

THE BELOIT POETRY JOURNAL

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WOLF'S DEN, CONNECTICUT

Israel Putnam went him down,
 doing what he had to do;
the wolf she was fearful he would own,
 and so sly she left him nary a clue.

Israel Putnam went down to see
 if he could stop the fearful bitch;
he set him firm so not to flee,
 and clenched his teeth to face the witch.

Seventy slaughtered sheep betrayed
 the need of rope and light and gun:
Israel Putnam was unafraid
 and shot her; avenged them every one.

He shot her by the shine of her own
 angry eyes, the last remaining
of her kind alone and down
 she fell without complaining.

Israel Putnam, to give him his due,
 flung her carcass off the cliff;
now sheep are glad and merry too:
 the fearful wretch is silent and stiff.

Norman Friedman

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THE RETURNING

Did sometime last night you leave me?
Did you as padded as silence, loosing your figured
 broidery,
Arise noctambularly and slip like design from my
 presence?

Did you quit warmth of our pillow, gently untwine us,
Straighten the quilted covering
And over the inaudibles hovering
Lay hushed good-by?

It seemed in drawn midnight I heard
Light touch on the half-shuttered pane. Was it passing
 bird

Of its mate bereft
And singing cleft;
Or was it a spiralling vine that tendriled in dreaming,
Some moon-nymph a tune on the moonlight teeming,
Some god who stirred?

This known: there was hurt hiatus.
For length of a nebular gasp, there were light years be-
 tween us,
Void so unfilled
That (though this unwilling)
I breached the black veiling with scream (Oh mare of the
 midnight!),
When you in awakening awe, when with your lips on the
 lovetright,
You stilled me thus.

William W. Chance

THE TREES ADVANCING . . .

What are the tree stalks talking about
 as they walk about, elephantine, tossing
 their wrinkled
 hides about a tender tusk

Like waves, like heavy marching hooves
 they billow over hills, stalk hidden vales
 sturdily people hills.

Ancient, ageless, black in the day
 green in the light, moon-ghost bridled in the night
 refuge of the spider's web, roar of earth's
 black layer the living trees
 stride like giant myths
 from unread folklore
 wedged like crowbars between the day and night.

Kay Johnson

NOW IT SEEMS AS IF SOME GIANT PLAN

Now it seems as if some giant plan were caching me,
 Assuring me, as some great crinkled spider's web evolves
 its love,

That I am caught, it's dew's stunned jewel
 To jangle on its webbed boughs,
 Lilt, sift, wait, and wonder
 Until the entrancing spider does finger over
 The paths I spun her and suck me full
 of night-time wonder till mummied

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In her breath's chrysalis I am cut loose
To fall as lightly as a leaf.

Oh, insect wonder, that we the prey should be
To that most-dreaded spider and to the smolder
Of the forest floor dedicate
Our caught blue buzz.

Kay Johnson

THE HORSES

Rough moments like wild horses hard to ride
Pace around the time-face of my clock. Days
Become a child's night dream: I am not strong enough
Each moment, now, to ride these horses.
Invisibly they trample me.

Once I caught a white one. It bowed its knee.
Wordlessly, my fingers
Clutched into its breathing mane;
We flew through black forests,
Lept ditches, pitches fences far behind.

Because heaven is these horses
Black, red, grey, and white that daily travel
Each moment of our clock.

Kay Johnson

METAMORPHOSIS IN THE METROPOLE

Caught in the clutch of the condensing cold
 He watched the moon accumulate its ring
 Of wintery mold without concern.

Embers may freeze and icicles burn,
 He thought, before a man like myself will learn
 To understand his own desires.

