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Poetry

NORTHWEST



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POETRY NORTHWEST AUTUMN-WINTER 1963-64 VOL. IV, NOS. 3 & 4

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POETRY NORTHWEST

VOLUME FOUR

NUMBERS THREE AND FOUR

AUTUMN-WINTER, 1963-64

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PIAZZA SAN NICOLO

Longtemps je me suis couché de bonne heure
 το σπίτι
 γεμάτο γρίλιες και δυσπιστία σαν τὸ καλοκοιτάξεις στίς
 σκοτεινὲς γωνιές
 "γιὰ χρόνια πλάγιαζα νορίς," ψιθυρίζει
 "κοίταζα τὴν εἰκόνα τοῦ Ὁλὰ καὶ τὴν εἰκόνα τῆς Μα-
 γδαληνῆς
 "προτοῦ καλονυχτίσω κοίταζα τὸν πολυέλαιο μὲ τ' ἄσπερο
 φῶς
 "τὰ μέταλλα ποὺ γυάλιζαν καὶ δύσκολα ἄφηναν
 "τὶς τελευταῖες φωνὲς τῆς μέρας."
 Τὸ σπίτι σαν τὸ καλοκοιτάξεις μέσα ἀπὸ τὶς παλιές
 κορνίζες
 ξυπνᾷ μὲ τὰ πατήματα τῆς μητέρας στὰ σκαλοπάτια
 τὸ χέρι ποὺ φτιάχνει τὰ σκεπάσματα ἢ διορθώνει τὴν
 κουκουπιέρα
 τὰ χεῖλια ποὺ σβήνουν τὴ φλόγα τοῦ κεριοῦ.
 Κι' ὅλα τοῦτα εἶναι παλιές ἱστορίες ποὺ δὲν ἐνδιαφέ-
 ρουν πιά κανέναν
 δέσαμε τὴν καρδιά μας καὶ μεγαλώσαμε.
 Ἡ ὁροσιά τοῦ βουνοῦ δὲν κατεβαίνει ποτὲ χαμηλότερα
 ἀπὸ τὸ καμπαναρεῖο
 ποὺ μετρά τὶς ὥρες μονολογώντας καὶ τὸ βλέπουμε
 σαν ἔρχεται τ' ἀπόγευμα στὴν αὐλή
 ἢ θεῖα Ντάρια Ντιμιτρίεβνα τὸ γένος Τροφίμοβιτς.
 Ἡ ὁροσιά τοῦ βουνοῦ δὲν ἀγγίζει ποτὲ τὸ σταθερὸ χέρι
 τοῦ Ὁλὰ Νικόλα
 μήτε τὸ φαρμακοποῖ ποὺ κοιτάζει ἀνάμεσα σὲ μιὰ
 κόκκινη καὶ μιὰ πράσινη σφαῖρα
 σαν ὑπερωκεάνειο μαρμαρωμένο.

POETRY NORTHWEST

AUTUMN-WINTER 1963-64

George Seferis

Four Poems

PIAZZA SAN NICOLO

Pelion-Koritsa
 summer-fall, '37

Longtemps je me suis couché de bonne heure

the house
 full of shutters and distrust as you were yearning toward its dark
 corners

whispers "for years I retired early
 looking at the image of Hylas and the image of the Magdalene
 before saying good-night I watched the chandelier with its white light
 the metals gleaming, I abandoned with difficulty
 the day's last voices."

The house as you were yearning toward its ancient cornices
 wakes with the mother's step upon the stairs
 the hand that arranges the covers or the mosquito net
 the lips that quench the candle's flame.

All these are old stories that no longer interest anyone
 we hardened our hearts and grew up.
 The mountain's freshness never falls below the bell-tower
 marking the hours in a monologue and we see it
 when in the afternoon into the courtyard comes
 Aunt Daria Dimitriovna, born Trofimovitch.
 The mountain's freshness doesn't touch the robust hand of San Nicolo
 nor the pharmacist gazing out between one red and one green globe
 like an ocean liner turned into marble.

Γιὰ νὰ βρεῖς τὴ δροσιά τοῦ βουνοῦ πρέπει ν' ἀνέβεις
 ψηλότερα ἀπὸ τὸ καμπαναρεῖο
 κι' ἀπὸ τὸ χέρι τοῦ "Αἰ Νικόλα
 κάπου 70 ἢ 80 μέτρα δὲν εἶναι πολὺ.
 Κι' ὅμως ἐκεῖ ψιθυρίζεις ὅπως σὰν πλάγιαζες νωρὶς
 καὶ μέσα στὴν εὐκολία τοῦ ὕπνου χάνονταν ἡ πίκρα
 τοῦ ἀποχωρισμοῦ
 ἔχι λέςεις πολλὰς δυὸ-τρεις μονάχα καὶ τοῦτο φτάνει
 ἀφοῦ κυλᾶνε τὰ νερά καὶ δὲ φοβοῦνται μὴ σταμα-
 τήσουν
 ψιθυρίζεις ἀκουμπώντας τὸ κεφάλι στὸν ὤμο ἐνὸς φίλου
 σὰ νὰ μὴν εἶγες μεγαλώσει μέσα στὸ σπίτι τὸ σιωπηλὸ
 μὲ φουσιγγωμὲς ποὺ βάρυναν καὶ μᾶς ἔκαμαν ἀδέ-
 ξιους ξένους.
 Κι' ὅμως ἐκεῖ, λίγο ψηλότερα ἀπὸ τὸ καμπαναρεῖο,
 ἀλλάζει ἡ ζωὴ σου.
 Δὲν εἶναι μεγάλο πρᾶγμα ν' ἀνεβῇς μὴ εἶναι πολὺ
 δύσκολο ν' ἀλλάξεις
 σὰν εἶναι τὸ σπίτι μέσα στὴν πέτρινη ἐκκλησιά κι' ἡ
 καρδιά σου μέσα στὸ σπίτι ποὺ σκοτεινιάζει
 κι' ὅλες οἱ πόρτες κλειδωμένες ἀπὸ τὸ μεγάλο χέρι
 τ' "Αἰ Νικόλα.

ΑΑΔΗΛΕΓΓΓΗ

Εἶναι ἐκεῖ δὲν μπορῶ ν' ἀλλάξω
 μὲ δυὸ μεγάλα μάτια πίσω ἀπ' τὸ κύμα
 ἀπὸ τὸ μέρος ποὺ φυσᾷ ὁ ἀέρας
 ἀκολουθώντας τις φτεροῦγες τῶν πουλιῶν
 εἶναι ἐκεῖ μὲ δυὸ μεγάλα μάτια
 μήπως ἀλλάξῃ κανεὶς ποτέ του.

Τὶ γυροῦστε; τὰ μηνύματά σας
 ἔρχονται ἀλλαγμένα ὡς τὸ καράβι
 ἡ ἀγάπη σας γίνεται μίσος
 ἡ γαλήνη σας γίνεται ταραχὴ
 καὶ δὲν μπορῶ νὰ γυρίσω πίσω
 νὰ ἰδῶ τὰ πρόσωπά σας στ' ἀκρογιάλι.

Εἶναι ἐκεῖ τὰ μεγάλα μάτια
 κι' ὅταν μένω καρφωμένος στὴ γραμμὴ μου
 κι' ὅταν πέφτουν στὸν ὀρίζοντα τ' ἀστέρια
 εἶναι ἐκεῖ δεμένα στὸν αἰθέρα
 σὰ μιὰ τύχη πρὸ δική μου ἀπ' τὴ δική μου.

To find the freshness you must climb higher than the bell-tower
 beyond the hand of San Nicolo
 some 70 or 80 meters, it's not far.

Yet there you will whisper as if you were retiring early
 and in easy sleep, lost, the bitterness of separation
 not many words—just two or three will suffice
 since the waters flow and have no fear of ceasing
 you whisper leaning your head on a friend's shoulder
 as if you hadn't grown up in the silent house
 with grave faces that have made us awkward strangers.
 And yet there, slightly above the bell-tower, your life is changed.
 Easy enough to go up but to change is painful
 when the house is within the stone church and your heart is in the
 house which darkens
 and all the doors have been bolted by the big hand of San Nicolo.

