



DELHI UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

DELHI UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Cl No 0.1xN2

H7

Ac No 45390

Date of release for loan

This book should be returned on or before the date last stamped below. An overdue charge of one anna will be charged for each day the book is kept overtime.

More Poetry from OXFORD

Edited by
WILLIAM BELL

"Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound."

THE FORTUNE PRESS
LONDON, S.W. 1

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1947

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

CONTENTS

William Bell	PAGE
Elegy	7, 8, 9
Raymond Chapman	
Henry Vaughan	10
Advent Sunday	10
In Memoriam, 1939-45	11
Antony Curtis	
Anstey's Cove	12, 13
Night Piece	13
Aubade	14
Ian Davie	
Easter Poem, 1945	15
Prayer	15
Tiistram and Isolt	16
D. S. Dearlove	
From Heine	17
Anthony de Hoghton	
Sestina	17, 18
Only Right and Proper	18
Fairy Tales	19
Alan Downs	
France	20
Geoffrey Galey	
English Dead (from Peichê)	20
A. M. Graham	
Meditation	21, 22
Almond Flowers	22
W. J. Harvey	
Ode	23
Jervis Bay	23, 24
On the Silence of Father Manley Hopkins, S.J.	25

J. D. James						PAGE
Lament for a Poet	...	...	...	...	...	26
Poem from London	...	...	...	...	...	26, 27
Zone Libre (from Aragon)	...	...	...	...	...	27, 28
Richard Lionheart (from Aragon)	...	...	...	...	...	28, 29

R. I. Kidwell						
The Task	...	...	...	...	...	30
Conflict	...	...	...	...	...	30

Francis King						
Deserters	...	...	...	...	...	31
The Journey	...	...	...	...	...	31, 32
Germinal	...	...	...	...	...	33, 34

John Longrigg						
Poem	...	...	...	...	...	34
Exile	...	...	...	...	...	34, 35
Sonnet	...	...	...	...	...	35
Poem	...	...	...	...	...	35
Poem	...	...	...	...	...	36
Casualty	...	...	...	...	...	36
London Poem	...	...	...	...	...	37
Peasant Girl	...	...	...	...	...	37

David Luke						
Epigraph for Rimbaud	...	...	...	...	...	38
Sestina for the Moon	...	...	...	...	...	38, 39
Three Seascapes	...	...	...	...	...	40, 41
(i) "Sovereignly, so silently"; (ii) "Island waiting"; (iii) "Long while beneath vast porticoes" (from Baudelaire)						
Nocturne	...	...	...	...	...	41
Daemon	...	...	...	...	...	42
Musician	...	...	...	...	...	42
Lunatic	...	...	...	...	...	43
Prophecy	...	...	...	...	...	43

Hans Werner Cohn		PAGE
Gebet		44
David Luke		
Prayer (from Cohn)		45
Hans Werner Cohn		
Ein Alter Mann		46, 47
David Luke		
An Old Man (from Cohn)		47, 48
W. Whitmore Mellor		
Pamir		49
Ghosts		49, 50
Heraclitus		50
"Beyond the formless beach"		50
J. G. Moir		
Silent Flight		51
The Cynic's Hymn		51, 52
Sonnet (from Ronsard)		52
Sonnet (from Ronsard)		53
Sonnet (from du Bellay)		53
Ecstasy (from Hugo)		54
Sonnet: Correspondences (from Baudelaire)		54
The Albatross (from Baudelaire)		55
Sonnet: Contemplation (from Baudelaire)		56
Sonnet: Misfortune (from Baudelaire)		56
G. M. H. Raper		
Gale Warning		57
M. J. Shanks		
Woodstock		58
Ether		58

NOTE

The Editor wishes to thank all those who have helped him to collect the following poems. He has tried to present a fair selection of the verse written by members of the University between 1944 and 1946.

One of these poems has appeared in *Poetry* (Chicago).

William Bell

ELEGY

TONIGHT the moon is high to summon ~~all~~
the scholars, they who herald and who praise
all things beneath the ruling moon—the shaming
distempers of our blood, the rise and fall
of history with every added tear ;—
to summon all the trumpeters proclaiming
 love from a higher sphere
 whom they pursue beyond our gaze ;
out of their dream of drowning to call them here
to find the moonlit city they would raise.

Along the level sands, bathed by her beams
the passionate men who wander by the sea
pour to the waves the torrent of their troubles,
their tears more cold than the Norwegian streams.
Lear with marigolds in his silver hair
follows the curve of the abandoned bubbles,
 Tristram in his despair
 watches the empty line of sky,
and Timon as he sniffs the salty air
curses the stench of all humanity.

Tonight I watched those lonely heroes weep
the interruption of their own delight,
and comforted myself : you are no woman
if you would mourn a friend who fell asleep,
charmed by the ocean's music, till the theme
grew tyrannous, the trumpeter inhuman.

 I think he had his dream
 without regretting, but tonight
all men are carried on a freezing stream
or wander weeping in the cold moonlight.

That moon could tell, we all must lie alone
at last among the tides of time and space.
Why do we mourn the dead? we do not pity
the million ammonites transformed to stone
and polished by the same unpitying hand
that casts the carven fragments of a city
like shells upon the sand.

Yet history's austere embrace
has only covered him that he might stand
far purer than the moon's inconstant face,

that he might stand before our Parthenon
with every flaw we fancied washed away,
so that the surging crowds of the forgiven
may flow about his plinth, or climb upon
the platform, gazing where his face appears,
as if the crescent moon were fixed in heaven.

The tribute of your tears
and tongues is all that you can pay;
waters and songs tumble toward his ears
to cover us tomorrow or today,

for this is the fulfilment of your dreams,
desire that was as stealthy as a dew
now openly from the obedient ocean
summons his tide, and from the hills their streams.
Now in the overflowing bay, among
the drifting ships, leaping in their devotion
a thousand dolphins throng,
and with the same devotion you
no longer flee the destroying flood of song,
the music of the scholars, but pursue,

pursue the flowing trumpet till you see,
more generous than the tritons of a spring,
those steadfast heralds, drowned in blood and bleeding,
who still proclaim : " the tide of history
must drown the glittering city of the mind,
but in remotest centuries receding
 will leave a coast behind,
 where once again the brooks will sing,
where in his nets the fisherman will find
a triton's marble mouth still trumpeting."

But do not watch the moon's enraging face.
For all our folly nothing intercedes
save only love. Love is another planet
islanded in the purity of space,
but there upon that island, torn or hewed
or grown miraculously from the granite,
 eternally pursued,
 upon his saltire Andrew bleeds
preaching to the obedient multitude,
and the moon dips and drowns, but no man heeds.

Raymond Chapman

HENRY VAUGHAN

Like a great seraph lost upon the earth
He wandered, ever questing for the peace
That breathed humility upon his birth,
And spread in triumph at his soul's release.
He broke the seal of mortal sense, and fled
Across the gulf that opened where he trod,
To hold unchallenged converse with the dead,
And look at last into the eyes of God.
Eternity was his, the stars grew cold
While the dull mists dispersed before his eyes :
He rose through fire and cloud-drift to behold
The sign that bids the traveller arise,
With faith to meet, majestic in the dusk,
An angel walking on the banks of Usk.

