

POEMS
1939.

Book XVI

Poems by

John Hewitt

April 1939

March 1940

26th March 4, 5, 6th April 1

Ceniza . Brief Sanctuary .
(Spring 1939)

Before war mocks my memories liberty
I'd dedicate one day to poetry
from involuted circumstance and will
abstract indulgent passage free and whole
snatching an instant island out of time
while yet I wear an individual name.

Awake with tongue untroubled by the taste
of midnight friends' rehydrated toast,
let me go out in sun while yet the trees
shew scarce a leaf, and on the restless eyes
light flashes from each grassblade, and the road
has eadied dust in rain dark ripples laid:
secure in pocket to be drawn a conund
the seven score sonnets from the master's hand;
a quatrain read repeated memories
for heartbroken moment now forever phrased.
Pass school with playground empty on the hum

This open window of a morning hymn.
Salute a man and cast in weather-guess
and know his answer has the strength to bless
from its slow wisdom, collateral with
that line of stream-ground mountains to the south.
Think then of Chaucer greeting travellers
and lining each full face in missal verse:
say half-aloud a stage of his thought
in bastard patois not as Chaucer wrote,
and stiding so companioned muse in love
of bawdy miller and vindictive reeve.
Stop only for a man who begs a match
a man and dog, a man without a watch
and just at noon with man and horse at plow
who falters at the furrows and to know
an I but passing or a set neighbor now.

Walk, a short shadow turning with the sun
observing forward chestnut gold-flecked whin
equipt with neat quotation for each glance

3
each twig twitch switch of mood remark at once,
and states deftly in remembered line
for hole in tree bole thrush upon a stone
or frog with frog where hill-brown water makes
a fool-round pause before it leaps the rocks
or well-run ruts cut deeply thro the mud
by round a fix a star-old stretch of road:
find each of these as integral and fresh
as Canterbury or the budding ash
and by their being prove my Shakespeare's span
cartographer's and sessions clerk's in one.

II

For lunch returning spend a happy hour
deciding what to read and in what chair
whether in room with shelves distracting still
or room with better pictures on the wall:
take this, replace and finger this and this
make nice assortment by analysis:—
gaunt Doughty's tangled epic's volume four,

the Fall of Sigurd and the high austere
friend burthened verse of Yeats, and scarcely known
the tinsel sonnets of John Ferguson;
with shining apple yearning for a tooth
a smouldring leaf-blotch-life held loose in mouth.

Rich passage read book laid on knee for thought-
rest pocket pencil fumbled for a note.

The verse resumes where margin remonstrates
indebtedness to Spenser or John Keats.

Imagination lit-afire to share

The artistry with someone busy near

summoned by shout to sit and hear again

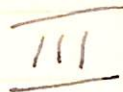
It's inevitable eloquence of pain

while cake is baking or while kettle boils

til stove's reaction by fire's need of coals.

Alone with the high utterance, standing back
while Wrath of Sigurd takes the swiping stroke
fall into dreaming til the room gives way

to slipping veils before a wandering eye.



Then for that cooling ^{hour} lapse of lapsing light
when print grows faint or yet the sky's too bright
to drag the curtain touch the snapping switch
I thrust book aside to give cross legs a stretch
down thro' the allotments where men working still
look up from labor answering my call -
familiar men known for assiduous care
that brought tall daffodils to shake in shower
out of a barren and a boggy ground
those distant greet with friendly lift of hand
and by the ditch where just the other day
the nested lawn-town had been cut away
been keen for darting rat too early yet
for waterboatman or vibrating goat
remember Thomas and the searching eye
that twined the dusty or rattle with the noise

That names the tree the light wind sets astir
and after Thomas innocent John Clare.

Turn down past houses with the chimneys plumed
for tea's warm promise: sky now diademed
with brilliant stars apart from glow of sun
now pale behind the mountain, from the town
a slow fog rises like brown cloud of dust
that smothered better cities wisely lost

Observe and store for later use when ripe
the chattering schoolboys in a hunched group
with dirty knuckle knee a wrinkled sock
playing at marbles in a cal-de-sac
til mothers warn them in blessing looks
or undiverted as intent on task

The pregnant women walking out at dusk
as the prudent logic of the seed
demanded darkness for its patient deed

The land upturning isolated hies,

7
black challenge to sterility of skies
the leady odor of the newcut grass
where the shorn tee starlings lunch across

The short road ended come more slowly home
where blinds are drawn in bed & sitting room
and down the street the passing lamplighter
leaves twinkling points of remiscient fire
a moving board of sober memories
of verses written when with weary eyes
men greeted sunset a oncoming night
with sad reflection and dejected thought
at the slow culmination of despair
for hope's proud end, beneath a steady star
yet satisfied in dignity to come
with sailor a with hunter safely home.

IV

When dark's complete then closer to the fire

draw table laid with lands massinger
and Dante's raw unriming Paradise
Til some friend call find sanctuary in these: -
the full day creating to a perfect prime
beyond restricted resonance of music
in gestured style of measured tragedy
on fibrous threads of gold philosophy
Til some friend call a turn to earnest talks
of prescient verse, experimental works
always extolling mastery remote
the not word alien to a newer thought
if it seize shape of music like a line
melodic from some rhythm the least best known.

But in their forms obscure abrupt intrudes
a landstark rapt with arbutual roads
and pylos Babel like from shire to shire
that shrill their consternation to the air
So while one's speaking inattentive hand
will sketch a gress in eagerness to find

9
some sheer a steady bestions delight
- like Pope or Dryden to round off the night.

V

This is my dream. a day to spend like this
mind soothed a succor by light symptoms
born out of days more easily met than these
with a crude Boreas for unclerked ice

May alternate some choice of book or then
with unspoilt paper and a well-charged pen
send time for spinning lost, til I have found
some plan of words for image in the mind

VI

This cannot be. If not an urgent note
from someone thankful for the words I wrote
against oppression, or a brief demand

that summons me to break a date I planned
with rest and leisure to endure again
the unresponsive attitudes of men
from platform pulpit while I scold & scream
and underline & overstress my dream:
the daily paper dropping in the hall
black with defeat & hope's incessant fall
or non-committal voice across the air
of danger marching in from every where

No way escape. The occasion of my birth
foredoomed me to a sick & fevered earth.

But I shall buy this life: there'll be a day
to spend unmocked at pleasure this slow way
when all that's wrong is slight, adjusted soon
between two sonnets to the harvest moon

The 1st draft of this consisted of some 80 lines. After the
lapse of 9 days resumed adding expanding & deleting
until present state was arrived at.

Sonnet XI

on J. M'K's departure for England.

Now when yr wits are wise each sense alert
you step into a world not yet sucked dry
of such sweet strength as you have skill to buy
You could but stay among us to yr hurt.
Already here too long, & near ensnared
by the lush tendrils of our poverty
if yr bright heart shall ever leave our stay
with sundrawn rigor root & rich dirt

So then & learn new terrors of the night
strange stars enbrancht & alien gusts of snow
take new falls to yr heart & rock dismayd
So strong alone may flash a warmer light
a sway while to sounding overthrow
No stunted thing grow wry & overweighted.

25th April

One spring a life ago I took an oath
beside this tree this apple tree in leaf
that till peace came to staunch Shain's ebbing grief
to make no verse of lush or sapling growth

I have not kept that vow in earnest made
the prompting seasons ever in my heart
sent out the sprays of words as counterpart
a season sofler was a dream betrayed

But in each mood of quick delight that came
with hint for lyric and an open word
there was a thought as of that taunting bird
that tells the ledge and hill his raucous name

and always in my verse or close at hand
the thought that all was false that failed to place
the screaming poster of the shattered face

13
the daily shrinking wedge of loyal land.

Now peace has come and I am free to make
what verse I please as fancy tribes or birds
resounding sonnets on the Pyramids
or little lyrics of a thrush awake...

April

So here we say goodbye not as before
for sunburnt days of walking by the sea
of kicking sticks that lie about the shore
of naming flower ^{in hedge} and leaf or leaf on tree

with thought of you as how our absence jars
with bloom in vase or letter in the hall
a sudden need for book or packing speed
or landscape hint of picture on your wall

But now goodbye for nevermore we'll turn
familiar corner sheltered from the west
the other fires in your kind grates may burn
their smoke shall never signal home and rest-

If words and actions make a shape of air
as by some chance of fantasy remain
eternal but invisible you'll bear
a scumbled text on future way makes plain

15
4th May

This age of things coldest disintegrate
falling apart of what has stood too long
approaching thunder's challenge to our light-
side slanted hope short circuiting of spirit
means dangers nearer too and loneliness
in cold and narrow world of certainty
the cell is narrow now to step across
room only to stand up and scream or pray

When death comes wily to an aged man
 a wise composure waits on the event
 it seems desired completion of the plan
 that torts and tries the devious ways he went
 from first step faltering till the last breath's spent.

So too a child's death may be pitiful
 the stem snapped ere the twig is well aleaf
 the bird unfeathered while the dews still cool
 these bring the leaping heart with flow of grief
 yet life's kept pithis prompt a slow relief.

When man at prime must die in France or Spain
 since freedom beckoned or we thought it did
 the way his being's done seems nearly gain
 death's gesture's certain tho' the future's hid
 with fascist celebration in Madrid

But death of young man moving to his lower
 death coughing panting calling in the night
 while thumping needs still crowd his urgent hour
 rocks the shocked spirit in a chill of fright
 with the flat nonsense of the switch off light.

