

VOL. II

OCTOBER 1922

NO. 6

The
LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

Clark Ashton Smith | Idella Purnell

Claribel Weeks Avery | Philip Gray

P. B. and others

THE NEW BOOKS OF POETRY

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The Lyric West

Vol. II, No. 6

A Magazine Of Verse

October, 1922

Edited by Grace Atherton Dennen

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The Lyric West No. VI

Chant of Autumn

Like the voice of a golden star,
Heard from afar,
Perishing beauty calls
Out of the mist and rain;
Like the song of a silver wind,
When the night is blind,
Murmuring music falls,
Never to rise again.

Voice of the leaves that die,
Whisper and sigh
Of ruinous gardens waning
Rose by ungathered rose;
Dolour of pines immortal
That guard the portal
Of a lonely mead retaining
Blossoms that no man knows.

Voices of love and the autumn sun,
In my heart ye are one:
Fairer the petals that fall,
Dearer the beauty that dies,
And the pyres of autumn burning,

Than a thousand springs returning. . . .
O, perishing loves that call
In my heart and the hollow skies!

Marie Emilie Gilchrist

Weather Report

The moonlight washes the leaden roofs till they shine
like white sails in the night;

The great tide winds go rushing past in their cool
resistless might.

And whirling after in eddying foam

And breaking in ripples and surging comb

The powerless rudderless shipwrecked leaves sweep by
in their whispered fright.

Clare Shipman

Meadow Lark

O dear delight, altho' the Summer's done,
And fallow fields lie empty to the sun,
Your sudden call bursts like a flame of Spring
Along the trail of Autumn's loitering.

Thrills once again, most magically sweet,
An old, quick flash of young hope leaping high,
Scent of the wild plum's whitening bridal bough,
The tenderness of early April sky.

Out of some dull, brown nest, of memory,
Think you to make a vanished rapture sing,
Or waken with your bugle sleeping Faith,
And summon pulsing ecstasy to wing?

O disembodied voice that lost enchantment yields!
O dear delight, wind-blown from empty fields!

Caroline Ainslie

Reproof

Persephone—

The evergreen's a friend—
For when I would protest
That you are old,
And when I'd taunt the birds
That trill from every tree,
A surging "Hush"
Breathes through the pointed tops,
And my disloyal thoughts
Dissolve
Like bubbles in a wave.

Glenn Ward Dresbach

The Painted Desert

I

This is immensity the soul may hold,
Grown greater in the vastness, this is light
The heart may touch and never more be cold. . . .
These lilac mists and dusts of malachite,
These sun-glazed mountain snows that pierce warm
blue

And opal of near skies, with dreams unite
In beauty and the wonder flashes through
All mists of our own consciousness. . . . One stands
With rapture words are never blessed to say.
It lives in spirit-music that these lands
Give, and, once given, cannot take away,

Here are the trails of tawny sands, and these
Fade out to rippled hazes like a dust
Of roses blown through sapphire-shadowed trees—
So far, so far that one may fear to trust
Such distance after eyes have seen before
But hard gray walls. . . . Against us here is thrust
A cactus flamed with flowers, and once more
The nearness of the earth, that here is sand,
Is felt—a desolation like our own
Reaching beyond itself into a land
Of hazy beauty in the distance grown.

Ever the distance, moving out as we
Move in this land, keeps that mad lovely lure
It held when first we saw. It comes to be
The only thing of which our eyes are sure.
It is the reason that the soul has sight,
It is the wonder that lets hearts endure
The thirst of deserts till there comes, near night,
A spring that goes in silver and revives
The weary senses. . . . And our sleep may soon
Be thrilled with gestures prompted by our lives,
Out on the sky-line of the rising moon.

II

The red-tiled roofs of St. Michael's
 Lift where this land begins,
And the priests stand at the altar
 For a primal people's sins—
While colors flame in the desert
 And the light weaves and spins.

And priests of the primal people,
 To caves deep in the ground,
In secret, go to worship
 The earth-gods they had found
Before the white man offered
 A God who keeps men bound

Past red-tiled roofs of St. Michael's,
 Past caves of the Navajo,
I turn to the vaster altars
 All creeds must bow below—
Far incense-spreading mountains
 Lifting their unstained snow.

