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poems of man and nature

VOLUME TWO / NUMBER THREE

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HAWK & WHIPPOORWILL

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PASTURE WALK

Taking crosscuts, he stepped into a pool
 Of darkness that was blacker than the dark
 Which was without and may have been within.
 He was used to darkness and was not afraid
 Of any kind of shadows he had seen.
 But this was not a shadow, not a tree,
 Not merely lack of star and moon and whistle.
 At first he thought it might have been himself
 Walking too much in nightfall till the black
 Had blinded him, and he was partly right.
 One way or other black is in us all,
 And black on black makes two nights out of one.
 But it was more than that; it was a dark
 That seemed to drain all color from the earth.
 It was a kind of enemy of light
 As if it didn't want the light to be.
 But when a man is walking in the night
 Through his own darkness into someone else's
 And steps into a spot as blank as this one
 He feels that he can touch it like a substance.
 It's that and more; it is an active stain
 That seeks the light and blots it and absorbs
 Our inner spark for groping out a way.
 There isn't much to do but keep on walking,
 Knowing that everything is self-contained
 And every darkness ends somewhere in light,
 But knowing too that there are stones and shins
 For those who take the dark path through the pasture
 As some of us must do if we reach home.

— Arthur M. Sampley

RESURRECTION IN AUTUMN

Late lover and slowly come,
 dreaming with slow feet
 through summer fields,
 leaving gold footprints
 and green leaves pooled with blood :
 not blood of death shed for worse
 than nothing, waste of hate,
 spewed bane of piteous Man;
 blood living, sprinkled with hyssop
 over the lintel of the blind door.

Broken now the shut wall
 dusty with long drouth, the crusted
 door hanging from wrenched hinges
 that summer's lushest fingers
 could not pry open,
 while through the prison pour
 hot crimson and cool yellow —
 O mellow flood !

Now the skeleton prisoner
 gathers again the sensate flesh;
 the dried soul, falteringly, beats.

— *Raymond Currier*

WHEN SUMMER WENT

Who said a last farewell when summer went
 Beyond our rounded hills wind-swirling brown?
 Who cared to see grass turn color of flint,
 Or watch the leaves go parachuting down?
 I knew the summer had a niche of time
 And when this time was spent summer was gone;
 I believed each season was a rhyme,
 Each one a stanza in an epic poem.
 Why try to understand wild geese's crying
 Or to explain their wedgeshape flying over,

Or turning, burning earth so quickly dying
 Or why when geese flew south bees left the clover?
 I thought the cries in their enduring flight
 Told us they followed summer far away
 That left us with short day and longer night.
 I only knew they went and I must stay.

— *Jesse Stuart*

THE WIND IN THE DEFILE

Of the mountain, in the defile, the wind
 said, ' Such things pass. Behold the crumbs of rock
 I cast down, the dust was mountains I spill the plain.

' I would show you more, but I must keep
 moving,' it said, and, to be, it passed; the cedar on
 the peak ceased sighing, the flower in the cranny
 rose erect and was still.

— *Raymond E. F. Larsson*

PICNICS

I remember how I always used to envy
 This uncle who could think back fifteen years or so,
 Gather choke-cherries with one hand and be all set to go
 Whenever where he'd come from, jingling some pennies,
 In his pocket, that would buy me somewhere
 On the ride some thing I'd wanted : whirling-jennies,
 Or, perhaps, as night fell some cold parcelling of air

To blow me back into the attic-smelling house
 I had forgotten was our common color and our care :
 He pocketed and choked the spinning cherry air
 And made the picnics whirl away to leaf and mouse —
 Breath all those fifteen years : old skies as brown
 And rumpling as tablecloths, a bread-white summer house
 Where I could sit all day to watch his summers down.

For a little he deceived me out of any care,
 Stayed late with me to watch the grass burn up
 In mouse-grey flames and char him, crust and cup,
 Into a cherry-black and attic air.
 Now he seems not to want to ever leave me,
 And in his cupping skull my hand seems bare
 And paper-clean, too fresh to ever grieve me.

Uncle, leave me, find the same trees if you can,
 And under the trees remember that we always wore
 The house-smell and the fire-bright, and never swore
 Between us that those common years began
 In any color quickened in the hollow cherry's heart,
 Though we were better satisfied than any man
 Who would not understand or envy us our picnic art.

— *John Engels*

IMPRESSIONS ON A WALK

1.

A charming little fable
 This wood would be
 If only we were able
 To read a tree.