3016-

men weed and spray and talk across the fence
swif hints or greenfly tilt the noggled ear
stand sweating at the door appraising glance
in the thin plummie when the sun has gone

Each evening restless on this dull routine
sustained by love of roses for a friend
approving nod on Sunday afternoon
or what his father did with broader land

I lazy walk beyond the well flagged street
among the trees where trimmies survive
gape long at lawnsome give a gay salute
to hidden singer in the green above

I sow no seed and trim no dapper lawn
but find my planted wealth surpassing theirs
for what I left will last when they are done
and flower afresh on other springing shores

9th July '19

Fearing created images that find a life within
and touch to gestures unforeseen a say fantastic words
that the wounded heart shrinks back from more than the
rabble's din

I have turned to the shapes of leaves & the natural song of birds

9. VII. 39

Too long I sought escape
in the abstracted shape
stanching the bloody days
with a witty phrase
postponing tragedy
with a cynic eye
abruptly now am brought
to ravell'd end of thought
can now no longer live
remote, derivative
but, dream and image gone
stand naked and alone.

25. VII. 39 ²¹

Yeats in retrospect

The poet has made his will
he chose the losing side.
In spite of his bony skill
his stiff Cromagnon pride
has left but painted work
on the wall of the dripping cave,
and who shall decipher the mark
of hate or the symbol of love?

28th July

Before the hurricane
uproot and toss me by
invalidate routine
give mind a headlong spin
and rip the cloud soft sky

I pause to make a plan
might salvage state and sense
but future full of fear
and curtains with disdain
mock my impertinence

So back from thought I turn
to gain a space of ease
leaved books before unread
and trampled re instead
in't maps & histories

25
went noon and night concerned
with the one's plot and scheme
and that one's turn of phrase
till after seven days
I had a dreadless dream

August

13th

Sonnet XII

At summer's end before the harvests in,
and men, content or discontent, assess
the stubborn profit of their business
with clod and cloud, I venture to begin
my own appraisal: for my discipline,
the needling sun's encounter none the less
dare find in drought a thunder ought to bless
and count among my treasures storm and whin.

How stands my harvest? where the richest yield
from scattered year that promise little worth?
Gazed over now on this slow august day
I name, tho' not in terms of stock thick earth field,
ironic islands in wonderful earth,
some corners unequivocally gay.

13th August 25

The vines begin to flow.
Mind insulated long
under constructing snow
of futilest event
finds them now eloquent
as any summer song
Its ice but grinds and breaks
as gull berg echo wakes

1615

The morning sun
not pitilessly bright
as at noon summer's height
but somehow spent and done
glad of its haze
Deloche him from a harsh earth's gaze.

16th. 27

Since yesterday
the sun returned with power
plays down his molten vigor hour by hour
scorching the dry face, drawing from the bones
all supple strength, as in a tideless bay
weed heavy water flops against hot stones.

A New Song of Kibrea Market

The same 't almost any ballad tune

Kibrea beyond the river Bann is famous for its market -
 a good broad street for cattle and a square where the stalls
 a narrow space behind a wall the size of four good houses
 where carts with tilted shafts contain the little porkers and squealers

Take up your stand outside the Banks upon the clabbered pavement
 and watch the pushing buyers, springers, cows with calves behind them,
 with maybe here & there a bull as a yard of rope to hold him,
 and bullocks lying down to muck a brooded up with curses.

A man will trot a decent horse to show her grace & paces
 on a stall and hold her steady till the buyer leans her over.
 It's there you'll hear the pedigree, the prizes won for plowing,
 the price debated on the smack that seeds with good luckpenny

But in the square among the stalls its nearer boys like it
 with stands of lemonade or piles of lozenges or liquorice

and Paris buns a penny each as cake in all conditions
 a copper dish to weigh them in with paper bags beside it.

Another stall is hung about with leather straps & saddles
 and whips and reins & metal bits to deck a prince's pony
 The man who tries to auction these is famous for his humor
 insulting all his hearers for the offers they are making

Ye'd want a whip for sixpence with a whistle fastened to it
 ye cud be blowin' proudly as ye take yer bargain home

A woman sells old overcoats & better hats & dresses
 the country women try them on & try them cadgers by
 Mary's the man has bought a cap for 8d or a shilling
 that set him grinning & his kief for half a hundred Sundays

A man upon a little stool proclaims eternal glory
 & streakers all his passers by with fire or hell's damnation
 but only children listen as they watch his wide mouth open
 The older people hate to hear his criticism their pleasure.

Kilree's a famous market place complete with 4 road diamonds
a trophy of the last by war replaced the former fountain
where in the older days they hung their unionjacks & streamers
when drummers came a-stood around with pipes & dancing banners.

Or on St. Patrick's natal day the green & gold around it
provoked no Protestant to rape or threaten with reprisal
but that is gone. A better world succeeds the last so mellow
and flaps are there for his by for Wilhelm or St. Patrick.

#175 51
Sonnet XIII

Late summer afternoon beneath the trees
walking slow stride I read an old romance
out of the golden threaded histories
of oath of turret and of pennon lance:

remote from Europe moving out of time
a memory stepping with unobscured breath
hurl'd only by the drestole of rime
beyond the anxious life, the fretful death

Sudden my eyes turn sharply from the hope
as on my left arm, just above the wrist
a small leaf perched with curling edge & dry

And too disheartened now for futile rage
a nervous creature knows he has been kiss'd
by the cool lips of sure mortality.

17K
Same Subject as Preceding Sonnet

Walking in shadow, lost
among enchanted words
at height of summer's tide
when the best song of birds
has crested up and died
suddenly there was lost
a leaf upon my sleeve...
Just of the leaves to fall.....

From the enchanted words
the meaning written all...

But the high song of birds
held something to believe

1715 83
Ode: Arrival of Autumn

The mist at morning, something in the air
hinting, no more, of burning leaves and wood
the grasses dewy, tall trees motionless
made a deep autumn of my anxious mood
and wrapped my spirit in a quietness
beyond the time's despair
For since the spring a truant to my trade
I let themes run untethered in my mind:
so dread the flux that threatened, vast and blind,
mere petal was the deftest poem made

Now somehow had the mad stream's headlong rush
that snatcht and thrust us swift against the will
to strike sharp edges or be sucked beneath
with straws from meadows, twigs from pinestack hill
the mud left shine, the gravel's flinty teeth
set in an eddy's hush
my ripple tumbled heart to float at ease

regain a balance and an equivoise
deflected from the terror and the noise
of the dark channels plunging to the seas.

Here in this still oasis of the heart
let thought return to what it loved before
poet's swains down woods, the fat translucent grapes
the ivy-covered rock above the ragged shore
the phrase or brush that snares the object's shape
so from this place may start
a lyric moulded of my dreaming mood
and studied still, that takes on blood & bone
to find a stay & being of its own
when I am one of death's mute brotherhood.

Bulletin

^{painter}
The poet John Luke has sold a picture to America
I read again in the illustrated catalog
the paragraphs I wrote on art in Webster
altered a little to an American prose.

Wang Pi Hsi the Chinese poet
has just published a new book of verse
(He apologises for the wartime paper)
including at the back my English translations

Oh! but the world's a small place after all.

John Luke has just painted his best picture so far
mastering new methods & achieving new excellence and life

Wang has left for the country behind the enemies' lines
with a group of writers & artists to conduct propaganda
He writes: "The journey will be difficult but very interesting."

And I?

I begin again to make verses after a barren summer
but as yet they seem unimportant
compared to Lu's mountainous pulsating landscape
or the news of Wang.

Three Bugles

Three bugles blown discordantly by ragged boys
at idle sport and flabby out of tune
fan down the street one august afternoon
disperst my quiet fancies with their noise
Harsh like the threat of war
The screaming alarm as seen
the enemy at hand the onset near
the distant like an echo calling fan
salute from lonely star to lonely star

All bugles sounded in their rows they made
all history as in a crystal ball
the charge against the unbroken wall
holding the bass, appealing and obeyed
and crying pity at the end of all

I thought then of the fools who went to fight
for flag or king

leaving the bannered town and shouting street
for woe that savage voices screamed was right
when horns seemed a plain and urgent thing,
and limping to defeat

or worse

the long oblivious forgotten years
after the final laurels had been laid
and slowly men beheld the dream betrayed
yet could do nothing to avert the shame
of victory that always ends the same.

I saw in the brief interval they played
men lost and broken, witless & afraid
howling in muck, not gleaming in parade.

And in the drab cacophony
sometimes a single tone
irresolubely and at random blown
set richer aspirations free
all ending in a crying dying note

that puts its query to their string and rags
mocking the broken shoes, the tattered coat
and their high vision of wind sculptured flags

Why then O why

repeats this thin strange cry
a summons from these bugles never comes
to drop their bloody rags of history
and from the hunger of their wretched homes
in angry thousands muster and be free
all things whereby men live at last their own —
Three bugles blown,

1815

And now God pity this old anxious man
 in hell here now, or like Sebastian
 knows ~~naught but~~ ^{only} ~~worry~~ ^{danger}, never dares to rest
 for fear the next deft arrow ^{prick} cleave his breast
 who get on dying joints a worse dismay —
 Not missing him the world goes on its way

1915

21

Portraits

I
 Philanderer a liar and a cheat
 who lifts his stuff from someone's books
 You would not dream to see him in the street
~~how well photographs the how well he photographs the term a work.~~

II

A rogue a waster and a lying bore
 forgive for some quality of charm
 he imitates the style of Henry Moore
 and never seems to come to any harm

III

{ Eater of nuts & beans.
 A vegetarian, with lively wit
 explores all media careful to observe.
 at least the form & manner seem to fit
 in swinging landscapes knitting curve & curve.