III

The Indians wear the colors
 Of this, their chosen land—
Crimson and green and yellow
 Flash down the glistening sand.
Out to the haze they ride to be
Part of a wild land's unity.

Wild at heart are the riders
 On ponies that were wild,
And, true to the land that bred them,
 Each is the desert's child. . . .
Like them we've colored with our way—
Timid monotones in gray!

Houses of mud and cedar
 Are good enough for men
Who never stay away from earth
 We all must touch again.

V

The passion of the desert has its way
Where water flashes up from underground.
Wild flowers, colored like the distance, sway.
From cedar boughs drifts out a lovely sound.

Through juniper and cedar on the crests
A flock of sheep is driven to the spring
By this wild shepherdess with growing breasts
Through which the moods of painted desert sing.

She guards her dowry for her mate who comes
To claim her, from the distance, and her eyes,
Alert with spirit of far thunder-drums,
Gaze on the land that bred her, and are wise.

She is the shepherdess of more than one
White flock that lingers at the mountain spring—
The dreams in her, now glowing through with sun,
Go on to meet life, wistful, wondering.

She is as wild bloom waiting pollen here,
More needed that the fields of such are thinned.
She thrills to think the need of her is near—
The import of it is upon the wind!

VI

The winds, that mounted stairs of malachite
And sandstone from the hazy western rim
Of distance, now with battle cries unite
In their descent down stairs whirled sands make
dim

Before us and, across flat space of things,
They meet us with a force that burns and stings.

So far we came that they would turn us back?
Before we see too much? Lest we may be
Too sure of distance on a rippled track?
Too intimate with this immensity?
Hurled sands about us weave a choking cloud—
Only our hearts above the winds are loud. . . .

There will be heaped sands at the little spring,
Parched leaves will drift in darkened water there,
Wiped out will be trails we were following—
But this land lifts its mesas hard and bare
Above the storm, and, bowed, to them we go
To see what we had passed through far below. . . .

O what bare mesas of salvation lift
In deserts of ourselves, to which we turn
As from a space of sands that swirl and drift
And parch the throat and on the strained eyes burn,

That we may climb above the storm at last
And see with cleared eyes all through which we
passed?

VII

I stand before the winds upon the height
Above the level sands that melt in haze
Of fallen rainbows, and upon my sight
Come signs of all my yearning in all days:
The reach of things toward beauty, and the rise
Of distant loveliness made near by light
That draws the vasty skies
About the lifted spirit, . . . And there stays,
Past vain oblations, all the heart replies.

Replies to things like these are music heard
Deep in the being that was given voice—
The muted chords like winds in branches stirred
Above the clear swift waters of their choice!
Sad, with the sadness heard in loveliness
In upland winds or wild notes of a bird,
Is much that we express
Within ourselves when we may most rejoice—
And turn to silence since words say it less.

Faith Maris

Sand Lily

Prone I lie while turquoise desert dome
Goes grayly into purple.

Should I stay rooted there will be gray
 Again, then a rose dawn,
And always blue at mid-day.

O splendid slow march of colors!
Each slips a sheath that flutters down
To tint a mood and warm this ivory lily
Growing beside my outstretched hand.
Sand lily, has your quartz-cold cup
Been filled with mellow sun?
Have vagabond winds brushed past to
Spray your heart with pollen?
And have you made a hard round seed
Against the day your petals fall?

Sand lily, I also know the stir
 Of mystical metabolism—
The pulse of thirsty roots that sought
 The cool spring under blackness—
That's why I lie here, earth-caught.

Lucy Hale Sturges

The Desert

Still is the desert silent, and the stars
Shine down upon the isolated hills.
Only the infinite can enter and leave scars
In any land so lonely;
Here is no place for tawdry human ills.

In the high canyons where the foaming streams
Cut through the black rocks with a crashing din,
Flowing to lose in choking sands their dreams,
Are seven palm trees growing.
The stage is waiting for the drama to begin.

Even the moon seems ill at ease, and very far away—
The highdomed sky is black and vast and frozen,
While the windflutes in the palm trees play
A fragile tune, no common traveler to beguile—
The eerie song the desert gods have chosen.

Idella Purnell

Imperial Valley

An oven-breath envelopes me.

