



POETRY NORTHWEST

JUNE, 1959

NUMBER 1

60c

Subscribing Patrons

ROBERT W. AYERS

WILLIAM BOLCOM

MR. AND MRS. GIOVANNI
COSTIGAN

MERRELL R. DAVIS

CLARISSA ETHEL

MAC HAMMOND

JAMES HARRISON

CLEVE O. LESHIKAR

MR. AND MRS. JACKSON
MATHEWS

JEAN MUSSER

BERNICE OLIPHANT

J. POURNELLE

A. G. SINGER

RUTH SLONIM

SUN LOVE THE TWO MOON

FRANCES E. THOMPSON

*Fine
Lithography*

by

PATRICIAN PRESS

*1924 Third Avenue
Seattle*

POETRY NORTHWEST

VOLUME ONE

NUMBER ONE

JUNE • 1959

RICHMOND LATTIMORE	3
A Theme from Thomas Hobbes	
WILLIAM STAFFORD	5
Four Poems	
PHILIP LARKIN	8
Four Early Poems	
RICHARD EBERHART	12
Two Poems	
JEAN CLOWER	13
Four Poems	
JAMES WRIGHT	17
An Empty House and a Great Stone	
JOHN WOODS	18
Four Poems	
ROBERT CONQUEST	22
Two Poems	
KENNETH O. HANSON	24
Three Poems	
ROBERT HUFF	26
Three Poems	
CAROL HALL	28
Five Poems	

EDITORIAL BOARD

ERROL PRITCHARD, *Chairman*

NELSON BENTLEY

CAROLYN KIZER

RICHARD HUGO

EDITH SHIFFERT, *Far Eastern*

Cover Design by

MARK TOBEY

Printed by

PATRICIAN PRESS

1924 THIRD AVENUE

SEATTLE 1

Typography by

TILLIKUM PRESS

2032 FIFTH AVENUE

SEATTLE 1

*We express our thanks to BETH BENTLEY, JOCELYN MANN
and JOAN SWIFT for their help.*

POETRY NORTHWEST • JUNE, 1959 • VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1

Published quarterly at the Patrician Press. Subscriptions and manuscripts should be sent to Box 13, University Station, Seattle 5, Washington. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts; all submissions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscription rates in U. S. A. and Canada: \$2.00 per year. Foreign: \$1.00 additional.

Richmond Lattimore

A Theme from Thomas Hobbes

If memory is decayed sense, and imagination
is decayed memory, what do you make of you
or what do I make me, seeing I am
what I have seen, mostly?

And now decayed.

As, item, in the muddy garden kneels
a woman, nineteenth-century Greek, half draped,
marble, I suppose, and the head knocked off.

Or, item,

the house, eyes (once the windows of sense)
fallen in, the paint on the veranda floor
chipped, and the boards sag.

Item, too, the sofa
in front of the shed faces the street, is horsehair,
double Cupid's bows of hardwood frame the back,
and nobody would sit there in the rain
except with an umbrella or a straw
hat, or as he might pose with one hand on
his hip, and the other on the broken neck
of the kneeling woman.

And the sense decayed,
and that was memory, and what was left when memory
decayed too was imagination, and the musty smell
of the garden, which remember is you and I,
is faded sense.

1

But how we woke those mornings in the sun
from tumbled sleep and careless strength.

How feet

were fury on the sand and ran the surf,
or found our water, numb blue where it hit
the eyes, but green upon the understones
and scuttling hermit shells, too cruel cold
to swim, but how we stunned that azure sleep
of rage and icy water
to gasp and wallow on Atlantic stones
so cold and clean.

And how the green wood then
was wild with misdemeanors, every bush
screened some pursuit, and every forest pool
had country ritual, every crash in the trees
a panic of birds or angels of the sense
embraced in air.

How force went spendthrift then,
and all our flowers were all for sale
for nothing all those days.

And now the year
as angry wood fights upward and explodes
from some old sense that festered in the ground.

On my North China Coast there grew a mound,
simply green ground
in a shape. When I was five years old
somebody told
me it held Korean ears. I forget all
the story, but some legendary Chinese general
so stored the trophies of his victory
deep in one bloody mound beside the sea.
And I could climb, sit, slide
all over this green disease,
but knew what lay inside.
Now, buried under tons of years,
my eye of sense still sees
that mound coiled full of bright new shining ears.

