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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;

12

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?

Since we have been bound and scattered,
 since we have struggled, as they said, with nonexistent
 difficulties

lost, finding again a road full of blind regiments
 sinking in marshes and in the lake of Marathon
 shall we now be able to die according to the rules?

George Seferis

translated by **Edmund Keeley**

DRINKING THE SUN OF CORINTH

Drinking the sun of Corinth
 Reading the marble ruins
 Striding across vineyard seas
 Sighting along the harpoon
 A votive fish that slips away
 I found the leaves that the psalm of the sun memorizes
 The living earth that desire takes pleasure
 in opening.

I drink water, cut fruit,
 Thrust my hand in the foliage of the wind
 The lemon trees irrigate the pollen of summer
 The green birds tear through my dreams
 I leave with a glance
 A wide glance where the world is recreated
 Beautiful from the beginning to the dimensions of the
 heart!

Odysseus Elytes

translated by **Edmund Keeley**

THE MAD POMEGRANATE TREE

Inquisitive matinal high spirits
a pleine haleine

In these all-white courtyards where the south wind blows
 Whistling through vaulted arcades,
 Tell me, is it the mad pomegranate tree
 That leaps in the light, scattering her fruitful laughter
 With windy spite and whispering,
 Tell me, is it the mad pomegranate tree
 That quivers with foliage newly born at dawn
 Raising high her colors in a shiver of triumph?

On plains where the naked girls awake,
 When they harvest clover with their light brown hands
 Roaming round the borders of their dreams—
 Tell me, is it the mad pomegranate tree, unsuspecting,
 That puts the lights in their verdant baskets
 That floods their names with the singing of birds—
 tell me

Is it the mad pomegranate tree
 That fights the cloudy skies of this world?

On the day that she adorns herself in jealousy
 With seven kinds of feathers,
 Girding the eternal sun with a thousand blinding prisms
 Tell me, is it the mad pomegranate tree
 That seizes on the run a horse's mane with a hundred
 whips

Never sad and never grumbling—
 Tell me, is it the mad pomegranate tree
 That cries out the new hope now dawning?

Tell me, is that the mad pomegranate tree
Waving in the distance,
Fluttering a handkerchief, leaves of cool flame,
A sea about to bear a thousand ships and more
With waves that move a thousand times and more
And then go on to unscented shores
Tell me, is it the mad pomegranate tree
That creeks the rigging high in the lucid air?

High as can be, with the azure cluster of grapes
That flares and celebrates, arrogant, full of danger—
Tell me, is it the mad pomegranate tree
That shatters with light the demons' tempests in the
middle of the world

That spreads far as can be the saffron ruffle of the day
Richly embroidered with scattered songs—
Tell me, is it the mad pomegranate tree
That unfastens with haste the silk apparel of the day?

In petticoats of April first and cicadas of mid-August
Tell me, she that plays, she that rages, she that can entice
Shaking out of threats their evil black darkness
Spilling in the sun's embrace intoxicating birds
Tell me, she that opens her wings
On the breast of things
On the breast of our deepest dreams,
Is she the mad pomegranate tree?

Odysseus Elytes

translated by Edmund Keeley

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IN THE GRIEVER'S COURTYARD

In the griever's courtyard no sun rises
Only worms appear to mock the stars
Only horses sprout upon the ant hills
And bats eat birds and cast off sperm.

In the griever's courtyard night never sets
The foliage only vomits forth a river of tears
When the devil passes by to mount the dogs
And the crows swim in a well of blood.

In the griever's courtyard the eye has gone dry
The brain has frozen and the heart turned to stone
Frog-flesh hangs from the spider's teeth
Hungry locusts scream at vampire feet.

In the griever's courtyard black grass grows
Only one night in May did a breeze pass by
A step light as a tremor of the meadow
A kiss of the foam-trimmed sea.

And should you thirst for water, we will wring a cloud
And should you beg for bread, we will kiss a nightingale
Just wait a moment for the wild rue to open,
For the black sky to flash, the mullein to flower.

But it was a breeze that vanished, a lark that disappeared
It was the face of May, the moon's whiteness
A step like a tremor of the meadow
A kiss of the foam-trimmed sea.