ADVENT SUNDAY

Each misty dawn-hour is a veiled awakening
When other self, older perhaps than night,
Stirs momentarily, not to the seeming body,
But swept by questing pinions of light.

Not April dewy-fingered, July burning,
Bring richer comfort to the unquiet bed ;
With all their naked branches spread in worship,
The woods are trembling at the Baptist's tread.

And through the darkness of the valley stealing,
Where each man dreams his heaven or his hell,
Comes in soft token of the morning's triumph
The sound of the thrice-triple sacring bell,

From where, not robed in archetypal splendour,
Heavy with gold or purple-hued as scorn,
But hung in beggary above the altar,
The dead Christ waits in silence to be born.

IN MEMORIAM 1939-1945

Surely the moon was horned to-night ; I moved
Through silent forest paths, where every leaf
Quivered in pale acknowledgment of grief :
It was the shadow of the land you loved.

And all was shadow because you are dead,
You who, more fair and gay in life than we,
Greeted the ambassadors of destiny
That cheat the palsied hand and wrinkled head.

We know not what fragility takes wing,
What star-spun thread the angry guns destroy,
That holds such plentitude of warmth and joy
In the embrace of carrion festering.

Childlike our vain conceiving chides the air
That does not break in fire when such men die ;
Calm and immutable the heavens reply
That you were wise, and sought no pity there.

Was it for some great evil long since done,
Did snake-bound Furies triumph in your death—
The vengeance of a Trojan's passing breath,
Or of a weeping girl in Babylon?

Or greater yet and timeless, was it spoken
Where unimagined depths of space extend,
That need more vast than we can comprehend
Requires a young life paid, an old heart broken?

Nights will be longer now, the dawning morrow
Offers no shelter and no recompense
Save this—for you release from failing sense,
For us the healing questionings of sorrow.

Antony Curtis

ANSTEY'S COVE

Beyond the shell-brocaded sand
The wounded moon along the tide
Lets limping curves of light expand
In clumsy pirouettes which ride
Upon the unspoiled waltzing sea
Sleek mussels lust on rocks beside
That roaring choreography.

Upon the tongue of shore two still
And coffin-silent questions are.
The boy knows time has eyes which spill
Wind-cracked lyrics reaching far
Into the birth of mystery
Which by knowing try to mar
Or foil the royal dance of the sea.

"The waves explode their mist of ships
But now I see only receding
Dreams and my love's forgetting lips.
Lady, explain your ceaseless treading
Of the goat-trodden ignorant sands
And the hoof-grazed moon whose light is bleeding
In the deep valleys of your hands.

The night is guilty with meaning and
They try, your moon-stained nails to stop
Up my sore eyes with guilty sand.
Our vows like papery ladders drop
Sideways for morning's sun to bleach
While blade-checked wavelets slope and strop
Themselves upon the clinging beach.

Now conflict always, always dance,
Worms grip, coil and forget the slime
At their myth of the moon waves prance
But only here in mounting rhyme
Do dreams and to-morrow balance
For I shall see no future time.
The sea's mad conflict is its dance."

The words like shells shutter her eyes.
The loaded waves implode no answer
For the loved their moan gently dies,
But from the challenged caverns of her
Sleep comes the foam of prophecy
A poised oar and distant murmur
Of rivers nagging at the sea.

NIGHT PIECE: SLEEPING IN THE UNDERGROUND

Last trains drum out the day's iambic dirge.
In the long sculptured sleeve of the earth the liqe
Of praying women come in silent surge
Down smooth gliding stairs to sleep's grey hollow chine.
Sleep, hear the imploring roar of those who live in
Scaffolds of decay, the thirsty whose pails
Contain only dust, who kneel in broken compline
Invoking oblivion from the murmurous rails.
Remember those who are skilled in the magic of birth,
And those who have learnt the laws of death—all
This night curled in the innermost curve of the earth.
O soften sound from steel hysterical
And coolness breathe, for in these concrete caves
No muted distant dripping waterfall,
Nor softening, as when the moon-mote laves
In chill white ointment the snowman's crusting throat.
Cool rhythm exhale here, where sleep is shortest,
And unknown moss-moist stones, where old musicians wrote
The haunting knowledge of the nimble flautist.
Here, they know only for the day's battered
Images to be drowned in the dream warm flesh seals;
Until the globe of sleep is shattered
By the metal recitative of the wheels. .

A U B A D E

Now faintly falls the night's concussion
Of booming hooves, the heart's percussion
Dies, its hectic echoes break
To vapours in the memory.
The drummer's elbow slumps, the key
Turns, and unlocks the light . . . we wake
To flutes loquacious in the laiches,
And to those white and fluid arches,
Hoises, which saunter to the lake.

The jealous sea shall crave him, as he leaves
Her clutch to join that singing on the shore.
The waves' maternal rhythms softly roar,
While he for cruel wounds of music grieves,
And turns to where a chanting girl conceives
Her current of desire, spoiled now no more
By the lonely sweep of the heart's oar,
Around his spreading limbs of coral weaves.

Her white and heaving sands, where moonlight bleeds,
Across the trembling ribs of song, inveigh
His ears, those whorled, slow turning shells of sound,
From which the clinging surf recedes, recedes . . .
O soon the silent boy must choose one way
Of no return, to hear or to be drowned.

Ian Davie

EASTER POEM, 1945

Starlight absorbs
The agony : His eyes
Like jewels burn against the night.
The stars chiselled to swordpoints glint
Over His Head, bowed with its crown of thorns,
And mountains to which distance is but a veil
See God made visible by pain.

" Father forgive
They know not what they do."
Nor we nor they. Beholding the vast
Composure of His crucifix
We know that the last descent cannot be made
Till the world has danced its frenzy to exhaustion
And the slayer believed in the love of the slain.

PRAYER

Almighty God, the blessed Trinity
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
God in Three Persons triumphing
Over both sin and death,
Accept our praise.

The Cross has made a garden of the desert.
Help us to keep our inheritance,
Praising Thee for the patient earth,
The breath of air and water,
The breath of fire.

Help us to praise Thee and Thy elements.
Earth for the sowing, air for the growing,
Water the making, fire the baking
And Blood the breaking of bread.
Through Jesus Christ.

TRISTRAM AND ISOLT

The thorn of jealousy and fear
Is drawn : the skies
Are empty—bright the rose :
How sharp, how sweet its scent.
Sealed are the tender eyes
Of day and like a tear
Music falls quietly on those
Whom grief has made magnificent.
In order to prolong
The moment when evening yields
To the intimacies of sleep
They called on the magic properties of song.
Hushed lay the fields,
The lake unbreathed-upon did keep
Strict counsel with the dead,
And the soft wool
Of clouds unravelled like a fleece was spread
Light on their limbs. They felt
The winds touch eager and cool
And the curved hills around them seemed to melt.
Time could not wean
Their love from its charmed circle—nor despair.
For the deviation of a hair between
The clutch and the caress binds or sets free
All those who in subservience of delight
Together share
At the still, serpent-hour of night,
Love's terrifying ambiguity.

D. S. Dearlove

FROM HEINE.

Fortune is a wanton girl,
Here only for today;
She strokes away your straying curl,
One hasty kiss and off! away!