20th

World Crisis Grows in Gravity.
Sir Malcolm Campbell's record Speed.
The Test Match; Oval Score at Sea.
What other comment do you need?

When bombers flattened half the town
perhaps you'll hear a mocking laugh
No use to pull the poster down.
Someone has seen our epitaph.

20th 45

For a Boy seen Yesterday on a bus

Boy with a frail romantic grace
with wide bright eyes and wind-busht hair
your face recalled the poet's face
and suddenly I was aware
of the sick years that lay ahead,
rejected verse your sole relief
for heartbreak and the spittle red
upon the sodden Landkarchief.

16th & 20th

Summer Dawn on Ben Madigan

Waking in chilly air familiar street
was desolate and grey, untrod & still
Past houses blind and silent till we came
over a high ditch by a narrow plank
with water coursing over little flints
thro' tangled grass bleached grey in the pale light
Just on the left a huddle of dark trees
where the first birds began with startled chirp
as the boughs shook with song like falling leaves
Behind the black firs shuddering the hill
glowed the first smoulder of the coming day

Then up the long slope with the blackend which
still smoking at the roots of crumbling turf
till haze precipitated the last crest
set us against the daybreak just begun
a far light flashed and fast and fast a host
from the grey island of the shrouded east

47

The land lay cold and shadowed with a mist
the water grey and calm without a ship
A narrow cloud on Scotland lying thick
the sky above flecked evenly and high
that suddenly grew froth like smoky flame

The cloud on Scotland split to let a shaft
of gold thro' falling yellow on each face
taking on margins like a neon sign
The sun was up. Already light lay long
on the grey hill behind us making plain
the mound we stood on as a shadow's curve
The landscape lost in night before a vague
took definition from caressing hand
The water glittered with broad winking blades
The southwest mountains islanded in swirl
of moving grey stood tall unlit as yet
by torch's dawn. The town below us spread
became distinct now as the sunlight caught
first the high buildings concrete tower and dome
then lower gables - and long rows of roofs.

All things were weary passing to the end
 defeated now the lush advance of spring
 the summer's freshest burgeoning
 turned stale in one hot day
 the weeks of august still remained beyond.

The windless leaves were green and few as yet
 lay curled beneath the foot or flat in clay
 and unripe laws were on the dusty storm
 in scarcely noticed clusters set
 with ragged tawny clumps in disarray
 the bank exhausted lay,
 and the drab acres of the uncut corn.

All wanted for a frost to start the fall
 to give an edge a sharpness to the sense
 with simple statement of mortality
 to meet the shelters rose against the wall

to vine the grass and strip the tree
 with the bright blade of its clean violence

24th

Evening Moon on East Lake
from the Chinese of the Ming Poet
Shih Wu Tse.

I followed the winding margin of the lake
where ever-stetid willows stretch ten li.
The little island floated on the transparent blue
and a long cloud toucht the surface.
Flowers were fragrant-
and wild fowl divid and darted
so I tied my boat to a tree
as the shadow of evening covered all

24th Aug. 51

On this day of crisis / when men march /
and the avalanche waits for the shout /
I try to make better english / of Wang's translation
of verses / about the evening moon and the East Lake /
by a Ming poet / painted on a small bowl.

I sit at my desk and write verses,
 on my left hand a mask of stone,
 on my right hand a bunch of roses in a yellow jar.
 A light wind thro' the open casement
 comes laden with night-scented stock,
 and stirs the roses,
 great heavy roses treading for a fall.

I have spoken where I could against injustice
 I have written verses out of many moods
 some because a leaf fell
 or the moon shone on a wet roof
 I have striven to understand
 why certain painters made their pictures so
 I have tried to be patient trying to explain them
~~them~~ to others who have had no time to understand

Now at the age of thirty-two
 I have no reputation except among friends

Better perhaps to have spent my winters kicking a ball
 than watching the frost on the brick wall.

24¹⁵

John Toland

I have been angry today
because an ignorant journalist
has written critically and without sympathy
of a man whose memory I admire —
a man who fought for liberty in his day
and died in poverty
forgotten by those who inherit freedom unthinkingly

He was eccentric —
but what of that?
The journalist who wrote that article
is, I am sure, a respectable citizen.

28 15 55

Sonnet XIV ✓

I tried to find a verse to fit my mood
of labor still then some way confident
to make a measure of the road I went
beside the stork rows and rook sentried wood
I long have watched the craftsman's attitude,
and how the little words may be bound & bent
to catch and hold: and dream that I am lent
some novice mystery of that brotherhood

Just when the words find place & face in sound
the war upon the world's edge blunders in
as tongue by tongue the dial fingers pound
and the still autumn's rancors with the din
til all my careful joy in skill is found
frail as the hammock web the spiders spin.

Sonnet XV

Your mind moves richly figured by the shapes
 of elegance and fantasy and grace
 till even the faintest sorrow in your face
 finds lip and brow to counter and escape.
 Not then as winners import for the tapes
 tense in the wrack of compulsion of the race
 but rather fitting gesture to slow pace
 that draws the hills down or unfolds the capes
 of evening soon lost in the dim gold
 beyond the last warm glitter of the sea
 so there the greater grace of being old
 shall give a sense of immortality
 till storm wind turns the human gesture cold
 and sevens but pass crying bitterly.

✓

The Polly Rakes against the wall
 like Eastern Bury pagodes tall
 when a south western wind begins
 sway courteously like mandarins;
 but with a sudden dash of rain
 are occidental once again,
 and stand with beaded drops of light
 as cottage-lonely and as bright
 as when old Herrick made his name
 in England in King Charles' time

The townland is Clonroo
 The parish is Kilmore
 where great trees low with fruit
 hang close against the door
 from here restlessness foot
 one sought another shore.

But after thirty years
 the wind across the sea
 that year by year still bears
 the scent of bloom and tree
 showed out the exile tears
 and brought him back to me

Sonnet XVI

On reading Burns' life & letters.

I hated you because of those who praise
 your name at dinners & so blandly quote
 lines that should shrivel up the slippery throat
 of hypocritical preacher, and the phrase
 its peroration-shabby ^{that} still betrays
 the tony sweater whooping for a vote:
 and I have hated too the velvet coat
 the clans' names kappis and the tartan stays.

My anger at these fools was spoken out
 betrayed by heart to overemphasis
 but knowing you I read an penitent —
 forgive me then for my rest-bobbled doubt
 but while with whiskered-breath the Judas hairs
 these hairs proffer I shall not relent.

Sonnet XVII

with heart untroubled never knowing grief
 save youth's dream dwarfed in coming - nothing more
 friendship outgrown that seemed all life before
 but rich years there outnumbered with relief.
 Not then for me the heart's disasters chief
 death yet of him that taught or her that bore
 the love denied full body, and the shore
 in exile told, the weeder on homeward reef.

They say from sorrow art must reach its height -
 blindness & madness, bloody fate of friends.
 What purpose that from pain times of loves spring?

May I find rather in the fading light
 the slow achievement of small peaceful ends
 and quiet wisdom won from rested wing.

Events that may give date and level
 least of the future minds of men
 when what we praise proves fugitive
 bring China to my thought again

Here in the clamor and the stir
 I make no effort to assess
 if life's last chance is just on her
 - and Europe ends in wilderness

For mind that cannot plug away
 or spin a thread of logic long
 at that word sees sharp shape of clay
 a turbaned lady early Tang!

Sonnet XVII

with heart untroubled never knowing grief
 save youth's dream dwarfed in coming - nothing more
 friendship outgrown that seemed all life before
 but rich years there outnumbered with relief.
 Not then for me the heart's disasters chief
 death yet of him that taught or her that bore
 the love denied full body, and the shore
 in exile trod, the wreck on homeward reef

They say from sorrow art must reach its height —
 blindness & madness, bloody fate of friends.
 What purpose that from pain times of losses spring?

May I find rather in the jangling light
 the slow achievement of small peaceful ends
 and quiet wisdom won from rested wing.

Events that may give date and love
 part of the future minds of men
 when what we praise proves fugitive
 bring China to my thought again

Here in the clamor and the stir
 I make no effort to assess
 if life's last chance is just on her
 — as Europe ends in wilderness

For mind that cannot plug away
 or spin a thread of logic long
 at that word sees strange shape of clay
 a turbaned lady early Tang!

31st A.

Dismays by future's screen of tramping men
each one a number moving left and right
I wonder woe if I shall ever
go out with you at random in the night.

walk out in rain like sticks on ice
see now or mist & cattle motionless
on daybreak making shadows hill on hill
or small streams falling down far crevices

All these accepted by the eager heart
as we reject the sodden city hours
with hissing noise a noise of bus & cart
immobilising qualitative hours

This is our freedom giving yea or nay
within the limits set by blood & wage.
How can we then endure the dismal sway
of some loose woman's ribaldry or rape?

31st A
Soliloquy on observing a Drunk
Man unable to rise from the Pavement

This is a poison: ultimately kills:
once habit, leaves the victim gagged & bound.
In early stages offers certain thrills
and makes enchanted stairway of the ground

Gives tongue some courage, offers wings of wit
to one who mumbles normally in speech
the world is merry, friendship infinite
and high ambition swings in easy reach:

will lead to temper, jocular jokes, and tears,
recriminations, insults, often blows —
the bloodshot eye, delirium and fears
and rich sophistication of the nose.

This is a poison. yet are fortunes made
selling within the scope the law affords
It is indeed an honourable trade
that leads men safely to the House of Lords.

If there is no reprieve you may report
 the prisoner ate well & talked with friends
 who tried to keep their courage up with chatter
 about their individual concerns.