A smothering blanket bows me down.

The earth is drably sage and brown—

Even the spirit is not free.

Waves of heat

Rise and beat,

Heat-demons dance,

With quivering feet.

Dust-particles fill the torrid air,

They fill my eyes, my throat, my nose,

Until the desert overflows

With dust on earth and everywhere.

And the over-leaning mountains

Brim into the sky,

Stark and majestic,

Wonderfully high.

Snow-ribbed, snow-finished,

And as the sun

Strikes on the snow

It silvers every one.

There—like a marvel,

A miracle to see,

Every rough tremendous range

Is changed to filagree.

This is God's paradox,

Filagreed immensity,
Silver-laced mighty rocks,
Fragile-seeming density. . . .

Heat-waves envelope me—
Dust in my eyes—
Thunder of heat-waves,
Heat-inanities.
Down—down—smother down—
Smother and bend me—
Wave me—in a cover brown
Drown me and end me.

Cornelia Meade Scarborough

The Desert Passes

Noon—

Waste of tortured earth—

Deep red gashes, vanishing towards carnelian
hills,

Tufts of bunch-grass keeping jealous distance each
from each,

Guarding the precious moisture.

Leprous patches of alkali impassively reflecting
The sun's inexorable glare.

Now and again a whitened, horned skeleton

Showing where a hapless sacrifice was offered

Upon the altar of the sun.

Dust-devils circling feverishly, like ghosts of desert
dancers

A crooked road, warped by the heat,

Leading to the canyon's mouth

Where yuccas stand, guarding its cool green
depths—

A row of living bayonets, flinging their challenge to
the sun—

Evening—

Telegraph poles, endlessly passing,

Strung on wires that stripe with black

The sunset colors of the western sky.

Floating island clouds turn pink, dim to gray,

And sink into the ocean of night that engulfs the
world.

The gleam of a stream, darkly flowing—
A blasted tree—bare cliffs point the soft blackness.
And ever the telegraph poles sentinel the way.
A light leaps out of the night—
Another, and another. . . .
Houses take shape, cluster thickly—
Then all is blank. . . .
The porter has drawn the curtain
And is making up my berth.

Morning—

The sun sends out his trumpet call,
And the heralds of the dawn appear,
With shining golden lances,
The gathering hosts of day mount higher, higher
up the sky,
Till comes the age-old cry,
“Let there be light!”
And night is conquered.

Edith Osborne

Desert Sage

My feet are treading the city streets,
But my heart is far astray,
Over the distant desert hills
Where the sage grows cool and grey.
Where the scent of the sage is keen and sweet
That flies on the wind away.

I hear the noise of the busy town
And the crowds that pass me by;
But my thoughts are away to the distant hills
As wild birds homeward fly.
I am one with the hills and the fragrant sage,
The wind, and the autumn sky.

And ever the western winds do blow,
From the Land of Yesterday,
Where the silvery plumes of desert sage
Fragrantly bend and sway;
(Oh, my feet are treading the city streets—
But my heart is far away!)

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Margaret Adelaide Wilson

The Quail's Grace

Look up and thank the Giver
Upon the brown pool's rim,
Who dimmed the autumn grasses
And made our plumage dim
That in the lean and leafless days
His small folk still might go their ways
Safe, and give thanks to Him.

Anna Rozilla Crever

The Century Plant

Austere, repellent, time-defying thing!

O marble passionless of nature's art,
Thorn-rimmed and scarred and grim and cold and
gray—

Who but a God would know thou hast a heart?

Unmoved by winds, unthrilled by touch of sun,
Remote and joyless, rigid and alone:

We dream not of the riches to bestow
Thy fervent being hides 'neath face of stone.

'Till comes thine hour—thy wondrous hour of bloom,
When lo, thy hidden riches vaunt on high
In splendid crown of creamy blossoming—
Then, spent thy hoarded all, 'tis thine to die.

Torrey Connor

Poinsettias

In sun-bright garden, under tropic sky
Of radiant blue, are scarlet-plumaged things
Perched on a pliant branch that sways and swings
To every golden wind that leisures by.
The drowsy calm no bird-note, sweet and high,
Disturbs; there is no whirl of shuttling wings.
For these be flower-birds that winter brings,
The beauty of the summer rose to vie.