2.

We like the birds
 And find them good —
 Stepping stones of words
 Across the wood.

3.

We are not held back if we see
 The ink of streams, the pen of tree.
 In windy shorthand, summer has
 Put signatures upon the grass.

4.

The blueberry bushes vie,
 Apparently taking root —
 Blue stars on a green sky
 Horized underfoot.

5.

We do not miss
 The town when over you and me
 We have a green-boughed edifice —
 A tree!

6.

A cupboard of a field contains
 A fruit of ancient worth.
 In these small globes are suns and rains,
 The kindness of the earth.

— *Daniel Smythe*

THE TURTLE HAS NO BIRTHDAY

and his dam can't care.
 She just comes in
 on the tide : no
 calendar or cakes,
 no tidying up
 the popped balloons
 or counting on
 the breathless wish.
 That ovoid ego just
 gets her job done and
 nudges a little sand
 over the whole bit.

And here I am
 pushing sand
 through an hourglass
 grain by grain
 while that oviparous
 clockworks overhead
 monitors the earth and
 collects breath
 to blow out my candles.

— *Gena Ford*

MELISSA : POEM FOR THE NIGHT

The night was still, and late.
 Melissa sat in her Boston rocker
 watching the falling snow.
 At ninety, the only time that matters
 is one's internal rhythm :
 one sleeps and wakes,
 the animal needs are met,
 one wakes, one sleeps . . .
 and all the rest is waiting.

All night she sat, lost
 in a soundless death
 of night and snowfall,
 and she, Melissa . . .
 a small breath locked
 in the soft cocoon of flesh.
 She did not know she slept :
 she saw the snow-filled night;
 she sensed the opening gate.

A furtive mouse scurried across the floor,
 and wave on wave of air
 struck bells to ringing :
 Melissa, stunned, attuned her ear
 and entered by the gate.

— *Mary Weeden Stiver*

ANNUAL REPORT

Now comes that time of year when I predict
 a brace of pheasants in the farthest wood,
 the time when moon and tide and clock have ticked
 into their proper places for the first
 bracking of frogs to sound (perhaps tonight)
 in the north pasture pond. Now is the mood
 set by a double wedge of geese which burst
 across the sunset. Now is the moment right.

I predict pleasance (finally), and green —
 and manifestations weatherwarm and vernal —
 of highways and skyways trafficking in keen
 delighted hearts in which hope springs eternal.
 I've done this thirty years, and don't forget
 that (with considerable help) I've not missed yet.

— *Edsel Ford*

A HORSE TOO HARD

Consider my thin horse (by Pegasus
 out of Rosinante) being ridden thus
 becomes to me more than my heart can tell
 a herd of horses, a whole carousel :
 more bobbing up and down and whinny
 than I shall get from ignominy.

Consider the poor steed (his great grandsire
 Balaam the Blunderer's mount, no liar)
 came by his eloquence an honest ass
 beaten, as ever, for prophetic sass :
 you would not have him bottle bray
 seeing some angel is in the way?

Grant you, I ride the beast too hard
 and lean him against wind, to trim our lard.
 His gait is admirable to my straddle
 and I am grafted, drifted, in this saddle
 so thoroughly it is matter of course :
 whoever loves me must love my horse.

— *William D. Barney*

THE LARCHES

I love you, and it is spring.
 The larches, darling never
 have rosed so american
 beauty before; or have coned
 thus : to make a man shiver

at trinities Dante missed.
 Fine is the needle pointing
 my bough of hope and the kissed
 light. Come to my arms and wait
 the flowering : autumn full,
 or heavy as a small child ;
 feel the paradiso loud
 with promises exploded
 in the excelling air of
 God where we stroke his garment,
 face to face. And love
 be a word dissolved to Is.

— *Raymond Roseliep*

GRANT WOOD'S 'AMERICAN GOTHIC'

It could have been Tennessee
 as well as Iowa, or even
 Massachusetts.
 It's not geography so much ;
 it's blood or raising
 etches the rockbound look.

And that pitchfork poised
 (tines up)
 could chase the devil.
 He lurked everywhere.

— *Aletha Humphreys*

VOICE OF THE WILDERNESS

All summer long, a shrill lamenting tone
 Rang in the air. High on a fallow knoll
 I heard that sound, like tiny bells that toll,
 Like faint incessant prayer. Now birds have flown
 Down from the branches all the leaves have blown.
 Out of the north the cold grey snow-clouds roll.
 Now it is winter even in the soul.
 Yet now that voice makes no unhappy moan.

