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NO. 7

The LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

Hazel Hall | Sidney King Russell

Jay G. Sigmund | Dixie McCarty

Pauline Barrington and others

COMMENT

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The Lyric West

Vol. II, No. 7

A Magazine Of Verse

November, 1922

Edited by Grace Atherton Dennen

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The Lyric West for November, 1922

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The Lyric West No. VII

A Book of the City

Issue p. 3 · Scan p. 5

Hazel Hall

Passers-By

AHEAD OF HIM

He walks with a smile upon his lips,
As though he saw ahead of him
Something as pleasing as bright ships
Sailing an ocean's rim.

The pavement answers to his feet
With all the arrogance of stone,
And back of him the narrow street
Points out the path that he has known.

But he is immune to sound and sight,
So preoccupied is he
With something ahead of him, like bright
Ships on the rim of the sea.

TODAY

Let them go by; I will not hear.
I am tired of the bells in their feet
Ringing ceaselessly—near, far, near.

Let their sounds stay down in the street
Let them go north, let them go south,
And stop this curving up a stair
To fling an echo upon my mouth
And to move like wind against my hair.

HE WENT BY

He has a deft yet furtive way
Of balancing himself;
He walks as his wife on cleaning day
Dusts china on a shelf.

SANITY

If I could look into your eyes,
Out of their blackest depths I think
That I might draw, as from a well,
Something of you for me to drink.

Others have passed and been as bread
Held to my mouth, others as wine,
But as you pass an older want
Becomes less definitely mine.

The passion of the sun has filled
Your eyes, and filtering, has wrought
A clarity in you that is
A drink of water to my thought.

The wind has followed with its ice.
Now of the flame, the frost, you hold
Reflection that glitters in your eyes,
And is not warmth and is not cold.

MIDDLE-AGED

I know that you must come and go,
Woman of years, along my street.
I understand your step; I know
I should not listen to your feet
Thinking to hear accents of grace.
I know I should be glad to think
Of grey leaves breaking into space
After much thought of trees that blink
Their leaves, immobile in the sun.

I know, and you know, beauty dies
That it may live, that one by one
New splendors from the old may rise.
We know the hour of sun is worth
The realization of decay—
The old relinquishment to earth.

So, Woman, as you go your way
Measure your tread out as you must.
Knowing these things, shall you or I
Question the efficacy of dust?
Shall we not reason that life's cry
With all its fitfulness suppressed
Under the quiet of your tread,
Has found rest from the old unrest,
And has been wisely comforted?

Then pass on by before my ear

Catches your footsteps' lowest sound.
Pass on, if I am not to hear
The truth your feet speak to the ground.

Mary Brennan Clapp

A Discovery

Apples flush on bare, gray boughs,
Like ardent, death-disdaining wills.
Clustered chimneys' breaths of smoke
Caress the winter-threatened hills.

Yellowed poplars in a row,
Like tried desires no baffling tames,
Burn through rain and frost and wind,
Tall candles with unfluttered flames.

Never spring such promise held
Of a wonder yet to be.
Never bloom such vision gave
Of spirit's immortality.

John Drury

Spell of Granite

CHICAGO

City,
Flaunting the iron of your strength
Across the prairies,
You have been cruel to me—
You have twisted my being
Into unreal shapes and attitudes.
But yet, O my city,
I have loved you
For all your masculine brutality.
I have watched a thin curve of moon
Lying in the smoky red behind your factories
And have seen the white reach of your skyscrapers.
Out of mist mornings.
My heart has been torn in your rude hands
But you have had me in a strange wonder,
O flaunting city.

AFTER SUNDOWN

Dusk on the avenues
Is a blue garden
Flowered by static chrysanthemums
Of many street-lamps
And vaunted by a vague perfume
Of old dreams.

SONG OF REALITY

Far up in the sky
On vermillion lines and squares
Of a half-built skyscraper
Little figures hammer a rapping song—
Woodpeckers
In the gray forest of the city
Endlessly pecking
At destiny.

DEARBORN AND MADISON

Pulsing carnival of downtown streets
In the blue-tinted early morning. . .
Puppets, puppets bobbing by
Pulled by strings—
Taut, ecstatic strings of love—
Strings of hope—
And relaxed, silent strings
Of disillusionment.

