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DECEMBER 1922

NO. 8

The LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

Margaret Todd Ritter | Dorothy E. Collins

Marie Emilie Gilchrist | Gustav Davidson

Jesse Hugo Feldman and others

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The Lyric West

Vol. II, No. 8

A Magazine Of Verse

December, 1922

Edited by Grace Atherton Dennen

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CONTENTS

<u>December</u>	<i>Margaret Todd Ritter</i>	3
<u>Travail</u>	<i>Margaret Todd Ritter</i>	3
<u>The Child of the Childless</u>	<i>Mary Sinton Leitch</i>	4
<u>Descent</u>	<i>Nora B. Cunningham</i>	5
<u>Beloved</u>	<i>Harry Noyes Pratt</i>	7
<u>Mother-Heart Songs</u>	<i>Gertrude Brice Farwell</i>	8
<u>My Mother Was Sweet</u>	<i>Saidee Gerard Ruthrauff</i>	10
<u>Motherless</u>	<i>Dorothy E. Collins</i>	10
<u>Sketches from the Tyrol</u>	<i>Edwine Behre</i>	10
<u>The Soul of a Woman</u>	<i>Beatrice West Borst</i>	11
<u>Any Time, O Lord</u>	<i>Josephine Van Dolzen Pease</i>	14
<u>The Beauty-Circle</u>	<i>Idella Purnell</i>	15
<u>Watchman and Star</u>	<i>E. Vashti Taggart</i>	16
<u>Weather Report</u>	<i>Marie Emilie Gilchrist</i>	16
<u>Charlemagne</u>	<i>Maurice S. Sullivan</i>	16
<u>Well Seasoned</u>	<i>Ruth Bassett</i>	16
<u>Wind Impressions</u>	<i>Harold Herbert Rogers</i>	17
<u>Winter Dusk</u>	<i>Harold Herbert Rogers</i>	17
<u>The Sea Speaks</u>	<i>Marion Couthouy Smith</i>	18
<u>Over Again</u>	<i>Aurania Rouveyrol</i>	19
<u>Lovers</u>	<i>Harriet Hall Shumaker</i>	20
<u>Non Mihi Solus</u>	<i>Gustav Davidson</i>	21
<u>Chamber Music</u>	<i>R. Ellsworth Larson</i>	22
<u>Compensation</u>	<i>Paul S. Nickerson</i>	23
<u>The Last Song</u>	<i>Ames Peterson</i>	24
<u>Ancient</u>	<i>Paul Tanaquil</i>	24
<u>Death's Gift</u>	<i>Wright Field</i>	25
<u>The Old Quarry</u>	<i>Jesse Hugo Feldman</i>	25
<u>Comment</u>		26
<u>Notes</u>		28

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The Lyric West NO. VIII

A Book of Mother and Child

The white-robed forest moans and weeps
For one who sleeps, the king who sleeps,
The trees are veiled in bridal snow,
Earth's sigh of woe, white jewels of woe.

Bending the tops of the feathery grasses
Slowly, slowly, slowly he passes.

The trees that bend to see him pass
Intone his mass, long, solemn mass,
And all the tempests chant for him
A requiem, sweet requiem.

Ancient, imperial, deaf to his masses
Slowly, slowly, slowly he passes.

Margaret Todd Ritter

Margaret Todd Ritter

Travail

She: What do I hear in the forest, my lover?

He: Peace! 'Tis the wind in the tall cedars swinging.

She: Nay, 'tis the voice of the seraphim singing
Over and over.

She: What do I feel on my breast, who adore me?

He: God! 'Tis my tears of repentance you're feeling.

She: Nay, 'tis the breath of the seraphim kneeling
Dear One, before me.

She: What do I see through the shadows of even?

He: Peace! 'Tis the night in the cedar boughs clinging.

She: Nay, 'tis the wings of the seraphim bringing
Glory from Heaven.

Mary Sinton Leitch

The Child of the Childless

(A woman with the traces of great beauty in face
and
form stands in the twilight before her open fire, gazing
into a mirror on the mantel.)

The Woman—

“The snow is on my hair and the swift sap
Of summer in my veins is stopped by frost.
By my own will I am childless!”

