

VOL. III

NOVEMBER 1923

NO. 7

The
LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

Aurania Rouveyroll | Beatrice West Borst

Mary M. Meisinger | Ames Peterson

Pauline Barrington and others

COMMENT-SELECTED POEMS BY ROBERT FROST

SUBSCRIPTION \$2.00 PER YEAR

SINGLE COPIES 20c

The Lyric West

Vol. III, No. 7

A Magazine Of Verse

November, 1923

Edited by Grace Atherton Dennen

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

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The Lyric West for November, 1923
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 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

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My Heart's a Rift of Song

My thoughts are arid things
Drooping during drouth;
My mind's a withered tree
Parched and dry its mouth;
But my heart's a white cloud
Riding from the south!

My hands are lawless things
Reaching for the moon,
Flaunting their wilfulness
Through the brazen noon;
But my heart's a still ship
On a blue lagoon!

My soul's a hot flame
Fanned by strange desire,
Old loves—new loves—
Feed the flagrant fire;
But my heart's a pale star
High above the mire!

My feet go stumbling
Heavy with the sod;
Up from earth—back to earth

Clod a-call to clod;
But my heart's a rift of song
From the mouth of God!

The Cypresses of Monterey

I have known the cedar trees upon the brow of
Lebanon
That shaped Moriah's temple walls of old for golden
Solomon;
And I have seen the Roman pines where marbles gleam
as white as foam
In garden alleys when the sun descends behind Saint
Peter's dome;
But I have never viewed such boles, such branches
spread against the day,
Such weird, mysterious trees as these, the cypresses of
Monterey.

And I have marked the redwoods rise in titan girth
against the sky,
Dodonian oaks on Grecian slopes where sibyls breathed
their prophecy;
And high upon Oneida hills the stately hemlocks
crowned with snows,
And sycamores by those fair shores where swift and
sweet White Water flows;
But I have never seen such shade, such cavernous
shadows green and gray,
As where their broad boughs interbraid, the cypresses
of
Monterey.

And I have known the sturdy yews by Thamis and by
Avon side,
The arches of cathedral elms, New England's glory and
her pride;
The pillared beech, the ghostly birch, I have seen glint
in forest gloom,
And deep in some Floridian glade the tall magnolia's
dome of bloom;
But I have never seen such arms entwined and twisted
as have they,
These strange, these dark, these eldritch trees, the
cypresses of Monterey.

How old they are no record saith, but one they seem
with ancient Time,
They stand aloof from tides of change, if sere the year
or at the prime;
Rooted on rock they firmly face the surges that from
China roll;
They clasp to breast the winds that range past Bering
from the northern pole;
Erect they rear or low they lean in cryptic, enigmatic
way,
These gnarled and witch-like wonder trees, the
cypresses of Monterey.

Laura Riding Gottschalk

Adjustment

You thought our arms were too pertly
Akimbo for two chairs that were
As old as we. You said there was
Something obscenely gay in our
Perverse hilarity and took
Us to be sobered in the attic.

A gaffer and a gammer now,
You two, as blithe as yearlings you
Declare to all your little ones.
But they are arrogantly tender
For all your wistful liveliness
And superciliously bring
You shawls and slippers worrying
That their new furniture may be
Too spry for elderly repose.
They pried into the attic and
There found two chairs grudgingly sober
And said that they were quaint as those
For whom they brought them down, with their
Old arms akimbo in a worn
And bravely bolstered jollity.

Glenn Ward Dresbach

The Better Ship—Panama

Juan has a new ship
With sails like the wings
Of a swan spread at dawn
When the jungle sings
A sleepy wild song.
And the sails are strong
And the prow is high
To go out on voyages
That end in the sky.

Juan had an old ship
That was not as good
As he'd wish for the sea.
There were worms in the wood,
And holes in the sail,
And he went where he could
In slimy lagoons
Set back from the gales,
And in yellow-fanged rivers
Where crocodiles' tails
Flapped down as he came.
And he longed for blue trails
Of the sun-crested sea,
Bound out for the islands
Where no one could blame
The trade there would be.

Juan has a new ship
And men of the town
Have wondered he built it
And women put down
Their washing awhile
By the slow-talking stream
And look with wide eyes
As if at a dream.

Juan's wife is with them
And she looks, and is sad.
She sighs to herself,
"The sea! it is mad—
He's in love with the sea—
The ship that he had
Was better for me."