MUTUAL PLEDGE

They're there—I cannot change—
 with two large eyes behind the wave
 behind the place where the wind blows
 following the flights of birds
 they're there with two large eyes;
 has anyone ever changed himself?

What are you looking for? your messages
 reach the ship transformed
 your love becomes hate
 your calm becomes confusion
 and I cannot turn back
 to see your faces on the shore.

They're there the large eyes
 and while I stay riveted to my course
 and while the stars fall to the horizon
 they're there fixed in the air
 like a destiny more mine than is my own.

Τὰ λόγια σας συνήθεια τῆς ἀκοῆς
βοοῖζουν μέσα στὰ ξάρτια καὶ περνᾶνε
μήπως πιστεύω πιά στὴν ὑπαρξή σας
μοιραῖοι σύντροφοι, ἀνυπόστατοι ἴσκιοι.

*

Ἐχασε πιά τὸ χρώμα αὐτὸς ὁ κόσμος
καθὼς τὰ φύκια στ' ἀκρογιάλι τοῦ ἄλλου χρόνου
γκρίζα ξερά καὶ στὸ ἔλεος τοῦ ἀνέμου.

Ἕνα μεγάλο πέλαγο δυὸ μάτια
εὐκίνητα καὶ ἀκίνητα σὰν τὸν ἀγέρα
καὶ τὰ πανιά μου ὅσο κρατῆσουν, κι' ὁ θεὸς μου.

ΑΡΝΗΣΗ

Στὸ περιγιάλι τὸ κρυφὸ
κι' ἄσπρο σὰν περιστέρι
διψάσαμε τὸ μεσημέρι·
μὰ τὸ νερὸ γλυφό.

Πάνω στὴν ἄμμο τὴν ξανθὴ
γράψαμε τ' ὄνομά της·
ώραία ποὺ φύσηξεν ὁ μπάτης
καὶ σήστηκε ἡ γραφή.

Μὲ τί καρδιά, μὲ τί πνοή,
τί πόθους καὶ τί πάθος
πῆραμε τῇ ζωῇ μας· λάθος!
κι' ἀλλάξαμε ζωή.

Your words, habits of hearing
whistle in the shrouds and pass along
do I believe still in your existence
comrades-at-fate, unreal shadows?

*

This world has lost its color now
like seaweed of another time upon the shore
gray, dry and at the mercy of the wind.

A vast sea two eyes
nimble and motionless like the breeze
and my sails so long as they hold, and my God.

COLIN EDMONSON

GEORGE SEFERIS has just honored the Nobel Prize for Literature by winning it.

DENIAL

On the seashore secret
and white as a dove
we thirsted at noon;
but the water was brackish.

Upon the blond sand
we wrote her name;
beautifully blew the sea breeze
and erased the letters.

With what courage, what vitality,
what desires and what suffering
we followed our life; a mistake!
and we altered life.

~

TRIZONIA

Τὸ σπίτι γέμισε τριζόνια
χτυποῦν σὰν ἀρρυθμὰ ρολόγια
λαχανιασμένα. Καὶ τὰ χρόνια

ποῦ ζοῦμε σὰν αὐτὰ χτυποῦν
καθὼς οἱ δίκαιοι σιωποῦν
τὰ νὰ μὴν εἶχαν τί νὰ ποῦν.

Κάποτε τ' ἄκουσα στὸ Πήλιο
νὰ πλάθουνε γοργὰ ἕνα σπήλαιο
μέσα στὴ νύχτα. Ἀλλὰ τὸ φύλλο

τῆς μοίρας τώρα τὸ γυρίσαμε
καὶ μᾶς γνωρίζετε καὶ σὰς γνωρίσαμε
ἀπὸ τοὺς ὑπερβόρειους ἴσαμε

τοὺς νέγρους τοῦ ἰσημερινοῦ
ποῦ ἔχουνε σώμα χωρὶς νοῦ
καὶ ποῦ φωνάζουν σὰν πονοῦν.

Κι' εἰς πόνον κι' ἐσεῖς πονεῖτε
μὰ δε φωνάζουμε καὶ μήτε
κὰν ψιθυρίζουμε. γιὰτί

ἡ μηχανὴ εἶναι βιαστικὴ,
στὴ φρίκη καὶ στὴν καταφρόνια
στὸ θάνατο καὶ στὴ ζωή,

Τὸ σπίτι γέμισε τριζόνια.

CRICKETS

Pretoria
16 January '42

The house becomes filled with crickets
beating like arhythmic clocks
out of breath. And the years

in which we live beat like them
while the just keep silent
as if they had nothing to say.

I heard them once at Pelion
rapidly digging a cave
in the night. But the leaf

of fate we have turned now
and you know us and we know you
from the far-northerners to

the negroes of the equator
who have body without mind
and who cry when hurt.

And I hurt and you hurt
but we neither cry nor
even whisper, because

the machine is hurrying
in horror and in disdain
in death and in life,

The house becomes filled with crickets.

PATRICIA AND DEMETRIOS PAPAHAJOPOULOS

Two Poems

THE COME-BACK

I walk my reappearance
round these streets
with a familiar terror.
What remains
could be more than it was.
A greasy pavement
slithers my nervous feet
in expected rain.
Mount Preston. The
Particular Baptist Chapel.
The flat was, surely,
a little further on.

It smelt of cat and gas;
my unmade sheets
stayed on the bed for weeks;
I never made
real contact with the laundry;
my clothes were damp,
and baths impossible:
you'd think that I'd
still recognize it, but
they look the same.
One of the three is
boarded up and dead.

That could be it. But
then, perhaps not. I can't
re-live what might be
somewhere else. I'm locked
out properly here;
impossible to claim
nostalgia for a house that

will not look
familiar, for all the
times it gripped
me in dark hallways.
Quickly, I turn my back,

uneasiness nearing dread.
"It isn't fair"
sounds like a child's whine
in my head. I trace
a route for doubt, towards
the echoing rock-
encrusted house at the corner
of Cromer Terrace;
my basement room's still there;
I stoop and peer.
New furniture. New books
piled on new floors.

The floor had to be new.
It broke beneath me
thirteen years ago.
A mist of dry
brown spores masked every
polished surface, choking
throat and lung until
one comic day
the whole thing just caved in.
"Dry Rot," they said.
Little is left for Memory
to hang on by,

and I don't ask or knock.
Why knock, why ask?
This different place contains
a different ghost
that stoops and scribbles as
if he were meant
more than the rest of us,
and more possessed,

inquiet, certain. He
lifts up his head.
I walk away through rain
to lose a past

I dare not say Goodbye to.
This last house
I lived in is, I see,
waste ground, stamped flat.
It hardly troubles me
more than to clutch
my raincoat closer.
Somewhere else has thought
Odysseus dead, that's all.
One Spring I moved
house, muse, life, love,
along here in a handcart.

CITY VARIETIES

The last time I drank here
I saw Tod Slaughter
play *The Demon Barber*.
He'd run back
between deaths to the Circle
Bar for gin.
Jenny was seventy then.
Was it five hundred
times, or over a thousand
he'd done her in?

His great long face
was flabby-white, his voice
a different resonant
century's, his head
magnificent. "I've always
played it straight.
You have to play these
grand things straight," he said.

We played ours almost
straight, and the run was shorter.
Once a year for three years
we played *Drink*,
A Dripping Saga through
the streets. I wore
a black top hat, moustache,
and cloak. They cheered,
hissed, laughed, and threw
tomatoes. We drank beer.

And chased the girls.
Does that big blonde remember
my hand on her plump
bare tits inside her mac,
walking back up Tonbridge
Street? And was it
that year the rotten fruit
finished off my cloak?

Dust dries my throat.
I have another Bass
on long dead lusts and
gaieties. No need
to burlesque their absurdities;
play them straight;
walking back from the bar
into the glow
of your nostalgia, enter,
gesture, wait,

and sound the heroic
statement. Love and Death
attend the slithering wigs
and wooden swords.
The Barber smiles. Time Stops.
His razor lifts.
And from the Gods we
thunder daft applause.

~

Harold P. Wright

Five Japanese Poets

CHŪYA NAKAHARA

WINTER AT NAGATO GORGE

At Nagato Gorge the water was flowing
On a cold, cold day.

I was in the teahouse overlooking the river
Drinking sake.

Besides me,
There were no other guests.