(She sinks into a chair. The form of a beautiful child
that, like a Botticelli angel, might be either boy or girl,
appears. “The fire-light is seen shining thru the trans-
parent form.”)

The Child

“Mother! Mother!
Did you not hear my cry on the night wind
Of yearning to be nested ’neath your heart?”

The Woman—

“I heard your cry—I heard but would not heed!
But oh, to carry in my body now
The fluttering promise of that sweet fulfilment!

For I who feared to suffer should rejoice
The while I beat the air in agony!
Let heaven and earth meet in a flame of pain
If milk but come to burn these barren breasts!"

The Child—

"Out of the silence brooding on the sea,
Out of the clouds that swept across the moon,
Out of the tender heart of every rose,
I called to you to give me flowers and dawn,
Sunset and evening star, and pain and love.
I called to you; you heard and would not heed!"

The Woman—

"Oh, come to me! My hands are over-flowing
With roses now and they are all for you!
You shall have stars for playthings, and my beauty
That I so feared to spend I'll give you! He
For whom I guarded it will love it dearer
If spent than hoarded."

The Child—

"Ah, it is too late!
Your beauty's past. Tho hoarded, it was spent.
The stars you might have given were in your eyes;—
Youth, hope and faith;—these are extinguished like
A candle in the wind; and see, your roses
Are crushed—the petals fallen thru your fingers!"

The Woman—

“Alas, I have no gifts! My hands are empty
Of rose and star! Yet come un-gifted; come
Yourself the giver! Music of pattering feet,
Of childish laughter, bring into this stillness
That aches about our house and in our hearts!”

The Child—

“I cannot cross the gulf that separates
My soul that should have been from yours that is!”

The Woman—

“I can no longer bear—yet I must bear—
To see within the eyes of him I love—
Tho, loving, I refused him the one gift
That most he craved—the pitiful surrender
Of our once-dear to-morrow! While we sit
And listen to the clock that ticks away
Our solitary hours, we doubt and fear
Lest now to-day is our entire possession.”

The Child—

“Alas, you would have had in me, your child,
An immortality to grasp and hold
Incorporate, against all doubts and fears!”

The Woman—

“And now forever I shall hear you call!”

The Child—

“Yes, I shall whisper in the rustling leaves,
And I shall sob low in the washing waves,
And I shall weep whenever falls the rain;

For now I am but an immortal cry
Of longing that shall drift a-down the wind;
Yet the mysterious light of the still moon
Shall search me out—a wraith—and give me being
Unbearable to your un-childed heart.”

The Woman—

“Oh, to be spared the silence, with your voice
Piercing it thru—crying, ‘It is too late!’”

The Child—

“It is too late!—Mother!!—”

(The fire-light becomes gradually more brightly
visible
thru the fading form, and as it disappears the child’s
arms
may last be seen stretched out toward the mother in
an-
guished entreaty.)

The Woman—

(Starts forward, her arms also outstretched in
yearn-
ing, then, with a strangled cry, she sinks into a chair.)
“My child! My child!”

Nora B. Cunningham

Descent

How strange it is that Mary should have had
Still other children since her Wondrous One
Whom giving birth to, she might well have died,
Counting her finished work on earth well done.

And strange, it seems, that having reached the peak
Of life's achievement, life there seldom ends,
But pausing not, plods on with heavy feet
Along a trail that evermore descends.

Harry Noyes Pratt

Beloved

Upon a hillside where the pine-trees marched
In gloomy rank
Down to a wild and lonely sea—
Where deep, em-purpled shadows lay,
And dank
The mosses hung from cliff and tree;

I stumbled blindly on a shallow grave
Within the shade,
Where briers grew;
And hidden in the tangle there
Found laid
A weathered board half rotted through

Bearing upon its face in letters dim,
Moss-grown and gray,
Inscription half-erased which read:
“Here lieth, aged twenty—
—May—
Beloved wife—”—it said.

What is the story? I shall never know;
No tale it tells
Save that brief story I give you.
Is May still sleeping there below
While lily bells

Ring fairy music from their blooms of snow?

Or does she live and laugh within the heart
Of that gray man—

Young then, old now—who laid her there?

“Beloved!”—They could never part,

Nor can....

The grave is empty on the hillside bare!