Each particle of ice depending from
 His forest of overhanging wires
 Seemed pointed at the street to make him see

That sand will be rock and rock will be sand
 In timeless metamorphosis before his eye
 Will be able to trace or his hand to hold

This wick which autumn's graceful change
 May mix with twilight's descending cold,
 As mist too dense for a man to arrange

Encircles the edge of his moon with gold
 In a manner at once expected and strange
 Since his mind is made aware of that mold

Whose icy circles make each star burn
 Like a prophet predicting spring's return—
 While the moon, encircled by clutching trees,

Makes icicles burn and church spires freeze,
 If not at their tips then at least where each clock
 Proves time will be sand and sand will be rock.

Warren C. Hennrich

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FOUR SONNETS

- I They must have been a refuge, those tall tales
they told on lonesome voyages at sea—
long isolations where the mind soon fails
to chart precisely truth from fantasy.
A profane sailor, unbecomingly
serene through calms of superstition, awe
correctly reefing pirate prosody,
talked piously of ghosts his one eye saw;
the yellow hair that grew and curled and waved
from a yard-arm each time the moon was full;
the phantom sad faced monkey so depraved
that hardened men swore him most wonderful;
safe refuge for a lonely mariner
these witnessed tales of things that never were.
- II They called the old man "Chinee Egg" because
his head was slick as artificial eggs
of thin white chinaware, but their guffaws
at his well polished skull, and at the pegs
of pink sea shell, one through each ear, their laughs,
their fun of him, were edged with the fine spray
of jealous pity. Profane epitaphs
for him were never meant to brief his stay.
They knew at each full moon his avid eye
crept to the high yard-arm where yellow hair
was seen by him alone, and they knew why.
And too they knew that nothing anywhere
of this fetich private to his delight.

- III From the Marquesas westward half a day
incredibly and suddenly appeared
a sad faced monkey, phantom stowaway,
with silver whiskers and great eyes that leered
obscenely through a rusted quadrant. Men
accustomed to odd visitations on
shipboard stared at this scurvy citizen
and found no word in all their lexicon
disreputably sharp enough to shave
the moment of its unreality.
He sat there busy in the icy cave
of their shocked vision making drollery
indecent, and appalling even these
salt crusted souls with fearful lecheries.
- IV No other refuge have I but these quick
bright structures built when somewhere many weeks
from safety, suddenly the mind is sick,
and through the rigging of the eye there shrieks
a momentary wind. Then on the deck
of vision, swept clean by the now calm squall,
I, like those sailors, turn to architect
and carefully construct the many small
details and larger lines of apparition.
Fanatic zeal in craftsmanship insures
these elements of mutable condition
safe permanence, and from nowhere secures
a climate suitable to keep the beams
and joists of fantasy from warping seams.

Glenn Bacon

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ONCOMING SEA

The black rock holds the rising water up
against the coming in of other water.
We all look to someone else's struggle for art
and tend to recognize a fish, for example,
by a glass-eye's experience with it
reflecting to the top of the canvas the stroke
establishing its spray and shimmering scales.
Critics discuss the esthetics of all movement
where the bodies of the dedicated dance
in the broken sea. Only those with the artist's eye,
like the pensive stare of a drowned man
descending backwards to his sleep, can have
that knowledge of the tide that drags and lifts
us all. Out from the shattered line of shore
the spray delineates such shooting lines
that order with a calculated rage
the sum of this disordered world they know.

The large forms of nature command us all
to be the poems that pulse in the sounds
of shells, that swish in the fluid fronts of crabs,
each claiming in its blindness, "I am I",
tho the ocean roll him down, throwing up
its monuments to anonymity.
Within the deepest curve of each wave's embrace
the rock is held like an act of final faith.
The horizon is hurried by a brush
that paints hosannas to the dead and dying,
showing each in his own way how to believe.
The boiling vapors pile themselves in cones,
and in their tidal continuities

the artist's pencil finds the mobile motive.
 Serene and sacred, every random scrawl
 across that parallelogram of sides
 of rock and smoking seas and shooting spray
 runs like a hurried signature of God.

