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HAWK

&

WHIP

POOR

WILL

poems of man and nature

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# HAWK & WHIPPOORWILL

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Today, driving when light  
 comes that threads our deep old air,  
 a story begins to move beyond,  
 and we are back there on the road up north  
 so remote we wonder again if the road can be real :  
 we drive off the earth into quiet and climb  
 among clouds, the stilled witnesses, the way  
 far explorers went. We have joined for good  
 the odd proportions of those mountains.

— *William Stafford*

### UTOPIA

When early dark and chilly rains  
 Shake down the leaves and warn the roots,  
 I am obliged to tramp the fields  
 In mackinaw and rubber boots

To round up the inhabitants  
 Who pay no taxes for their keep,  
 I search the farm and bring them in,  
 The pig and cow, the hen and sheep.

To keep them warm, I spread the straw,  
 And fill the tanks their thirst to slake,  
 I shovel corn for hungry mouths  
 Lest their cries make my conscience ache.

They tread my heels from stall to bin,  
 Wrapped in their appetites like coats,  
 As if I were the governor  
 Who came to office by their votes.

— *James Hearst*

### WARNING

I know a hawthorn tree. I know a bush  
 Of briars. I know a tumbled chinky wall  
 Where squirrels live, and hooved feet brush  
 The dewy weeds aside. Concealed in wild grass  
 A fringed gentian blooms. Despoiler, pass —  
 Who plucks this gentian is no friend of mine.  
 Unseen, you think? The robin spies,  
 Who rides the blackberry bough. The snakes recline  
 Upon the stone and turn their jeweled eyes.

— *Lorna Beers*

### WHAT THE BIRD SAID

What the bird said was something of the trees,  
 What the trees said was something of the earth,  
 What the earth said was something of the sky :  
 Green is a tone of what the bird was singing.  
 It would not use that tone when trees were bare,  
 And trees would say another thing of earth  
 When sky had shown the soil what it might be  
 If something from beyond should cease to come.  
 What the bird said was something in myself,  
 Not what he sang; he sang to other birds  
 Or maybe to himself. I only eavesdropped.  
 I thought that he was saying half of something,  
 And since it was half, saying it twice as hard.  
 I thought I heard his silence half the year  
 Break out in something like hysteria.  
 A tree lives only half a year each year,  
 A bird sings rather less than half a year,  
 And silence is more eloquent than song.  
 I thought I heard in what the bird was saying  
 The stillness that strikes inward with the frost.

— *Arthur M. Sampley*

## FOUR POEMS

### April

April is spirit risen from the tomb,  
 Winter entombed in cold eternity  
 Since autumn death and devastated bloom.  
 Now, resurrection has set April free,  
 A light-green tender month with silver ways,  
 A thing of beauty from the bleak cocoon  
 To lift our spirits for a few brief days.  
 April is apple blossoms on the moon,  
 April is honeybees on sawbriar tendrils,  
 April is eager packs of young clean winds  
 That wave the wheat and rustle leaf-cloud hill.  
 April is spirit and her beauty binds  
 Our hearts in unison of spring-clean love,  
 Enough to make our winter spirits rise  
 Like tender percoon from the loam-rich cove,  
 Like singing birds into bright April skies.

### Pasture Sprouts

My pasture slopes have grown with sprouts until  
 Their spreading roots have choked the tender grass;  
 Each day I fight them with a stubborn will,  
 Persimmon, hickory, pine and sassafras.  
 The hickory's taproot holds tenaciously,  
 Root, sustenance are hard to separate;  
 The sassafras gives up too easily,  
 While pine, persimmon, poplar bow to fate.  
 My working days are endless silver hours,  
 And while the spring days lengthen, hours increase.  
 I must work diligently: the sprout devours  
 My pasture grass that soon must find release  
 On slopes beneath Spring's opalescent skies;  
 My strength has not diminished with the years.  
 When I work in Spring's green hours, time flies!  
 When I work my earth I have no fears!

### Country Ways

I went to see my love from fields of corn  
 Where I had memorized the wild bird's cry;  
 I walked to her for she was city born,  
 My path was lighted by a moonlit sky.  
 I knew the plow, the leaves, colors of earth,  
 But city ways I never understood;  
 I knew and loved my hills that give me birth,  
 I knew each wind and season had a mood.  
 She knew my muscles were as hard as stone,  
 My hands were calloused and my face was tanned;  
 She was the fairest girl I'd ever known,  
 With eyes like pools and hair like golden sand.  
 She knew I would arrive there on the hour,  
 That space could not deter, time could not harry;  
 She knew I'd come to her with leaf and flower,  
 I knew she was the girl for me to marry.