Misfortune is a different hag,
By you for life she sits,
She's quite content to stay and nag.
At night she watches you, and knits.

Anthony de Hoghton

SESTINA

Strike that rock for we are dry,
Display the sun for we are dark,
Call up the dance for we are still,
In the music liquid shrill
Contain the light that wakes the lark,
The river of the weeping eye.

Look at us with the water's eye,
To be unseen is to be dry;
The waking light looks at the lark
Asleep in ruffles of the dark;
Astoundingly the fountain shrill
Silvers the heavens that were still.

Disperse the shades that stand so still
With your urgent golden eye;
Dissolve their screeching thin and shrill,
Their valediction mean and dry;
Mantle them with billows dark
In the singing of the lark.

The earth shall dance to greet the lark;
The heavy trees that mute and still
Endured the famine of the dark
Shall flap like eagles in the eye
That floods their feathers cold and dry
With gushing music cool and shrill.

Heaven like a circus shrill
Trains every creature by the lark
To walk the rope above the dry
Bowl of dust effete and still
That starves the blinkered searching eye
Of horses gleaming in the dark.

The river gurgles through the dark
Mountain that with greeting shrill
Salutes the primal morning eye
With the honour of the lark,
Honey-sweet ecstatic-still
Exudation of feathers dry.

Now the river from the dark
Eye of the mountain bubbles shrill:
The still dry night is lost in the lark.

ONLY RIGHT AND PROPER

When the ship went down the whorl
The winking ocean shook for joy;
The crabs advanced a courteous claw
To greet Sir Ralph the pirate boy.

But he, with deprecating leer,
Declined the accolade crustacean;
A plaintive ringing in his ear
Drew him to his destination.

The Abbot's bad the monks are bad
They're happy in hell they swear;
But Ralph the Rover they insisted
Should come down and join them there.

FAIRY TALES

With her finger in her mouth
And wicked vistas in her eyes
With a cone-crowned black hat askew
And a silver scaled star in her hair
The young witch the strong witch
The raggle-taggle wood witch
The dry stone wall witch
The insect witch eats up the leaves

Bring a book and bring a candle
Bring a ring and bring a thimble
Bring a hairy honest boxer
Bring a dapper little banker
Bring a Bible-banging general
Bring a drugged and braided admiral
Watch the witch's spittle dribble
Listen to her rapid nibble

The witch is wise the witch's eyes
Coolly swim between the reeds
Rest at last on blistered quays
Thus do eyes of fish and spies

The fly is a dragon-fly
And the dragon is a fly

Alan Downs

FRANCE.

And somewhere, somewhere
Out of this dark and empty air
There will be peace,
And no soul crying
And no soul saying
With utter bitterness
And world-wide loneliness
That we have been betrayed.

Instead we will go home
And loll around our room
And speak of war,
While there is hunger
Miseries last longer
And utter bitterness
And society's wilderness
And world-wide crying,
And we are dying, dying.

Geoffrey Galey

ENGLISH DEAD

(From the French of François Perché.)

To you Englishmen fallen here in war
And buried so hastily where you died,
Whose numbers we shall know for evermore
But by these mounds, your graves, that stretch so wide,
There is one thing that we of France would say
Now that you will remain so long our guests,
Our guests of to-morrow and every day,
The richest dust in France's earth that rests :
" Allow us, kneeling in the grass to pray
To make no more distinction in our prayer
Between two peoples; ours is yours to-day;
And if your exile is too hard to bear
We'll pray that every day the wind shall bring,
Like fresh-cut flowers, the breath of English spring."

A. M. Graham

MEDITATION

The stars tossed down their golden light
And gilt the shimmering sea;
And playing on the sand, the wavelets fight
In generous fantasy,
With green and glossy fingers pull
The seaweed's salty hand,
And high in scornful swirls the gull
Rejects the wooing land.
I, o'er the shining plain of salt
Horizon-scanning, think;
And with the sight my heart exalt
And into dreaming sink. . . .

So deep within me at a red
And rose-radiant lotus-flower
I gazed; and God in silence said,
" Mine, is it mine this hour? "
And I: " To Thee is dedicate
The peaceful colonnade
Within this temple, far from hate
And ancient jealousies: thought-made
And silent are my pillared halls,
My painted porticoes,
Where Love's light footstep only falls. . . .
Who knows me, ah! Who knows? "

* * * * *

The barriers of stillness banish Earth. . . .
An island sailing for a million years
Through jet-walled cavernous domains I seem,
Floating on God, divine encirclement;
And Time, the current, guides me on. Within
This temple no one comes, yet all are here:
And happiness, as incense on a censer, burns.

* * * * *

But to my lotus-pond a bee
Flies, drowsy diunkard, nectar-full;
An over-laden cargo-ship.
Below the depths are green and cool;
He, flattered by reflection, sinks
And tears the vision from my pool.

ALMOND-FLOWERS

Blown from the blushing
Almonds in Spring,
Cataracts rushing,
Cumber and cling
Fast to the shining water.

Sailing along to a
Watery death,
Gusts, that belong to a
Zephyrlet's breath,
Hurtle my almond-flowers.

Blown past my window
Hardly they ask
Pardon for sin, though
Easy the task . . .
Sin, not to tarry longer.

W. J. Harvey

ODE.

Poet, in his eternal labour, his wrestling with words,
snatches from time a moment, the still flight of birds
 through motionless skies;
and in his rhyme their beauty petrifies,
 the grace of their flight is frozen,
they are perpetual in their loveliness.

Or painter, catching the swell and curve of a wave,
the sharp escarpment running to sunlight, the grave
 poise before topple and fall,
stills in his art that movement; all
 the endless surge of the sea
gathers there; it becomes all oceans.

O had we that alchemy, that distilling power
to take and keep always from the human hour
 the moment of our delight,
and from the too-short night
 detach and make permanent
our love, that precious and rare element.

JERVIS BAY

Arose at sunrise when skies were cloudy and green,
drank of the sun's rays liquid and cool as milk,
 later it rained and the barbs of the shower
 burned, and the thistles of rain
were burring and furring the sheen of the water's face;
 to live seemed good at that hour
of sunshine and rain and knowing the morning could
 never be so again.

Lips of white water licked at the cliffs, and crumbling
fell back in a welter and scurry of foam,
like lamb's fleece cloaked mountains and capes of the waves
in their purposeless flux; buff also;
shaggy, hump-shouldered, they jostled and charged
endlessly shorewards, faltering and tumbling
knelt down each one where the sand dunes curved
and swerved round, silver and bleached by the sun.

And swept down to meet them, down from the hills
another green sea, like waves the larches and firs
mounted and rode the slope and steep of the land,
caught there the sunlight their wet boughs glistened,
and between the green oceans, sand
gleamed like a sword-blade, frayed and jagged
where the ragged sea notched its keen edge,
shone, cleaving wave from tree.

So for an hour at sunrise when the morning washed
cool with wet light the bay, I lay
silent through sun's flood and the whip-edged rain,
feeling the blood mount in my veins
like a fire in the heart or a perfect song,
long after dawn had swollen to full day
the joy remained, and the sadness, knowing that hour
could never be so again.