Gertrude Brice Farwell

Mother-Heart Songs

BEFORE

I was a lovely angel
Flying—flying in the sky.
My wings caught in the pine tree tops
When I was flying by.
I saw my mother through the window
Lying fast asleep,
And I loved her so much—
So much—
That I climbed down
Into the funny town,
And gave my winged heart to her love
To keep!

I.

O Mother-heart, dear Mother-heart,
Why do you sing?
Why do you sing when you come to say
Goodnight?

I hear you singing when I say my prayers,
I heard you throbbing all the way up-stairs.
Was it because you knew I was afraid?

O Mother-heart, dear Mother-heart,
I must go alone.

Alone I must go up the creepy shadows
Into the dark streets
Of the pale peopled town.
They come and look at me when I
Am in my white nightgown.
They look at me,
They look at me,
These shadow people. . . .
Do you see them looking?
And are you glad when I am safe—
Safe in your singing arms?

Your singing arms are singing a lovely song:
The song of my Mother's singing heart!

II

O Mother-heart, dear Mother-heart,
Why are you hushed and still?
O heart so full of song!
O heart that laughed at pain!
I am a child, but I saw, I saw
I am a child, but I know, I heard!
I heard you sighing,
I heard you crying,
I heard you singing when your Pain was born.

O Mother-heart, dear Mother-heart,
Now you sing from the stars;
You comfort this child of earth
With your song of death's bright birth,
Of release from the body's bars.

O Heart, do you hear your child?
She is sobbing, fallen, denied—
Who would with you she had died.
She is singing a dreadful song—
For her heart was born too wild,
Her heart was born too strong!

Sing to me out of the grave!
Sing to me that you may save!—
Of seeds that stir in the dark
Dreaming of flowers to open
Seeking the kiss of the sun.

I stumble upon the clouds,
I fly before driving rain;
But the Mother-heart still sings:
I hear her song in the storm,
In the wail of the wind,
In the rush, the rush of the grass.

O Heart, sing on in the stars!
Sing on in the pageant of growth!
I hear you, Mother-heart, singing
Of Love. Your song IS Love!

Saidee Gerard Ruthrauff

My Mother Was Sweet

My Mother was sweet—O she was sweet
As birds and lambs and daffodils,
As meadows laughing through the rain,
And sunlit pools, and dawn-drenched hills.

My Mother was sweet—O, she was sweet
As lilies swaying on a stem,
As angels singing in the night,
And a white Star over Bethlehem.

Dorothy E. Collins

Motherless

He never had a small boy's share of love.
He never dropped beside his mother's chair
In the long evenings, while her voice above
Was gentle as her fingers on his hair.
He never once was read to sleep at night
And watched her face with drowsy half-shut eyes
As it grew far and farther in the light
Of that low golden lamp of nurseries.

And as he grew long-legged in the way
A small boy will, and suddenly found grace
Again, until our northern sun one day
Shone on the English beauty of his face,
The eyes of many a laughing girl grew dim
At the unconscious wistfulness in him.

Edwine Behre

Sketches from the Tyrol

YEAR'S END

A grey sky overshadows like a pall
Pale birches in their shrouds of paler snow;
Guarded by mourning firs, majestic, tall,
And grave, dark cedar-candles burning low,
Within their glassy tomb dead waters lie;
Hushed is their plaint, spent is their passion's force,
Only the wind in this mortality
Lives on, and moans along its lonely course.

Beatrice West Borst

The Soul of a Woman

A Cycle

FLIGHT

Like the wee rabbit caught in the net of the trapper,
I would fly,—far, far I would go,
Over meadows and mountains and seas,
To the farthest land from the farthest shore.
The joy, the grief-unfettered joy
Of revelling in such freedom, for this I long;
But in thought only may I wander,—
And dare scarce venture that.
For I am a woman.

I have returned:
How could I have ventured
Even so far as to think?

WOOING

He came to me in the evening,—
To my fireside.
He told me of love,
The love of man for woman:
Love that is as old as the world,
Undying, never ending.
And he told me of lovers walking together
In pleasant places,
And of little children.
I love him,—but the world is mine to conquer.
I sent him away;
I am alone and it is still night.

TOGETHER

I met him in the morning;
His eyes were tired,
But—the sun was bright on his hair.
I loved him as always,
But deep in my heart,
Where even I should not know it.