### April Love

My Love, you know I cannot sit with ease  
 In this soft chair before a little fire  
 When April wind is singing in the trees;  
 This is the springtime world of my desire.  
 My Love, on other nights, your loveliness,  
 Your spoken words, your soft caressing hand,  
 Your kiss that only magic can possess,  
 Hold me a prisoner to your command.  
 No longer can you keep me prisoner,  
 Subdue me with the magic of your kiss;  
 April is here and I must be with her,  
 She is my new love on a night like this.  
 April's bright lips will kiss me tenderly  
 When I embrace my April love anew,  
 And not until she goes, forsaking me,  
 Will I remember to come home to you.

— *Jesse Stuart*

## FAREWELL

This is my father's land that I must leave  
To seek a life beneath a bigger sky  
And whiter moon and brighter, bluer stars  
Where night winds hum a tender lullaby

That does not break my sleep as do the songs  
Of unplowed hills and unshucked harvest corn,  
Blackbirds pecking, blue-winged crows caw-cawing,  
Cattle bawling to be milked at morn.

My dreams stretch far beyond Kentucky's hills  
For somewhere there is peace and love to find  
In lands uncluttered with the memories  
Of bitter, mis-spent youth, I leave behind.

— *Jessica Jane Stuart*

## WHAT LONELY MAN, WHAT LONELY FROG

Green and clinging voices  
Chirp a Handel score;  
Untutored unseen choirs  
May find their theme  
A purblind woven net  
To trap the hearts of  
Those who tread night trails.

What lonely man, what lonely frog  
On the ether of a mood  
Their quick animation meets  
As a brushing of the fingertips,  
Then silence gives commands  
And each falls back  
To his own remote dream.

— *Meade Frierson III*

## MY DAUGHTER PICKING WINDFLOWERS

*for April Rose*

I watch her bending in the sun  
deciding which bloom to pluck, this one  
or that, short-stemmed or long —  
her exquisite small self is spring's own song.  
She runs from one patch to a second and to three,  
scorning prickly pear and wandering bee,  
happy to be here, to be alive —  
and she still on the sunny side of five.

The sunlight's golden in her hair;  
it pinks her lips while happiness her fair  
face flushes. She falls upon her knees  
in sudden ecstasies,  
and "oh's" and "ah's" to find here thirty-one  
blossoms at a single stand. Hers is a world of sun  
and wind, of pure delight;  
she knows no fear of this hill's height,  
dares wind, dares April's treacherous air,  
and sits absorbed before these dancing petals to stare  
and give up counting many times a thousand flowers.

Time is a wonderment of hours  
for each of us. I sit bemused at this  
late creation of my loins, begrudging every kiss  
the wind gives her, joyous in her pleasure  
and selfish in my treasure.

If all her years she might be so beautiful, and remain  
so innocent, forever strange to pain!

— *August Derleth*

## TWO POEMS

### Chimney Swallows

The old house bulges vague behind  
As I walk onward. All is blind

But for the sky's last daylight glare  
Which shows the swallows everywhere

Swirling and swooping, coming down  
Into this twilight on the town,

Circling and searching in their flight,  
Finding dark chimneys' deeper night.

And I turn homeward, wondering why  
Creatures that have the whole wide sky,

And could inhabit every tree,  
Have come to make their home with me.

### Dirt

That furrowing I could not have hired  
Another for at length is done,  
And I return. I am too tired,  
Somnolent with the sunken sun,

To cleanse away the soft black soil  
That, mixed all morning, clings to me.  
And though I rest me from my toil  
Earth still stays on me endlessly.

Inherent as the sun and rain  
This season's cycle I run through.  
Earth's substance, rubbed off, will remain  
The source I must turn back into.

— *Carleton Drewry*

## SIX HUNDRED BLOCK ON SEVENTH STREET

Black, black street  
And dark itch of dog.  
Down the terrace,  
Dark street-humming stillness  
And leaves hanging like  
Only old flowers  
Two o'clock warm  
On ghost-white pickets.  
Dark lawns,  
Hedges stir  
In a moonlit click  
In the dark, dark closing-in  
Gutters of breeze take  
Invisible gulps of rose trellises.  
No one comes  
And no one breathes  
Ever in this never land —

Dark, the dark, dark, dark  
Unwalked on sidewalk  
Beneath the grapes.  
No one, no, no, no,  
No one, no one,  
Tinkling undeceiving dog, no,  
No, no, no dog,  
(Moonlight on a milkbottle  
Is what makes it ring so)  
Dark, dark, dark in the grass —  
Bark, bark, bark, dog,  
Bark far off in hurt moonlight.

— *Robert Lewis Weeks*

## DRAGONFLY

His wings refract the sun; their arabesques  
are intricate as damascene; he rides  
the tremors of the heat above the creek.  
The dragonfly's all azure. With his mate  
he couples in the air and sails elate  
and unabashed before his smiling Lord.

— *John Beecher*

## TWO POEMS

### The Pitch Makes You Aware

Huge and invisible owls  
give voice, but you do not hear.  
It is the penetration of  
the pitch makes you aware,  
the night itself drawing taut  
like a drumskin to the clout.