Nikos Gatsos

translated by Edmund Keeley

OBSTACLE TO WHAT

Obstacle to what?

I recalled the signal's greeting
as you sighted us from four miles away
when we returned after many years.

You recognized the ship
with the blonde hero's name
—seed of the sea with landsman's fate.—

We brought you nothing more than stories
of distant places, memories
of precious things, of perfumes.

Do not seek their weight upon your hands;
your hands should be less human
for all we held in exile;

the practice of touch, the struggle of weight,
exotic colors
you should feel in our words only
this night of our return.

Obstacle to what?
the mast that told you
of our return?

I. D. Antoniou
translated by Edmund Keeley

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TWO POEMS

Blues

A distinguished redneck folklorist
Has delivered his considered opinion
That the blues express the Nigra's self-pity.
But self-pity tastes sweet,
Like perfumed tears,
Or the magnolia cud
Which the eminent redneck stores in his mouth
To keep his taste company.

One night I heard the blues
In the cement city of Chicago,
Beaten into shape
By a black man at a black piano,
Beating hard clear sharp form
Into the blackness that contained him,
Shouting

**Soon this morning 'fore the break of day,
Put my head on the pillow where my baby used to lay.
Well, soon this morning,
'Bout the break of day,
Put my head on the pillow
Where my baby used to lay.**

And I have found,
With you, my dearest, gone from me,
The starkness
And the sentience of this sound:
Articulation stamped around
The penetrating stuff of darkness,
Brackish of that dead salt sea

In which all sweetness and all pity drowned.

Will the distinguished redneck say of me
That I am obsessed by sex
And incapable of civilization?

Chadwick Hansen

Empire State Building

Earth-ore was smelted,
Sea-sand poured to make
This city's Maypole,
Phallic stake

In which are, level
After level, stacked
The new god's votaries,
The entrance packed

With neuter priests
In flanneled gray
And office girls in scarlet, turquoise, gold,
In order that the rite they serve seem gay.

Come closer. See this woman's forced red mouth
Part over small sharp teeth. The wound's not taped!
Or not a wound? The question is,
Who, after all, is getting raped?

Chadwick Hansen

20

THE SACRAMENT

All the breadlong day she moved about the house
And nibbled at its crust, until she saw Carl
Walking griefwards with his shadow to the barn,
Whereless in his step and heedless of the cows,
And she wondered how he could be so thoughtbound.
What sad, whyful thing could make a man so lost
Within his world that he had no fisthold on
It to demand a moreness for his account?

She turned from that window to the hopeside one
Where she had reseeded a world of her own,
A garden like the days of her truthhood, green
And fenced in its innocence, flowering trust,
Where flowers became their dreams when they woke up.
Reminded by the sky hanging out the moon,
She hung hers in the doorway, then lit the room
And hurried to her oven's tomorrow crumbs.

He came in quietly and guilt-rubbed his face,
Seeing Jen's waiting at the table. "Ev'ning,"
He said and heard her reply creak underneath
As he woodenly walked to the sink and draped
A towel around his neck, unwishing the blame.
If soap and water clean could make a man feel
Holy, what use would the devil's mirror be?
He felt no such deception while she said grace.

They ate their silence from faithworn plates and spoons,
Swallowing the forgiven coffee used twice
Each day and aware of the greater trespass
They shared in this house which was their staybetween.
Cracked like their hands and cups, who knew when its
seams

Would give? In the fearwhile, the question unasked
 Kept their lips still, as though words tempted a risk
 Beyond their strength to mend should the seams be
 loosed.

The meal done, she freed the table from its chore
 And brought him the county's weekly paper, their
 Footnotes to other people's answers and prayers,
 Then bent to her needlework, seeking accord.
 Lost by, he stared unseeing at the words poured
 Through his eyes as though, shuttered against exposure,
 The negative in his mind could be immured
 In its acid and yet bring some meaning forth.

For a hurt away and far as a man might walk
 On a friendly day to a neighbor's door, lay
 Nielson's farm, a credit to God had He made
 It with His hands, but none to the man whose straw
 Grew luckside up as though his plow left a spore
 Of gold in every furrow. It was a trade
 So many seasons back, his reasons became
 Changestricken at this stranger who sat absorbed.

