

VOL. III

FEBRUARY 1924

NO. 10

The
LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

Norma Miller | Grace Clementine Howes

N. Bryllion Fagin | Ethel Turner

Pauline Barrington and others

COMMENT

SUBSCRIPTION \$2.00 PER YEAR

SINGLE COPIES 20c

The Lyric West

Vol. III, No. 10

A Magazine Of Verse

February, 1924

Edited by Grace Atherton Dennen

This edition is set from a page-by-page transcription of a scan of the issue. The transcription makes no editorial decisions; the decisions are listed in the file that produced this book. The advertising is not reproduced.

Set by LyricText on 08 August 2026 at 04:47.

CONTENTS

<u>Spring Tarries Long</u>	<i>Norma Miller</i>	3
<u>White Burial</u>	<i>Howard McKinley Corning</i>	3
<u>Spark Out of Heaven</u>	<i>John Russell McCarthy</i>	4-5-6
<u>The Ocean</u>	<i>Arthur C. Inman</i>	6
<u>To Columbine</u>	<i>Arthur C. Inman</i>	6
<u>Image</u>	<i>Loretta Roche</i>	7
<u>Absence</u>	<i>Loretta Roche</i>	7
<u>Return</u>	<i>Loretta Roche</i>	7
<u>The Woman of Windy Flat</u>	<i>Gwendolen Haste</i>	8
<u>In a Doorway</u>	<i>Margery Swett</i>	9
<u>Spring River; Flowers and Moon at Night—Translated from the Chinese by T. Y. Leo and Albion Fellows</u>		10-11
<u>Inland</u>	<i>Hazel Hall</i>	11
<u>The Mountains</u>	<i>Grace Clementine Howes</i>	12
<u>Casseopeia</u>	<i>Walter B. Wolfe</i>	13
<u>You Shall Sail</u>	<i>Yetta Kay Stoddard</i>	13
<u>Harlequin Married</u>	<i>Dorothy Hoskins Allen</i>	14
<u>Dumb</u>	<i>Paul S. Nickerson</i>	14
<u>Valentine</u>	<i>Bernardine Algert</i>	15
<u>My Debt to You</u>	<i>Annice Calland</i>	15
<u>Glamour</u>	<i>Margaret Widdemer</i>	16
<u>Memories</u>	<i>Grace E. Hall</i>	16
<u>A Name</u>	<i>N. Bryllion Fagin</i>	18
<u>The Mother Heart</u>	<i>Ethel Marjorie Knapp</i>	19
<u>Saul</u>	<i>Benjamin Rosenbaum</i>	20
<u>Hill Souls</u>	<i>Benjamin Rosenbaum</i>	20
<u>The Restless Tamed</u>	<i>May Williams Ward</i>	20
<u>Summum Donum</u>	<i>Miriam Allen de Ford</i>	21
<u>I Wonder What a Cocker Spaniel Thinks</u>		
<u>About</u>	<i>Jessie Vaughn Harrier</i>	21

<u>The Poet</u>	<i>George Brandon Saul</i>	22
<u>Tankas From the Japanese</u>	<i>Roy Temple House</i>	23
<u>Memory and Dream</u>	<i>Stanton A. Coblentz</i>	23
<u>The Dark</u>	<i>Ethel Turner</i>	24
<u>The Blue Places</u>	<i>Frances L. Cooper</i>	24
<u>Quarry Workmen</u>	<i>Virgil Geddes</i>	24-25
<u>Sonnets to a Little Girl</u>	<i>Lucia Clark Markham</i>	25
<u>To a Young Idealist</u>	<i>Dorothy Hawley Cartwright</i>	26
<u>The Journey</u>	<i>Louise Webster</i>	26-27
<u>To Thomas Gray</u>	<i>W. K. Jones</i>	27
<u>Sonnet</u>	<i>J. Corson Miller</i>	26
<u>Comment</u>	<i>Pauline Barrington</i>	28-29-30

The Lyric West for February, 1924
 Grace Atherton Dennen, Editor and Publisher
 Esther Yarnell, Associate Editor
 Los Angeles Office, 1139 West 27th Street

All manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Yearly Subscriptions, \$2.00 Single Copy, 20c

Published monthly by Grace Atherton Dennen, 1139 West 27th Street, Los Angeles. All Rights Reserved. Copyright, 1923, by Grace Atherton Dennen. Entered as second-class matter, May 25, 1921, at the postoffice at Los Angeles, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Norma Miller

Spring Tarries Long

Out over the drab sea
 The snow is falling.
Slowly it sinks to the dark water
With a sigh
And is gone.
Hopeless . . . and yet
There seems no end
To the soft white flakes
That fall like a woman's tears
Into the sea.