Here on the hill, man and the wind may broach
 A thicket empty but for one brown rogue
 Who runs in silent fear. But all the folk
 That whined in sunlight when they came to poach
 Have ceased to jabber in their elfin brogue.
 Who whines in winter? Was it wind that spoke?

— *Grant Code*

RUDY, ARKANSAS

A name has meaning when
 a man knows the contours
 of his own common-land,

summers tucked away in
 mind like hills he can mount
 any tolerable time

this land named for a man
 no one ever knew by
 sight, nor whim, not even

historical fact, and
 yet, stone stands forever,
 great stone faces bear sand

bear wind, take rain in stride
 making a man ponder
 on his relationship
 to monuments . . . and pride.

— *Sue Abbott Boyd*

AFTER RAIN

The sky has cleared. Each valley leaf,
Blows in the sun a freshened pennant;
Flowers and the children's faces
Shine on the new grass in all the meadows.
Valley lawns are green through gold
But high above them in the dark mountains
Deer that leap along the ridges
Are slipping on the saturate clay.

In the mountains, shadows guard
Narrow roads against the sun;
Cold drops of lingering rain shake down
Into the black and rushing streams.
The red walls crumble, the wild water froths,
And the coats of the deer are pale with frost.
In their cupped hands the mountains are holding
The last of the rain, the last of the winter.

— *Kate Barnes*

THEY GO ON HALLOWE'EN

They go on Hallowe'en to loot or beg,
while childhood bewitches, softly looting them.
Children bury October with small, decorated hands,
while October slyly, slowly covers them
with costumes of sleep.

All of us have been October for a while,
going out to loot or beg; if not for love
at least for time; or at least a nibbling
peace of life. Burying Hallowe'en we too
are buried in a sleep with leaves of time.

They go on Hallowe'en as children,
as we used to do; they go on and out,
coming back more than October's children,
and soon shall find an autumn memory
turned to quiet stone.

— *Harland Ristau*

LEGACY

There was the fire, the food, the den,
The coupling, and the time of herds,
There was the season of the fruit,
And a few words;
We were at home and simple then;
We knew ourselves and what we were about —
Before that first blundering brute
Cornered his soul
In some clear water-hole
And knew the first appalling doubt.

And little that did not occur
To that old trogdolyte
Troubles or eases our long night :
His hulking shadow leans
Across these later scenes;
Our skies are haunted as his were;
His demons buried in our genes
That seep from life to life with all
The cunning voices he heard call
From thicket, stream and animal,
When stones could talk and birds advise
On what was wise;
And if our shrewder knives can slit
This life apart so we may paw
The palpitating germ of it,
We see but little more
Of what it means than he or Khati saw,
Or Omar at that ancient door.

The centuries, like boulders, spill
Down massive slopes of time, and still
We are uneasy sojourners;
Our minutes doled like alms; our doom
A silence in a shuttered room;
The truth a heap of mystic bones
We snarl around like jealous curs;
And God a faceless stone,
A granite blank on which we hack

A thousand clashing images
 Of what we want and lack,
 And never will possess;
 And what and why we are
 An argument that may destroy this star.

With that first dumbfounded brute
 The long dispute
 And banishment began;
 We lost our home; we were displaced
 In metaphysical waste,
 And will not find ourselves again,
 Nor any certainty —
 But that our endless butts and ifs
 Will guard our old conclusions
 Until green arguments of sea
 Have hurled on crumbling cliffs
 Their final white conclusions.

— *R. E. Sebenthall*

EX-COLONEL STANHOPE

Grasshopper-brown and frail,
 Yet still alert of wits
 And scornful of the fool,
 Ex-Colonel Stanhope sits
 On his cross-legged folding stool
 And surveys his native heath.
 With a philosophic eye
 Embracing small and vast,
 Heath-lark, lizard and sky,
 He fastens without fail
 On any with willing ears,
 And chirrup between his teeth
 About his Indian past
 And where his bones will lie.
 Drowsed with his endless flow
 And heather-scents and broom's
 That cradled his ninety years,
 We forget that his Long-ago

To the timeless heath appears
 To be no more than the bloom's
 Or the babe's born yesterday.

— *Geoffrey Johnson*

' COEXISTENCE '

I saw a weed
 Close to a flower,
 Like unto it —
 With choking power.

I saw a worm
 Hued like a petal,
 Not soon discerned —
 To sap its mettle.