The water, as if it possessed a soul,
Flowed on and on—

Soon the setting sun, resembling a mandarin orange,
Flowed out of sight over the handrail.

Ah!—there was such a time
On a cold, cold day.

CHŪYA NAKAHARA (1907-1937), like others of the *Shiki* group, turned his back on emerging militarism. He has been called the Japanese Rimbaud.

TATSUJI MIYOSHI

HORSE

Rolling hills of tea,
A well sweep,
A horse,
And blooming plum flowers.

TULIP

The sound of buzzing bee
Disappears into a tulip.

Quietly in the still breeze,
A red chamber has ushered in a guest.

TATSUJI MIYOSHI was born in 1900. He founded the *Shiki* (Four Seasons) movement in the '30's, which infused modern concepts of literature with the most significant traditional techniques of Japanese poetry.

SAKUTARO HAGIWARA

FAMILY

I sit in an old house
silently conversing,
not with an enemy,
not with a creditor.

“Look! I am your wife,
and even death cannot separate us.”

The meanness of her eyes
burning with revenge
hatefully
stabs me.

I sit in an old house
with no means of escape.

SAKUTARO HAGIWARA (1886-1942), a leader of the *Shiki* school, was a symbolist, an anarchist, and a poet of the colloquial tongue.

YŪKICHI HEMMI

APOLOGIZING ONE DAY FOR NOT HAVING WRITTEN

Riding a rickety bicycle,
Crossing Owatari Bridge,
The cold wind sweeping from Chichibu,
The setting of the gaudy yellow sun,
My tongue feeling numb from cheap whiskey,
A prostitute staggering through a cold rice field,
Being quite dark,
A crow laughing from a low roof top,
Glass tinkling into fragments,
The sky over Joshu frozen small,
Not being able to see Shimpei's face any more,
Riding a rickety bicycle,
Beggars sprawling on the sidewalks,
Needing a smoke badly,
Getting darker and darker.

YŪKICHI HEMMI (1907-1946) belonged to the *Rekitei* (Progress) school, which consisted for the most part of former Marxists, anarchists, and proletarian writers, who were forced by the government to disband in the '30's.

FUYUJI TANAKA

SLEET FALLS OVER A TINY VILLAGE

Sleet falls over a village,
A mountain village.
A wild boar
 is hanging head down,
The bristles of this boar
 are frozen.
And in these bristles lies
 this ice-covered village,
Mountain village of my birth.
—And in the snow
 hemp bark is being boiled
 for cloth.

THE SNOWY DAY

The snow falls steadily—
Blue fish and red fish
Lie beautifully in the open market.
The streets are nearly empty
Even of the clucking of chickens
And the howling of dogs.
Only a teletype is heard
In the post office
Which is now lighted
Due to the darkness.
The snow falls steadily—
On snowy days
Darkness comes without warning.
What are the birds
And the animals of the mountains
Doing on such a day?
I wonder what the gentle and timid deer
Is doing as it yearns for the sun
And the young grasses of spring.
On the night of such a day,
I wonder if the wild boar
Will come from the deep mountain snow
Nearer to town in search of food.
The woodpecker
That pecked a hole into the temple pillar,
I wonder what it is doing.
All of them are probably cold.
Even though it has become quite dark,
The snow falls steadily—
I can smell the fragrance of my supper soup
As it is prepared.

FUYUJI TANAKA, another *Shiki* poet, was born in 1894, and takes his inspiration from traditional haiku, although his work is modern in spirit. His poem "Sleet" is calligraphed here by Satō Yūgō.

みぞれのする小さな町

みぞれのする町

山の町

みづーがさかたに
ぶらぶらがさかた

みづーのりげがほつそ
みづーにほつた小さな町

ふるさとの山の町よ

—雪の下に林を点る

田中冬二詩

一九三三年三月一日

新泉堂書



John Tagliabue

Eight Poems

*Confrontations of constellations or conflagrations, not complications;
consider Mathematics, Mortimer*

more	
words	
than	soar
one	more
won	worlds
more	than
words	five
than	strive
two	more
are	worlds
true	than
more	six
words	mix
than	more
three	worlds
see	than
me	seven
more	are
worlds	in
than	heaven
four	

a syllable in a poem, a student in a
classroom, a tempest in a pearl

The
compassionate jewel
that everyone cannot lose
is Buddha.

Typing Zen sayings
a woodpecker.

butterfly

truth
the a
tell like
to tell
begin it
ever
you
If

The giant snow like a giant bear vague as a cloud all grey
and wild
came flatly down the wandering sky and sat and
danced in the
streets all night.
The men with their brooms, the wives with their grooms
soon took up house
in the wonderful world
and fed the wild bear poems and religions; he stared
at their children
going to school.

A	various	the
single	philosophies	rage
gnat	under	of
like	the	philosophies
a	light	became
dapper	as	nimble
Chinese	I	in
acrobat	flipped	any
fled	a	nit
towards	page;	wit.

o
S m sa
er u or Su a
l
t mm s
er s
A

~

Chuang-tzu: "There is a yak large as a cloud across the sky. It is huge all right, but it cannot catch mice. Now you have a large tree and are worried about its uselessness. Why do you not plant it in the realm of Nothingness, in the expanse of Infinitude, so that you may wander by its side in Nonaction (wu-wei), and you may lie under it in Blissful Repose?" or

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR A MEETING: POETRY
READINGS TONIGHT

Several clouds like Blissful Repose like gods and goddesses
convening
rendered unto the poet or lover waiting under a thatched
roof
a downpour of virtuous musical Nonaction; they didn't do
anything;
it kept raining it kept raining it kept raining, later
several philosophers
floated on a large river; whatever became of the book I
was reading? said
the disappearing and reappearing Cloud.

(Is wu-wei your name?)

~

Perhaps concerning a painting

Rabbits
by tall
thin grass
looking
at
the
MOON
how
they
yearn
those
warm
and
playful
and
prolific
lovers
for
you
and
poems.
See
how
the
writing
falls
from
the
skies
like
fireflies
or
dew.

~

Henri Michaux

Two Poems from Ecuador

JE SUIS NÉ TROUÉ

A terrible wind is blowing.
It's only a small hole in my chest,
But a terrible wind is blowing in.
Little village of Quito, you're not for me.
I need hatred, and envy, that's my health.
A great city is what I need.
A great consummation of envy.

It's only a small hole in my chest,
But a terrible wind is blowing in,
In the hole there is hatred (always), also terror and helplessness,
There is helplessness, and the wind reeks of it,
Strong as a whirlwind,
Would snap a steel needle,
And it is but a wind, a void.
Fie on all the earth, on all civilization, on all the beings
on the surface of all the planets, because of this void!
That critic fellow said that I had no hatred.
This void, there's my answer.
Oh! things are bad under my skin.
I need to weep over the bread of luxury, and domination, and love,
over the bread of glory which is outside,
I need to gaze out of the window-pane,
Which is blank like me, and takes nothing whatever.
I said weep: no, it is a cold drill, drilling, tirelessly drilling,
As on a rafter of beechwood where 200 generations of worms have
bequeathed this heritage, "drill . . . drill."
It is on the left, but I am not saying it is my heart.
I said hole, I am saying no more, it is a violent pain and I am helpless.
I have seven or eight senses. One of them: an absence.
I touch it and pat it the way you pat wood.

But, more likely, it would be a vast forest, one such as Europe
hasn't seen for ages.

And it is my life, my life in the void.

If it disappears, this void, I search myself, I get into a frenzy
and it's even worse.

I have erected myself on a missing column.

What would Christ have said had he been so constituted?

There are some ailments which, if you cure, the man
has nothing left.

Soon he dies, he was too late.

Can a woman be satisfied with hatred?

Then love me, love me very much and tell it to me,

Write to me, some one of you.

But what's this little squirt?

I haven't been aware of him very long.

Neither a pair of thighs, nor a great heart can fill my void,

Nor eyes full of England and yearning as it's said,

Nor a voice singing, telling of completeness and warmth.

The shivers in me have some chills always on hand.

My void is a great guzzler, a great crusher, and a great exterminator.

My void is quilting and silence.

Silence that stops everything.

A silence of stars.

Though this hole may be deep, it hasn't form.

Words don't find it,

They wallow around.