"She's young," said the women,
"She thinks of the towns
On islands far out
And girls in red gowns
And black flowing hair,
And out-reaching arms.
And more than the sea
She fears their charms.
It's the way a woman
Must always be!

"She's in love," said the women,
"She thinks of guitars
Pouring love wine

Some night when the stars
Will blind his bright eyes
Out there where the skies
Are breast to breast
With the passionate sea.
It's the way a woman
Must always be!"

Said the women to her,
"You'll be rich very soon.
He'll bring you silks,
And this lagoon
Will blink with your jewels
As it does when the moon
Looks in through the palms.
You'll leave us soon,
Leave the thatched hut door
And come no more
To rub by the stream."
Idle the dream!
She said, "I'll stay.
Only—Juan will be away,
Much of the time."
And tears in her eyes
Made her look away
Against the skies
Where the little bay
Swept to the sea.
"Only—Juan will be away!
The ship that he had
Was better for me! . . ."

Julia Boynton Green

Songcraft

In his still room the lapidary sits
Shaping with skillful touch some priceless stone.

Loves he his labor as we love our own?
Into a virgin wall a workman fits,
One after one, his richly colored bits,
Of jade and sard and malachite, till, grown
To finish, smiles the picture; lovelier more
Than the dear issue of the poet's wits!

Yet, welded at white heat, conceived in bliss,
Born of sweet travail, our reproach is this;—

No verse of all but mocks its maker's face;
No line achieves one-half the bard intends:

Not one but lacks the last consummate grace;
Not one the inward autocrat commends.

Agnes K. Gibbs

The Hawk

An outlaw of the skies; a tameless thing;
Vigor incarnate, crowned with savage grace;
Describing, with a scarcely moving wing,
 Majestic circles in sun flooded space.
A rebel prince, in gorgeous vestments clad,
 Voicing defiance in his eerie cry;
With proudly levelled eyeballs, fierce and sad,
 Skyward he sweeps, on his lone destiny.

Miriam Allen de Ford

A Peasant Girl

Diamonds are brilliant if they are hard,
Rubies are red, if cold;
 And no music on earth is half so sweet
 As the clink of gold!

When the sleet blows on the window I need take
 no heed for chill,
For the castle of the Duke is warm and wide;
And the lords all bow before me when I grace
 their banqueting,
With the old Duke limping proudly at my side.

Faith, I dress in silks and satins, and I fold my
 hands from work,
And the touching of the spinet's all I do;
And I tread the Duke's soft carpets and I pace his
 sounding halls
With my maidens walking meekly, two and two.

But it's oh, my heart is breaking for the quiet
 winter night,
With the shadow of the loom upon the wall,
And the whirring of its turning as the marsh-winds
wail without,
And the soft glow of the candles over all.

And it's oh, my heart is breaking for a babe upon
my knee,
And the warm breath of my lover on my cheek,
And the peat-fire curling grayly when the dawn
lies low,
And the sheep-fold's huddled warmly from the
bleak.

For diamonds are stone-hard if they are
bright,
Rubies, like blood, are cold;
And no clamor on earth is half so harsh
As the clink of gold!

Caroline Ainslie

In the Woods

Into the woods
I went by stealth
And the light on the leaves
 Was part of my wealth;
I said so aloud
 And it did not seem odd,
Though I spoke to myself,
 I was talking to God.

Caroline Ainslie

Shu-Shula

(Indian Lilac)

Shu-Shula blooms in June

And turns the dusty roads to bowers,

Plumed with lavender and white and blue and grey.

Silence prevails at noon,

Though fragrance tells who passed this way

On stealthy feet, and knew and loved these flowers.

Beatrice West Borst

My Neighbor's Journey

My neighbor is very old.
On Sunday she reads her Testament,
And turns her thoughts to death.

On Monday she plants flowers
And then waits for the seeds to sprout.
Every day she waters them,
And hopes for blossoms.
Her son wishes her to visit him.
But how can she go just now?—
The larkspur might bloom while she was away;
And the little chickens—almost time for them to hatch.
On Sunday she turns her thots to death.
How can she leave on that longest of all journeys?

George Maxwell

A Typewriter

SHINING and sullen You sit in front of me, Modern box of Pandora.

You are the greatest potentiality in the world because sleeping in you lie all the unborn thought and wisdom and knowledge which will thrill the world for ten thousand years to come.

You are the greatest because could I unlock the secrets from your dark bosom I should become the greatest man on earth, the most hated, the most feared, the richest and the most respected.

But like a woman holding back her slumbering love you are evasive, unmoved and unresponsive, offering platitudes and cool generalities, until fired by the flashing soul of the one, you pour forth your whole being in a golden flood.