Part of your destiny is prey :  
tremorous with the hunted,  
do you understand to prowl?  
The loins relax, being daunted.  
Discover yourself. Break a leaf.  
Intone the harsh hieroglyph.

Suffer yourself to be stalked.  
Forces you cannot pursue  
may in a fortunate wind  
arrange an overthrow.  
Sacrificial as stone  
the east ovulates the moon.

## Harpy Singing at Dawn

Jeering awakened him at dawn,  
a scurrilous blue throat  
caviling in gold light, in bones of the great pecan,  
a thievish billingsgate

announcing once more the hour of pillage,  
rapine of papershells.  
A jabber of doom, noise of an uprooted village  
a calamity spoils.

They mocked the lord of wooden fruit;  
he cursed their mocking.  
So they devoured, and he lay destitute  
with their carnival-making

except for two wry thoughts : God sent  
Elijah the black raven  
in time of hunger. Had he graciously lent  
the damned jay for his saving

(seeing the crimped, delectable kernel  
like a small aureate palm  
pampered his heart with oil, so sweet, so infernal  
that lump would soon succumb)?

Outside of a hurt proprietary  
twinge, could he count a loss?  
The squawking tinkled his blood. Ah, the vile adversary,  
the Harpy braying loose !

— *William D. Barney*

In the January sun, we know, pulsing  
within the hawthorn, valentine red  
and easter white.

We know the seed, the flame, alpha  
and omega ready to spring in a stutter  
of love or anger.

The prunings fall. From what depths we know  
branches will fern to fill our eyes  
with equal summer!

— *Henry Dalton*

### GARDENER'S ORDER

Ordering the blue belled scillas  
and the small-eyed jonquils that smell as locust flowers,  
I look for spring as people always have.

Though sometimes fearing *they* might cease to be,  
they knew the time would come  
when buds broke through the soil  
and the warm earth heaved for another cycle.

It is my old human nature to invest in spring  
even in this autumn of atomic time,  
a fierce climate blasting spring itself  
and autumns and winters into long grey chaos.

And I order  
April  
when I write *anemone*.

— *Audrey Fernandez*

### ON HEARING ORGAN MUSIC FROM THE CLOUDS

Celestial Organist,  
I address you who may have gone to church  
three week-day mornings to practise organ,  
and if you read these words and heard,  
above the swelling chords of music,  
one of our great planes droning overhead,  
will you write me a note (or play one)  
to tell me that you did so practise,  
and that you heard a plane each time,  
flinging your aspiring music upward  
so that a lonely pilot, or three,  
might be transported on wings of song?  
Who, then, flying high above the storm-clouds gathered,  
pulled his stops and answered you in kind? . . .  
so that I, walking from post-box to house, and hearing  
such heavenly organ music descending from above,  
might know that you and they and the atmosphere  
so conspired together to comfort me with sounds  
of glorious music — and not that I am daft.

— *Mary Weeden Stiver*

### HERON IN STORM

Folded in by wind  
it waits  
among the sounds of reeds  
in the moving  
morning storm  
as if the interruption  
is a grave mistake of weather  
to be tolerated  
with resignation  
in the long listening  
to the voices of the reeds.

— *William Beyer*

## THEY WERE NOT CONDUCTING A SURVEY, BUT

scavengers  
 beg significant lists :  
   a used TV tube  
   an empty lipstick  
   last week's *Look*  
 or  
   a maple leaf  
 — it must mean  
 something that we found  
   for one group  
   the TV tube,  
   the lipstick  
   for another,  
 admitted to both :  
 we have life but don't look,  
   haven't seen  
   maple trees  
   for miles around.

— *Gena Ford*

## GIFTED CHILD

How can you slake the wonder of a child  
 with dusty reproductions long outgrown  
 that shallow him to stagnant wit, exiled  
 to ape vague thoughts in empty monotone?  
 His lion stature pygmies to a mouse  
 creeping in fettered apathy  
 crying for freedom from a voice and house  
 that hedge with glass his atom boundary.  
 He thirsts for the April-green of solitude  
 glimpsed beyond his rising prison fence;  
 and hungers for a cosmic amplitude  
 to nurture his bereft intelligence.  
 Our vandal force in devastating guise  
 destroys the vision of his youthful eyes.

— *Gaynelle Malesky*

## ON SUCH A MORNING

Now that it's Thursday and the morning rosy,  
 What of the many Thursdays we have known,  
 When days were playthings tossed from hand to hand,  
 Our hearts like feathers in the April breeze?  
 What of the song that shook the echoing hill,  
 The laughter that was Thursday, when we climbed  
 Forbidding peaks and whistled at the stars,  
 The world spread like a carpet at our feet?  
 My Thursdays were the holidays of youth,  
 For some I gave to worship, some to love  
 And some to serve the country of my need.  
 Now I am old but Thursday is my friend;  
 On such a morning let me waken soon  
 To ride a sudden rocket to the moon.