And blandly,
Like an old man remembering,
The huge round moon of autumn
Gazes between sharp lines of buildings,
Gazes on the confetti of faces
And has his own thoughts about it all.

GO TO IT, MY CITY

Fling your smoke into the face of the morning sun;
Let the sulphur smoke from your proud locomotives
Hang like a frown upon the brow of the lake.
And let miles of corn out on the open spaces
Be hushed at the faraway muffled roar
Of your whirling machines and reaching cranes.
Fling your smoke into the face of the morning sun
And be on the run into waking daylight!

Norma Miller

Street Lights

Spectral flowers
Without a stem
Heads no breeze can nodding set
Above the streets
That crawl thru parks
Or ribbon hillsides, gleaming, wet.
Bluish, yellow,
Thru the gloom
Reflected on the pavement's jet
Blooming endless
In stiff rows
Thru the city's garden set.

Nellie Burget Miller

Joy Walks in the Morning

I said to myself at dawn,
The trees are a-tiptoe with wonder
At something they see at the sky-line there,
I will go out and find it.
It may be that Joy has come out for an airing,
I will lay hold on her garment of rapture
And make me a song.

The poppy shook out her crumpled skirts
With a freedom that hinted of license,
License in spite of the dull eunuch walls
That restrain her;
But I said as I passed,
“Yours is the passion and pain of the harem,
I am looking for Joy.”

On my way to the sky-line
I met women and girls who hurried to tramways,
Women with eyes all unlighted
At dawn’s holy fire,
Girls with shrill laughter and teasing;
Their presence offended me there
Like flies on a cup at communion.

Out of the city at last!
The meadow-lark led like a piper,

Piping the village forth to the feast and the dancing;
The wind sang a bit, then a ballet of poplars
Lifted white petticoats high;
The stage was all set, the baton was lifted—
Joy waited her cue.

But what was that queer little noise
Like one sighing?
That shrill keening noise, half-song and half-crying?
Like a helpless thing caught in a trap
And held there so long
It has almost forgotten its freedom,
So long it has been in the dying!

Only a child thinning beets,
His face quite stolid and stupid,
Nothing uncommon—
Yet for a moment he startled me there
With his numb red hands and his tangled hair,
And broke the thread of my singing.

Back I went through the city gates
And I made a song as I said I would
At the dawning—
But through it there crept a queer little sighing,
Half-song and half-crying,
Like a helpless thing gnawing its foot in the trap,
And very slow in the dying.

Nellie Burget Miller

Words

I would build and I have no tools,
I will fashion a house with words.
Grim granite words for foundations firm,
Fast-cemented together
Timbers of strong, live words, smooth-hewn and
close-knitted;
Then I will seek shining words of hope
And of these I will make me windows
Through which I may look afar.

I would sing and I have no harp,
Of words I will make me a tune.
I shall choose laughing, singing, rippling words
And those that skip and dance,
All the tender endearing words that the mother-birds
use
At twilight and dawning;
And then a few sad little words I shall hide
Under the whole, right stealthily,
Like the trickling of silent tears.

No easel or canvas have I,
But with words I will paint.
Bright blotches from full tubes laid on,
Rapture of sunset and promise of dawn;
Then at my mood shall the colors fade

To the sober tints of a sparrow's wing,
Cold and gray as a twilight in March,
But with haunting hint of the Spring.

I would fly and I have no wings,
Of words I will make me a prayer.
I shall use winged words that dare and aspire,
Words of passion and words of fire;
Strange new words out of silence grown
That cry to the heart of God, alone—
I would fly, and nothing I have but words,
But with words I can make me a prayer.

Elizabeth K. McGowen

The Barrier

Passing your old home
I have recalled your eyes
Tender as starlight
Falling in old gardens. . . .
Your laugh, gay as hollyhocks
Swinging above a garden fence.
I have recalled your hands. . . .
Their touch, soft as winds
Among white locust blossoms
In the summer twilight.

I dare not enter
Where the stealing steps of ghosts
Pass, trailing after them
The scent of lavender. . . .

Look! In the moon's light
A spider spins a silken web
Across your door!

