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The
LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

Noel Stearn | Agnes Kendrick Gray

Mirza French Mackay | Frances Wierman

Dudley Williams and others

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The Lyric West

Vol. V, No. 8

A Magazine Of American Verse

May-June, 1926

Edited by Allison Gaw and Ethelean Tyson Gaw

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The Lyric West

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Among Our Contributors

Isabel Fiske Conant, a well-known contributor to all the poetry journals, is the author of three volumes of verse, *Many Wings*, *Frontier*, and *Puritan*.

Noel Stearn has appeared in *The Bookman*, *Everybody's*, *Poetry*, and *Adventure*.

Sarah Bixby Smith is the author of *My Sagebush Garden* and *Adobe Days*.

Agnes Kendrick Gray has contributed to *Harper's*, *The Boston Transcript*, and numerous poetry journals. She is the author of a volume, *River Dusk and Other Poems*, and of two volumes of translations from the French. She was recently awarded the one hundred dollar Ponce de Leon prize of the Poetry Society of Florida.

Leslie Wallace, formerly editor of *The Kansas City Star*, is now the editor of *The Tiller and Toiler*, a weekly magazine of Larned, Kansas.

Mary Sinton Leitch is the secretary of the Poetry Society of Virginia and a frequent contributor to the best poetry magazines. Her first volume of verse, *The Wagon and the Star*, will soon be joined by a second volume, *The Unrisen Morrow*, now in press.

Of the twenty-three contributors in this issue one comes from New York, one from Florida, one from Virginia, one from Illinois, one from Wisconsin, one from Montana, one from Oregon, one from New Mexico, one from Arizona, two from Kansas, two from Washington, and ten from California.

Noel Stearn

Risus Solis

If Earth were not so far away —
So far, and small, and seriously intent. —
Surely she would hear the laughter of the Suns
Go crescenting across the firmament.

Away — away into the infinite spaces
The tumultuous young Suns are flinging — flinging,
Flinging their rays into the stars' pale faces,
Nor caring in the ecstasy of the flinging
Which star is trembling, or which planet singing!

And Earth leans coyly toward the nearest one,
Gathering to her heart a few chance rays —
And trembles not, nor sings — but claims that Sun
As hers — that Sun with all its rapturous blaze —
And smiles at him her fond complacent praise!

If Earth could hear the laughter of that Sun
And know it merely joyful of the flinging —
The wild, exuberant frenzy of the flinging —
Youth hurtling love into a vast unknown!
If Earth could only hear that laughter ringing!

Clark Ashton Smith

To Omar Khayyam

Omar, within thy scented garden-close,
When passed with eventide
The starward incense of the waning rose —
Too fair, and dear, and precious to abide
After the glad and golden death of spring —
Omar, thou heardest then,
Above the world of men,
The mournful rumour of an iron wing,
The sough and sigh of desolating years,
Whereof the wind is as the winds that blow
Out of a lonesome land of night and snow,
Where timeless winter weeps with frozen tears;
And in thy bodeful ears
The brief and tiny lisp
Of petals curled and crisp,
Fallen at eve in Persia's mellow clime,
Was mingled with the mighty sound of Time.

Omar, thou knewest well
How the fair days are sorrowful and strange
With Time's inexorable mystery,
And terror ineluctable of change:
Upon thine eyes the bleak and bitter spell
Of vision, thou didst see
As in a magic glass
The moulded mists and painted shadows pass —

The ghostly pomps we name reality.
And lo, the level field,
With broken fane and throne
And dust of old, unfabled cities sown,
In unremembering years was made to yield,
From out the shards of power,
The pillars frail and small
That lift for capital
The blood-like bubble of the poppy-flower;
And crowns were crumbled for the airy gold
The crocus and the daffodil should hold
As inalienable dower.

Before thy gaze, the sad, unvaried green
The cypresses like robes funereal wear,
Was woven on the gradual loom of air
From threadbare silk and tattered sendaline
That clothed some ancient queen;
And from the spoilt vermilion of her mouth
The myrtles rose — and from her ruined hair,
And eyes that held the summer's ardent drouth
In blown, forgotten bowers —
And amber limbs and breast,
Through ancient nights by sleepless love oppressed
Or by the iron flight of loveless hours.

