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THE LION AND THE UNICORN

She might have been Alice for the beasts were there:
 Among the trees she glimpsed a thrust
 Of the umber Unicorn,
 And the Lion, fleeting, gold as leaves:
 No perpetual grin hung between leafed ears
 For the white cat taking its small cushioned way
 Down a dim path was sleepy-eyed and tame
 (but so was the white Queen.)
 Any hickory-sharp limb was a name,
 (or might have been.)

She, too, had beasts — only in this world of hers,
 The Lion took the Lion's share,
 The Unicorn melted — his umber ran.
 Her cat never grinned — his eyes lemon-cool
 Stared and stared.

Still she believed — until
 (having led her on)
 Her animals turned, teeth bared,
 And sprang!

Kay DeBard Hall

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POET UP AGAINST PARENTHESIS

The toes of my typewriter are sticking out
A fifty-seven league boot could not cover:

Numerals next to nothing never distributed
Questionable quotations & mythical dollar,

Percentage of italics, etc., an asterisk
Apostrophized. The contraction magnetizes

The marriage of X to Y who mangles where
A hyphen would have done almost as well—

Queues which I attend: W at every whistle,
The Epicene Resort That Your Understudies

In Office Patriotism visit on their days
Off; $\frac{1}{4}$ greed, $\frac{1}{2}$ ambition and every cent

Risked at (@) the audition. A Songstress
Dazzling Fine Good and Hearty Jacks, the

Ketchup of Less (cat-soup) at a Zero hr:
Cut to the quick, the Virgin Birth or a

Nasty Man, comma, period & question mark
// The margin of release is no shift to

Freedom, locked poverty with tab to pay
& everything we feel going the other way.

Norman Macleod

POEM

Listen to me, cried the soul in pain
as a listful shadow absorbed the night bird.

A moon dance is in the wake tonight,
the quiet sister has her ear in the sky.

Down where the flowers grow there is a pain of blue
and in his violin the clouds are deaf.

Where is the face of dew in a night's kiss?
Why the forgotten ring of a discouraged morn
where a deep circle grows and dead leaves

and a muscle's contraction will find an end
to endless interruptions?

Thrust your hand in the night's mouth
and the wet fingers will dry among numerous dreams.

Open night's eyes and you'll see luxury sleeping.
Gather night's hair and you'll find the black pearl—

lost, lonely. Kiss night's hand for she has need
of warm lips.

Forever departed, forever consumed
by the lost moon . . .

Vida Martinet

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NATURAL AMPHITHEATRE

A locust ground a savage monotone
Among the dusty oaks
That sprawled in discontent
Along the cliff. Down, far down
Beneath the green, black shadows crouched.

Water at my waist I know
I saw those shadows rise
And peer through streaming eyes
At me, then sink below.

Vast Roman brows regarded
Me and seemed to find
My hesitation weak.
Thinly from the heights locust laughter
Leaked, a deriding harridan, until
The anachronistic murmur of a thousand
Foreign throats faltered in the bright
New England air as Thoreau came striding
Down the dunes with an alarming vigor
And a bright beach ball.

Nelson Bryant

STROPHE

"Ascend, ascend—ah, the diver's dead!"
 Far your voices above
 As I heel the sea with the swing
 Of lead, a clapper bounding
 With no bell around me.
 O Love is oxygen between us, souring
 In the pressured depths,
 But mine to breathe,
 Mine to measure.
 "Ascend, ascend."

Later, later,
 And only then if my breath is chewed
 And the shark is giddy with it all.
 Frieze at the rail, hood
 Plunge and plunge and pipe me always
 Through eternity.
 Gulls may rage and battles flutter,
 Suspicion lace your speech
 With mutters, but wait, wait
 As I am waiting
 Suffer me not to be spared a storm
 Narrow your cry to the speaking-tube

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Desire to know, know to desire.
One at a time
Sigh down to me, to the iron skull,
Faint from the deck of your disasters.

Here salt is invisible
And minnows flashing through
A blue mind leave nothing
to renounce behind;
Up and down and wet and dry
Follow the flashes quietly
Into the unsteady shades.

"Ascend, ascend."

Patience, patience.

Dark as the sea is the treasure within it,
Darker the movement that swirls to the treasure,
Still darker your wish if I
Sponge darkness only—

Who cuts me free to the sea's direction?
And how shall I signal, how
Shall I signal?