I've seen true vices
 Sphered in good —
 Seen Satan's guises,
 Where he would.

— *Margaret Speer Edwards*

SINGER OF EARTH

for Jesse Stuart

A singer of earth, robust but kind,
 Akin to cliff and oak, to rugged slope;
 Stranger to greed, to penury of mind,
 To foolish pride, the tarnished gold of hope,
 He moves among us capped with laurel crown
 And shod with dusty unpretentious shoe,
 With reverence for an academic gown
 And praise for lizard, wren or hardy yew.
 He sings of April cloudwhite cherry trees
 And dogwood sails aloft in wind and rain;
 He sings the homey hum of bumble bees,
 Of humble folk who glorify life's pain,
 Sings bloodred leaves upon the bough;
 He sings of the man with the bull tongue plow.

— *Gaynelle Malesky*

IN THE NOTHINGNESS OF NIGHT

In the nothingness of night,
In the utter outer dark
When eyes are emptied of light
The suffering senses mark

More than all mind can see,
When bodies lie down alone,
Of what was and is to be.
Numberless, nameless, unknown

Inhabitants of the vast
Whole of one dark vacuum,
Like shadows that can not cast
Themselves, now they become

Filled with all gone before,
Doomed to all happening hence,
Caught here in the center, the core
Of all cause and consequence.

— *Carleton Drewry*

THE GROWTH

I cannot guess my home
nor see that is myself,
that being in the dark,
as wind is loneliness
around the old place,
the lilac, blur of nude
by that crumbling stone
of water, and those stars
on stars like gods of Saul
ascending with the cry
and fur of violence.

But in such solitude
salvation is at last,

and nature is the way
I come to know myself.
And now that true sun
draws me like a throb,
and I am caught alive
by the ferocious green,
and risen in the growth.
O time returns the joy,
and home is where I am.

— *David Lyttle*

THE LONG VOICE

I.

The child hears the long voice speak
when brooks of winter break,
when marshes foam with green,
when the early home looms tall
and tenderness blesses all.
But on this magic scene
a cloud denies the sun;
the lilacs darken; one by one,
the rain's quick tears appear
with lightning's hissing spear,
with tocsin peal of thunder,
to chill the infant wonder.
The long voice is merry,
the long body April-young,
yet the autumn taste of juniper
is bitter on the tongue.

II.

Summer, and the same voice calling
to loving, roaming, mating, homing,
chanting song of water falling,
bird-note medleys over meadows,
lilies in the rippled shadows,
sun-spiced air above the mowing,
the heart with all things growing.

But how relentless are the drums!
 Soon the time of farewells comes.
 Quietly now, close the door;
 let siblings depart; the season is going;
 and weep for them, as even before
 the roses fade, they too will find
 leaves in the wind and petals flowing
 in the winter pools of the long mind.

III.

Cello tones of autumn's voice!
 Dwindled now is the once tall house.
 Transmuted leaves, November-thinned,
 tremble in the evening wind,
 whisper in the hovering frost:
 lost — lost — but nothing is lost.
 The long body is the same
 throughout all time;
 no numbered clock need chime,
 or calendar stare from the wall
 telling of spring and fall.
 The infant toy, the dancing shoes,
 the wedding flowers — all things that were —
 are now and forever ours,
 and sometimes half in dream before the dawn,
 we hear our name called out by one long gone.

IV.

Listen! the voice of all the years!
 The same voice, the same heart hears.
 All that was known will be known again:
 sunrise, lilacs, moonlight, rain.
 We hear the children's treble laughter
 on long-past April airs
 mingling with redwing ariettes.
 We remember pain and fear and grief
 and bear their pricking scars —
 but in November we find new violets
 though under snow and fallen leaf
 their seedpod trinities open into stars.

— Louise Leighton

VULTURE OR BUTTERFLY

Black to the upper blue,
 Combing the sun red-gold,
 The vulture soars the sky-sea,
 Across the great black circling
 A yellow butterfly,
 Which flight to follow?
 The lower or the upper air?
 The vulture blacking big blue circles of sky,
 Or the butterfly yellow-breezing bits of blue?
 The glance wings with the butterfly.

— Emilie Glen

HERE WHERE THE PANTING FOX

Neighbors laughed at his ragged rows;
 How could they know why his plough had swerved?
 That a violet grew beside that clod,
 And bluebottles hummed on this milkweed pod?
 Or a bee had sipped at that clover cup,
 While here was the hole where the panting fox
 Hid from the hunters' braying hounds,
 And a chipmunk slept inside these mounds?