— *Sydney King Russell*

## ONE COLOR NAMED GREEN

There is but one color named green,  
 Only one corridor of mechanics  
 Which aligns the freedom of the tongue,  
 To tell the world my visual touch.  
 In a system of soundings one truth is made,  
 In gross inference, a small unanimity.

Yesterday, for the first time, I saw hummingbirds  
 Twirl about the red flags of quince, and chased  
 Their small magnificence with my eyes, as if  
 They were fingertips — from red to green,  
 Amid the supple spines of twigs, and back  
 To aspects of names which had  
 No singular plurality, these protégés of flight  
 Denied my touch, consummated my breath.  
 They flew so quickly to the green which was  
 The maple, to that green which was the pine,  
 That it seemed as if my eyes had each time  
 Moved to see still-lives of small wonder.

## GROUNDHOG

See him run  
 in the sun,  
 with belly prone  
 to scrape each stone.  
 He makes his way, close  
 to the wild rose,  
 past mallow  
 and the shallow  
 brook that ambles,  
 oblivious of reed,  
 flower, weed.  
 He gambols —  
 gnome or elf,  
 immersed in self.

— *Antonia Y. Schwab*

## THE SEA

In the salt hunger the cove and the shore and  
 The rounded tearing gleam of a thousand eyes, the glass that  
 Is sculptured by storms of years and tides — here we go  
 Turning in the wheelbarrows of the light, feeling  
 Our steps with eyes and making a curving course because  
 Our island is curved, and the short stories of the beach  
 Leap to us in a thousand punctuations and paragraphs —  
 The crackling business of stones and water coming together  
 On the very edge of this our grey Atlantic and an  
 Island shouts with waves . . .

We have the first novel  
 Sea-shells, mussels, clams, snails, crab, lobster foot  
 And the vanishing of their dreams, we have a story  
 On the pages of the round pebbles telling of a thousand  
 Seasons and shadows under the sliding of light and  
 Darkness under the salt water thunder, under the  
 Passing of the lives of the seas and the stones that  
 Shall be as sand, await the sand eras with the untold

Centuries looking over our shoulders — grey, blue, red,  
 Brown, black, yellow, speckling with dots veined,  
 Curved with a thousand associations in the scale  
 Of the Mind working over them — a shoe, a ship, a bottle,  
 A knife, a bead, a book, a plate, a star, a ring, a needle,  
 A chair, a finger, a face, an eye, a dog's paw, a flower,  
 A lamp, a candle, a pie, a fish, a leaf, a ball, a petal,  
 A wing, a cry and the bewildering steps go on that were  
 Begun on the edges of a long past day — how many strange  
 Forms and stories sea-derived . . .

— *Daniel Smythe*

## ACROSS THE STREET OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

Across the street outside the window,  
 Exploding in a rose-mauve glow,  
 The letters of a neon theatre sign  
 Match the aging colors of the sky.  
 The sleepy drivers flick on their lights.  
 The traffic in slow rows moves.  
 The city readies itself for night.

Long since were a father and a mother,  
 To them all duty tuned, all need, all prayer.  
 And a dog, a shepherd mongrel  
 With whom, curled on the floor in the cold upper hall,  
 Hearing the parents talking over dishes in some distant room,  
 After a purple-tinted play-drugged even,  
 One fell asleep, him gripped in love-swooned arms.

About the buildings draws a rough black curtain,  
 As God departs somewhere, his rose robe taken.  
 A distant siren screams alarum bit by bit;  
 Children on the walk below argue for the sake of it;  
 A pair of drunken endangering men  
 Reel crying gibberish past the burning neon,  
 Wearing their violence like rusted swords.

### GREENCASTLE WAKED

Greencastle Gate, Greencastle waked,  
 The dew of all its world ashine  
 Within its eyes begems each grass :  
 Each lad shall come as love were come,  
     His heel forth strike Love's hymn from stone  
     And none shall be love names no zone.  
 No vagrant sorrow bade not home,  
 No joy passed loveless with *alas!*  
     Come sing, ye hymns of morning, sing !  
     — Greencastle Gate, Greencastle waked.

Behold how earth heaps love its store,  
 The sheafed, the tented wheat's content,  
 The field new-reaped, new-sheafed, a gleam,  
 And — *Halleluia!* — hill uprised,  
     Greencastle stone alone its height,  
     Betowered, stand aloft what night  
 The ends of earth in shades surprised  
 Loves waked to speak their deaths a dream  
 Are come to praise their morning's days.  
 Behold how earth has heaped them store !  
     — *Raymond E. F. Larsson*

### CEMENT CROCUSES

We stick out our heads  
 To popups,  
 Our apartment-house heads  
 To crocuses squaring cement,  
 Before the tree down the block  
 Says a leaf about Spring,  
 Easter-egg colors,  
     As if what scraps of sun  
     Fall this far  
 Plump to purple yellow,  
 Night rain comes,  
 Torrents to grow the flowers  
 High as our window.