But he said, “Come, let us walk along the road
together.
Beyond the hill is the open highway,
And, far on, the village.
May we not be companions and yet free?”

Could he not be free,
The man who was strong and able?

No, he could not,
He could not go the way alone,
Because he loved me.
And I went with him pityingly
Even so far as the village;
And we came back by the village church.

THE STOPPING PLACE

My ring is heavy;
It tires my finger.
I slip it off and lay it on the table.
I walk to the spring, free as the robin
That hops beside me:
Unless, may be, she has little birds to feed.
She is gone, straight to yonder tree with a worm;
Ah, the riddle!
She is free and she is not free.
My ring! My ring! Could anyone have taken it
From its little box on the table?
I must hasten!

EXPECTATION

I am free no longer.—
And he said we should be free together.
I am a woman—and I am bound.
And he is free.
I will not have it so!
I will be the girl I was before. . . .
Deep down in my heart
Where I kept my love hidden of old,
Something is singing,

“You are glad, you are glad,
Love me, love me!”
Love fills my heart;
There is no longer depth nor height,
For my hope reaches below depth
And beyond height;
I am making a downy little quilt.

TO THE VILLAGE AND HOME AGAIN

This morning,
Like wee birds in the robin's nest,
You shall be dressed in your pretty things,
From your flat little nose
To your pink little feet,
And father and you and I
Will all go wandering together.

Your daddy'll be down in the field
By the town.
We'll go to the village together.
There will be pretty toys,
Doll, rattles and rings,
And a fine new pipe for your father.

Dear, sweet, fragile, dainty thing,—
My baby!

HOPE FULFILLED

We are not old,
Though of years we have many.
Our lives are full of work and memories
And of hopes.
Some may be fulfilled:
For some there is scarce time for fulfilling.

Our son walks before us on the road,
Strong, full of the warm blood of life's venturing.
Not many years are left for us:
Our hope for the world goes onward in our son.
He may journey beyond the village.

Josephine Van Dolzen Pease

Any Time, O Lord

The sky is sweet,
And the wind blows fleet.

Any time, O Lord,
When You pass by.

The flowers bloom bright,
And the grass lies light.

Any time, O Lord,
When You pass by.

To shine in a star,
Or flow in a stream,
To sleep another sleep,
Or wake from a dream!

Any time, O Lord,
When You pass by.

The winged shall fly,
And the strong climb high.

Any time, O Lord,
When You pass by.

She who is fair
Shall have roses in her hair.

Any time, O Lord,
When You pass by.

Who could have fear
To see another day,
To sing another song,
Or live another way!

Any time, O Lord,
When You pass by.

Idella Purnell

The Beauty-Circle

(To be read aloud, or recited.)

I saw them flaming with blue-white fire,
 Their down-ward pointing, narrow feet
Making a circle about us there,
Where they hovered, their words at a white-hot heat.

But I touched them, and found that the flame was cold.
 And we stood in the mystic ring
While the walls were dispelled, and still we stood,
 And heard the hidden choir sing.

Blue-white angels that sang of love. . . .
 (But their white fires would not burn.)
Blue-white angels that sang of life. . . .
 (And still we did not turn.)

Blue-white angels that sang of pleasure. . . .
 (And the fires beyond the hosts were red.)
Blue-white angels that sang of passion. . . .
 (But the fires beyond were dead, were dead.)

Blue-white angels that sang of beauty. . . .
 (White feet with slender beauty free. . . .)
And sang of poetry and God—
 I turned to you, and you to me.

And the beauty-circle entered in,
And I was one with you,
And one with them, and burned by fire,
White fire, that dimmed to blue.

Then the walls were gone, the white fires gone,
The vision of the angels gone,
The singing of the red fires gone,
The flashing of the blue swords gone,
And hand in hand we faced the dawn.

E. Vashti Taggart

Watchman and Star

Gold-lighted night,
Heavy shadows painted,
Stricken into raven branches,
Purple bangled!
Jade and malachite confounded.
Branches bending, onyx-plumed,
Star-entangled!
Silhouettes gold-lighted,
Shepherds sandalled—

Shepherds three.
Gold, ultramarine, and ebony,
Figures, sky, and tree!
Figures, upward gazing,
Stand love-lighted,
Love-mannered hands extended,
Reflecting the eternal verities.