A Naiad's frozen face is raised to mine;
Her pallid cheeks like chiselled marble shine. . . .
 Spring tarries long.
The Naiad's curving, drooping arms are still;
Her slender arms are smooth and hard and chill. . . .
 Spring tarries long.
The Naiad's eyes are violet shadow rimmed
Her eyes with pearls of frozen tears are brimmed. . . .
 Spring tarries long.

Howard McKinley Corning

White Burial

If I had not found
 A wreath of snow,
By this tidal marsh
 Where dead trees blow,

I should have laid
 The day away,
Without a hope,
 In a shroud of gray.

John Russell McCarthy

Spark Out of Heaven

Dull with toil
When the dawn is red,
A market-load
Upon her head,—
The long trail echoes
A woman's tread.

Weary with dreams
That lone men know,
Across the desert
Slow and slow,
With caravans
The merchants go.

Urging on
With eager hands,
The pioneer
Across the sands
Drives his oxen
To promised lands.

(Build us a world,
O Pioneer,
With toil and glory
And bitter tear,
That we may follow

Toil and tear!)

Steam! And the throttle
Across the plain
Makes neighbors of cities
And fields of grain—
An iron god
By a dreaming brain.

Spark out of heaven
Streaking down,
And night is day
In the laboring town.

Spark out of heaven
Hot and fast,
And men have wings
Of birds at last.

(Build your dreams
O Pioneer,
That we may follow
Toil and tear!)

Spark out of heaven
Guided and bound,
And truth goes flashing
The wide world round.

Spark and rubber
And tempered steel,

Five-ton magic
On massive wheel,—
Suddenly
The giants reel.

Out of the dust
Where dream-things are,
Out of the sky
Between star and star,
Was wrought at last
The magic car.

A woman's head
Goes laughing free,
Lone old merchants
Bend the knee,
While one man sings
At the work of three.

Long lonely hills
Shall know the tread
Of men who gather
Grain for bread—
By man-made wonders
Men are fed.

Not long shall poor
In cities dread
The ghost of famine
Overhead
By spark and steel

The ghost is dead!

(Build on, brave dreamers!

Far and wide

The millions gather

To your side—

Upon your dreams

A world shall ride.)

Song of the Earth

On viewless wing

Shall pierce the void

Where planets swing—

On Venus' hills

Man's voice shall sing.

Spark from heaven

And brain of man,

These two met

And dreams began,

Who shall bound

The wonder-plan?

For one shall build

A wonder-car

And ride the blue

Where planets are—

Invading heaven

For a star.

Issue p. 6 · Scan p. 8

Arthur C. Inman

The Ocean

Resurge of many wholes;
The drift of time;
The soul of a million souls.

Issue p. 7 · Scan p. 9

Arthur C. Inman

To Columbine

Gay moth of white
Whose lamp's the moon,
Gay moth of white,
Seeking delight,
Hasten your flight
For night ends soon
Gay moth of white
Whose lamp's the moon.

Loretta Roche

Image

You are the swaying of long flames
From tall white candles
Standing in a silent room
Before a shadowy mirror
Of old gold.

Loretta Roche

Absence

The night is sharp with tears,
And the moon sleeps.
The frosty silence of the darkness
Will not stir.
The candles wait. . . .

Only the slender ghosts of silver flowers
Live in your room
When you are gone.

Issue p. 7 · Scan p. 9

Loretta Roche

Return

Soft darkness presses on the glass—
Suddenly bright birds with yellow wings
Flash by the sleeping windows. . . .

I have remembered
That you will soon return.

Gwendolen Haste

The Woman of Windy Flat

THE MOURNER

She used to run to the clump of cedars
Behind the house when she had time,
And lie a moment in the coolness
Watching the cloudy pantomime.

But now she found she was not able
To drowse alone there any more;
The great wind wept among the branches
Dropping its insolent high roar.

She grew to know it was lamenting
For one whose soul was hurt with strife.
She could not listen to it grieving
Over her tired and broken life.

THE DESERTED RANCH

An empty cabin frightened her,
Abandoned now a year,
Her mind snatched timidly at reasons
And shrank away from them again in fear.

She heard that poverty had done it,
Blizzard and drouth and hail;
But still—perhaps—she often wondered—
The desolate house might tell another tale.

THE BARRIER

A short half mile beyond her door
The rimrock rose from the valley floor,
Its sharp edge cold and high.
It ran for miles along the sky
With never a tree or a break or a twist
Till the distance melted it into mist.

She watched it running stealthily;
She followed the sliding lines breathlessly.
But when she looked before her door,
Lifting sheer from the valley floor,
It was always there, sharp-edged and high,
Yellow against the sky.