Isaac Jenkinson Frazee

Desert Suite

Desert Sunrise—

Upon a prayer-rug of wond'rous dyes,
Let down from out the opalescent skies
 By Kitshi Manido,
The sachem hills obeisance make
 In prostrations low,*
Then leap and run
Along the shimmering horizon,
 Lifting aloft their jewelled spears
As lo! behold!
In blazonry of gold
 The Sun-Chief Day appears.

(*From Carrizo Creek, on the western edge of the Colorado desert, is frequently seen the sunrise mirage of what is locally termed “The Sun Worshippers”—when the distant desert peaks seem to rise, and fall, and run along the horizon.)

Desert Noon—

Where, where, where
 Have they gone,
 Day and Dawn?
Out of the shadow into the glare
 On, On, On,

Down to the furnace of seven-fold heat,
Down to the Depths of Despair.
See where the shifting sands
 Blurr the prints of their feet,
See where Mirage stands
Beckoning with jewelled hands
 Down to the Pools of Deceit,
Where silence whispers with bated breath
 “On! On! On!”
Where Illusion spreads a shimmering net
 For the bleeding feet
 Of Day and Dawn,
Down in the Valley of Death.

Desert Evening—

Down a colonnade of palms,
 Through Evening's portals of burnished brass,
Into a region of dreamful calms
 I saw them pass,
Where Kitchi Manido spread for them
 A Navajo blanket of purple and red,
 As a bridal bed.
Then, lifting her eyes to the skies,
She said,
 “Love, Love, Love—
 Is it not Paradise?”

When from the whispering palm overhead
Came the answering voice of the desert dove:
 “Love, Love Love.”

Desert Night—

When night steals down to the sepulchre
 Where poor Nakomis lies,
The virgin stars accompany her
 From out the purpling skies—
Silence-moccasined, with bated breath,
Tip-toeing into the Halls of Death,
With aloes, frankincense and myrrh
 From out the gardens of Paradise.

Claribel Weeks Avery

The Painter

He was a wizard of the brush
And loved the warmest dyes,
To paint the redness of the rose
The blueness of the skies.

Will he not miss the tints of earth—
Green gems and flaming coals—
Amid the white fire of the stars
On the white way of souls?

Lowell C. Chamberlain

Lines to Mount Rainier

Twilight, cool and clean;
In the air
Is the tiresome note of the night hawk,
And an odor of burning things.
To my waiting ears,
Comes the low murmur of the city,
Which seems so strangely pleasant,—
Like a past pleasure that returns
To stir us once again.

Over the cool valleys I look to you
As you sit in stately solitude
Above your lesser brothers—
Terrible in your grandeur,
And tender from your long contemplation
Of us beneath.
Softly you glow in the golden sunset
The sun circles slowly into the Pacific,
And leaves you alone,
A huge pink pearl.
Higher toward your summit
The pink glow rises,
And is gone.
How you lie a cold, hard mass
Through the misty haze.
The dark ice and black jagged scars,

Leading down your sides,
Show dimly.
You are cold and barren now,—
A silent, stolid monster
Who has no sympathy.
As you gaze upon us through the dull haze,
Your black lines gather in a frown.
And now the darkness comes,
And hovers round you,
And spreads its impenetrable shroud
About your stately form;
And our unseeing eyes are closed from you
Until another day.

Winifred Gray Stewart

Sky Wind

Whichever way the wind blows,
From West around to West,
It always is a sky-born wind
That I love best.

A strong wind, cloud-swept,
That's never known the sod,
Straight from the deep, still
Heart of God.

A wind that's known the nearness
Of noon-high sun,
And kissed the multitude of stars,
And loved but one.

A wind that's spent a dark night
In arms of silver moon,
And known the break of morning
All too soon.

Oh, leave the earthly zephyrs
For other souls than I,
But give me winds unlawful,
From vast, gray sky.

Neal Gallatin

Tumble-Weed Ladies

There are no leaves out on the plains
To dance when the frost wind blows
But Tumble-Weed Ladies all of brown
Whirl about on their toes.

I know that they dance out there to-night
With billowy capes blown wide
Tiny hoods pulled over each face
As they hurry side by side.