1

William Stafford

Four Poems

MOUSE NIGHT: ONE OF OUR GAMES

We heard thunder. Nothing great — on high
ground rain began. Who ran through
that rain? I shrank, a fieldmouse, when
the thunder came — under grass with bombs
of water scything stems. My tremendous
father cowered: "Lions rushing make
that sound," he said; "we'll be brain-washed
for sure if head-size chunks of water hit us.
Duck and cover! It takes a man
to be a mouse this night," he said.

THE POETS' ANNUAL INDIGENCE REPORT

Tonight beyond the determined moon,
aloft with nothing left that is voluntary
for delight, everything uttering hydrogen,
your thinkers are mincing along through a hail of contingencies,

While we all, floating though we are, lonesome though we are,
lost in hydrogen, we live by seems things:
when things just *are*, then something else
will be doing the living.

Doing is not enough; being is not enough;
knowing is far from enough. So we clump around, putting
feet on the dazzle floor, awaiting the real schedule
by celebrating the dazzle schedule.

And, whatever is happening, we are here;
a lurch or a god has brought us together.
We do our job — listening in fear
in endless, friendless, Jesus-may-happen fashion.

Our shadows ride over the grass, your shadows by ours:—
Rich men, wise men, be our contemporaries.



A STARED STORY

Over the hills came horsemen, horsemen whistling.
They were all hard-driven, stamp, stamp, stamp.
Legs withdrawn and delivered again like pistons,
down they rode into the winter camp,
and while earth whirled on its forgotten center
those travelers feasted till dark in the lodge of their chief.
Into the night at last on earth their mother
they drummed away; the farthest hoofbeat ceased.

Often at cutbanks where roots hold dirt together
survivors pause in the sunlight, quiet, pretending
that stared story — and gazing at earth their mother:
all journey far, heartbeating, to some such ending.
And all, slung here in our cynical constellation,
whistle the wild world, live by imagination.

1

AT THE FAIR

Even the flaws were good —

The fat lady defining the thin man
and both bracketing the bareback princess;

Ranging through the crowd the clown
taking us all in, being extreme;

And the swain with the hangdog air
putting his trust in popcorn and cotton candy.

What more could anyone ask?
We had our money's worth.

And then besides, outside the gate,
for nothing, we met one of those lithe women —

The whirling girl, laughing with a crooked old man.

Philip Larkin

Four Early Poems

I

I see a girl dragged by the wrists
Across a dazzling field of snow,
And there is nothing in me that resists.
Once it would not be so;
Once I should choke with powerless jealousies;
But now I seem devoid of subtlety,
As simple as the things I see,
Being no more, no less, than two weak eyes.

There is snow everywhere,
Snow in one blinding light.
Even snow smudged in her hair
As she laughs, and struggles, and pretends to fight;
And still I have no regret;
Nothing so wild, nothing so glad as she
Rears up in me,
And would not, though I watched an hour yet.

So I walk on. Perhaps what I desired
— That long and sickly hope, someday to be
As she is — gave a flicker and expired;
For the first time I'm content to see
What poor mortar and bricks
I have to build with, knowing that I can
Never in seventy years be more a man
Than now — a sack of meal upon two sticks.

So I walk on. And yet the first brick's laid.
Else how should two old ragged men

Clearing the drifts with shovels and a spade
Bring up my mind to fever-pitch again?
How should they sweep the girl clean from my heart,
With no more done
Than to stand coughing in the sun,
Than stoop and shovel snow onto a cart?

The beauty dries my throat.
Now they express
All that's content to wear a worn-out coat,
All actions done in patient hopelessness,
All that ignores the silences of death,
Thinking no further than the hand can hold,
All that grows old,
Yet works on uselessly with shortened breath.

Damn all explanatory rhymes!
To be that girl! — but that's impossible;
For me the task's to learn the many times
When I must stoop, and throw a shovelful;
I must repeat until I live the fact
That everything's remade
With shovel and spade;
That each dull day and each despairing act

Builds up the crags from which the spirit leaps
— The beast most innocent
That is so fabulous it never sleeps;
If I can keep against all argument
Such image of a snow-white unicorn,
Then as I pray it may for sanctuary
Descend at last to me,
And put into my hand its golden horn.