Creator and killer, you hold in your quiet depths the future of the world, and still You sit in front of me, Shining and sullen.

Floyd Meredith

Windows

I stood beside my window,
Watching the heavy rain,
Feeling that only my life
Was filled with pain;

I sought the streets and byways,
Other things to see,
And lo! From each window that I passed,
A face peered back at me.

Walter Evans Kidd

White Beauty

The moon, a silver scimitar,
Is thrust deep in the blue-black breast of night;
Near the hilt of tiny stars
A stream of foam-white beauty falls,
Without a sound,
Toward the gray Pacific.

But the voices of sea-bells scatter
The flood of frosty shadows,
Like untarnished bits of silver coins,
Upon the wrinkled bosom of the sea.

The sounds of sea-bells press
Against my ears;
But I do not hear—
My heart is filled with rare white song.

Nellie Burget Miller

Prophecy

Somewhere Beauty dwells, all undefiled,
For I have seen a rose unfold
At dawn,
And wonder grow
In the eyes of a child.

Somewhere Love shall live, all unafraid,
For I have seen a mother clasp Death's hand
And pass into the shadow
Undismayed.

Somewhere Life shall live, beyond the blue,
For I have seen the veil wear thin
And the face of God
Shine through.

Charlotte W. Thurston

The Vanished Presence

Brown leaves by the river are falling, falling,
Falling with sere and with wrinkled tips;
Red leaves by the river are eagerly calling,
Calling a name with their crimson lips:—

“Our splendor of color still gleams and lingers,
Lingers, and slowly the slow hours move
Awaiting the touch of beloved fingers,
Fingers—where is she?—whose touch was love.
She loved us—our splendor; for joy the river,
River rolled bluer to meet her sight;
She loved us—where is she?—and blithely ever
Ever we crimsoned for her delight.
A glory clung round her, trailed ever about her,
About her that flooded our crimsoned ledge;
Man weeps that she died;—we are lonely without her,
Without her here by the river’s edge.”

Charmion von Wiegand

Flights

Peace

Is a captive falcon
Enchained with hooded eyes
To a dream.

Joy

Is a sparrow-hawk
Straining on soaring wings
To the sun.

Grief

Is a dying swallow
Sinking with bleeding breast
To the dust.

Joseph Franklin Poland

Post Office Sketches

I. General Delivery

“A—Z”: “E—H”, “J—N”, “O—S”, “T—Z”.

So run the legends over each drab window:

Before each aperture a waiting line,

Humanity at ebb-tide, homeless, derelict;

Theirs not the sheltered snugness of a home,

Fireside ensconced, to wait the mail’s arrival.

With inward-sucking breath they crane to see

The callous clerk glance briskly o’er the pile

Of mail—a hundred fates at finger’s end.

“Your name, please? Green, John A.? There is no letter.

I said, no letter. Next. please. What’s the name?”

And Green, John A., who last night slept upon

A park bench, dully turns away, his feet

Shuffling, thin-soled, over the floor’s cold tiles.

But what a flash of joy illumines the eyes

Of those whose eager hands extend to grasp

Their mail and open it!

The happy smile

Drops from some faces like a hapless bird

Shot on the wing: the long-expected word

Of aid or comfort has not come to them.

One man, glance furtive, manner over-casual,

Opens an envelope with nerveless fingers
And winces, as he reads, with shrinking fear,
As if he hears a key grate in a lock,
Feels iron bars' shadows fall athwart his face.
Casting one hunted look at those about him,
He hurries out. And from a darkened corner
A tall man in plain clothes steps after him.

Joseph Franklin Poland

II. THE Foreign Mart Winpow.

Here is a corner from old Babel's tower:
Here where the aliens stand, their toil-grimed hands
Tight clutching missives destined overseas.
Reach out and touch, if so you can, the note
Quiv'ring responsively in each of them—
What a full human octave you shall sound!
Here can be seen in every various stage
Citizenship's advancing victory.
These are no weaklings whining home for help:
Instead, they send to parents, brothers, kin,
Savings that they with patience rare have culled
From the great bounty of America.
For her they have no sneer, nor bitter word,
Nor the black look of failure's scowling victims;
They know the New Land cares for all the world,—
A giant young, supporting on her back
The older, querulous, less fruitful countries
A giant young, who humors the old folks,
And 'spite of senile cavillings, still loves them.

