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NO. 6

The LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

Mary Brent Whiteside | Charles Winship

Saidee Gerard Ruthrauff | Weare Holbrook

Pauline Barrington and others

COMMENT

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The Lyric West

Vol. III, No. 6

A Magazine Of Verse

October, 1923

Edited by Grace Atherton Dennen

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Mary Brent Whiteside

Three Sonnets

SILENCE

Speak now in whispers, lest your words should break

In the large silence of our hearts. These things
That change, we may not touch again, nor take

To the last altar, broken offerings.

Out of the closing cycle of swift hours,

What shall we bring then to the day that nears,
Only a fallen chaplet of red flowers?

Only the poor inconstancy of tears?

Not so! Our hope is greater. We shall go,

Seeking the magic that no words have told,
To find far worlds, whose silences must know

That deepest look you gave my heart to hold.
Then shall our souls give token, friend to friend,
And all our speech be stillness to the end.

THE OTHER ROOM

All men have listened at the guarded door,
And some have whispered, "There is nothing there;
Deep silence broods on empty walls and floor,
And on a broken altar, stripped and bare."
But some have said, "It is a place of light;
Its dome hath just the height the soul can reach,
And hearts that walked in dumbness through the
night,
Shall quicken into music for their speech."

The answer waits beyond the patient years!
O countless dead, that know this secret thing,
Shall men forever kneel in doubt and tears,
Beside that thrice barred portal, wondering?
Ye dead, that are a color in the air,
Could memory live, were ye not living—there?

THE STRANGER

Not as the dawn will seek the highest hill,
 When life, awakened, murmurs through the pines,
And chalices of wild petunias spill
 The brimming wine upon their living shrines,—
But in the darkness of a secret place,
 My thorn torn hands brought tribute in the night,
And touched the triple veils before your face,
 That is a shrouded terror, and a light.

Clothed with a cloud, O stranger at the gates,
 You come, and when my heart was seared in flame,
I knew you for the guardian that waits
 Upon the soul until it learns your name,
And finds you feared, rejected, and adored,
Who are a lifted glory, and a sword!

Mary Brent Whiteside

You Shall See the Wind

One asked: “But have you seen the wind—the west
wind pass?”

I heard it heralding the rain;

I heard the stirred leaves whisper through the
grain,

And the long grass.

I saw the thin, outcurving ripples shake

The mirrored lilies, dreaming on the lake,

Where clouds of jewelled dragon flies awake.

I saw a warm peach in the orchard fall;

This, when the west wind passed me; that was all.

I asked: “Is there at last some other thing to see,

Beyond the blown stalk of a rose,

Down that far pathway where the west wind goes,

In mystery?”

The answer came: “In secret robes of blue,

Woven of dusk and dawn, it passes you,

Who may not follow as we others do.

Yet one day, glimmering across the grass,

You too shall see the wind—the west wind pass.”

Vivienne Thew

Seasons

The softness of it, the dainty lightness
Falling, falling gently through
The haze of mist
The coolness of it, the whiteness
Kissed by icy lips
The feel of real, real snow
Once more the blow of winter
To rest upon my cheek
I think I love this time the best!

And yet—

The green of spring, that mighty thing
That draws two souls together,
The wildness of it, the madness of it
That calls to us forever,
I think I love this time the best.

And yet—

The summer heat, the song of birds,
The beat of wings against the sky,
The deep, deep blue, the soft, soft pink,
The rose, the butterfly,
I think I love this time the best.

And yet—

The autumn comes, aglow with dreams

This seems to be the time,
The shade of red, of green, of gold,
The leaves that fall and cover all the earth,
They're dead, but Oh,
The richness of it, the hazy feel
Of real, real vision!
This time of year, I know
I love the best!

Dorothy Pinckney Pillsbury

Camp Fires

ON A LONELY HEADLAND

The sun like a Chinese lantern falls into the darkling
sea;
The winds pick up their grey mist-shawls and drop
them down on me.
I build a fire of drift-wood to press the loneliness back
On my face are the fog's wet fingers and her scarf of
smothering black.