His wife was with him nearly all the time
 and her example helped to armor him.
 He never whimpered, kept on writing notes
 on his reactions setting down with care
 the cruder curves and angles of his thought.
 He never reckoned Christ a consolation;
 even his faith in the future was not clear,
 the future of the people, never his own.
 He slept well too, without the screaming fears
 that flack about the dreams of most like him,
 save that he woke most nights before the dawn
 as some close bomber traveled overhead,
 and thought, with something nearly bitterness,
 how good the world might be if men were wise.

105

Let echo echo answer
 and rime ring after rime
 the wisest man's a dancer
 who jigs away his time

and then when he is older
 he may recall with pride
 the lead upon his shoulder,
 the heart against his side . . .

Amalgam Sonnet

when birds escape to child's soft-time compare
the rising tide of opening welcome age
when genial balmy legend breaks with care
and men mysterious gods to furer rage
when foam repairs the golden branches spend
unravish't on the maidens of the shore
and the wild sea breeds of the circling friend
descending song with trees & trees with store
when goal has shed such sacrifice of waste
on leaves themselves remembered to deceive
forehead hath sunk to tongue's unworthy taste
that priest has plait a loves green fields to leave
These flanks see as a town which cannot lend
but stripp't to send that which shore rode to spend.

Lines from longer poem

September richly filled with autumn grace
burns with long shadows on the stocks of oats
scatters cool rain upon the ripened plums
and gives light stars for harvest moon that floats
buoyant between bright Jupiter and Mars
til this harsh country seems a mellow place
to which there comes
no chilling breather of heart contracting wars

Proudly this summer I had watcht the year
move to fulfilment in the dust green pear
remembered odor of the oozing fire
the unseen trees
with ceaseless music in familiar trees
and the crushed berries tart as cottage wine
til quiet joy awoke its counterpart
in crippled verses writ with little art.

Then suddenly the terror I had thrust
out of my gaping mind for natural forms
such as rain makes or dust
or spates tunnels hummed with cuckoo storms
right into the lazar of the thought transcribed
like tumbled streamers of spent carnival
ordering bondage and would not be bribed
by any treason's peace to stay his call.

Poems in November

8th

Now having sucked from autumn all I can;
mortality's dismay, the smoky end,
the restless face of earth, the passing friend;
and in the lipping of this bitter stuff
found antidote enough
to keep me steady in the sleeping rain,
I must abide again
the bare trees shaking in the silver light,
the wet room muddled, or the galeroctet night,
indifferent to professed hope or pain

Now having sucked from autumn all I can
what left I wait, an older wiser man.

6th - 8th

Phoenix or serpent? Let the matter rest
I find no symbol for my writing thought
no form or color fits
no code's exactly balanced to attest
the double flux where time and I are caught
adrift with scattered bits
I have put out my hand
to catch or else to touch
what seems within my reach
but no new shape stirs on my open hand.

Phoenix and serpent borne along the street
as paper lanterns in a summer night
no more shall pass this way
already sodden under beating feet
with black ringed ash that marks what once was bright
a colder broader day
dim by comparison

the comfortable flames
that set their magic names
across a wilderness of wave and stone

9. XI. 39

Camaradas y compañeros

For awhile

we listened to Bilbao after twelve,
found Albacete with an inky finger
and called Barcelona *Barthelona*

applauded the red sash boys
and the blue whirling skirts of the jota
the innocent fife and drum

argued for and against the anarchists
or slipped an unobtrusive note
to a secretive comrade collecting for the brigade

maybe even stood a drink
to a gruff voiced laughing Basque
from the rusty ship at the docks

That is over now.

It was only for awhile
The page of the atlas is turned
we try our lips on new names
and listen to Hamburg instead

But sometimes
a name slips into mind
like Tarama or Guadalupe ^{the scent of a flower}
or a fragment of song blows by like a wisp of smoke
of a merry mullet
or the formal dance of the spinners
or a man in the street suddenly
flashes a grin
and clenches his fist shoulder high
He fought in Spain and thinks we remember it .

Before a lecture on "War Guilt & War Aims"

9. XI.

Sorting my thoughts to make a simple sketch
will plot the present for bewildered minds
shocked from the mesh of football school and talk
I set my mind's edge to the tangled coil
of overlaid event. False starting slow
then clearing to the inevitable end
the coil divides: light shines upon each side:
loose on the dialectic, knot is cut
Yet can I lay the themes bare to the gaze
for truth implies also the bloody end
of all the pitiful hopes their jannies wrap
that root in this thin profit grubbing life
will set this row of boys against this row
a new world rocking dumb on the result
Not only this. I could indeed survive
but my smooth days are also jeopardised
To make a good world generous and gay
implies confusion and the death of friends
may break this dialectic in my hands.

11. XI. 1
With art and verse and politics
my mind plays high fantastic tricks.
The least of these ^{devours} eats up the time
that I could better spend at home,
debating here, discussing there,
or reading Marx with fretful care,
and losing friends, and making foes
as war's black danger ebbs and flows.

But when fear overshadows me
I turn my thought to poetry,
and gaze into a crystal glass
where only seasons pass and pass
with budding thorn and naked beech,
until at last I find for each
an incantation and a speech
that spins a rainbow-colored glass
between me and the men who pass

when life requires my mind to be
unmood by their proximity

And so from art in hue and shape
of keener minds I win escape,
forget war's terror, slum's rebuke,
in cool and curving forms of dukes,
or find my sullen temper gone
in the strange world of Middleton.

These are my friends, together share
our times' insanely troubled air,
and yet from this wing shape and hue
for what I need to feel is true.

But always on the edge of this
the red smoke coils from the abyss,
and thro' the visions cloud a mix
the urgencies of politics;
and I must hammer out my verse
into a propagandist curse,

79
instead of peace demand from art
the angry and impatient heart.

18.XI.39

Dreams

If I have dreams they do not wake me cold
in the chill night. They may be muffled up
gagged by the rags that drape my stulting thought
or locked in velvet pockets of the mind
to coil all day till sleep releases them
to feed or slither up the curling fronds.

The cat or snake I can manipulate:
even the phoenix is predictable

My worst dreads that on dented cotton wool
the green eggs dozing wait the cracking blow
and roc shell drop me screaming on the crags
or doploz croak and haunt my quiet hours.

20-21.XI.39

Sonnet XVIII (A)

Distracted by the temper of events
plucked by false bugles intimate alarms
to jettison a lifetime's evidence
of quiet wisdom in the dirt of arms
But chance not open to the urgent knock
left me to ponder on the swaying flood
each regimented circuit of the clock
tick out the factors first misunderstood

Then after weeks of waiting it was clear
the farce was rigged & mounted as before
the only weighted difference the year
emergent chance of justice rather more
with dumb relief that circumstance made plain
my first rash error turned to book again.

20.21.XI'

Sonnet XIX

Could not respond to banner'd summons now
remembering the annual wreath and speech
and the grey cheeked masks of those who grow
daily remoter on death's misty beach.

Endanger'd freedom cannot now compel:
our freedom pass'd in Spain; our hope survives
on half a dozen fronts we cannot spell
deep rooted in four hundred million lives.

So narrow strip of Rhine and platitudes
carefully noncommittal on the air
could not divert me from autumnal moods
the crisp and floated leaves the oak bloom bare
-and in the darkness unaccustomed eyes
saluted ⁱⁿ new magnificence of skies.

83
20.XI.

Portrait of a soldier

with elbow on the bar he spoke of those
stuck in the Flanders mud like birds in lime.
with bandy legs then and a flat crust nose
he waddles into history out of time.

Estimate

21.XI.

Who reads the plotted future
forecasts whill lose or win?
Say - Masaryk in London
or Casement in Berlin?

25.29.XI.89

Retreat

By the steep gravel as the laurels shook
the cold rain thro the bare and sooty twigs
beside a grey wall pocket with dirty moss
louder on pebbles to a pillared door
compelled by careful interest of my trade
to take a proper token of the past
I went in chill november.

Ringing bell

a woman opened knowing why I came
left in a large full room til she returned
surveyed this lair of a defeated class
the tattered carpet and the damp-bulged walls
the tassels chairarms and the photographs
of tight left majors dead in another war
the oval frames of tinted shawls and beads
the Lockyteam with neatly folded arms
the ragged music and the well rubbed books
the careful etching of a Scottish loch

a watercolour of our local heather.

I said when she returned Delightful view
and gazed thro the bare trees across the bay
grey in the chill november inapeless
"But from that other window" she replied
"you see the hills. That is the view we like"
First a rose garden then a lichen wall
then rising shoulders of close ranked trees
sheer to the basalt cliff against the sky.
"Last month it must have looked most colorful
with autumn's old variety of tints."
"But we prefer to look at it a spring
when all the spruce there is a light light green
I hope the people after us will care
for that plantation and not let it go
to be a public park for children to spoil
breaking the branches pulling up the bluebells"

My business ended stepping to the door

along a passage, hanging on the wall
 a drawing by an artist I know well
 but dated twenty years back. "I like that
 easy and fluent yet aster with life"
 "He caught the likeness but he somehow missed
 the personality. That young man there
 is not as he has drawn him slightly built
 He is strong and broad. There is no doubt of that
 But never would suggest the armstrong shoulders."

The last stride brought us to the blistered door
 she pointed to a grassy path ahead
 "You can go down that way it's more direct"
 and as I went I heard a rusted cannon
 and a foolish fountain spitting in the rain
 with unresponsive goldfish cruising round.