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Mary M. Meisinger

Impotence

My life is like a sapless stalk
Beating against God's casement.
Fearful am I that he might say—
"Who tends my garden must uproot this wasted thing—
It casts weird shadows on my floor."

Elizabeth K. McGowen

Wood Fires

He is very old, and sits
Remembering things. . . .

His eyes hold a sparkle
As of fire-light.
It is the warm gleam
Of old open fires—
Great wood fires
That go hand in hand with
Old tales re-told
And things brought up from the cellar.
Apples . . . Hickory nuts.
A cat, dozing
And grandma, young, knitting.

He is very old—
And sits . . . remembering.

Samuel M. Sargent, Jr.

Intersection

Figure of blue
On the street of drab,
And in the flurry of traffic
Law!
Law with its cap of blue,
Law with its badge of silver
On a pedestal.

Hurrying autos,
Drivers with sober faces,
Scurrying through like rabbits,
Meek like sheep;
Quick with the groaning brakes,
Quick with the steering wheel,
Dodging the swarms of pedestrians,
Wary and hurried.

Standing all day
In the sun,
He, the Director of Traffic,
Shifting position often,
Mopping his brow;
Motioning drones,
Muttering at some.

Now, as the traffic thickens

Pedestrians, too
Eye to the Law quickens,
Body alert.
Arms out like semaphores
Now, when he turns,
Motioning wildly now
At some auto
Stopping another stealing by
Law on a pedestal!

God, looking down
From the cross-roads of stars
While directing the course of Creation,
Must smile.

Yet each of His little mimics,
Giving his gift to the law,
Is striving a little upward,
Up toward the hand of God.

Meredith Norton

The Little Things

And now that love is dead
It is the little things
That seem to tear my heart—
The hour of dusk alone,
When once I used to hear
Words spoken in your dear low voice.
I climb the hill, and think
How once you climbed it with me,
When the trees were green with spring.
We laughed together, then,
When love was very young.

And now that love is dead
It is the little words
That seem to tear my heart.
Some little laughing phrase
Brings back your teasing ways
That made the other days so glad.
I say some trivial thing,
And hear your quick reply
At which we laughed, feeling
That life was very good
When love was very young.

And now that love is dead
It is the little things
That seem to tear my heart.

Harold W. Gammans

Cacti and Leaves

Life comes
From a bowl of earth,
A Cactus plant
Lifts sea-shell listening ears:

And a slender basket
Hung of a single thread
Holds three huge listening leaves,
One singing blossom.

Life issues from bowl and basket,
I know not how:—
For I only feel
What life may be.

Oh! living leaves and cacti,
Living like the deep night of forest pines,
Living as white roses dropped
On a lonely beach.

Kalfus Kurtz Gusling

You

You are as consoling as a heart-throb,
Pulsing under the immensity of a starry sky,
You are as insistent as a tom-tom
Beating in the arid desert of other men.
Waves of feeling pass over your quivering lips,
As the wind passes over the grass in the meadow.

Your hands have all the reverence
Of two nuns in a cloister,
And all the passionate lure
Of a Nautch girl, dancing in the sun.
Your eyes are like an enveloping cloud,
Shutting out an unfeeling world;
They are like twin pools of rippling water,
Into which I descend slowly,
To float among fragrant lilies.

Ruth Clay Price

Hokku

The skeleton leaf
Is a dainty bit of lace:
Death masks to meet man.

From the buds of spring
To the berries of autumn,
Man thinks of the snow.

Like the wind-swept mist,
Man clings to the hills of life,
And is blown away.

Man should fit his life
As the acorn on the branch
Fits its sappy cup.

Man should drop from life
As the acorn on the branch
Drops from its dry cup.

To-morrow's flower
Holds fragrance in its calyx,
As man's heart holds love.

Man is not the grass:
For it, no pattern is made,
For it, no voice speaks.

Claribel W. Avery

Education

When I was young and of the world,
And knew things as they are,
I found this earth too slow for me,
And longed to try a star.

Now I am old and of the stars,
I do not hope to know
One half the wonders of the world
That once I found so slow.

Ames Peterson

Vancouver Barracks

Into the haze
Of cloudy memory
Passes my life
Of soldier days.

The sharp wind of the dawn
Sweeps seldom now
The bare parade grounds.

The great gaunt barracks room
A figment
Of my mind only.

Leprous and filthy jest
Wherewith we passed the guard house hours at night
Return, uncalled, from some foul deep recess
Where they have lurked.

A pass
For three days' freedom
Where I met, well—
What have we who live in homes, with wives,
To do with such adventures?