But boys knew his cherries grew sweet each year
 And his mare wore a rose behind her ear,
 While he walked with divinity in his face
 In goldenrod, lavender, Queen Anne's lace.

— Katherine Gorman

DESERT NIGHT

The gray-blue mountains lose the last of sun
and blacken, vanish as the day is gone;
along the east a slender line of light
grows wider. Slowly from the edge of night
the moon ascends and stars grow dim before
that golden luster. On the desert floor
no wind stirs cottonwoods or lone retreat
in silence still as glass. At early dark
from somewhere out beyond, a sudden bark
and then a shrill falsetto howl replies,
joining the chorus of coyote cries.

— *Louise Scott*

TIME OF STILLNESS

All are sleeping now,
moth in its cocoon,
badger in his burrow,
silver-furred raccoon
in a dead tree hollow,
rushing streams ice-bound
hushed to whispering,
roots in frozen ground
motionless till spring.
Silently the snow
floats down, drifting deep;
all is silent now
locked in winter sleep.

— *Christina Rainsford*

SOME BIRD STILL SINGS

We have walked all roads together
Save this one,
Comrades of storm and brilliant weather;
Now you are gone.

Here in the dusk I keep my dreaming —
Dark dreams and long —
You will not see these spring nights gleaming.
Whence comes that song?

Somewhere for me that smile is still alight,
That voice still heard.
I do believe that birds sing in the night.
Was it a bird?

Not even home — death overtook you
On the way there.
Some wakened bird still sings from sweet
Invisible air.

— *Cecilia Parsons Miller*

DEAR PERSON PRAISE

I.

Contentious with my counsellors! — they weigh
my labors in their midnight scale of lack
(while comets trail thin fires, a wastrel track) —
I often give offense to their cool gray
God heads and doomsday books. Will you, too, say
that I'm ungenerous to turn my back
on staffs of genius that hurdle through the black
sky turns, with pretence that they point the way?

No, no, deer seeker. You're no patient frame
for stars diminishing. And your advice
is not cold breath wry-pilfered from a ghost.
You lift me up. You free me from a lame
forlornness; you make my clumsy words precise.
My living debt's to you. And that's my boast!

II.

Toward east of shadows? or a west of flame?
 and which writes me? and shared, will it conjure
 fresh wakening? and what, at last, endure?
 Beginnings gladden us, but quickened fame
 is a leaf-shadow casting form and name
 on awesome dust. No awe? no paeans sure
 of Mindfulness, excellent and pure?
 On a leaf's felicity we levy claim.

Sky casts us spring! as creatures warm with sun
 not laboredly, but luckily pursued,
 we can exult and plead for larger scope.
 What means this life, if dearness be undone?
 If God endears, how scant our gratitude!
 — and yet we bear spring's leafy, burgeoned hope!

III.

Earth-loving is the radiance I find
 in all your works: with seven folds of fire
 it consecrates your luxuriant attire;
 sun-kindled, sanguine, sensitive and kind,
 you outstep cunning — will not be confined
 by narrow toil or niggardly desire.
 I marvel at your craft, yet most admire
 your steadfast aims, your clear and open mind.

I do not know how you contrive to share
 your happy lot, and not your labor's smart.
 Does knowledge wound? Your understandings heal.
 Do frosts despoil? You harvest no despair.
 So much you give that my astonished heart
 finds its debt paid in happiness made real.

— *Sam Bradley*

THE DUNES

That night she rose and went to the window
 and saw the unfamiliar dunes,
 their curious contours
 outlined in sculptured forms against the sky.

Remembering live waves leaping
 silver in sunlight, their voices on the shingle,
 she thought, 'So like, yet different from the sea,
 these static undulations of the sand,
 this arid waste ebbing gradually
 back to sparse beach grass.'

Lost in her loneliness, aware of the wide
 desert that lay before,
 she lingered late beside the sill
 and watched the winged moon drop, a wearied gull,
 into the reaches of that barren tide.

— *Mildred Couzens*

PLOUGHMAN

Men pitied him because long hours each day
 He trod the endless round behind his team,
 Cleaving the crusted earth with shining blade,
 Until it lay upturned, a furrowed stream.
 They only saw the drudgery of toil
 Expended on the cold demanding soil,
 And never knew his heart was so attuned,
 It caught and held with an unerring sense
 The facets of each season's loveliness,
 And found in them unfailing recompense.

