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NO. 8

The LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

Howard McKinley Corning | Dana Burnet

N. Bryllion Fagin | Noel Stearn

L. B. M. and others

IN REVIEW

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The Lyric West

Vol. VI, No. 8

A Magazine Of American Verse

May, 1927

Edited by Allison Gaw and Ethelean Tyson Gaw

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Among Our Contributors

Dana Burnet, well known for his short stories appearing in *Harper's*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, and many other magazines, is the author of a number of plays, among them *The Habitual Husband* and *The Prisoner*. Among his volumes of poems may be mentioned *The Shining Adventure*, *The Lark*, and *It is a Strange House*.

James Rorty, a contributor to *Harper's*, *Century*, *Survey*, *Graphic*, *The Freeman*, and other magazines, is the author of a volume of verse, *Children of the Sun*.

Agnes Kendrick Gray, in addition to her contributions to magazines, is the author of *River Dusk and Other Poems* and the translator from the French of *Proofs of the Spirit World* and *A Simple Story*. Mrs. Gray is now temporarily residing in Paris.

N. Bryllion Fagin is the author of *Short Story Writing: An Art or Trade?* and *Of Love and Other Trifles*. He is a member of the faculty of the University of Baltimore.

Two contributors whose first volumes of verse have recently appeared are Howard McKinley Corning, author of *These People*, and Bessie Pryor Palmer, author of *From a California Garden*.

Of the twenty-four contributors in this issue two come to us from Massachusetts, one from Connecticut, four from New York, one from Maryland, one from Washington, D. C., one from Illinois, one from Kansas, one from Wisconsin, one from Texas, one from Arizona, one from Utah, two from Oregon, six from California, and one from Paris, France.

Howard McKinley Corning

Birds of Thought

They leave the dove-cots of the mind
To storm the sun on flowery wings,
Their music loosing on the wind.

There are no bolts to lock them in,
No lattice to securely fold
Them back on dream, nor to withhold
Heaven their raptures wage and win.

They beat against the crimson shores
Of day-drift, and the silver flow
Of stars is petals where song pours
Their adulations back like snow.

They beat on vapory winds, they lift
Beyond the stream, the roiling flood.
They mount on starry clouds and drift.

The birds of thought are feather bright.
Above the cedars of the sun
They lift their flowery wings in flight;
Audacious of oblivion,
And terrible as light.

Ruth Harwood

The Sea Gulls

*The Indians have told us stories of the sea-gulls,
How they are abiding on a mystic island
Toward the evening sunset.
They have told us also how the sea-gull's whiteness
Comes from snow, and sea-foam, and the clouds of
heaven
Where the loved Great Spirit dwells in peace eternal.*

It was the spring of forty-eight,
The year before the States' wild race.
For California gold. We'd toiled
The winter through by God's good grace.

Five thousand acres we had claimed
From desert in that one year's space
Of time since Brigham Young first said,
As though from God, "This is the place!"

Like a billowing ocean
Our wheat-fields were bending
In a tender devotion
And a prayer unending.

To the Lord they were saying,
"Your people know sorrow,
Yet their faith is unswaying.

O bless them tomorrow!

“They have suffered and perished.

O give them assurance!

Let this harvest be cherished

To crown their endurance!”

The Prophet Joseph in his words

Of vision said, “The desert ground

Shall blossom as the rose!” And we

Believed him with a faith profound.

But God decreed our sufferings

Not yet at end. One day of dread

The cry of “Crickets in our fields!”

Broke like a frightful plague and spread.

Each head of wheat was dark with them;

They weighted down each blade of grass;

They crawled on every living stem

And left our fields a blackened mass.

And though we killed a thousand score

They came in countless thousands more!

We crushed them under foot

And we drowned them in the ditches;

We beat them into brush piles

And burned them up like witches.

But they were like a scourging flame;

For tens we killed, ten thousands came.

We were eight hundred miles from aid
Of any friendly human hand,
And there we fasted, toiled, and prayed
With famine periling the land.

And though we killed a thousand score,
They came in thousand hundreds more.