Out where the wind plays little bells
For hundreds of flying feet
Tumble-Weed Ladies in magic rings
Dance where the lost trails meet.

Virgil Geddes

Prairie Fires

I am the panther that licks with red-hot tongue,
I am the prairie fire.

Before Boone came,
Before Lewis and Clarke came,
Custer and Cody,
I fled before me herds of buffalo,
And ran before my leaping flames
The Indian ponies wild.
Great fun it was,
When the blue grass flourished here
And dried in the summer sun,
To start in a high, hot sweeping wind
And lick the prairie
Sleek and clean.
The Indians were not harmed,
I only played with them.
I have seen them braid
A braid of horse's hair,
And lighting the end,
Run for miles
Dragging the torch at the pony's heels
To make a long burnt swath,
Where they knew I could not pass.
Long did I smolder there,
Where the black swath held me back.

Or at the edge of the muddy river
Long did I linger,
Long did I pant,
Trying to leap across.

But Boone came,
Lewis and Clarke came,
Custer and Cody.

I burn in little fires now;
Here and there I flicker and flame.
And as I crackle and flare
The sparks shoot up,
Flash out in the air;
And it seems that I leer, in a fondling way,
As an old, spent heart to its first lost love,
Flirts with a memory.

Evelyn M. Watson

The Canyon Cascade

Oh if fires and dewes could mingle in a single quick
quintessence,
And if foam and flames could flow on the breast of a
broad, bright river,
Then would you know the glimmer of the sunlight
gleaming through it,
How the myriad colors change and the multiple
rainbows quiver.

Yes, the singing of the canyon is the paeon of the
prairies
Where the colors won from heaven blend with notes of
perfect sound,
Bringing brave and bridal glories, and such rich,
romantic stories
That you feel the brimming fragrance of loveliness
around.

The heartening green of hillsides and the snowy white
of summits,
And the golden gift of gladness of the brilliant birds in
flight,
The echoing of the caverns and the mystery of the
waters,
Reflect themselves in splendors fit to daunt the Spirit's
sight.

And the cascade of the canyon has a cadence like to
marching
Tuned to songs of mighty heroes all rejoicing in their
birth—
For, if flame were turned to laughter and if fires were
given voices,
You'd then know the echoing rhythms of that ceaseless,
chanting mirth.

Though I've travelled for to Eastward and have
wandered through the West
There was never rosier welcome than the cloistered
canyons sing;
Seeking the old world over for an earthly grot and
Altar,
One finds the Place of Rainbows is the spot to meet the
King.

It is Prophecy and Vision, and a Prayer that's limned in
Wonders,
It is Speech for souls that love her, dear Nature and
her Lord,
It's a Chorus and a Pageant, and the mothering Croon
of Comfort,
The Harmony of Harmonies and the great Celestial
Chord.

Note how fires and dews can mingle in a single quick
quintessence,

How multiple radiance flows, and myriad splendors
quiver.

May you catch the living glories as the sunlight leaps
within it,

Heavenly fires and foams a-flowing on the breast of a
broad, bright river.

Virginia Skelton

Out Yonder

Have you ever seen the splendor of a sunset way out
yonder,
And the purple mists of twilight reach up fingers
tipped with dew—
When the sun slips past the edge of things and gates of
bronze are bolted,
And the glory of each blazing cloud fades to a saffron
hue?

Do you know that long drawn echo rising high across
the ranges,
Wild and lonely, filled with sadness of unutterable
woe—
Caught and recaught in a chorus by a dozen dusky
comrades,
Light and broken like weird laughter, swelling clear
then sinking low?

There's a something in the stillness of a night out in
the sage-brush,
With the stars like iridescent jewels hung in a velvet
sky—
And the moon comes up a copper disk that changes into
silver
As it mounts into the heavens swinging clear and
riding high.

Do you know that swinging motion of a loping cayuse
pony,
Heard the squeak of saddle leather and the clink of
bridle chains,
Watched your shadow in the moonlight race along the
trail beside you,
Leaned to stroke the rocking shoulder, tightening up
the loosened reins?

There's something in the magic of the spell it wraps
around you
That follows you forever and calls you back again
To the ride across the sagebrush, to the moonlight and
the wolf song,—
Till you pack and hit the sunset trail and leave the
world of men.