— *Belle Schacht*

A CONEY ISLAND LIFE

Having lived a Coney Island life
 on rollercoaster ups and downs
 and seen my helium hopes
 break skyward without me,
 now arms filled with dolls
 I threw so much for
 I take perhaps my last ride
 on this planet-carousel
 and ask
 how many more times round
 I have
 to catch that brass-ring-sun
 before the game is up.

— *James L. Weil*

IN THE RAIN

I once read my fame in the volumes of the wind,
 Slowly moved the sky through every stanza;
 From the dying spray of the waves' rising,
 'Tell me,' said the earth, done with surmising,
 'Which of us, time out of mind,
 Will envelop the other?'
 I replied, 'Mother,
 I have no answer.
 Death in my eyes moves like a dancer.'

— *Edward Locke*

MARGINS OF MIND

We walked along a marginal way
 dismayed by the impact of ocean
 crashing at bulwarks of our shore.
 Pure motion was more
 persuasive than you,
 fusing two strangers a moment.
 Liniment seeped into unseen bruises
 as eyes, grown calm,
 were reclaimed by a long-lost place.

Your face was changed that day,
 tamed by reflected beauty,
 mute in a private longing and failing
 I could feel, yet knew nothing about.
 Our separate plight among those rocks
 blocked speech.

Each wave receded.
 unheeding, without rejection
 or acceptance; came back.
 And we walked back,
 locked in by inner margins.

— *Anne Marx*

ASSIGNMENT : AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Year after year we read the wounded dove
 With drooping wing, who is afraid to fly,
 Who never felt the warming look of love,
 Who fails his turn when others soar sky-high.
 The first full lesson he has never learned
 That light is love and love is ever light;
 In mortal dread, he fears he will be burned
 Should he reach out for love, its fire, its height.
 Almost too late it is to mend a child,
 The matter should have healed itself before;
 We read the wounded dove, meek-white and mild,
 Who brushes up against the classroom door.
 So sorrowfully we give an answering,
 So delicate the mending of a wing.

— *Louise D. Gunn*

GOLDEN DAY

Time cannot purloin away
the memory of this golden day

when, amid an autumn hush,
three young deer leapt through the brush,

ran before us and were gone,
grace embodied in each fawn.

They came close enough to touch;
we caught our breath. It was too much

to surprise within that place
such pristine loveliness and grace,

running swiftly, free and bold,
their slender flanks embossed in gold.

— *Mae Winkler Goodman*

MEMORIAL FOR MATHEW GRACE

Columbines for Mathew Grace,
Framed by verdant sod,
Dewey blossoms lighted up
For Mathew and for God.

Drowsy days . . . delightful June,
Their blushing, bee-kissed faces
Sadly miss the gentle touch
That once was Mathew Grace's.

He loved his glowing columbines,
Each captivating face
Now making showy tribute
To God and Mathew Grace.

— *Arthur L. Fischer*

MOTETS FOR A FRENCH NUN

1.

Ma Soeur, ma soeur —
The pines of the Midi remember you —
the mint on its gray stalk;
the lichens scrolled along the hollowed step
treasure your walk :
remember the sighing of your night-blue robe
when dusk has housed the birds;
and hear the children crying in your voice
in minor thirds.
Ma Soeur, ma soeur.

2.

When down the dark corridor you come,
unburdened and confessed,
there is no star that blooms aloft
on the sable west

to match the lustre of your eyes;
a Pleiades unguessed,
that aureoles your head, to dim
the cross upon your breast.

— *Christine Turner Curtis*

THE INESCAPABLE

My godlike binocular eye ravaged the glen,
Plucked privacy from a delicate, wood-hued hen
On a branch-born nest gently rocking with the breeze.
She felt the stranger-eye and fled the trees.

That night a glare of moon came where I lay alone
Upon my bed; a chill swept heart and bone.
My primal instinct said it was the eye
Of a watching god from the night black sky.

Small and fearful and no longer innocent,
 With no knowledge of the god's intent,
 Like the brown bird that felt my eye and fled,
 I drew the shade and cowered in my bed.

— *Frances May*

SUMMER COUNTRY

This strange country we enter now is summer —

The sun along the sea is shifting gold
 And in its restless pattern is the rumor
 That what our hands have held is not to hold.

Our days are golden leopards leashed with light,
 But never whip or word will make them tamer,
 And they will strain forever toward the night.

