

1929

# The Rollins Book of Verse

Jessie B. Rittenhouse

Follow this and additional works at: [https://scholarship.rollins.edu/archv\\_books](https://scholarship.rollins.edu/archv_books)

Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

Rittenhouse, Jessie B., "The Rollins Book of Verse" (1929). *Books about Rollins College*. 9.  
[https://scholarship.rollins.edu/archv\\_books/9](https://scholarship.rollins.edu/archv_books/9)

This Open Access is brought to you for free and open access by the Archives and Special Collections at Rollins Scholarship Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in Books about Rollins College by an authorized administrator of Rollins Scholarship Online. For more information, please contact [rwalton@rollins.edu](mailto:rwalton@rollins.edu).

THE ROLLINS BOOK OF VERSE

BOOK AWARDS OF  
THE POETRY SOCIETY OF FLORIDA

1927. PSYCHE'S LAMP, by Rose Mills Powers (*Out of Print*)  
1929. THE ROLLINS BOOK OF VERSE. Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse

THE  
ROLLINS BOOK OF  
VERSE

*Edited with a Foreword*

BY  
JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

*Winter Park, Florida*  
THE ANGEL ALLEY PRESS  
1929

OF THIS FIRST EDITION OF THE "ROLLINS  
BOOK OF VERSE" FIVE HUNDRED COPIES  
HAVE BEEN PRINTED IN THE MONTH OF  
OCTOBER, 1929

*For Stella Weston*

Copyright, 1929  
BY THE ANGEL ALLEY PRESS

*alias*  
*Edmund O. Grover*  
*her first publisher*

MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
BY THE VAIL-BALLOU PRESS, INC., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

To  
HAMILTON HOLT  
President of Rollins College,  
Wise Educator and Man of Vision.

*To Stella whose*  
*poem "Liquid Fire"*  
*began an enduring*  
*friendship*  
*Hamilton Holt*



Trey Mackay  
Kedra Mackay

## Foreword

College life has usually been devoted to impression rather than to expression. It has been assumed that the period of acquisition was short enough at best and that the creative bent of the individual, if he chanced to manifest any, would have time to develop after he left college.

But it is peculiarly true of poetry that it is an early flowering, that the impulse toward it must come before one is twenty and the practice of it be well established in the years immediately following, or life will choke it out. To be sure, there are exceptions to this rule, but they are few. The creative urge comes with youth and if it is thwarted, or stifled by too many other concerns, it is likely not to reassert itself.

Robert Frost, in an introduction to *Dartmouth Verse*, observes whimsically that he would not advocate having poetry regularized in courses or directed by coaches like football, "But it does seem as if it could be a little more connived at than it is. I for one should be in favor of the colleges setting the expectation of poetry forward a few years (the way the clocks

are set forward in May) so as to get the young poets started earlier in the morning before the freshness dries off."

In my association with Rollins College I have found it to be one of the few institutions where impression and expression go hand in hand, where, in fact, the latter is the leader and pulls his dilatory neighbor along. The student is encouraged to discover and reveal himself, to turn the fact into the live tissue of thought, and if he have the gift to create, he is inspired to exercise it. The desire to create, even the gift to create, is not art but it is the inner fire, and the obligation is laid upon the college to see that it is not quenched.

In addition to other instruction given at Rollins in the practice of poetry, a seminar is held during the winter term where those who show a special aptitude in this art may meet and discuss its principles, may hear the verse of the finest poets read, may become familiar also with the work of their contemporaries and with the various schools of technique which have sprung up in recent years. An attempt is made to give them the touchstone to poetry.

The work of the students themselves is read anonymously in the group and freely discussed, suggestions being made both by the students and

the instructor, if such this informal adviser may be called. Each member is encouraged to respect his own individuality, to avoid the derivative, in brief, to mine his own ore.

It can scarcely be expected that undergraduate students, fresh from the study of other poets, will always be able to do this, but their own personalities will more and more emerge as they gain immediate contact with life. In the past two years I have had the privilege of working with the Rollins group in these poetry conferences and from the verse produced during this period, together with additional poems gleaned from the college magazine, *The Flamingo*, the present collection is gathered.

Dartmouth, Amherst, Holyoke and several other colleges have issued books of student verse. It is a commendable gesture. Names that appeared in certain of these books only two or three years ago are already well known. The poetry of the future is largely now in embryo in the colleges. All that one can do is to give the young poet his chance, an opportunity to try his wings. We know full well that many will come to earth but if one outsoars his limitations and sustains himself in the years to come in the pure air of poetry, our aid will not have been in vain.

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thanks are due to the editors of *The Scholastic* for permission to include "*Balancing the Scales*" by Dorothy Emerson; to the *Wellesley Magazine* for the use of poems by Marguerite Atterbury; to *Beautiful Florida* and to *The Flamingo* of Rollins College for permission to reprint many poems included in this volume.

## THE CONTENTS

	PAGE
MARGUERITE ATTERBURY	
Facets . . . . .	3
The Pirate Ship . . . . .	4
Spring Fashion Note . . . . .	5
Ballad of the Gray Knight . . . . .	6
From Star to Star . . . . .	8
NANCY BROWN	
Levels . . . . .	9
JOHN CUMMINS	
I Am Too Fierce a Lover . . . . .	10
The Poppied Sleep . . . . .	11
Earth Speaks of Lazarus . . . . .	12
Pagan Death . . . . .	13
Passage . . . . .	15
PHILIP CUMMINGS	
The Negro's Saturday Night . . . . .	16
Nativity . . . . .	18
Whippoorwill . . . . .	19
The City . . . . .	20
The Fisherman's Net . . . . .	22
KENNETH CURRY	
My Words . . . . .	23
Harvest Over . . . . .	24
Leave-Taking . . . . .	25
Wisdom . . . . .	26

	PAGE
FRANK A. DOGGETT	
Autumnal Thought . . . . .	27
Voyage . . . . .	29
Temper . . . . .	31
DOROTHY EMERSON	
Precaution . . . . .	32
You Wounded Me . . . . .	33
Forsaken . . . . .	34
I Have Something to Forget . . . . .	35
Balancing the Scales . . . . .	36
RUSS FULLER	
Gladness . . . . .	42
Spanish Moss . . . . .	43
Fool's Paradise . . . . .	44
IVERNE GALLOWAY	
The Ride . . . . .	45
Aftermath . . . . .	46
Query . . . . .	47
WALLACE GOLDSMITH	
Old Wonder . . . . .	48
Soul of Light . . . . .	49
Leper Moon . . . . .	50
Stalemate . . . . .	51
Immolation . . . . .	53
SARAH KING HUEY	
Shadows . . . . .	54
RICHARD HAYWARD	
Necromancy . . . . .	56
BEATRICE JONES	
Plea . . . . .	57
Sing a Song of Love . . . . .	58

	PAGE
A Room in the Castle . . . . .	59
Song in the Night . . . . .	60
High Places . . . . .	61
MARLISE JOHNSTON	
Simplicity . . . . .	62
Burial . . . . .	63
Midnight in Spring . . . . .	64
Anaesthesia . . . . .	65
VIRGINIA LAWRENCE	
In Violet . . . . .	67
Desecration . . . . .	68
Wisdom . . . . .	69
Bounty . . . . .	70
Storm Victims . . . . .	71
CHRISTY MACKAYE	
Up! . . . . .	72
Wait or Seek . . . . .	73
Rain . . . . .	74
Night-Rider . . . . .	75
The Cry . . . . .	76
BRENHAM McKAY	
Some Day Like One Awakened . . . . .	77
Growing Pains . . . . .	79
Masque Pastoral . . . . .	80
White Peacock . . . . .	81
ALBERT NEWTON	
My Dad . . . . .	83
Requiem . . . . .	84
The Believer . . . . .	86
The Prodigal . . . . .	87
The Penitent . . . . .	88

	PAGE
ELSIE PADGETT	
Tree-Ghosts . . . . .	90
Florida Seasons . . . . .	91
Nigger Funeral . . . . .	93
Half-Rest . . . . .	94
Anodyne . . . . .	95
PENELOPE PATTISON	
Workers . . . . .	97
Prayer . . . . .	99
Desolate . . . . .	100
Dogwood at Night . . . . .	101
PHYRNE SQUIER	
Hearth Fire . . . . .	102
From Exile . . . . .	104
Midsummer Dusk . . . . .	106
Silence . . . . .	107
Supplication . . . . .	108
STELLA WESTON	
Locomotive . . . . .	109
A Girl in Church . . . . .	110
Surfeit . . . . .	112
The Nun . . . . .	113
The School Master . . . . .	114

TO J. B. R.\*

ELSIE PADGETT

**W**E loved her hands—  
So richly used to fingering finer stuff—  
Damask, satin, linen like spun air,  
Made in the caverns of some secret sea,  
Or flung down from a workshop in the stars.