But where has fled that high resolve
Of great endeavor, vast achievement,

That vow we swore
Of life-long service to the Great Ideal
Of riches, honor, fame, that were to come,
When we were free?

Into the haze
Of cloudy memory.

Neal Gallatin

The North Sky

Do not pity me.
I am the Great North Sky
That looks down on you always
Through night and day.

Along my sides
Are no paths
For the Sun to climb;
But do not pity me.

As I sit behind grey mirrors
Hidden by silken curtains,
I know all thoughts
My sisters feel.

I am light and shade
For the artist's brush,
The soul in the sculptor's clay,
And I can mix the colors
For your thoughts.

I teach great wisdom,
But first you must know
The secret of barred doors
Behind walled gardens.

Then you will not pity
The Great North Sky
That looks down on you always
Through night and day.

John R. McCarthy

This Life the Last?

This life the last? This world and then the end?
By God! eternity is full of worlds
Each lovelier than the last, from star to star
Across the splendour of the Milky Way
Into the outer courts of His domain
Where sheer immensity is like a god.

Mark you! Eternity is full of worlds
And every world a palace of the soul,
Each lovelier than the last, until the glory
Of suns and moons and comets chants itself
Into the being of the Lord Most High.

Anne Bremer

Still Life

Aubergine and yellow glazes,
Satsuma and rare old vases,
In the studio on the hill top;
Silken curtains filter day light,
Where the fellow shade falls softly
On a lacquered jar of rouge.

Golden glints of prisoned sunlight
Gleam within a wide necked milk-jug,
Downy folds of scarlet velvet
Mirrored view their ruddy beauty,
And the frisking flames of firelight
Dance upon its polished surface.

On a wooden cart it rattled
In the quaint old town of Bruges;
Over stones and bumpy pavements,
Over crooked narrow streets.
Once it humbly served the many
Chubby, placid Belgium babies.
Toddling babies cooed and prattled
While their mothers friendly gossiped.

Sun rays skipped across its surface
In a wooden cart with others,
Ample-bellied shining brothers.

Golden glints of prisoned sunlight
Gleam within its bright brass surface;
Idle now, it lolls at ease.

The Man of One Poem

(Sir Edward Dyer, Author of *My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is.*) (1550-1607)

I like it well to turn aside
From names that time can never blot
To those the world heard, dignified
With word of praise, and then forgot.

One poem, forty lines or ten,
Should rank the singer as a sage.
Why smile? Slow-moving though the pen
He lived a life and left a page.

Ask but his name and date; the rest
Irradiant through his poem shines—
His life, or long or short, compressed
Within a half a hundred lines.

Flossie Faith Shead

Sunset

I saw the sun cling to the sky,
And then, unwilling, creep
Toward the hills, like some small child
That's driven off to sleep.

I saw it linger, loth to go
Behind the hills from sight;
And then—it lifted flaming lips,
And kissed the sky good-night.

Portia Martin

Plover-Wing Sings in the Fog

Like the face of Night-Sky-Dancing
fog hides all others from me;
I grope through hushed cloud spaces
to achieve her heart.

Fog, Like the eyes of this woman,
compels my deep gaze:
I seek through all-pervading beauty
and am lost therein.

Fog, like the hair of this woman,
quivers through darkness
filling me with wonder
Like the smile of Night-Sky-Dancing, bewilders my
feet.

Marie Emilie Gilchrist

Beatitude

Dear God, I love this life—this wheeling earth;
In passion and in peace the breath of life
Comes sweet and sharp as woodsmoke in the dawn.
The mirth and solace of all paradise
Could not surpass the beauty of this living,

This mystery of sleep and quiet breathing,
Cold dawns dipped from the sea like glistening pearls,
The ebb of heaven's flaming tides at twilight,
And stars that pattern out the night like frost.
What winds that stir the groves of Avalon
Could match the racing messengers of spring?
And Eden's garden lacks one benison—
The hushed enchantment of a storm of snow.

I love the very smell of earth and water,
The touch of cold rough bark and pointed leaves,
The pitchy taste of pine and juniper,
The sound of voices in the summer night,
The sound of silence infinitely telling.

And be my path beyond all mortal finding
Fleet joy yet seeks me out to lay her arm
Befriendingly across my younger shoulders

Matching her step with mine along the way.
Ah Life—this house of clay I hold in fee,
Your ancient soil, is very dear to me.

Comment—Selected Poems

By Robert Frost. Henry Holt Co., New York.