Proud as gods we will pace the halls of summer —

The dream we shared will crown and scepter us
 Although the hot decision, for the dreamer,
 Be fraught with all that is most perilous.

Above the silence, thunder-drums will crash
 The warning that our blood's insistent clamor
 Dissolves in lightning's coruscating flash.

Free and proud, we contain the seed of summer —

The dunes will slide across our prints and hide
 Our traces, but the sea and sun are primer,
 And we will learn that summer lives inside.

— *Bonnie Parker*

HOMESTEADERS

He spat at this land, the damned,
 damned gift of nothing : earth of old graves
 and names half erased by the hard
 hammers of wind and ice. The rotten leaves

he saw, and a lone yellow bud
 that dared survive in the waste; and the eyes
 of his wife he saw : blue against the gold
 stirring pity, then love for her, and his praise

of her as, heavy with new life,
 she looked across dry miles
 as she had looked after first love,
 seeing the children, smile returned for smiles;

and her hand now held as once
 it was held when the shy tot near the bush
 advanced to bring the park's bud,
 and hurry away, almost as still as a hush.

He turned to his land, the turned
 wet rows of promise; deeply thrust seed;
 and thrust again deep, deep;
 and he felt fulfilment of a man's need.

— *Joseph Joel Keith*

DIMENSIONS

We who stand in open summer doorways
 Unchilled by lack of sleep, alert and still,
 Watching a black tree shape itself to dawn,
 Listening for humming crickets in the damp
 Untrodden grass,
 We know,
 We hold
 This moment in ourselves
 And are removed as surely as the dim

And sleepy cricket chirping endlessly,
And are as still as blank wet leaves that hang
Motionless against approaching dawn.

We do not need the endless curving dawn
To light a way inside ourselves.
We are what our clear eyes see,
We are what our empty hands hold.
We know ourselves
In this still moment.

— Betty Clare Welsch

CONCEDE TO SPRING THE RENDEZVOUS

One may hoard gold but not the spring.
No jar can hold
The fragrance of an April night,
As from a distant caravan of spice.
The white jade fringe of ice
Along the lake
Returns to its own element.
Spend, spend your welcoming
For what like all bright things
Is quickly spent.
If a star beckon,
Or a flower nod,
Do not resist,
Leave Machiavellian moth,
Unsewn curtain,
Unswep hearth,
Exigent guest,
And all agenda wise and certain
For the secret meeting, unrehearsed.

— Marguerite W. Truslow

THE EDITOR'S POST

Editorial Comments. With this issue, *Hawk & Whippoorwill* comes to the end of its second year of publication. The magazine was published during 1961 at a net loss of \$73.00 per issue. Renewals are now in order — \$1.00 for the issues of 1962. . . . Despite the financial loss of the magazine, we are inaugurating this year, in November, a book publishing program. Our first book will be *The Wind of Time*, by Joseph Payne Brennan. It will be priced at \$3.50, and orders for it will be entered from now on. If our program promises any hope of success, we will publish one collection each year until we decide to end our publishing venture.

New Contributors. Raymond Currier writes from Croton-on-Hudson, New York. . . . Raymond E. F. Larsson has a very strong collection of poems out this year, *A Book Like a Bow Curved*. . . . Gena Ford is an Oregon poet. She has appeared in *Prairie Schooner*, *Elizabeth*, *Midwest*, etc., and is the author of *Tall Tales from Far Corners*. . . . Raymond Roseliep has a remarkably fine first collection out this year — *The Linen Bands*. . . . Aletha Humphreys is an Iowan, who has studied with Paul Engle. Her poetry has been widely published. . . . Sue Abbott Boyd is a transplanted Yankee from Iowa and Illinois, now living in Arkansas. She has appeared in *Audience*, *The Greccourt Review*, *Accent*, *San Francisco Review*, *Nimrod*, etc. . . . Kate Barnes is the child of two writers: Henry Beston and Elizabeth Coatsworth: and the wife of another, Richard Barnes. She has published in *The New Yorker*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, *Harper's*, *McCalls*, and elsewhere. . . . Harland Ristau is a Milwaukee writer who has appeared in many magazines. He is the author of *Next Time You're Alive*. . . . R. E. Sebenthall is a Wisconsin writer who has published half a dozen books in the mystery and suspense field. . . . Geoffrey Johnson is a widely printed British poet. His books have been published by Harrap, Benn and the Fine Editions Press. . . . Margaret Speer Edwards has been published in *Sonnet Sequences*, *Nature*, *Poetry Digest*, etc. . . . David Lyttle is the author of *No Other Time*. He has been published in many magazines. . . . Louise Leighton is a Wisconsin poet who has appeared in *Poetry out of Wisconsin*, *Creative Wisconsin*, and many other magazines and anthologies.