We look out in the morning  
 For the beanstalk,  
 See beaten-down blossoms,  
 Flattened stems,  
 Bits of sun try to lift them,  
 But the crocuses are gone  
     In a rain,  
 Our Easter dips,  
 Our Spring in one basket.

— *Emilie Glen*

### HILLCRAFT

Hill child, my memories  
 are quilted. And who, seam conscious, will believe  
 the picturesque, the seeming?

There was no time to deceive.  
 I was eleven. I rushed to the door, day-dreaming.  
 There was the Patchwork Woman, down  
 from Appalachian foothills.  
 She chuckled at me :  
     “ You don't know, don't know, but the feud's  
     'twixt your kin,  
     old and young, boys and men,  
     suckling Eternity, old Mortality . . .  
     Listen to me.  
     Here's cradle cloth, shroud cloth. Unlatch the screen.  
     Feel the fine weave. Boy, let me in.”

In the blackbook of honesty, a fern was still green.

My dad, a Politic Man,  
 robbed of lands, like Job, yet not done for,  
 laughed at my prattle. Pride darkened my skin.

But he looked, astonished, at the odd weave.  
 “ Days of Sheol and Doom, she sure holds on !

Now don't look begone.  
 She's kind to the truth. Brave up and grin.  
 I tell you, none was more fair one August dawn  
 when she danced with the Deputy —  
 your dad's own dad. But who would believe . . .  
 Here, give her a dollar. She wants to get on."

With two handfuls of years and a little more  
 (I was eleven, remember), I ran to be  
 silver bright and generous.  
 But — who knows how? — she was gone.

— *Sam Bradley*

### CANYON ANEMONE

In the land of prickly pear  
 far from cobwebbed morning air,  
 desert windflowers stir.  
 Mayflower-pink on bridal white,  
 blowing left and blowing right,  
 Nature's *anemometer*.

— *Louise Scott*

### GOLDEN PLOVER

I know where he goes, and the map he follows,  
 Written on his blood;  
 He is gold to my flats and shallows,  
 Fellow to my flood.

Never my eyes embrace his certain  
 Wingbeat to the sun,  
 Never my ears the silver curtain  
 Where his voice is hung.

We forge and follow the unseen, as  
 Living no and yes,  
 Unknown, unknowing, chart between us  
 All of wilderness.

— *Ruth McKee Gordon*

### AS STRANGER

I am woods' visitor. Unbidden,  
 breaking and entering to see  
 placement of bush and fern. I search  
 top shelves of trees. Cellars of root  
 do not escape my thieving eye  
 that must equate a then and now :  
 this wood to wood I knew when once,  
 invited into my own home  
 of twig and brook, I sat for hours  
 and counted pebbles, practicing how  
 to count. On ocean floor I lost  
 a key. Having picked locks, as stranger  
 in a familiar place I know  
 woods are the same. The same. Perhaps  
 reflected face hides in a brook,  
 looking at deer that stop to drink.

— *Norma McLain Stoop*

### EARTH SO SINGING WIDE

How broad the water wind-swept-cool and June-sun-drenched,  
 how open and high the marble-cloud-built sky  
 casting across the mountains shadow on elephant-shouldered  
 shadow  
 or galleon shadows, ponderous, moving seaward with the tide!  
 Under the wind's loose-reined and free-arm driving  
 the willow leaps, the willow and the birches dance and lurch,  
 plunging, rearing, tossing light from mane to harness,  
 silver, gold and dark-green-studded harness;  
 the wagon reels along the ragged bank on canted wheels.  
 Earth so singing wide ! Self so cramped and tied !

— *Raymond Currier*

### TREES THROUGH A WINDOW

The window of the train shows trees  
behind my face.  
Or does it show my face  
before the trees?  
Am I in the trees' way?  
Do they invade my face?

The tree that is  
— the tree's immediacy —  
must always pass my face  
to be for me.  
Must always filter through a glass  
and there must freeze.

The trees seem merely foliage for my face  
and what I see is : seeing through my eyes.  
Is, what I see, trees entering my eyes?  
Or do my eyes project trees past my face?  
Are we two separate entities?  
Or is it always me I see in trees?

— *Felix Anselm*

### ALTITUDE

The weather that comes in the mountains is not mine,  
It is too bracing; it is too high and white.  
My climate is jungle, with serpents of restless vine  
And the swaying of monstrous flowers that bloom at night;  
The grip of the moss on feet gone bare from travel,  
The heat of the day made heavy with rank perfume,  
And the fall of fruit from trees like sudden gravel  
Flung from the window of some infernal room.