Touched to the slow, Carl paused and tested the bowl
 Of his pipe, needing a valid doubt to prod.
 Had he pawned his soul to find refuge in rocks
 And let a waterfall drain in a sinkhole?
 Through the smoke, he traced the wry and twisted road
 Down whenless years that had plunged him here to rot—
 And yet, of Nielson he had required no bond
 Of hate, for this neither one had bought or sold.

Torrent to trickle, not friendship had reversed
 The law, but an unnatural love for worm for bird,
 Of plant for weed, of a sterile man for Merle,
 A woman he could not wed and mark as cursed

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Without destroying the very universe
That had mothered her and which she owed rebirth.
"You take the farm and Merle. I'll make my own world
Over." The words had been all too well observed.

He had not known how close hell was to heaven,
Not then and not while he lived in it alone,
Watching Merle's seed grow beyond his graveyard slope
From buried dreams she never guessed were even
There, living as she did within her children's—
Not until another came to share his ghost
And made him see that death was not like a coat
One wore and had mended by a wife named Jen.

All the thought round, he gnawed on the bitter rind,
Hungerwhelmed for a taste of Nielson's larder,
That orchard whose fruitening he had bartered
For peelings, and dry angered at the two mice
Who squeaked in their chairs, each resigned
To his own corner of an empty cupboard,
But mostly ashamed because he could not convert
Thorns into leaves, grapes from stones, thirst into wine.

He cleaned his parched pipe from its ashes and stood
To wind a watch with broken springs, setting it
For tomorrow when his shadow would be hitched.
"I'm turning in, Jen. You come before you cool."
His footsteps made the attic cling to the roof
As she folded her needlework's piece of silk
In a sewing box made like an infant's crib,
Then raised herself and blew its darkness on the room.

Elizabeth Bartlett

A SIN OF FEAR

"I have a sin of fear:" the dying Donne
 Shrank in the hollow of that giant palm
 Which once had caught and counted him and clutched;
 He saw the five vast fingers widen, watched
 The huge and careless fist unclench; and fell
 Down through layered smoke and flame and ash,
 Down through and out the bottom pit of Hell—
 A pebble that returned no click, no splash.

This my sin too, sad teacher, sin of all
 Our kin and kind, sin of that cardinal
 Who would not sell his god to buy his state,
 Yet traded both to look on his own face
 Grown fast into the heel of his god's hate.

Was not this fear, this sin of fear, the same
 Which moved the unrisen Christ to press his side
 Against the cutting edges of his tribe
 Until they pierced him sweet, public pain
 Of perfect selflessness bled self again?

To Donne and Mindszenty and Christ, I cry,
 "I wear an even greater fear: If I
 Be self but to the mirrors I prepare,
 I fear I cannot even wish to dare
 To slip through fingers, any fingers, fall
 Out of my frame: my language, map, or law;
 To walk unbid, unbarred, unclenched, unclaimed;
 To go unwhipped, undamned, and unashamed—
 My sin is fear that I can never plead,
 'Unmake me, Maker; Doer, undo your deed.'"

Alberta Tucker Turner

24

KOOLO THE CAT THE BLACK ONE

Christopher, Kate, and Michael
in a row on the bench in the kitchen
eating lunch—
pattern of round brown eyes and yellow hair,
cycle of thoughts expressed and half expressed,
question and interruption,
now a

pause:

a solemn sucking of milk through colored straws.

Christopher says:
Koolo the cat the black one—
Goes alone to the wood, says Kate—
Walks alone, says Michael,
and sometimes he never comes home for breakfast,
says Michael.

Maybe Koolo catches mice, I tell them,
and isn't hungry.

How,
says Christopher,
do cats know
that mice taste good?
(alone to the wood, alone to the wood, sings Kate)

Instinct, I tell them,
and at their puzzled look I add:
built-in,
comes-with-the-cat,
they know, they know.

For thousands of years, I tell them, oh
for thousands of years cats have eaten mice.
Ever since there were cats and mice.

But that's not very nice of cats, says Kate.
Too late for change, says Michael.