II

The bottle is drunk out by one;
At two, the book is shut;
At three, the lovers lie apart,
Love and its commerce done;
And now the luminous watch-hands
Show after four o'clock,
Time of night when straying winds
Trouble the dark.

And I am sick for want of sleep;
So sick, that I can half-believe
The soundless river pouring from the cave
Is neither strong, nor deep;
Only an image fancied in conceit.
I lie and wait for morning, and the birds,
The first steps going down the unswept street,
Voices of girls with scarves around their heads.

III

Like the train's beat
Swift language flutters the lips
Of the Polish airgirl in the corner seat.
The swinging and narrowing sun
Lights her eyelashes, shapes
Her sharp vivacity of bone.
Hair, wild and controlled, runs back:
And gestures like these English oaks
Flash past the windows of her foreign talk.

The train runs on through wilderness
Of cities. Still the hammered miles
Diversify behind her face.
And all humanity of interest
Before her angled beauty falls,
As whorling notes are pressed
In a bird's throat, issuing meaningless
Through written skies; a voice
Watering a stony place.

✓

SONG: 65° N.

My sleep is made cold
By a recurrent dream
Where all things seem
Sickeningly to poise
On emptiness, on stars
Drifting under the world.

When waves fling loudly
And fall at the stern,
I am wakened each dawn
Increasingly to fear
Sail-stiffening air,
The birdless sea.

Light strikes from the ice:
Like one who near death
Savours the serene breath,
I grow afraid,
Now the bargain is made,
That dream draws close.

Richard Eberhart

Two Poems

MATADOR

It is because of the savage mystery
There in the coffin, heaved on burly shoulders,
At five o'clock in an afternoon of jostling sunlight,
We wake to the rich meaning of necessity

Close to the horns, on the horns of the dilemma
Instantly tossed, gored by the savage animal,
The dance in the bullring flaring sense magnified,
And turned and tended to the pains of perfection.

Matador of the spirit, be you also proud and defiant
By grace and skill, accost hot sunlight without fear,
Try nearer to the fetish tossing of the horns,
Relaxed power best defies the brutal adversary.

And hold that skill most dear that most dares,
The dance almost motionless, as the beast passes,
At five o'clock in an afternoon of jostling sunlight.
O were crowds, and banners, wilderness, and music.

1

NEXUS

The dead are hovering on the air,
So real they have their flesh and bones.
They appear as they had been,
And speak with firm, daytime tones.

I say, I cannot believe your power.
Go back into the ancient times.
The sun burns on my forehead now,
And thought comes in a spring of rhymes.

My love is like the blue of the air,
My son and daughter play at games.
We live in a yoked immediacy,
Imagination come, that no one tames.

Everything I do today
Moves with a stealthy, spirit strength,
A thrust into the future order,
But yet it has a backward length.

The dead are playing about my head
As real as present, effable air.
They have their power to make and shape
Each breath I take, each thought today.

1

Jean Clower

Four Poems

ZOO: SEATTLE

Slumbering lion, pink as conch,
curled upon your haunches, are
you the sun who licked his throat,
tongue gold as a boutonniere?

Sleep, the sky is coarse and sad;
the new giraffes while feeding bow
morose as lilies, shift and rise
and blink their corruptible eyes. Although

one lizard and two turtles loll
greener than in Galveston
— sleep, old heart; old Judah, mope —
I snore in Ethiopian.

EGYPT

Were it only craving
and yours the thumb
my delectations
dangled from

— the swart grape,
the turgid robe,
or the vainglorious
royal lobe —

cold as a turtle,
in brute pride
I'd hold myself
unsatisfied.

Or, were it malice
neck to hock
this vacant purple
yours, I'd stock

— with fatuous kings —
Necropolis.

But, oh, tonight
I roil and hiss . . .

I chirr and hiss . . .
Seals and paper
gratify
the interloper.

Hush, if you can.
Thick, black, accurst,
blind Cadeuseus,
slake your thirst.

CALYPSO

Hatred in Barbados,
black as a dog's nose,
honed itself on bottles
'til true as a buzzard's toes

it plucked one wiggling trollop
— a red-thonged guitar —
down her cadenced gullet
to where her entrails were.

O, had the House endured
once more that shrieking bed,
her garrulous blood, though black,
had hushed away as red.