Knowing the weary wisdom of the years,
The empty truth of tears,
The suns of June that with some great excess
Of ardour slay the unabiding rose,
And grey-haired winter, wan and fervourless,

For whom no flower grows;
Seeing the scarlet and the gold that pales
On orient snows untrod
In magic morns that grant,
Across a land of common green and grey,
The disenchanted day;
Knowing the iron veils
And walls of adamant
That ward the flaming verities of God —
Knowing these things, ah, surely thou wert wise,
Beneath the warm and thunder-dreaming skies,
To kiss on ardent breast and avid mouth
Some girl whose sultry eyes
Were golden with the sun-beloved south;
To pluck the rose, and drain the rose-red wine,
In gardens half-divine,
Before the broken cup
Be filled and covered up
In dusty seas of everlasting drouth.

Songs of Time, Space, and Values

I. Time

You stand in a great room
Where a pier-glass
Towers on either side of you,
Where there, rippling, pass
Like a silver river
Dim in tree-shade,
All your days, all your years
That were ever made.

Far down that distance
You can see go
As many selves of you
As your heart may know;
As many dim decisions
As your years have held
From memory receding
Into times of eld.

On one hand the future;
On one hand the past;
Your own self, endless,
Silver-dark, glassed. . . .
Between dim mirrors

Of the years you stand,
Your many selves reflected
On your right and left hand.

II. Time-Space

Into the Universe I crawl —
The table-top — the Sky;
Man on a mountain — mouse from a wall —
Observer, I.

I shall see what I shall see:
Time — the Fourth Space —
The inkwell — the Pleiades —
A god's face.

Push on, point, through your line;
Line, through your square;
Rise, square, your cube define —
A god is there.

Box of God, arise, arise,
Three-dimensional;
Through the contracting skies
Upward fall.

Into your fourth estate
Expanding, climb;
Swing the gods' arched gate
On the hinge of Time.

Let illusion fall away,
Skyscrapers seem
Blocks tossed aslant in play —
And Time a dream. . . .

III. Children

God to his children
Offers gifts, never meagre.
Full of their little wants
They come to Him, eyes eager:
*"Father, he has more than I
And I am the older."*
Then they have a good cry
On His chapel-shoulder.

*"I want a limousine."
"I want a palace."
"I want my sweetheart;
Her name is Alice."*
Sometimes he grants their wish,
Sometimes dries their tears
With a dream-kerchief
Edged with the years.

Sometimes he sends them children
Who run to them and sob,
*"My cake is smaller, Daddy,
Than what you gave Bob."*

IV. Poet and Merchant

The poet goes ragged;
The merchant wears silk;
He eats *de foie gras*
While the poet drinks milk.

One cuts coupons,
And one splits hope;
One hawks sonnets,
And one sells soap.

They lie long time
Under a white spread;
I heard them say, "The poet lives;"
Of the merchant, "He is dead."

V. Wealth

I want a diamond!"
Cried Philip — star-light
Swung a priceless pendant
There in his sight.

"I want a flask!" cried Paul,
Who was more rich
Than that with an urn that stood
In a near niche.

"I want a castle!"
"I want a crown!"
"I want an ant-hill
To rule, or a town!"

There is a star-drop
In every lens's glass;
Some things are hidden
And some come to pass.

If you have not strung pearls,
Or chinchilla fur,
Or something azure-better —
Charge, cur!

Perfect happiness comes
In exquisite moments.
It is a drop of dew
Poised on a filmy cobweb,
Ready to fall —
Reflecting, before it vanishes,
The myriad colors of the Universe.

Evelyn B. Brownell

Snow Longley

A Song for Rosetime

Rosetime, rosetime, rosetime in gardens,
Pink cascades of beauty flowing down the wall,
Red drops of heart's blood spilt among the grasses,
Fabled Gold of Ophir raining over all.