I have always thought that people who regard themselves as
revolutionaries should feel brotherly.

They spoke of one another with emotion: flowed like soup.

That's not hatred, my friends, that's gelatin.

Hatred is always hard,

Strikes others

But likewise perpetually scrapes a man's insides.

It is the opposite of hatred.

And no remedy. No remedy whatever.

SOUVENIRS

At that time I kept dropping out of sight in this horizon
that held two arms.

(The eve of the departure the traveler
glances back. It's as if he were losing
courage.)

Comparable to nature, comparable to nature, comparable to nature,
To nature, to nature, to nature,
Comparable to a feather-comforter,
Comparable to thought,
And also comparable in a certain way to the Globe of the earth,
Comparable to a mistake, to sweetness and to cruelty
To what is not true, does not stop, to the head of a driven nail,
To slumber that revives you in proportion as you have
 been busy elsewhere,
To a song in a foreign language,
To a tooth which hurts and remains vigilant,
To the Araucaria spreading its branches into a patio,
And forming its harmony without presenting its bills,
 and not doing any art criticism,
To the dust there is in summertime, to an invalid who is shaking,
To the eye dropping a tear and thus cleansing itself,
To clouds superimposed one on the other, foreshortening
 the horizon but making you think of the sky.
To the glow of a station at night, when you arrive,
 not knowing if there are any more trains.
To the word Hindu, for someone who never went where
 they are to be found in every street,
To what is told about death,
To a sail in the Pacific,
To a hen underneath a banana leaf, one rainy afternoon,
To the caress of a great fatigue, to a promise long over-due,
To the bustle in an ant-nest,
To the wing of a condor when the other wing is already
 at the opposite slope of the mountain,
To some combinations,
To the marrow bone at the same time as to a lie,

To a young bamboo at the same time as to the tiger who
 squashes the young bamboo.
Comparable to me finally,
And even more to what is not me.
By, you who were my *By* . . .

ROBIN MAGOWAN

HENRI MICHAUX, French poet, painter, and voyager, was born in Belgium in 1899, and has devoted his life to the philosophy of creative experimentation.

Harold Fleming

POEM

For my birthday coming summertime, all under
Hills and sky, an incompleteness: ever
After fields and sleights of valleys
Where the sleds rode winter out and screaming
Girls with their boys came down and even skiers
Made parallel their freedom: it was after
Supper that was soon forever-after
And I went out to walk against the winter
When it came at the hillside I connected
To the sky made stars, a ceiling filling
With such flight I went to feel my meaning
In that valley where I walked on water.

It was summer ending my first notion
Above green water in the valley sliding
With slim fishes and the fat frogs slapping
Circles I came after, stones as plummets
With a string attached to hit the bottom
With an arrow later to cross bow
With my muscles making hickory strengthen
In the strength I never would have managed
Had the cord not broken and the arrow
Fallen at my feet to drown attention
In the water where an imperfection
Had been created by a stone or arrow.

For one summer killing frogs with arrows
 After minnows slid away as wishes
 I heard shady paths I might have followed
 And supposed I would observe a person
 Coming to the edge to watch the water
 With the snow of winter slowly coming
 And the leaves the color of that flaming
 Arrow fired from seven burning candles:
 I could blow all summer as a season
 With somebody there to keep me watching
 Tips of leaping flame that had corrected
 Fields to leap and bound in to my being.

Lloyd C. Parks

Three Poems

QUARREL

Slambanging pots and pans, silence her shield,
 She storms another meal;
 While *he*, bent by a chair, stares a book blind.
 Child on the floor playing, crouching behind
 His fort, pretends he cannot feel
 Hate, blue and leaping, arc above his field.

And when home catches fire, roars, he will
 Pretend he isn't burned,
 Pretend he wasn't born, but sit so good, so still,
 Dragons may sniff and pass.

Taught by assorted monsters, he has learned
 To freeze calmly, till beak and claw relent
 And fondle calmly—indifferent, note a scent
 Of blood in the fresh grass.

SNOWSCAPE

We had not seen a bird the livelong day.
 Below a sky the smallest song might shiver
 To snow, across the same and silent river,
 Among tall silences we walked, a way
 White shadows said to go.

Nothing to say,
 Saying nothing, walked on until a moon
 Broke whitely across the late white afternoon,
 Until, as shadows turn, we turned away.

Since you were cold, the night coldly breaking,
 We hurried home down fields of stubble-wheat,
 Frozen down furrows.

Home, on a cold sheet,
 Beneath a sheet of cold, lay all night waking,
 Too cold for love or sleep. Lay all night making,
 Each to each, gifts of the world's last heat.

SONG WITHOUT MUTES

Moves as a leaf will move along a river,
 or a small song,
 the shine of sun; as a leaf fallen, silver,
 fallen from willow, so runs a yellow sun
 all river long;
 riven from air, from willow, runs with a shiver
 like fishes
 fishes among.

VOLUME ENTITLED SEEING AMERICA
AND OTHER RAMBLES

1.

Poems written in bus-stations shall not be immortal
Neither for tile washrooms
Nor the 40c Chili Special
(With lots of crackers)
Nor the yellow bitch howling in the alley
Nor the baggage-clerk's boot
(The connection between them clear
And infrequent)
Nor the bilingual edition of *Candide* in a black metal rack
Nor the Illustrated Brigitte Bardot, no language skill required
Nor the smell of waiting
For nothing in particular.

2.

On highway 99 going south
One reads *The Possessed*
Or does not, and listens to the drowned cackling
Of the old who've lost their baggage
And their looks
And can't imagine where to find them
Honey
They've done something with them
In zinc-lined rooms
They stored them away there
For the profit of the company
Where conveyors belts whirl
Them to looms making tapestries
Of curios, old umbrellas
Damp cartons from Yakima
Tied with granny-knotted string
The last issue of Edward from Baltimore
He was a funny

And did you ever
Get astride a goat and ride it to earth
With a butcher-knife
Watch the blood leap neon red into the bright air
Steaming there?
Winter's not the same now
As formerly:
They've done something with it.

3.

Perhaps it's the tests
Perhaps it's the way they don't treat you the same any more
The way bones get old
And brittle as ice
(The horns)
The way your luggage disappears
And turns up again stamped Unclaimed
Before you know it
Perhaps it's a lot of things
If you could only think about it
And *hear* it while you're thinking

4.

From Sacramento west there are no people
Until the orange stands blossom
And the tough hill-grass fires green out of the earth
And turns brownish
There are no children
In those profitable groves
And presumably no snakes
Have they done something with them
Made them into luggage
Stored on racks somewhere
And the white rings on the trees
Do they signify
Nothing do they kill
Something
Native to the landscape?

5.

Boot strap
Smell of cobalt
Burning sulphur
Zinc
Labels from old umbrellas
Moon cars big enough to stand up in
Immense
Three-ring circus towns
Stretched out from Blaine to San Diego
Connected by the Weldon Kees Memorial Bridge
And the great lost city disappearing
In doormen's hands and delicate white fog.

6.

You shall not steal your neighbor's *Life*
In the Great Southwest Desert
Nor in Vane, Nevada
Take up his *Time*
The Enquirer wants to know
And will be informed by tomorrow's post
Whereas
Americans
Because they don't write
Must read
Because they lack hope
Must wish
Because they can't see the sense in it
Must wander through landscapes
Filling up with paper
Shocked into reticence
On the prow of a bus.

Charles Wright

ISLANDS

Corfu

Over Govino Bay, looking up from the water's edge, the landscape resembles nothing so much as the hills above Genova, valleying into the sea, washing down olive, cypress, and etiolate arbutus. A caique, snubbed to harbor, confirms the sea's slight syncopation as I walk along the beach toward the slow snapping of plane trees. A gull spreads out under the wind, tacks, and folds as easily as a piece of silk upon the northern shore. Behind me sunset spills over Albania, its juice seeping into the mountains. Alone, I surrender to the simple pulse-beat of silence, so faint it seems to come from another country. As darkness nestles I wait, calmly, unquestioning, for St. Spyridon of Holy Memory to leave his silver casket and emerge, wearing the embroidered slippers, from the grove of miracles above the hill.

Delos

I have come, impenitent, from Italy
to walk gravely among monumental cypresses,
and find only stelae where the sky harbors.
The night wind aims across Delos like an arrow,
flaring occasional trees
on the southern sky.