Margery Swett

In a Doorway

Sit in the doorway of the beautiful
And ask yourself why beauty
Never is enough.

Tree-tufted mountains, touched by gold of blossoms,
Danced upon by rain,
Blue mist of columbine
Floating in the forests—
These things you have hungered for,
Hungered for in vain.

Willows whip across the face
Freshness and fragrance,
Pines upon a rust-red ridge
Bayonet the sky,
And silence gives to rivers
A rush of words,
A message to the treetops
And to birds,
Spinning their wings on high,
Song, plaintive and strong
As the wind rushing by.

These are the great givers
And now they close about you,
Roof you as a tent,

Serene and glad and near to God;
Beauty is content.
Yet every road you think upon
Loops backward and runs down
In dust and shame and secrecy
To an ugly town.

Chang Yo-hsu

Spring River: Flowers and Moon at Night

*(Literal Translation from the Chinese made by T. Y. Leo
and Albion N. Fellows.)*

Spring river and tide waters find the sea level.
O'er the sea a bright moon rises with the tide.
Spring blossoms borne on waves—an hundred, a
thousand leagues!
Where's a spring river without a bright moon?

The river's flow meanders o'er the verdant plain.
The flowery grove brightened by moonlight looks as
snow as sleet!
In the air frost passes: we feel it not as it flies by.
On the bank the white sand we cannot see.

River and sky of one hue! not a tiny speck of dust!
How bright in the air is the moon's lone orb!
On the river bank what man first saw the moon?
In what year the river moon first shone on man?

Men born generation after generation without end.
River moons year by year ever the same.
Know not how many the river moon has shone on.
Only see a great river sending along flowing water.

A white cloud drifts far, far away !
O'er the green-mapled stream—full of sorrows!

Of what house—this night—is the man in the skiff?
Where are there hearts yearning in towers in the
moonlight?

Sad, sad the lingering moon glides above the tower.
Her beams may fall on a departed one's toilet-stand!
A screen on a jade-door may not roll them up!
Back they come to the clothes-pounding stones when
flecked away!

This very hour both espy but cannot hear one another.
Would that I could follow the gliding moonbeams
shining on you!
With the wild geese in their long flight the beams go
not away.
Fish and dragon disporting—in waters—hidden—
describe figures.

Yesternight on the quiet pool I dreamt of fallen
blossoms.
The pity! Spring half over ere home coming!
Away, away the river flows: Spring's about to vanish.
O'er the stream the moon aslant sinks in the west.

The slanting moon hides darkly in the sea-fog.
(North to) Kieh-shih, (south to) Hsiao-siang: what an
endless journey!
Know not how many men are returning in the
moonlight.
The moon sinks: my feelings a-flutter over the wavy
river-trees !

Hazel Hall

Inland

Sea, I have sworn never to sing of you.
Come inland, Sea, come drench my little words
In dark fog like your narrow-bodied birds
With long hushed wings are ever flying through.
Snatch up my cries and break them as you do
Foam into spray. Oh, I know it would be
A glorious thing for words to drown in sea,
Sharing an eloquence they never knew.

But here, Sea, where the need of you is known
As thirst is known, a cry of song may reach
With any sultry breath to any sky,
Sea, let me not forget to learn the tone
Of soundlessness, to nurture secret speech
Before I shape my great love in a cry.

Grace Clementine Howes

The Mountains

Like as the answer to a summons
They gather from the mists,
First, the grey, solitary peaks—
Grim, silent skirmishers—
Then crowding, tumbling, shouldering one another
Till at the still word of High Command,
They swing into martial rank on rank:

Titanic hosts, white-helmeted,
Wheeling out from the shrouded North,
Scanning horizons beyond the moon
And marching down the continents.

Valor-ribbons of rainbow,
Banners of silvering rain
Stream from their shoulders,
And the eagle rides on their bayoneted crags.
Sunrise and sunset invest them
With immortalities of beauty,
And the stars by night
Are the blown sparks of their camp-fires
Fanned by the winds.

Though earthquake and avalanche,
And flame-riven summit
Cannonade their invincible advance,

And the enveloping storms roll their dark cloud
barrage,
Rent by the lightnings,

Yet, held close,
Against the mountains' mighty heart,
Unheedful of the snows
Or of the terrors that sweep over them,
Frail star-eyed flowers
Of bewildering color
And profusion
Nestle lovingly,
And the man-hunted beasts and birds of earth
Find peace
Beneath their broad, green forest-shields.

Walter B. Wolfe

Casseopeia

In the blue void of sky the cold stars throb
rhythmically,
luring with their exquisite palpitations
the thoughts of men.

