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SPIRITUAL

It's not true that the crust
 is the best part of the bread—
and a man can taste the dust
 a lifetime before he's dead.

Oh Lord, every night, every night has a morning.
Oh Lord, take me wearily, wearily home.

In the heart of the baby leaf
 the baby worm lies curled—
and the sunlight is always brief
 at the bottom of the world.

Oh Lord, every night, every night has a morning.
Oh Lord, take me wearily, wearily home.

The hounds bayed at my back
 whatever way I went.

There's some was just born black
 and never been innocent.

Oh Lord, make one night, make one night without
 morning.

In the dark, oh Lord, take me wearily home.

Maggie Rennert

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THREE POEMS

Horned Moon

We all are floundering people
Set between god and devil,
Some watching east, some west
And each one seeing best,
Except that sometimes I
Look round from either sky
And see with eyes and mouth
A sunset in the south
And a crescent moon come forth
Delicate in the north
And so do other people,
None of them good, none evil.

And Battles Long Ago

They were four sea-gulls on a minnowed rim
Of beach, three with the two legs, one with one.
The three were shoving him and pecking him
Into his tumbled and lop-sided run.
Or was it pelicans I saw instead?
No, no. The pelican I saw was dead.

The Beach

However deep he knows
The catch in laughter,

However far he sees
 The sunset reach,
Yet out again he goes
 The evening after,
The shawl across his knees
 Upon the beach.

Witter Bynner

SONG

The city has ceased to surprise us
With its lions.
No longer are we terrified
By its dense jungles,
Or the thick sickness
Of its wild fruit.
We have learned to avoid
The haunts of head-hunters.
Cannibals around their campfires
Elicit a wry smile.
Lost is the fascination of jewelled snakes
Rattling in dried grass.
The drums adumbrating night
Are correct as clocks.
We are careful that the savage dance
Does not weary us,
Cautiously approaching the place of sacrifice,
For we expect no Spring.

Phyllis Schub

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WE SAT LIKE QUAIL AT QUEMOY

one to a niche, playing the nose flute
of candle-blued gun barrel: like gods-elect
except for the loss of that ancient plumage. No more
lobes of jasmine, no torn-silk lips, no melting
tink of belled-silver. Ferns grew wild in our veins,
eyes the protective color of burial sand.

Navels that once, wakened chrysanthemums, brightly
we used to kiss and to lacquer, then

in the prickling silence, when sweat ran swift
down the humpback of waiting, like sand; then

as the sweatband of day grew dry and shrunken
and brains gave off their stench, we contemplated

each his navel, wondering. **Was it worth a navel?
How do we come like a laugh, from that pucker**

of birth? Far, afar off: night read us like a dirty
mandarin word, on the mountain wall where they
nested us.

Will the sentry dogs come back from the beach, now?

Soon? Retrieve us? How afraid we were that the dogs,
almighty,

might come back from the beach; by the light
of their teeth, rediscover these last and remnant decoys:
us.

Leonard Casper

JEDERMANN IN BERN**We are travellers and not responsible****I—Prologue**

Touring up from the slack backwaters of our summer,
 With apples and cheese in the neat forest,
 Far in the pinewood from the fiercest
 Blaze of Provence or Mediterranean tremor,

We came coasting down the sleek republican valley
 By cobbled courtyards and shadowed eaves,
 By candid snowfields over the coves
 Of postcard lakes. Released from the traveller's folly,

The comic scavenge for the expected strange
 Or pilgrimage after the moral landscape,
 Wearing our citizenship like a duncecap,
 Submitting to search, misdirection, the rate of exchange,

We drank sweet beer in the court of a gabled barn,
 And at quiet nightfall, speechless and dirty,
 Came on at last to the capital city,
 Came to this holy politic city of Bern.

II—City

At seven the washed facades
 Displayed to market carts
 And horses. The sun unbolted doors.
 Correct arcades,

Shop windows, the tall clock
 That struck the quarter hours

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Along our straight and narrow street
Wished us good luck.

We went to the bear pit,
And sat by the bridge wall,
Looked in on the old town below,
Gave cigarettes

And talked of common good
When wives and artisans
Respect the clean industrial claim
A mild fond god

Lays on us who receive
The weight of his good will
Freely to graft in us his gift
Of civil love.

III—Citizens

Goethe and Arnold stopped here, and Stendhal,
Hardest to please, whose thought resisted Alps,
Admired what way mere architecture will
Foretell their grosser style. The precedent helps:

As when the Aarë's quickening waters turn
The corner into town and on the swift
Slide of the current shouting swimmers churn
And flail for balance as they downward drift,

The civil prospect cheers them too. That hand
Moves mountains that can build what learned men
And sportsmen both pledge their lives to. The command
Of death's contested and life borne again.

IV—Jedermann

Enviably as these actors, who can play at life
 Or death because for both
 They have their parts and time to breathe,
 We, wise in privilege, will not in this place come to grief

Who come and go at pleasure, put on whatever
 Each new found land or town
 May at our mercy let us put on
 Whom to their settled mischances no obligations deliver.