Earl Hendler

PROPHECY BY WATER

Understepping us, the magic of the pool
 holds (hand in hand) us three:
 Daddy (all hair), and Four, and chubby-buttocked Two,
 moving in bee and bird-song habited
 subaqueous green.

Our toes seek hold prehensile upon slippery
 stone where crawfish peer
 twiddling antennae, waving claw
 at Two's ten coral buds.

The interlineations whelks have spread,
 script of Persian, in the mirror's floor
 explicated could not read
 the fate of Four, nor where would fall
 that slender shade to limbo—
 Two's everlasting loss, their father's grief.

Bernard Raymund

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ONE FINE NIGHT

Floated all the way
Up to his room;
Soaped the right key,
Inserted his doom.

Crept under the door,
Lost the light;
Fell down on the floor,
Very sad night.

Clearly someone had hid
In the closet:
Asked, not to go mad,
Who was it?

Found the knob in his hand,
Yelled come out—
It did: no one's husband
Wielded the knout.

Sailed deep into purple;
Water was trod.
Roses flew from the steeple
Straight to God.

Neil Weiss

FOR MEN WHO GOVERN NATIONS

Then law by order of
 a species unbeneficent nowhere but on
 occasion—under circumstances—for when love
 having resource to faith with trust to span an ocean
 —matter of fact—in man's esteem for man,
 succumbed by dint of this conviction to no cause
 sooner than
 to any—then because
 the times roared murder, worse cried hunger—pitiously
 cried,
 appeals urging immediate action thrust
 down against invincible barriers sighed.
 So yet—but these are instances time can not rust.
 Things follow things with much consistence. If
 after the cymbals, lightning clear with prescience, white
 with shot
 here—there—papers fluttering and the scrawls—if
 after the sham what
 survived commenced extending along one—two
 several! pairs of feet concluding there—yours but
 ah how chivalrous they clicked approving once—do you
 recall—maneuvers in a rut—
 Men died and valor
 was the pale courageous green of April rising and a lily
 singing:
 possibly why—you know—but there were others—thaw
 with an insipid pity, trinkets, speeches anything

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so slight in shadow limping and so sad as little people
stripped
of Christmases then and forever; how
having so nobly tripped
across a slain school-yard, do you propose now
to restore the patched mittens no one—no one at all will
ever find . . .
even perchance a muffler dangling from a tree though
in your mind.

Margaret Toarelo

POEM FOR BETTY

I remember saying
your legs were moving
like a flight of geese
in a lovely storm

I remember geese
just before the dawn
flying in one direction
through a natural season

I remember centers
warm centers of old delight
I remember hoping
I would not need to remember.

Robert Sund

CEREMONY FOR BELLS

Magnolia,

That once was white and still,
 Ring now like bells of terror,
 That first rang hymeneal
 For marriage of my youth,
 Ring now the bells of terror.
 After the bridal song such evil
 Walked as the bride of all I feel,
 The veil of veils withdrawn
 Showed nothing but the face of truth
 Beneath the shuddering down of flowers on the lawn.

Burial, remember,

At the tolling of the funeral in the boughs,
 The petals gathered in cadaverous white,
 Corpses laid to flower, palm by palm
 The water carried from the wells
 Until the drouth of country graves arouse
 The eternal, never to be dispelled, mirage:
 Sockets of burnt cities far in time,
 The cities near at hand, ready to be lit.
 O for the death of deaths, the bells
 Ring all their ghosts among the trees with rage.

Ah, sweet country rest,

If the city flare in sleep,
 Let me cull from dream
 One floating corolla of fire
 Though it be quenched in morning's pallor
 And smoke in some charred chasm of desire.

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Surely, for this, the fire of dream
The world of beauty crossed with terror,
That I, one hand invulnerable, might keep
To wrest one drowning flower, fingers plunging like
a dove,
And ring us, burning, back to love.