How,
says Christopher,
did the first cat know
that the first mouse would taste good? How?
says Michael.
(alone in the wood, alone in the wood, sings Kate).

Juli Nunlist

LAWYER

Rowena Rowena
blue dark plum dark
walks her bike up the Nassau hill
laughs through a cloud of coral dust

Rowena Rowena
makes a song of her name
a call through the isles and out to sea

Rowena Rowena
mother works like the slaves we were

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she gives me what she can
but I don't want to grow up like mother
back there in the colored section
I want to be a lawyer
go out into the world and study law
before the law the least is great

Rowena Rowena
reaches a red hibiscus for her hair
walks under Bahamian fruits
mangoes sea grapes pomegranates
not there for the picking
all belonging to someone according to law
looks past coraled water
melted beryl and amethyst
to the far blue
whale bellied ships silvered flight

Rowena Rowena
bikes to the law court at Rawson Square
white wigged justice crown and scepter
justice clear as the seas below
straight through to ribbed sand sea hair
a lawyer I'm going to be a lawyer
walk a just world

I Rowena

Emilie Glen

WATER-GRAVED

1. (You are drowned, yes, you are drowned.)

Green swimming eyes swifiting into mine
 that were too terrorized by sun,
 blinded by alluring dimple-shine
 on crisply curling surf,
 afraid of any water, eye or sea,—
 all too treacherously soft and deep,
 all too apt to whip and snare,—
 until your beaconing of smile, and then
 dry terror disappeared.
 In umbrella-bellied shade becalmed,
 you caught me crooning weather-news
 to a gray-clad lady with vacant gritty eyes,
 and swept me, buffeted by breeze,
 unfastened feather to my own surprise,
 into unfathoms of a rinsing green,
 persuading me to shed timidity
 and plunge into your rock-protected pool,
 laughing at lust, but lust more loudly laughed.

We were drowned, yes, oh yes, confess
 that we were drowned in love,
 although at first we misinterpreted
 our thirst as one for water, foolishly.

(You are surely drowned.

Eels infest your hair, your amber hair.)

Oh, how first we loved the sound
 of voices wetly whispering of love.

(What wet whispers do you hear

now in your seaweed-earringed ear?)

My lovely (drowned).

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(With little lolling lullabye,
lids of pearl blot out each eye.)
Sweet and sweet and piercingly,
down, down in sweet-caressing sea,
sweetly unto pain we dove,
by this pain beguiled, enthralled,
sweetly, swiftly, softly down,
never pausing, never appalled
by the sweeter secret heart
of deeper, darker love
until, with long-held breath,
we gasped and burst
and knew.

2. Love, love, ah, love,
love,—
laughter skims,
laughter skips,
on skittish feet,
on slippery sands of
strands of
love,—
merrily we leaped,
ankles child-inspired,
hurrying to understand,
to greet each other's weight of
freight of
love,—
and shower our skins
with sensory delight
of spurting, spouting,
shooting, shouting

love,—

ah, my love, never depart, never depart

from this capering of heart,

oh, never depart, no, never to part

never to be and also be apart.

Lusty laughter romps and rolls

among the lustrous shells

(dead)

dancing, prancing, scrubbed and scoured

like a wind-capped crest.

(drowned)

chancing to glisten

against my lustered breast.

(dead)

Deeply we dive, deep into the sea,

where the garden of children

spreads beds before our eyes

and paths of broken pearls,

where branches of coral tip-touch our toes,

clutch our boldly rolling hips

and our dripping thighs.

(drowned)

Deeply we dive

into the sea,

into the fountain

(down) of love.

So deeply we dive into love

(into death).

3. Drowned, you are drowned,
 yes you are drowned my love.
 Slow in sorrow swoops the shore.

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Lovely the look upon your riddled face,
(but drowned).

Lovely. (Drowned).

Lovely the smile upon your sea-bleached lips,
(but drowned).

(Drop, drop, by lovely bleeding drop,
our lips reluctantly let spill
the voiceless tongue of love.)

Ocean-air is chill.

(Drop, drowned, by drop,
without outpouring words,
we declared our love.)

Down swoon birds.