*We loved her hands—  
Touching with gentleness our rough-made seams  
And shabby edges; piecing here and there,  
With patches of bright beauty, where we found  
Our words too bare to pattern out our dreams.*

*These things we may forget;  
Yet Time, iconoclast, forever sweeping  
Broken fragments from our days,  
Will leave one image for our dearest keeping—  
The windows that she opened with her hands,  
Pointing the Road that struggles to the height,  
Sweet with the songs of travellers long gone.*

Wearing a leaf of rosemary for a guerdon,  
We will be on that Road before the dusk.

\* Inserted by the Publishers. A tribute from one of the Editor's students.

MARGUERITE ATTERBURY

*Facets*

I twisted Life, a prism, in my hands:  
Its iridescent facets, red and blue,  
Violet, emerald, and amber, threw  
Their shafts of tinted splendor—raveled strands  
Of tattered rainbows; multi-colored bands  
Woven on sunset's loom from clouds and dew.  
Life was a toy, a magic-lantern view  
Delighting fancy's whimsical demands.

My prism slipped; its brittle substance crashed  
In myriad scintillating motes of light.  
I wept to lose so brave a trinket, gashed  
My fingers on its splinters, sharply bright.  
And yet its shattering disclosed a part  
More glorious—the fire at its heart!

3  
Daisy Atterbury

阿  
女  
士  
我  
愛  
你

*The Pirate Ship*

The moon's a spectre pirate ship  
Upon an inky sea;  
A shred of cloud her tattered sail,  
The mists her halyards be.

And ducats, silver ducats,  
Like swarms of shining bees,  
She's thrown them out to light the craft  
And silvered all the trees!

*Spring Fashion Note*

Could I but a dryad be,  
I'd dress myself in apple tree;  
Sunshine like a scarf upon it,  
Coral blossoms for a bonnet.  
Twiggy fingers spread in air,  
I would stroke the breeze's hair.  
And oh, to feel the sap rush up  
Like vichy foaming in a cup!  
Oh, to crack the bark anew,  
And let the fledgling leaves burst through!  
Spring herself would live in me  
If I could wear an apple tree.

*Ballad of the Gray Knight*

'Twas late in Dunkirk Gorge. They said,  
 "Ah, never wander yon;  
 At dusk's dim light glides a grim gray knight  
 'Tis fey to look upon!"

The great red sun went down, went down,  
 On the hill where the black pines grow,  
 And against the light, like plumes of night,  
 I saw their branches show.

I turned me about in the wild gorge path  
 Full lost and weary sore,  
 When I heard the grind of hoofs behind,  
 And a shadow fell before.

"Now whither go ye, knight so grim?  
 I cannot see your face;  
 Is it blood or the gleam of the sun's last beam  
 That on your corselet plays?"

The gray knight stooped above me—slow  
 His vizard yawned apart.  
 Cold crept my blood, a sluggish flood,  
 And curdled round my heart.

The grim gray knight he spoke no word;  
 I drew me back aghast;  
 With never a slip on the chasm's lip  
 The silent charger passed.

Alone at dawn I wandered home;  
 My look was strange, they said.  
 Still clings the blight of that gray knight—  
 The rider from the dead.



*From Star to Star*

Last night I walked with God from star to star;  
 Bright stepping stones they lay beneath our feet  
 Like gleaming fragments of celestial street:  
 Eternity's slow current-circled bar  
 And shoal of whirling sun dust, red as war  
 And incandescent as Aurora. Fleet  
 We trod Orion, Cassiopeia's seat,  
 Aldebaran, and Betelguese the far.

"And Earth?" I asked. He stooped; from a  
     roiled pool  
 Where eddied Time, He plucked a puny sphere.  
 I scorned its paltry show in that mad swirl,  
 Splendor sidereal; but as a jewel  
 He cherished it and swiftly checked my sneer:  
 "Those suns are only pebbles, this—a pearl!"

## NANCY BROWN

*Levels*

You speak of brief inconsequential things  
 So like the things you always say.  
 Your voice in monotone beats like the rain  
 Unceasing on a summer day.  
 I nod and answer to repeated questions—  
 You never notice my replies,  
 For we climb parting mountain trails that lift  
 And wind beneath two separate skies.

*Best wishes to Stella - a  
 really truly poet -  
 Nancy*

## JOHN CUMMINS

*I Am Too Fierce a Lover*

I am too fierce a lover of earth's things  
 That immemorial time should readjust  
 The vibrance of my song unto the dust  
 While over me a single robin sings;  
 While there is still the passage of the springs  
 In bannered pageantries, there is no lust  
 That could seduce me from my armored trust:  
 While these endure there shall be answerings.

The poignant essence of blown apple bloom,  
 Swift skies, curved hills, dawn winds—these  
     shall remain  
 When, sensitive as music through the gloom,  
 Shall come the slow dark falling of the rain  
 Across my heart, and all my songs shall be  
 Responsive to that higher symphony.

*The Poppied Sleep*

In answer to Lou's yellow light  
 Shadows slink in from the night;  
 Unbeguiled by other gleams,  
 They seek the silent house of dreams.  
 Soon in the smoke-infected gloom  
 Swift labored breathing fills the room  
 From sleeping men along the wall  
 In narrow bunks; the rise and fall  
 Of forms obscure immersed in deep  
 Fulfillment of the poppied sleep.

Fat Lou sits in his shop below  
 And takes his shameful wage,  
 Distributes pipes and sees them go  
 Upstairs unto their heritage  
 To dream until the night is fled  
 When he'll awake them from the dead;  
 Stir their forms, bid them be gone,  
 And send them reeling through the dawn  
 Whose daggered light will slash their eyes  
 And fill their souls with burning cries,  
 Driving the peacocks from their brains,  
 Renewing long-forgotten pains.

*Earth Speaks of Lazarus*

Once was I betrayed in shame—  
 Lazarus was that lover's name . . .  
 Swiftly I crept across his breast,  
 Fiercely his silent lips I pressed;  
 And I rejoiced that I had won  
 Another lover from the sun.  
 Another lover, he was fair;  
 I ran my fingers through his hair,  
 I murmured secrets in his ear,  
 Until I taught him not to fear;  
 Full tenderly I held his head  
 Till he grew glad that he was dead,  
 And he forgot the light above  
 Immersed so deep in my dark love.  
 Closer each day our limbs we bound  
 Intermingling without sound—  
 Then what strange voice was that he heard  
 That called him sternly forth? He stirred,  
 Raising his head unto a name  
 That filled his limbs with living flame;  
 Slowly my warm arms fell away  
 And he went forth unto the day.

*Pagan Death*

When Spring comes next and I shall bend my  
 head,  
 And all unknown to you will leave the room,  
 Then will the Silence tell you, "He is dead.  
 Best place him now within his cool dark tomb."

But you will lay me 'neath some cherry tree,  
 Remembering how I loved blue windswept  
 skies,  
 And while white branches shake in ecstasy,  
 Let cherry blossoms slowly fill my eyes.

And let there be cool sweetness of spring rain  
 Upon my sleeping face, my hands and hair,  
 Until my heart is quite devoid of pain,  
 And cleansed of all the bitterness now there.

Thus would I go to her who loved me best,  
 All mute and humbled, cleansed by April's  
 rain;  
 Thus would she draw me to her throbbing  
 breast  
 Until I would be proud with life again.

For I would lie so silent through long hours,  
Listening to strange sounds of growing things,  
The conversation of the grass and flowers,  
And all about the song the robin sings—

That when the silver horns of each new spring  
Shall blow soft cadences across the earth  
My heart will leap with each awakening  
Eager to share the earth's triumphant birth.