Charles Edward Eaton

THE CHILDREN

Between my spirit and the burning sun,
O, Pilgrims in the landscape, men on horseback,
White herons rising radiant against the green
Of world and sky, in wonder have I seen
How everything is one, beneath the sun;—
The cricket-children of the inviolable grass,
Lean veins of wheat, goldblood of life,
The perfect water, all, all issuing from the hand
That made us one, whose one command
Created harmonies of leaves, hearts, stars and grass;—
And I have watched the eyes of children,
Under the noon, shine like a holy day,
Sparkle with the lifting light of birds,
Sweat-sheen of horses, but I have not found words
Equal to this love translating us, the children.

Carroll Coates

THE MEXICAN FISHERMEN

The surf boiled black, cold
 On the moonstruck sand of the old
 Aztec old beach at San Pedro

And the men . . . pacing the sand,
 Listening, baiting their salty lust.
 '(The grunyan land.)

"O God,
 Thou of the Fish! Thou devil!
 Spawn of spectral shifting bands!

"Slow! we invoke thee!
 (Ah! shall smoke thee!)
 Nando! tend the fire—See!

"Bring the nets, O quick quick
 But slow O
 Easy . . . then—damn the Moon!"

This moon, this clown winks off and on
 Through careless clouds, exits laughing
 At the men and their loss of the mocking fish

Who, churning the out-tide, spurning
 The men, their worship, are ignored by the boy
 Nando. He hops about on the oozing

Sand, peeved for the men at the sea's
 Scraping smooth his foot prints.
 An hour; two; all night

He cries to join their frantic jokes,
 Not knowing tonight's ritual will be,
 Tomorrow, a laugh that echoes, echoes.

Carroll Arnett

WANDER, DEAR, FAR AND WONDER THE HOUR.

Wander, dear, far and wonder the hour
When our green arms grew full, it is May
And all anticipation. Fruit is blossom now,
Eat with your eyes and wait the round flesh where flower
Was gay on the wind, for summer is near.

Wake in the night;
Take one beside you to task for his sleep
And wade the dark tide in the ring of the moon.

When gold silk burns in crew cut fields
The fruit grows old, black hank of age
Brittle with forgotten heat.

Go then in remembrance woods and fill
Your skull with the fruit of your days;
The cribbage years have come, the slow
Persuasion that takes you from desire.

But now the pilgrim trees
Have stood to chant our praise, the ringing
Marriage of our days is told in every dell.
The bell of promise tolls us where no doubt dwells.

Nelson Bryant

ON THE COAST, WHERE FALLS ARE DANGEROUS

The wind blows wet and cold, uproots the road.
 The fields, turned howling and miserable, clamor
 About the house. The whining morning grew
 To an afternoon gale and knocks the stones about
 Like bones. Why does the fire fret so? O why?
 Outside the sea is baffled by the cliffs
 And roars even through the heavy blast
 Of that terrifying sky. But surely the house
 Is safe, it is so old. Its history
 Must protect it—it has learned to outlast
 These storms. The cliffs have beaten back such seas
 For more centuries than we can think. Die?
 They never thought it. Nor this house. Be
 Sensible. It is only the fall storms come.
 Every year they come. We've seen them before.
 Of course the house will stand. It's stood a long time,
 And worse than this by a bit. We've only to wait
 And get used to things, and by and by—
 Yes, but look how the fire worries It
 Hears that wind and wet! Hear the roof
 Creak? Could we brace those beams? Age
 Is no security for future storms.
 Ah, how the rain does beat and the wind howl!
 The walls are stone, and maybe sound enough,
 But the roof, the windows—how the glass bends!
 We've not prepared for this war, and yet we knew
 It had to come. Listen! Listen! Look!
 At the door, at the door—

Anthony Ostroff

SOREN REGINA

I write, he said. Too stupid to fly,
Too impure to do real magic, I,
To work the transformation in a wink,
Must painfully and tediously think.

I fly, said she. Miraculously light,
I am too rare and beautiful to write.
I alone can dance the clouds and sing
The fragile air to shapes of anything.