Howard O. Sackler

FIRST PERSON PLURAL

The wild stallion of the blood
 strikes flesh's earth to fire;
 the dam, whirling from lecherous inquiry,
 reflects in the dark pupil's wood
 the innocence of lust, her fever
 hedged outwardly with indifference
 with every muscle wills not what she wills.

So we, parted by terrestrial differences,
 toward one another flow, strive over
 against the sweet will of our love;
 wake at the same hour, rejoice in sleeplessness,
 that we may think on one another more
 and feel within the hollow of our arms
 the exhalation of that most sweet flesh;
 hungering for each other, say goodby
 to hunger, indulging this disease
 to be at ease the more with one another.
 All kindred by our kinship slain,
 by our mortality immortal grown,
 never to feel ourselves alone again,
 we 'people solitude with loving discourse'
 and are the words of that celestial music
 that moves us most when we are most unmoved:
 when self dies in the arms of self.

Bernard Raymund

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LOCK

Finding a key for which I had no lock,
I asked a smooth-shaven man with whiskers
what I could do with it.
"Do with it!" he cried.
"Why must you always fit keys to locks?
Keys may do other things. They may, for instance,
wind clocks."
I told him I didn't care about the time.
"Nevertheless," he said,
"hang it on a chain
over your belly,
and should you ever—like Venus of Milo—
have a clock there
you will find it an indispensable instrument."

Charles Boewe

THE SIGN

When I am cold, and all the guests are gone,
And rain packs down the spaded earth above me,
And you are stifled by the silence, grieve—
Grieve if you love me.

But never ask if I'm the twinkle in
A star, or on obliging racks below
My joints snap like winter twigs—
Some guess,

Yet you shall know:

If ever lover sweeps your clean swift hands
Up to his lips, and whispers in your hair,
Then you shall know that I'm in Hell,
And watch from there.

Leslie Mellichamp

COROLLARY TO BABEL

the scene recurs unturning
like a highway in the desert
or like
all the cartridges expended in the recent war
laid end to end would reach
from Mecca clear to Bramble Land
past Kapilavastu and back around again
to Athens and Jerusalem . . .

the stage
resets itself so many times
beyond the finger-ends of memory:

in a war may no man speak his mind
no man in jungle sleeps beneath a tree
the stream which turns before its bed is dug

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becomes a flood
the safety, so they say, is insectlike

(resembling something else alive
so the moth assumes itself a thorn
the butterfly, a bloom)

in a war no man may speak his mind
the safety, so they say, is anonymity

(resembling nothing else alive
as a man resembles his conception
as if a moth assumed itself to be a flame)

war is no flood, it is a well-trenched stream
dug deep by anonymity, the putrid
anonymity of an apple crushed in a field
of windfalls

for Jesus was a flood
and Socrates . . .

and we all know
what happened there.
Yes, we all know what happened there.
And Babel was the broadest stream
to mingle with the broader sea
and we all know what happened there . . .

your birth is pain that rides your back forever
your birth's the frigid sin that shivers in your soul
your birth will scare you straight to death

"Go back . . . go back . . .

the womb alone
equates the race—black and lively
with the gurgling of a few secretions—
abstract peace where no light stirs the brain."

war is a chorus of whispers
 no man will speak aloud in war
 the safety, so they sigh, is in the larynx
 (resembling no voice in the world)

as if a moth considered itself a myth
 (resembling no truth in the world)

resembling nothing else
 the abstract night
 is dwelling in your head
 lively and unturning
 like all the whispers
 from the recent war
 laid end-to-end would reach
 from Shinar to the sky.

John Forbis

WHEN SPRING COMES IT'S ALWAYS

When spring comes it's always now.
 The little ponds and puddles
 of brown rain water ripple in the green wind
 drifting through the spring green
 and the little boys march through
 every small lake they can find—
 and all for the first time
 it's always the first time in spring
 it's always now.

David Palmer

OFFERING

I mean to make you curiously wrought songs
 A chain of; nor delicate filigree
 Will these be; nor glitter. Nothing belongs
 Of me in chased convolute patternings
 Old artists mutter with envy at; not bought things
 Nor copied nor seventy-years-labored-on. What
 have I to do with traditions elsewhere got?