And some day hence as south winds softly blow,  
And you shall stand beneath this cherry tree,  
Glancing up startled, you will sudden know  
It was my voice that called so tenderly.

*Passage*

Tenderly let me go  
Like tired birds through the west;  
In the kind hour of fire-fly glow  
Would I find rest.

Let the darkness take me slowly,  
Win me unafraid,  
Till its power disarms me wholly  
And I go unbetrayed.

Let there be grief among the flowers  
Bowed low of head and stem,  
And through the long nocturnal hours  
A cricket requiem.

PHILIP CUMMINGS

*The Negro's Saturday Night*

Saturday evening at dusk  
slow lagging figures slouch wearily  
into the country store and slump down  
tired.

Fine young form  
of great black fellow tired from  
hard work, leans on the counter and  
orders.

Bright dusky eyes  
look questioningly from a sad silent  
face where shadows are deep-imprisoned  
always.

PHILIP CUMMINGS

Turbaned gray head  
leans haltingly over an old stick  
gnarled as ~~her~~ venerable spine and  
bent.

Filled gunny sacks  
carry meagre sustenance to primitive  
hearth fires where life and death but  
pass.

Broad back  
goes slowly into the night, sack on  
shoulders as he whistles up the  
pine road.

*Nativity*

There is a warm brownness  
 To the wide flat fields  
 With naked trees and fences.  
 There is a gesture of abundance  
 In the solid silos,  
 Large wood barns  
 And houses.  
 Yet these cannot supersede  
 The blue cold tops of hills  
 And steep ravines  
 Of my New England.

*Married but well done  
 Happy and no one  
 more rightfully this  
 still armendedly soaring  
 hair pullingly roaring  
 and chicken at midnight  
 Bathrobed glory of  
 Boots*

*Philip Cummings*

*Whippoorwill*

The whippoorwill, through the crystal starlight,  
 Stabbed my memory  
 With his three-pronged fork of song.

He roused me to forsaken homage  
 Of old apple trees, just now  
 In the dream of budding.

He tossed me fancies  
 Of an old stone wall, where currants  
 Grow into baby greenness.

And then he pierced me  
 With his solemn echoes  
 From my distant woodland.

*The City*

From my high window on the hill  
I saw the ancient city and the new  
And I asked, "What are they?"—  
When there came the answer from each  
Incarnate in its identity:

"I, I am one million flues

Exhaling the spirit

Of as many hearthfires.

I am a great body

With infinity of arteries.

I raise a thousand spires

In my devoutness

And as many crannies have I

Of my sin.

I bear the flood-tide of humanity

In my fluted breast.

I am the gesture of all mankind

Toward the Utopia of Brotherhood.

I had my beginning

In a few bark houses

Round a fire."

So the city whispered

In its rumble,

And peering down from my high window

Through the smokes and vapors

I saw that it was so,

And that I

On my high hill

Was no less a part of it.

*The Fisherman's Net*

The fisherman's net came up from the deep,  
 Up from the bottom I never shall see,  
 But it sent up tribute to the man above  
 And to me a new romance.  
 There were urchins and crabs with fumbling  
     claws  
 And the charged electric fish.  
 There were shells and rays  
 And squids and barracudas fierce;  
 But the value of the catch lay in the grotesque  
     shrimp,  
 While the rest, tossed back to the sea,  
 Became the contention of a noisy flock  
 Of gulls,  
 Squealing and grasping in rapid precision,  
 In whose midst flashed  
 A silent shark.

Kenneth Curry

KENNETH CURRY

*My Words*

My words shall ring out lonely  
 In a chilly light  
 As chimes ring loudest only  
 In the dark of night.

I would not flaunt a banner  
 Lest I be not heard,  
 And in a fervent manner  
 Still the singing word.

As from a distant ocean  
 Shall flow my deep-toned song,  
 Full of a cold emotion,  
 Lonely, sharp, and strong.



*Harvest Over*

The earth was much the sadder  
Since to-day was born.  
On trees where leaned a ladder  
The boughs are now forlorn.

Like folk whose sons are taken  
From them one by one,  
The orchard stands forsaken  
In the fading sun.

*Leave-Taking*

I tell myself I will rise and go  
And never again come back,  
Though crimson roses bloom in snow  
Along the tropic track.

Though harvests stand in April air  
All frail and tremulous,  
I tell myself you do not care,  
You only wished it thus.

Though I shall go and you remain,  
Who but us could pass  
Where all along the blossoming lane  
The plum-spray stars the grass.

*Wisdom*

I shall not count the number  
 Of days that saw no grief,  
 Of nights that held no slumber  
 And proved by far too brief.

I will not keep the sorrow  
 Of days that brought no sighs,  
 Lest I should wake tomorrow  
 And find myself grown wise.

Frank Doggett

because -

that's my name

FRANK A. DOGGETT

*Autumnal Thought*

They tread the moon-path of the night  
 with scrape of claws and bodies furred,  
 their furtive shadows pooled in light;  
 and the voice of a hound is heard.

The fields that feel their rhythm now  
 have never under iron given  
 the scream of stones against a plow,  
 or dumbly frowned with furrows riven.

In purple darkness shrinks the fear,  
 deep in a forest hidden, lest  
 they ravage it, and backward veer,  
 mouthing the prey and calling the quest.

My mind a little while ago  
 was warm and clean, until the cold  
 brought back again the thing I know,  
 cluttered with leaves and damp with mold.

*Voyage*

Oh, infinitely I shall find  
 Eternity within the mind.  
 And I shall drift  
                                   as soft  
 as small clouds go,  
                                   and lift  
                                   aloft  
 so sure and slow  
 that vivid moths on wings of flame  
                                   would blow  
                                   in heavy shame,  
 high and far and dimly past  
                                   at last.

But I shall rise  
 with open eyes  
 getting near  
 the distant skies,  
 without fear,  
 without surprise;  
                                   And far

above  
the light, the dark,  
the dull remark  
of sun and star  
and love.  
Oh, way beyond and far  
above!

*Temper*

What is this crimson cruelty of mouth,  
These thinly parted lips?  
Where are the soft words of the south  
Like windy, singing ships

Dreaming along the rivers of my mind?  
For now they plunge and halt  
With screaming sails, the helmsman blind,  
The cargo stung with salt.

With the sincere wish that the future  
will find our interests and us in close  
contact, much affection, Brooks,  
Dorothy

DOROTHY EMERSON

*Precaution*

I am more desirous of your words  
Than any other's words, but I shall be  
More hesitant in taking them. I fear  
My eagerness would let them injure me.  
My longing for too much might let me find  
More meanings than you meant there should  
be found.

I shall examine with minutest care  
Each flection of your voice, each shade of sound,  
And I shall tear apart your every word  
Into its syllables and weed it out,  
And having made your meanings small as small,  
I shall believe them with a saving doubt.

DOROTHY EMERSON

33

*You Wounded Me*

You wounded me long, long ago . . .  
Reproach is not for old abuse.  
I have no anger here concealed.  
All that I harbor is revealed:  
Sad memory of the bleeding bruise,  
The bright confusion in the snow.  
You ask forgiveness—pleading so  
I know not how I can refuse.  
New snow lies white upon the field,  
And my white flesh is softly healed.  
Do you still know the way to bruise?  
How can I know? How can I know?

*Forsaken*

Now Spring steps down in all her singing  
glory,

And I must cry once more at sight of her,  
And of her taunting beauty, and weep the going  
Of sadness at her coming. Oh, the stir  
Of wondering, wondering trees! They have  
forgotten

Me, whom they loved in winter. Every grief  
That held our hearts together is forgotten.  
They yield to shining spring, and every leaf  
Sternly forbids my speaking of old sorrow.  
They know me as a stranger. Even the stone  
Forsakes me and the sad of grey, for mosses.  
Now I must bear all grief alone—alone.

*I Have Something to Forget*

I have something to forget . . .  
Let me toil with mills that grind;  
Let me know of thirst and sweat;  
Let me hunger and go blind.  
I have something to forget.