I, he said, desire you—and to soar.
But I am heavy, the world is either/or,
And I know that to be is not to be content.
So heavy, I am determined on descent.

Then burn! she sang. For flames consume the air!
Your weight will win! I will be yours somewhere!
I am confused! he, flaming, cried. Undone!
You are mine to burn? Bright Love! What have I won?

Anthony Ostroff

OFF THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS

I have reaped the sickle edge of rain,
Rain harvests that had no grass.
In youth I let instead the lusty mushroom
Discover me.

Also have I known
The craving blade of rainwash, clean
To my clean bones. But overnight I rose
Upright in marsh ground, naked
Looming with rain.

Now, I do not cry; here; because I am bigger
Than a sea gull. A sea gull screams;
Urgently leaps into the wind
Following the concave shine of water.

Does it break, irrevocably,
The all-pathos of mirrors,
To look back at rain memories, unvexed?
A gull cries now to the other
Sea gulls—follow me.

Follow me.

Amador Daguio

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DUSKS

- I A day, deeply, after it all has paled
past pink and rust, is only, from here unto
my farthest touching where the stars are nailed
at sentinel stations, what we have been and loved.
(I have not spoken and I have not moved
from where you left me in the pearl and blue
great gold of morning that day was). I am
some infinite sky retaining in my span
all that a day was, no less a purple to rock
and rip me in, no less a dark, a deep.
This day is only all that we were, then,
night in its own pure holding needing ten
depths as dark to match us now, to keep
this day as sea, we as the waters' lock.
- II Yesterday Brooklyn was green when we were there,
October warm and leaves, though old, alive
to this last gentleness of breath and air,
this tremulous breath and air that will revive
all of you in me in its aching sweep.
Yesterday Brooklyn was light with all the dark
it is of dying grass within the deep
grey of the winter sun in the stone, stark,
terrible streets (the children falsely warm).
- This is the rhythm, pattern, thing, form
of it: no thing and formless. I went
them deeply, street, sun, stone, and I am old:
yet that all things evoke you yesterday meant
Brooklyn was warm again within the cold.

III I shall now deeply walk as sick among
 you, ready for all that is my place and love.
 (The dark is mounting and the bells are rung).

I shall go simply and the stars above
 the cities will be witness that I kissed
 all of you dying while I died beneath.
 Even as I was praying (thief!) I missed
 my eyes; someone was snatching at my teeth,
 and all my life began to fall away.

(My walls my rooms are always catch the play
 of light against the darkness). Kissed them, for
 I could not find you and my hands were slashed
 opening the street the year the sea that tore
 at us and, bloated plankwood, left us smashed.

IV New Jersey went up like a great smoke in
 the sky, dusk and all chimney-stacks dragging
 the nets of day down in the dusts of dark.

Now across bridges spanning what had been
 meadows of marshes, wilds of grass sagging
 beneath the wind. I rode, rode in the arc
 of a sinking day and a sweep of dark among
 sparks of the beginning stars: I rode
 stark under sky-dark with my hands all hung
 between the far-out lights I thought you showed
 from streets of houses, roadway roundings, bars.

Ride, ride: earth and the night lie long
 beneath us (ride!), between, darkly the song
 of land, and passing I rode), and the high stars.

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V I touch these stars knowing their light is yours,
this cold your cold, this night darkly your night
somewhere you are now in this far starlight.

Windows to the night and always tours
and pilgrimages seeking where you are
(while I am nowhere in all everywhere):
today was Dock Street, and the river air
raced on the cobbles to some salt-blown bar
all brown with Philadelphia inside,
no sun until, through to the wharves' cold tide,
the water glinted hard beyond the piers.

Windows, midnights of windows, as if to reach
in night on air through stars across to each
other, dark on the darkness steeped in tiers.