A drift-wood fire is a gossiping crone
In a mantle and hood of blue.
Her fingers twitch and her white lips drone
Tales of ships that voyage alone
With limp, still sails and never a crew.

The tide sucks under the sleek, wet rocks, the sea gulls
stir and cry;
I have a troubled feeling that someone passes by,
Someone who sees my lonely fire, who longs to stop and
stare
But keeps reluctant foot steps on through the darkness
there.

IN THE HIGH SIERRAS

I make my pillow of bundled fern, my bed of silver fir
Close by a dancing, capering fire of fragrant juniper.
Snow on the peaks and moon on the snow and stars
 hung on the pines;
A swaying of water over a cliff in wind-blown fragile
 lines.

A juniper fire is a balladist gay
In a quaint and crimson gown.
He puffs out his cheeks and his rollicking lay
Takes me back to a merrier day
When minstrels went strumming through forest
 and town.

A deer looks over a wild rose bush with fire-charmed,
 tranquil eyes;
Shadows droop their lovely plumes where smokey
 tamaracks rise.
Never a foot fall, never a breath, but someone climbs
 the trail,
Slowly with wistful, backward glance and a wordless,
 silent hail.

IN THE DESERT

When I scoop out a little hollow, when I make my bed
in the sand

It is just like lying down to rest in a great, warm,
hollow hand.

A scanty fire of withered twigs and the black wastes
marching by;

And Joshua trees with gaunt, stiff arms propping the
star-sagged sky.

A grease wood fire is an ancient sage
In a tattered saffron cloak,
Wrinkled with time and bent with age
Reading a yellow parchment page
And muttering of weary wandering folk.

Sometimes I think that every star is a camp fire's
friendly gleam

Where endless trails wind in and out and wanderers
rest and dream.

And the ones who pass with silent feet when they see
my lonely light

Are just the ghosts of wanderers who bless a neophyte.

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Gustav Davidson

Autumn Portrait

October has pried open the wine-caskets of the skies, and the earth reels in a twilight carnival of orange, green and gold. The leaves everywhere are hurriedly disembarking from the trees. The wind moves in symphonies pathétiques. It is five o'clock, and already the moon climbs the bannister of the stars.

Ethelean Tyson Gaw

The Desert

From the swirling dust of long dead worlds,
Lusterless, dun,
Dully folded,
With never a glint of allurement,
I have fashioned a vesture austere to hide my fair
 stretching limbs
When he comes wooing,—my lusty, red-eyed,
 importunate lover,
The Noon-Day Sun.

But when comes the Other,
My Beloved, the wide-eyed, wonder-voiced Dawn!
Then stand I forth in a garment of excellent beauty,
A shimmering web I have hidden away
From the eons old when I held in my arms
The inconstant tumultuous ocean.
Over my strong white ivory limbs it falls,
This sea-shell's dream of a garland—
Roses, with hearts of silver,
Enmeshed in the gossamer wings of a swarm of little
 ghost violets.

So arrayed for my Love,

My deep white breast athrob with the golden joy of his
nearness,
I await, in the silence that sings,
My Lord of the Dawning.

Ethel Hope

Masquerade

Tall forest trees, that masquerade
In draperies of flame and gold
And to the world show undismayed,
Glad faces as the year grows old,
I marvel at your bravery
As comes the winter-time and rue;
But oh, you cheer the heart of me—
My soul is masquerading too!

Jessica Nelson North

Sand

Kazar, the nomad,
Narrowed his eyes against the swimming heat
And with his net of fancy round him sought
After the slim, elusive fish of thought.

Beneath his feet,—
Between his dust-brown toes the desert stirred,
Nomad after its kind.
Spherical, blind,
The hot grains quickened and rolled.
And if they spoke at all it is not told.
But Kazar, reaching forth his hand,
Unsealed his lips and spoke unto the sand.