Had the Lord retracted
The Gospel that He gave us?
A miracle from heaven
Was all that now could save us.

And still like scourging clouds of flame
The crickets, fathomless in number, came!

“The days of miracles are now
As well as then!” our Prophet said,
And we believ’d his word, and yet
Some thought it was in vain we pled.

Never in vain, for though the Lord
Should test us to the death, we knew
The Gospel would go on — our faith
Was strong as that, our love as true.

“Another scourge!” the weak in faith cried out
As from the lake a moving cloud appeared.
“It is the white cloud of deliverance!”

The faithful of us in thanksgiving cheered.

We stood in awe and watched the cloud approach.

How would the coming miracle take place?

All hushed expectancy before the Lord!

All faith and wonder on each upturned face!

The miracle of moving light

Took form before our dazzled eyes,

In sea-gulls, myriad and white

And of a wondrous size.

They seized upon the crickets, ate,

Rejected, ate and ate again,

As though they understood our fate

Was at their mercy then.

At night the pest, still ominous

With famine, yet remained, unless

The Lord again extended us

His hand in tenderness.

And He *was* caring, for with dawn

The snow-white cloud came winging back,

And all our fields till day was gone

Were white where once was black.

Six days until the Sabbath night

They came, and then with one accord,

Their great task done, they rose in flight,

And we kneeled down and thanked the Lord!

*The Indian has vanished, and in the verdant valley
A thriving city blossoms. Yet sometimes from the island
Toward the evening sunset
Come the sacred sea-gulls with their cloud-white
plumage,
Winging from the heavens where the loved Great Spirit
Of the wheeling planets dwells in peace eternal.*

Lori Petri

Great Salt Lake

What memory of surging seas
Is locked beneath your sluggish crest?
What thoughts of dim, forgotten worlds
Lie hidden in your barren breast?

Like some unsceptered king you brood
Within a shrunken pool of power,
While all about you beat the swift,
New tides of an unheeding hour.

Dream, then, of days when these loud lands
Lay sleeping under thunderous waves —
When all the teeming life of earth
Was spawned in ocean's crystal caves.

Mary Carolyn Davies

Moss Agate

My agate ring is Oregon

To me:

The long sand lying in the sun,

The sea!

My agate ring is Oregon

To me.

My agate ring is Oregon:

Once more

I see in memory, as oft

Before,

The grass above the dunes along

The shore.

Moss agate! Where the waves have been,

The agates lie.

The great Pacific thundering in,

The sky —

I shall remember my own land

Until I die.

Pearl, diamonds, opals, emeralds,

Though rare they be,

Let others wear, and stately jade

And porphyry. —
My agate ring is Oregon
To me.

Harold Wesley Melvin

Not Out of Sunrise

Not out of sunrise were you framed
With flame-gold hair and plum-bloom cheeks;
But out of dawn on the edge of night,
With dark and gusty hair
Tossed by winds blowing clean from space.
Your face is opal delicacy along the East
Set against the blowing West and dark.
Your eyes are the sparkle of two late stars.
And your spirit? . . . Dawn on the edge of dark,
Wind gusts stirring the white of morning, tumbling
Music of night touched tremulous
With morning notes

Sydney King Russell

Sonnet

Oh I have watched you grow more chastely wise
Through learning what you first refused to know;
Now there is revelation in your eyes
Of that which wakes within, as if to show
A longing unappeasable below,
An eager reaching toward a changeless star
As if each empty quest, foredoomed to woe,
Had left upon you its unlovely scar
And bade you somehow make your dream secure
Against the last, inevitable hour. —
Oh, I have watched you grow more coldly pure
Than marble! In your effigy of power
I see only a statue's chill allure,
Who might have held the fragrance of a flower!