Issue p. 16 · Scan p. 18

Marie Emilie Gilchrist

Weather Report

The moonshine is unearthly green tonight
Like noonday in the kingdoms underseas;
And meadowsnows are tinged with fairy light
That rests like moss upon the bare black trees.

Issue p. 16 · Scan p. 18

Maurice S. Sullivan

Charlemagne

I am but dust,
But oh, what dust I am!

Issue p. 16 · Scan p. 18

Ruth Bassett

Well Seasoned

There's a little bit of winter in your smile;
And a little bit of springtime in your eyes;
There is zest of autumn weather
In our days of love together,
And your heart is full of summer all the while.

Harold Herbert Rogers

Wind Impressions

Rushing and tumbling, down the street
The Wind comes. His feet
Like scampering terriers run and kick
The snow into white puffs.
He laughs till his sides
Ache. Behind a red brick
Chimney he hides,
Chuckling awhile,
Then, on again, and away down the street.

He twines
His fingers around the wires with their whispered
whines.
His song is sung with a blustering ease
High in the sky-whipping, shivering trees.

He taps a hard, cold fingernail
On the windows. His long coat-tail,
A-flutter,
Flaps on a shutter.

His elbows stick out, and knock a gray slate
From a roof. Panting and faint,
He leans on a gate
That wheezes and chatters its creaking complaint.

Harold Herbert Rogers

Winter Dusk

Blue dusk, and gray snow:
Webbed with velvet-black shadows.
Trees, their branches patched with snow,
Their tall forms straight and still—and waiting.

Thoughts glide swiftly into the mind;
Like a sleigh slipping over the crusted road,
Shattering the quiet with its bells,
That fall like frail glass on pale marble.

Marion Couthouy Smith

The Sea Speaks

I take the sun to my heart;
The stars are in my ken;
In the sport of the clouds I play my part,
Changeful as moods of men.

I swing to the gray gull's dip;
I laugh in the morning glow;
I find in the storm companionship,
And the ways of the wind I know.

But for twice seven nights I wait,
Craving one splendid boon,
The sovereign glory of all my fate—
My liege and my life, the moon.

When she rises over the edge,
Large, and royally bright,
I set for her feet a golden ledge
Built of her shafts of light.

To the clean wide sky she'll flee,
Smiling, remote, divine,
And I spread her a silver tapestry,
Back to the dim sea-line.

My song to her rapture lifts,

My force to her grace is bowed,
As her lamp of glory breaks and shifts
Through the maze of her halls of cloud.

She is never the same to me,
As I worship her night by night,
But all of her looks are mystery,
And all of her ways delight.

Seven long nights of dark,
And seven more, I sigh,
Till I see again her crescent spark
Far in the western sky.

I take the sun to my breast,
I challenge the stars above,
I revel alike in storm and rest,
And the ways of the wind I love.

But the mightiest grace I hold,
My soul's one splendid boon,
Is to mirror the rays a thousandfold
Of my liege and my love—the moon.

Aurania Rouveyrol

Over Again

I am a gypsy
With a winding scarf,
Seductive and beguiling
Loose-hipped I glide, with arms akimbo,
Toss my arrant head
And laugh
Like some flamboyant poppy
That would lure you to its bed.

I am a priestess, lily-minded,
A white-robed oracle,
Chaste as a waxen candle
Beneath a crucifix. My flame burns coldly
Paler than a star—
I stand
And immolate my flesh
In prayer for worlds afar.

I am a child
With eyes of wonder;
A girl with garlands in her hair;
A white-veiled woman at the altar;
A love-mate, writhing in pain;
A mother
Who smiles, with a child at breast—
I'm the whole world—over again!

Harriet Hall Shumaker

Lovers

Night in the porch of the moon,
In an opalescent chair
Sat, singing an ancient tune
And weaving stars in her hair—
In her dusky odorous hair.

And this is the song she sang:
“Dear Love, dear Love, ’tis time!—
Though the ages run your pace is young,
And your old-young heart is mine,
Your dolor-wrung heart is mine.

“What of the cast of gloom—
Who calls you ugly or ill?—
O heart, with the lighted inner room
Where all is shining and still—
Peace-holden, raptured and still.