I have had enough of darkness,
this night cleared of stars.
I ask now for the sun,
the quick clusters of dawn,
and your voice which defies them, now
as distant as Cyprus.

g,

wind
ucet
room
ned at
k
me
b
as said
continue
ack

Quatros Poemas

TODO ERA AZUL

Todo era azul delante de aquellos ojos y era
verde hasta lo entrañable, dorado hasta muy lejos.
Porque el color hallaba su encarnación primera
dentro de aquellos ojos de frágiles reflejos.

Ojos nacientes: luces en una doble esfera.
Todo radiaba en torno como un solar de espejos.
Vivificar las cosas para la primavera
poder fué de unos ojos que nunca han sido viejos.

Se los devora. ¿Sabes? No soy feliz. No hay goce
como sentir aquella mirada inundadora.
Cuando se me alejaba, me despedí del día.

La claridad brotaba de su directo roce,
pero los devoraron. Y están brotando ahora
penumbras como el pardo rubor de la agonía.



SONETO

Sonreir con la alegre tristeza del olivo,
esperar, no cansarse de esperar la alegría.
Sonriamos, doremos la luz de cada día
en esta alegre y triste vanidad de ser vivo.

Me siento cada día más leve y más cautivo
en toda esta sonrisa tan clara y tan sombría.
Cruzan las tempestades sobre tu boca fría
como sobre la mía que aún es un soplo estivo.

MIGUEL HERNANDEZ (1910-1942) was imprisoned for many years by the Franco government, and allowed to die in jail, while his poetry remained unpublished for ten years after his death. His beautiful late poetry was written to his wife, and to the son whom he never saw.

TOTALLY BLUE

All was blue before those eyes and
green down to the core, golden till away.
Full color found initial incarnation
within those eyes of tenderest refraction.

Newborn eyes: lights on a double sphere.
Everything around them blazed like a garden of mirrors.
The spring's arousal lay within the scope
of eyes that never learned of age.

Devoured. Do you know? I can't be happy. There is no joy
like sensing that overwhelming look.
When it began to wane, I bade the day goodbye.

Clarity sprung from their mere glance,
but they have been devoured. They are now ripples
of twilight, drab fevers of agony.



SONNET

To smile the painful smile of the olive tree,
to wait and never cease to wait for joy!
Let us smile, cherish the light of day
in a proud and bittersweet attempt to stay alive.

I grow weaker with each day, and more enmeshed
in this huge smile at once so clear and dark.
Tempests rage above your frozen mouth,
above my one remaining breath.

Una sonrisa se alza sobre el abismo: crece
como un abismo trémulo, pero batiente en alas.
Una sonrisa eleva calientemente el vuelo.

Diurna, firme, arriba, no baja, no anochece.
Todo lo desafías, amor: todo lo escalas,
Con sonrisa te fuiste de la tierra y el cielo.

~

POEMA

Uvas, granadas, datiles,
doradas, rojas, rojos,
hierbabuena del alma,
azafran de los poros.

Uvas como tu frente,
uvas como tus ojos.
Granadas con la herida
de tu florido asombro.
Datiles con las esbelta
ternura sin retorno.
Azafran, hierbabuena
llueves a grandes chorros
sobre la mesa pobre,
gastada, del otoño,
muerto que te derramas,
muerto que yo conozco,
muerto frutal, caído
con octubre en los hombros.

~

POEMA

Hablo después de muerto.
Callas después de viva.
Pobres conversaciones
no expresadas y dichas

A smile hovers over the abyss, itself
a quivering emptiness soaring on a wing.
A smile of warmth takes suddenly to flight.

Diurnal, firm, high, aloft, beyond darkness.
You challenge everything, love, you attempt all.
Here are heaven and earth in the wake of your smile.

~

POEM

Grapes, pomegranates, dates,
golden, red, and scarlet,
peppermint of the soul,
saffron of the skin and pore.

Grapes like your forehead,
grapes like your two eyes.
Pomegranates with the wound
of your flowering amazement.
Dates in the tender shape
of no return. Saffron, peppermint
that you shower in torrents
upon the worn, humble
table of autumn,
corpse that overflows,
corpse that I know so well,
corpse of the harvest, fallen
with October on these shoulders.

~

POEM

I speak after death.
You grow silent beyond life.
Poor conversations
never once put into words

nos llena lo mejor
de la muerte y la vida.
Un silencio vibrante
ata lenguas y vibra.
Con espadas forjadas
en silencio, fundidas
en miradas, en besos,
alargadas en días,
nuestros cuerpos se elevan,
nuestros cuerpos se abisman.
Con silencio te bato.
Con silencio me intimas.
Con silencio vibrante
de silencios y sílabas.

fill the best portion
of our lives and deaths.
A vibrant silence
keeps all vibrancies in check.
With swords forged
out of silence, hammered
out of glances and kisses
and lengthened throughout days
do our bodies rise,
do our bodies plunge.
With silence I defeat you.
With silence you pierce me.
With silence vibrant
of syllables and silences.

David Ray

Three Hungarian Poets

ATTILA GÉREZ

BESZÉLŐ

A rácsok előtt öregem s tele könnyel
megállt köszönően anyám, a szegény,
botjára hajolt s zokogott. De a lelkem
csókjául emelte az ujja hegyén.

Szeretet? Nem akartam alá menekülni.
A sziv üresedve halálra valóbb.
S az emberi bűn? Viszi árja a szivem,
mint tiszta, papir-lebegésű hajót.

Ma láttam anyám. Szemeim simogatták
szeme fátyolait s örömen remegő

ATTILA GÉREZ was born in Budapest in 1930, and in the early '50's was an organizer of the anti-Communist youth movement in Hungary. He was imprisoned, attempted escape, was captured, and tortured. He escaped in the October revolution of 1956, and died while attacking four Soviet tanks with gasoline bombs.

MONOLOGUE

She wept like all old women visiting their sons,
Unable to discriminate hero from criminal.
She went quite miserably, an old woman leaning on a cane.
And yet, as she lifted the tips of her fingers
She gave more than her farewell at these bars.
She managed, as she did when I was a boy,
to lift my heart
to those fingers tossing a kiss.

But I didn't want to feed on her love.
The emptied heart is better prepared for death.

Sin? It still carries me—the stream
of it, the entire argosy of my guilts—

keze s arca szelid erejét, amit egyszer a
szobornak emel fölibém az Idő.

Emlék, min a lélek, a fájdalomittas
virág, mely a porladozóra kihajt.
(Elég-e a fájdalom árnya szemében?
Megszürik-e sorsom a könnyei majd?)

Most újra magam vagyok és szemérol
az Isten erős mosolyát leteszem:
ma láttam az édesanyám s a szemétől
szelid, szeretők, melegárnyu szemétől
ökölbe szorul a kezem! . . .

~

VINCZE SULYOK

KERENGŐ

Száz négyszögöl a szabadság csupán,
Nem éri el a zöld park bokrait.
Sétálhatsz rajta s nézheted a felhők
Egekre jajdult szép játékait.

Száz négyszögöl a szabadság csupán,
Mint középkori klastromudvaroknál
A szűk kerengő. Körbe'jársz anélkül,
Hogy végül valahova jutnál.

Száz négyszögöl a szabadság csupán,
Hogy forgolódhass benne, mint az örült,
És összerándulj, ha sorsodra gondolsz,
Mint aki mögött fegyver dördült.

VINCZE SULYOK is now a student at the University of Oslo. He also took part in the Hungarian Revolution, after which he escaped through Yugoslavia to Austria. His poems are published in various Hungarian-exile journals.

A strangely weightless paperboat
That children float with a shove in the park.

Still, it is the meek force of her face,
The veils of her eyes, that time will erect over me
as a statue.

Wherever she carries those shadows
they will serve for my history.

Just an old woman's love! Is that enough for my sorrow?
Will an old woman's tears make a monument?
Or should I strip the divine from those meek,
Shamelessly loving, grief-shadowed eyes?
Should her gaze force my hands into fists?

~

THE CLOISTER

Freedom turned out to be exactly
one hundred square yards.

It doesn't even reach the green bushes
at the edge of the park.

You can walk on it, however;
You are permitted to look up
where the clouds used to dance,
where the clouds now cut
a most painful intaglio
against the sky.