ON THE SILENCE OF FATHER MANLEY HOPKINS, S.J.

Should heart hang so, in darkness suspended
so long, Lord? And mouth that sang beauty
made dumb, and eye that saw blended
in all things thy gloiy be by will blinded?

Should the world of thy Word whirl away, vanish,
and the spring of thy love fail, never replenish
the soul with the sight of thee, rather all night see
nothing but nothingness?

O splendid
thy advent, yes, but those barren years, hollow
the heart there, harrowed it lay fallow,
wanting the seed, the fire of thy grace.
Seven years of silence, Lord, waiting thy word he sought
thee and fought, from the fighting wrought
beauty, struck from the struggle the image of thy face.

J. D. James

LAMENT FOR A POET

*"And all the poets of summer
Must lament another spirit's passing over."*

SIDNEY KEYES.

I speak remembering his song, who moved
In life so easily among the dead,
Wordsworth, and Byrd, and Yeats, and comforted
Poor mad John Clare.

Who found and strangely loved
The fatal desert: was it not his land?
Had he not built its landscape of his fear,
Set Youth and Death and sad girls dancing there,
Before Death beckoned from the burning sand?

An understanding spirit might discover
A way to make these midnight shadows part:
Voices might come, as the tall twin candles shiver,
And in the listening room his live words hover
Of the gold song-bird or the iron lover,
Ghosts of a ghost, and of his lonely heart.

POEM FROM LONDON

Not this December evening, when the sun
glares weakly red behind the city mist:
how should I, O how sing now in this damp,
how tell her April beauty here? I cannot stir
nor bring to life the shadows of the past.

I cannot tell. The air is chill
and seeps along the backstreets of the night.
How should I speak her glory as a madrigal
how form again forgotten melody
or urge the sordid darkness to a song?

Somewhere the Moon is rising that I love;
the rabbit runs his track across the frost.
Somewhere she moves in fields of evening,
and time, and almost time is lost
where there the mists clothe her,
whose path lies straight through Winter into Spring.

ZONE LIBRE

(From the French of Louis Aragon.)

The fade-out of a sorrow past
The broken heart is eased at last
The ember turns to white
A gentle wine the summer seemed
All August in Corrèze I dreamed
In a château warm with light

Was it the wind that on a sudden
Passed thus reproachful through the garden
Deep sobbing on the air
Oh do not waken me too soon
A single moment of this tune
May scatter my despair

And once it seemed that there was borne
The noise of battle through the corn
To my uncertain ears
Whence came such grief how should I tell
Did pink or rosemary still smell
With bitterness of tears

Somehow I lost that memory
Of darkness and of agony
The shadows of my shame
I sought no longer to unearth
My grief and its forgotten birth
And then September came

My love within your arms I lay
And someone sang not far away
An ancient song of France
Then from the silence I awoke
As like a foot its echoes broke
The green pool of my trance.

RICHARD LIONHEART

(From the French of Louis Aragon.)

If the whole world is like these barracks here
At Tours in France where we are penned
If foreigners now plough our lucern fields
If day drags on without an end

Must I then keep the reckoning of each hour
An alien hatred learn to understand
When in our hearts we cannot feel at home
Is this my land is this my native land

I must not watch the swallow as she sings
Her dialect forbidden to the sky
Nor watch the passing of the faithless cloud
Old ferryman of dreams of times gone by

I must not hum the tune I so much love
And what I think I must not say
Even the silence we have learned to doubt
The sunshine as the rainy day

Though they are few and we are powerless
We sufferers we know each other well
In vain they seek to make the night more dark
The prisoner makes a song within his cell

A song as pure as coolest water is
White in the way our bread once used to be
A song that soars above the infant's bed
So high and fine the shepherds come and see

The shepherds sailors and wise public men
The carters scholars and the butchers hear
Jugglers with words makers of images
The women in the crowded market square

The men of commerce and of industry
Makers of steel and cloth and linenware
The blackfaced miners and the climbers of
Telegraph poles O everyone shall hear

It does not matter by what names they are known
All Frenchmen now are bearing Blondel's part
And Freedom like the sound of rustling wings
Answers the song of Richard Lionheart.

R. I. Kidwell

THE TASK

The madman sits with torrid whirling eye
In one black corner of an empty hall,
He dips his toenail in his bright red blood
And scratches hieroglyphics on the wall.

He draws his doubts in letters seven-feet high
He writes his hopes and fears in endless lists,
He traces worries in the viscous mud
He knows one thing and that is, he exists.

His task is to explain the reason why;
The blank sheet mocks his slowly-glazing eye.

CONFLICT

The bountiful sky and the twinkling sand,
The mermaids' song and the fronded leaves,
A youth and a maiden hand-in-hand,
 Are the measure of life—
 And the measure of love.

A cancerous corpse in a sluggish stream,
A mad abortionist's rusted knife,
A machine-gun spilling the words of a dream
 Are the measure of life—
 And the measure of love.

And these two profiles intertwined,
The best and the worst in the hand of Fate,
And these two joined in the human mind,
 Are the measure of life—
 And the measure of love.

Francis King

DESERTERS

Turning our faces to the hills, we crept
Out of the silent camp, while still in dreams
Of home and happiness our comrades slept :
Strange how forlorn and pitiable they seemed.
And so, the old man leaning on my shoulder,
We left the valley and began to climb
Upwards and upwards, out of space and time ;
With every breath we took the air grew colder.
But we were free. At last, before us lay
The mountains with their glimmering peaks of snow
And the sheer track by which we planned to go.
Would it be possible? We turned to say
A last farewell to those we left below,
Then, with abounding love, resumed our way.

THE JOURNEY

Moving along that leaden track, I saw
Horses and cattle in the peaceful meadows.
Each image gleamed complete, without a flaw,
The sky reposed above a sky of roses.
But then the whole scene tumbled into shadows,
The beasts, the roses, and the sky reposing.

The journey had begun. And there were voices
Which told enchanting lies. And there were hands
Which raised their stigmata, and children's faces
On which were branded characters of doom.
O there were red leaves falling in the wind
And leaves that filled the quiet of my room.

The night was bandaged in hot scarves of fire
While Leda gave her secrets to the swan.
The sulky bird and man had their desire.
The sky became the floor for that caress.
I saw the ripe seeds falling, one by one,
The progeny was vast, was numberless.

There were enchanting voices. There were boys
Beneath that suicidal rain of leaves
Who wooed the bird in jagged alley-ways.
Candles there were, and diabolic singing,
And unshrived presences for whom none grieved,
And tears, and anger, and alarums ringing.

Friends then seemed far from me, but near each other,
Their dangers made them close, O strangely close,
Their own diversity had made them brothers.
Should I have been their comrade? But the will
Forbade acceptance, and the iron voice
Murmured again, again : You must not kill.

This was the journey. To the frozen North
Above the soundless lakes, the corridors
Of snow and ice, my conscience sent me forth.
There had been birds, and bird-tormented places,
There had been friends. But now on alien shores
All things seemed far and strange, all sounds, all faces.

I thought of all my enemies, and those
Who were my friends. My vast and polar room
Still burned with love for them, for all who chose
What I could never choose. Beloved friends,
Beloved enemies, they knew their doom.
But where would my ignoble journey end?