Winifred Gray Stewart

Shopping Tour

I. Silk Counter

Dearie, she said to me,
“Green is the kindest of colors”

I thought of the cool
Soft sheen of banana leaves,
Rain-glossed, glimmering
In Nicaragua
Near Panama

I remembered the swirling
Sea waters of Point Lobos
In the caves at La Jolla
At Ogonquit in Maine

And I saw again
New-budding grain fields
Of the Palouse country
Pale young wheat leaves
The color of polished jade

And now I'll have made a new gown
Pale green velvet
To bring back to me sea water,
The sun on early wheat-fields,
Dark shade in jungle gardens

II. Millinery

Here before these magic mirrors,
With twenty Parisian models to choose from
Tight little turbans of taffeta and velvet,
Felts from Milan,
And wide-rimmed Leghorns as large
As those worn by pale ladies
Gainsborough painted —

As I try them one by one,
Put them aside two by two,
Sigh discontentedly —

Then I think of the dilemma
Of poor little Eve,
When she paused long ago by her still pool mirror,
Stooping, pursing pretty lips

Would it be of twisted fern leaves,
Or reeds interwoven with laurel,
For the first little feathered creation
To charm her bewildered Adam —
That last afternoon in the Garden?

III. Handkerchiefs

I saw them first,
Essence of spun silver,
Dew-spangled, shimmering . . .
Little lost fragments of fallen rainbows
Scattered over sunlit lawns

Now, spread out
On the counter before me,
Are the mauve and the scarlet,
Rose and palest amethyst . . .
I can remember them all

Tagged for quick selling . . .
Crumpled by hands
That never touched a rainbow —
Or wanted one.

Dana Burnet

Moon-Storm

The moon has climbed the dunes and stormed the
hill —
The dead planet has made a patch of light upon my
coat,
The hair of my wife who walks with me under the
walnut branches
Has got a new sheen
And her hands have silver on them
My daughter has come running to me out of the house,
Saying the moon hurts,
Saying the moon troubles her
(It has troubled many before you, my dear!)
One would think that human beings would grow weary
of the old show, of the old hurting planet, of the
moon-storm breaking among leaves
Go back to your room, my darling;
It is only the dead world, torn away and yearning to its
mother,
It is only the lost child pulling at its mother's breasts
with invisible hands
(It is the past putting its lovely death upon us,
Dragging our world to its coldness, to its inevitable
sleep.)
Go back into the house, my child,
And jump the pools of moonlight lest they stain your
shoes . .

And you, my heart!
Do you see the faces of the young men you walked with
 in moon-storm
Before you and I had come together?
Before you and I had got a child?
I see the faces of the young girls I walked with in
 moonstorm
Before they were merged and closed in you . . .
I love them, I remember them!
Do you love and remember the young men who walked
 with you
When the dead planet was making a light upon your
 hair?
For there are many lovers abroad in the world and they
 are all one.
(The individual is only a divergence See how the
 separate rays are gathered toward the source!)
It will not be long before you and I are laid in our death
 below the reach of the moon,
I having no sparkle on my coat, nor you this silver on
 your hand
Perhaps when we are no longer quick and casting
 shadows down the path,
Our daughter will watch this bright snowing among
 the leaves of the walnut trees,
And feel our death like wind upon her cheek

Mirza French Mackay

Tea

I took tea with Jean and Joan —
Mignonette and rose full-blown

Joan wore gingham — no gewgaws;
Jean, georgette — I guess it was.

Joan worked on a braided mat;
Jean sewed pink things on a hat.

Joan read from *The Living Age*;
Jean's *Keats* had a dog-eared page.

In Joan's garden thrive wax beans;
Yellow pansies laugh in Jean's.

Joan made biscuits for our fare;
Jean brought honey for her share.

Pity for a man alone!
Which, I wonder — Jean . . . or Joan . . . ?

Florence Wilkinson

Flowers of Portugal

Border of Violets

These are the black-lashed, purple-petal eyes
Of Luta Viola de las Estrellas,
Whose banked and cobwebbed cellars of Madeira,
As shepherds tell us,
Were honeycombed like the cave-cliffs of Xera
And all the backward rolling hills of Capo Verdes
Tossed with the wreathed horns of her milky herds.

These are the eyes
Of Luta Viola de las Estrellas
Whom Claudian killed,
Not by the sword or poison, but
By slow green death of words.