In my dreams they are living, warm,—
And I have traversed
those infinite wide blue spaces
beyond Ursa the Great, and cold Polaris,
where Casseopeia the tranquil
awaits me tenderly
with white arms outstretched. . . .

Yetta Kay Stoddard

You Shall Sail

You shall sail a dozen ships
Up and down the sea,
Yet with thirsting heart and lips
Return to me,
To me.

You shall swear a thousand lies
In your reckless moods,
Yet the white Truth sanctuarize
Where my love broods,
Love broods.

Though you kiss in idleness,
Here's the port you'll seek—
Come to this still room's caress,
Too hurt to speak,
To speak.

Dorothy Hoskins Allen

Harlequin Married

Cardcase in my gloved hand, down the shaded street
Suede heels clacking daintily on tight-shod feet,

Long narrow silk gown sheathing me about,
I went a-calling, to put Love to rout.

In a thick apoplectic house I found
You who used to laughingly sleep on the ground.
Art-trappings dangled everywhere—
Batik draperies on wall and stair.

I found a diffident, deprecating you—
To the old careless radiance not one clue.
Yet the bride was beautiful past any word
With lips like the wings of a wee scarlet bird!

The two of you were picturesque, dim, and cold
Like stiff woven figures in cloth of gold.
The pattern is fair and the tapestry fine—
But you once drank life like a golden wine!

How I and the ghost of our old free days
When elfinly we wandered over unpathed ways,
Are laughing together and pointing our glee—

For you sold all of Arcady just to be
A delicate fragment, priceless, old,—
A bit of a pattern in cloth of gold!

Paul S. Nickerson

Dumb

All day we had been parted.

Would the hour never come
When we could speak love's secrets
Instead of living dumb!

The hour came upon us
Like dawn and a singing bird;
We awoke among our kisses—
And never spoke a word. . . .

Bernardine Alpert

Valentine

To a Lady With a Heart-Shaped Mouth.

Little love,
Little love,
I pursue you
Down the long dusk-spangled streets,
Heavy with the far off
Sunset's gloom . . . and light
With whispers. . . .
Little love.

Little love,
Little love,
Will you elude me
In the shadows of the hedgerows?
I pursue you
Over the black and shining asphalt
Lit by street-lamps
Cloaked in fog.

No little love,
For I shall catch you
In spite of many-lighted
Stupid-eyed windows,
Snatch you,
Turn your white face up to mine

And in the dark mist
Kiss your little heart-shaped mouth,
Little love.

Annice Calland

My Debt to You

You gave me back the star-dust—all
The wild sweet ways I knew,
The old dream ways of love and peace,
 Where flowers wet with dew
Made life a rosy path for me,—
All this to you I owe,—
And I may never tell you this
 And you will never know.

Margaret Widdemer

Glamour

I thought it was a house—but it was only
A ruin beside the road
There was no comfort there to greet me; furtive and
 lonely
Lizard and peering toad
Darted and stared where I had thought to rest.
Those were not children's voices calling to me, crying
To sleep across my breast,
Only a strange wind's voice, broken and cruel and thin:
And the mossed hearthstone where I crouched a little
 while
Bore only a witch-fire, unholy, blue, undying. . . .

There was no shelter for me anywhere;
Riddled and bare
The roof gaped to the bitter-winded sky. . . .

Oh I have come out now; I have gone by;
The road is long and many sing upon it,
The far free road where joy is still to win. . . .

For the sake of what I thought, let me look back and
 weep a little
Where the snakes creep out and in.

Grace E. Hall

Memories

There are stone steps
We climbed one day,
'Til at our feet
The city lay.

The leaves were gold
And brown and red—
One softly fell
Upon your head.

I lifted it
From off your hair—
How gray the steps
Tonight—and bare!

N. Bryllion Fagin

A Name

So Martha's dead! She died at ten last night.
Delirious until the end, not knowing Tom,
Her baby son of thirty-odd had come
To see her off. The poor thing smiled at sight
Of him, but called him William. 'Twas strange
And pitiful, for how could her lips change
The name they'd called a quarter century
For one unheard of in the family!

For Martha died at eighty-one, when all
Who could have searing memories of one
Slim lass erectly walking through the streets
Of life, with quick brave steps and slow, tall
Pride, long before to silent dust had gone.
Not one remained who could be haunted by
Dim, passionately-melancholy beats
Of some old chant that in her limpid eye
Had sung; and men had stopped the urge of strife
To dream cathedrals for her melody.
For once men heard the piet pulse of life!

Men heard. And many were who went to strive
With fierce conceit for dignity and gold
To lay before her feet with furrowed heart.
And some were young, and some were bent and old,
And all wooed beauty with sullied braggart

Souls, and Martha sent them back to shrive.