Portraits

I

Fantastic liar full of crazy schemes
 for profit power or betterment of men
 this money lender, merry jack o'dreams,
 one language knows, and tries to slip in ten

II

At twenty turned & left the ox and plow
 laid siege to knowledge - is a teacher now
 but peasant witted still will anxious seek
 for shops where Lam's a penny down this week

30.XI-

messenger

First as a boy he went with telegrams
Then as a man delivered postcards and letters
with good news or bad impartially
or merely neutral information.

Now at eighty
with joints stiff from so much walking
he tilts tables at seances
seeking a special message for himself.

89

Surrealist amalgam

The sea's primary finger contrived to identify
a wild bodily explanation
This dismal mind's reason had reversed
the northward wondrous land.

The little snaps behaved as if
they had enjoyed
the desolate unconscious hotel and the dreary
unknown holiday.

25-30^{15 15}

Sonnet XX

When night came over Europe's hungry face
and men were insulated by the tide
that at the earth's far ends had vainly cried
as rumored noise on star remote in space,
each one stood shocked and reeled in his place,
chill as the rising danger leapt his side;
time's mounting terrors madly multiplied,
and sudden death perhaps the saving grace.

Dismayed by this reversal of his peace
with all its dread, and threatened by despair,
believing man might curse his god and die:
decision made for them some found release
in the new tensions suddenly aware
of the great leaping shapes of history

3015⁹⁰

Caught in a net of dreamlike words
content to weigh the colored form
a random ear for singing birds
an eye for moon or thunderstorm
I had forgot each eager sense
poured in its tribute to the heart
and that by careless violence
I tore my life apart.

I remember the old Europe between the wars
 battered a little but putting a front for show
 setting her chromium gloss over the ragged scars
 or building great durable houses row upon row

Where guns had rattled and gasht the generous earth
 the poppies burnt in the corn and the women went
 slowly about their business of labor and birth
 gay in their colors sunbonnets and indolent

A man might sit and drink awhile in the open air
 and the neon lights of the streets gutter under the stars,
 with the newest coilings of art as his gravest care.
 I remember that old Europe between the wars.

Sonnet XXI

Winter comes sudden on an earth at war,
 fat drifting flakes rainsodden slant and fall
 on sill or kerb and crotch of tree or wall
 making the blind streets unfamiliar,
 until with rising gale one herald star,
 in darkest corner of the night's grey pall,
 burns insolent rally til the sky is all
 sharp lit with torch worlds hosting from afar.

So gazing at a heaven blown clear of cloud,
 the sad heart knows a brink & edge to fear
 which overlift gives equivoise again:
 mockt so, no longer daring to be proud
 and passionate since our coilings schemes appear
 as transient as the snowflakes in the rain.

Sonnet XXI

When men came first to seek the sparking stone
 and left their coals and shards along the beach
 or built their shelters, or when bound to preach
 stern Patrick to the Quayle's green mouth was blown
 or when on hillyop th' agitator Tone
 and his sworn comrades laid the vow on each
 these same cold stars swung round the same bare reach
 and will not rest tho' all is left undone.

So standing here when night is boldly set
 with these bright myriads I shall not despair
 that what I pledge my hand to gutter out
 for all my small anxieties and fret
 or easy triumph breeding greater doubt
 shall touch no comet thro' this quiet air.

With sharpened sense I loathe the world of frost,
 odor of death's destroyer, the fallen leaf
 held rigid to a pause in its decay
 forgot the pity for its summer lost
 that somehow has no legacy of grief:
 the clean sun rising on a naked day.

So, for the grass and trees, and so the sky
 new earth of joy to heal my wounded heart
 but the old jester's hurt stabbed suddenly
 at sight of pavement-artist's empty sleeve
 a tattered woman with a sack of rags
 a landless man with faded & fleecing cuffs
 tipping an offal bucket in a cart.

Portrait R.P.M

11.11.39

Doctor, poet and talker glad to live
what quatrain could his slightest image catch?

- The ripe curled lip, the drawled affirmative,
the surreptitious glances at his watch -

I

J.M.S

16.11

With small keen mind like needle good for pain
he pricket at life til frightened by its cry
then made deaf puppets stillfully insane
for life to hurt that cannot make reply

II

This talkative and most engaging fellow
steps on thin ice and flicks the pit a glance
Behind the mast? moans dismal Punchinello.
To his quick twitch dumb puppets pray or prance.

The plainclothes policeman settled in a chair
when what he's called for had been understood
the notebook fingered and the papers signed
declined tobacco tallet of his early years
a motherless boy among the turf and rushes
mood on benches of townlands in Tyrone
tript lightly over his service here and there
spoke slow and loving of his Antrim days
& Lenam's old streets the river and the bridge
the stone wall on the road along the coast
and how they split the stones with wedge and hammer
but in his youth the whinstone jarrup the plow
was split by burning turf and splashing water
remembered stones the color and shape of rocks
the great rock near Glenariff like a woman
called the white lady now in map and guide
but Cloughastookan in the neighborhood
sighs for the passing of the proper names

The names a thing or place obtains by right
in natural order and not flattened out
into a phrase with only ignorance in it
and a flashy attempt to sound polite and grand
He spoke of Hurtletoot where mill and dam
make profit for a man lives faraway
of Rab's Neuk near Carmoney where the road
turns a snug corner into Tory Lane
He spoke of neice O'Haugan the highwayman
who hung at Carrick after his great leap
and left his treasure in the skin of a colt
and how to this very day men come with picks
and spade to turn the sods, but have not found it.

The hour grew late. He had a call to make
"rose up to go but lingered just to say
When you drive out next time along the coast
just give that great grey rock that's like a woman
its native name of Cloughestookan, will ye."

The nights are dark now and the wind and rain
keeps most doors shut. We seldom stir outside.
We watch young gunners marching to the train.
The girl next door's become an airman's bride

Some faces are not seen on morning bus
or at odd times under a forage cap:
but still the war has not entangled us,
not even flags with pins across a map.

We shut our minds against it thinking more
of the new morning after this dark night...
Will strange maimed beggars knuckle on the door
and will the sugar ever be so white?

Sonnet XXII

Now in the misty zero of the year
 when day's a bleak and drizzled interval
 between a grey light moving up the wall
 and the dimmed windows of a world of fear
 the pulse beats slower and the anxious ear
 awaits each moment keening even call
 the numb mind dumbly watches ashes (cool and) fall
 into the fire's red hell, wide maw'd and sheer.

No birds are singing in the brittle sticks
 the withers grass comb'd flat with channel'd rain
 the shrivels berries and the tinder whin
 the ragged thistles round the tilted ricks
 can yield no gain of succor save within
 their spent waste thickets for the season's bare.

Reflections on reading in Huchbras again

Twas this uncouth and ragged rimir
 old Samuel Butler spent his time in
 hacking with blunt and rusted sword
 the sour monopolists of the word
 stringing these latter day apostles
 along his fence like jays and thrushes
 like snakes in jars like dusty fossils
 declaring plain th' obscene descent
 of all who strove for Parliament
 ransacking reeking similes
 king's eye to catch and court to please
 jeerd at the new strange ways of dealing
 the human right to open selling
 instead of divine prerogative
 that Popes to pony kings should give
 took on the marching years as foes
 the tides of time in vain t' oppose
 lookt always over his left shoulder

To misty age of kingly gold on
the tunnels of a visioned reign
proud Charles' son should bring again,
unwitting that Elizabeth
had left to end its jaunting breath
after her father and grandfather
had left it naked to wind and weather
and that the Kings who multiplied
the sheep flocks on the mountainside
had ultimately found the crown
to the hard merchants of the town
who knew too soon it was absurd
to trade of serf and overlord
when cash and carry was the word

These shapes' gam stir. He did not know it
being no more than merry poet
because the struggle seems to be
debate about theology
predestinations prelates graces

Dilburne's and Land's and Melton's phrases -
until in maze of term and text
Butler and England were perplexed
and if his thought had been much subtler
he would not have been Samuel Butler

There was a King who told the sea
to keep from royal toe and knee
and curst its heedless waves that chesed
him soaking to the royal waist.

Thus Butler leted so the strange
relentless pace of approaching charge
with desperate violence attract it
and in a changed world died neglected.

II

So if a man would say his say
against the treasors of his day

He must pursue guerilla war
with epigram and metaphor
sail beneath the pompous guns
with little sniping quips and puns
and only leave a laugh behind him
when survival searchlights grope to find him
and never hope to win from James
the gliter of a neon name
press with the eye that he attracts
among the cobwebs of neglect:
unless his gaze is razor keen
to cut its way beyond the seen
and lay the rhythmic structure bare
that pulls and pushes everywhere.
Secure in this wise ebb and flow
he'll watch the flickering faces go
as know all that he needs to know:
and be content if for awhile
his well strung wit and merry quile
give heart to others who would make

103
a decent world for mercy's sake
by showing that their enemies
are also James and Lewis and his.

Portrait W.R.R.

21. X. 11

This country parson with the corn cob pipe
has secret vices, even stoops to ^{writes} write
acrostic verse like Auden overripe,
and glorks on Rabelais by candlelight.

9-19-811

Sonnet XXIII

First the bright stars to pin us down in space
and mock our melting berg: then season's blight
just kindling sharp thought with its spectrum light
drips shapeless from its deeply figured lace;
sun smothered by cloud lifts up a moongrey face
that blurs to drizzle with the early night;
within the checked mind the unword fight
of mustered nations in a distant place:

incredible vast shadows moving slow
that tower and lurch with menace in their stride
toward events we dare not even guess.
We crouching in the lighted ring we know
among the cooling cinders of our pride
turn faces from the encroaching wilderness.