Philip Gray

Victory

Stars that were golden torches
Came confusing me,
And my eyes were seared by the lightning
Of eternity.
When beauty aflame fell crashing
Down about my ears,
It was blind I went; and my vanished sight
Returned with my sudden tears.

How could I bear my strength
Unvanquished by a star?
Poets whom beauty touches
Defeated conquerors are. . . .
Defeat lay in your eyes
That were stars confusing me;
But my swift surrender to your love
Was victory.

Helen Schlesinger

Blue Moths in Yosemite

Yosemite is too beautiful
To write poems about;
But one morning in the sunlight
Slanting between the superb pines
I saw some little blue moths fluttering.
I can write about you, little blue moths,
For you were tiny, delicate, petal-like.
Your wings were no bigger than my thumb-nail.

And yet
The sun touched those little wings
As it touched pines and rocks and waterfalls.
You were grace-notes in the psalm;
The melody might have been written without you,
But I am glad you were there.
For I loved you because you were little
And maybe foolish, like me.
God might have made his world without you,
But you were there, with a right to the sun
On your little, quivering, blue wings.

The Ravens

When my ancestors went to battle they carried a raven
banner

And hungry ravens wheeled in the dark skies
overhead,

Evil fierce god-men they were, eager for drink and for
slaughter

And a thousand years have hidden the graves where
they lie dead.

But still I love the raven and the crows that caw in the
pastures,

The crows that are tossed like dead leaves across the
Autumn skies,

Rusty-cloaked marauders, arrogant, shrewd and ironic
I love them better, far better, than the prettiest bird
that flies.

For they are the picturesque brigands, swaggering
malefactors,

Loud-voiced, but leal and trusty, united against attack,
Afraid to face no weather, caustic, romantic and
boastful,

Kin to the great-hearted Gascon, Cyrano de Bergerac!

Wheaton Hale Brewer

Red Embers

Still the soul of the fire
Waits on the grey hearth-side
Though the snap and roar are quiet,
And the leaping flames have died.
It glows in the gathering twilight,
In the ash a living coal:
It pulses with sudden power—
For this is the fire's soul.

It waits. It weaves lace curtains:
It twines idle wreaths of smoke.
Was it a burnt log falling?—
Was it a voice that spoke?
It fears the blank of darkness—
The cold of eternal years;
So it lingers there in the embers,
By the hearth of tears.

Wheaton Hale Brewer

Equinox

Black sky
And moon rise.
And the bay of a lone coyote.
Full moon
And false dawn
And wild duck flying north.

These are the signs of loneliness
And these are the songs of change.

These things make the heart cry
And the young heart thrill.

Coyote bay, and duck call,
When the night is still.

Whitelaw Saunders

Theme for a Ballet

Star-sown pool, an orange colored moon
And slender poplar trees in gold arrayed
An elfin melody . . . so sweet a tune
As if on muted strings a wind-god played.
A crimson lotus on a leaf a-dream—
A queen who rests upon an emerald barge:
She dips her fingers in the silver stream
And sends the ripples widening to the marge.

A humming bird, impassioned, seeks her heart
In graceful pantomime his love reveals:
But gods of storm the trysting lovers part
And stay the moon behind their sombre shields.
The pool is lightning scarred and lies in pain. . . .
The music dies and in the wind a sigh—
A grieving monotone for love in vain. . . .
And, far away, a vanquished lover's cry.

Whitelaw Saunders

Vexed Love

Why are you silent, love of mine?
The rose is grieving, droops her head
The thrush is quiet and the sun
Has gone: the day mourns for its dead.

A silver star peeps out to greet
Her love, the misted mountain peak
And shrouded in your mood am I:
O love, be you my star and speak.

Comment—Gillaume Apollinaire

(Conducted by Pauline Barrington)

La te
cr va
a
don
lou
reuse
que tu
porter
et qui t'
orne o ci
vilise
Ote-tu vieux
la bien
si respi
rer.

With such charming futilities as the above in his little book of “Calligrams” Apollinaire passes gaily among the newer French poets, at home equally with the dadaists and the classicists. He was one of those small tornado centers without which no French poetical circle can long exist. A vivid sketch of him by Picasso shows him just the man whose philosophy is the belief that, “for the poet and artist everything under the sun must be new” and his only enemies were those overpowering allies, stupidity, ignorance and routine. Brave, gay, impulsive and young enough, he belonged to the group among whom Charles Peguy is best known to Americans.