But one there was who neither strove nor hoped
But only toiled and sate at nights and heard
The stars proclaim in light the deep dumb chant
That flamed in mystic eyes to which he groped
In futile dreams, while in his breast there stirred
An aching response, sharp and petulant
And meek; and tears came up like sparks of fate
To make his grief-gray love articulate.

And in the moonlight thus she came upon him
Once, and sate beside him, and touched his hair,
And filled a thirsty minute to the brim
To quench a looming lifetime of despair.
For men weigh men by standards niggardly,
And William's weight was wind upon the scale;
All that he knew was that beyond, above,

Somewhere afar, across a rugged sea,
Beauty dwelt; and all that he had were frail
Mute memories of wandering futility
And God's cheap gift of love.

So to the sea
He went—and lost . . . , and Martha's tears were free.

Time moved again and struck with man a league.
Soon Martha had succumbed to love, 'twas said
By those who missed the smile of gaunt Fatigue.
For eyes but seldom see when hearts are dead.

Years came and went, and cares with their source,
And moments radiant. Out of her life
Came other lives. In the zig-zagging course
Of the eternal Stream were slowly cast
The hallowed fragments of a moon-drenched past.
Age sailed behind her with his shrouded mast,
Till, shrivelled, vanquished, Martha lay and called
The names of all her womb had bled to life,
Hugging her box of memories that scald.

She died at ten, not knowing Tom had come
To see her off. Her face did light and flush
When he came in. And then a deathly hush
Fell over all who heard her, trembling say:
“My William!” How could those lips betray
The name they’d called a quarter century
For one unheard of in the family!

Ethel Marjorie Knapp

The Mother-Heart

My little unborn children cry to me.
I hear them in the night; I see their arms
Through all the darkness outstretched pleadingly.
I would that I could sing the song that charms
The fear out of the shadows, and I creep
Quietly through the corridors to where
They wait my touch to lull them back to sleep.
I lose my way and do not find them there,
I never find them, though I hear their cry
Until the very heart of me makes moan.
Then silence. And the weary night crawls by,
And days—and years—and still I wait alone.

Sometime, when morning dawns, I seem to hear
Low, lovely laughter. All the empty halls
Are filled with singing. Clearer and more clear
Come children's voices. Holy seems the air.
I stand all motionless until there falls
A peace like benediction after prayer.

Again I hear their voices calling me,
“If to your own heart's cry you would be true,
And find us, to all children you must be
A mother, since we cannot come to you.”

Well, I do love them all, yet feel alone.

To you the most a mother I would be.
O little child, whom still I call my own,
Although you could not find your life through me,
Be child to all the mother-hearts! Some day,
In country lane, or crowded marts of men,
In quiet path, or on the broad highway,
We may meet one another. Would you then
Know me and call me "Mother"? If I heard
The blessed music of that single word,
All my past weariness would slip away
Like garments made of water. I should be
All recreated.

But the night grows gray.

Benjamin Rosenbaum

Saul

David played quietly and I
Could look into the burning sky;
Watched there a solitary face
Nodding to me its patient grace.

I who found shadows everywhere
Walked up a white and shining stair;
And, measuring the things afar,
Stretched out my hand and seized a star.

David was but the plodding years.
I was a wind of dust and fears;
But harping was a soul and I
Found wonders in a simple sky.

Benjamin Rosenbaum

Hill Souls

(For H. V.)

Harold, thin gold and ash are veils
About low cypress hills like popes
At prayer. Green shadows finger trails,
And red moons float on dreamy slopes.

Luminous open spaces spread
Below, beyond. The whip-poor-wills
Crack the thin silence. *Like a thread*
Caught on a star are souls on hills.

May Williams Ward

The Restless Tamed

The jewel-lights of the train careen
Flee and diminish in points of green;
The motors' keen competitive sparks
Flit and flash in the dusky parks;
Not even the stars stand still to shine,
But wheel and march in their ordered line;
And yet—swift Light is still and tame
Where home lamps glow with flickerless flame!
And yet—wild Love, more restless than Light,
Is quietly nested at home tonight!

Miriam Allen de Ford

Summum Donum

Now thank the gods of beauty
That Shelley died so young—
And Keats, the molten music
Still eager on his tongue.
Ah, fortune still was merciful
That killed them ere they came
To those cold years of caution
When youth has grown a shame!

If Keats had learned his Fanny—
If Shelley's dreams had chilled—
It were a lonesome memory,
The place they once had filled.
Now fate be thanked for early death,
That gave us, by its ruth,
Their perfect incompleteness,
The sharpness of their youth!

Jessie Vaughn Harrier

“I Wonder What a Cocker Spaniel Thinks About?”