Marie Luhrs

Thoughts in a Windy Street

The wind presses against your exquisite body
And fingers your hair
And madly outlines to the hard street your beauty:
Your pliant, small body
That bends to the blare
Of cymbals and tremulous bells in a temple,
Though no temple is there;
Your arrowy body—
Flesh moulded on bone
Like the living dream of a sculptor who chips out
Beauty from stone;
Your potent, small body
That is by its flesh, by its mind
Beauty and water, the mirror of beauty, combined.

Water leaves the high places and gathers in hollows
Between the long wheat,
In the cup of a tulip, the grooves of a mountain;
And water shines darkly
Here in this street
Where the pavement is cracked or the gutter is sunken:
Black city puddles
That hold in their night
A branch touched with green or a cloud like a flower
Curling and white—
Fragments of loveliness reflected in squalor,

Caught for a breath in a few drops of water,
Water, the mirror of beauty and light.
But your potent, small body
Is by its flesh, by its mind
A mirror of beauty and beauty combined.

Ina Coolbrith

Stanza

Came to my side one whom I mourned as dead,
In the lone night watch; and about his brow
Was light of suns I knew not. . . . “Nay” he said,
“Look up, beloved! I never lived till now.”

Mary Brent Whiteside

Houses

Strange rows of houses that I meet,
Are like new faces in the street,
 Where grief and light of laughter blend,
And some invite a lingering glance,
As though one met by happy chance,
 An old and half forgotten friend.

Some houses have a secret look,
Like pages of an ancient book,
 Whose lines are in an unknown tongue,
And some will hint of death and mould,
While others, that are truly old,
 Remain incorrigibly young.

Some houses wear a morning smile,
Or stand on tiptoe all the while,
 As though awaiting breathless things,
And where their ivied casements gleam,
I see the shining of a dream,
 Or catch its magic whisperings.

Some houses make a garden spot
With one geranium in a pot,
 And some, with towers of stone, that flaunt
Their owner's gold to every eye,
Will yet confess as I pass by,

To mental penury and want.

Some houses have a wistful air,
As though a waiting, empty chair
 Stands in a dear, familiar place,
And if blown flowers cluster near,
The dew they hold is like a tear
 That gleams upon a sorrowing face.

Some dear old houses will confess
A comfortable shabbiness.

 But best of all for every mood,
Are those that offer weary feet,
On lonely road or city street,
 A blessed inner quietude.

Sidney King Russell

The Poet in the City

Can this be Beauty in some latter guise,
Beauty that goes forgetting her white past,—
This mighty mound, unutterable, vast,
That flaunts itself against the autumn skies;
Gray roofs, unfeeling walls that close me fast,
Mocking my very thought of paradise
Or are these but a veil before mine eyes
And this dim place a dream from which at last,
Girt for a fairer day, I shall arise,
Go forth, take up the quest alone.—Aye, this
Gray wall so heedless of despair and bliss,
Deaf to all laughter, tears, reproaches, sighs,
Can this be Beauty (for these eyes grow dim),
Or waits she still, past yon horizon's rim?

What matters it that friendless now and lone
I walk as one who walks an unknown place
And finds no friend, no loved, familiar face
Nor aught to call back beauty he has known?—
Are these, then, alien folk that pass me by
And one another, with no outward sign?
Is not their quest, their aspiration mine,
Are we not brothers all beneath the sky?
For lo, the rapture of the lighted room
Lights him who silent stands without, as well,
As from the synagogue the organ's swell

Sends forth some hint of heaven, into gloom.
For me no loneliness, where God's folk are,
Who am of kin to cloud, and sky and star.

Miriam Allen de Ford

A City Night

Under the mists of the river, the lights are veiled and
grey,
Like the eyes of a tear-worn woman, weary and
far-away;
And they stretch to the orange haze of those other
lights on the shore,
As one who looks in despair to a joy he shall feel no
more.
The streets are streaked with shadows, that come from
the couching sky,
Where the pearl-crowned moon and the mute and
glittering night-stars lie;
And below, by the fretted gateway, another shadow
creeps,—
A gold-eyed cat of Egypt, that amorous vigil keeps.
This is a night of the Orient, of some lacquered,
Sphinx-bound land,
Where life is carved in mosaic by a patient artist's
hand;
Formal, grotesque and silent—a country for gods and
the dead,
Asleep each one in granite, in his everlasting bed.
I long for that ageless East, where the best of life is a
dream:
To lie on the sand by the side of some frothless, leaden
stream

And to watch drift slow on its tide my burdens of
thought and of pain,—
Sleeping; and waking to know that they never can come
again.