Rosetime, rosetime, rosetime by moonlight,
Still pools of whiteness where pale blooms mass;
Through the silvered hush faint stir of music,
Sound of spent petals falling to the grass.

Roses, roses, roses of poesie,
Sweetbriar and wild rose, musk and eglantine —
Mary's rose for memory, white and red blossoms
Fastened to the swordknots of England's battle line.

Roses, roses, roses for lovers,
Fresh buds of maidenhood scarce yet abloom,
Rosalind, Rosamund, short-lived Rosaline,
Scattering through the book of love a faint perfume.

Rosetime, rosetime, rosetime in memory!
Seasons change, airs chill, and quick the flowers fade;
Only in the heart that dreams of the springtime
Roses bloom eternally, Death's hand is stayed.

May Williams Ward

Outside the Village Church

The preacher mumbled platitude,
The singers shrilled off key;
But zinnias peaned gratitude
And kept a prayerful attitude
Cathedrally.

Agnes Kendrick Gray

Wild Poppies of California

Leave lesser dyes and tints to lesser flowers —
The sun has minted you of kingly gold.
The very radiance of the lord of light
 You dare to hold.

Leave walls and guarded ways to garden flowers —
A thousand valley floors your glory fills,
And garments of your living gold enrobe
 A thousand hills.

Leave other flowers for other lips to sing —
Your passionate wild flame shall quicken mine.
You hold within your cup a draught of dreams,
 A burning wine.

Leave other songs for other singers — still
My love's allegiance, Flower of Light, you hold.
Pour still upon my life, my heart, my song,
 Your living gold!

Louise Stedman Bostick

Sunset

The sun dips an iridescent oar
Of flaming crimson
In the shimmering, emerald waters,
And paddles himself
Steadily
Over the rim of sea.

Elizabeth Chabot Forrest

June in the Arctic

Spring's in the air and the signs abound:
Warmth of the sun and a glimpse of ground;
Twitter of snowbirds, and trill and song
Of wee, bright longspurs the whole day long;
Brown on the throat of the ptarmigan;
Sight of a ground squirrel in the sun;
Flocks of king eiders hurrying by —
Swift moving masses against the sky;
Horns in the velvet; stray geese on the wing; —
All bear the message, "At last it is spring!"

Out on the tundra old grass tassels show,
Flecking the polish of shimmering snow.
Rimming the inlet, the snow slopes down,
Streaked and splotched with an earthy brown.
What though the drift be a score feet deep?
What though the inlet still lies asleep?
What though the Arctic for mile on mile
Shows naught but pinnacle, ridge and aisle —
Chaos of ice gleaming azure blue,
Cleft by the hewn trail twisting through?

Out at the end of the trail there shows
Ruffled, black water between the floes;
Ragged white icebergs afloat between;
Water where walrus and whale are seen.

And over all of this vast expanse,
Rousing the land from its nine months' trance,
Goldenly circles the tireless sun,
Marking a day that is never done.

Orpha M. Gardner

Christ-Mass in June

The pine-trees have lighted their altar fires —
Are holding high mass for the country side;
From the lowliest boughs to the loftiest spires
Their candles are burning afar and wide.

June is the pine-trees' Christmas-tide;
The lark at morn his matin sings;
The odorous bough a censer swings;
The vesper wind sweet music brings —
The faint, far music of the sphere,
To charm the spirit's listening ear.
Fling your incense high and wide,
Holy, holy Christ-Mass-Tide!

Mary Sinton Leitch

The Sea Invades the Hills

I am far inland, yet the mountains fail
To keep the ocean from me: hills and leas
Murmur like water in the weirs; the breeze
Tangles the grass to seaweed; and the frail
Young moon has clothed the meadows with a veil
That hides tonight, not hostile rocks and trees,
But all the lovely loneliness of seas —
That shapes the misty magic of a sail.

The hills shut God away, prison the mind
Within itself. Mocking they fling the song
Back to the singer — heaped-up dust that bars
Escape from dust. Tonight, oh mountain wind,
Tonight you are salt! You blow to me from long
Reaches of sky — you give me moon and stars!