Her light, white immaterial ashes,
Lest men might know,
He buried in a porphyry vase
Deep deep below
The Amorini and the lion feet
That hold the twin curves of the garden seat.
He carried the black carved vase on high
That all might know
How he had loved his Luta Viola.
Ai, ai!

Frightened Almond Blossoms

I am a barefoot girl of peasant folk,
Head bound in floating white the way
We women bind our hair to work by day.

I am a barefoot girl whose heart broke
Harrowing a hill with a white long-horned steer.
They beat me for too often standing still,
Staring at trees like feathers lighted on the hill.

When I awoke
I was all white and drifted here
Between Castilho and Estalegem,
Canted a little sideways from the harrow,
Still rooted to the furrow and a vassal
To the whips and the striped drover of the castle;
The wind my archer and for silver arrow
Flying my colorless ribbon rags of beauty
To shine and drift and dazzle.

Elizabeth Henke Thomas

Yellow Violets

We turned the bend; I gasped to see
 A yellow cloud of butterflies,
All flaunting round a fallen tree
In palpitating ecstasy.

A group of sails that once again,
 In yellow fleet of violets,
Sent gaily out by April rain,
Goes voyaging down the flowery main.

So bright they seemed a sunlight beam
 In splintered atoms glistening!
A shining phosphorescent gleam!
The rainbow fabric of a dream!

Agnes Kendrick Gray

The Sage Thrasher

Hail, desert wanderer that does not ask
The solace of green leafage for your nest!
A dwelling in the harsh and bitter sage
To you is best.

Among these barren solitudes of gray
You choose to weave your sober-hued abode,
Singing with bursting heart and throat beside
An empty road.

Within the silence of your mesa wide,
Only a traveller led by *wanderlust*
To waste-lands of the earth may hear your voice
Lift from the dust.

And I, a wanderer on the desert trails,
Heard once your song rise golden from the sage,
And bore it with me — of that lonely land
A heritage!

Norma Miller

Sabbath

Even the sea today

Stirs in a monotone of prayer.

I shall not pray,

For I should ask for foolish things —

For a new song,

For sharp, bright wings.

The Lord is silent

In the stately hills.

I'll not disturb Him for such trivial things

As a new song

Or wings.

Jasper Barnett Cowdin

Betrayed

Love is destroyed for her, love's brightness past;
Unhallowed hearts aflame with wild desire
And swept along in chariots of fire
No tears from Heaven may cool. With eyes downcast
She sits in reverie,
And muses if her babe in Heaven can be.

Her twisted fancy pictures some abode
Remote from rapturous hymns and holy light —
Far from the spot where families unite
Beneath the smile of an approving God —
Some quiet lullaby goal
Where angels mother many a tiny soul.

It seems a place of pity more than love,
Where blameless waifs of sin in peace abide.
From Earth no mothers come with arms spread wide
To clasp again their darlings . . . So they move
With shadowy surmise —
The dreams that pass in Hazel's lonely eyes.

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N. Bryllion Fagin

Legerdemain

Two balls

Juggled in space —

Up and down —

Gold and black —

Life

and

Death.

Joan Ramsay

Arthurian

Guinevere rides with Lancelot

Through springtime meadows a-foam with may,
And they are merry — as who is not,
When the light winds dance and the world's at
play? —

Surely a smile is a little thing
Out of the many reserved for the King!

Guinevere rides with Lancelot

Through shadowed woods of midsummer green,
Well hid from the towers of Camelot
In the emerald core that laced boughs screen. —
If a kiss were lost there, out of the sun,
From all he has will the King miss one?

Guinevere walks with Lancelot

Through orchards heavy with plum and pear —
The tall grey towers of Camelot,
Who knows if they watch what passes there?
If the fairest fruit be plucked by stealth,
Will the King miss that from all his wealth?

Guinevere rides from Camelot,

And the hound of winter howls through the stars —
Guinevere rides with Lancelot,

And they hear its baying foretell dark wars. —
Will the great King miss, while his fame is green,
So little a thing as a faithless Queen?