*Balancing the Scales*

Old William Cunningham's familiar name  
 Had suddenly exploded into flame!  
 The village was in awe and gaped at it.  
 The village writhed and hated to admit  
 That none before had even been aware  
 Of any greatness in the man. Yet there  
 The man had lived, and had, in fact, been born.  
 The village pride was wounded with self-scorn.  
 A stranger world had been the first to find  
 His greatness. They, who should have known,  
     were blind—  
 Or had been. Now, the blustering banners bore  
 Witness to their worship, and the score  
 Of their neglect was paid in shouts of praise.  
 They tongued his words and marveled at his  
     ways.

And Edward Livingston, his life-long friend,  
 Walked the watching streets from end to end,  
 And he pretended pride that should belong  
 To one who's known and held a secret long.  
 None guessed the poverty of that disguise.

He wore it to conceal his real surprise.  
 "There was his friend," a seeking voice laid  
     claim

To him, and spoke his ordinary name,  
 As if it had become a spicy feast  
 Of tangy fruit, whose flavor had increased  
 By long acquaintance with a lustre-sun.  
 By long acquaintance . . . He was never one  
 To live on his friend's labors, so he broke  
 The power of his disguise with one swift stroke  
 Of words, "I never knew and never guessed  
 His greatness, and in all those years, his best  
 Was not revealed to me, his closest friend.  
 I did not know and I will not pretend."  
 The village heard and turned and recognized  
 In him its own past weakness, and despised  
 Him for one moment—then forgot his small  
 Existence. One moment his—the hours were all  
 The other's. To him for fame, their praises ran,  
 And to themselves for having such a man.

Though Livingston held glad his friend's  
     career,  
 His happiness was puckered up in fear,  
 In gnawing fear that he was being weighed  
 With this new Cunningham that fame had  
     made.  
 This sudden contrast stripped and bared the  
     shame

Of his own failure, bruised him with self-blame,  
 And sent him seeking in each praise to find  
 A meaning hid for him. Fear-crazed, fear-blind,  
 He thought it found—a village talk, a sly  
 Contempt, and sneaking pity put awry.  
 Each praise he longed to meet—dared not to  
     meet,  
 With word-denial of his own defeat:

“You—granite-eyed and blind—who cannot  
     see  
 That man to man I am as great as he.  
 My old friend’s work is greater than the man,  
 And you have both against me. Who can plan  
 To out-weigh both? If you must judge, adjust  
 The balanced scales.” Fear formed a silent  
     crust,  
 And he was not speech-shaken or tongue-stirred.  
 His mouth sucked silent comfort from each  
     word—  
 But bitter comfort, so he turned to find  
 Escape. The road that ran to home was kind.  
 He loved to bear its silence, and to know  
 The soothing touch of dusk. His feet were slow.  
 Unpeopled quiet offered him no thrust,  
 No stir against him from the listless dust,  
 No breath against him from the shadowed  
     air.

But suddenly the house before him there  
 Had stepped out from the dark, as if to meet  
 With quick impatience his slow-moving feet.  
 His hesitating hand had found a hold  
 Upon the bulge of brassy knob. The cold,  
 Dull certainty that he would find  
 His wife within and waiting close behind  
 The opening of the door, made him delay  
 The twisting of the knob, that he might stay  
 Out-side. She, too, would see and criticize  
 Him with new measurements and harsher  
     eyes.  
 He was a failure, weighed against his friend.

The yielding of the door gave sudden end  
 To thoughts, and placed him in the grasp of  
     things.  
 Rooms robbed him of escape, the circling  
     rings  
 Of light had bound him in, and he must stay  
 Beneath her gaze, a panic-tortured prey.  
 Somehow the nail in the wall, behind the door,  
 Accepted his old coat. The shining floor  
 Allowed his feet to go across the room  
 Toward the open fire. The flame’s great bloom  
 Of warmth embraced him, and the placid air  
 Submitted to his breathing. In his care  
 He looked at her. Her strange eyes seemed to say



Something in stares of silence, and to weigh  
Against him something . . . something . . .

oh, he knew,

That man and his damned work, and always  
two

Against him! Sending her a seeking stare,  
He threw himself upon the farthest chair,  
And let his hands get busy with such things  
As pipe, tobacco, matches and some strings . . .  
Familiar these, and old. His mouth grew wise.  
His waiting words found wisdom. She'd despise  
His trembling voice, and he could only slay  
Her last respect, if he should try to say  
Words new in his defense, and so he spoke  
Only of usual things. The slow words came  
With heavy sounds against the weight of fame.  
The old, familiar words beat down, and broke  
The balanced scales. . . .

He let his left hand stroke

The back of her contented, purring cat.  
Her words and eyes denied the strangeness that  
Had been between them; then the clock's great  
pound

Gave an old signal for the nightly round  
Of locking fast the windows and the door,  
Of covering the fire. The creaking floor  
Announced their getting ready for their bed.  
The acts fulfilled, a soft good-night was said,

And easy silence followed down the "piff"  
Of blown-out candles. It was just as if  
Old William Cunningham's familiar name  
Had not exploded suddenly to fame.

RUSS FULLER

*Gladness*

The sky,  
Like a great Polar sea  
In spring  
Breaking its whiteness  
With cracks of blue—  
Warms me  
And I feel youth  
Renewed.

RUSS FULLER

43

*Spanish Moss*

I have seen the moss  
On cold and bloodless days  
Like dead tinsel  
On discarded Christmas trees.

Gay plumes of jousting lords  
Or fluttering kerchiefs of their ladies,  
Never showed such inspiration  
As the moss on sunny days.

Gaunt and awful spectres,  
Midnight rites of ghosts at graves,  
All abound on dark chill nights  
In the moss's figurines.

*I have seen the moss  
Make a trellis of a tree  
To display the blossom moon  
In fantastic witchery.*

*Fool's Paradise*

Fools look straight up.  
 They see nothing  
 And call it Heaven,  
 While at their feet  
 Is potential stuff  
 To make a paradise.

## IVERNE GALLOWAY

*The Ride*

I can remember a sky of turquoise blended with  
 jade  
 As we rode into the sunrise  
 Yesterday.  
 You did not look at me but at the highway,  
 A silver thread under the late stars.  
 I did not look at you but at the trees  
 Like giants  
 Striding the far horizon.  
 The level country slipped past, swiftly, sound-  
 lessly;  
 There was stillness and a great rushing of wind  
 on my face.  
 I should have been afraid, with you less near,  
 But that was yesterday.  
 Now I walk with my head high  
 And yesterday and a million million years are  
 the same.

*Aftermath*

There has been so long a time  
Wind and rainy weather,  
Who am I to put in rhyme  
Days we had together?

Who am I to tell again  
Days that used to be?  
I have counted beads of pain  
On my rosary.

*Query*

What shall I do with Joy,  
The Joy he brought me?  
Lock it in a box, in a sandalwood box,  
And tie the key on a string.

What shall I do with Laughter,  
The Laughter he brought me?  
Polish it, shine it;  
Laughter tarnishes.

What shall I do with Sorrow,  
The Sorrow he brought me?  
Put it on a chain, on a thin gold chain,  
And wear it with a crimson dress.

## WALLACE GOLDSMITH

*Old Wonder*

I broke a cobweb in the wood,  
 And paused a moment where I stood  
     To unmesh the fuzzy strands  
     From my brow, my lips, my hands:  
     Stretched elastic through my hair,  
     Silky feelers everywhere—  
     Trying to untangle air,  
     I discovered Beauty bare.  
 The long forenoon before the dawn  
     When the stars, tired of night,  
 Under a bushel hide their light,  
     And the moon's pall is withdrawn;  
     Breathing of all sentient things:  
 A locust's threnody of wings,  
     Aromas, shadows, murmurings—  
     All a web of spider strings!

*Soul of Light*

You have the amorous, ecstatic night,  
 The upturned lips of rose-blown girls to kiss;  
 But I, the passionate embrace of light—  
 My love is of another world than this.  
 Her voice is like a glad bird that careers  
 From cloudy heights to the expectant morn;  
 It penetrates the unremembered years,  
 When I was bird and she was mortal-born.