GERMINAL

And now the Spring. The peevish breezes vex
Bulbs that are thrust before the equinox.
Ambition and the cruel flux of love
Burn black and deep, imprisoned in a mirror
Whose one reflection is the season's terror,
Nor can we sate ourselves, or cry enough.

The sky is curdled, buds dissolve in glue,
We bruise the meadows that we trample through.
Dead tubers blossom into feet and hands
While on earth's patient breast whose veins are danger,
Still cracked, still withered by the winds of anger,
The ulcer wreathes itself in flowers and fionds.

O tomb-tormented, rising from his sleep,
The buried stranger has begun to creep.
Blood flows on leaves and limbs. He snaps the sheath
Which holds him captive from the curious light.
Brute frenzy and the bestial drum await
His advent at this hour of birth and death.

Rib of ourselves, whom once we fed upon,
Now have you clothed your crumbled skeleton,
Till every vein and sinew germinates.
O dying boy whom our indifference slew
Your bones have sprouted where we covered you,
You come to punish and make desolate.

The Winter gave you sour roots of food :
You would have loved us in your servitude.
Gentle, the weakly son, who knew no hope,
You asked for sanctuary, you begged for bread,
But now you will not see us comforted.
You come with turbulence, with barbarous rape.

We should oppose the tyrant. Yet the will
Cannot control its secret oracle
Which thrusts him yearly from the labouring soil.
Now dense with sweat, now dark with menaces
He drags the seething burden of his thighs
Across our passive flesh. The huge seeds fall.

John Longrigg

P O E M

So fades the ambiguous vision
That never was enchanted;
Though perhaps when a late sun slanted
On your temple, some decision

Took the wrong predestined turning.
A frond of hair was playing
Over your temple, saying
"Too early for the autumn burning,

The harvest-home fruition,
The logic of stability."
We lose in sensibility
Our passion's intuition.

E X I L E

No time to love;
Lost in the urgent silence,
Groping blindly for half-pence
Under the table.

Silent above,
Wings leaves clouds are arrogant.
I must make darkness pleasant
Who am not able.

Learn to accept
This frightened reasoned impotence,
This boring tyranny of common-sense
My heart resented.

Will be adept
To love familiar ugly things;
Will teach my heart to clip its wings,
And be contented.

SONNET

Nothing can die completely. As a child
I heard the rain come gliding down the night.
By morning the lawn was a swamp; but the wild
Undergrowth was sibilant with delight,
And rain drops fell like whispers in the wood.
They had their own secrets; the little boy
Was not asked to the party, only half understood
His pity and envy for the unshared joy.
To-day my brain is clamorous with the dead,
Who grope and talk and fumble round the dark
Backstreets of feeling where no signposts mark
The road to coherent sanity; my head
A troubled graveyard where my dead friends move
And share no more their wisecracks or their love.

P O E M

And when I go to bed
My thoughts are so many white sails
That scurry
Over the harbour-mouth, and across
Calm water gather and ease to the pier.

And all the things I've said
Are so many bright hard long nails
That hurry
To your hands your feet your cross
Built on any old hill by any old fear.

P O E M

In this green and sterile December
When tenderness is a sleeping partner
In the trees' austere councils and confabulations
I remember our other moments together
In a country without logic and without explanations.

In this sterile and horrible December
I think that only you could give life to winter
And colour to the metallic evergreens and impotent fields,
That only you could lead me further
Into a country without trumpets without banners without shields.

In this horrible and green December
I remember watching the street-lamps saunter
Round and above the calm landscape of your lit face.
O and I think this disastrous December
An enchanted moment pendent in immense space.

CASUALTY

Quite unshy,
With the extreme deliberation of despair
He watched his life go gurgling down the drain..
Collecting facts like coconuts at a fair
He felt them jostle unwanted round his brain—

The symmetry
Of the branch that leaned over him; the second-hand
Of his watch revolving slower than before
There'd been a noise and he'd fallen down; the bland
Assurance of the sun. His leg felt stiff and sore.

Ask him why
This had to happen, he could tell you only
It was expected, usual; that afternoon
He'd drunk with his friends and now was suddenly lonely;
That death was too much with us late and soon.

LONDON POEM

And now in London after two years absent
I concede myself a modest Jubilate
For the grave curve of the street, the kind people.

I pinch myself and know that I'm alive.

Not coming with bitter atonement,
Nor as some in a passion of holiness
To purge the evil, build the ruined steeple,

But glad to be back and lucky to be alive.

PEASANT GIRL

And you that pass me with your black
Hair swirling over your shoulder, a crimson
Scarf round your neck, walking
With the confidence, the tiresome attractive
Cockiness of a precocious child,
Your brown eyes enormous with charity.

You could have your myth, like Narcissus
Who, looking into the talking water,
Became despite himself a figure of tragedy.

But you will prefer contentment to the austere
Plainsong of beauty; the lit fire, the fuggy room,
The squealing children to the black clouds
Massing passionately on the groaning mountain.

You will grow fat and smell of garlic
Who now walk like a young tree walking.

David Luke

EPIGRAPH FOR RIMBAUD

Ever from pure enfolding rose
he travels farther and too far
and still to the forgotten star
in a perpetual memory goes.
How shall he find the way he knows
to where the ice-white angels are,
when in the sea his thirst unbar,
the fire-guarded gates unclose?
Westwards have come through rocks of pain
and peril all his lives in flight
now over death to sail again
and of his garden come in sight
who with the rising sun has lain
beyond the circle of the night.

SESTINA FOR THE MOON

Sov og drom du, gutten min.

Seeking their summer now intent like birds
I have sent thoughts out south of the fixed season
for softer land and from the ice-dark shadows
or falling short for ever of the moon
shot feathered love upon that enemy
from so weak string wishing so strong their flight.

There is a singing beyond all the heart's flight
and distant innocence of wild white birds
gleams over mountains, where no enemy
may penetrate to tear apart their season :
they are the holy children of the moon
living for ever at the far side of shadows.

O light remembered, clove-scented shadows
circles of laughter and the hands in flight
diving of love deeper than sun or moon !
How heave off horror of these roaring birds
break the embraces of this heavy season
ever elude the damp coiled enemy?

Grinning at corners lurks the enemy
close to the door and multiple in shadows
barring the lovely unrecaptured season :
from his flesh and his bones there is no flight.
only of vainly wheeling phantom birds
over the sea's edge wailing for the moon.

Terrible huntress, calm far-spearing moon
mourn for the stricken not your enemy
who envious of animals and birds
hid to spy on his death from the green shadows •
call off the dogs his fear and endless flight
come and with kisses wake our buried season !

Lately a messenger of the dream-season
brought word from palaces behind the moon,
more beautiful than any eagle his flight :
he with his love could slay the enemy
his flame unlock the prisoner of shadows
but he came no nearer, pausing among birds.

This is the season of the enemy
my flight is broken who would reach the moon
birds mock me where I lie among the shadows.

THREE SEASCAPES

I.

Sovereignly, so silently
steal your waters over me :
all my wishes laid aside
float upon your rising tide.

Salt wind murmurs, sea-wind moans
in the hollow of my bones,
in the tangle of my hair
tells of stars and fishes rare.