Diathesis

I

A village fair,
A fakir ready
With his *Step up there!*
And *Right here, leddy!*

See, he stands
Behind the glass!
I wave my hands
And make a pass,

And he's asleep
Before your eyes!
That's how deep
I hypnotize.

Show you new tricks —
You, boy, you,
Step up and do tricks! —
But I withdrew;

I was no mummer
To lend my body,
Nid-nid-noddy,
To every comer.

II

Custom said;
 If you will keep
My pantomime,
 Your mind can sleep
In the full gaze
 Of public eyes;
And men will praise
 And call you wise.

I could not squeak
 And strut by rule
At puppet-tweak
 Of every fool.

III

A priest's lean finger
Traced in air
Phantom barriers
To my spirit;
Ritual set
Upright there,
Crossed by warnings
To revere it.

Christ is risen! —
 And shall I linger
In the prison
 Of a priest's finger?

Y. F. Swain

Moon

Voiceless and with bated breath, I run
From beauty such as this
To seek the hands of friends,
And simple things I understand —
The white feet of my love; the warm security
Of near hearth-fires; familiar books;
The rooted round of family tasks.

Bind me to earth, O mortal
And familiar hands I love!
Hold me, hold me to the things whereof I know!

Mirza French Mackay

L'Alouette

L'Alouette's my neighbor — sixteen or so;
That they've a changeling in the house her parents do
not know.

They love her — oh, they love her! — but she must
walk by rule,
Though pixies dance ahead of her all the way to school.

They love her — oh, they love her! — but they will
never see
The rowan berries in her hair, nor know the pixies'
glee.

They love her — oh, they love her! — but they will
never hear
The tinkle of the bluebells that's always in her ear.

One says: "Now write a paragraph on this sober
theme."
The pixies shout at what comes out — a chiffon-ruffled
dream!

Pencils one gives her to draw straight lines;
She finds a bit of charcoal and sketches Columbines!

They set her down to practice an hour by the clock;

She waves mad, merry melodies instead of playing
Bach.

She goes a-gardening, and all the cabbages are kings;
She sews a seam — the gingham's blue dragonflies'
wings.

In fair white sheets they think she sleeps; but in a
black ash tree
She's spreading crimson petals with the naughty poppy
bee.

She's fair — nay, she's beautiful; she's dainty and she's
sweet:

So are all the other girls up and down our street,

But L'Alouette's a moonbeam (the name is one of mine
—

Her parents thought that she was theirs, and called her
Caroline);

And L'Alouette's a thistledown, and L'Alouette's a
fawn;

And L'Alouette's a violet, and L'Alouette's the dawn.

Some day will come a prince out of Elfinland,
Will touch her eyes with May dew; then the elfin band

Will girdle her with gossamer from the meadows wet —
What will a poor poet do without L'Alouette?

Flora J. Arnstein

Life

The choral horns their Gothic carols chant,
The bassoon picaresque
Chatters, the while a single fiddle spins
A tenuous arabesque.

In clash and blare the cymbaled climax ends —
A muted drum
Rolls its vague portent in my very soul
Of what's to come.

Sarah Foss Wolverton

Some Mothers to Some Daughters

Yes, I heard you when you said it first.
You asked not to be born? Of course.
Nor I, nor my poor mother, nor hers,
And had you thought of that?
You who stand there proud, defiant, young,
Tossing your short gold hair,
And pouting lips too poppy-red
For youth, or any age at all in human ken?
You asked not to be born?
And do you think I asked you to?
I, young as you, and far less canny,
When your father wooed me from the girls, my friends

The bait his admiration, proud estate of bride, a
trousseau?
You cannot know how soon those fled
In drudging loneliness
Nor how I writhed in long black months of agony
And dread — of you!
And when you came I loved you?
Yes; the tigress loves her cubs, the bird her young —
At least, will die for them, if need.
You took my youth with your incessant wants,
And through my later toiling years
You took my health;

This very pain that rasps my nerves to rage these
many years
Need not have been,
Had not a surgeon's help meant losing of your heart's
desires.
You did not know?
I did not wish to spoil your joy —
And yet, now you are grown,
Scorn meets my lightest crossing of your will.
Yes? Had I been wiser I'd have taught you better?
I suppose.
My dear! My dear!
Your life, so short, in lying brightness gleams ahead;
The most of mine's behind me.
And must we muddle through the few years of our
common span,
Two waifs in the long line that plods from dark to dark,
Two fretful women stumbling on a rocky road,
Each breeding deeper heartache for the other?