The earth's a womb of brooding fears tonight.  
 She labors mightily to bear the dawn.  
 And now her cry of pain is one with light:  
 And now her travail of the night is gone.  
 I think my love must be the dawn's first cry!  
 What though night come? Her soul can never  
     die!

*Leper Moon*

Diana, talisman of the mortal race,  
 Where shines your lovely countenance tonight?  
 This afternoon you looked so wan and white,  
 With featureless, emaciated face;  
 You stared in awe at this enchanted place,  
 This earth, with sere and autumn-stained delight  
 Of red and brown and yellow, copper-bright.  
 Diana, where is now your vaunted grace?

Diseased and dying in the leprous isles;  
 There, banished for the sequent round of days,  
 You dwell in pain and solitude apart—  
 And not a leper sees you but he smiles,  
 To think that you have heard a lover's praise,  
 And cries, "Unclean! Unclean!" and smites his  
     heart.

*Stalemate*

The sun had sauntered through the tower slit,  
 And now it checkered them with black and  
     white,  
 As they in sober earnestness employed  
 Their leisure, spendthrift time at playing chess.

They were two Kings incarcerated there;  
 They might have been dead as the wooden men  
 They moved, for all of human show they  
     gave . . .

The sun beamed down in slant expectancy  
 To see if they would make the logic play.  
 Their dusty brows intent upon the game—  
 Unused to seeing brilliant day without—

They missed the fine array of cloud-plumed  
     sails  
 That breezed out past the bar beyond the bay.  
 The window-ledge of that high dungeon-cell  
 Was cut so deep and narrow that the sky  
 Might be the sea and they would never know.  
 It towered now above the sand so tall

That the horizon could not look within!  
 Their game was nearly done: Tyre murmured  
 "Check!"

And Ptolemais moved his king a pace.  
 There was no doubt about the winner now—  
 His neighbor-prince was more strategic far.  
 He saw the monarch Tyre touch and move,  
 Advance a pawn, and make the game a  
 draw . . .

The rats inherent in all prison-towers,  
 Are gnawing on the wooden kings by now;  
 A hundred years or more ago they licked  
 The last gray bones of dying royalty.

### *Immolation*

*For George Sterling*

The whispering waves had ceased their consul-  
 tation;

Gigantic pause commensurate with awe—  
 The sun gaped down in awful consternation,  
 Astounded by the sacrifice he saw.  
 Across the dim eclipses of creation  
 A neolithic shadow glimmered by:  
 Prophetic as a dying breath's duration,  
 Impersonal as alien Buddha's sigh.

And yet not wholly unidentified . . .

Another shadow dwarfed the astral one.  
 The same obituaries— ". . . suicide . . ."—  
 So ever those who trespass on the sun!  
 But earth, reanimated by his breath,  
 Went singing toward her own vehement death.

SARAH KING HUEY

*Shadows*

I know you by your shadow,  
You know me by mine,  
And so we move with shadows  
Here in the bright sunshine.  
I want to cast an image  
As graceful as a fawn—  
What is this pudgy shape  
We see on the checkered lawn?  
*There* is a man of stature  
Broad of shoulder and tall,  
Yet he has a shadow  
Deformed and small.  
Now a pigmy strides along  
Who bows and smiles to the cheering throng;  
For he makes a bold design,  
Strength and movement in each line.

SARAH KING HUEY

In other lights, a later day,  
We shall see him in another way.  
Oh, we live in a world of shadows  
And we speak in a ghostly tongue,  
For we may not know the truth of it all  
Till the last great shadow is flung.

*In memory of our trip to Carbon  
Springs. Sarah King Huey*



RICHARD HAYWARD

*Necromancy*

Beautiful creature, you with the silver voice,  
In the moonlight, under whispering cypresses—  
    Take a color from the moon,  
    Take a shape from the shadowy trees,  
    Take a perfume from your hair,  
    Take a sound from your throat,  
    Take a sweetness from your lips—  
And make me drunk with joy!

BEATRICE JONES

*Plea*

Oh, let me dance in faery dress!  
A soul is such a heavy thing,  
So weighed with care and mortal stress;  
Oh, let me dance in faery dress  
And this will be my happiness:  
A rose to wear, a song to sing—  
Oh, let me dance in faery dress,  
A soul is such a heavy thing!

*Sing a Song of Love*

Sing a song of morning,  
 Pocket full of cheer—  
 Cut a fancy caper,  
 For my Love is near.

Sing a song of noontime,  
 Lunch is bread and rum—  
 Set a merry table  
 When my Love is come.

Sing a song of evening,  
 Moon and magic sway;  
 Happy is my hearth-fire—  
 Love is here to stay.

*A Room in the Castle*

The room's not bare—  
 It may seem empty, but,  
 In yonder corner there  
 Kings and Queens have supped;  
 This royal chair  
 Perchance has held a trembling beggar maid,  
 Lowly captive of a monarch's fancy;  
 In this open space  
 The clash of shining swords, the rush of feet  
 Have made the place  
 Alive in friendly bout or deadly enmity.  
 These vital stains may boast rich blood,  
 Or strong good wine,  
 Dashed from the drunkard's failing hand,  
 Unheeded, biting its way into the wood.

Here will I live,  
 Peopling my loneliness  
 With visions of those Kings and Queens;  
 The chair; the frightened beggar-maid;  
 The swordsmen brandishing their steel—  
 I shall have played  
 With majesty and romance;  
 I shall have held a vanished court at my behest.

*Song in the Night*

In my garden sleeps the rain,  
Tapping with dreamy fingertips the quiet earth,  
And faint across the throbbing hush  
Drifts the song of forsaken women  
Who kneel, robed in misting shadows,  
Clasping their empty hands,  
Trailing their lusterless hair.

*High Places*

We who have known the high places,  
We who have watched the anger of rolling  
clouds,  
And heard the moaning of a tortured sea  
Writhe green, white-lipped with agony,  
And felt the sting of fine salt spray  
And the bleak loneliness of cold rushing  
winds—  
We who have seen the stark winter come  
Coating the brook and meadow with pale, tight  
ice,  
Trimming the grey stone walls with glistening  
snow,  
Freezing the hearts, chilling the blood of us—  
We know the miracle of the dawn after Calvary.

We who have stood on the high, barren places,  
We who have seen the Spring come—  
We know the scourging mercy of Divine Wrath.

## MARLISE JOHNSTON

*Simplicity*

Weary hearts are wary  
     Of too great majesty.  
 Tumult lies in sunsets  
     And madness in the sea.  
 From some kinds of beauty  
     I need not stand aloof—  
 A white moon slipping softly  
     Behind the sloping roof;  
 Scent of sun-drenched clover,  
     Monotonous rainfall,  
 A wreath of honeysuckle  
     Across a brown stone wall;  
 Coolness of gardenias,  
     The kind arms of a tree—  
 Here lies mild loveliness  
     To gently comfort me.

*Burial*

The water is a liquid magnet tonight.  
 It draws the sky and the hills  
 To its heart and holds them tightly.  
 A blackened tree lets fall  
 One amber, moon-cut leaf.  
 It drifts through space  
 And comes to rest upon the still, quicksilver  
     breast  
 Of water that receives it silently  
 And tucks it deep to sleep  
 Within a bowl of chilled, white stars.

*Midnight in Spring*

Gently the spring night beauties creep  
Over my heart that was deep in sleep.  
In tulle of turquoise, on tip-toe tread,  
Loveliness dances beside my bed.

In a near, cool bough of an old oak tree  
A mesh of moonlight remembers me.  
Why have *you* come? I do not know  
The secrets we shared a year ago.

I only know there was once a sign  
That I could give to prove you mine.  
A misting snow, a wind that blew,  
A winter ravaged my thoughts of you.

I have no dreams for the night to keep,  
My heart and I must go back to sleep.

*Anaesthesia*

Through a mist of moonlight  
Eldritch shadows fall  
On a lonely cottage,  
On a crumbling wall.

Creeping up so softly,  
Peering through the blind,  
I can watch Melissa  
Fleeing from her mind.

She is ever busy  
At some futile thing,  
Lest the years be heavy  
With remembering.

Burnishing her copper,  
Though it's shining bright;  
Polishing her hearth-stone  
Gleaming in the light.