“Sand, sand,
You who rest not
Are my brother.
Cloud and wind
Going before
Point our pathway.
The black rock
Has but one dwelling,
I have seen it, I who spoke with mountains.
It stands and stirs not
As a tree when no winds come.

I said to the mountain,
“Goats seek your pastures,
Olives ripen, rain lies in your valleys,
Yet must I leave you.
You look from Skyward
On many places,
But roots hold you.”

I said to the mountain,
“That most distant kingdom,
The blue country
Beyond your shadow
At the sun’s setting
I go seeking.”

The sand quickened under his dust-brown heels.
The grains rolled with the sound of soundless wheels.
After a stillness Kazar spoke again, his words
Hummed in the air like little drowsy birds,
Hung in the air like the voice of coming rain.

“The grass was deep in the year of fat cattle,
In the far land at the fork of two rivers.
In the footprints of sleek-skinned oxen
Lay cool water.
Wild horses came out of the mountains
Proud-stepping.

Who shall sing the praise of the wild stallion?
There is none like him.

Water that rushes quickly out of the hillside
Is less lovely.

Snared with the twisted hemp he leapt upright—
He of my choosing. With white eyeballs
He circled round me.

Terrible as the sun was the wild stallion
Lovely as moonlight.

I sat astride of his back,—I, Kazar,
Like a god I sat, and swifter than flame he bore me
Out of the land at the fork of two rivers
Through deep valleys.

Who shall sing the praise of the wild stallion?
There is none like him. Where again shall I find him?"

Thus Kazar spoke, but the sand, too long abiding,
Leapt to the mane of the air and vanished
In a whirlwind riding.

Elliott C. Lincoln

Loss

Just for a fragment of morning we two were together.
Trail joined trail in the hills, and we rode to the west.
Chance-met comrades in youth and the upland
 weather,
Wasting our priceless minutes in banter and jest.
Short was the way, but I learned life's song from her
 singing,
Learned from her slow, sweet smile, and the gray of her
 eyes,
Saw with new vision the clustered yucca bells
 swinging,
Thrilled to the beauty of white peaks meeting the skies.
How could I know that the hills would grow dark with
 her going?
Laughing, I watched her ride into the south, and away.
Mine was a living gleam of the high gods' bestowing;
Lightly I tossed it aside in the spirit of play.
I should have put aside all things, and made her road
 my road,
I should have followed her down to the ends of the
 earth.
Blind, I have followed the dim trails, missing love's
 highroad:
She could have led me to honor, and glory, and worth.

Mine was the folly of wisdom, and mine the
transgressing.
Now I must keep through time's blurring, and treasure
for gain,
The grace of a white throat, formed for a man's
caressing,
Brown hair, and a girl's wrist bent to the bridle rein.

Raine Bennett

In Fabre's Garden

HERE stand the lilies of France,
Royal, soldierly; gleaming
In battalions—

Flowers, parading their gay petals
Always suggest our decorated comrades
Of another clay, marching
When the sun glanced
Like a sword from heaven
Across the Champs Elysees.

These, where you tread, mon ami,
Were planted by one
Who fell at Verdun;
And those that flaunt
Their ragged uniforms windward,
Were, as bulbs, recruited gently by another
Whose own seed
Is scattered, *helas*,
In nameless sod!

But come,
I would show you faces
That laugh into the rain, and some
That blush like maidens, and some that hide
Under helmeted stems

Nodding line on line!
Regardez! They blow, in legions,
Swinging proudly
Down the battlefields
Of Spring.

Pale lilies of France!
Undaunted fleurs de lis. . . .

Often I hear you murmuring
Under the moon, then I know you are flirting
With those sentinels,
The stars.

Where is Gaston,
With rake, and trowel,
Arranging you from blight?

His spear
Is in the night—

Yet with morning
You are dressed
In fresh blooms; who patterns these,
Who is your modiste?

And when I think of Gaston
I wonder
If the shade you thrive in,
Is the shadow
Of his hand!