“Come to your waiting Night,
Come to your mate, your own,
Come with your inner hidden light,
Come for she sits alone—
She sits and sings alone.”

She wove more stars in her tresses dark,
To make herself more fair,

A cereus bloom at her throat and—Hark
To the silence!—a form comes there—
A black-robed form comes there!

Over the dripping turf
Where Night her dew-cups spilled
And wherever its shadow touches the earth
The sounds of the world are stilled,
The wail of the world is stilled.

'Tis he of the visage calm,
And the opiate-laden breath,
The noiseless foot and the long, long arm—
Gentle and princely, Death,
Awful and merciful Death. . . .

While Life and Pleasure sleep,
These two walk hand in hand,
Hard onto the morning watch they keep
Their tryst by sea and land—
They have kissed by sea and land.

And she sings to him alone,
As they thread the paths of rue,
Flinging her mantle over his own,
Lest his inner light shine through,
Lest his gleaming soul shine through.

Gustav Davidson

Non Mihi Solus

I who have trod the green roofs of the earth
Searching for beauty in a gleam of lights
Still of this world; who stood on blinding heights,
But looked not higher, seeing in death and birth
The ultimate of life; who, at a dart
Of starshine thru the void, could frame anew
Heavens beyond the farthest deeps of blue,
Yet strained earth only closer to the heart,—

Weary, at last, pursuing my desire,
I thought to turn me from each wordly goal,
And with the assuaging of my thirst entire,
To ask of Thee anointment for my soul.
But when I came and looked into Thy face
I read therein salvation for the race.

R. Ellsworth Larson

Chamber Music

I have not seen you

Yet, here in the garden,

I feel your presence.

The air lies lifeless,

But at the pool's edge

An iris quivers expectantly.

I strain my ears to bursting,

Yet your footstep eludes me.

Behind the sun's copper screen,

A butterfly rustles its wings.

A cloud of white butterflies

Could not obscure the sun,

So I sit here,

Waiting.

I have prepared myself well

For your coming.

I have clothed myself in white satin.

I have made my body fragrant

With sweet-smelling herbs

And my lips splendid

With the crimson of berries.

In the depths of my heart,
I have sealed wisps of white clouds.

In the cold dawn,
When the wild birds cried
At the edge of the forest,
I answered them not.

With lumbering steps
The hot noon
Stalks through the plum trees. . . .
Perhaps I have overprepared the event.

Reflections of gray clouds
Make my heart heavy.
I cannot longer see the sun.
Blue mountains grieve
In the east.
When night falls,
I shall slip through the willows
And grieve, also.

Compensation

Some angels leaned on the garden wall of heaven
Basking in sunlit silence. At length one spoke:
“How lonely it is to watch, beyond our wall,
The gold-winged winds wave back the unwearied night
With its curious leaping lights, like straining eyes
That would see God’s face—or petals of hope—flowers
Scattered from some young lover-angel’s hand.
What a hopeless symphony the great night seems
As its arching glooms and strangely veering gleams,
Harp music like a sigh hurled out of heaven.
There must be some mighty purpose in the night,
That God should shadow heaven’s boundless peace
With the ceaseless surge of its vasty purpled weird.
It is almost enough to gloom an angel’s heart
Or break it with fears it cannot comprehend. . . .
But how lovely our heaven is—how holy-still
With a peace sublime breathed from the silver sea
Sleeping serenely on the beach of pearl
That circles heaven to our garden wall.
Hear the sweet flowers live. . . . Behold their beauty
Rich-hued against a curve of infinite blue.
See the dear angels on the rainbow path
Laughing new prayers to God whom they adore.
He must be smiling—feel it upon your cheek?
Perhaps an aged soul has just come home.
How glad we should be of heaven. Come, let us chime

Soul-music on the silver strings of prayer,
And fill a rose-jar with the fluttering notes,
A gift to God, sweet-scented with our love. . . .

Ames Peterson

The Last Song

I who have sung to you always
Will make you one more song;
It will be neither true nor false,
Neither right nor wrong.

It will not praise your lips or eyes,
Or say I found you fair;
You have forgotten the others, but this
Will cling to you, everywhere.