(Conducted by Pauline Barrington)

Lyricism is not opposed to realism. Mr. Frost makes his stories all the more real by his bursts of lyric descriptions; the beauty of which, add strength to the accurate expression of his observations. Mr. Frost's people do not take him into foreign countries, or other men's writings, or use quotations; they stay right at home, where they live—really live and die. Robert Frost's father was born in New Hampshire, his mother in Edinburgh. His father moved to San Francisco, where he was the editor of a newspaper. Robert Frost lived there for the first ten years of his life before returning to New England. Those ten years when the boy was running up and down the hills of San Francisco, seem to have left no impressions for there is not a trace of them to be found in his poems. Yet the city must have been full of color as it was just getting over the gold fever. After all, Robert Frost is New England and one only expresses what one is. School and college were not very successful in Mr. Frost's case, in fact, he left Dartmouth after a few months. Later he went to Harvard, but it was after he was married and only for a couple of years. He tried farming and working in the mills, storing up impressions to make into stories, for Frost is primarily a story teller. He went to England with his family and settled in Beaconsfield in Buckinghamshire, finding himself in an England "full of poets." It is pleasant to think of the talks he must have had, but unimpressed by new ideas, holding tenaciously to the New England people, to the New England hills and farms and meadows which after all were himself. The poems in Selected Poems are taken from three books: *A Boy's Will*, *Mountain*

Interval and North of Boston. A Boy's Will was his first book. It had an interesting table of contents. Each title is followed by an explanation:—

Ghost House

He is happy in society of his own choosing.

A Dream Pang

He is shown by a dream how really well it is with
him. Etc.

Mountain Interval was his second and contains some lovely poems, particularly "Birches." It seems as though Mr. Frost might be the boy himself.

When I see birches bend to left and right
Across the lines of straighter darker trees,
I like to think some boy's been swinging them.

Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,
Whose only play was what he found himself,
Summer or winter, and could play alone.

North of Boston was the last one to appear and the greatest of the three. It is a sad book of a crumbling New England, of people living out their lives on isolated farms, through hard long winters. There are overtones of something uncanny and horrible and undercurrents that are fearful and mystical. "The Death of the Hired Man" is the story of the poor broken farm hand who comes back to die. Half crazed he is and Mr. Frost tells his story with fine tenderness. Then there is "Home Burial" with the mother's stark cry of horror; and "The Mountain" with its colossal austerity:

The mountain held the town as in a shadow
I saw so much before I slept there once;
I noticed that I missed stars in the West,
Where its black body cuts into the sky.

“A Servant to Servants” is powerful in its truth, stark and appalling about the woman who has been to the State Asylum and knows she is surely going insane. It is interesting to note Mr. Frost’s development, and that is one thing a book of selected poems lacks; it is the result, whereas the three books, taken in their order, show the growth of the intellectual and spiritual grasp of the poet.

—*Pauline Barrington.*

The Light Guitar, by Arthur Guiterman.

Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

Arthur Guiterman is a singer of songs in lighter vein. It is only after we have enjoyed to the full their delicious whimsicality that we begin to realize the warm human interest and friendliness that run through them. In his vivid characterization of every day people and their doings, he closely resembles James Whitcomb Riley, and he has been called by Joyce Kilmer “the most American of all poets.” The *Light Guitar* will delight all readers and add to the long list of Mr. Guiterman’s admirers and friends.

Notes

We note with pleasure the excellent quality of work done by *The Wanderer*, our youngest magazine of poetry on the Pacific Coast, now being published in San Francisco. The last issue was particularly interesting. San Francisco should furnish an excellent background for an all poetry magazine. We wish it continued success. We wish to call attention to an error in our October issue. By a confusion of names, the poem, "To A Kimono," on page 27, was signed Dorothy Haddox. The poem was written by Doris Hutchins, whose excellent work has appeared before in *The Lyric West* and won favorable notice.

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.

**Statement of the Ownership,
Management, Circulation, Etc.,
Required by the Act of Congress of
August 24, 1912**

Of The Lyric West, published monthly at Los Angeles, California, for October 1, 1923. State of California, County of Los Angeles. ss. Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Grace Atherton Dennen, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the publisher and Editor of The Lyric West, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Grace Atherton Dennen, 1139 W. 27th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Editor, Grace Atherton Dennen, 1139 W. 27th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) Grace Atherton Dennen, 1139 W. 27th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total

amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Grace Atherton Dennen.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1923.
(SEAL) HENRY P. CAIN. 7 soe emiaan RAnee FA TNA