20
19-811

105

Consideration of an oil painting by
Colin Middleton

I

Beneath grey threat of winds and clouds at war
on the brown sterile beach of a cold star
where bleak sea flings grey tresses on the shore
with low repeated beat and dragging roar
a naked woman sits shuteyed and bowed
her hair blown backward like a tangled cloud
and slipping from her thigh a silken shroud
that dull against her body takes the light
as curve by curve it stretches cold & bright
over a red stepped stool: a stocking sags
from shin to ankle in dejected flaps
and limply sprawls to one forgotten shoe,
the other, lost behind her twist the two
square table legs on whose broad top she rests
a left arm leaning, her full trusting breasts:
in their tense arrogance do not confirm

the slack tired gesture of her lifted arm.

II

A naked woman on a barren beach
none by to shock or comfort her with speech:
sharp berg-like islands lit by slanted sun
suggest no rescue to be found thereon;
she sees them not with her averted eyes.

And as she broods what thronging memories
jostle the noisy causeways of her heart
of sun-bright cities or green glens apart
of singing eyes where she played her part
high love remembered or regretful care
for friendly hands that cold her foaming hair

Who breaks her mystery for
wondered mystery for
Who breaks her mystery open? Oft before
women have wept upon a lonely shore:
Here for one and Dido the fire
made an immortal tale of her desire

Not either this.

Than there far more done
this vast vacancy
in an else-vacant world of wave and stone.

Perhaps the test of her defeated race
she brings her tribulation to a place
equate in grief with her unspoken grief
devoid of meaning ~~and~~ drained of all belief
for she has lived too long and sees the end
the dreadful comets of our day hasten

Yet no. She is not old with withered breast
the sap of life dried up. Her limbs attest
an eager body that perhaps had been
rich fertile mother of a race unseen
denied by nature's rapid poverty
both fruit and father ~~of~~ for her progeny
and so defeated drearily unfulfilled
she mourns the murdered future of each child.

19.XII

Rondeau

A telegram! Before I tear

the orange envelope with care

how many fancies come to birth?

First, from what corner of the earth
has this come crackling thro' the air?

Will its bold pencil but declare

some simple statement of despair

or did some joker plot for mirth
a telegram?

Tells it of honor I must wear

or was my offer found unfair —

am I cast off as nothing worth?

So when my days are bleak with dearth
of new excitement wait you spare
a telegram?

109

21.XII

Quatrain on Middleton Painting

Is this not some as yet unstoried Eve

ere Adam's birth. Protestant emphasis

on God the father offers scant relief

to labouring Mary keeping the glory his.

27. XII

Namer of Stars

Only a man who believed that the sun swung round the sky that the earth was the centre of space could have the impertinence to name the stars he counted with tireless & mastering eye before he became bewildered with the cold astounding lens

When I see the stars in december I do not think of their names Arcturus is only Arcturus when we do not dare to go beyond these misty capes. Their first or flickering flames are mapped in a hundred ways in desert or island or floe

How dare we call this Mars this Saturn with the rings when the bulging sphere we inhabit is clumsily called the earth ignoring the myriad textures & the nature of things and ringing a handful of names such as birth & mirth & death.

29. XII

Portrait: M. T. McC

This frog voiced woman has a masculine grasp of affairs. It once was thought of her she might have made a name in Westminster who gossips now to dotage on cheap wine

Portrait: R. T.

Houseboy, then cook's assistant went to sea ended a year, now quiet stays at home, companion's eye & does embroidery in an old house with windows flecked by foam.

29. XII. 39

Sonnet XXIV.

Walk out the decade by a barren sea
a jumbled decade of alarms and wars
by sear-frequented rocks and budding tree
under a waning moon with brightning stars.

Leave senses open to the teeming shapes
the weather makes of simple natural forms
til the tired spirit strengthens & escapes
from tedious counsels to a hill of storms.

So in the balance of the way I went:—
emotions wear a tear, minds tangled growth,
the scars & fractures of obscure event,
may be included to assess them ^{be measured} by
the alternations of a winter sky
a floating gull, the brown stream's bundled froth.

Carnlough

115
29. XII. 39

Sonnet XXV

The bus fills up with laden passengers
not pledged to travel far, who drift away
down wet lanes in the waning winter day
over high stiles, up avenues of firs.

The air grows heavy and the window blurs:
we judge hill created by the lurch & sway
until a stopping gust blows in a play
on lonely isolated travellers.

At country loam a crowd of farmers board
well warmed with liquor laughing talkative
we lose self-consciousness almost to give
the way attention on cramped seats afford
to the loud round of jests their slow wits keep,
while two men at the back talk low of sheep

Carnlough

31. XII. 39

Sonnet XXVI

2 Five hours now the decade slips away
that twang'd harsh music on our wire drawn years
with death of friends brought memory of tears
and saw postponement of a juster day:
treason advent when its moaning prey
the warning cries on unresponsive ears
beat fainter as the dark womb bursters years
nowd menacing. Yet there is this to say:

in this harsh epoch I awoke to life
flesh sense in action, found a richer sense
in reining my rash mind to careful strife
that gave warm content to my eloquence
set nest of roots to tap experience,
denied before, to my live eager wife.

Verse of 1940

Sonnet I. 40

The thought that found validity alone
 in the wise vistas of a world remade
 and took the moment's agony unafraid
 the cynic gauntlet, mocking triple blow,
 grounded in faith that comfort would atone
 - Taste to others where we were delayed
 now rusts in sheath - a notch a twisted blade:
 only slow weather can beat down the stone.

Uncounted men, companionable men,
 ripe shaped for living well in equity,
 have buried their clear talents in the earth
 to crumble undisturbed, not dug open,
 accepting bondage till all men are free
 and died defeated in an age of dearth.

Recueillement C. Bandelarie

Be still my grief be still. The evening
 that you cried out for is already near
 This misty gloom that cloaks the town will bring
 for some deep peace for others anxious care
 while now the foolish crowd beneath the sting
 of Phraon's scourge, relentless murderer
 will win remorse from bondmen's junketing
 My grief, your hand: and let us go from here.

O see how from high heaven's balconies
 the dead years lean in their outmoded raps,
 and Pity smiling coils from streams below
 Beneath an arch the dying sun seeks ease
 and to the east like shroud that sprawls & draps
 Look, Love, how blessed night comes slowly now.

L'Horloge : C. Bandelaire

Clock! sinister god implacable apart
 whose finger threatens us saying clean: Recall;
 the throbbing sorrows of thy fighter's heart
 will soon be stuck like arrows in the wall,

as evanescent pleasure disappears
 like slotted figure on a sliding board.

A morsel of delight each moment sheers
 off each man's fortune that the fates accord.

Three thousand and six hundred times an hour
 the Second whispers. With mosquito speech
 Now cries Remember I am Heretofore
 and I have drained thy life with eager leech

Remember. Souviens toi. Esto memo
 My metal throat in all men's tongues has told
 these minutes, waster mortal are they are

which is not shattered without yielding gold

Remember Timis an avaricious player
 who need not cheat to win with certainty.
 Day withers and night lengthens; so beware
 Gulf gapes aghast but waterclock is dry

Then soon will sound the hour when chance divine,
 when august virtue, lifelong virgin mate,
 when even penitence, (last sober sin)
 will all cry "Die old laggard. 'Tis too late."

Epigrams from the French of
Ponce Denis Ecouchard debrun 1729-1807

I Sur Une Dame Poète

This beautiful poet has two little whims:
she makes up her face but not her own verses

II Dialogue entre un pauvre Poète et l'auteur.

I have just been robbed - I share your grief
My manuscripts - I pity the thief.

from the French of Voltaire
sur un Christ habillé en Jésuite

I Admire this subtle stratagem
of this jantastic crew
who dress ^{thee} you up like one of them
lest we should love thee too.

Pendant la Tempête Gauthier

The boat is small and the sea is vast
in anger the waves hurl us up to the sky
Let us kneel and pray round the broken mast
for the clouds have rejected us utterly

with only a floating plank for a tomb
in a bitter bed we may lie tonight
neath chilly shroud of the white sea foam
in darkness save for the levin light.

O Lily of Heaven O Lady Kind
who aid succor poor seamen in danger of death
smooth the out the waters appease the wind
and guide us to port with thy gentle breath

Deliver us safe in the harbor bounds
and will give thee a silver robe to wear
a chapel candle that weighs four pounds
and a little S. John for thy Jesus dear.

Waiting in twilight for a blue lit bus
to turn and carry me the way it came
my clenched intention coinciding with it
the chief intention scribbled with my name

I suddenly became disintegrated
into fat tissueed fancies gorty loped
sharp words remembered from a hundred volumes
and faint aroma of a shaving soap

and it seems daft that such a clumsy bundle
balanced on a battered deck with the aid caps
should hold together in the twilight waiting
while night unrolls upon its starry map

Sonnet II.40

High hearts have dared the terror of their days
armed by hope; that hope has guttered small
Their courage now has no memorial
a bad world slithers down disastrous ways
and must plunge deeper ere a brighter phase
returns in unexpected interval
Is there then value justifying all
Love's rare assertions homeless in the megal?

Lean face for comfort only written there
with ~~fair~~ time's green acid is defeat and pain
the sudden smile is smudged into despair:
that coil of daisy was once a rood of grain
flashing in wind and sun; that sodden crust
was once, in winter sleet, a plowman's trust.

Sonnet III. 40

Ignore the daily witness of despair
 in any casual sentence overheard
 reiteration of the flat dull word,
 the dread behind the non-committal air:
 forget deflected Adam's greying hair,
 or murdered Abel's lost unmastered head;
 think rather of oil-jetted squawking birds
 that spanned the bright abysses of the air.