Miriam Allen de Ford

A Sonnet to Shelley

Your Worps

Your words that rise like stars, and fall like flakes
Of meteor; your words that proudly leap,
Wild smokeless flames of beauty; or that creep
About the ashes of their sound, like snakes
You likened to yourself; till night awakes
And wounded silence crushes them: that weep,
And call, and start the drowsy soul from sleep,
To hear the beating of a heart that breaks:—

Have I not hearkened in my saddest hours?
Have I not seen their glory dart across
The clouds of my despair? Oh, let such Powers
As rule us, visit on me any loss
They will; but leave me these—the sea, the birds,
Music, tall trees, my lover, and your words!

Edward H. Pfeiffer

Broadway

This is the way of a thousand calls, the way of a
thousand lights.

Here are a thousand human things with face of
putty and stone,

Shifting and drifting along the street, seeing and being
sights.

I am one of the sights tonight, shifting and drifting
alone.

Here is the call of a painted smile. . . . What does it
mean to me?

Here is the light of a dancing horde. . . . Slowly it
dims and dies.

There is a wild Salvation band shouting the Jubilee. . .
.

Youth and Age in a fight to the death stab with a
thousand lies.

Youth, tell true, is a painted smile the dream that you
fondly seek?

Age, confess, do you long for wine or the golden
blood of Youth?

Why do ye stab at the heart of Life madly and sadly?
Speak!

Is it because ye are marionettes, toys of a single
Truth?

Oh, they have never a word to say! That is the best
reply. . . .

Here is Death in a thousand masks, and one of the
masks am I,
Shifting and drifting along the street, seeing and
being sights.

Jay G. Sigmund

Cards

Life is a pack of cards,
 Dealt by Time's practiced hand:
And Love and Death
With watchful eyes
 Beside the table stand.

Love wears a trusting smile. . . .
 She sees Time's winning game:
Death merely yawns,
And glances at
 The candle's yellow flame.

Death watches close the clock. . . .
 The midnight hour is near:
Time's luck has turned—
And Love's bright smile
 Has changed to ghastly fear.

Anon the guests depart. . . .
 Death does not bid them stay:
The game is done:
He bolts the doors
 And lays the cards away.

Floyd Meredith

Stone Flowers

Midnight.

I stand in my tower, the one overlooking the City.

There are three hills in the City.

Three hills and three arches reared on their summits;

Stone Flowers—planted in memory of great deeds done
by great men.

The river uncoils at my feet.

The stars fling the dust of lost souls in my eyes.

I sigh and turn to go in;

I may not plant a Stone Flower on one of the hills for
you—

The world would not understand.

Robert Haven Schauffler

Andante Con Moto

(Ludwig van Beethoven, opus 97)

A Poem in Prose

Like a thread of gold lightning that connects and reveals the summits of lofty cloud ranges at midnight, this melody connects and reveals the high places of my life. When first we told our love, my dear, we played this music with our two souls vibrating as one. It was graven in the gold band of betrothal I slipped upon your arm that radiant afternoon in Passy. To its strains our lives were joined that foggy noon in Westminster. It helped us over our young years of struggle. When we were happiest we played it in celebration. Like a thread of gold lightning it ran across the cover of my first real book,—inspired by you. And that last time it sounded loveliest of all—the night before you died. After black months of misery I played it with friends. The images it evoked were overwhelming: I could scarcely hold the bow. But suddenly in the midst of the music—you came back. Since that evening you never fail to come whenever I call. When all is silent about me I sometimes can almost touch your dear, spiritual hand, almost hear your thrilling voice, almost breathe the fragrance of your hair. But when I am playing our melody, then truly do I feel the softness of your warm wrist across my shoulders, and know that your fingers are caressing old Gaspar, the viol-like quaint ‘cello who has been through everything our faithful friend. Tonight when I played our Andante you were there, so near, so beautiful and confident and poignantly sweet that I thought my heart would break with pride and tenderness and passionate longing.