The medieval monasteries were like this.
I have read that you could go around their narrow cloisters
without end, getting nowhere.

And I've read that in those cloisters
Some men turned round like lunatics
And jumped as if a gun went off behind them
if they dared think of their fates.

~

SIRKÖ HELYETT

Sötét szemét szemérmesen lehunyta
 Mellén kinyílt egy csepp piros virág.
 Mosolygott még, mint otthon, ha aludna,
 Térdét mutatta a ballonkabát...

A nagy csaták kis hőse úgy feküdt ott
 (Körötte a széttört zsiroskenyér),
 Ahogy imént járta a barrikádot—
 Hiába hullt golyó es hullt a vér...

Sötét szemét szemérmesen lehunyta,
 Mellén kinyílt egy csepp piros virág,
 Mellette gözölgött a szennyecsatorna,
 De győzelméről dalolt a világ...

THE THIRD HUNGARIAN POET fell in action in the Hungarian Revolution. Tibor Tollas, the noted Hungarian refugee editor, writes us from Austria that "his name remains forever unknown. They found in his pocket only this poem, nothing else."

Kathleen Malley

Three Haiku

SUPERMARKET

Living in a walkup, where nothing grows,
 Not even the wandering jew in its clay pot,
 Each Saturday, this harvest.

~

SEPTEMBER

On this scarlet ferment
 Of mountain ash berries
 Robins grow tipsy.

INSTEAD OF A TOMBSTONE

He closed his eyes most modestly
 and on his chest
 a small flower grew.
 He went on smiling
 the way he smiled in his sleep
 at home.

His raincoat did not cover his knees,
 meaning this,
 The same coat that had touched his ankles
 when he stood
 No longer covered his knees.
 He had been a child, a growing boy,
 a child in a grownup's old coat.

So the little hero lay there
 In the middle of what was left of his sandwich
 made, like the grenades,
 with poor people's lard.
 The way he walked the barricade
 I thought the bullets were falling in vain.

Most modestly he closed his eyes,
 and on his chest
 a small flower grew.
 Next to him the sewer went on streaming,
 While the whole world sang of this triumph.

FOR A YOUNG MOTHER

I have seen you catch
 A moth and a soap bubble
 Without breaking either.

Emile Snyder

Une Pòeme

EMIGRATION '41

Mes juifs se taisaient
comme s'ils se sentaient coupables
de n'être que victimes.
nuit d'exil
au terme de son voyage
tribunal marin des
étoiles les grands juges de
Manhattan nous aveuglaient
de leur majesté lumineuse
mes juifs se dépouillaient
sous le regard glacial
de l'exil
dernier dénuement
du corps et du sang
viol de l'âme exposée
à l'écume envahissante
baptême de l'oubli
naissant
seules les mouettes
parlaient
mes juifs se taisaient

et pleurèrent mes voyelles
au naufrage de la bouche
première

~

Emile Snyder

A Poem and Four Translations

EMIGRATION '41

the bay of Manhattan: dawn

My jews were silent
as if they felt guilty
being only the victims.
Night of exile
at the end of its voyage
sea tribunal of stars
the tall judges of
Manhattan blinded us
with their luminous majesty.
My jews were stripping
under the frozen stare
of exile
last disrobing
of the body and the blood
the soul raped by
the rising spume
baptism of oblivion
to come.
Only the gulls spoke
my jews were silent

and the old vowels wept
in the shipwreck of
my original mouth.

~

A TOI

Comme le buffle
Qui hurle de soif
Mon cœur
A soif de toi amour
Toi dont mon chant
Répand le nom
Tout au long
De ma plainte
Entend mon appel amour.

~

JEAN-JOSEPH RABÉARIVELO

GRENADE

Les rayons du soleil naissant
cherchant sous la ramure
le sein de la grenade mûre
la mordent jusqu'au sang,

baiser discret mais frémissant
forte étreinte et brûlure!
bientôt de cette coupe pure,
du jus pourpre descend.

son goût sera plus à mes lèvres
doux, pour avoir été
fécondé par la volupté

et l'amour plein de fièvres
du champ en fleurs et parfumé
et du soleil aimé.

JEAN-JOSEPH RABÉARIVELO, Madagascar's leading poet (writing in French), committed suicide at the age of 36 in Tananarive.

Three African Poets

TO YOU

As the buffalo
Roars with thirst
So my heart
Thirsts for your love
You whose name
Flows in my song
On the banks
Of my lament
Hear my call love.

ELOLONGUE EPANYA YONDO was born in Douala, and is one of the best-known young poets of Cameroun. His book, *Kamerun! Kamerun!* was published by Presence Africaine (Paris) in 1960.

POMEGRANATE

The rays of the morning sun
seek in the foliage
the breast of the pomegranate
and bite it to the blood,

discreet but shimmering kiss
tight embrace and fires!
soon from this pure cup
flows a crimson juice.

it will taste sweeter to my
lips, for it came out
of sensual pleasures

out of a feverish love
for the blooming and fragrant fields
and the beloved sun.

FRUITS

Tu peux choisir
 entre les fruits de la saison parfumée;
 mais voici ce que je te propose:
 deux mangues dodues
 où tu pourras têter le soleil qui s'y est fondu.
 Que prendras-tu?
 Est-ce celle-ci qui est aussi double et ferme
 que des seins de jeunes filles,
 et qui est acide?
 Ou celle-la qui est pulpeuse et douce comme un gâteau de miel?

L'une ne sera que violentes délices,
 mais n'aura pas de postérité,
 et sera étouffée par les herbes.
 L'autre,
 source jaillissant de rocher
 rafraîchira ta gorge
 puis deviendra voûte bruissante dans ta cour,
 Et ceux qui viendront y cueilleront des éclats de soleil.

MELEINEAIDE

POÈME BARBARE

Lianes rousses de la jungle en éruption
 d'amour
 La fille-buffle gémit de bonheur crinière
 fumante
 Entre les bras du Ravisser
 Tam-tam de l'Incest Ô ma fille
 habile
 A déjouer les pièges du Témoin lumineux!
 Dans le sillon renversé d'un Congo d'étoiles
 j'amarre
 Ma pirogue folle à ton île soyeuse
 Et calcine mon nom dans la légende de ta jeunesse.

FRUITS

You may choose
 among the fruits in the fragrant season;
 but this is my offer:
 two fat mangoes
 wherein you can suck the melted sun.
 Which of the two will you take?
 This one, as twin and firm
 as the breasts of young girls
 and acrid in taste?
 Or that one, sweet and pulpy as a honey cake?

One will be full of violent ecstasies
 but will die shortly
 crushed in the grass.
 The other,
 spring jutting out of a rock
 will quench the throat
 then turn fountain babbling in your yard
 and those who walk by will taste the nuggets of the sun.

MELEINEAIDE, presently living and studying in Paris, is believed by many to be the most promising young Camerounian poet.

BARBARIC POEM

Freckled vines of the jungle in eruption
 of love
 The girl-buffalo moans with pleasure her mane
 burning
 In the arms of the Ravisher
 Tam-tam of Incest O my daughter
 skillful
 At thwarting the snares of the luminous Witness!
 In the toppled wake of a starry Congo
 I moor
 My mad canoe on your silken island
 And singe my name in the legend of your youth.

IMPORTUNA VENERI

Importuna Veneri
 redit brumae glacies,
 redit equo celeri
 Iovis intemperies:
 cicatrice veteri
 squalet mea facies:
 amor est in pectore
 nullo frigens frigore.

Iam cutis contrahitur,
 dum flammis exerceor;
 nox insomnis agitur
 et in die torqueor;
 si sic diu vivitur,
 graviora vereor:
 amor est in pectore
 nullo frigens frigore.

Tu qui colla superum,
 Cupido, suppeditas,
 cur tuis me miserum
 facibus sollicitas?
 non te fugat asperum
 frigoris asperitas:
 amor est in pectore
 nullo frigens frigore.

Elementa vicibus
 qualitates variant,
 dum nunc pigrant nivibus,
 nunc calorem sentiant;
 sed mea singultibus
 colla semper inhiant:
 amor est in pectore
 nullo frigens frigore.