What is in the wind's touch  
Makes her sit and stare?  
Does she fear the star-dust  
Sprinkled on the chair?

Now she clinks her silver,  
 Silencing a laugh,  
 And a ghostly footstep  
 On the gravelled path.

Crazy old Melissa  
 Haunted by a call,  
 Runs to greet her lover  
 By the ivied wall.

Finding fleeting shadows  
 In her lover's stead,  
 Suddenly remembers  
 He is long since dead.

Shutting out the moonlight,  
 She bolts and bars her door—  
 Runs to fetch some water,  
 Scrubs a spotless floor.

*To Boots - for  
 "Old friends are best"  
 - Ginnie -*

## VIRGINIA LAWRENCE

### *In Violet*

I had a love in April,  
 Another came with May,  
 But the love that June brought  
 Has come to stay.

And oh, but I am certain  
 He will be ever true,  
 For he loves not quite so much  
 As the other two!

*Desecration*

To-day, the first time since we loved,  
You spoke an unkind word;  
It was as if a waveless pool  
Were by a pebble stirred.

It was as if a soaring bird  
Were struck on lifted wing;  
It was as if a human hand  
Had touched a perfect thing.

*Wisdom*

Last night your heart was minè.  
This I could avow.  
You did not speak—and yet I knew  
Somehow.

Tonight, and all is changed.  
You are another's now.  
You thought to hide it, but I knew  
Somehow.

*Bounty*

I count what life has given me:  
A friend who understood,  
Every night a flash of stars—  
And these are good.

And then, a brown wren's neutral note,  
A spray of goldenrod—  
And yet, I'd not have chosen these  
Had I been God.

*Storm Victims*

Leaflets shivered nervously,  
Branches moaned and broke,  
The trunk, uprooted, crashed to earth,  
Beaten lay the oak.

Quivering, my flesh was lashed,  
My voice was scarce a sigh,  
Yet I survived! The oak, it seems,  
Was not as strong as I.



CHRISTY MACKAYE

*Up!*

I grow as the grass,  
As the grass grows at dawn,  
When the hillside is dim  
And the dew is grey.

I grow as leaves unfurl in the spring.  
I grow in the gloom like a white moth's wing.  
I grow in the sun like a young birch tree,  
And the world laughs, and I laugh, and God  
laughs to see.

CHRISTY MACKAYE

*Wait or Seek*

Wait for me in the mist and rain.  
Wait for me in the smallest wave  
Of a sun-lulled sea.

Wait for me in the rain and mist,  
When the green of the world is dreaming,  
And the brooks call back to the rain-soaked  
hills;

Then wait for me in the bright, drenched leaves  
And the stillness after the storm;  
Wait for me in the smallest wave  
Of a sun-lulled sea.

Yet I may come in thunder,  
And I may come in snow,  
And I may come in the might of man,  
Or when the four winds blow.

Seek me there,  
Ye who dare!  
But *wait* for me in the smallest wave—  
The stillest note of eternity.

*Rain*

Ever the earth unknowing  
 Has worshipped you,  
 The fragrance of you,  
 The swift gold crash of lightning,  
 The breaking of the fresh-voiced thunder.  
 All the dim green world is a-foam  
 In a sweet terror before your breath;  
 And after the straining stillness of the sun-  
     cracked day  
 How good to hear  
 Your muffled trampling along the hills,  
 The streaming deluge shattered against the  
     ground!  
 Never a thirsty plant  
 Was gladder of release  
 Than I to stand in the cold, heavy rush of you;  
 And after you have beat away  
 My stiff bonds wrought, in tangling hours,  
 And when the earth has drunk the heavens bare,  
 Then, oh, the misty wonder of the night,  
 The intent dripping in the dark,  
 And the grey-handed peace!

*Night-Rider*

Come, gallop over the stars with me!  
 The night is clear, the wind is swift,  
 And a' the wild shadows of dark are adrift.  
 Oh, gallop over the stars with me!  
 Gallop over the stars and away  
 Through the cold blue wastes of echoless air  
 Singing: "*Beware—*

*Despair—*

*Take Care!"*

As you gallop over the stars and away.

Gallop over the stars and down,  
 Down through the clouds and caverns of  
     night . . .  
 But throttle your dreams in the dawn's chill  
     light,  
 When you gallop down from the stars!

*The Cry*

The cry of a train at night  
 Makes me hold my breath  
 Like the sudden glimpse of a terrible dream,  
 Of a beautiful death;  
 Like the glow of a high-piled thunder cloud  
 Triumphant in the sun;  
 The fierce desire for unknown things  
 That can never be won.

Long life and short hand to  
 you Boots - love - Christy.

## BRENHAM MCKAY

*Some Day Like One Awakened**To a Young Poet*

Your eyes will see strange dreams—  
 Beauty like a palace  
 Spun of rainbow glass.  
 They will never see  
 The paths you may not tread.

You make your songs in shining blindness—  
 Fabricate of words sweeter than the scent of  
     white roses on a winter's night,  
 Than a bird singing in the dawn,  
 Lines faint-drunk as bees in an April orchard.

But some day—  
 Some day—

You will grow old  
Of a sudden,  
And tread the paths your fathers trod.  
You will forget your dreams—  
Like one awakened.

*Growing Pains*

Having put childish things away  
And being grown to the semblance of a man,  
I will have no more dreams  
Of futile beauty and stars.

I must make my face hard  
And rivet my soul with steel.  
I will grow very tall, mayhap,  
But oh—the little painted toys!

*Masque Pastoral*

I wonder—

If the mayfly thinks it will live forever?  
The day is eternal in its few short hours,  
Unknowing its crimson death beyond the sea.  
Oh, I swear that our love will not die!  
Press your lips to my throat  
And while they cling  
We'll believe  
That they shall never part.  
(Though the mayfly dies,  
And the day ends.)

*White Peacock**In Fontainebleau*

Ghost—

Bird of the Louis'  
Powdered for a wig—  
The blood of what delicate dynasties  
Smirches so lightly  
The intricate mist of your fan?  
Ghost—  
Walk silently  
Upon the deserted lawns,  
Lift each foot slowly to peer—  
Sidewise—  
As an old Marquise  
Spreading a skirt of silver lace,  
For whom there is no longer  
Surprise at anything  
But only pride  
And fear.  
Wise bird, wise—  
Between the marble urns you pause  
(Finely veined and cracked with the moss  
That spells their doom already.)

When they are perished  
 And even the terrace has fallen,  
 White peacocks will come from the groves  
 Silently  
 To step, elaborately poisoning, among their ruined  
 particles.

You, whose dim ancestress  
 Was chained to the frail arched wrist  
 Of a king's exquisite harlot—  
 Do you walk that way,  
 Halting intricately,  
 To show you once were chained?

ALBERT NEWTON

*My Dad*

I wonder if my dad is glad that he is dead.  
 I wonder if he's glad to be alone out there  
 All night beneath the splendid stars,  
 Or if he sometimes wishes he was home.  
 I wonder if he hears the whip-poor-wills  
 A-singing through the night, or if he sleeps.  
 I wonder if he lies and smells the soft green  
     freshness  
 Of the grass that grows so smooth above his head  
 Or just lies resting quiet with folded hands,  
 A-thanking God that he is dead.  
 I wonder.

*Requiem*

While the jonquils in the valley  
Bloom as bright as yellow gold,  
Winter crouches on the mountain—  
Winter—stark and bleak and cold.

While the honeybees are zooming  
Where the appletrees are blooming  
And the butterflies are flitting here and there,  
Oh, my bonny boy—my Johnny,  
Plays no more among the flowers,  
Climbs no more the willow trees.

When the snow lay on the valley,  
Like a blanket large and white,  
And the willows all were bending  
Neath their load,  
Once my bonny boy—my Johnny,  
Tired of playing wooden soldier,  
Looked out on the frozen valley  
To the mountains far away—  
Looked and asked me speaking slowly  
In a voice so tired and old,

If there'd come a brighter day  
When the snow would go away  
Leaving only, then, the sunshine and the flowers.

But the snow, it stayed and stayed  
In the valley—  
Till my bonny boy—my Johnny,  
Tired of waiting for the Springtime  
With its gorgeous colored flowers,  
Tired of waiting, oh, so long, and went away;  
Climbed a golden, streaming moonbeam  
To those meadows of the gods  
Where the stars like yellow jonquils  
Stud the skies.