Your body burned upon the burning sand
or pressing pearly to me through the fog. . . .

Slowly, slowly, yearning grain by grain erodes the
shore.

Your body burning upon my body burned
or moon-made pearly as we slowly turned. . . .

(Drop by evil drop,
your flesh disintegrates.)

Where have you gone now to sleep?

Was I so dull?

Return, undrowned, return.

Your body burned upon the turning sand
or moon-marred, misty, spilling moonlike milk . . .

I need you, want you, crave you,

(it is too late,
oh god too late
to save you),

love you, have you,
and have lost

your body branded upon my sand-glass brain

or brimming to me pearly in the
 fog,
 fog,
 fog.

4. With cleaver-sharp shell, slice open this chest,
 sluice out the storm of bile
 fumed with vile despair.

Batter me,
 scatter my ashes to feed heart-hungry seas
 (dead dead dead)
 rage and howl,
 scream slash spit crash
 shatter dash
 bash my ocean-roaring skull.

(Was I so dull?)

Gape, open wounds, with horrid lips
 grind out the hate I feel.
 Grimace hideous abandoned hips
 the loathing for the hate I feel,
 the hate of you, the hate of me,
 the hate of damning God.

(Swirling of arms, elbows, ears,
 torso, portal, hair,
 whirling in an open pool
 scum-surfaced with despair.)

Gone. Gone. Gone.

I hate, I hate, I hate this damning God,

I love

oh love why did you go?
 undulant to dwell in colder depths?
 and leave me stranded?

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on wind-racked coasts of solitude?
Why did you disappear
 leaving me marooned
and unappeased?
 Why did you die?
Spatter gore on the jetties, putrescence on the docks,
 spew poison on the locks of love,
 leap smashing into tides of blood
 (and drown).

5. Deep and down and darker
 (death),
down and deep and darkest
 (death),
the water trills its song,
 it ripples and trickles its liquid dirge,
 laps its selfish self-washing lament,
 its loose and lolling lullabye.
Reunite, shall we reunite?
 Waters wait, waters invite.
 Too late? Too late.
Foul, foul, the ocean flings its spume.
 Decayed, decayed, the love we once compared,—
 grown rotten, grown rank, the passion we shared.
(Floating with the face of love turned down,
I see you still. Why did you choose to drown?)
Beaten by the waves,
 eaten by the fish who scavenge on such rafts of love,
 destroy me too!
 Brusque and abrupt the breakers
 cleanse the muck from ivory bones.
 Strident trumpets rise above the spray

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NIGHTH'CRY, PT

I dreamed it fully
de)Th in its ghosts of)no
M Ere matter of more sorDid
seeK) il (ling e ring yet
Hor Rid m y Ears though pass
An hun dread y Ears and' memory

Then lis Ten! o c Lock ed in I
Found mysel F or bade on
By the strange in fluences I
Am on g St ones of lost
Moon ru sHeDi smal I ight
Murder with lamp)
soMe T hings fantastic
w Ere dawn (ing)

When t Here w As a gre At
Open grave th'arm of cadaver
Reached it however fell
L On g Low booming deep s
" "dead hideous) I
thunderstruck!

I stum Ble D am!On g
one's h and grasped grisly
corpse of a maniac had
fil"Thy lips! - it had dare!
A c Old sin Is Te Rat
is M, uck c over eDges
Ab Out it for (ces
Love of me reach Es cape
Thing kiss Es)chew

Nobody's help. I plunged
 a dagge R eally in decay
 ghaſt Ly in g low ing crumbs! I
 th ought to awake I dreamed
 having(kil Led one all
 rea(dy ing of it) dead
 ening Evening I ha D
 wells in dreams ir (rat)
 ion al I unheard of
 difficul ti Es cape

I assumed myſelf a murder'R an'
 Th'rough throngs of thick
 buſh I(g limp(s)Ed ged
 all on gla(dEar God!
 somebody's houſe appear'd
 through dark) I w As
 intently anxious I knocked,
 th' ruſt - ed ged bolt
 fell at my feet I
 s Aw e an D read th'in
 lined Inſcription
 no houſe buT omb