Charles Winship

The Usurer

What, shall I lock you up like a sullen miser,
Prison you in the dark of a selfish bosom,
Hoard the gold of your laughter, your jeweled fancy,
Pearls of your pain-won tenderness? No, my dearest,
Never. I sow you abroad in the world of spirit
Wide as the golden seed of the pulsing sunlight,
Spread you in scarfs of rain with silver fringes
Over the bulging shoulders of earth, I waft you
Warm in the breath of May, full of song and perfume;
Everywhere, sweet, you throb and flower and quicken.
So then I have not given, but rather lent you,
Many my debtors and rich is the tide of increase,
Many the fields where I reap the bending harvest,
Storing the wealth of you in my heart once more.

Nora B. Cunningham

The Wind

You wondered what made me shake—

Dearest, it was not you!

You opened a door in my mind

And a wind blew through. . . .

A glorious north-west gale,

Steady and strong and clear;

Bright from a breaking sky,

Driving the clouds of fear.

Breath of the brave dead blown

Back from their Happy West;

Song of the souls unknown

Giving to life their best. . . .

Too long had the doors been shut,

Fearing the raging storm;

Too long had I stayed within,

Drowsy and dull and warm. . . .

You wondered what made me shake—

Dearest, it was not you!

You opened a door in my mind

And a wind blew through. . . .

Ruth Harwood

Allegro

Never in any childish moment
Have I known such utter bliss;
Not ever in the carefree days
Such happiness as this.

For hearts that have been dumb with fear
And then are free to sing,
Leap with more eager ecstasy
Than any wood-wild thing!

Virginia Taylor McCormick

Pain

Blows, blows the souging wind;
Rain in the leafless trees:
Always there springs pain
From sounds like these.

Strange, strange the thoughts that come;
I can remember
The same leaden sounds in
Another November.

Death, death and all about
Faint sounds of grieving;
Only a sombre shroud
The rain is weaving.

Cold is the face I touch,—
Pain breaks my pride;
Pain stays, but I forget
Who died.

Ruth Corley Hoskins

The Early Morning Crowd

I love the early morning crowd
Workers in the city's unseen soul,
As they stride down awakening streets—
Streets where little cottages send up their smoke
Like incense at St. James.

I love the swinging lunch box
And the high contented whistle of a willing workman—
That whistle, it is more to me
Than early mass sung at grey St. James,
I think it is more to God.

Virginia Lyne Tunstall

A Prayer for Crippled Men

All those who walk
 So wearily
On feet that bruised
 And torn may be.

Lord, give them wings,
 That they may fly
Forever through
 The endless sky.

But crippled men,
 And all who go
Tortured, on crutches
 To and fro,

Give them not pinions.
 Let them stride
Along the heavenly
Country-side

And may the grass
 Of heaven be sweet
As this which crowds
 About my feet!

Henry Fitzgerald Ruthrauff

She Wants Such Simple Gifts

She wants such simple gifts,
My little love—
Such easy things to give.
A touch,
A kiss,
A full-blown rose to tuck into her hair,
And tender words to tuck into her heart.
These things are all she wants,
My little love—
Such simple gifts,
Such easy things to give.

Sydney King Russell

The Enigma

To look at earth is to know why
Bright flowers in profusion lie
And robins send from every tree
Their overtones of ecstasy.
To vision is to understand
Why beauty lies on every hand
Exhibiting in form and line
God's own perpetual design.
To climb the hills is but to be
A sharer in Infinity,
To know the secret of the rose
And every living thing that grows.
The muted music of the rain
Makes the eternal Reason plain,
And myriad voices from the sod
Proclaim the purposes of God.

All this I know; yet till I die
I shall go ever asking why
Of bird and blossom, sea and sky.

Sydney King Russell

Mists

You who go forth with so much to remember,
Shall you find these things easy to forget,—
South winds, storm-laden, through a late November,
Hills on whose summits timeless worlds were set?