Bessie Pryor Palmer

Maid of Almesbury

How could I know her Guinevere, who brought so fair a
face

A glory went ahead of her to lighten this dull place —
I who was taught that Beauty attended but the good,
And vile and loathsome sin must bear Cain-token — as
it should?

Yet she, for whose iniquities our golden world went
pale

With none to joust at Camelot nor seek the Holy Grail,
Bode like a saint descended. I worshipped at her feet;
How could I know her Guinevere who was so sweet, so
sweet?

Why do I feel such aching pain, aware I hurt her so,
She that was all-deserving of the direst dole of woe,
When I, a simple novice, spake often of the Queen,
Naught dreaming of the sword-thrusts the wanton
words between?

I mind at word of Arthur how she gently raised her
head:

“His touch was like the passionless Madonna’s,” soft
she said;

But when my lips framed “Lancelot,” her face went like
desire:

“His touch, it was a flower!” she said, “— a flower hued
with fire.”

Forgive, O Mary Mother! The unholy thought creeps in:
*Never to know a love like that, or know it but through
sin! —*

O nunnery walls of Almesbury, so high and wide and
dark,
Forever hide me from the Flower that bears a magic
spark!

Reeves Axtell

The Pirate

I thought at first it was a maple leaf
 A-drift among the cat-tails on the pond;
But when I looked again, I saw it was
 A pirate junk — the waving cat-tails, frond
Of towering palms and jungles of bamboo.
The captain, clad in green and gold brocade
 (Why had I thought him but a dragon-fly?)
Rode high upon the stern of his frail craft
 And glowered ferociously as he sailed by —
Fit master he for savage Malay crew.

The pirate's prow (I'd thought a maple stem)
 Rose high above the tranquil, tropic seas.
She met each ground swell gently, rose and fell;
 A buoyant craft, she answered every breeze.
Entranced, I gazed and wondered — Whither bound?
 But while I watched to see what course she'd take
A monster of the deep rose 'neath her stern!
 A whale! No less! Oh grim adversity!
For like a leaf, by polliwog o'erturned,
 The junk capsized and all her crew were drowned!

Ethel Romig Fuller

The New Bridge

The new bridge

Spanning the Willamette

Is a nude boy

Leaping a stream.

It is swift, sure grace,

White abandon,

Laughter.

It is an unsullied impulse

Arrested in concrete.

James Rorty

At Any Bench

We sat beneath the summer stars,
The solemn trees about us,
While all the mad, noise-wildered town
Roared by as if to flout us.

And yet it seemed that seraph's wings
Were beating somewhere near us;
So loud the singing of our hearts
That all the stars could hear us.

Noel Stearn

Perversity

I have voiced silver trails across the trackless night!

I have sung pæans in the sullen dawn!

I have shrilled gleam-shot music where there was no
light!

But when the stars sing peace — my song is gone.

I have laughed — laughed a lyric into Hunger's teeth
And lilted lullabies when destitute!

I have flung shreds of singing at the face of Death!
But all my songs of happiness are mute.

Frances Wierman

Budding

Sky the hue of turquoise-matrix,
Flecked with white and gray;
A tiny breeze that toddles round
In petal-rain all day;
The tender cheep and peep and call
Of fledglings. On highway
Of mist the swallows hastening —
It's May!

B. S. Ivey

The City of Fountains

Through lonely deserts lie my wanderings;
One mirage lures me on, forever on —
A phantom town whose walls are fountain springs
That scatter opals to the rising dawn,

That spatter diamonds when the day is white
And haggard o'er the waste Sahara sands
And, when the sun to sea-baths cold at night
Descends, fling rubies from their jewelled hands.

So all day long and under the flawless moon
They wall the town from its fierce desert foes,
Alert and dancing to a breezy tune
And flinging pearls that blossom like the rose.

Anne Kelledy Gilbert

Touring with Anne

When sunshine frolics in Anne's eyes,
A magic trip I take
To where, beneath blue western skies,
Gleams mystic Crater Lake.

