth of expression which
carries conviction. He handles a wide range of subjects, though
his poetry is entirely lyrical, and he charms with freshness of
wording and glimpses of haunting beauty.

Notes

It is with a keen sense of personal loss that we announce the death of Joseph Andrew Galahad in Portland, Oregon, on April 13. Mr. Galahad's poems have appeared in all the poetry magazines of the country. "To the Star of Song" was already included in our May number when the news of his passing came to us. Mr. Galahad had been an invalid for some time; perhaps his slight hold on life and his brave fight with pain helped to give to his poetry the high, spiritual quality which characterizes it. Other poems of his, which we had already accepted, will appear from time to time in *The Lyric West*.

Statement of Ownership, Management,
Circulation,
Etc., Required by the Act of Congress
of August 24, 1912.

Of The Lyric West, published monthly at Los Angeles,
Calif, for April 1st, 1922.

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Grace Atherton Dennen, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the owner of The Lyric West, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Grace Atherton Dennen, 1139 W. 27th St., Los Angeles. Editor, Grace Atherton Dennen, 1139 W. 27th St., Los Angeles. Associate Editor, Esther Yarnell. Business Managers: Grace Atherton Dennen, Los Angeles; Wm. C. Garner, 1607 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Grace Atherton Dennen, 1139 W. 27th St., Los Angeles.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total

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GRACE ATHERTON DENNEN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of April, 1922. (SEAL) HENRY P. CAIN. (My commission expires May 24th, 1924.)