Lori Petri

Mater Dolorosa

The smothered cry and the strangling rope!
The fault was mine, who gave him breath
In a bed befouled by the hidden stains
Of a million years of bloody death!

“O, the anguished hours of crumbling hope!
She is to blame, the devil Life,
Who dangled bread in his hungry face
And closed his fingers on a knife!

“Ah, the dreadful stairs and the shuddering mask!
Did they falter, limbs of my limbs a part?
Did it droop, that pitiful proud head
Whose curls had lain against my heart?

“God, show them a better way, I ask —
These fools who beg your tender aid
But crush the weak, misshapen souls
Their own machines have made!”

Anne Zucker

His Lordship in Heaven

His lordship sits enthroned
On a little gold chair.
He always ruled on earth,
So now in heaven
A group of anxious angels
Stand about him,
Offering him beautiful toys.

He only shakes his curls
As they offer him treasure.
If I could only tell them
That he never liked toys!
It is a scrap of paper
Which he desires.
There are no scraps of paper
In heaven —
It is so neat.

Leslie Wallace

Children

They shall go out in mist,
Through years, my dears —
Whither the four winds list,
My dears, through tears;
Whither the East winds rise,
And the West wind dies.

They shall pass out and in
As sunlight does,
Where singing leaves have been
And the soft wind was;
And we, at last, shall wait
By a shut gate.

Sarah Bixby Smith

My Motherland

I walked a little woodland track
In June
In far away New England.
I saw the tall oaks, wet,
Stand black
Against a green-gold sky
Of leaf and sun —
Rain's aftermath.
I saw new trees begun,
But two leaves high,
And ferns and flowers
That scattered crystal showers
When I passed along that path
As silent — treading pads
Of last year's sodden leaves, —
As was that line of ghostly ladies
That I met,
My mothers for three hundred years,
Who bore their griefs,
Their loves, their courage, fears,
Along such paths as these.

Issue p. 233 · Scan p. 23

Frances Wierman

A Song for a Lark

You are a bloom ineffable
That breaks through clods of purple silences
Bedewed from brimming chalice of the moon,
Till, all your tinted petals filling Heaven,
You open to the Sun. Men call your Dawn!

Geraldine Seelemire

Night Song

Plum blossoms blow down the wind,
And lie on the quiet grass, untouched.
The song of a bird in the jade-black sky
Enters the halls of my heart, and wanders,
 disconsolate.
Plantain leaves darken the stars.

When will your feet walk down the paths of the
 Garden, O Lan?

O, More Beautiful and More Desirable
Than the swan-swallow loveliness of Feng Huang,
When will the green and grey of your dress
Be seen by me (lying among the darkened leaves)
Against the Cloudy River?

O my Sweet . . . Yuan Yang is flying toward the River
 of Golden Sand.

Lan, most lovely, the chrysanthemum drops her white
 petals in the moonlight;
But you, O Exquisite One,
Have gone like the Wild Geese in Spring
On the back of a Jade Dragon to the Western Paradise.

Margaret Skavlan

Metal

This little heart-acreage was yours —

Bequeathed to you — a gift.

You neglected it.

You traveled abroad.

You let it go back to the World for taxes.

Might it be possible — dear careless traveler —

That you would care —

If you knew that a stranger

Has staked a claim on it

And is mining Gold?

Our Younger Singers

Issue p. 235 · Scan p. 25

Hazel Kuno

Humming Bird

Humming bird,
Dainty philosopher,
Flit from flower to flower;
Dip your quick beak into their full hearts,
Drain them dry of all their sweets.
Wise little bird-philosopher,
Epicurean;
Let others grub for worms.