And when her velvet lids are drawn,
I creep within to see
The wonders of a celestial dawn
In the Grotto of Capri.

Our Younger Singers

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Dorothy Drake

On the Road to Abley Hill

On the road to Abley Hill

We see sights that never were seen:
The pearl look in the eyes of a timid child,
Moon-light on an orchid shell,

The road climbs slowly beside the bay
Where the moon-flowers take the night away;
The moon, kissing coolly the ocean's breast,
Lights the mermaids' pale coats, and flies to rest
In places unknown
Where they bathe in the foam:
In the heart of a breaker a mermaid rides;
On his foamy car a merman glides
But the loveliest, strangest that befell —
These are the things we may not tell.

(Sunset School, Carmel, California.)

Edwin M. Kelly

The Wife

She was the soil o'er which his failings trod,
But well she hid the tracks across her heart;
Hers the prayer that paid his debt to God,
And kept his genius glowing and apart —
Thus no one guessed his soul was not as perfect as his
art.

(Polytechnic Evening High School, Los Angeles, California.)

The Artistry of the Stanza

XVII.

Gradation (concluded)

Artistic gradation, we have said, is a smooth passage from one effect to another through one or more intermediate steps, each of which forms a harmonious transition from what precedes to what follows it, as in the consecutive shades running from violet to red in the rainbow. Applying this principle to the stanza, in our last issue we examined a number of cases of *gradation in line-length*, the various rises and falls being, at their best, motivated by some shift in the situation or emotion portrayed.

A second type of stanzaic gradation is *gradation through rhyme succession*. This usually consists in the cross-linking of consecutive unit forms (tercets, quatrains, and the like) by a rhyme interlaced partly in one unit and partly in its successor, so that as an *a . . . a* rhyme is passing out, a *b . . . b* dominates and a *c . . . c* rhyme is entering. Of this effect the great typical case is the Italian *terza rima*, the form that Dante employed for the *Divina Commedia*. Occurrences of the form in its pure state are rare in English, and when they are found are difficult to quote in effective lengths. Possibly the following excerpt from William Morris's *The Defence of Guenevere* will serve as well as any. The Queen is addressing the knights and lords of Arthur's court after the tragedy.

“Listen, suppose your time were come to die,
And you were quite alone and very weak:
Yea, laid a dying while very mightily

“The wind was ruffling up the narrow streak
Of river through your broad lands running well:

Suppose a hush should come, then someone speak:

“ ‘One of these cloths is heaven, and one is hell,
Now choose one cloth for ever; which they be,
I will not tell you, you must somehow tell

“ ‘Of your own strength and mightiness; here, see!’
Yea, yea, my lord, and you to ope your eyes,
At foot of your familiar bed to see

“A great God’s angel standing, with such dyes,
Not known on earth, on his great wings, and hands
Held out two ways, light from the inner skies

“Showing him well, and making his commands
Seem to be God’s commands, moreover, too,
Holding within his hands the cloths on wands;

“And one of these strange choosing cloths was blue,
Wavy and long, and one cut short and red;
No man could tell the better of the two.

“After a shivering half-hour you said:
‘God’s help! heaven’s color, the blue;’
and he said, ‘hell’ . . . *Etc.*

The rhyme scheme, it will be perceived, is *aba bcb cdc ded* . . . and so on *ad infinitum*, each tercet (or group of three lines) having in its second line a new rhyme that becomes the first and third in the tercet succeeding. The tercets are usually printed separately as above, but they are very rarely

end-stopt, and the rhyme-linking is so intricate to the ear, the rhyme emphasis by position is so evenly distributed, and the place of the cæsura and of sentence pause is so variable, that all sense of tercet unity tends to disappear and become lost in an impression of indefinite continuity. In some of the rare English occurrences of the use of the *terza rima* the last tercet is expanded into a quatrain for a rounded conclusion. An even more finished ending for the form is a capping couplet answering to the rhyme last introduced. By this modification of the *terza rima* did Shelley obtain the exquisite stanza for his *Ode to the West Wind*.

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thy airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh, hear!