Dusk, and the tremulous hush that followed thunder,—
Are they, and I, but memories early stilled?
Then let me wander blind to autumn's wonder,
Then let my days go dreamless, unfulfilled. . . .

Let lovers lay swift, burning kisses on your mouth
Until at last the far, dim thought of me
Shall be to you like wisps of fog that spiral south,
Shall fade like grey mists rolling out to sea.

Julia Cooley Altrocchi

Disseverance

It is not, love, as if Death's were the hand
That drew us from each other's lives away,
And one of us were muted into clay,
To rest forever in the loveless land,
Eyes darkened, fair lips dispossessed of mirth,
Faces relapsed of blessed human guise,
Voices denied of song and all replies,
And footsteps gone past echo of the earth.
Though by our strangeness we are wrought apart,
We still inhabit the same world of light,
Watch the same stars and breathe the same blue air.
Although love may not lay us heart to heart,
We may be one in spirit in God's sight,
And find life sweet and sorrowfully fair.

Saidee Gerard Ruthrauff

Wan Water

Wan Water! Wan Water!
Underneath the stars at night—
White, in the white moon's gleam,
What is that ye murmur of—
What is that—the song ye sing
To the stars and the white, white moon?

Wan Water! Wan Water!
Why do I shiver so?
Warm is the night as a cloak.
Centuries of time ago
Did I hear that song ye sing
To the stars and the white, white moon?

Wan Water! Wan Water!
Why have I a dread of ye
White, in the white moon's gleam?
Did ye smother out my life—
Did ye stifle out my cry
To the stars and the white, white moon?

Leonora F. Curtin

A Pastel

In early Autumn
The leaves of a Tulip-tree
Flutter in radiant sunlight
And settle on a tile roof
Like a flight of yellow butterflies
On red earth after rain.

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Leonora F. Curtin

The First Visit

Last night, Frost King stole over the lake,
In the light of mirrored stars—
Crept through still balsams
To the edge of silvery aspens,
Seized two trembling trees
And left on them a warning,
Painted in flaming gold.

Helene Mullins

Prelude

You are the evening sun, filling the sky
with your passion-song.

And my hands
are five-pointed stars
straining to touch you. . . .

I stand alone
in the silent night,
wanting you . . . wanting you . . .
and my heart is a
queer-shaped bowl
hoping for you to fall. . . .

Robert Haven Schauffler

Before the Great Adventure

Think not of me as one whom death could cheat
Of what men hold on earth supremely good;
 Save for the miracle of fatherhood,
I have known all that makes a life complete:
Summits where poetry lies at music's feet;
 Nature's brown breast within the autumn wood;
 The uttermost bounty of love's plenitude;
Hours when the god in me and God-head meet.
But think of me as one solely content
 To wait on Earth a desolate while alone,
Nor hasten forth where dying footsteps went,—
 That he might spend his brain and blood and bone
In the great cause, and, having fully spent,
 Leap to the arms forevermore his own.

Robert Haven Schauffler

Music in Hospital

The flame of my life burned low;
They thought I was all but dead.
“He has not very far to go!”
Their whispering said.

Suddenly over the way,
Outswelling the din of the street,
A piano began to play;
I found it sweet.

Only a halting machine
Grinding an elfin tune
With whirrings and whangings obscene
As a tipsy buffoon;

Yet to me it meant rapture and mirth
And the endless continuance, after
These sorry adventures on Earth—
Of beauty and laughter.

Then the flame of my life burned stronger,
Blown on by that musical elf,
And I settled to stay a while longer
Making music myself.

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Ruth H. Willian

Circumstance

If I no longer love you,
Why does moonlight trouble me
Still . . . ?

Ruth H. Willian

To an Old Lover

My forgetfulness of you
Is like the cool white falling
Of snow. . . .
In forests, and over pathways,
Where even the burn of Autumn leaves
Dies, is covered, and forgotten.