But pride, at half a pound,
concealed what it reviled —
the bucko hanged: his song's
indigenous where he killed.

Now, bag-bellied drummers,
survivors of that prime,
sing "George, George of Barbados"
through teeth corrupt as lime,

cry blood into Barbados
'til, ripe for Carnival,
those wild hips peep sideward,
those fine bullies brawl.

THE HOLY CITY

Stone by stone I built
these walls, wherein I felt
— no David looking on —
bathing, I could drown.

Half willful, half controlled
the doors fly open still,
but slam, as on a hall
royal or dangerous —
a woman like the house
eccentric and morose.

✓

Cousins, heirlooms stored:
wild Bathsheba interred:
her tub indoors, her towel
and comb still where they fell:

naked, I am the lone
luxury now, cold twin,
for subtleties fret insane
Jerusalem. He grieves:
the threadbare crimson waves
slothfully when he moves.

✓

Lord, Lord, do I betray
that muttering old Jew?
Appraising the self-same crown
— the resinous blood and spleen

of David — what in me knows
why queens fold back his blouse
to close the heart? or cries,
when at the first stone
the wench is dead, drawn
to the ghettos of his veins?

1

James Wright

An Empty House and a Great Stone

(on my birthday, 1957)

Alive I stand before these two.
Granite and dying house are strange.
Soiled by a world I did not know,
They have no time at all to change.
Season and darkness fall so fast
On vein and gable, they ruin me,
And the small stars wheel under the vast
Twilight, before we fall away.

The young joists of my body strain,
The pulses down my arms dissolve;
Under this dark, this seasoned stain,
I feel my turning heart revolve
Elliptically toward night, like these.
I must be dead. Yet still I stand.
Chained by the shadowing arms of trees.
Manacled to the spinning ground.

John Woods

Four Poems

ON GENIUS, INTERRUPTED

Driven to his garden, his woodworking tools,
From the blaze of his own work, making his study
Uninhabitable, he pulled terrible anchors.
Always, in the rout beyond his hedge
Where even dust had lost its innocence,
Were those who'd write down everything he said
And sell it back to him, as news, as truth.
What could he command outside the fence?
All the lovely causes. Once, outside
His gate, he found a golden podium.
Once, when steel went up, he found a sign:
Love thy neighbor as he loves himself.
Outside his lawn, he thought, were many truths.

But after mitres, varnish, and rottenstone,
After pruning, peatmoss and a cross of roses,
After Israel, after mail, and after dinner
Where he fed on his own, crisp lettuce hearts,
There was the burning corridor, the smoking door,
The desk, flaring with his own great vision,
Which he must seize and strike with bare hand,
Or drown with tears for the ordinary world.

THE LOG OF THE ARK

Now, Noah said, "These are the rules
You creatures must obey:
Keep your hatches firmly closed,
No smoking in the hay."

"Elephants, restrain yourselves,
We've room for only two.
Such exercise would spring our strakes
And dunk us in the blue."

"The latrine detail will form a line.
Whoever designed this raft
Forgot that we would soon go down
If all went rushing aft."

"No dice, no dancing, no unions, please.
Take care with whom you dine.
The brotherhood of animals
Is only party line."

So Noah lectured to the beasts
Until his voice grew thin;
Man before the Innocents,
Telling how to sin.

He felt the furnace of their breath;
Their eyes were burning near.
Then the tiger raised his paw
And sprang his sabers clear:

"Man, we are custodians
Of all the sparks of life.
Now take your notes and podium
And lecture to your wife."

"Your whale oil lamps have guttered
In the temples of your pride,
And no one wears my gaudy coat
Above the midnight tide."

Noah threw his sounding line
But pulled up wet laundry.
"We are the last of life," he cried,
"Above the groaning sea."

"We are the last alive," he prayed,
"Beneath the bursting sky."
"You are the last that live," he heard,
"In all the galaxy."

And so he climbed the creaking mast
To where the yardarm crossed;
And Noah, in his high lookout,
Played solitaire, and lost.

THE NOSTOPATH

I thought no other place
Could sing so many birds,
Surpass with hill and tree
My mustering of words,
Where deeper than I see,
The streams reflect my face.

*But doesn't every stream
Reflect the common day
To James or Baudelaire;
And nightly entropy
Turn here to everywhere
When the passport is a dream?*

The fountain's open shock,
The wave-form in the pond,
The spiral at the drain,
Though true in any land,
This truth is in the vein,
The vein runs through the rock.