Ruſſell Atkins

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A LETTER FROM TIME

Skatos Eskatologos in his cell—
Cubes of Carpathian prayer in the rustmountain
A century ago.
Around the bend from us—there!—around the bend
Of the fluted horn (You can go there now, and see;
His dream is still there, under a bush.) Of Time,
You'd see Skatos big as life,
He looks like the barkeep, Schneider,
In Schneider's Bar, 3rd Ave. & 53rd St.,
Or would if he had a shirt and polka dot tie
(It's odd, seeing Schneider in that get-up
Kneeling in that greendripping cube of prayer
Tucked away in his proper place on the turning horn).
But Skatos knows nothing of this,
He tries to fasten to one mood perpetually,
He spins, oblivious lips moving, till a speck
He circles faster faster down the drain
He never was
Schneider (in his Bar on his curve of the horn)
Looked funny in that brown robe.
He always use to lean over the bar and say
"A man has to have his sex, that's all there is to it."

Vaughan, a Welshman, folia laureate, lanceolate
Pointing at him on his sylvan walk, Silex Scintillans
on his bluff of the horn, in green breeches,
Russet coat, ruffles at his throat, lace cuffs; a stout man,
Blows and purses while he reads a letter
(Unaware of the horn apparently still on the summer
Thursday)
Lapsing into unwashed obesity, a middle-aged Welshman,
Country poet with a mustache, reading a letter.

What is he doing in that outlandish costume
 On the paths I walked this morning, near London town?
 He reads his letter from heaven.

The coniferous trees, needled and dry like thoughts of
 innocence

—Innocence a candleflame shrinking upward in the
 sweep of a flue

“Happy those dayes! When I / Shined in my Angell-
 infancy.”

There are too many, too and few running words,
 He can not hold it in the candlecradle of his mind;
 Innocence, the leaves pointing at him, Henry Vaughan,
 Poet,

The turn on the spiralling horn of Time,
 Leaves that bud, bend, burst, shoot nightrings firewhorl
 Glow on Thursday sun; he can't change the place
 He walks through it, England, Wales. The grasses
 Swing on strings of light

Suns moons over his hatted head

The painted words under the hat precarious,
 Half-audible to him,

He watches the foliage, larch and laurel,

Conifer, elm and birch, holm-oak and thorn

Ring, glowing bells spiralling lanceolate O Silex,

Grow quiet, still as he passes to the sound of his
 breathing,

Thursday at three o'clock

When Schneider frowned with Skatos' face,

Innocently poured a double scotch

It is raining where he is and the el is down.

Lewis Harrison

38

ICARUS

Presumably the documents are incomplete,
Or there has been corruption of the tale
Relating of the flier's effort and defeat,
Emphasizing how the would be godlike fail.

The ploughman paused and, leaning
On his staff, the shepherd gazed surprised
At the fliers, wondering at the meaning
Of mortal men so cunningly disguised

As gods. Shaking his grizzled head
The former spoke, such things should never
Be allowed; irreverence, he said,
Would bring its just rebuke upon the clever.

That he was right has always been well-known;
He turned again toward his furrow, content
That his experience had been shown
Correct, and the shepherd, once more bent

Over an ailing lamb, readily forgot
The trickle of feathers from the angry sky,
And the ripples ceased to curl from the spot
Where he thought he had seen the flier die.

So no stranger saw the rescue ship
That shot so quickly from the sand,
Or the trained arms that reached to dip
The flier up, returning him to land.

And after that no history has told
Of how the flier spent his latter years
Alone, for neither surgery nor gold
Could unpucker his face; the hot wax sears

Now marked him as a man to live apart.
He who had stared at the bright mirror of the sun
Now had blank eyes that did not see the start
That greeted his appearance. None

Mentioned flight while he was there,
And quiet voices spoke of trivial matters
While the sluggish waters gently wore
The wax and feathers of his wings in tatters.

Himself, he did not often like to think
Of these moments when, glorying in his skill,
He had flown up to flick at heaven's brink,
Spiting the gods for half-a-minute's thrill,

Nor did he question the justice of his fall,
Or remember in the darkness where he went
That once he had been abundantly too tall
And looked for answer where no one was meant.

Ruthven Todd