Herbert Morris

SONG

If prink a pose that never goes
Beyond the calyx of a rose
Or pierce a sky to find a high
As soft as can a butterfly
Or turn a scale to drop a tale
As deep as down the demon whale
Must halt before the world explodes
In alternating veins and nodes
And clap a different patty cake
When wide awake

Baxter Hathaway

SNOW HERON

unstrings the bough of dew
mute

 watching the cool pretense of dawn
 opening its rind
the snow heron stands with
a lilac thought,

 scaled claws caught
 round the bough
descends this tremulous thigh
seeking the curving leap of trout
 along the sinal wave

 undeciphered
as a dream, the anonymous desire
the wind ruffles the hollow feathers
of its throat,

 pale the diminishing moon
 drained of desire
 drowned in light.

Chris Bjerknes

RECOLLECTIONS OF . . .

I B e a r d

When I was a boy our neighbor had a beard.
 (Today our neighbor has no face
 but changes now from year to year,
 although he always owns his place.)

Slight are the things I used to own:
 a seashell and a leaden lamb.
 They can live in the world alone;
 they are not lost in it. I am.

II W h i t e N i g h t s

Each night, or every other night,
 there rises from the dead
 some familiar feature:
 some head or half a head.

Blue eyes or brown eyes,
 fluttering like birds;
 lips romantic worms have sucked,
 and words, words, words.

In the night and all night
 in clouds of white unsleep
 their hands move, their lips move,
 their brown or blue eyes weep.

III Servants

The cook has married the milkman;
the milkman loves the cook.
In a row the servants stand
like cut-outs from a book.

Gertie, Flossie, Awa:
my nurses in a row.
And many a darker flower
gone where dark flowers go.

The cook has married the milkman
and not the King of Sweden.
They honeymooned in Kirkwood
instead of honeyed Eden.

IV Never Owned

Her curls were like the little dog
I never owned and always chains
hung down the narrowness of neck
and her cheek showed thin blue veins.

She made herself into a thing
beyond my eyes to brush or reach:
vanilla skin, a thin gold ring
and the soft warm juices of a peach.

Herman Salinger

THE RIDER

And look, along the green bank of a stream,
Under the wind- and light-refracting trees,
A black horse is running through sun and shade;
The rider bends forward, loose is the rein;
They go as one through random breaking waves
Of earth and air, light, molecules and leaves.

He is not guiding—only that now and then,
Watching his time, responsive to the need
(As through this network and determined chain
Of blind force we master the will intercedes)
He leans into the wind and twists the rein
Ever so slightly, relaxing it again.

See, he depends on the stable form of things
To hold the intervals entelechy leaves:—
The beautiful beast along the winding stream,
The plummeting hooves, the dark flanks quivering:—
Through whirls of earth and air, the gold and green,
Perceptive spirit rides with loosened rein.

Charles G. Bell

NEGATIVE RESURRECTION

Blind in the night, remembering times of vision,
 From the unseen dark horizon thunder wakes
 Lost images of lightning; flickering streaks
 Of flame reform on the retina's prison
 Empires of brightness, soul's indwelling. Risen
 On the world the god of thunder shakes
 The drowned heart in the leaves. Blindness seeks
 The fountain of fire, destroying intercession.

Dark. Wind runs in the trees, depicting cloud.
 Sense gropes by shadows, as the sick desire
 Moves to the storm. Now two shapes gathering fill
 The past and future:—day-spring up torn shrouds
 Of the tomb; and here on the great west hill
 An old man, arms to the lightning, seized by fire.

Charles G. Bell

MOUNTAINTOP, SOLUS

Aloft, the tree finds sky enough
 to support, it being summer
 and cloudless. With night coming on
 and the wind a buttress of sorts,
 there will be time for earth again,
 and a rest from this posturing.

To drop into one's roots, that's it!—
 subterranean, washed by seep
 and lavished by decay. The thrust
 of long branches sharp into the air
 excites, but somehow wearies one.
 Here to rest, here now to forget
 the jealous rustling of the leaves,
 all envy of altitude, in
 slumping sleep among the cool rocks.