*Wind will filter through
The barbed wire at the pass;
The soldiers at the door
Will have the wrong address;
Their swords will melt before
The acids of the dew.*

†

SUBURBAN NOTE

Give me an old practitioner
Who wears a dark device
To turn my middle inside out
And run my marrows ice.

We love our women by the book
With twenty-three positions:

- 1) Put it there, 2) Wind it up,
- 3) See Table Nine for visions.

Send me a mild adventuress
Who forgets to wind the clock,
Who locks me in an iron safe
Then tampers with the lock.

Send me that sweet inventoress
Who forget to wrap the bread,
Who rings the changes with her toes
Upon the brass bedstead,

Who forgets to set the thermostat,
And wears a feather boa,
Who rides the chaste and glacial sheets,
A rumbling Krakatoa.

1

Robert Conquest

Two Poems

A PERFORMANCE OF "BORIS GODUNOV"

The fur-cloaked boyars plotting in the hall,
The heavy splendours of the palace room,
The monk intoning litanies from old
Parchment in the great cell's timeless gloom,
Keep tense beneath the Russian music's weight,
Demonic or numinous with doom.

Even the False Demetrius is caught;
The silver armour, dark-eyed paler face,
The Polish gardens and romantic love:
There is no weight or depth in all that grace.
Only the Jesuits are black and cold
— He knows them shallow, knows his doom and place.

Down in the church, vibrations scarcely heard
Beneath the senses tolls the slow, huge bell.
The silent, smoking candles give their gleam
To themes on which the holy paintings dwell
With artlessness that comes of certainty
— The terrifying crudities of Hell.

Even the drunken friars, the peasant dance,
The claimant's quick ambition, are a froth
On depths that pour into the dark Tsar's heart
Unlit by white Ionian or red Goth,
Where Athos, Sinai and the Thebaid
Glide darkly from Time's vaults, past secret Thoth.

But that dark river is the music now:
Not hope nor love nor thought can will it dry;
The priests and boyars stand 'round like a wall,
Till as the anthems sweep him off to die
The drowning Tsar hears dimly through their voice
The hallucination of eternity.

✓

EVENING ON LAKE GARDA

The sun sets. The lake grows calm. The mountains fade
Into a darkness 'round the hamlet's lights,
A darkness welling out of the sky and the waters

Until the world is full.

We can be calm now, but can we be more content
Than Catullus whose yacht sailed upon this cool
Water, than d'Annunzio whose rage was made

Brass at Gardone there, find further release
Than any poet who cooled his rages by
Apparently fruitful waters and calm nights?
 Beyond that scattered shine
Of petals blown from a sea of starlight
Upon the lake, with accordions and wine
People are dancing through this dangerous peace.
And the water reflects the darkness like an art
As day and music fade into its glass.
But our poems hammer a no longer malleable time.
 — Straining to keep our vision
Clear of a calm more bitter than those rages
They cry for unattainable indecision
As the ingot grows cold that took its heat from the heart.

Kenneth O. Hanson

Three Poems

THE DISTANCE ANYWHERE

My neighbor, a lady from Fu-kien
has rearranged her yard completely.
She has cut down the willow tree,
burning it, piecemeal, against a city
ordinance, and has put in its place
her garden of strange herbs.

I confess I resent the diligence
her side of the fence—the stink
of that oriental spinach she hangs
on the clothesline to dry, and the squawk
of the chicken I suspect she keeps,
against a city ordinance, shut up
in the white garage, eventual soup.

But when, across the rows of what-
ever she grows, she brings her
fabulous speech to bear, birds
in the trees, the very butterflies
unbend, acknowledging, to syllables
of that exacter scale, she'd make
the neighborhood, the unaccustomed
air, for all the world to see,
sight, sound and smell, Fu-kien,
beyond our ordinances, clear.

†

STATISTIC

This is the scene exactly as it was,
the ruined flies on the windowledge,
damp coffee grounds, a knife, a rose
from the wall, clogging the sink.
Two bulbs burned in the sockets of brass claws.
This is the scene exactly as it was.

The papers tell how she hated her mother,
arranged the kill, hid, sat in the cold flat,
hearing the harbor whistles. There
with her lover the abstract Kid
she watched the rose on the wall repeat,
a day and a day. He didn't return,
Persephone tearing the fairytale to shreds
like a handkerchief. There's nothing more.