Change was not always as bleak and abrupt as this —  
There were peaks of whiteness high above the pine,  
There were winds that carried snow and carried thaw.  
Who knows from moment to moment what we miss  
Or how much another foot is our decline?  
Or where we can find a mountain without flaw?

— *Ethan Ayer*

### WOODSCAPE

Silence shadows our tense trespass  
between great ripped roots,  
exposed in grotesque indecency;  
causes us to pause,  
listen. For what?  
A special bird to splice the quiet?  
A squirrel to scold our presence?

No single word connects us,  
our footprints instantly  
sucked in, deny identity.  
Shiver-still among crumpled leaves  
we wait,  
whistle or scurry to prove  
we live.

— *Lisa Grenelle*

### EARLY

The intense quiet throbbing (rare enough  
Commodity), and outside but the birds  
Torrential, argumentative in thirds  
And sevenths, highway hushed, track empty, rough  
Ways relatively level, so a puff  
On the horizon is as clear as words —  
Such peace would, one would think, dispose the herds  
At grace to ruminate without rebuff.

A restless grassblade cracks concrete, and there  
A snail swings in the element of air.  
A whirl of wings is flame, is fountain; lacks  
Not even earth fall, stilled. The windmill flail  
Of weather vane is crossed by swallow tracks  
Barn-centered but with parabolic tail.

— *Mother Mary Anthony*

### OLD FENCE

It leans within a lonely, tangled thicket,  
Marking the corner of this upland farm.  
The builder lives no more and there is none  
To estimate his tamping of the posts  
And how he made the wire alignments run.

He thought to hem his acres in and make  
Invulnerable a newly-furrowed field.  
Now tautened wires are slack and brace-posts riven.  
Yet something here speaks out of time's long flight  
And of a man to whom a task was given.

— *Anne C. Rose*

### IN THE GARDEN HOUSE

We only kept the tools there —  
Came from time to time  
To sit on the green windows  
And trample with tiny boots  
Gooseberry shrubs to the wall.

All in all, it was  
A peaceful year,  
The sun swinging in time  
Over the tilted white roof  
To the round poof of pigeons.

In the evening, Mother,  
Aproned in blue, came charging down  
The walk — we too would gather  
Like the pigeons, drop like the berries  
From the roof, and hurry home.

— *Bernhard Frank*

### TRAINS

The railroad tracks made a rainbow curve,  
they took the bend then, stretching out,  
gleamed across the low brown fields  
and sped to places I couldn't go.

I walked home from school along the track-bed —  
a short cut. I could see a long way there.  
I hopped from one tie to another,  
inspecting each corner of my kingdom.

When the high fast trains swung out, roaring past,  
they used to rattle all our doors and windows —  
we lived so close upon the tracks that I  
could jump from the front porch to throw a cinder,

then hide from the train's white eye that dipped  
out, down, around. But when the train had gone,  
a huge silence filled our house,  
a winding down that left me hot inside

and flesh and bone strained to the window  
where I used to stand, dreaming of the train  
that would stop some day,  
wishing for strength to hew that miracle  
I lived with trains, and with the kings they  
carried.

— *H. L. Van Brunt*

### OF THE ENACTMENT

A small misreading of the snow  
reduced our world to winter size :  
*Endure*, we took the fields to tell.

(*Enact*, we later learned to see.)  
A small mistaking tricked our eyes  
to judge beyond the season's spell.

*Endure*, we quoted shriftily.  
(*Enact*, the labile earth below  
had still not lease enough to speak.)

Not until time itself turned clear  
as melt of ice like witness dew,  
we grasped the evidential year,

we watched the frosty sign grow weak,  
the white go dark, the damp come true,  
the spring articulate the snow.

— *Norma Farber*

### THE EDITOR'S POST

*Editorial Comment.* This is the second number of the fourth and last volume of H & W, and whole number 9. There will be one more issue of the magazine, dated Summer 1963; this issue will contain a summary of our experiences in editing a little review. . . . The only H & W collection, *The Wind of Time*, by Joseph Payne Brennan, is now out of print.