Robert Haven Schauffler

Charles Goodman

The Dancer

She danced. . . .

And all the pent-up Passions

Ran rampant on the lighted stage.

Her untamed hair, her laughing eyes,

The limbs that writhed out of the skin

Breathed of a symphony of silenced cries

That lay benumbed within

Until tonight.

The theatre, a cube of sighs,

Gulped all this dancing with burning eyes.

Frances L. Cooper

Motor Cars at Night

The church with spires uprears against a ruddy sky;
She sleeps, her duty thrust in sentinel guise upon
The cross which from a barren hill a vigil keeps,
While down the street the lights pass swiftly, one by
one.

With ruthless haste the striped colors change and fade;
The church becomes a blackened sister of the dark,
And night the warning cross its rigid shape despoils.
But—down the street the lights stream ever, one by
one.

Ruth E. McKee

Mind

A jungle—, languorous, soporific,
With reeking foliage thickly interwoven,
Too dark for any faintest glow to penetrate,
No bird lightens the depth with the flash of its wings;

But suddenly a white thought leaps to birth
From the dreaming soul of my fancy
And wings an impassioned flight through the darkness,
Leaving a gossamer thread of holy flame.

Edna G. Henry

The Dispensary Doctor

The long day drives him with its stinging whip
Through fumigated corridors, where ill,
Saddened and dreary people wait to sip
Comfort and healing from his cup of skill.
At night, when all but sin and sorrow sleep,
He flashes through the city's black despair,
To suicide, to baby hands that grope
For life, to mothers, newly robbed, who weep,
Where murder grins and only death is fair.

He has no time for study, friends nor play,
No hour for prayer, nor promise of romance,
No wish but that his own full-handed day
To others may bring health, to him, his chance.
He argues not when men dispute his power
To save their souls. He only dimly knows,
As duty drives, and endless rounds he plods,
That some rare joy is his, that knowledge grows,
And wild adventure comes, with every hour,
That all his thoughts are prayers, his work all God's.

Dixie McCarty

At a Flower Stand

I will not take violets, purple violets,
For seeing them would bring back all the pain
Of Spring, and brake ferns, in a cool dark woodland,
And mossy banks of violets drenched with rain.

I will not take roses, crimson roses,
For seeing them would bring back thoughts of you,
And castle dreams that faded in the sunshine
Dead petals, when the sun has drunk their dew.

But I will take a bunch of yellow tulips
And put them on the stand beside the door,
For blue, and red, and yellow, striped tulips
Are—tulips, and to me they're nothing more.

Joseph Auslander

Passing—Passing

Passing, I saw that she was beautiful,
And that her hands were withheld white bird-wings
Passing! . . . Why must we strike that moment null
With agony of indifference; draw the strings
Of terror on the impulse; let it gasp
Its heart out; while the ardent instant flares
Fiercely, yearns white, and fails . . . the frantic grasp
Relaxes: and we stand on darkened stairs!

Tomorrow it will be the same . . . the same;
Night after night will find us passing . . . passing:
And we will choke that interval of flame
Till shadow, in tumultuous remassing
Blackens the individual stairs, and we
Stand in the gloom, remembering fearfully!

Gordon Malherbe Hillman

Nightfall

Give me but a candle
To burn until the dawn,
A slender flare of scarlet
That I may dream upon.

Give me but a candle,
That is my desire,
Only a wisp of eager flame,
Only a spark of fire.

Give me but a candle
To pierce the dark above,
To lend until the morning
A windy light of love.

Lucia Clark Markham

November Night

All night long the wizard of the wind
Shrieks his mad warning to the heedless trees
Who lean and whisper with their arms entwined,
Counting their hoard of April memories.

To me, left lonely in the treacherous dark,
The sinister reminder of his call
Comes with an image, hideous and stark,
And the wild luring of an ancient thrall;

And I should like to shake my streaming hair
Upon the icy torrents hurtling down,
Challenge some daring demon of the air
And race my broomstick back to Salem town.

John Richard Moreland

Autumn

The Topaz color
Of the sky
Is darkened with
Burning beauty.

Little sudden winds
Warm and chill
Shake the flames
Of curling color.