(Long Beach High School, Long Beach, California)

Nadine Booe

Echoes

Autumn is an echo of summer,
Winter an echo of fall,
Spring is an echo of winter,
And so they are echoes all.
Shadows are echoes of objects,
The breeze carries echoes of roses,
Kings are echoes of subjects,
Art is an echo of poses.
The world is an echo and nothing more,
Learning an echo o'er which to pore,
Life is an echo that ends never more.

(Alhambra High School, Alhambra, California)

The Artistry of the Stanza

VIII

Two Basic Art Principles

In our last article we defined a stanza as an aesthetic line-group mould into which the poetic thought is cast, and which is subject to all of the principles usually recognized as governing art-form. In this and succeeding articles we shall survey some of these dominant aesthetic principles, studying a number of the multitudinous and highly diversified stanzaic forms to which, through the urgent creative instinct of the artist, they give birth. We shall later show something of the relation between the stanza forms so created and the thought and mood in the artist that either select or spontaneously evolve them.

Of these creative art principles the most important in the shaping of stanzas appears to be that of Balance, resulting from the artist's instinctive urge toward symmetry. Closely associated with the principle of Balance, but subordinated to it, is the principle of Variety, springing from the artist's sense that a given effect cannot be long continued without losing its power, but that the juxtaposition of contrasted effects serves to accentuate both.

A rapid review of any standard anthology, such as Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* or the *Oxford Book of Verse*, will show that the majority of stanzas in it are composed of combinations of two or more lines or line-groups of equal length. In these combinations the first line or line-group, if read aloud with a constant *tempo* and without musical *ritard* or *accelerando*, will be exactly equivalenced in time by the line or line-group succeeding. A further investigation will show that even in many cases where such a balance is not immediately apparent, a recognition of one or two simple

principles of pause will disclose a masked balance; and that in still other cases, where the balanced form is not strictly adhered to, yet such a form has been taken as an aesthetic point of departure, and has been modified in accordance with some other artistic principle that we shall discuss later. Few indeed are the cases in which the stanzaic forms are fundamentally unsymmetrical by first intention or in general effect.

These considerations emphasizing the importance of the principle of Balance are corroborated by the further facts that the stanzas of the folk poetry of the past and of the so-called “popular” poetry of the present day, in both of which we have the stanza impulse in its most naive and primitive form, are overwhelmingly of the balanced type. The same is true of the stanzas of the early Middle English period, when rhymed forms were displacing the older Anglo-Saxon alliterative verse, and also, so far as we can tell, of the much earlier Latin hymns out of which, largely through French mediation, the modern system of rhymed stanzas springs. A similarly strong tendency toward balance is found in the Greek and Latin strophes; and the most marked formal characteristic of Hebrew poetry is an analogous balance of phrase, although it lacks the metrical balance of the verse of the classic and the principal modern tongues. Finally, in Poetry’s sister-art, Music, the great central principle generating the simpler forms out of which the more complex forms develop is once more Balance, yet again modified by the demand for Variety.

The simplest of all balanced stanzaic forms is of course the couplet. A famous case of this is Stevenson’s little glance at the universe through a child’s eyes in *A Child’s Garden of Verses*:

This world is so full of a number of things
I’m sure we should all be as happy as kings.

This accurately balanced pair of anapestic tetrameters is too brief to require relief.

The couplet is rarely found in isolation, being usually linked into verse paragraphs, as prevailing in the pentameters of Pope and his school and in the tetrameters of such a poem as Whittier's *Barbara Frietchie*. Its distinctive quality is maintained, however, in Rossetti's *Chimes*, of which the first section runs thus:

Honey-flowers to the honey-comb
And the honey bees from home.

A honey-comb and a honey-flower,
And the bee shall have his hour.

A honeyed heart for the honey-comb,
And the humming bee flies home.