In your caverns I would lie
hours or ages pass me by :
shrieking birds and breakers know
where I lived, a world ago.

II.

Island waiting late and early
wild your mountain, white your river.
Shine and shower are in me.

On the veined and shifting sea
light is glass to fall and shiver.
Island waiting late and early

Light breaks like a branching tree
downwards, where the white birds hover.
Shine and shower are in me,

and a mist mysteriously
over us is hung for ever.
Island waiting late and early.

dark your castle, dead is he
whom you beckoned back, your lover :
shine and shower are in me :

woof of waves his sheet shall be
rainbow-ring his home discover
Island waiting late and early
shine and shower are in me.

III.

THE PREVIOUS LIFE

(From Baudelaire.)

Long while beneath vast porticoes I dwelt :
sea-sunlight stained them with a thousand fires
and in the evening their tall stately pillars
made them like basalt-caverns to behold.
The surging waves wore the sky's images
and with harmony solemn and occult
into their rich almighty music mingled
the sunset's colours mirrored on my eyes.
There did I live in a voluptuous calm
amid azures and splendours of the sea :
sweet-scented naked slaves surrounded me
who fanned my forehead cool with fronds of palm
and for all care were curious to know
my secret wound and why I languished so.

NOCTURNE

I saw a gallows on the moon :
who must hang there, who must hang so soon?

I saw a prison in the sky :
what prisoner waits there to die?

I saw a judge come on a cloud :
whose sentence did he cry so loud?

I saw a jury sitting near :
what verdict did the whole world hear?

I saw a clerk stand by my bed :
and heard the accusation read.

DAEMON

Follow him, the desired and difficult,
whose whisper freezes and whose movements melt,
whose airy house a thousand eagles built.

Watch him who danced upon the fawning sea,
who kissed the ice and set the lions free,
and mocked the mountains with his perjury.

Cry out, for he has cracked a whip of stars,
drops from his hands dragons and meteors :
and our weeping is laughter in his ears.

MUSICIAN

In a trance of silver, she
pressing keys of ivory
had unlocked the ivory gate :
these were dreams she set afloat.

I had left the iron land
naked in a husk of sound,
and on an uncharted calm
under her pilot fingers swam.

LUNATIC

Monthly I meet this sad lady,
the wonder-pale, the dapple-white :
her tears are cold, two horns has she
and lows her losses through the night.

The dragon-boy, drawing moon-milk,
lay swathèd in her arms of silk :
what violent hand broke through his rest
and plucked him from her silver breast?

He was more precious and more strange
than all the stars around her head :
and she will not be comforted,
though she have heaven in exchange.

PROPHECY

The killers came from the mountains,
the victims groaned by the lake :
tears poisoned the fountains :
the killers came from the mountains
to keep the world awake.

The rivers run down the valleys :
I heard one speak of when
all things shall have grown careless,
the rivers run down the valleys,
and the world sleep again.

Hans Werner Cohn

GEBET

Der du in der Frage bist
nicht in Ruhm und Klage bist
Vene in der Weltenhaut
bald erblastt und bald erblaut :

wie sie dich verleugnen
wenn sie dich benennen
wie sie dich enteignen
wenn sie dich bekennen

wie mit Wunschtraumfetzen
sie dich frech verkleiden
wie sie dich vergoetzen
um dich zu beneiden

wie sie dich berauben
wenn sie dich verguelden
wie sie dich verbilden
um dich zu erglauben :

der du in der Frage bist
nicht in Ruhm und Klage bist
Vene in der Weltenhaut
bald verblasst und bald verblaut.

David Luke

(From Hans Werner Cohn.)

PRAYER

You who dwell in doubtfulness
far from blame and far from praise
vein in the world's skin are you
turning white and turning blue.

How they all deny you
who by names address you
how their words destroy you
soon as they confess you

how with rags of fancy
rashly they disguise you
and to feed their envy
how they idolise you

how they rob and stint you
gilding you in homage
in how poor an image
striving to invent you

you who dwell in doubtfulness
far from blame and far from praise
vein in the world's skin are you
turning white and turning blue.

Hans Werner Cohn

EIN ALTER MANN SPRICHT IN FRUHLING :

Den blauen Himmel streichelt zarter Rauch.
Der Frühlingswind föhnt das verschlafne Haar.
Die Sonnenwange zeigt noch wenig Blut.
Begehrlich bebt das seidenglatte Blatt.
Geputzte Plätze warten weiss und leer.
Die Mädchen locken durch geblühtes Tuch.

Doch meine Seele ist ein schwarzes Tuch
und flattert ungebleicht vom lichten Rauch
der aus den Flüssen steigt : verlassen leer. . .
Die Sonne segnet nicht mein dürres Haar.
Mein Herz entlaubt sich langsam, Blatt um Blatt
und wünscht sich einer Birke grünes Blut.

Wie träg und herbstlich kreist mein müdes Blut :
auf meiner kalten Haut verwelkt das Tuch.
Ich warf das letzte unbeschriebne Blatt
in den Kamin : die Glut erstarb in Rauch.
Die greise Bürste spreizt ihr schüttres Haar
und die Karaffe blinzelt verstaubt und leer.

Das Meer der Träume gähnt mir öd und leer.
Einst griff mir seine wilde Hand ins Blut
und trieb mein Herz tief in Undines Haar. . .
Nun liegt es zahm : ein schäbig-grünes Tuch
auf einem Gartentisch berusst vom Rauch
herbstlicher Feuer. Trägt ein hohles Blatt.

Ach meine Hand die wie ein braunes Blatt
an losem Stile hängt ist leer ist leer
und was sie hielt zerstob in Wind wie Rauch.
Nur die geheime Schuld befleckt wie Blut
mir meines Lebens dünngetragenes Tuch
auf das mein Lieben fiel wie totes Haar.

Die Sonne wärmt mit mütterlichen Haai
die alte Mauer und das junge Blatt.
Ich fröstle unter ihrem goldnen Tuch
und starre in den Spiegel : er ist leer.
Der grosse Magier besprach mein Blut :
ich wurde blass und körperlos wie Rauch. . .

Ein weicher Rauch liebkost der Wiese Haai.
Smaragden pulst das süsse Blut im Blatt.
Von mir fällt Frühling leer wie altes Tuch.

David Luke

(From the German of Hans Werner Cohn.)

AN OLD MAN SPEAKS IN SPRING

The blue sky is caressed by tender smoke.
The warm spring wind is ruffling sleepy hair.
The sun's complexion is still scant of blood,
and tremulous with lust the silk-smooth leaf.
The squares are waiting, neat and white and empty,
and girls alluring through their flowered cloth.

But my soul is a piece of sable cloth,
fluttering, not whitening in the luminous smoke
that rises from the streams : forlorn and empty. . .
The sun-god will not bless my barren hair.
My heart loses its foliage, leaf by leaf,
and envying the birch-tree its green blood.

In autumn dullness my exhausted blood
circulates : and on my cold skin the cloth
withers. Now I have thrown the last blank leaf
into the fire ; the glow faded in smoke.
The senile brush spreads out its scanty hair
and the decanter winks, dusty and empty.