We are not poor lovers who have no place to come to
 But watch here at our will;
 If the brasses blare and God's voice call,
 If his furnished friends entreat occasions, betray or
 seem to,

And his good deeds mock him from helpless knees,
 His part is not our part—
 Which is to praise the illusion, assert
 The modest merit of the city's performances:

Yet the scythe sweeps, and the rueful church bell utters
 Truths the amounting illusion
 And artful players insist on, lesson
 Even for licensed pilgrims—that what they play at
 matters,

That our days, being transitory as this action,
 Will call us to an account
 No plea can temper of time well spent,
 Travellers not in some chosen but in a final direction.

William Basement

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RE-MAKE OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

montage: drama of ancient israel
 seaside amusement park

camera:

action: holier than thou we are : too partial to holy love
 joseph rejects the lady potiphar's embrace
 feeling proud in geometric egypt's land : beside
 bawd : denial makes fertile a barren waste
 of wives : yearly overflow on loins of passive sand
 o stroll the board walk of the absolute soul
 in search of isolated satisfaction
 sideshow studded thrills : piece out :
 immaculate conceptions populate
 the empty land of love:
 in righteous rut get generations just
 in the name of the lord
 have no other gods before US:
 what plagues pharoah leaves israel free
 to worship golden calf or milky thigh
 is but an inter:lude: sensation subjoined:
 in the wilderness awash—red seas traversed
 with no one wet: celebrate:
 revere beach that pulls us through:
 dry saunter: ascend the slope of revelation
 roller coaster roaring up steep sinai: mount
 pisgah is the next peak: view
 there on your left we have the promised land
 rich in milk and sonny
 stretching all the way to the pacific
 by parlor car and pullman in the winking of an eye:
 wafted across a continent on the happy harem carpet
 of a traveling salesman's timeless tale
 spin: election's fixed wheel

win: rosy-cheeked chalk angel:
 token of immortality: puts chosen people
 through the turnstile needle's eye
 camel arched incandescent pearly gates
 hosanna! house of airjet fun
 exalt hot hips disembodied thighs high-hosed
 hail hall of holy:wood idols: busts
 pad out our pusine pantheon:
 o pyramids o obelisks abstract
 phallic prongs: spike down swift sliding heaven
 slips from emptiness into
 charged sea of consummate beauty
 venus bore
 from intercourse of body and mind:
 emasculate such whole: some vision
 cut:

Robert Meredith

THE COMING FORTH

The glare on the godly sledge crawled between crags;
 Redder the rays than before, the road bleaker;
 Dust that year dimmed the river, dry at the due time,
 Wooden gears ground in the gorge, wound by the buffalo,
 Sakiyeh squeaked, buckets of shaduf baled sludge
 Thick up the terraces; men of dun color
 Still harrowed and seeded sand as the hornèd lamp passed,
 Leaving the unleavened dead droning among the
 potsherds,

We have done no sin, we have not sinned,
 Our hearts have not been hasty,

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We have not broken the corn, we have not been
covetous,
We have not robbed, nor reduced the size of the
measure,
We have not slain men, nor spoken overmuch.

Slower the god, light lowered, all day gone to this hour.
Poised white in the hide trembled the pendulous slow-
wheeling tears

Of stars in the shaduf, rived from the trickling river,
Straws without bricks, skulls ticking in blackness,

Our crimes are not, we have done no evil,
Our voices have not been high, nor have we lied,
We have not slaughtered divine bulls, not
blasphemed a god,
Not taken god's property. We stand not impure
before god.

Into the great double house the dim disc, hollow the
groans of his going
In the mouths of the Memnons, ringed with his rubbish,

We have not burned dung in god's presence

And the duned gold clean drifted over the forepaws of
time.

James Blish

FOUR GREEK POETS

from MYTHICAL STORY

Number 9

The harbor is old, I cannot wait any longer
 for the friend who left for the island of pines
 or the friend who left for the island of plane trees
 or the friend who left for the open sea.
 I caress the rusted cannons, I caress the oars
 so that my body may revive and make decisions.
 The sails give off the odor only
 of salt from the other storm.

If I chose to remain alone, I sought
 solitude, I did not seek such expectant longing
 the shattering of my soul at the horizon
 these lines, these colors, this silence.

The stars of the night bring me back the expectancy
 of Ulysses awaiting the dead among the asphodels.
 When we moored here among the asphodels we wished
 to find
 the gorge which saw Adonis wounded.

Number 12

Bottle in the Sea

Three rocks, a few burnt pines, an abandoned chapel
 and farther above
 the same landscape copied starts again;

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three rocks in the shape of a gate-way, rusted
a few burnt pines, black and yellow
and a square hut buried in whitewash;
and farther above, over and over,
the same graduated landscape starts again
to the horizon, to the setting sky.

Here we moored the ship to splice the broken cars
to drink water and to sleep.
The sea which embittered us is deep and unexplored
and unfolds a boundless calm.
Here among the pebbles we found a coin
and rolled dice for it.
The youngest won it and disappeared.
We embarked again with our broken cars.

Number 22

Since so much has passed before our eyes
that our eyes have not seen anything, but beyond
and behind memory like the white drape one night in
an enclosure
where we saw strange visions, even stranger than you,
pass by and vanish in the motionless foilage of a pepper-
tree;
since we have known this fate of ours so well
wandering around among broken stones, three or six
thousand years
searching in collapsed buildings which might have been
our home
trying to remember dates and heroic deeds;
shall we now be able?