Ruth H. Willian

Kin

FIRE,
Bright One,
Remember me in your red-lipped laughter—
I know your call,
I am part of your crimson leaping.
I, too, have been
Warmth and glory and ashes . . . after . . .
I know you, Fire,
I have guessed your scarlet secret—
O, remember me
In your red-lipped, red-souled laughter!

Weare Holbrook

The Belle of the Ball

She was the last to leave
The salon of the 'sixties. . . .
She took away with her to keep
Little things flattened in the pages of a book,
—A kiss pressed burning through a beard,
The sickly odor of pomade,
Daguerreotypes like watered wine,
And the pendulum-drip of the gavotte
Receding with the unexpected stones
Which barked against the carriage-wheels . . .
On nights when stars,
Shadows,
And southern air
Connive for love and lovers,
She walks among the headstones on the hill,
Among the sleeping beaux of yesteryear
All are there, each in his mouldy chair,
And pirouetting with her Paisley shawl
She glances archly at a flat white face:
Joun Tueron, 1831-1898. . . .
John—ah, John was so particular!
Remembering, she stands abashed,
And puts in place a straggling weed of hair.

E. MacAlister Hepburn

Nocturne

The stars recede;
The picture-trees stand still,
Painted against a purple velvet sky;
The night wind draws a hushed, expectant breath;
The bird calls die;

Faintly Life struggles in the arms of Death.

All space cups down about our little hill,
And we move Dawn-ward,
Thou, the earth, and I.

Penelope Russ

Two Paths

Her feet
Were gypsy feet;
All day they beat
Fretfully
Against the bars
His love had fashioned,
And longed to sweep
In one wild flight
Up to the stars. . . .
To run at night
Flame-free and fleet
Toward distant dawns
Down paths untrod.

His feet
Knew only steps
That wound on up
He knew not where,
But wearily
Kept on and on;
Only, sometimes
When she came near
They paused a little,
Reverently,
Watching the gleam
Of her hair,

And then resumed
The endless stair.

Her feet
One day broke their cords
And danced away
Toward distant dawns
Down paths untrod. . . .
But his feet
Led him up and up
To God

Wright Field

To a High-Born Lady

You love me . . . Nay, you need not deign to speak,
Your words are useless. No denial stands
Against the smouldering anguish of your eyes,
The quiver of your hands!

So be it . . . Pride of race and pride of blood
Are the twin fetiches of the high-born.
Go, make your sacrifices to your Gods—
And scorch me with your scorn!

Pride hath it's fall; high courage it's reward.
The day will come when your hot tears will blind
You to the glamour of your chosen way—
But Life is sometimes kind.

I shall forget; you are not worth the pain
A good man's heart must feel. I shall forget;
And God may grant some better woman's love
To kill my last regret!

Pierre Loving

Mountain Hunger

I dreamed the awe of cool mountains in the city,
Sway-backed, with broken ridges pacing like hoar
anchorites
Across a blue-stretched sky
That sobbed its color
Like an old Cremona, with pale lucid strings drawn
taut.
The wet eye of the sunset made a cinnabar flare of
roofs.

Suddenly I grew thirsty for dawn-flecked crystals
In snowy stillness.
Where, O midway slopes, sparsely grassed,
Are your browsing goats with whitish flanks?
My hand gropes in vain for the gnarled alpenstock.

G. G. Bostwick

Sanctuary

I would take my dear ones,
 Laughter and song—
To the mountain fastness
 Where they belong.

Laughter of water,
 Rippling in mirth,
Song of the pine trees,
 Nodding to earth.

I would take my dear ones
 Back to their own,
Far from pollution,
 World all unknown.

Laughter of free winds
 Coursing the hills;
I would save my little songs
 From scorn that kills.

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Paul Eldridge

Defiance

Within the shifting sands
Of the Great Desert,
I shall plant me roses,
Exquisite, scarlet roses.

Paul Eldridge

You

You are a cathedral of exquisite porphyry,
Dazzling like a giant diamond in the sun,
Within it are gorgeous frescoes and altars of red gold,
And heavy pews of carven ebony,
And the chimes strike against the air,
Softly like moon-rays upon blue lakes.
Alas, no God inhabits it!