(a₅babcbcdcdedee)

The closest parallel to the effect of the pure *terza rima* among stanzas of English origin is the sonnet form peculiar to the *Amoretti* of Edmund Spenser. Spenser modified the rhyme scheme of the Shakespearean sonnet, *ababcdcdefefgg*, by continuing the dominant rhymes of both the first and second quatrains as the subdominant rhymes of their respective successors, and thus produced the form *ababbcbccdcdee*. Although of exactly the same length as the Shakespearean form, the Spenserian form appears much slower in *tempo*. We tend to measure the advance of a stanza by the number of different rhymes we pass, as travelers in a railroad car measure their speed by the number of telegraph poles they hurtle by. The Spenserian sonnet, after the first quatrain, clings determinedly to its rhymes, abandoning them reluctantly for new. It therefore produces an illusion of retardation, and becomes smoother and less *staccato* in its effect. Consequently it is ill-adapted to rapid narrative, but harmonizes well with the slow development of a picture or other conception calling for a multiplicity of figure or detail, as in the sixty-first sonnet of the *Amoretti* sequence, in which the poet pays the following extravagant compliment to the paragon of beauty and excellence who was later to become his wife.

The glorious image of the Makers beautie,
My soverayne saynt, the idoll of my thought,
Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of dewtie,
T^r accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought.
For being, as she is, divinely wrought,
And of the brood of angels heavenly borne,
And with the crew of blessed saynts upbrought,
Each of which did her with theyr guifts adorne,
The bud of joye, the blossome of the morne,

The beame of light, whom mortal eyes admyre,
What reason is it then but she should scorne
Base things, that to her love too bold aspire?
Such heavenly formes ought rather worshipt be,
Then dare be lov'd by men of mean degree.

Or again, in the sixty-fourth of the *Amoretti*:
Comming to kisse her lips (such grace I found)
Meseemed I smelt a gardin of sweet flowres,
That dainty odours from them threw around,
For damzels fit to decke their lovers bowres.
Her lips did smell lyke unto gillyflowers;
Her ruddy cheekes lyke unto roses red;
Her snowy browes lyke budded bellamoures;
Her lovely eyes lyke pincks but newly spred;
Her goodly bosome lyke a strawberry bed;
Her neck lyke to a bunch of cullambynes;
Her brest lyke lillyes, ere theyr leaves be shed;
Her nipples lyke yong blossom'd jessemynes.
Such fragrant flowres doe give most odorous smell,
But her sweet odour did them all excell.

Of the same nature is the so-called Spenserian stanza, which is identical in rhyme-scheme with the first nine lines of the Spenserian sonnet, but then attains a climactic conclusion by lengthening the ninth line into a twelve-syllable Alexandrine — a form that shares the adaptability of the corresponding sonnet form to pictures with a wealth of luxuriant detail, but has a brevity that relieves it of any effect of drag and possesses a concluding line that not only is graceful in sway but lends itself peculiarly to effects of striking emphasis and metrical suggestion. Study this description of

the dwelling of Archimago in Canto I of *The Faerie Queene*.
A little lowly hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
Far from resort of people, that did pas
In traveill to and froe: a little wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the hermite dewly wont to say
His holy thinges each morne and even-tyde:
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welléd forth alway.

Apart from these cases of gradual shift in successive rhyme-color, there may be found also cases of *gradation through various degrees of rhyme-emphasis*. Of this a beautiful illustration is to be found in Browning's *A Face*.

If one could have that little head of hers
Painted upon a background of pale gold,
Such as the Tuscan's early art prefers!
No shade encroaching on the matchless mould
On those two lips, which should be opening soft
In the pure profile; not as when she laughs,
For that spoils all: but rather as if aloft
Yon hyacinth, she loves so, leaned its staff',
Burden of honey-colored buds to kiss
And capture 'twixt the lips apart for this.
Then her lithe neck, three fingers might surround,
How it should waver on the pale gold ground
Up to the fruit-shaped, perfect chin it lifts!
I know, Corregio loves to mass, in rifts
Of heaven, his angel faces, orb on orb,
Breaking its outline, burning shades absorb:

But these are only massed there, I should think,
Waiting to see some wonder momentarily
Grow out, stand full, fade slow against the sky
(That's the pale ground you'd see this sweet face by),
All heaven, meanwhile, condensed into one eye
Which fears to lose the wonder, should it wink.