I mean to make you a circle of, a linked ring
 Of not matched, none pattered alike, words that sing,
 Plain as unpolished sapphires random-found
 Among spare grass on high and barren ground;
 Coral storm-fragments; agates from the hoarse shore;
 Turquoise such as the women of Atahualpa wore
 (Broad earth-and-sun women squatting in the dust
 Or eloquent moving; in whom wondrous lust
 Behind obsidian eyes burned hidden flame).

I shall find for you, I shall fitly frame
 In a careless crude silver sort of art
 Whatever has long lain sullen and alone,
 Lusterless; only—like the close-hedged heart—
 Radiant when sought for, treasured, dearly known.

R. Jean Taylor

IN A TIME OF TRUCE

In a time of truce
when winds draw breath,
I remember the years of our blending.
My hands know the meadows
of your unmysterious body,
and my limbs are warm
with the marriage of our innocence.

I remember when you were my father
and my child.
I recall the straight line of your anger;
and the spiral
where your pride coiled.

Gone is the joy of our consent,
and the unreason
of our laughter.
Without you my voice echoes down a maze.
I am a tall girl
in an amusement park mirror.

Jean Burden

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REUNION: ONE FOUNDATION

Yielded a journey, a due mission
of halt direction, now timeless motion,
she went down slowly at his side,
to lean at the street edge, lie silently
down, curved, protecting and sheltering
pain beneath her breast.

"It is only", she said, "it is simply —
what I hold and reveal thus transfixes the heart,
the heart of the streetside, the naked, the beating,
concealing a tumult,
reconcealed at my side."

He saw then (resolutely from below)
the disparate couple descend a stair,
and seeing the stiff descent,
he drew his gaze from their knees.

"Your handbag", he said,
"the bag of broken silver —"

"Silver and gold have I none," she whispered,
"but such as I have . . ."

"For we are rejected, ah ruminously,
by the mission school, the new evangelist,
who deprecates (who increasingly imprecates)
our orthodox history."

K. P. A. Taylor

ON SEEING GLADIATORIAL SOPHISTICATES

Perhaps these connoisseurs' enchantment fails
Because of their emphasis of sham.
Blood under manicured fingernails
Will hardly excuse the death of a lamb

As necessary to that stew they spilled
In order to explain why they now damn
The ghost of a lion they also killed
Before they found that their lamb was less pure

Than a lion after its manicure
Of wistful tigers with twisted tails
Amid these stiff tyrants in fitted veils
Who emphasize smooth means of sudden death

Though blood under manicured fingernails
Protrudes to refute their perfumed breath
From which sweet speeches have been spilled
On corpses their kindly acids killed.

Warren Henrich

NOT THE MOMENT BUT THE FIXED BRIGHT TREE

Not the moment, but the fixed bright Tree
so solid and so awful that its atoms
whirl not so fast as never, or as faith,
forgives the darkness of our guilt-edged sight,
our Harlequin, impenetrating stare.
Our eyes in egocentric circles move
across the perfect, matchless ruin of our hands
not marred by nail, nor polished rough with work.
Our hands are not bright. They do not know
the ecstasy of soil, the maundy stain
of the earth which long ago, defamed and perjured,
was cleared, redeemed, a mother and a father
to every sinful charming prodigal.
Not the moment, but the movement of the earth,
turning, made to turn at speed which men
can calculate, determine, plan for—
our hands are not bright like the fixed bright Tree
once planted by them, we have not touched the earth,
not even to bury our dead. We are earthless.

To draw the blueprint of the effortless
 our white lovely palms and fingertips
 are prophetic, tender and untried as prayer.
 Our failing eyes, beloved of belladonna,
 do not see through the spectacles of shame
 to catch the sham of every lash and lid.
 They do not see the hands, poor callow lilies,
 lying limp in every well-dressed lap,
 free as Dogma, but, like Reason, feared.
 But the soil, benedictine and created,
 awaits the fragile, the first new touch of labor,
 of hands burning in community,
 survey of tall, strong, shameless eyes
 lashed firmly to the fixed bright Tree which grows
 most sure where men plant crops, take wives,
 and occupy themselves with Feast and Fast,
 more fast than any hand or eye could love,
 more deep than spade in earth or life in loin.