Without, a winter storm;—within, repose;—
 The flame leaps doubled from the burnished brass,
 From my old briar, curls of blue smoke pass,
On Turkey carpet soft, the lamp light glows,
I stretch my slippered feet in easy pose,
 And from the phonograph a dancing strain
 Comes with the tinkle of a pattering rain.

My jetty spaniel lies, his shapely nose
 Pressed close to paws that almost touch the embers.
He does not sleep, though still; and it may be
 His younger soul, back-ranging, yet remembers
Dim days by mine forgot, and he can see
 Again our ancient, skin-hung, smoke-filled cave
 And hear the rhythm that the dull drums gave.

George Brandon Saul

The Poet

Eternally the beat
Of great wings in his soul
And like the sting of spray
Where the great waters roll.

Their massed, stupendous tide,
The endless sweep of days—
He was as one who walked
Forever in a maze.

So when bewilderment
Fashioned for him a sword
He struck against the dark
And a great golden chord

Answered, and all the sky
Trembled in sudden stars,
And he forgot awhile
The tumult and its scars.

Awhile—and then he went
With a new change of tide
(No dusty way of earth),
And no man could confide

What secret place he found

—Eden or Camelot—
Because the inner heart
Shadowed the lonely spot.

Tankas from the Japanese

(After the French Versions of Nigo D. Horigoutchi.)

In the vineyards gather
The foxes:
Under thy window
The suitors.

I would I might string a necklace for thee,
String the tears
I have shed for thee.

I sing the glory of wine.
I sing the charm and beauty of women.
But I am timid and ignorant,
And I do naught but admire the flowers of the garden.

Dreams that obsess me,
You are beautiful and tragic
Like crime

I am Pierrot, and I am sad.
I am the fatherless child of the widowed Moon;
My mother up there, and I down here—
It is our trade to laugh, though we weep for it.

A woman's lips
Are red and cold

Like a peacock
Of a winter morning.

I was born the day
Eve was driven from Paradise:
I was born the night
Salome spattered the moon
With the blood of the prophet.

Stanton A. Coblenz

Memory and Dream

The most of life is memory and dream—
Dreams of the purple highways we shall tread
To starry snow-peaks—memories of the dead,
Of flowers and many a home-light's vanished gleam.
The present is a dim, phantasmal stream
Gliding from where the mountainous past is spread;
And like a sea the future shines ahead,
Glittering with the daylight's earliest beam.

Smouldering sunset clouds flare out behind us,
Clouds of the golden dawn rise up before!—
Flashes from black or haloed moments bind us,
Signals of fire from some approaching shore!
The Now is like that glamorous thing, a star,
Which sparkles calmly only from afar!

Ethel Turner

The Dark

The Dark is a Japanese screen,
Satin, embroidered in gold.
What richness of texture! What color! I've seen
A starry-tailed peacock of odd blue and green,
A bridge and a stream and gray lilies afloat,
Some queer twisted trees and a peak and a boat,
And priests very wise, very old.

What if the Vague Hand behind the great screen,
That hides from all mortals the Vast and Unseen,
Should fling it aside, till it clatters and falls —
Down the hollow abyss, leaving naked the halls
Where God walks alone? Then should we see,
Truth, blazing and free?

Frances L. Cooper

The Blue Places

I live in a gray and fog smothered city.

I hate it.

These are the places I crave to see—

The queer blue glories of the world:

The sky tints of secret lakes nursed with snow;

The sheen of broken glaciers floating lone upon a
southward turning sapphire current;

The purple froth of night enshrouded ocean

The silver awe-inspiring charm of midday thunder
storms,

And the heaven's depth in some hidden foreign forest
pool,

Where there is no sound but the hesitating breath of
silence—

All these and many more do I long to see.

Virgil Geddes

Quarry Workmen

You of the soft hearts,
 need not look here.
You who sing sentimental songs
On warm summer nights,
 need not look here.

These are the quarry workers,
Cutting the big drab cubes;
Vorticists of the granite,
Shaping the cold square blocks.

These are the poets,
Making their poems with stone.

Lucia Clark Markham

Sonnets to a Little Girl

I

I searched the silent heavens for a boon,
Offered oblations at a myriad fanes;
I sought it in the dusk of wild-rose lanes
And through the glamour of the Harvest Moon;
I listened for it in each sylvan tune
The doves sang, or the wistful April rains,
In snow-flakes carolling their gleeful strains,
In gardens where the ghosts of poppies croon.

It was a silver chord my life had lost,
A lyric sweetness that the world denied,
Whose singing phantom fluttered at my side
Forever as the desert years were crossed—
Then God walked down a hush of stars and dew,
Stooped to my lifted arms and gave me—You.