A heavy heart in the honey-flower,
And the bee has had his hour.*

($a_4 a_4$)

Similar to the couplet, but with three balanced lines, is the typical triplet, as in Robert Herrick's

Whenas in silks my Julia goes
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast my eyes, and see
That brave vibration, each way free,
O, how that glittering taketh me!

($a_4 a_4 a_4$)

Here once more the stanza is too brief to need internal variety (save for a certain play of pause in the lines), but there is a pleasant shift of rhyme vowels in the successive triplets.

More complex is the ordinary quatrain stanza, as illustrated in tetrameters by A. H. Clough's *Qua Cursum Ventus*.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side.
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart described;

*Note here in the combination of couplets how the third couplet duplicates the rhyme effects of the first and how the fourth couplet echoes both the thought and the rhymes of the second; and watch the counterplay of the contrasted rhyme-music. Here are our two fundamental principles at work outside of the stanza.

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

Even so — but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged? *Etc.*
(a b a b)

In this couplet, for the first time in our quoted series, the principle of Variety operates within the stanza in a matter germane to stanzaic construction. All the lines are iambic tetrameter acatalectic, but the rhymes of the first and third lines are in each case carefully contrasted with the rhymes of the second and fourth, *lay, side, day, descried*, and so on, in a pleasing, harmonious alternation.

Ben Jonson's *Hymn to Diana* is written in a more complex six-line form:

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep.

Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess admirably bright. *Etc.*

(a b a b c c)

The pair of tetrameter lines 1-2 is balanced by lines 3-4, and the quatrain is capped by a couplet in which tetrameter line 5 is counterpoised by tetrameter line 6. Here Variety operates doubly. The rhymes of the first and third lines are contrasted against those of the second and fourth; those of the fifth and sixth not only stand out against those in the preceding quatrain but occur only half the distance apart, ending the stanza on an accelerated rhyme-rhythm.

Shakespeare's madrigal accompanying Mariana's entrance in Act IV of *Measure for Measure* is still more complex in its balances:

Take, O take those lips away
 That so sweetly were forsworn,
 And those lights, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn:
 But my kisses bring again,
 Bring again —
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
 Seal'd in vain!

(a₄b₄a₄b₄c₄c₂c₄c₂)

Here tetrameter lines 1-2 are balanced by tetrameter lines 3-4, and the stanza concludes with combined tetrameter line 5 and dimeter line 6 completed by the corresponding tetrameter-dimeter combination, lines 7-8. The variety in the rhyme-effects is analogous to that in the *Hymn to Diana*, but the rhyme-rhythms, through the dimeter repetitions, undergo a double acceleration, the corresponding rhymes in the first quatrain being separated by eight feet, but those in the second quatrain by only two, four, and two.

A still more involute form, from Thomas Lodge's *Rosalynde*, contains balances within balances.

Like to the clear in highest sphere
 Where all imperial glory shines,
 Of self-same color is her hair
 Whether unfolded or in twines:
 Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
 Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
 Resembling heaven by every wink;
 The Gods do fear whenas they glow,
 And I do tremble when I think:
 Heigh ho, would she were mine!

(*a₄b₄a₄b₄c₄d₄e₄d₄e₄c₄*)

Tetrameter lines 1-2 are balanced by tetrameters 3-4, the whole capped by tetrameter line 5, the latter opening with a very unusual metrical effect, the two successive monosyllabic feet of *Heigh ho*. The whole five-line combination, with its internal balance and its strongly individual fifth member, is then exactly duplicated, completing a ten-line stanza as accurately counterweighted in its two halves as a pair of pharmacist's scales. Variety is attained by the alternating *abab* effect at opening, is increased by the eccentricity of the rhythm in line 5 and by the impression to the ear that line 5 is being left unrhymed, and then, after another *abab* group, by the sudden heavy answer of line 10 to line 5, echoing it in a rhetorical repetition of the *Heigh ho* and consequently of the eccentric metre, and giving an effect of opening rhyme to the line in addition to its end rhyme. The stanza thus has its balance very highly accentuated indeed, and through Variety, which contrasts the two terminal lines in the balanced passages with all of the other eight lines, and thus points, not only their relation, but also the relation of the parts to which they respectively serve as climaxes.