Frederick Eckman

IT WAS CROWDED IN THE PARK

I called out: You,
 over there by the jaded lilac bush
 Come out, I have something to say to you.
 There is only this yawning moment
 before I heel down the clipped path
 out of sight of the lacey bridge
 and your spurious ease by the lilac bush
 at the water's edge under the parabolic
 steel bloom this Sunday, come out.
 I must speak to you, I must get
 across to you over the loaded span
 peopled mellifluously, flowing ice
 cream cones, blowing with balloons
 bursting with bunches of silence.
 Come out, I must say anything to you.

Mortimer Slaiman

SEVEN GRAINS OF CORN

Later they could talk of it, they, the living,
They could place symbolic grains besides each plate,
Seven hard and uncooked grains each Thanksgiving:
Small and almost lost, their corn, among the great
Heaped trays of fruit, of fowl, the yield of planted
Ground, or bounteous gift from virgin wood and plain.
Aye, they could feast now, thank God for granted
Favor, but stark beside each plate there lay the grain,
Reminder of the bitter year, of hunger gnawing,
Of seven daily rationed grains, of dead who lay
In common unmarked grave that savages, though drawing
Close, might never guess how few remained.

Today

May we place seven grains beside each plate,
Or has it grown too late, oh bitterly too late?

Elizabeth Anderson

OPINION

Walls Of The Labyrinth. By Morris Weisenthal, Denver: Alan Swallow. 48pp. \$2.00

This first book is published as a prize in a competition conducted by Alan Swallow, publisher of the New Poetry Series under which project this volume was issued. Many of the poems included have been published before in periodicals here and abroad.

The book adds a new note to a familiar theme, "the contemporary scene. Several of the poems are outstandingly successful. Objective in their fusion of the personal and disciplined, they are a pleasure to read. Their tone is firm, compassionate; strong and capable at the same time of great sensitivity. Individual lines stand out with immense exaltation, reminding this reader of Hart Crane. The newness that Mr. Weisenthal adds to his subject is in his attitude. He has his spirit, his tradition. They remain firm. The Bible, particularly the Old Testament, appears to be the foundation of his thought. He has read the moderns, and is definitely influenced by them, but his direction is from the Old Testament, expressed either by statement or implication. In a poet of Mr. Weisenthal's sophistication and reading, this is what strikes one as new. The existentialist despair today does not touch him. Bitter and self accusatory by turns, the hope and encouragement that one is able to take away springs from the very strength of his indignation.

Breakwater: Atlantic City

The beast hurtles its tides, wastes its strength
 On our cunning—rushes, subsides
 Into the vastness of its amphitheatre,
 White horns trailing from the cape
 And ears taunted with peanut shells and laughter.

At war time—the time dead sons fell heavily
 On their mothers—I soldiered here.
 At this elegant absurd resort
 Where buxom charities kissed the potential corpse,
 Hourly I heard vengeance
 Knock on this shore; here my innocence drowned,
 In no ritual but the abyss of law.
 Beast of no form, of no sleep,
 lolling gigantically or maned in battering spume—
 Roar in our remorseless ears,
 Eat our frauds, wrestle and throw our dreadnaughts;
 Corrode our vanities.

There are mistakes in the book here and there: a too great condensation of material; overuse of ellipses; lapses in diction; endings weak or abrupt in meaning; echoes of remembered reading. The accomplishment for that reason should be the more emphasized. Modern verse techniques were formed to demolish the smug, degenerated religious tone of the 19th Century. Mr. Weisenthal employs these same techniques to re-introduce a re-invigorated faith. At least four poems in this short book are successful in this attempt: **Tiresias**, **Absorbed in the World's Will**, **Chorus**, and **Descent**. These may herald the start of a fundamental re-examination among us. We have felt it stirring restlessly for some time. In that light, Mr. Weisenthal's book is a serious and distinguished contribution.

D.I.