She set her wild blood free on its course,
she stopped it cold in its tracks.
When the bills ran up, she cut her closest ties.
Time, for a little time after she died,
chirped like a cricket tied to her wrist.

MOTH

I have not made you a symbol
nor seen you against "the relative permanence"
of the wall. If yesterday you were complete
and now you are gone, the wall broken
I have not chosen to bring that message
but rather preserve your image, a grey
moth, wearing your disguise perfectly —
weathered, grained, splintered —
yourself only, but enough.

7

Robert Huff

Three Poems

THE DYING DENTIST

Black lambs around his office windows fly.
The blood of bulls cools in the twilight sun.
Above Chicago, in a village sky,
The Fennville geese in packs are giving tongue.

Aged, he slouches in his crazy chair,
A sentimental butcher's dentist son.
The old rime rings around him through the air:
— Man, beast, and bird are after all all one.

A skyscraper's a damned high place to die
For sons of butchers who could not kill sheep.
The wind around the tower makes a sigh.
The lambs around the windows never sleep.

The elevators whistle going down.
The migratory heart's beat is too clear.
The village bulls below are on the town.
Their bellow rises, thunders in the ear.

1

THE CURE

First, death of exultation in Toledo
Left me afraid of touching even flowers,
Then settled on the soft part of my ego
As towels do on bottles after hours.

Returning home, I kept my small discovery
Behind the shades and would have stayed within,
But family prayers voiced for my quick recovery
Needled me into town to drink again.

My clammy ghost went with me, paleness pending,
And would have hovered so, had I been lazy
And not drunk into shapes all that is ending
And beat them up until my fists went crazy.

FIREFIGHTER

When I see lightning I remember red:
Squirrels running before the fuel red;
Crisp noises heard by moles in mole runs red
With roots like rivets; windmade, bouncing red
Balls in the tops of trees; bats burning; red
Moonlight; the timber all night flashing, red
At dawn, black stalks at noon; the barren, red,
Hot-ash waste with the last sparks going dead.

I don't want lightning now or when I'm dead.
The downed men weep for light and get the dead,
White, cold kind—and the fires, too. Their dead
Hearts burn; their shadows shake before the dead
Glow when the King of Flames kindles the dead
Stumps with his lightning bolts. Those tails are dead
Set to be powerful; making that dead
World hot, they flash, making this live world red.

Carol Hall

Five Poems

ODE TO A PRIVATE GOLDFISH

Mild, solitary, civil fish,
Obese and terrible as whales,
You respect food, and we your wish.
Before you right and reason quail.
You wear four seasons on your scales,
Make heaven of our sad tureen.
Who knows you do not think? Your grails,
Grandeurs, are to see and be seen.

Seas wash you, but mad summer spleen
Will never spot your breathing sides.
You need not stoop to flounce or preen
Nor ever give a thought to brides.
Yours cannot be the usual prides,
You keep no secret for your own.
Your future, clearly, here abides:
Freedom from choice and chase and stone.

Thus you transcend us, flesh and bone,
Make heaven of our sad tureen.

1

BEACH AT PASTURE

You children green and gold and shored
Whose benches drown, the mindless dock
Swims in a ruined sound where paired
Bathers lay rocked in sand. Your seagull stock
Pasture on findings of a winter town,
Dropping dry wings on rubble, their twinned race
Honoring offal: bottles damned in mud,
Dead boots that shod kind friends. On rubber ice
Their red feet wink, while on a ribless bed
And bitter glass sleep swollen wine, torn food
That rakes the eye.

Ho, island bound by bay,
Before our bodies break to share this raw
And rotting shore, there will be sails and buoys,
Calendered summers ringed with bird-worn skies,
And through those dockless meadows we will draw
Our eyes like sharks to catch green years and days.

GAMES IN THE PARK

Mild distemper in the veins
Titters like an anxious host.
We affect a change of scene,
Humming, "What would please us most,
What would win us from these games:
A melting eye, a kiss of ice,
A flash of birds to seed our name,
Or a shy lark to paradise?"

Game is called because of darkness.
All alone, with shabby hands,
We are in this charming park less
Than childhood courtesy demands.
It is dreary in the park.
We go home to count our fiends
And discover some bad clerk
Has absconded with our wounds.