She is the author of two collections. . . . Emilie Glen has been published in *New Directions: 14*, *The Golden Year*, *Best American Short Stories: 1952*, *The Southwest Review*, *Caravel*, *Inscape*, *Views*, etc. She was on the staff of *The New Yorker* for several years and a Macmillan editor. . . . Katherine Gorman is an artist as well as a writer. Her work has appeared in *America*, *The Sign*, *Poetry*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping*, etc. . . . Louise Scott is an archeologist who has contributed to the publications of the Peabody Museum, *Appalachia*, etc. . . . Christina Rainsford is a New York poet. . . . Cecilia Parsons Miller is a widely published Pennsylvania poet. . . . Sam Bradley is an editor of *Approach*. His poems have appeared in many places. . . . Belle Schacht is a Wisconsin writer. . . . Edward Locke is director of the East Paterson (N.J.) Public Library. His work has appeared in *The Nation*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *The Yale Review*, etc. . . . Anne Marx is the author of *Ein Buechlein* and *Into the Wind of Waking*. She has been widely published. . . . Louise D. Gunn has been published in *The Catholic World*, *Trails*, *Nature*, *Good Housekeeping*, etc. She was the recipient of a Ford Fellowship. . . . Mae Winkler Goodman is an Ohio poet who has published in many magazines. She is the author of two collections. . . . Arthur L. Fischer is a Wisconsin poet. . . . Frances May, too, hails from Wisconsin. . . . Bonnie Parker is the author of *Dark Tigers of My Tongue*. She has been published in many anthologies and magazines, including *The Lyric*, *American Weave*, *The Fiddlehead*, etc. . . . Joseph Joel Keith has recently recorded his poetry for Harvard and the Library of Congress. . . . Betty Clare Welsch has appeared in *Wanderlust*, *Olivant*, *The Lyric*, *Poetry Digest*, etc. . . . Marguerite W. Truslow writes from New Jersey.

Book Briefs. Since space is severely limited this issue, we have room here only to list recommended books by contributors, all of which are very much worth the attention of discriminating readers — *The Linen Bands*, by Raymond Roseliep (Newman Press, \$3.50 — with an introduction by John Logan); *A Thicket of Sky*, by Edsel Ford (Homestead House, \$1.50 in paper, \$2.75 in cloth); *Passport to Autumn and Other Poems*, by Christine Turner Curtis (Exposition, \$2.50). . . . Readers who take pleasure in the very best poetry with strong roots in nature should not miss one of the best recent collections — Abbie Huston Evans'

Fact of Crystal (Harcourt, Brace & Company, \$3.75).

We want to call the attention of our readers to a notable new magazine which seems to us one of the best magazines of poetry in the past two or three decades — *Chicago Choice*, edited by John Logan (Box 1359, Chicago 90, Illinois, \$2.00 per year, \$3.50 for two years).

Finally, our readers may like to know that Arkham House is publishing in November *Fire and Sleet and Candlelight: New Poems of the Macabre* (\$4.00). Among *H & W* contributors represented are Jesse Stuart, Raymond Roseliep, Joseph Payne Brennan, Grant Code, Leah Bodine Drake, Frances Angevine Gray, Joseph Joel Keith, Anne Marx, Edna Meudt, Jocelyn Macy Sloan, and James Weil; among other contributors are Mark Van Doren, Margaret Widdemer, Donald Wandrei, Harold Vinal, Elinor Wylie, James Wright, Lewis Turco, Felix Stefanile, Vincent Starrett, Clark Ashton Smith, Gene Baro, Jon Silkin, Lilith Lorraine, Sydney King Russell, Larry Rubin, Dorothy Quick, Alastair Reid, Tom Poots, Conrad Pendleton, Stanley McNail, Frank Belknap Long, Walter Kerr, Martha Keller, Alfred Dorn, Norma Farber, R. H. Grenville, Amy Groesbeck, Robert E. Howard, Leslie Nelson Jennings, Lin Carter, Elizabeth Coatsworth, Stanton A. Coblenz, Gustav Davidson, Sara King Carleton, Helen Adam, George Abbe, Robert H. Barlow, Lorna Beers, Laura Benét, John Betjeman, Robert Bloch, and others.