Cecelia Hennel Hendricks

Wyoming Sunset

The western sky is periwinkle blue.
The sun just dipped the gold horizon line.
Thin strands of cloud, like golden eiderdown,
Ray upward over the McCullough Peaks.
Blue-black the forests stand on Rattlesnake;
In front, Hart Mountain's triple crowned brow,
And four score miles behind, tall Sylvan's peak.
Deep drifted snowfields on low Pat O'Hair
Show mile on mile of undulating white.
On Bear Tooth range each snow-enamelled fang
Is rimmed with glowing edge of virgin gold.
Soft velvet patches, purple pansy dyed,
Float wanton through the periwinkle blue.

The artist hand with skill enough to paint
That western sky should win eternal fame.

Against the eastern sky the Big Horns rear
A hundred miles of gullied precipice,
One stark, unbroken, canyon-pierced range.
Along the base, a clinging valley mist;
Along the top, a swelling summit cloud;
Between, sheer rock, nude or black forest clad,
Great fields of snow, and still more fields of snow.
And all—low lying mist, sheer rising rock,
Far reaching snowfields, undulating cloud,

All, all, incarnadine. Barbaric, deep,
Red mist, red rock, red snow, red cumulus.
The pulsing color glows, effulgent, clear,
With radiance unearthly, magic, weird.

No human hand could paint that eastern sky.

Cecelia Hennel Hendricks. }

Dorothy Haddox

To a Kimono

I have a rose crepe negligee
Which speaks of many things
That bring a breath from far-away,
Of cherry-blossom springs,
Where birds sit on pink-laden boughs:
Fat birds, with quaint small wings.

And Fusiyama towers high
Behind some queer old gate
While wee doll figures toddle by,
Stiff, black-haired, and sedate;
And here is one who stands and stares;
Its face a yellow plate.

And my kimono makes of me,
(At least, I feel it's so)
A doll-faced woman who sips tea
With motions grave and slow;
Or burns faint incense at some shrine,
With sleeves and head dropped low.

Georgina S. Townsend

His Will

Like the bending grass-blades when the strong wind
wooes it,
Like the slender sapling on the wind-swept hill,
Like the mountain torrent when the rain pursues it,
So bend I to His will.

Like the sleeping meadow when the sun has kissed it
Like the sturdy maple when the winds are still
Like the placid pool when the storms have missed it,
So rest I in His will.

Almira Richardson Wilcox

Scars

I had not suffered then,—
My cares were always cast aside
As bucking bronchos toss their riders,
Into the air.

That was two years ago
When first we met;
His face bore several scars,
The last, an ugly one
Stretching from ear to mouth,
A souvenir of the Argonne.

His scars meant nothing to me then
Beyond the fact I thought him brave.
We were introduced and chatted
And then we parted.

The other day we met again;
(I had been thru Gethsemane) . . .
He saw my scars, and I saw his,
But differently this time
As they were merely symbols
Of times that try men's souls,
To purify and lift them higher.

This time we did not chat;

We talked and talked.
Each bared his thought.

This time we did not smile and part,
Our scars had made us friends.

Vera Frances Morse

“Lacquered Mandarin Moments”

I

At the end of a tunnel of filmy fluted clouds
I saw the white jade gates of the moon swing slowly
open.

O lovely one, open the portals of your white soul
And receive my hungry spirit.

II

Last night, when the shimmering sickle cut the indigo
fields in the west,
Pale moonbeams, with slender, silver-ringed fingers,
gathered the harvest.

III

A speed-crazed comet in its meteoric flight
Trailing a swirl of star-dust, leaving a path of light,
Swerved from its course,
With tremendous force.
Into the walls of the moon it dashed.
Through endless space the silvery moonbeams crashed!