THE LOVER IN WINTER

Too cold for making love
 The winter brings down ice;
 The swiftest horse of Jove
 Is angering the skies;
 My face grows red and rough
 Where the old scar lies.
 I shake with love
 No cold can give.

Though my cheek shrivels up
 I blister in a flame;
 My nights afford no sleep
 And my days pass in pain;
 Unless this sorrow stop
 I fear worse things to come.
 I shake with love
 No cold can give.

Eros, who have your heel
 On every high god's throat —
 Why make your torch reveal
 My grief in such hard light?
 Your sharpness does not dull
 When cold puts all to flight.
 I shake with love
 No cold can give.

And though the weather turn
 Extreme upon extreme —
 From lazy snows are born
 The summers hot and calm,
 Still sighing, I will burn,
 Whatever season come.
 I shake with love
 No cold can give.

QUIS FUROR EST IN AMORE?

Quis furor est in amore?
Corde simul ore
cogor innovari,
cordis agente dolore
fluctuantis more
videor mutari
Veneris ad nutum,
corque prius tutum
curis non inbutum
Veneris officio
sentio turbari.

Ad Dryades ego veni,
iamque visu leni
cepi speculari
quasque decoris ameni;
sed unam inveni
pulchram absque pari.
Subito procellam
volvor in novellam,
cepitque puellam
cordis hanc preambulus
oculus venari.

~

VER REDIT OPTATUM

Ver redit optatum
cum gaudio,
flore decoratum
purpureo,

Two Translations

QUIS FUROR EST IN AMORE

Furor, there's such furor in love!
The heart, the mouth—
I'm forced to renovate both;
The heart-ache, the effective
Fluctuation—
I'm seen to be changing
At the beck of Venus,
And the safe old heart,
Not rinsed in cares,
I sense
In the service of Venus
To be raging.

The Dryads, I've come to the Dryads,
And now ship-shape
I've started to speculate,
To spy on them decorously;
But I've hit upon one
Beauty past engaging.
Suddenly I'm turned round
In a new little storm,
And the eye, the heart's
First spy,
Starts after the girl
Gauging

VER REDIT OPTATUM

Spring is welcome
joyfully,
brilliantly,
Decked in flowers
so sweetly,

aves edunt cantus
quam dulciter,
revirescit nemus,
cantus est amenus
totaliter.

Iuvenes ut flores
accipiant, et se per odores
reficiant,
virgines assumant
alacriter,
et eant in prata
floribus ornata
communiter.

~

AMIR HAMZAH

MEMUDJI DIKAU

Kalau aku memudji dikau, dengan mulut tertutup mata terkatup
Sudjudlah segalaku, diam terbelam, didalam kalam asmara raja.
Turun kekasihmu, mendapatkan daku duduk bersepi, sunji sendiri.
Dikutjupnja bibirku, dipautnja bahuku digantunginja léhérku,
hasratkan suara sajang semata.
Selagi hati bernjanji, sepandjang sudjud semua segala, bertindih ia
pada pahaku, meminum ia akan suaraku. . .
Dan,
Iapun melajang pulang,
Semata tjahaja,
Lidah api dilingkung katja,
Menudju restu, sempana sentosa.

AMIR HAMZAH (1911-1946) died in Sumatra, fighting the Dutch. He translated Tagore, and edited an anthology containing poems from Persia, China, India, Japan, and Turkey. His most famous book is *Njanji Sunji* (*Songs of Loneliness*).

Birds utter songs
Woods grow green again,
Song is delightful
totally.

Just as they gather
flowers
with odors,
And restore themselves
Boys
let them get
Girls
speedily,
And go into meadows
Decked with flowers
jointly.

~

Four Indonesian Poets

IN PRAISE OF YOU

When I praise You, with closed lips, my eyes shut,
I bow down on my knees, my head on the ground, deep in
silence, in the darkness of Supreme Love.
Your beloved comes to me, finds me sitting alone, lonely and
quiet.
She kisses my lips, clings to my shoulders, hangs on my
neck, desiring only the sound of love.
While my heart sings, and my whole body is prostrate, she
presses my thighs, drinking my voice. . .
And
She floats back to her home,
Pure light,
A tongue of fire wrapped in glass,
Ascending toward grace, and the blessing of peace.

BURTON RAFFEL & NURDIN SALAM

NOKTURNO

Bila hari-hariku makin terpentjil, makin ketjil
Hidup hanja tinggal mainan tjahaja diudjung djari
Datanglah wahai, saat-saat menikmati tubuh dan bisa kuseri
Bulan terompah kudapun mendjelma tjakram api!

Bila keremadjaan rindu mengiang pada sinar awal bulan Djuni
'ku tak sampai saju mengenang waktu bertjinta jang silam
Memberat pada bunga-bunga kekajuan menjegar pada awal bulan
Djuni

Wahai datanglah!
Bila siuman tak usah aku ketjut tjumbu dan pikatan kaja menajang
Datanglah wahai antjaman dari muka, bila aku terbuka
Tapi datanglah dulu, wahai saat-saat jang menenangkan tubuh
Dimana djauh kenangan 'kan kebinasaan!

Tetapi oh! bila ada jang masih bisa kupinta
Daja telah luput dari bibirku
Dan hari-hariku kembali terpentjil
Kembali mementjil

TOTO SUDARTO BACHTIAR was born in Java in 1929, has worked on several Indonesian literary magazines, and has published two books of poems.

SITOR SITUMORANG

KOLAM BERENANG

untuk Rulan

Alpa ditepi kolam berenang
Aku dan si-anak terlentang
Meneliti awan dilangit biru
Seakan mentjari alamat sesuatu.

NOCTURNO

When my days and times seem so distant, so small
That all there is to life is the play of light on a fingertip
Come, oh you moments which comfort the body and let me shine
with happiness
As the thin, dull sliver of a moon rushes to transform itself
into a circle of fire!

When the rainbow of youthful longing hangs in the early June glow
I won't remember as far back as those buried loves,
Lying heavily across the flowers that brighten early June.
Come, come!

When I'm myself again I won't have to worry about love's flattery,
its fake temptations—
Let the menace come at my face, when I'm ready for it,
But you, you come first, oh moments that soothe the body
When memory never turns to all that's been ruined!

But ah! when there are still things I can ask for
My strength will have escaped from my lips
And my days and times will seem distant again,
Will be distant again.

BURTON RAFFEL & NURDIN SALAM

SITOR SITUMORANG was born in 1924, and has published poems, plays, essays, and fiction. He is the leading Indonesian poet of his generation alive today.

SWIMMING POOL

for Rulan

The child and I are stretched out
Carelessly on the edge of the pool,
Examining clouds in the blue sky
As if to find some special sign.

Berkatja kebeningan kolam dibawah
Kulihat keheningan pada wadjah
orang kelu lama telah pergi
Tapi belum dikabarkan mati.

Lalu si-anak bertanja sendiri
Apa kelangit orang pergi
Kalau sudah mati nanti.

Dan karena tahu pasti
Aku mengangguk sepi
Si-anak lantas mengerti.

~

LAPANGAN PAGI: SUKABUMI

Didepan penginapan banjak tjemara
Ada bunga dan ada lapangan sunji
Dibelakang djalan turun kekali
Dibelakang sekali djalan besar kekota.

Awan pagi dilereng gunung sana
Kelapangan anak-anak datang main bola,
Matahari meningkat menerangi angkasa,
Sorak mereka ramai membahana.

Sedjauh mata memandang hanja pegunungan
Sedjauh angan melajang hanja kehidjauan
Kukira aku tertidur, kukira aku mimpi tadinja,
Terbangun dari istirahat tak habis-habisnja:

Lontjeng tangsi disebelah njaring berbunji:
Djam satu siang, lewat tengah hari
Kamar kini terang sekali
Tapi lapangan sudah sunji

Aku menggigil. Disudut tak kuduga
Ada dingin malam tersisa.

~

Reflected in the clear pool
I see the calm clarity of a face
Long since silenced and gone
But not yet pronounced dead.

Then the child asks of his own accord
If men go to heaven
When they die.

And because I know for sure
I nod quietly
And the child immediately understands.

~

MORNING MEADOW: SUKABUMI

There are rows of fir trees in front of the inn,
And flowers, and a deserted field.
In back the road goes down to the river
Farther back is a highway to the city.