Note the gradual heightening of the rhyme-emphasis through three stages. The first eight lines, voicing the poet's dream of the beautiful face painted, are in the graceful but not unusual *abab* pentameter quatrain. Rich as the opening conception is, its beauty is heightened in the thought of contact between the lips and the hyacinth's "burden of honey-colored buds," and the rhyme emphasis undergoes a corresponding heightening, the rhyme-interlaced quatrains giving way to the more closely approximated couplets. These are continued for eight lines, extending through the reference to Corregio's pictured circles of "angel faces." Here, after the interpolation of a single line whose rhyme is artfully held in suspense, enters the new conception of a breathtaking central "wonder" for the angelic circles to gaze at, upon which the tone-music mounts to a succession of four consecutive, attention-arresting rhymes on the same sound which reach their climax on the thought, "*All heaven, meanwhile, condensed into one eye.*" Finally, with the concluding "Which fears to lose the wonder, should it wink," the unrhymed line above is at length answered to, and simultaneously with the double relief of the rhyme-suspense and the attention-suspense the poem ends.

And now, a concluding hint on a subject that is far from exhausted. Let those who are curious about the matter study the strange form known as the *pantoum* in the light of the principles suggested above, and try to pluck out the heart of its mystery. It will repay the effort.

A. G.

In Review

HARVEST OF YOUTH. By Edward Davison. Harpers, 1926.

Harvest of Youth has to offer, besides the poetry of its title, very exquisite and quietly contained songs. The author writes in a variety of verse forms, handling them all with delicacy and lightness of touch. His descriptive work is lovely — *Evening Comes*, for example, completely misted over with mood. The sonnets are especially finished and apt, usually with a good weight of substance for youth. Poems of personal and philosophic trend, like *Reverie*, *A Prospect of Retrospect*, *The Mind Besieged*, and *The Unborn Son*, though exceedingly introspective, are well-balanced emotionally. There are many love poems — but certainly youth is very much occupied with love, and poets in their youth only more so. *Nocturne*, in 6-6 time, carries in its cadences music for its lullabied words. “Moon dial” is a favorite term: “sullen pain,” “unpausing seasons,” “moonless air,” “ready door,” “hesitant silence,” “hungry clock” (that seems to eat the hours) are characteristic phrases. In a great many cases the poet’s first lines seem to promise more than the completed poem can quite fulfill; yet one feels that this unevenness of texture and vision is merely one *nuance* of youth, and that when the horizon widens such irregularities will be lost.

For imagination and color I should choose these last two stanzas of *The Sunken City*:

“And when the climbing tentacles
Of some sleep-swimming octopus
Disturb a ruined temple’s bells.
And set the deep sea clamorous.
The ships that ride a league above

Hear not those drowned chimes, nor know
That where their great propellers move
Atlantis lies a league below.”

For sheer loveliness and perfect presentation of that
quality in his subject, I should choose *The Swan* that
“Sailed slowly down in an uncertain dream
Of shallow waters and a resting noon,
Shadows inert and silences asleep.”

Mr. Davison's is a beautiful book, appropriately titled,
original in spirit, and altogether worthy.

L. B. M.

Error

The Unrisen Morrow., by Mary Sinton Leitch, is published by Dorrance and Co. Under *Brief Reviews* in the April issue the publication of this volume was erroneously ascribed to another publisher.

Notice

THE LYRIC WEST is overstocked and will not at present consider any poems for publication. During the months of July and August the office of the magazine will be closed, and the editorial staff will not be available for purposes of correspondence.

**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, 1927.

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.

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2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding

one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those each individual member, must be given.)

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None.

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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 12th day of April, 1927.

CURTIS F. HUSE

Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California. My commission expires January 12, 1930.

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