II

He brought you from some flowery field of space
 Beyond the fragile boundaries of time—
 Poised like a lily, white above the grime
Of dark Today, I see your lissome grace;
Old buried roses blossom in your face,
 Bells of lost music in your laughter chime,
 Your steps go lilting to some secret rhyme,
Your eyes remember some celestial place.

What is the magic alchemy you bring?
 In my mute heart old slumbering beauties stir,
 Dreams that I laid away in lavender
And crying broken hopes again take wing,
 And through its unsealed doors come stealing in
 Idyllic gladnesses that once have been.

Dorothy Hawley Cartwright

To a Young Idealist

You are a laughing boy of some far dreamed-of age.

You rise in the morning like a nymph from the water,
Slim, beautiful, shining,
Dripping with the sun-touched dewes of clean creation.

You lift your head prettily, crisp curls shaking.

You stand tip-toe on a mountain crest,

Like a fearless eagle poised for flight.

You mock the impish winds with bantering gestures
And quaintly juggled words.

The things most real to you are those unseen by men:

The dimpling of a star on the cheek of the heavens,
your wisdom

The fluttering of unseen wings in the dark, your
philosophy

A half-opened violet with an illusive scent, your cup of
visions,

Where are you, eerie boy?

Call to me across the phantom years,

That I may taste of youth again. . . .

I heard the wind laugh childishly behind me

As it spun and trembled in the pointed tree top. . . .

Was that you?

Louise Webster

The Journey

My lifted heart goes hurrying
Lest the grim fates forefend,
And runs along the dusty road
Its laggard ways to mend,
Fearful that it may reach too late
The journey's vital end.

It scurries with the fleetest feet
Across new-furrowed ground,
And clears the haughty hedgerows at
A single agile bound,
And hastens through the market-place
Where bartering voices sound.

Field-people look up from their toil,
Bewildered and aghast,
And busy street-folk check their steps
A bit as it goes past.
They wonder why a lifted heart
Should need to run so fast.

But if they heard as I hear
The far, compelling cry,
They'd give it hail and God-speed

As it goes hurrying by;
They'd know what I know of the goal:
To whom, and where, and why.

W. K. Jones

To Thomas Gray

They say you took seven years to write one poem,
Laboring over every line like a telescope-maker
Over a crystal.
What good did it do you?
Cut off from your fellows,
Your thoughts were interned in your graveyard,
And you became so much a part of your poem
That school-children today ask,
“Who wrote Gray’s *Elegy*?”

If you but slew a king,
Or stabbed a pope,
Or buried alive a general in that graveyard,
You could have done it in less time,
And won more fame.

Why polish a line
And search for a similar sounding word
To finish the following line?
You could have sold enough verse
To buy the church and all,
If only you were a *Vers Libre* poet,
Thomas Gray!

J. Corson Miller

Sonnet

Not seeing you, how clear your beauty stands!

As clean-rigged clippers stand, moon-trapped at
sea—

Their spars outlined in cedared symmetry,
While Night lays on the waves her quiet hands.
Your words are hushed, yet silverly they fall—
Life-pulsing as young chestnut-buds in Spring,
Cool notes of fragrance when the dawn-winds call.

Your laughter lives in fountains hid from the sun—
Blue stars—old roads at dusk—rain patting my
cheek—

All bring you back, and then I cannot speak—
Your face is whirled in a thousand dream-lights spun.
Splendid as clouds that fields of distance seek,
And dear as sleeping flowers when day is done.

Comment

(Conducted by Pauline Barrington.)

Tulips and Chimneys, by E. E. Cummings.

Thomas Seltzer, New York.

Words are such amazing things! There they wait, longing to be woven into patterns intricate and interesting. Inarticulate until they are chosen and set in place, to live and be alive and thrill on through time that life to all who read. E. E. Cummings or Edward Estlin Cummings, to give him his full name, selects words as a goldsmith selects jewels, to fit nicely into each perfectly made setting. In *Tulips and Chimneys* (could there be a more arresting title?) Mr. Cummings has given us original jewels, flashing the joy of life and the essence of high adventure, set in modern settings and new forms, though he uses the sonnet form he makes it his own by its individuality. His book of prose, *The Enormous Room*, which appeared two years ago of the European War—prisoners and prisons, won a conspicuous place for itself among the literature of revolt. Mr. Cummings takes his material from the rythmns of American speech as do Sherwood Anderson and Carl Sandburg. Though written in prose the book is one mighty poem. *Tulips and Chimneys* is a book of poems that are poetry. Mr. Cummings smiles back at his experiences with exquisite finesse. He expresses the inquietude of the moderns with their selfconscious realism. But the astounding beauty of the words of these poems; the intense sensitiveness to men and women, love and hate, pleasure and despair—anguish and suffering. He sees—He sees—He sees—and dips his pen in genius and his writing is bold and amazingly accurate, with never a waste word. He understands well, the value of words and that for which they stand! This is the first part of *Chansons Innocentes*:

in Just—
spring when the world is mud—
luscious the little
lame baloonman

whistles far and wee

and eddieandbill come
running from marbles and
piracies and it's
spring

the queer
old baloonman whistles
far and wee
and bettyandisbel come dancing
from hop-scotch and jump-rope and

it's
spring
and
the
goat-footed

baloon-Man whistles
far
and
wee

And here is the first sonnet in the group.
Sonnet-Unrealities:

it may not always be so; and i say
that if your lips, which i have loved, should touch
another's, and your dear strong fingers clutch
his heart, as mine in time not far away;
if on another's face your sweet hair lay
in such a silence as i know, or such
great writhing words as, uttering overmuch,
stand helplessly before the spirit at bay;
if this should be,—i say if this should be—
you of my heart, send me a little word;
that i may go unto him, and take his hands,
saying, Accept all happiness from me.
Then shall i turn my face, and hear one bird
sing terribly afar in the lost lands.

In a review in *The Dial*, John Dos Passos said: "When a book like *The Enormous Room* manages to emerge from the morass of print that we flounder in, it is time to take off your new straw hat and jump on it." And we add, when a book of poems like *Tulips and Chimneys* arrives, so sure in technique, original and varied; alive with color and beauty of life; let us jump—jump and sing, even if we haven't a hat—

—Pauline Barrington.

We found the following in the Bulletin of The Poetry Society of America.—It is interesting as a forecast:

"Hark to this rustling from Idella Purnell's magazine, *Palms*, in Mexico, as John Allenton of Indiana speaks his mind. "American poets of a generation or two, what are they like? Robert Frost, whose paper is mildewing; Vachel Lindsay, who has lost the good voice he started with; Amy Lowell, who has kept hers to little purpose; Edna St. Vincent Millay, already showing the taint of

Vanity Fair; Witter Bynner, always chasing after false gods; Edgar Lee Masters, who ought to have let well enough alone; Edwin Arlington Robinson, adding nothing to a good harvest; Sara Teasdale, who has become automatic; Carl Sandburg, who has recently guessed that he was writing good prose all the time; the Benets, who might as well have left it to Noyes and Chesterton; Moore and Cumming and the other batikers who make of the poor Dial decorative waste paper; Louis Untermeyer, who might have written good advertisements; Alfred Kreymborg, who is nothing anymore, now that he has grown up; William Carlos Williams who never was anything anyway; Conrad Aikens, endlessly; Elinor Wylie, who scrapes off neat little pencil sharpenings. More of them? But let us be honest and admit that these poets, old and new, are pretty well worn out."

Books Received

Turning Earth, by Power Dalton. Harold Vinal, Boston. Marriage Songs, by Mary Carolyn Davies. Harold Vinal, Boston. The Cup of Sand, by George Brandon Saul. Harold Vinal, Boston. These books represent the work of a very interesting group of poets with whom Mr. Vinal inaugurates his business of being a publisher. We are familiar with the work of these authors in current magazines and find that they form volumes of varied charm. Power Dalton's work is fine and delicate like old lace with a wistful beauty. Mary Carolyn Davies writes rather hopelessly of love and marriage, but her sure touch and easy flow of words give her poems much charm. George Brandon Saul is a writer of force and dignity. Many inspiring thoughts find adequate expression in his lines. All these books will prove of interest to readers. Burnt Meadows, by M. L. Carrel. Jouve, et Cie, Paris. Trobar Clus, by Ramon Guthrie. N. Norman Fitts Publishing Co., Northampton, Mass. A vigorous volume by an intense and enthusiastic writer. Has passages of beauty.

Notes

We have great pleasure in announcing that the judges for The Lyric West prizes will be Miss Jessie B. Rittenhouse, of national fame as poet and lecturer on poetry, and William Griffith, editor of Current Opinion. The work to be judged will be complete with the March issue, and the awards will be announced in the April issue. It is a matter of very deep regret that we shall not be able to publish all of the material on hand before the prizes are awarded. Sorrowfully we acknowledge our mistake in having accepted in the past too much material. But after all, this speaks well indeed for the writers who have brought their output to our doors, for all this was good material, which we were glad to publish. Far better an increasing number of good things than a depressing paucity which must be filled in as best it may. The whole situation proves the need which magazines like the Lyric West are trying to meet. The same prizes will be repeated for the following year and all unpublished material will have its chance later.