Comment—A Book of Love

(Conducted by Pauline Barrington)

*Translated by Witter Bynner from the French of
Charles Vildrac*

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York

From time to time, in the American Magazines, have appeared Mr. Bynner's translations from the French of M. Charles Vildrac. After having translated and printed every poem from the original French volume, Mr. Bynner says in the translator's note, he found himself questioning the form he had used. It took many months to change some of the translations, from the English free verse, in which he had printed them, to a measure nearer the rhyme and metrical norm employed by M. Vildrac. There is an interesting introductory note by Emile Verhaeren, which begins with, "To love beings and things!" He points out the great simplicity of these poems which, however, are free from any taint of sentimentality. These poems that make A Book of Love deal with the gestures of a day, of a world, or the little song to soothe a baby. It is a book of love of all things. It is not full of blazing sunshine but rather the lights of a gay sun that insists on pushing the clouds, that persistingly gather, out of his way. When a big poet translates the poetry of another, with sympathetic interpenetration, as Mr. Bynner has translated M. Vildrac's poems, the result is more than the original poems; a beauty from both, is added to the poems themselves.

Here is one called

Happy-Go-Lucky

Happy-go-lucky, to follow the road,
Is a better lot than you supposed,
Just to enjoy the to and fro
Of all the pleasant things there are.
Happy-go-lucky, to sail your life,
Is worth whatever pain be in it,
Just to feel how good the sun is
Every fleeting minute.
Come then, life allows you living,
Earth is not so cold as yet,
The intervals are not so rare
When you say to yourself that it's good to live,
When you simply undertake to live
In the cooling grass, in the warming sand,
Or along the street, and only care
For the easy course at your eyes' command
Of all the pleasant things there are. . . .

The problem of poverty and the spirit of brotherhood are to be found in Mr. Bynner's own books. He seems ever striving to find an answer to the cry of the handcuffed idiot, in *The New World*, "Non, Tu n'es pas mon frere." He worked seven or eight years on *The New World*, and revised it several times. He is a tireless worker and one feels that M. Vildrac was fortunate in having a translator whose impulses spring from a spirit without pretenses and one whose convictions are true. Some one has said, the knowledge of a language other than one's own, opens up a new world. Mr. Bynner, with his mysticism and keen sense of life and his gift of lyricism, has opened up a new world and passed it on to us, in translating the poems of M. Vildrac, for as he says, these poems are notably ours in

their breath of kinship to the genius of Whitman.
The time of the great conquest,
When the people, with this ardour,
Ran from the thresholds of their doors
Toward one another.
And the time came in the land
For history to be fulfilled
With only songs that everybody sang,
A single cause, a single victory,
A single dance encircling all the houses.

—*Pauline Barrington.*

Notes

The Lyric West announces the following prizes to be awarded for the best work appearing in its pages during the current year, from April, 1923, to April 1924. The awards will be announced in the April issue:

1. A prize of one hundred dollars for the best long Narrative poem.

2. A prize of one hundred dollars for the poem most original and fresh in subject matter and treatment.

3. A prize of fifty dollars for the best lyric.

4. A prize of fifty dollars for the best poem by a western writer.

5. A prize of fifty dollars for the best poem by a new writer.

6. A prize of fifty dollars for the best sonnet or group of sonnets.

The judges for these awards will be announced later.

"It has seemed a wise policy to the editors to discontinue the regular rate of payment at five dollars a page and offer in return these substantial prizes for distinctive work. By the former arrangement the payment in most cases was so small a sum as to mean little or nothing to the writer. The new plan gives an opportunity for many writers to receive recognition and ample payment for their work. In order to carry out this change of policy, The Lyric West will not pay for accepted contributions. Material accepted up to this time but not yet published will be subject to this new ruling, since all poems will be considered for the prizes. Authors who would prefer to submit their work elsewhere on the possibility of direct payment will have the opportunity of recalling their manuscripts before October 25th. All material remaining in our hands after that time will be considered as retained under the condition of non-payment.

The Lyric West has a great deal of accepted material on hand and will print just as much of this as is possible before

the April issue.