*New Contributors.* James T. Farrell is the distinguished novelist, best known for his Studs Lonigan series, the title novel in which won a \$2,500 Book-of-the-Month Club prize. He was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1936. A realist in fiction, his novels are American classics in realism, particularly with an urban setting. His books include *Studs Lonigan*, *Calico Shoes and Other Stories*, *Fellow Countrymen*, *Ellen Rogers*, *A World I Never Made*, among others. His most recent novel, the first in a new series, was published by Doubleday in February. He has been writing poems for many years and is currently assembling a volume of them for publication. . . . William Stafford is a native of Kansas, but is now teaching at Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oregon, where he lives in Oswego with his wife and four children. He has published widely, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, *The New Yorker*, *The Nation*, *Botteghe Oscure*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Paris Review*, *The New Republic*, *The Yale Review*, etc., etc. He is the author of two collections—*West of Your City* and *Traveling Through the Dark*. . . . James Hearst's newest book is *Limited View*, reviewed in this issue. . . . Lorna Beers Chambers is a native of Minnesota, now living in Vermont. She has been widely published. Her books include *Prairie Fires*, *A Humble Lear*, *The Mad Stone*, *The Book of Hugh Flower* and *The Crystal Cornerstone*. . . . John Beecher is the author of *I Will Be Heard*, *Here I Stand*, *Land of the Free*, *Observe the Time*, *In Egypt Land*, *All Brave Sailors*, *Phantom City*; a volume of his selected poems is in preparation. He is editor and proprietor of the Rampart Press. . . . Audrey Fernandez is a native of New York. She is married and the mother of three young children. She has appeared in *Voices*, *Best Poems of 1960*, and elsewhere. . . . William Beyer is 29 and has published in *The New York Times*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, and in other periodicals. . . . Antonia Y. Schwab is a

Floridan now living in New York. She was at one time assistant editor of *The Lantern*. Her poems have appeared in *The Sewanee Review*, *The Catholic World*, *Trails*, *America*, and other magazines. . . . Norma McLain Stoop lives in Connecticut. Her poems have appeared in *The Lyric*, *The Georgia Review*, *Modern Age*, *Wormwood Review*, *Yankee*, *McCall's*, *The Arizona Quarterly*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, and many other magazines. . . . Ethan Ayer studied poetry under Leonora Speyer at Columbia. He has been widely published — in *Voices*, *Recurrence*, *The Literary Review*, etc., etc. His libretto for the opera, *The Wings of a Dove*, with the score by Douglas Moore, helped to make that opera a major success. He is the author of one novel *The Enclosure*. . . . Lisa Grenelle, a native New Yorker, was for a time a daily columnist for *King Features*. She is the author of *This Day Is Ours* and *No Light Evaded*, and has contributed to *Prairie Schooner*, *Yankee*, *Educational Forum*, *The University of Kansas City Review*, *American Weave*, and many other magazines. . . . Bernhard Frank teaches English at the University of Pittsburgh. His work has appeared in *Canadian Poetry Magazine*, *American Bard*, *The New York Herald Tribune*, and elsewhere. . . . H. L. Van Brunt is a native Oklahoman, now living in New York. His poems have appeared in *Quicksilver*, *New Athenaeum*, *Avalon Anthology*, and other magazines. . . . Just as we are going to press with this issue we learn that William Stafford has won the \$1,000 National Book Award for his *Traveling Through the Dark*. At this writing, he has just returned to Oregon from New York, where he received the award. 'I was in a daze of excitement,' he writes, and adds that, 'Harper & Row are boosting the run of *Traveling Through the Dark* to 2,500 copies!' H & W adds its congratulations to the many William Stafford has received, and the editor takes especial satisfaction in having recommended Mr. Stafford's book for the award.

## BOOK REVIEWS

LIMITED VIEW, by James Hearst. Prairie Press, \$3.00.

Not only is this book, beautifully printed and bound by Carroll Coleman under his Prairie Press imprint, extraordinarily handsome, but its contents represent the best tradition in American poetry. James Hearst is a farmer-poet — akin in this as well as his subjects to Frost, Jesse Stuart, and a handful of others — and he writes about Iowa much as Frost has written of New England and Stuart of Kentucky. Hearst's fine poems are not adequately appreciated in America. The 42 poems which make up this third collection are strong, solid poems, unified in theme, and universal in their application, for Mr. Hearst's farm country is a microcosm that reflects the world. This is certainly one of the most distinguished collections of the year.

SILENCE IN THE SNOWY FIELDS, by Robert Bly, Wesleyan University Press, \$1.45.

This first book of poems particularly interests me since they, like so many of my own, are rooted firmly in familiar earth. Mr. Bly writes of fields and pastures, snowfalls and lakes, roads by night and woods against today's moods and backgrounds. He elects to use a free form which is loose, almost cadenced prose; his figures of speech are quietly arresting, though once in a while he stretches himself into a bad one of the kind he would lambaste indeed if he had it under review in his little magazine, *The Sixties*. Though they are therefore not without flaws, these poems seem to me more genuine than many of the posturings collected into book form in our time. Mr. Bly never strains for effect; his lines come naturally, easily; his poems are forthright statements of moods, perceived truths, illuminations of his inner life, emotions, and his deceptively simple lines cut through complexities. This is a wholly refreshing collection, and I should think it imperative that lovers of good poetry read it.

HONEY AND SALT, by Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.75.