The brown hands of Christ still light the Tree
 he came to life on, our own Family Tree.
 Our careful hands shield us from the brightness
 of the fleshed Word held in elevation,
 fashioned from wheat planted by machines.
 What can we offer that we have not planted?
 How can the white alonenesses of hands
 feeding the automat with private dime
 (too soft for line to tell our fortune by)
 porcelained to schism with our fear,
 return to work Christ's land, or build his Body?
 Not the moment, but the fixed bright Tree
 exalts our hands and makes them Incarnation.

Albert Paris Leary

THE BLOODLESS RAVEN

Soiled by the stain of an evil dream
I lie, striving to pierce night's blackness,
to see the nothingness that lies beyond
the boundaries of my bed.
Thoughts tumble in my brain like packing cases,
confused and unrelated.

Battered by the sky my spirit lies,
pin-pricked by distant stars,
each one pregnant with promise
never to be known but only born
in the trembling wish
closeted behind my eyes.

Tragic dwarf, crucified upon a spinning globe
in a sad dark Universe,
gloomy cul-de-sac,
lost in a maze with no beginning and no end.

No comfort comes from reality,
frigid, physicists' icicle,
freezing the eager hope.
Infinity stretches like a factory belt,
endless repetition, spring summer autumn
winter, metronomic change.

Though even when pilloried by dry lucklessness,
 this life seems sweet as I walk the earth
 and feel warm flesh unite with mine in warm embrace,
 or smell the soil's ripe skin, freshened by Springtime's
 rain.

In all this do I rejoice, but when the enigmatic night
 creeps like black doubt into my loneliness,
 then the bloodless raven caws into my uncanny ear
 and unbelief runs whimpering through my brain.

Charles Fox

SEE, BUT NOT WE

If my mouth months the muchness of my year
 your eyes do well to scan instead the hands
 ever in all their untime and unsear.
 (See, even grass is passing in the land's
 ash, even green freezes and root dissolves.)
 If my eyes year the deepness of our span
 spin out of time to touch me, who evolves
 past light's shift-pattern and the night's plunged plan.
 (See, even stone stands weathering in stun
 of seasons and the wind, even stones die.)
 If my hands day the darkness of our turn
 tear through this arc that clocks us: even sun
 is less than, see, and star-bodies that sky,
 but beautiful beleaguered things to burn.

Herbert Morris

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EINSTEIN

"The most beautiful and profound emotion we can experience is the sensation of the mystical . . ."

Albert Einstein

Having in a final flawless equation
united outspreading eternity
he stands at the frosty threshold
of an impalpable Nothing
that we must quietly revere.

Who in a single abstract leap
made stars equivalent with atoms,
hears a soundless song, a breath
trembling forth from the Nothing
that we must quietly revere.

Poet of astral metaphors
who advanced with dancing steps
to the finite limit of space,
now regards the inscrutable Nothing
that we must quietly revere.

Electrons, constellations —
symbols of velocity and direction;
delicate chord sequence of numbers
dissolving into a Nothing
that we must quietly revere.

He proved a poem with deflection
of light in the field of the sun.

Where shall we go from here
 but to regard the radiant Nothing
 that we must quietly revere?

The delicate structure of reason
 for conservation of mass and energy,

$$E = mc^2$$

brings us again to that Nothing
 that we must quietly revere.

William Pillin

CHILD WITH HANDKERCHIEF BOUND HEAD

Child with handkerchief bound head
 stalks the rusted yard,
 the silent smiling house
 that fears the illogical mouse.

Child with hawk watching eyes
 stalks the weed grown wheel
 with breathing blood to throw
 ancient death at Geronimo.

Child with the rain wet hands
 stalks no more today,
 they put hat on his head
 and say Geronimo is dead.

Child with the staring caged eyes
 stalks the protected bed
 touching his skinned elbow,
 smiling alone with Geronimo.

Dennis J. Lynds

TO EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD BUT PEOPLE

Oh I am the witch
of the bathtub sea.
Now close the door,
let the water go free
and sit on the terry-cloth shore.
Susy, Moosy and Jinny Lin
let me bewitch you
before you fall in—

I've saved the toys
and murdered little boys
I've saved the curls
and scared little girls—

oh Moosy, Susy and Jinny Lin
row, row your boats away
for now is the end of your day.

The world goes smash
while you spit and splash
here in the bathtub
terry-cloth
soft-soap sea.

And here you go
at long long last
down down the drain

and isn't it a shame
a good-god shame
to see all the carefree people
slipping down the drain.