In the valley there are jonquils  
Blooming bright as yellow gold,  
But within my heart there crouches  
Winter—stark and bleak and cold.

*The Believer*

There will always be the people  
Who do not understand  
The lonely night wind calling  
To far off Ballistan.

Who have never known the beauty  
Of the faithful's call to prayer  
Or the snowy egret circling  
Through the dusty twilight air.

There must always be the builders;  
Some will sow and some will reap  
Till their souls are dead to dreaming  
Till the grave has brought them sleep.

But for me the fakir's crying  
And the wending caravan  
And the olive tinted maidens  
By the wells of Ballistan.

*The Prodigal*

I heard Hosea in Shiloh  
Crying after Ephraim;  
Calling Ephraim of the fair face and curling  
hair,  
The beautiful one,  
The beloved of his father,  
Calling, "Ephraim, O my son, Ephraim,  
How can I forget thee?  
How long wilt thou follow strange gods  
And forsake thy father's house?  
Ephraim! My son, Ephraim!"  
And a broken echo answered, "Ephraim."

Yet while I listened there came a voice  
Like the sound of vesper bells,  
Telling each word with a ringing note,  
"Call no more.  
Ephraim is joined to idols;  
Let him alone."  
And a thousand echoes answered, "Alone."



*The Penitent*

Walking alone in the valleys,  
In the valleys of the mountains of Shiloh,  
I saw Ephraim turning home in the darkness,  
Home from the women of Syria,  
Home from the gods of the heathen.  
And as he traveled the rock-strewn paths  
Of the wandering valleys of Shiloh,  
He stumbled and cursed his wasted youth  
And smiled a twisted smile.

"There were women," he whispered,  
"Oh, none can know  
The paths that his feet must tread!  
And the gods were strange,  
They were new to me  
Who had tired of my father's laws.  
I yearned for the things untried.

"There was no dark sin  
That I dared not try—  
Oh, the harlots of Syria were fair!  
But I drank too deep of their carmen lips,

I worshipped too long their idols of gold,  
I prayed too long to their gods."

He wandered away with a lagging step  
Down the star-lit valleys of Shiloh,  
And I thought of the squandered years,  
Of a voice that cried through the long, long  
    night,  
Crying its woe to the heedless stars;  
"Ephraim hath gone down into Syria  
Yea, Ephraim of the curling hair hath hired  
    lovers  
And strangers have devoured his strength,  
But he knoweth it not.  
Ephraim hath forsaken his fathers."

ELSIE PADGETT

*Tree-Ghosts*

Sometime, to this stump-scarred plain, at  
evening,  
They will come, the spirits of the trees;  
Bearing on them tokens of their dying,  
Rising from far lands and gray old seas.

Here a tree that gave a page to poets—  
Beauty dead, to save a lesser loss;  
Here another, bound by crawling seaweed—  
One, with arms outspread to make a Cross.

Out of all the past and vanished springtimes—  
Out of all the autumns dead and done—  
One has given, to make his life immortal,  
A house for Love, wide-windowed to the sun.

ELSIE PADGETT

91

*Florida Seasons*

I

The silver trees run down the avenue,  
Wearing their new green gowns, to meet the  
spring;  
Hoping that she has brought them, from afar,  
New grasses for their feet—  
Gold-throated, red-winged birds, to make their  
branches sweet—  
Or any lovely thing.

II

Heavy with life that hungers to be born,  
Her body fresh-washed by the fragrant rain—  
The earth stirs once, through the long after-  
noon—  
Feeling, in sleep, the sun's hot kiss again.

III

Beauty is abroad, this day,  
The seeking gypsy lass;

Her bright skirts skimmed the goldenrod,  
The sumac felt her pass.

And I have seen her, drinking  
From a pine-hung pool, at noon;  
And at dusk, with bare feet swinging  
From the little wishful moon.

## IV

The year has grown old, old.  
Let her sleep, like a child, in the sun;  
Wrap her softly in her scarf of gold,  
Scarlet-embroidered with the hearts of flowers—  
Cool winds blow from the distant seas,  
When the light is gone.

*Nigger Funeral*

Sick-scented flowers  
Over and around a heap of black dust that shall  
become blacker dust;  
Hot figures in a church, swaying to the time of  
an invisible baton;  
Parade and feast—(Lord Jesus, have mercy!)  
Long lines of mourners untouched by grief;  
(Jesus, Lover of my soul!)  
Children and hussies and black-coated elders  
Marching in resplendent display.

Handful of mortality in a black casket,  
Was life a copper coin  
To be spent for a shiny trinket  
In a drab bazaar?

*Half-Rest*

You do not say you love me still; and yet  
 I lean against your silence, as a wall  
 Where rich vines droop with blooms, and ripe  
     fruits fall,  
 And jade-carved ferns into the stones are set.  
 Upheld by strength and fragrance, I forget  
 How much the losing you is losing all,  
 How bitter, after sweet, the cup of gall,  
 And dream that once again our lips have met.

God knows, my dear, I do not ask too great  
 A gift; but trembling, here with you,  
 I look beyond to no more joy than this—  
 That, resting on your gentleness, I wait,  
 And feel, as day-worn flowers the evening dew,  
 Your silence ease and bless me, like a kiss.

*Anodyne*

This is the day set for my heart to break,  
     But it shall not be so;  
 Though love, henceforth, his careless way will  
     take,  
 And I have watched him go.

Six new blue plates have I to set  
     On a shelf high overhead,  
 Old lace, like cobwebs after rain,  
     To spread upon my bed.

Red amaryllis flaming from  
     The console in the hall—  
 Soft fire to light the candles,  
     In the sconces on the wall.

Three lovely ladies come at four,  
     To drink my saffron tea—  
 Ruffling the dark pools of my floor,  
     Admiring me.

I will not weep at dawn, when I awake,  
Nor when winds blow. . . .  
This is the day set for my heart to break,  
But it shall not be so.

## PENELOPE PATTISON

*Workers*

Naught he heard,  
Naught he saw,  
Save the war, the glare  
Of the furnace!  
Hour after hour,  
Day after day,  
Bare arms streaming,  
He fed the insatiable fire  
Till his soul sickened  
And his mind withered away.

Another took his place;  
Hour after hour,  
He fed the hungry furnace.  
In its glare  
He saw beauty.

To him the surging war  
Blended with his treasured hopes.  
His body grew strong,  
His soul was enriched,  
And his heart sang.

*Prayer*

Tall and noble  
With strong arms uplifted,  
A mighty tree  
Praised God in its prayer.

Man felled the tree  
And made an altar.  
With a white cloth  
He covered its beauty—  
Then knelt  
And asked for blessing.

*Desolate*

Blow, blow, O winds  
 On the naked shore!  
 Shriek, O you birds,  
 O rains and tempests, roar!  
 Cleanse from my mind  
 All thoughts of earth—of him,  
 And in a dim  
 Twilight leave no more  
 Than a curl of foam  
 Upon a peace-loved shore.

*To my first Rollins friend -  
 my love and best wishes -  
 April 10, 1930. "Pen" Pattison  
 In Fall. Surv. Class.*

*Dogwood at Night*

There were no bright stars to hold our gaze,  
 No friendly lighted windows,  
 Nothing—but us two  
 And our self-sorrow,  
 Held in by the thick darkness  
 Of a still and lonely night.  
 So we wandered.  
 Till all at once  
 A mosaic of white dogwood  
 Shone from the night.  
 I smiled, I heard a silent tune  
 And felt the time  
 To which the blossoms danced—  
 Crowds of blossoms,  
 Like crowds of ballet girls, far away,  
 Lightly stepping, swaying in unity,  
 Gay girls in white frilled dresses  
 On a carpet of silk velvet . . .  
 "Oh, come on!  
 It's just a dogwood tree."  
 And I went on,  
 Joy dancing within me.

PHYRNE SQUIER

*Hearth Fire*

With half-closed eyes  
I watch the flames  
Creeping against the black,  
Orange tentacles of a devil-fish,  
Salamandrine,  
Clasping, winding about a stick.