When the war came, he carried himself in it with the charm which only a French soldier seems to possess. He with his comrades had, what Bourget so wisely calls, the mysticism of the soldiers' profession: an inner life full of religion, resignation and faith with an outer one like that of a happy, brave, insouciant boy. Apollinaire was of Polish birth but an impassioned Frenchman in his ideals. He was struck by a fragment of shell and died later in hospital not long before the armistice. Every number of the *Illustration* brings pictures and descriptions of the innumerable memorials which must cover French soil. Not few are those in the form of literary memorials. There arrived to me from France by way of Italy, a few weeks ago, a small square yellow book of rhymes by Apollinaire called *LE BESTIAIRE OU CORTEGE D'ORPHEE*. It has most wonderful and sympathetic wood cuts by Raoul Dufy and has become, in those families fortunate enough to own it, a household possession, so much do the verses sing themselves into one's life. To be a household rhymers, across the sea, in a strange country would possibly be exactly what would most delight this poet. One likes to think so. One must see the great black quiet wise cat that sits above this verse to get the charm of the whole:—

Le Chat

Je souhaite dans ma maison:
Une femme ayant sa raison,
 Un chat passant parmi les livres,
Des amis en toute saison
Sans Lesquels, je ne peux pas vivre.

Below a vast amiable camel between strange leaves
of
forgotten trees is,

Les Dromedaires

Avec ses quatre dromadaires

Don Pedro d'Alfaboueria

Courut le monde et l'admira.

Il fit ce que je voudrais faire

Si j'avais quatre dromadaires.

—*Dorothea Moore.*

The New Books of Poetry

The new books of poetry arrive with covers colored like ripe fruit; pomgranate-orange, and plum-blue, apple-green and fig-purple, lemon-yellow and pale citron; ornamented with black lettering and diverting markings from linoleum and wood block and stencils. Others have allover designs like old-fashioned English cotton prints. These are a few of the fall books of poetry:—

Verse by Adelaide Crapsey, with an introduction by Claude Bragdon and note by Jean Webster; Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher of the Borzoi Books. New York. (A new edition of her single volume of verse.)

Introducing Irony by Maxwell Bodenheim; Boni and Liveright. New York. (A book of poetic short stories and poems.)

Hips and Haws by A. E. Coppard: The Golden Cockerel Press. Berkshire, England. (The first volume of poems by the author of Adam and Eve and Pinch Me.)

Poems by Marianne Moore. The Egoist Press. London.

Star Pollen by Power Dalton. Will Ransom, "Maker of Books." Chicago.

There are many more, among which are an interesting anthology of young Italian poets, also a book of verse; *Prosos Profanas* by Ruben Dario. Books—Books everywhere—Here lies a book, an experience, a new world, or perhaps the same old world but done in a new way: there lies another, less than nothing—bunk, the choice is ours, which? It is a perilous question, the increasing number of books, which shall we select? Are we influenced by the gay covers like ripe fruit? Books—Books everywhere—which one shall we select!

Notes

The Editors regret very much that it is not going to be possible to publish all the material on hand before January first. However, the same prizes will be offered again for the year beginning with January, 1923, and the accepted poems will be printed as rapidly as possible. No manuscripts sent in after this date can be considered for the prizes of this year.

Poems receiving special mention in the last two numbers are:

There Is No Word, Sea Gulls, Sea Lover, by Helen Frazee Bower; Thoughts of a Bookkeeper, by Mildred Plew Merryman; Sunsets, by Josephine van Dolzen Pease; Boats in the Mist, by Ethel D. Turner; The Stairway, by Grace Clementine Howes,—in the July-August number.

In the September number, A Voice, by Nora B. Cunningham; Biography, by Gwendolyn Haste; Spinster Songs, by Virginia Lyne Tunstall; Ching Loo Dreams, by Jack Hyatt, jr.; Candle Light, by Medora C. Addison.

The great demand for the July-August number has exhausted the supply entirely. Orders still unfilled will be met as far as possible by copies secured from the bookstands later.