A bird calls. . . .
There is no answer
But the dropping
Of scorched leaves.

Slowly the fierce
Flames will die out
But lest the
Fires

Start again
Too soon,
Winter will softly
Cover the embers
With drifted
Snow.

Albert Edmund Trombly

November in Texas

Tentatively, tardily, the sun comes up,
(How cold, this morning, how cold!)
Tentatively, tardily; blinks a sleepy eye,
Then sinks again in fold on fold
Of comfortable cloud his lazy head.
Shamed by children scampering to school,
“Up, old sleepyhead! Open an eye!”
He grumbles off his sleepy air
Smooths his golden bristling hair
And is off on his journey up the sky.

Poor old mockingbird, is that all you remember
Of your spring song,
Your white-barred-wing song?
Only the last drops dripping from the eaves
After the splendid downpour?

Roses in the garden red and white;
Not the plump sharp roses of the spring,
But anaemic, voluptuous, decadent roses
Smelling of death and the earth.

The hackberries drop their yellowing leaves.
Through rift and gap,
Suckers of sap,
Peer envious clumps of mistletoe.

The haze extends its dusty walls
Through the afternoon grown warmer and stiller.
Warmer and stiller.
From the north
Jut forth
Ominous crags of imminent storm.
Blue jays tear the silence with their cries
Of: "Lies! lies!"
And in the intervals
Rain down hackberries on the tin-roof.

Suddenly a sweeping of dust and leaves
Lifting, twisting.
Then a blast and another,
Heralds of the Norther
That comes tramping and lowing,
Blowing down the last leaves,
Blowing the birds from shelter to shelter,
Blowing them helter skelter,
Blowing the doors and the windows closed,
Blowing the mercury down,
Blowing caps and mittens and blankets and vests
Out of camphor-smelling trunks and cedar-chests,
Blowing the mercury down,
Down, down,
Blowing blowing!

Notching the hills, the setting sun,
Pale with the dust of the swaggering storm,
Preludes of light and warmth and wings

In the last brave shaft he flings.
Prelude that swells and sings
An undersong of faith,
A song of March,
When winds from the Gulf of Mexico
Fruitful, sweet-breathed winds will blow
Waves of bluebonnets up every hill.

Julia P. Dabney

The Wind Bloweth Where It Listeth

I have made songs that no men heard or know;
Soft elemental strains that come and go,

As winds sweep rippling over summer grass
And sing, and then inconsequently pass.

I have made music when the stars were bright,
And wakened echoes through the brooding night ;—

Voices that soared, and answered from afar;
That broke in flame, and kindled to a star!

Lead On!

(To Joseph Andrew Galahad)

You bear the pain,
That we may learn to spread our untried wings.
You'll not complain:
The heart that hides its tragedy and sings
Before the altar,
On which youth's purest hopes lie sacrificed—
That others may behold the present Christ—
Will never falter!

You go before.
Not blackest sorrow's keenest sting can stay,
No fast locked door
With grim, forbidding portal can delay,
No gray-plumed terror
Can check your spirit in its upward verve;
Neither reproach nor flattery can swerve
Your soul to error.

You rise to heights
We dare not hope at once with you to reach;
Yet through the nights
The torch you lift may show us where to breach
The illusion hollow:
The subtle veil of mystery and doubt;

And while we hear your soul's triumphant shout,

We'll strive to follow!

Comment

VERSE

By Adelaide Crapsey. (Alfred A. Knopf)

Conducted by Pauline Barrington.

Hear thou my lamentation,
Eros, Aphrodite's son!
My heart is broken and my days are done.

On one side stood Death with outstretched, thin, chill
hands; on the other, beneath her window, was the
grave-

yard, "Trudeau's Garden," she called it; they waited for her,
but she was not ready for the tryst, and tragically she said,
"I'll not be patient! I will not be still!" At Saranac, she spent
her last year in exile, longing to live and in an agony of terror
of Death waiting so near.

SONG

I make my shroud but no one knows,
So shimmering fine it is and fair,
With stitches set in even rows.
I make my shroud but no one knows.
In doorway where the lilac blows,
Humming a little wandering air,
I make my shroud and no one knows,
So shimmering fine it is and fair.