Finally, we may glance at a very extreme case, in a madrigal by the same author, Thomas Lodge, taken from the same romance, *Rosalynde*.

Love in my bosom like a bee
 Doth suck his sweet:
 Now with his wings he plays with me,
 Now with his feet.
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
 His bed amidst my tender breast;
 My kisses are his daily feast,
 And yet he robs me of my rest:
 Ah! wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
 With pretty flight,
 And makes his pillow of my knee
 The livelong night.
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
 He music plays if so I sing;
 He lends me every lovely thing,
 Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
 Whist, wanton, still ye! *Etc.*

($a_4 b_2 a_4 b_2 c_4 c_4 c_4 c_4 D_2$)

In these stanzas there is a highly marked effect of Variety in the alternating tetrameters and dimeters of the first four lines followed by the four uniform tetrameters all on the same rhyme, and ending with an apparently unrhymed line that gives an appearance of incompleteness. Then follows a second stanza duplicating all these effects, and in its ninth line unexpectedly comes the rhyme-answer to the unrhymed line of the preceding stanza. The stanzas themselves are thus cross-linked by rhyme, the entire second stanza serving to balance the first. Further, note that, as is advisable if they are to carry over so long a distance, the rhymes of the two linking ninth lines are made distinctively dissyllabic, *will ye* and *still ye*, and are intensified by the rhetorical repetition of *wanton*

immediately before, the whole amounting almost to a four-syllabled rhyme!

These are merely a few illustrations of the multitude of ways in which the principles of Balance and Variety cooperate.

A. G.

Sanctuary

By Virginia Stait. London; A. H. Stockwell, 1926

The *Sanctuary* of Virginia Stait shelters a worship of the spiritual beauty into which blood-tinctured humanity finds its emotions flowering. Here is a splendor of imagery heightened into a glory by its transmutation into melodies of deep harmonic amplitude and efficient technique of verse, free yet held in forms varied yet ever classically regular — whether the mode be modern or older in style.

The subjects of these poems range from love through patriotic utterances out into picturesque phrasings of alien races and times and the glowing transcripts of far-off faiths and philosophies. But, in the end, one comes back to Virginia Stait's inevitable brevities in song as the sign of her power — a power that has been praised by critics and artists as different in attitude and place as William Lyon Phelps, Lord Dunsany, Gamaliel Bradford, and John Drinkwater.

“Hunger” and “Youth and Age” and “My Ships” have the blended intensity and exquisiteness of Catullus and Landor.

My Ships

I build my ships,
In harbors cadenced by each curve and wave,
Where wind to wind is but a festal stave.

I launch my ships,
Where plundering waters know each keel and mast,
Each thing of steel and heart I made to last.

I wait my ships —
Through days and nights not long enough for prayer,
Until thoughts touch what thoughts should never dare.

I burn my ships —
With flame to flame, enough to drive one mad,
But better than the things one never had.

Dudley Williams

Error

The editors regret a misprint in the poem, *To Llasta*, by Adrian Huffman in the March issue. The first two lines of of the third stanza should read,

Yet I, who so loved dreaming dreams

Of wondrous magnitude,

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

Of The Lyric West: a Magazine of American Verse, published monthly, (except July and August), at Los Angeles, California, for April 1, 1926.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES. ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Allison Gaw, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he and his wife are the editors and owners of the Lyric West, a Magazine of American Verse and that the following is, to the best of his 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 411, 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: Allison Gaw and Ethelean Tyson Gaw, 1915 Cordova St., Los Angeles.

Editor: Allison Gaw and Ethelean Tyson Gaw, 1915 Cordova St., Los Angeles.

Managing Editor: Allison Gaw and Ethelean Tyson Gaw, 1915 Cordova St., Los Angeles.

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Allison Gaw and Ethelean Tyson Gaw, 1915 Cordova St., Los Angeles.

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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.)

ALLISON GAW

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1926.

G. F. TEMPLE

Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California. My commission expires February 25, 1930.

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