1

THE CHILDISH MORNING STREETS

On the childish streets we freely joked at nine
But woke to fear when we found noonday there
Lusty, loud on our town and open-eyed
But hand in glove with danger, new to pride,
Parishioner of black unfrocked despair.
On the stable morning streets we strangely sighed,
We who had guessed the coming face of noon,
And all our early airs and numbers died.

Deep in old seas those evening shadowed-faces,
Too cold for tears but talented for pain,
Rocked like a buoy as fateful whistles cried
The noun of noon. And in that lucky shout
Of beaten bells the streets resumed their places,
Houses struck root again, we took in stride
The lawful sound of twelve upon our town,
Needing no tune to ring our morning out.



NOT BY THE PEACE OF ROADS WE COME TO HANDS

Not by the peace of roads we come to hands,
Time and this talent dims.
By the shocked lips that hum a rhyme of wounds,
In the used sandals of our daily rounds
We stoop to fondle times

When, small from childhood, we stood proud with days
Watching our boat slide out,
Sending tall surrogates to shores and seas.
Our sail is torn, that broken cargo lies
On shoals blown out of sight.
Not to the clap of waves we calm our eyes.

Not up the mountain's back we ride to moons,
Mist and each crevice warns.
Flat on this faulty plain our dance of clowns,
Now spread wet handkerchiefs like shabby fans:
Our picnic is a plot of ants and ferns.

Not by blind road or ship or swollen moors,
And not by wings, when we have calmed for prayers.

About the Contributors . . .

RICHMOND LATTIMORE is a distinguished poet and translator. ✓ WILLIAM STAFFORD's first book will be published by Talisman Press this summer. ✓ PHILIP LARKIN is the most outstanding English poet of the post-war generation. ✓ RICHARD EBERHART is one of America's best-known poets. ✓ JEAN CLOWER recently published groups of poems in *Poetry (Chicago)* and *Prairie Schooner*. ✓ JAMES WRIGHT's second book of poems will shortly be published by Wesleyan University Press. ✓ JOHN WOODS's first book, *The Deaths at Paragon, Indiana*, attracted favourable attention. He is now preparing a second book for publication. ✓ ROBERT CONQUEST is well-known in Europe as an editor, critic and poet. ✓ KENNETH O. HANSON teaches at Reed College. His most recent publication was in the *San Francisco Review*. ✓ ROBERT HUFF's first book, *Colonel Johnson's Ride*, is being published this summer by Wayne University Press. ✓ CAROL HALL's long-anticipated book, *Portrait of Your Niece*, will be published by the University of Minnesota Press in the late fall of this year.

MARK TOBEY is the first American painter since Whistler to win the Venice Biennale (1958).

Type
was made to read . . .

 TILLIKUM PRESS

MAIN 2-6303

POETRY NORTHWEST

invites you to become a

Subscriber: For two dollars, we will send you the next four issues of the magazine.

Subscribing Patron: For ten dollars we will register you as a Subscribing Patron, and enter an honorary five-year subscription in your name.

Sustaining Patron: For twenty-five dollars, we will offer you all the privileges of a Subscribing Patron and in addition be at a loss for words.

POETRY NORTHWEST

Box 13, UNIVERSITY STATION • SEATTLE 5, WASHINGTON

THE TAMARACK REVIEW

Canada's only national literary magazine, *The Tamarack Review*, was described by the *Times Literary Supplement* as "a literary periodical with the zest of a 'little magazine', the stability of a quarterly, and the cheerfulness that suggests responsible judgment."

Subscription price: \$3.50 per year.

Published four times a year by

THE EDITORS, BOX 157. POSTAL STATION K, TORONTO, CANADA

the new firstie yellow leaves
out on the very tips of the
branches first, so that
the yellow blends in with
the grey-black of the outer
branches - then comes the
light bark-grey color of
the tree trunks which
blends in with the wet
grey of the sand

Subscribe to

Poetry Northwest

1 year (4 issues) \$2.00

and finally the
hard stone grey
grey of the rocks
on the shore -
and lastly the

POETRY NORTHWEST

Box 13, University Station
Seattle 5, Washington

grey-green of the
river.

I suppose this color
experience only happens
when the sun is filtered
just enough by clouds.