Oh I am the witch
 who saved all the toys
 and broke instead the human big boys.
 Oh I am the wicked
 wicked witch
 who threw the girls
 in the dirty ditch
 and saved all the parts
 of the discarded Hearts.

James Albert Sullivan

RETURN

Sleep, sleep, Grandmother,
 the wind blows in the grass:
 your hair will be combed with violets
 your dress will be yellow and white.

Sleep, sleep, Grandmother,
 the wind blows in the tallest trees:
 a young man wants you to dance again
 to dance again, but rest awhile awhile

Your pains away — a young man awaits
 what your loveliness was
 at the gate to the garden
 of Zephyrus' house

To take you to the dance
 near the Mouth of Breeze, near New Orleans,
 where bride's wear violets
 and yellow spring.

Gene Magner

NINE SCOTTISH POETS

(NOTE: With the publication of these poems the **Journal** initiates a new feature. From time to time we shall offer a group of poems by foreign writers largely unknown in this country. In each case the selection will be made by the editor of a distinguished foreign literary magazine from the best writers of his own country. In this instance the collection was made by W. Price Turner, editor of **The Poet**, published in Glasgow. With these brief anthologies we hope to broaden the picture of poetry available in the United States. R. H. G.)

Introduction

The poets represented in this selection are all Scottish poets writing in the tongue natural to them, which is English, whatever the accent.

They have in common a desire to be dissociated with the movement known as the Scottish Renaissance, which they feel has been so overpublicized as to convey an utterly false impression of regional culture in Scotland.

They are in no sense a "group" or a school of writing, since few of them are personally acquainted.

Probably the only poet included here who is already known to American readers is the prolific R. L. Cook. Yet Sydney Tremayne, at forty the senior of the others, has already published two collections of his poetry which have been well received by the critics, and with numerous poems in various little reviews is well on the way towards a fresh collection.

Most of the others are still under thirty, and it would be rash to make any pronouncement as to their future development. However, W. Price Turner, Tom Wright, and Anne Turner, in that order, have published most to date, and that may well be a reliable guide to their respective merits.

Walter G. H. Goodwin

I SICKEN IN THE SUN

This is no puny pastoral of soft blown blooms
and meadows crystal-dewed; no timid lights
blend here to gentle shape, as if designed
by skilful draughtsmanship to woo the eye.

These crags, blocked harshly by the flaying winds,
command. Stand here and watch the cloudswept sun
bisect the land shearing wild colours from
the dominating desolation.

See how the bold, broad layers roll out,
purple, black and gold; heather, crag and broom —
now shield your eyes and look into the gloom
at the gaunt grey land out of the sunscape.

Feel your own littleness, the static force
of those grim rocks and waters steely grey,
the impact of depression and its strength.
You know now why I sicken in the sun.

Tom Wright

ON A PAINTING BY WILLIAM RENNIE

Did they nag at your back,
 (fool, egotist)
forcing the blooms of anger
to flower at eye and fingertip?
Dagger through teeth,
 (deceiver, disdainer)
shadow that struck your easel,
night more violent than flame.

Engine of souls,
 (slave, saboteur)
city that sleeps with eyes

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drawn on the reins of your gaze,
trapped, captured at last;
mastered.

Dungeon transformed by fire
lie tempered there —
your vigilant prisoner wins
the long bout of sinewy fear,
has snatched from the smouldering pyre
this jewel of pulse and brain,
 (seer, creator)
the sombre ruby vision
they shall endure again.

Anne Turner

CHILDHOOD SPRING

When the spring's wet greenery had clothed
the grimy branches
and the rainbow's radiant arc
traced its fabulous ending
among the mayflowers
on the scarred slag hill;
when the pale spring sunlight
pressing down the long drab street
swam in the rain-filled gutters
beside our paper fleets;
I remember the factory chimneys
framed in the setting sun
standing like brazen candlesticks
upon an altar of white cloud,
nights when the stars were angels' tears
frozen in the wan spring air,
and the moon was a silver goblet
propped on the tenement stair.