The restless waters will obliterate
 both cause & victim and there still will be,
 after an unquest epoch desolate,
 vast flocks towheel in sun without dismay
 and settle deftly in a dawnwashed bay
 with shining plumage on a smokeless sea!

Sonnet IV. 40

Can mind weigh life and score it on a slate
 with proper sign preceding, all assest
 if not mind now then mind of ripen state
 when what is good now has achieved its best?

Predicted comet may be harbinger:
 the gas that freezes at the point required
 the seventh generation trees that bear
 the forecast fruit with qualities desired -

- these may be known as you or I can write
 what words a certain man will say and when,
 or how vast dreams from meagerness of height
 make noisy nuisances of little men

Yet will there ever be at any time
 device to check the chance of love or mine?

Caught at my prime in pitiful disaster
 my world's walls gape about to fall
 where must I turn for comfortable master
 to break the hush of terror's interval?

Pay - Edward Thomas who when earth was breaking
 thinking of vole & hawk from deathward went
 or roman dancer brave at eighty making
 immortal quatrains of pure sentiment.

Legend.

The blind boy and his spray borne mother
 laughing out of Hellas came
 with the little crafty manner
 and cuckold Vulcan lame

and in the Tavern of Old Stories
 queried who was latest come
 since, a phoenix from the ashes
 Dido found immortal home

Spoke then one of Paul and Frances
 one of Dante's Beatrice
 from the great Italian summer
 after postbright dawn of Greece.

Then one muttered sick as shanefact
 "with the sunlight goes our luck
 we have now but a mouse that chatters
 a rubber dog and and angry duck."

Munch 1938

A gouty rogue a loud exultant house
 a bit of paper promising good luck —
 - What better myths for us than chattering mouse,
 a rubber dog unsexed, an angry duck?

Note on Myths

The myth must meet the stature of the ape
 - a placard picture for the dumbest eye
 move with bright grace upon the lighted stage
 and give good melody for marching by.

Humbert Wolfe

The best men have been dumb or merely mumbled
 rumor of loveliness surcharged with pain.
 You spangled muse with hair so slickly buttered
 trails Picidilly toting in the rain.

Reverie and Recollection

Here in the quiet evening of my home
 anchors beneath a rocking flow of stars
 with wife weary after gardening
 laying the black sods open to the frost
 myself a navy squelching in the clay
 now reading with some passages aloud
 for my delight or comment, I look round
 on books and pictures. In this narrow cube
 of four cream walls are housed all I love —
 the unframed canvas sketch of dancing woman
 her body's lines the swinging draperies
 making a loose coil like a quiet tune
 the sharp relation of a mask & ladder
 set in a desert landscape by that man
 whose hot imagination gears my thought
 into inevitable fantasies
 not reached without his force but satisfying
 some tension of my spirit these mad days:

The innocent unframed of Edinburgh
propt on the bookstack from my father's hand.

when I remember where my fortune lies
always I place across the chapter's head

The comfort and responsibility
of being a wise man's son: I often find
my word respected because of his just name
and lose that by a rash and wayward tongue
that makes the simple truth too doctrinaire
for unaccustomed ears: above the fire
a print from Moscow of a blue Picasso
stating my generation and my faith:
eightsided mirror kept for visitors
to fix their smiles in; it is dangerous
and hung well out of sight of where we sit
lest I be snared into self-consciousness
and offer gestures for the shape they make
and not the truth that they give body to:
the golden letters on the ill matched books
(I set them out by subject not by size)

131
suggest so many tedious memoranda
that cannot yet distil into a poem
how I found each how satisfied why kept
I turn my mind abruptly to consider
not crazy world with dagger at its throat
I think of this too often and will open
but rooms remembers all inconsequent
remembers for some fancy that took root
part of the tangled thicket of my mind
bearing bright blossom or hard bitter fruit
a his like coin or button in a drawer
with letters cards and string and papercuttings
you jumble thro to find a thing you need
for peremptory purpose easily lost
as hooked burr sticks to a sweeping sleeve
resists removal interrupts your study

First then the wide farm kitchen on the hill
where once we cald with a blue can for milk
I sat upon a stool while mother chatted

with the great-nosed frosty handed woman
and saw the crickets flutter in the ash
and the bright copper pens along the shelf:

Then the brass handle of the boiler tap
in another kitchen in a city house
the bamboo tripod in the dining room
the snakes in bottles on the bathroom sill
the algae in the deep green tanks, the hearts
with shaggy conch shells and heavy ammonites
inside the crested fender

or open

the curtained bedroom where I had the fever
when I was seven and my mother sent
father and sister to my uncle's house
that she might keep the land and me at home:
There on the floral carpet I fought thro
the ten decisive battles of the world
with my lead soldiers out of Cressy's book
played Marathon beside the dressing table

and near the door repeated Waterloo
with Plassey by the wardrobe.

Follows then

a room in Bristol high above the town
where terrace signals terrace over the mist
and sooty spire still dreams of Chatterton
a plaque of Persian tiles upon the wall
green blue and red beneath a hard white gleye
the baby crying in another room
brought in and cradled on the blue divan
the exile Irish toy and his wife
ribald malicious with wide laughing mouth

Remembering exiles remember the Chinese
in that other house where we lived two years ago
poet and talker sitting by the fire
beating a poem's metre with the poker
about a soldier sharpening his sword
speaking of Po Chu 7 and his device
of reading his verses first to his house keeper

The memory wounds. I must invent a way
to shut my mind's eye to the sight of him
be more particular about that Rouse
blue thought in maze of details that remain
the chisel ledge round it and the narrow strip
of lush grass thick round root of apple tree
the fir we moved because it blocked the view
the hill seen from the front, the garden plots
that patient sapless men work year by year
the cream wald room, plain paper is our choice
the delicate temper by my tall dark friend
who maps a face like a landscape and a hill
firm as a woman's breast, whose vision is
cold and remote as tern among the crags:
the stone face by the copyist of Moore
who lies so boldly of his famous friends
the simple watercolor of a mill
by a strange-throated fellow all involved
in martyr-misery and pedantic detail
the carpet square and angled yellow and brown

135
typical of the thought that we aspire to
in a mad world of wild complexity
like bag my wife stuffs colored clippings in -
the colored tiles flower-patterned round the fire
my wife struck paper over to cancel out
the white round light hung on a metal rod
that someone thought was fitting for a shop
the coarse brown jar that held the fire stuff flags
cut by the Lagan first then superseded
as they began to crumble into down
by six brought safely from a city bag
walking in country one december's end

Recall the Spanish sailors with their wives
men with brown wrinkled faces chattering women
who sat here singing slow nostalgic songs
when Albelete and Terame were
drums throbbing in the front and anxious heart
not merely names upon a folded map.

I cannot cleave my thought. I remember too well
his bland smooth face that that heart, his cigarettes
his explanation of the characters
the firm just with the brush held vertical
his glinting glasses laminated thick
his way of speaking of his early days
his wise grandfather, ways of making tea
Confucius says means and Mao the tramp
his hope for China reference to his wife
his recognition that my wife as I
have heard to be both integral and free
his interest in my clumsy western thought

My spirit grows beneath his influence
as seedling sprouts in cinematograph
waving uncertain arm and alternating
with cold and moisture suddenly abrupt
jostling the big round grains of earth aside
and shooting towards the warmth that weekend it.

Now he is dead in the middle of that war
Life's values make against its evil powers
powers of denial, dull repressive force.

He was a great ^{great} good man, a humble scholar
compact of wisdom courage tolerance
a gentle host even of our hills
making a lovely stranger as he passed
disliking our coarse literal art's conceit
and setting style and reason against despair

For all his greatness life could offer him
only a little death in a rest campaign
a manuscript unpublished, and a book
of badly printed verse in wartime paper.

Yet I do not think he would have understood
that sick word failure. There are other words.

I'd thought to move this pleasant memory

remarking how I could the form and color
resting my stiffened launches and tired arms
for since that day I read it in a paper
just months ago. We kept my grief at bay
but Wang with his smooth face and lank black hair
each eye distorted by fantastic lens
beard from the shadows urging me to speak

So let this verse begun with other intent
be a libation to his memory

26-I-40

139

When sometimes flipping thro a book on art
I see a deft and elegant Chinese script
I remember Wang with the vertical brush
showing us how to write the character for grass
and for sun-in-the-grass in the pictorial style

But he has gone away
and I cannot salute him now
even with the scratches and splutter
of my clumsy western pen.

X

26.I.40

I count among my friends that lively man
from Austria who plays the mandolin
and covets gadgets, and the stooping Czech
who uses God's name quaintly in his speech
the sensitive quiet German with his jokes
laboriously learnt from lesson books
who loves our Shakespeares and our Bernard Shaw
and Leo & Rawls' eyes and a hand to draw
a lucky likeness, and the gold toothed Pasque
who's given up English as a hopeless task
and now subsides with understanding & wit
remembering Bilbo and the Argentine.
So this and this appears as I report
each affable and with a kindly heart
I pass their images before my eyes
and wonder where the root of evil lies
that hand hand never to release a bomb
to blind a baby or destroy a home
at sign from statesman in a gilded room.

141
26.I.40

Cafeteria

Two little boys
with dirty paws
sucking lemonade
thro straws

a man in a hard hat
with gold fince - neg
eating apple tart

a red faced man
without a hat
brandishing a newspaper
and talking in a squeaky voice to the waitresses
who look understandingly at each other
when he bundles out by a swinging door

Someone unseen
behind a pillar

coughs { like a dying man
sepulchrally

and altho the square pillars
are mirror sides

I cannot see myself
until I am walking out.