They were woven of moon-beams,
I caught asleep in your hair,
Woven of dreams and starlight
And a secret you only share.

But this you will have no part in,
This will be mine alone;
It shall move to a different measure,
Ring in an alien tone.

Oh they were fashioned of dust and flame,
With the spell of your beauty clad;
But this will sing in the quiet voice
Of a little gray hope I had.

Paul Tanaquil

Ancient

There were many there
In a strange place,
I was watching only
One sad face.

Many a strong voice
Shouted aloud:
I knew the hush of one
Whose head was bowed.

They cried with triumph
When the blood was spilled
I was weeping bitterly
For him they killed.

Wright Field

Death's Gift

All night I watched beside the lovely, dying thing,
Whose spring
Of life was scarcely sped; who knew not June's
Rich burgeoning.
Morn came; I drew the sheet above her carven face.
The place
Was empty now, that once had been so full
Of her young grace.

I rose and, tearless, threw the window open wide;
Outside
The snow lapped to the very window sill,
A voiceless tide.

It was not colder than the lovely thing at rest,
Her breast
As pulseless as the winter's silent drifts,
As un-caressed.

And yet, I somehow sensed that she had found her own,
And grown
Straight upward to her height within an hour;
That Summer, seeking her rich soul to flower,
Found it full-blown!

Jesse Hugo Feldman

The Old Quarry

The fire panted—the quivering embers smouldered
And puffed into a glow with fitful gleaming;
We breathed in whispers—, the warm comfort
shouldered

The black threat of the dark and left us dreaming.
Your smile outmagiced dusk's bewitchment;
The startled spark with your two eyes contested
On trailing braids the fire's soft enrichment
Shone when you moved and burnished when you
rested.

While bread we broke and toasted, our two hands
touched trembling;
Tender it was and racked to feel hearts yearning;—
Sudden the moment crashed—we flung dissembling,—
And kissed each other while blue flames were burning.
The crusts are ashes; night throbs; our love has found
us:

Oh, closer, as the darkness folds around us!

Comment

The Nativity and Adoration Cycle of the Chester Mysteries

(Conducted by Pauline Barrington.)

(Egmont H. Arens. New York.)

The most complete of the mediaeval religious plays is The Chester Cycle, played at Chester, England, in the fifteenth century. The cycle was given on Whitsunday and each play was allotted to one of the guilds. The present text is that of T. Wright published in 1843. The Nativity and Adoration Cycle of the Chester Mysteries has been edited by Frank M. Conroy and Roy Mitchell and published in a beautiful little pamphlet by Egmont H. Arens, with an illuminating introduction by the editors.

The first play is The Sheaphardes' Play. They see the Star—

A glory and a glare,
Yet no man was nere
Within our sighte.

The second play is The Offering of the Sheaphardes. They give the Christ Child their gifts—

This gifte, sonne, I bringe thee is but small,
And though I come the hyndmoste of all,
When thou shall them to thy blesse call,
Goode Lorde, yet thinke on me.

The third play is The Adoration of the Magi. The three Kings follow the Star and come to present gifts—

Hail conqueror of all mankinde!
Myrre to thee here have I dighte,
To balme thy bodye faier and brighte,

Receive my presente, sweet wighte,
And blesse me with thy hande.

There is power and beauty in these little plays and a poignant simplicity and naivete. We go to Bethlehem, to the stable and see Mary bending her young dark head over her new-born son; the shepherds and the magi bowing low before the miracle; Mary with the light of the world in her arms; Mary waiting in the shadow of a lonely hill topped with three crosses. Above their heads the Star blazing a wide white peace on the earth and good will toward men.

—*Pauline Barrington.*

D. H. Lawrence

There is in English literature today no figure more modern, more complex, brilliant and gifted than David H. Lawrence. We may not like him; we may say that as a novelist he often writes like a poet, and that as a poet he far too often writes like a novelist. We may think he writes too frankly on certain subjects politely considered taboo in good society; we may accuse him of being morbidly self-conscious and sex-crucified;—but we cannot ignore him if we would know the full circle of English poetry today. One criticism that is too often heard, is that in his novels and poetry Mr. Lawrence is always trying to exemplify a theory—Mr. Lawrence has recently stated in an interview and in a book that it was only after he had written his novels (which, by the way, he rewrites two and three times) that he evolved the theory which is set forth in his *Psycho-Analysis and Human Behavior*; and he had published two volumes of verse—*Amores* and *Look! We Have Come Through!* before he wrote the brilliant defense of his method as a preface to his latest volume, *New Poems*. This preface should be read by everyone who writes or reads poetry—indeed it is applicable to all real life expression. He says: “Poetry is as a rule either the voice of the far future, exquisite and ethereal, or the voice of the past, rich, magnificent. But there is another kind of poetry: the poetry of that which is at hand; the immediate present. . . .