My sea of dreams yawns desolate and empty :
whose violent hand invaded once my blood,
hunted my heart into Undina's hair. . .
Now it lies docile : a green shabby cloth
on a garden table thick with soot from smoke
of autumn fires. Bears a hollow leaf.

Alas my hand, hanging like a brown leaf
on a loose stalk, is empty, it is empty !
and all it held gone with the wind like smoke.
Only the stain of secret guilt, like blood,
pollutes my life, this long-worn threadbare cloth
where my loving has fallen like dead hair.

How warm the sun, our mother, spreads her hair
over the old stone wall and the young leaf !
I shiver underneath her golden cloth
and stare into the mirror : it is empty.
The great magician has bewitched my blood :
I have turned pale and bodiless as smoke.

Softly the smoke fondles the meadow's hair.
Emerald blood beats sweetly in the leaf.
Spring falls from me like an old empty cloth.

W. Whitmore Mellor

P A M I R

The chilly sun
Thrown back to blind me by the frigid snow,
Shone on the meditant peaks that breathed the sky;
And the blaspheming wind
Howled at me, persecuting, shrieking
Its hatred of my purpose.

I did not know my purpose :
I only knew a strangely fragrant image;
The vision of a deep and sheltered valley
Hung from the mountains, where the torrents drop
Through iron ravines and melancholy pines.

But still I knew
It was an image; and that a frozen death
Waited in some inevitable chasm
Where I should lie, under complacent snow,
Mourned by the evil voices of the wind.

And yet I did not turn;
The wind shrieked wildly; but I could not turn.

GHOSTS

We who murmured in the silent graveyard
lit by the moon's corpse in the occult forest
beside the empty chapel where the bats live;

We who whispered fear in the moaning night wind;
we who filled the wilderness with wailing
lamentation for the wasted city's ruins;

We, the ancient voices of the darkness,
degenerate to childish superstitions
ridiculous to your sophistication.

We are the jokes of radio comedians,
experiments for psychical research,
the curse of agents selling haunted houses.

You ridicule us in the sceptic sunlight
and laugh beneath the warm electric lamps;
but when the lights go out you still remember;

In the loneliness of darkness you remember,
hearing the aching crying of the owl,
your primitive uncomprehended terror;

the chilly wind around the empty tomb.

HERACLITUS

He has concealed his soul in blazing darkness;
And as the ancient elemental flames
Form from their chaos of empyrean fury
A moment's image of a flickering world,
He hears their wild eternity of music
And sings their strange intolerable song.

Beyond the formless beach, the murmuring ocean
Waits for the time to creep nearer the sand,
Reclaiming its jetsam and forgotten shells:
And the wind cries loneliness about the shore
And sings its memories of ancient songs;
The melodies of vanished sirens, drowned
In an atlantic Lethe. Out at sea
The buoy rolls passively upon the swell.
I think I shall always wait here, with my sorrow:
Wait for a drifting death beyond the tide-mark,
And the final cry across the empty waters
While the grey sea engulfs my memories
And casts my battered grief upon the shore.

J. G. Moir

SILENT FLIGHT

(In Memoriam Valery Tchkalov.)

Above the stooks of newly-gathered wheat,
Upborne on waves of heat the glider soars;
With nature only now the pilot wars;
Each fight he wins means nobody's defeat.
All the late summer landscape at his feet
Lies shaped in golden cornfields, pastures green;
—A strand of deep, rich colours; oh how keen
His hawk-eyes are, that all this kindly greet.
Only the swish of air and the soft-tuned
Voices of nature into his quiet tumble
Or float; while cloud-towers, all the while, above him
Move on in mighty sequence, form, and crumble.
Surely in mercy only is he marooned,
This peaceful hero; surely all-gods love him.

THE CYNIC'S HYMN TO SATAN

Slick salesman of eternal ruin and death,
Polished high-priest of uncreative passion,
Whose voice is vicious whine of shells, whose breath
Green gas; oh sneering devotee of fashion;
Satan, we crown you Emperor of Earth.

Oh you who smile among the lamplit streets
Where fawning pimps and prostitutes foregather,
And cackle when the nation's council meets
To hear no brothels mentioned in their blather;
Satan, we crown you Monarch of our Mirth.

Oh blue-eyed graduate of Hell's Saint-Cyr,
Passed first from all the Sandhursts of perdition;
Pilot, whose Devilry disdains all fear,
Whose Spitfire has a roving, mad commission;
Satan, we crown you Captain of our Host.

Oh black-robed preacher of proud unbelief
Whose grasp of evil dogma never falters;
We hail you, who have loosed the bonds of grief
For those who bow before your darkened altars;
Satan, we crown you Cardinal of the Lost.

Teach us the sweet technique of fleshly sin,
That we may suck the ultimate drop from pleasure;
That we may feel fierce energy within,
To mine each hill which hides a worldly treasure;
Satan, slay our hypocrisy and shame.

Teach us to keep the mocking smile of youth,
Teach us to march erect in bitter weather;
Teach us to scale the granite crags of truth,
Teach us to goad the dying gods together;
Satan, lead us to victory in your name!

SONNET

(From the French of Ronsard.)

As we see on the branch, in May, the rose
In youthful loveliness and blossom new
Make heaven jealous of her radiant hue,
When the first tear of dawn upon her flows :

Grace in her petals and kind love repose,
Scattering trees and lawns with fragrance sweet;
But struck by rain or by excessive heat,
Drooping in death her faded blooms she strows :

Thus in the prime days of your youthfulness,
When heaven and earth admired your loveliness,
You turned to ashes, slain by Fate's decree.

For obsequies receive my tears' sad showers,
This bowl of milk, this basket full of flowers,
That, e'en dead, nought but roses you may be.

SONNET

(From the French of Ronsard.)

When you are old, and, in the firelight's glare,
By candle-glow your skeins of wool you string,
You'll read my verse, and say, awondering,
" Ronsard used praise me, when I—once—was fair."

Then shall your servant, dozing in her chair,
Tired out with toil, hear the glad, marvellous thing,
And at the sound of " Ronsard " up shall spring,
To bless your name with praise no years impair.

I shall have left this world, and, ghost at ease,
Shall be at rest among cool myrtle-trees :
You'll be an old, bent dame, whom memory's knife

Stabs with my love and with your proud disdain ;
Oh wait not till the morrow, think again :
Cull from to-day the roses of this life.

SONNET

(From the French of Du Bellay.)

Blest hills, and you, ruins of holy fame,
That hold the solitary title, Rome ;
You, aged monuments, where still has home
The dust-strewn praise of many a godlike name :

Triumphal arches, rising near heaven's dome,
Whom even high Olympus views with wonder,
Slowly a heap of ashes you become,
The people's legend, and the public plunder !

And even though for a time the buildings war
'On time, yet is it time's unmoved intent
That works and names at length shall be no more.

My sad desires, live you then content :
For if Time things so mighty does not spare,
He'll also end the misery I bear.

ECSTASY

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

I was alone near the waves, upon a starry night,
No cloud was in the sky, at sea no sail in sight;
Of worlds beyond this world the view to me was given :
And the woods and the hills, and Nature's mighty whole,
Murmuring confusedly, with questions seemed to hail
The sea's waves, and the waves of heaven.