Aplousim

The fool can never keep his peace
thick lips Ben Jonson jotted down
familiar with the tags of Greece
aware of something he had read
or thought unsaid, or heard or said
that thro long usage was his own

And as I turn the yellow page
the sentence makes new nest and home
overleaping acid stain of age

This distillate of books and men,
my mind, provides the oxygen } X
where it burns like magnesium.

my mind distills of books a new } X
provides the proper oxygen

30.1.40

My chiefest comfort now is not
in singing rimes that used to give
noe reason why a man should live
than all the colored squares of thought.

I long rejoit in proud response
to attitude of mind or tree
Knew shepherds verse for honesty
for blindman's stick ~~or~~ floating swans.

But time let it savage eagles out
too sharp with beak and claw in play
for my ton hands to beat away.
No stanza swabs the wounds of doubt

Dependent now on men who found
their pain brought wisdom wisdom here
I try the gesture once again

145
on rougher but securer ground.

Not stanza now but naked line
that faced the truth in simple phrase
and flung across the tortured days
of men with warmer hearts than mine.

Muron

Once sitting drowsy in a homeward bus
 my book unopened from sheer weariness
 rocking obedient to the lurch and sway
 thro' foggy curtains of a winter day
 I raised my tired eyes to reflecting glass
 that let no shadows of the shapes we pass
 break thro' its hard black surface showing only
 white helpless faces islanded and lonely
 under strange top lit hats that from their brows
 drew a blue shadow's edge across their eyes
 sudden at bus stop a reflected man
 stood on the platform having just got on
 He paused to pay his fare and look around
 where comfortable place might best be found
 near narrow men or snug inviting girl
 avoiding in all of back or flicking shawl
 and as he looked his flat reflected face
 was set ~~in~~ on my left shoulder like a mask

and there were two then: this and this the same
 so like the faces he must share my name
 I woke from Tedium in a sharp alarm
 met in the sinking focus of a storm
 but just before I could adjust my wit
 to this intrusion at the crossing light
 he turned and swung upstairs and out of sight.
 And from that moment terror steps with me
 chuckles from corners grins from cups of tea
 or flashing mirrors. Other nests may make
 a flank encounter or direct attack
 I do not fear them being integral
 more than stubbed toe or cut deسع's blink well
 admitting my retreat or step aside
 no need to hurry for the world is wide.
 But this flat face the dread that there is one
 identical with me in thought and bone
 who may do something I cannot foretell
 where I am native and am known too well
 so shackles with responsibility

that I move blindly where I used to see

It was enough to fear a shadowy plane
encompassed all the images of men
and set in sequence what we acted here
the minutes' laughter - and the tropic year
But that this life should intersect my life
a mad leaf thrusting thro' another leaf
tears up the roots of growth makes madness of
the hopes I have in the things I love.

To words that would escape
three things give permanence and shape
just the strict study of sense
faced by intelligence
then stress
of slow familiar loveliness
-and may be time
to lift them far beyond the accidents of time

but these must fail. If the words do not rise
from tang of tasting and the proof of eyes.

2.2.40

Sonnet 5.

Child in the glittering mirror of conceit
with diamond edge to flash adgen hues
like rich discoloration of a bruise
or smear of oil upon a shining street
my own eyes are the only eyes I meet:
not here an image that a man might choose,
some quiet scholar, for delight and use
in the slow age that ^{yearns} waits for our defeat

Within the steep Ardennes there is a cave
with curling lanes & bat-choirs galleries
mid soaking crags and dripping stalactites
that rings when struck bell resonant and brave
but struck too hard will break off, blunt a while
its note forgotten when the echo dies.

2.2.40

Not like my fathers worshipping a God
who praised their labors and with ample breast
at the ripe end of fitting period
gave comfortable rest,

I would indenture all my skill and scope
in willing service for a human end
yet of the names that ratify my hope
no father and no friend

to proffer home and welcome when I go
defeated down the shadow of retreat
and without tongue or language make me know
he also knew defeat.

Eyes open when my father's eyes were blind
in finer torsions of a master hand
I learn the motions of the conscious mind

and the obedient hand;

instead of fancied gestures of belief,
the necessary discipline of faith
to modulate the stress of joy or grief
but not the sting of death.

6.2.40

153

Disconsolate.

Too warm for comfort in the milder air
resenting midday gloom
annoyed by the complexities of truth
denied the satisfaction of despair
with irritation wait approaching doom
a rough tongue sucking at a broken tooth

with verse that offers too familiar wine
for thought knocked out of gear
the fate of decent people like ourselves
monotonously ticking in the ear
impatiently look up to see the time
and put the stale books back upon the shelves.

6.2.40

The birds I never know by sight
Have come upon the trees
and in the early morning light
repeat the ancient litanies

The spring already stirs beneath
frost harrowed earth in Ulster now
the ^{eldest} ^{splits} ^{its} ^{shiny} ~~iron~~ ^{into} ^{sheath}
the farmer yokes his team to plow.

My friendly spirit would respond
glad of the order to obey
the spider on the bracken frond
the lapwing starting from the lay

But yet before the field is mown
the daisies look from mossy tree
there may be left no stone or stone
of all our careful ~~handiwork~~
masonry

155
22.2.40

In the cold days when all the taps ran dry
and small light snowflakes falling from the sky
were all the signs of movement save for men
black coughing shadows in a world of stone
There was a new delight in cracking ice
picking it up to measure thicknesses
of lense-refracted world, or striking heel
against the hard clay smashing it like coal

But waking eager looking for the thaw
thru the white damask of the window pane
found with shapes too intricate to draw
only a growing light asserted dawn
At noon the sand sidewalk offered hope
but ended carton kept unaltered shape
and early evening with appalling mist
restored the harsh dictatorship of frost.

Poems in March

5. III. 40

Lines for a satire

My mood tonight requires the wit of Pope
the deft slide thrust beneath the microscope
with monstrous motives of a class laid bare
in the articulation of a hair
more than the rigid diagrams of Donne
or thin vibrating string of Campion

Here in an age when one who has denied
the ultimate mystery of the crucified
with cunning hands the Lascius now and old
nails moaning Europe to a cross of gold

and glib buffoon who for a lifetime long
served every party when it seemed most wrong
leads a blind world join in the bloody fray
forgetting Antwerp's error and Suwla Bay

and a draconian from the tortured east

157
who loves a hanging better than a feast
maintains his diet and assures again
a nation's homage for two clumsy men

Complet

20. 3. 40

Let me not linger drivelling on the stage
into lewd dotage, bottom slapping age

After Lessing

So after Shakespeare Milton then
the seldom read by Englishmen?
I pray you rate me not so high
but read me far more carefully.

20. III. 40

Beneath the rusty tracken celandine
offers wide cup to splashing showers of March
that quench the sun, which rips the tattered clouds
ravels their white blown edges and makes gay
the tall bare trees green with a winter's rain
smearing its purples and yellows on their boles
The twisted Hawthorn knuckled with its ape
where blackend berries still survive the birds
and the hard weather on each twig tip bears
like a bright knot of quaint embroidery
unopened bud that gives a dust of gold
to eye at distance combing space for life.
No more than this for Spring. The bleached dull grass
the dry & rustling thistles whisper death.
Only the braided waters everywhere
round roots and over stones have voice to speak
the uncoiling purpose of the staving earth.

Sonnet 6.

The cottage garden had a Laurel hedge maze
breast high and trim with paths well swept and bare
and often in the endless summer days
when bathing boird or they had time to spare
the laughing girls went out to frolic there.
Old John as ever eager for their praise
would hobble round intent that each should share
the roses' glory, tiger lilies' blaze.

When every flower had got its proper name
and every shrub ^{was} remark ^{had} his always start
with creaking limbs his old decrepit game
and chase the squealing jillies for a kiss
old randy bachelor with stumping heart
crowing like Pan in far Arcadian bliss.

20. III. 40

159

20-III

All hills for me declare an ancient tongue
that I remember but can never learn
like that steep slope Sliem Whallian where of old
the bouncing barrels of the witches rolled,
on Cronk ny Arry-daa to whose grey cairn
I ract a man and lost when I was young.

These both are Manks a yet I count with these
long Lurigedan with sheep bitten top
and narrow face where once a King was born
and Donegore that seems about to drop
its cone of sods and teeming primroses
upon the small church with its ledge of thorn . . .

161
28-III

A Meeting

Once in december caught in falling light
on the rough path that joins the falling stream
arched by two hazels, frothing among stones
then smooth on limestone dropping to the left
over black shoulders sudden out of sight
stepping with care we heard a near hand call
from the high fields behind us in the dark
We answered waiting and a slight slope came
over the wire and tangle to the path
lost in the shadows asking for the road
the nearest road to town. The pleasant voice
drawled Yankee . . .

. . . So we met Bill Patterson.

Another

We heard dogs barking down the street and then
a rough voice chiding. Gatecreek hammered door;
opened in haste a courteous voice declares
his nearby eaten by those — o dogs
The camp steward bearded face with tilted hat
He entered rolling on his stockman's legs
still cursing warmly.

. This was Douglas Glass.

2 this book

134 - 2052

Mar-April	6	-	170
April	3	~	50
May	3	~	44
June	-	~	-
July	4	~	44
August	40	~	507
September	3	-	46
October			
November	17	-	259 (99)
December	22	-	348

	P	Lines
[Total for 1939	121.	1911

January	22	-	420
February	6	-	88
March	8	-	86
	<hr/>		
	36	-	594