I hear them  
Drawing out its life  
With the smacking noise  
Of many small mouths.  
The panting of the stick  
Is a fluttering, throbbing sound,  
Almost too faint to hear.

Thin violet smoke ascends—  
Protoplasmic,

PHYRNE SQUIER

Formless—  
The soul of the stick  
Leave-taking.

Full-fed,  
The fire ceases to suck;  
The stick slips from its grasp,  
Falls downward, and lies,  
A straight black thing,  
Upon the hearth.

*Phyrne Squier*

*You.*  
*If I could choose between*  
*the two today,*  
*Life I would leave behind.*  
*Come life, - Come death, I*  
*lose you either way*  
*In death I shall not mind.*



*From Exile*

Now as the cold of winter goes,  
 The ice gives way to blue that flows;  
 The west is veiled within a haze  
 Of softest mauves and rose and greys;  
 On city towers the sunlight spills  
 Its warm, slant rays.—Oh, are my hills  
 Unbound from winter? Do they lie  
 Warmed by this radiance? Does the sky  
 Spread gold above the mountain's head?  
 And is the meadow brook flushed red—  
 Its current swift with melted snow—  
 Beneath this crimson afterglow?  
 I wonder if the twilight brings  
 A rush of wearied, beating wings  
 Down to its waters? Does the night  
 Sound with strange cries? And is the white  
 Field of the moon etched for a space  
 With wedge-shaped shadows, pinioned grace  
 Drifting to northward? Ah, to hear  
 The thousand sounds of April, dear  
 To one who knows their music well!  
 No word describes, no tongue can tell

The glories of my Aprils past—  
 Too sweet to last, too sweet to last.

And, when May comes, shall I not know  
 How fragrant lemon lilies blow?  
 Then great, green moths will come in June  
 To float beneath the summer moon.  
 Oh, bitter it would be to miss  
 The lyric rapture, unchecked bliss,  
 Of catbirds in the white plum-tree,  
 Singing to me, singing to me.  
 And up the hill beyond the bridge  
 Uncoiling fern-fronds green each ridge,  
 While bare, grey boughs of maple break  
 To fiery mists of bloom and shake  
 Their honeyed pollen to the bees.  
 The chocolate-tasseled alder trees,  
 That hedge the brook and edge the lake—  
 I know the picture that they make  
 So well, know how their clean twigs shine  
 In this same sun that stirs the vine  
 To put forth bud on downy bud,  
 And calls from out the black swamp mud  
 Windflowers white as winter's stars.  
 My loved hill by the upland bars  
 Will hold new beauties day by day,  
 And I so many miles away!

*Midsummer Dusk*

Silence and softness now,  
And the great white stars,  
Brushed by the black pine hills  
Burn without flames  
At the edge of the sunset.  
Slowly the darkness fills  
Each little hollow to brimming.  
Roadway and lane  
Lead now to nowhere.  
All is alike  
Wrapped in the silence and softness—  
Wrapped in the night.

*Silence*

Oh, silence is a weary thing,  
Nor did I dream how soon to come  
For me. No echoing footsteps ring  
Along the path. The latch is dumb  
That used to click so happily  
Beneath his pressure, and his chair  
Is empty. The great apple tree  
Spreads out its arms to vacant air.  
Only the sunlight and the shade  
Cast by the leaves move on the grass.  
No entering form has disarrayed  
The spider's mesh, long hung, nor pass  
His firm brown fingers down the sweep  
Of curving balustrade; the hall  
Stands open to the winds that creep  
Between the pillars, where the tall,  
Gay mass of roses clings and sifts  
Its petals down in crimson drifts.

*Supplication*

God,  
 When my flesh becomes no longer mine  
 And I escape from heaviness,  
 Let what is myself go forth  
 And be restored  
 In color, essence, light, or sound:  
 The shimmering of heat above a lake,  
 The frost that wilts the elder  
 And turns to bluish-white hibiscus blossoms,  
 Mauve shadows on white sand,  
 Even the cold whiteness of skies in the dawn  
     hour,  
 Mocking-bird song from orange trees in April  
     midnights,  
 The furry perfume of purple petunias clustered  
     about a sun-dial,  
 South wind moving china-berry bloom,  
 Sunlight spilling silver down japonica leaves.  
 Let me be anything but a black silence  
 Between two, a scant length apart,  
 Who dare not move nor touch  
 Nor speak of love.

STELLA WESTON

*Locomotive*

Across the parchment of the earth  
 You scrawl with hissing pen  
 The autograph of industry—  
 The manuscript of men.

*A Girl in Church**"Our Father Who Art in Heaven"*

This church is so stuffy. Seems like  
 After scrubbing and mending and cooking

All the week,

A girl might do something nicer on

Her one night off

Than go to church.

Oh! to see Old Craggy in the moonlight

Just once—

Lifting his black head out of the water—

So proud—

And beating the foam away.

Some Sunday guess I'll go out there

And just rest on him

Stretched out so peaceful. How nice it'd be—

*"On Earth As It Is in Heaven"—*

Just to look up at the sky all hung with stars

And each one smiling—

And the moon a-looking down so understand-  
 ing-like,

Making everything all white and clean—even  
 me.

Why, I can almost feel the little waves

Taking my hand,

And the trees

A-whispering and telling things to me.

Seems like anyone that loves trees—

The tall and fine and great ones—

Might get real close to Him, too—out there.

Then you wouldn't mind the scrubbing and the  
 mending—

You'd have a memory—and a friend—

*"And the Glory Forever."—Amen.*

*Surfeit*

I wanted beauty over-much.  
One pewter bowl and three thin sprays  
Of hyacinths should have sufficed.  
Yet I pursued the sedgy ways  
Of marsh where mile on tangled mile  
Of purple chaos blotted out  
The wonder of my three thin sprays  
To brew in me a stubborn doubt.

And though the sober steady glow  
Of my slow candle overcast  
My room with a sure loveliness,  
The doubt trailed forth, passed and repassed  
Till yearnings that I could not quell  
Compelled my questing eyes to find  
The fierce white center of the sun—  
Content to pierce it . . . and go blind.

*The Nun*

All day I go about my task  
Sedately satisfied,  
Yet at the twilight hour I know  
I, too, am crucified . . .  
For then with hunger-stricken heart  
I kneel before your shrine  
To gaze on you with lonely eyes  
And wish the Christ-Child mine.

Madonna Mia, blessed maid,  
Look down and pity me  
Who envy you your motherhood . . .  
Your higher sanctity.

*The School Master*

The school-room wavered. He surveyed  
 Its blank gray walls and empty seats  
 Like open graves wide to the sky.  
 It seemed to him forgotten sheets  
 Of writing rustled when he bent  
 His hot white face down on his desk,  
 While his thin clutching fingers rent  
 The curtain limply hung against  
 The nearby window-pane. He heard  
 The droning of a single fly  
 Tear wide the silence and transfix  
 The room as with a haunting cry,  
 And wondered if his throat had split  
 The muffled roar, or if his heart  
 Were pounding the dense waves of it.

The humming deepened to a chant  
 Of rhythmic sounds along the aisles.  
 To him it was the measured tread  
 Of youthful feet waiting release  
 Before they rapturously fled.  
 His eager awkward arms reached out

To grasp the phantoms, but recoiled  
 To find themselves wrapped tight about  
 The room's vast emptiness. Again  
 The whiteness of his fingers made  
 Bright lanes through his dishevelled hair,  
 And as his stricken eyes resumed  
 Their desperate and hopeless stare,  
 Self-revelation came. He saw  
 That he was sapped of his small strength  
 Which long had been of meagre worth.  
 His weariness revealed the length  
 Of coming years for him must be  
 Vacation-long.

True, he would have  
 His memories and little store  
 Of treasured scenes, but these he felt  
 Were all too few for recompense,  
 While some were bitterly involved  
 With those whose hard indifference  
 Still smote him. Calmly they had drained  
 His slender power and had gone  
 Their separate ways while he remained.  
 If only he had trampled down  
 That stubborn wall, or had but found  
 The one to fully understand . . .  
 The one to wait, reach back to him  
 A gratefully confiding hand,  
 He would have travelled endless ways  
 Through that one's greatness and his life