It is obvious that this poetry cannot have the same body or the same motion as the poetry of the before and after...

Much has been written about free verse, but all that can be said, first and last is that free verse is, or should be, direct utterance from the instant, whole man free verse does not have the same nature as restricted verse. . . . It is not the past which we treasure in

perfection between our hands; neither is it the crystal
of
the perfect future, into which we gaze . . . in free
verse we look for the insurgent naked throb of the
instant
moment. . . .

The rare new poetry is the instant; the quick; the
very jetting source of all will-be and has-been. . . .
The quick of all time is the instant. The quick of all
the universe, of all creation, is the incarnate, carnal
self.”

The form that Mr. Lawrence has forged to express
the “seething poetry of the incarnate Now” is original
and intriguing. A good example is *The Coming of
Spring*, the last piece in *Look! We Have Come Through!*

There is space for just one quotation from *Seven
Seals*, which Mr. J. G. Fletcher says is the best thing
Lawrence has done.—

Nay, I persist, and very faith shall keep
You integral to me. Each door, each mystic port
Of egress from you I will seal and steep
In perfect chrism. . . .

So you shall feel
Ensheathed, invulnerable with me, with seven
Great seals upon your outgoing, and woven
Chain of my mystic will wrapped perfectly
Upon you, wrapped in indomitable me.

—*Katherine G. Smith.*

Notes

It is with great regret that the editors find themselves unable to publish all of the material accepted during the year 1922—so that it might all be considered for the Lyric West prizes offered for this year. There are two of these prizes—One of one hundred dollars will be given to the best long poem or group of poems published during the year; the other, of fifty dollars, is offered for the best lyric published during that time. The judges for the awarding of these prizes will be Ruth Comfort Mitchell Young, one of the distinguished group of younger poets, and Harr Wagner, of the Harr Wagner Publishing Co. of San Francisco, who has brought out the work of many Western writers of promise. The awards will be announced in the January issue. The same prize offers will be renewed for the year of 1923 and the manuscripts still on hand will be published as rapidly as possible. Poems receiving special mention in the issues of October and November are as follows: *The Painted Desert*, by Glenn Ward Dresbach; *Desert Sage*, by Edith Osborne; *Tumble Weed Ladies*, by Neal Gallatin, in the October number; *A Discovery*, by Mary Brennan Clapp; *Passers By*, by Hazel Hall; *Spell of Granite*, by John Drury; *Houses*, by Mary Brent Whiteside, and *Resurgam*, by William Griffith, in the November number. An interesting sign of the activity in the poetic field is the number of new magazines of poetry and art springing to life in various parts of the country. In that connection we welcome *Caprice*, a magazine of poetry edited by David Grokowsky in our own city. The Lyric West is proud to feel, as Mr. Grokowsky so kindly tells us, that it has created an art atmosphere in which other and newer poetic ventures may come to life. All success to the newcomer. May its contribution to the literature of the West be worthy and enduring.

In this connection again, we would say a word of greeting to The Milwaukee Arts Monthly, which made its initial appearance in October. In the capable hands of Ellsworth Larsson, whose poem, Chamber Music, appears in this issue, it promises fine things. Among the books received this month is a small but satisfying anthology compiled by Rolfe Humphries of San Francisco, whose work has often appeared in our pages. It is called An Anthology of Little Poems, and is well chosen from the new work of recent writers.

Through a mistake in printing in the November issue, the second line of the last verse of the poem,

“Broadway,” by Edward H. Pfeifer, was
omitted. The
complete verse should read as follows:

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

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

Here is Death in a thousand masks and one
of the masks am I,

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

6 ° e 99 (Just oat Elizabeth McCabe Gilmore

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