It is good to listen to Carl Sandburg singing again, even at 85, for he is always readable, and these 77 poems are vintage Sandburg, even though in sum this book is not the equal of an

equivalent number of his earlier poems. They are all in free verse, sometimes didactic, sometimes soft and persuasive, sometimes dreadfully trivial, sometimes very meaningful. There are very good poems here and there are some which really ought to have been omitted from this book, for their being here gives the book a sort of catchall effect. Sandburg writes of life, love and death — as always. “Strongly lyrical, embracing life with wit, warmth, and affection. . . . these luminous, intensely honest poems” — thus the blurbist. But after savoring them, rolling some of them on the tongue for the ear, the fact remains that the poems in *Honey and Salt*, taken as a whole, do not measure up to Sandburg at his best. Even so, poetry-lovers will want to own this collection.

— August Derleth

August Derleth reads SUGAR BUSH BY MOONLIGHT AND OTHER POEMS OF MAN AND NATURE. Cuca Record Corporation, Sauk City, Wisconsin. \$3.98.

This is a good group of Derleth poems — 43 of them — well ordered and wonderfully well read by their author. No one else could read them so. August Derleth has a fine strong voice; but here the tone gets held to low and narrow range, a marvel of modulation. The natural story-teller, Mr. Derleth knows poems too have their own tales to tell, and that the teller's task simply is to say what is there — simply, though scarcely so simple: e.g., how can you say *eternity* and not pile pitch on the second syllable? I cannot, but Mr. Derleth can.

And he can because he is close to the cosmos; he sees the universe alike in a star and a mouse, chats with them as Nature's neighbor — humbly, familiarly, which at once exalts and masters what is mortal. And beyond, this low uninflected tone bespeaks the real poet, confident his poems can speak themselves, i.e., that their reader need add nothing to what the poet put there: the stress and sound, the pace and the poetry. Here is no performance, but the poet talking — to you, to me, or maybe, as Fred Eckman said of a poet ultimately, “one man talking to himself.”

There is that to say about this recording, and more, still above all this: I would travel days for even so few as these

forty minutes with August Derleth; and now suddenly he is at hand, to lead me through his poems, his “star pastures” where “maples bring the heavens down, / and raise me up among the moon and stars.” Well, a privilege. You can come too.

— James L. Weil

CONCORD REBEL: A Life of Henry D. Thoreau, by August Derleth. Chilton, \$3.50.

Who was Henry David Thoreau, who died a hundred years ago last May, and whose two years of life in a hut on the edge of a pond a few miles outside Concord, Massachusetts resulted in the now world-renowned book, *Walden*? Was he just an anti-social type, a crusty bachelor opposed to progress, or wasn't he as simple as this?

In August Derleth's biography, the only one in chronological order, the reader does get a clear view of Thoreau. This constitutes a unique contribution, and a most significant and readable one as well, to the body of literature on this author. There are other biographies available, as well as anthologies and selections of Thoreau's thoughts, themes, and so on. But what this book does which the others do not do is to get the measure of the man's life simply, with a smooth splicing of quotations from Thoreau's writings with Derleth's compatible text and without any artificial coloring matter added.

Thoreau is presented as a highly individual writer who was not easily bluffed, as a naturalist, and as a writer of limited success — and this aspect is most effectively set in perspective to his life. Thoreau had enough self assurance so that the failure of his first book, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, did not disturb him, nor did the limited success which followed, in a period when successful writers were obliged to surrender their individuality in many ways. One finds that virtually all his writing has the same incisiveness — whether it be his material written for publication, or his letters or journals, whose fourteen volumes yield much even to the casual reader. In drawing upon this material, Derleth is hopefully introducing it to an even larger audience. That *Concord Rebel* is written for a young adult audience may have helped to render it more simple and clear in style; the effect is wholly beneficial for any reader.

— Malcolm M. Ferguson

*Recommended New Collections:*

- Sonnet Variations*, by Peyton Houston. Jonathan Williams, \$3.00.
- The Norfolk Poems*, by Hayden Carruth. Prairie Press, \$3.00.
- The Collected Poems of Weldon Kees*, edited by Donald Justice. University of Nebraska Press, \$1.85.
- An Introduction to Robert Frost*, by Elizabeth Isaacs. Alan Swallow, \$3.75.
- The World for Wedding Ring*, by Daniel Berrigan. Macmillan, \$2.95.
- The Moon Is Red*, by Helen Sue Isely. Alan Swallow, \$1.50.
- Best Poems of 1961: Borestone Mountain Poetry Awards 1962*. Pacific Books, \$3.50.
- Absent & Present*, by Chester Kallman. Wesleyan University Press, \$1.45.
- The Branch Will Not Break*, by James Wright. Wesleyan University Press, \$1.45.
- The Lion's Tail and Eyes*, poems by James Wright, William Duffy, Robert Bly. The Sixties Press, \$2.00.
- Twenty Poems of César Vallejo*, chosen and translated by John Knoefle, James Wright, and Robert Bly. The Sixties Press, \$2.00.
- Countermoves*, by Charles Edward Eaton. Abelard-Schuman, \$2.00.