And all that mighty host, the stars of shining gold,
Said, as they all bowed down their coronets of fire,
And the blue waves, whom nought controls and nought arrests,
Said, as they all bent down the white foam of their crests,
" It is the Lord, 'tis the Lord God, our Sire."

SONNET: CORRESPONDENCES

(From the French of Baudelaire.)

Nature's a fane from whose quick masonry
A confused sound of voices sometimes trembles;
Man journeys thither through a wood of symbols
That all observe him with familiar eye.

Like echoes long-protracted which from far
Confound their notes in dark, deep unity
That has both day's and night's immensity,
Sounds, colours, perfumes,—all are similar.

There are perfumes fresh as the flesh of boys,
Soft-toned as oboes, green as meadow-grass,
—And others, rich, corrupt, revelling in sin,

And having the nude candour of infinite space,
Like amber, musk, incense and benjamin,
That sing the soul's and body's highest joys.

THE ALBATROSS

(From the French of Baudelaire.)

Often, for their amusement, mariners
Take captive albatrosses, huge sea-birds,
That trail, like lazy fellow-voyagers,
The vessel gliding over angry voids.

But scarcely have they set them down on deck,
Than, clumsy and ashamed, these kings of air,
Mournfully let each mighty wing go slack
And hang beside them like a useless oar.

This white-winged traveller is clumsy and weak !
His beauty has become a comic sight !
A seaman with his briar jabs his beak,
Another counterfeits his limping gait !

The bard is like the sovereign of the clouds
Who rides the storm and mocks the archer's aim ;
Exiled on earth among the jeering crowds,
It is his giant's wings that make him lame.

SONNET: CONTEMPLATION

(From the French of Baudelaire.)

Be wise, my Sorrow, trust more in repose.
You besought Evening; he has floated down :
A veil of darkness ovespreads the town,
To these men bringing peace, and care to those.

While the dull mob goes reeling on its course,
Beneath the murderer Pleasure's cruel blows,
And in the servile feast plucks new remorse,
My Sorrow, give me your hand, quit their vain shows,

And come with me. Behold each long-dead year
Lean from the walls of heaven in faded gear;
Behold Regret risen smiling from the deep;

The sun beneath an arch in slumber bowed,
And hear, my darling Sorrow, hear sweet Night creep
Across the eastern sky, like a long shroud.

SONNET: MISFORTUNE

(From the French of Baudelaire.)

To raise so ponderous a weight,
Sisyphus, all but you would fail !
Although the heart be set on toil,
Long is Art's life, and short Time's date.

Far-off from every famous tomb,
Towards a solitary grave,
My heart goes beating notes of grief,
As though it were a muffled drum.

—Many a gem lies buried deep
In darkness and oblivious sleep,
Beyond the reach of pick or line;

Many a flower breathes with regret
Perfume mysteriously sweet
Among profoundest shadows lone.

G. M. H. Raper

GALE WARNING

My sweet, believe me, there are signs
That canker bites the root, that leaves wither,
As clouds above hot sunsets. Though you are mine,
What links, oh, my beloved, can hold in tether
Your heart and mine together?

I have heard the grating of the thunder's teeth,
Mouthing his prey, contemplating the end
Of our white destiny, of our untimely death.
I have not been deaf to the hot-mouthed winds,
That flatter, and after, rend.

This, then, as pledge; for when the sleet
Drenches the soil, or shelter yet may be
In the roots renewed with strength, in the freshened beat
Of earth's pulse; the storm-braved ecstasy—
Love's proof, the flowering tree.

M. J. Shanks

WOODSTOCK

Lines of blue smoke above the naked field
Proclaimed the passing of the Summer's pride,
And the rich grain the heedless acres yield
Lay in the barn there, where the huntsmen ride.
The greyness of the beech-trees by the way
And of the walls and houses of the town,
Showed that September in her dotage lay
And here the Cotswolds came into their own.
Here I drew rein, and though 't was long ago
And but one moment of an Autumn morn,
The beauty of that moment is not lost;
And I can still feel the careless glow
Of that first flowering of the arrogant dawn,
That momentary sparkle of the frost.

ETHER

Ice-cold at Aviemore in the white Cairngorms,
Distilled from the pine-woods trembling o'er the lake,
From desolate heather under the eagle's eyrie,
Lonely and pure, the spring in its wake.

Blustering over Dartmoor, blunted by granite,
Down Devon lanes, passionate and free;
Salt at Tower Bridge, over smoky steamers,
Heavy with the tang of the billowing sea.

All-pervading spirit, moody and majestic,
Tempestuous stranger, stirrer of the mind,
I salute you, dancer on the mountain,
Bird-lover, breath-bestower, life-giving wind.

YOUNG, unpublished writers
who have MSS which they
wish to submit are invited to send
particulars to the Fortune Press.

Novels, collections of short
stories, criticism and books of
travel are published by the Fortune
Press as well as poetry.

Poetry from the Fortune Press

ELEGIES	William Bell
THE UNCERTAIN MARGIN	W. J. Harvey
24 POEMS	Anthony de Hoghton
THE NORTH SHIP	Philip Larkin
THE LOST JULY	Roger Lancelyn Green
SONGS AND COMMENTS	Roger Sharrock
THE BESIEGED CITY	Desmond Stewart
EMBLEMS OF MORE	John Whitehead
WITHIN A SPACE	Anthony Gaiwood
SONGS & SONNETS FROM TWO CITIES	Paul Haefner
THE DANCING BEGGARS	John Garratt
POEMS OF AN ORDINARY SEAMAN	David Kendall
HARVEST IN HELL	Ian Davie
UNTIL NOW	Ruthven Todd
32 POEMS	Kenneth Gee
POEMS AND SONGS	Gavin Ewart
THE AUTUMN WORLD	D. S. Savage
CONFUSIONS ABOUT X	Julian Symons
POEMS	Roy Fuller
38 POEMS	Henry Treece
LETTER IN WARTIME	H. B. Mallalieu
THE WHITE ISLAND	George Woodcock
40 POEMS AND BALLADS	Francis Scarfe
INSCAPES	Francis Scarfe
A WISH IN SEASON	Nicholas Moore
THE ISLAND AND THE CATTLE	Nicholas Moore
THE CABARET, THE DANCER	Nicholas Moore
OUT OF THIS WAR	Tambimuttu
18 POEMS	Dylan Thomas
LYRICS OF LOVE AND DEATH	A. Vincent Bowen
NO WEED DEATH	Gervase Stewart
THE YELLOW NIGHT	Drummond Allison
FORTUNATE HAMLET	John Waller
SALAMANDER	Jon Manchip White
IN A TIME OF ASSASSINS	Richard Trudgett
THE WHITE KNIGHT	John Bayliss
WORLD IN THE HEART	Roy Porter
NOCTURNE IN EDEN	Christopher Middleton
THE IRREPLACEABLE MELODY	Eric Peters
A MINOR GEORGIAN'S SWAN SONG	Fredoon Kabraji
A YANK IN ENGLAND	Barrett Parker
THE MOUNTAIN	Toby Perkins
EARLY POEMS	R. Chapman & J. D. James
A ROMANTIC MISCELLANY	J. Bayliss & D. Stanford
LONDON SAGA	Stowers Johnson