Peter Paul Flannigan

THE OLD MAN RETIRES

The ledger shuts, one figure is left out,
And I am turned loose to a stare of days
Across the wide and unexpected world
Of scared desires and awkward foreignness.
And deep roots die; so in a swamp
A loose tree clutched by creeper leaves a gap
Soon swarmed across by tendrils. They twist up
The muddied light to trumpets harsh as girls,
Those burning flowers faces of unconcern.
Cockatoo-crested laughter shrieking out
Shows an old man himself, ridiculous,
Narcissus, lean and bald, drowned in a pot
Among the maudlin dregs; no Falstaff this;
The ears of Midas, but a baser touch.
I did not lose my life to find out this.
The face forgotten never was like this.
Life was my gift, and those who had its rent
Give it me back unfurnished. Was I not
Faithful to death, and what was wrong with this?
I saved up life, and life is overspent;
No road leads back to follow an old bent.
It seems it was my choice, but how it was
Puzzles me now; and it is profitless,
A zero missed, the sum will not work out.
Something begins; I know it is not rest.
A homeless loyalty that frets my mind
Troubles me like a debt. The flowers, the snow
Have fallen through the dark; the night is still.
This new night of great change is gravely still.
My light probes strangely at the edge of quiet.

Sydney Tremayne

MODERN PIONEERS

Our time soaked restless hunger through their bones

To drive the pilgrim flesh, the martyred minds:

Across the darkest seas, the broadest plains

They burn their fevered trails and scar brief lines

As signatures before the loafing world

That, turning in its torpor, reads, applauds,

Then, shivering, sinks to the contagious mould

And chatters once again with friendly gods.

But they, our jaded, wasted pioneers

Open the black virginity of time

And woo grey sterile spaces through the years,

Till, flying equally from ease and fame,

They make some barren wilderness their beds

And on that lonely chaos lay their heads.

R. L. Cook

PLAINT FALSETTO

For you the snow melts

in the summer dawn

for you great peonies

melting in the last lake

I will make peace with my world

if you will be part of it

I will keep love in a silver cup

if you will drink of it

if you will take of it

even one drop — it shall be full

nor other lips dwell upon its brim

My love finds consummation in your eyes —
 when they are not turned to me
 I am not there — where are they today?
 The rain at my window tells me
 they are far away
 lost in a land of indolent despair

Love is a lost land I cannot find my way
 the sullen silver sand leads me astray

Speak, oh speak sweet to me and kiss my cheek
 or leave me lying in the roadside's blood
 but for my sanity my love my own —
 do not laugh so lightly and then pass on.

W. D. L. Scobie

AWAKENING

Almost before he knows the day
 a Sunday truculence of drums
 riddles the pall of sombre dreams,
 rousing a sudden inward glow.

Twelve stalwart pipers marching gay
 pride stepping crisp to the militant thumbs
 of drummers; brisk sticks summon, in brittle flow,
 their frugal heritage . . . sturdy themes:
 a jubilant parley to dare the fray
 with ghouls of the mind, the spawn of slums.

The pastel clouds have burst their seams
 as sunbeams merge, streaming to grow
 till the very dust, no longer grey,
 glitters in dance to the tune he hums.

W. Price Turner

THE ICE HAS SPOKEN

The ice flow cut this valley
and left the loch to lap
the toes of mountain feet;
and the older flowing lava
stayed petrified
in waves of silver strata.

Sinking elbow, buttock and heel
in dry yellow sphagnum moss,
I recline at ease watching ants
drag necessity backwards
through the lips of lichenized fissures.

Sun and calm;
radiated heat from cliff enclosures;
scarlet cultures thriving
on the rotted rowan stump; the shifting
dragon fly, a shaft of colour,
lifts the scene to an age
of liverworts and mare's-tail.

Reclining on moss,
sinking in self-love and solitude,
the smoke pall of the nearest town
signals remembrance and despair,
what drove me here calls me back:
a city thriving on sweat and sullen love
knit in strange unity,
strange as the impression
I have left on this moss bed
beside the city of ants
in the lichenized fissures.

Charles Senior

THE OLD MONSTER

The old monster
troubled by a dream
moves uneasily
in his drugged reluctant sleep
but his dream lives now and his
 sleep is a dream
in which he shakes the bars
 between illusions
troubling the other dreamer so that
 he starts and wakes
into the limbo
where dreams are restless
spontaneous fabrications
progressively affected by reality.

And reality
a horror he knows he won't believe
and cannot face
anaesthetized by fear
struggling within self-made boundaries
afraid of the boundless
the cold still motionless
ends without end
peopled by lonely searching thoughts
afraid of the great impersonal
merciless
motiveless
all embracing
all pervading
universal rhythm
infinite infinity
empty — empty — empty.

James Russell