Adelaide Crapsey died October, 1914, in her thirty-sixth year, leaving her life work, "The Analysis of English Metrics"—a scientific thesis relating to accent—two-thirds finished. This is the second printing of her one book of verse. It was written during that desperate last year when she was forbidden to work on her book of Metrics. She created a form of verse which she called "Cinquain"—in which she presents an impression in a single image.

TRAPPED

Well and
If day on day
Follows, and weary year
On year . . . and ever days and years
Well?

SHADOW

A-sway,
On red rose,
A golden butterfly
And on my heart a butterfly
Night-wing'd.

TRIAD

These be
Three silent things:
The falling snow . . . the hour
Before the dawn . . . the mouth of one
Just dead.

Her verse is an ecstasy of pain and revolt, its passionate perfection is evidence of a deep technical knowledge of prosody. She has expressed heartbreakingly, her vivid unreconciled spirit longing to live out the beauty and finish the work of life.

DIRGE

Never the nightingale,
 Oh my dear,
Never again the lark
 Thou wilt hear;
Though dusk and the morning still
Tap at thy window-sill,
Though ever love call and call
Thou wilt not hear at all,
 My dear, my dear.

—*Pauline Barrington.*

(Owing to a misunderstanding, a part of the following poem was omitted in the October number. It is reprinted here in full.)

Isaac Jenkinson Frazee

A Desert Suite

I

Desert Dawn

She sleepeth—she stirreth—she waketh—

Ah no! she sleepeth on.

Lift gently Night's tepee curtain

Before the starlight is gone,

And gaze on the placid features

Of the beautiful dreamer, Dawn.

Lo! on her couch she lieth,

A naked thing of tawn;

List! in her sleep she sigheth,

In perfumed breaths long drawn,

A whispered prayer which dieth

On the virginal lips of Dawn:

A prayer unto the Great Spirit

From the virginal lips of Dawn.

And lo! as He leaneth to hear it,

The curtains of darkness are drawn

And Sun-Chief Day appeareth—

Claiming his bride, The Dawn.

II

*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.

(*NOTE: 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.)

III

Desert Noon

Where, where, where
Have they gone,
Day and Dawn?
Out of the shadows 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
Blur the prints of their feet,
See where Mirage stands
Beckoning with jeweled 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.

* * *

*Life is an endless quest,
Daring and faring on;
Spirit-urge of the soul's unrest
Daring and faring on;
And sharing the Loaf of Love in its test,
Sharing and faring on.*

Hope is Love's lure to the soul,

*Faith is its guide to the goal;
Hope, Faith and Love are Life's whole,
On! On! On!
What though the shifting sand
Obliter'eth,
E'en as the groping hands
Of Death,
Their desert way?
Life is a pilgrimage of faith,
Love, Love liveth for aye!
On! On! On!*

* * *

*And leaning to rest
Her head on his breast,
E'en as a withered lily lies,
They drink the love
From each other's eyes,
And drinking deep
Are doubly blest,
Praying to the coppery skies:*

*"Teach us, O Kitshi Manido,
Help us to understand:
Life is but circling to and fro
Down in a desert land.*

*Love is its starting in,
Love is its quest,
Love is a moccasin
Meant for its wearing,
Love is a water-skin*

*Filled for its faring;
And Love is the Loaf of Life
Broken for sharing.*

*Death is a wayside rest,
Halt of the caravan,
Passing and gone:
Only a moment's calm
Under the desert palm,
Then On! On! On!
On to the soul of Man,
On to the goal of Man:
On! On! On!*

*What though our footsteps stray,
What though we lose the way?
Love, Love liveth for aye!
On! On! On!
E'en down through the Valley of Death.
On! On! On!*

IV

Desert Evening

Adown a colonnade of desert palms
Through Evening's portals of burnished brass
Into a region of dreamful calm
I saw them pass,
Where Kitshi Manido spread for them
A Navajo blanket of purple and red,
E'en as a bridal bed for them.
Then, lifting her eyes to the skies,
She said:
"Love, Love, Love—
Is it not Paradise?"

When lo! from the whispering palm overhead
Came the answering voice of the desert dove:
"Love, Love, Love."

V

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.

—Isaac Jenkinson Frazee.