Morning clouds on the slope of the mountain over there:
Children come to play ball in the field;
The sun grows brighter;
Noisy cheering echoes.

As far as the eye sees there are only mountains,
As far as the mind soars there is only greenness.
I suppose I was asleep, I suppose I was dreaming a while ago,
Awakened but not yet awake—

The bell in the barracks next door seemed to ring loud and clear:
One P.M., half a day gone.
The room is very light, now,
But there could have been nothing in that empty field.

I shiver. In a corner where my mind can't reach
Night lingers with a chill.

~

PAGI

Djauh dipagi hari langit menjibak,
Pesta habis. Tinggal hanja lupa
anggur tertumpah, seperti darah.
Merah pagi didalamnja dan bernanah.

Menggapai sinar pagi diruang dadaku,
Aku jang memandang hari diufuk naik,
menembus hati setadjam peluru,
Kesedaran 'kan mati, ditulang berisik.

Adieu! Malam pesta neraka!
Bonjour! Tjahaja hari baru!

Adieu! Petjinta riah dunia!
Dalam mati menunggu tjintaku Baru!

~

CHAIRIL ANWAR

HAMPA

kepada Sri

Sepi diluar. Sepi menekan-mendesak.
Lurus kaku pohonan. Tak bergerak
Sampai kepuntjak. Sepi memagut,
Tak satu kuasa melepas-renggut
Segala menanti. Menanti. Menanti
Sepi
Tambah ini menanti djadi mentjekik
Memberat-mentjengkung punda
Sampai binasa segala. Belum apa-apa
Udara bertuba. Setan bertempik
Ini sepi terus ada. Dan menanti.

MORNING

Long before morning the sky splits,
The party is over. Only a pool
Of spilled wine is left, like blood.
The morning is red and festering.

To catch the sunlight in the hollow of my breast
I watch the day rise on the horizon,
Piercing my heart with its sharp bullet:
Consciousness will die, my bones roar.

Adieu! Night is Hell's party!
Bonjour! The new day is shining!

Adieu! The world is a haughty lover!
I expect death for my New Love!

JEAN KENNEDY & BURTON RAFFEL

CHAIRIL ANWAR (1922-1949), who was born in Medan, Sumatra, and died in Djakarta, Java, is acknowledged as Indonesia's great poet. He began writing in 1942, during the Japanese occupation, and was the principal member of the literary revolution known as *Angkatan 45* (The Generation of '45).

EMPTY

to Sri, who always holds back

It's quiet outside. Loneliness crowds down.
The stiff trees are motionless
Straight to the top. The silence gnaws,
Nothing can rip it off,
Everything waits. Waits. Waits
In loneliness
That drives this waiting wild,
Crushing, bending our backs
Till everything's smashed. Who cares
That the air is poisoned. The devil cackles.
The loneliness goes on and on. And waits.

~

LAGU BIASA

Diteras rumah makan kami kini berhadapan
Baru berkenalan. Tjuma berpandangan
Sungguhpun samudra djiwa sudah selam berselam

Masih sadja berpandangan
Dalam lakon pertama
Orkés meninkah dengan „Carmen” pula.

Ia mengerling. Ia ketawa
Dan rumput kering terus menjala
Ia berkata. Suaranya njaring tinggi
Darahku terhenti berlari.

Ketika orkés memulai „Ave Maria”
Kusérét ia kesana. . . .

KEPADA PELUKIS AFFANDI

Kalau, 'ku habis-habis kata, tidak lagi
berani memasuki rumah sendiri, terdiri
diambang penuh kupak,

adalah karena kesementaraan segala
jang mentjap tiap benda, lagi pula terasa
mati kan datang merusak.

Dan tangan, 'kan kaku menulis berhenti,
ketjemasan derita, ketjemasan mimpi;
berilah aku tempat dimenara tinggi,
dimana kau sendiri meninggal

atas keramaian dunia dan tjedera,
lagak lahir dan kelantjungan tjipta,
kau memaling dan memudja
dan gelap-tertutup djadi terbuka!

AN ORDINARY SONG

On the restaurant terrace, now, we're face to face,
Just introduced. We simply stare,
Although we've already dived into the ocean of each other's souls.

In this first act
We're still only looking.
The orchestra plays "Carmen" along with us.

She winks. She laughs.
And the dry grass blazes up.
She speaks. Her voice is loud,
My blood stops running.

When the orchestra begins the "Ave Maria"
I drag her over there. . .

TO THE PAINTER AFFANDI

If I run out of words, no longer
Dare to enter my own house, standing
On the crumbling doorstep,

The reason is all the world that never
Lasts, that piece by piece
Death will come to destroy.

And hands will stiffen, no longer write,
Troubled by pain, troubled by dreams.
Give me a place on a lofty tower,
Where you alone rise over

Crowds and noise and quarrels,
Over smooth selfishness and make-believe creation:
You turn away and pray
And the closed-up darkness opens!

AKU

Kalau sampai waktuku
'Ku mau tak seorang 'kan meraju
Tidak djuga kau

Tak perlu sedu sedan itu

Aku ini binatang djalang
Dari kumpulannja terbang

Biar peluru menembus kulitku
Aku tetap meradang menerdjang

Luka dan bisa kubawa berlari
Berlari
Hingga hilang pedih peri

Dan aku akan lebih tidak perduli

Aku mau hidup seribu tahun lagi

Albert Cook

SIX SMALL POEMS

Tea tray. Sunset. Let
Never an overflow of
Stillness unman us.

If at noon all halts,
My loves do not. They revive
In general sleep.

Please do brush off dust
From those plantain leaves. I like
Guests who show they care.

ME

When my time comes
I want to hear no one's cries,
Nor yours either

Away with all who cry!

Here I am, a wild beast,
Cut off from his companions

Bullets may pierce my skin
But I'll keep on,

Carrying forward my wounds and my pain,
Attacking,
Until suffering disappears

And I won't care any more

I want to live a thousand years

BURTON RAFFEL & NURDIN SALAM

Hop-headed, brass-lunged
Detractors in soft suits wield
A moral bludgeon.

The Paris metro
Nineties' arch I saw in their
Musée now decks ours.

Canada geese soar
At dawn o'er my foliage
—Shrouded bus stop. Hey!

Robert Sward

ALBANY PARK: CHICAGO

Bryn Mawr Avenue

This was on Bryn Mawr Avenue
at Mr. Gibbs' Grocery store;
Mr. Gibbs & me, because I worked for him,
all alone; the telephone,
because he answered it,
cried
"Mr. Gibbs, your wife . . ."
very loudly, so even I could hear, and see
running for hours
down his cheeks, onto the floor
the funny scribbles
lead pencils,

Once, before the death of Mrs. G.,
my mother shopped there.
I hid beneath the counter,
the cash register, with the paperbags.
Mr. Gibbs called for me, but I stayed there
barely breathing, watching the veins
in my mother's legs.

I began to cry
And my mother at once crawled in with me,
and the grocer
and some others
heads of cabbage
and all the old bananas

War's End at Howie's

A door slams, a dog barks
I sit on the back porch
Of a two-flat apartment house

In Albany Park, Chicago.
It is August, 1945.
Howie comes out.
We sit there steaming.
Beyond Catalpa Street
There are the tops of trees
And the mausoleums
Of the Bohemian National Cemetery.
Howie's mother gives us stale

Peter Pan

Peanut butter sandwiches
Which we throw over the railing
Into an empty lot.
Pretty soon someone cries,
"The War is over!"
We sit there until sundown
Reading the Katzenjammer Twins.

Party

It is a party. We have fought.
I cannot contain myself
And wish to kiss her
Or vomit, or scream.
I walk away from her.
At the window I see her dancing,
Whirling, shrieking across the floor
In the arms of ten men.

I hang myself on the handle
Of an enormous punchbowl.
I hang myself with a luminous
Yellow and black necktie,
One which, in the dark, reads —.
Our hostess cuts me down. We embrace.
She kisses my blackened tongue
Bawling me out—
I've ruined her party. O joy!
And we depart, this blonde garrulous distractible
Nymphomaniac, Death and I.

James Rawley

OUT OF SEASON

I

A black cat, with a plague patch on its back,
Applies to nothing, and no metaphor
Illustrates it, nor does it illustrate
The fall of Rome, or the lost modern age,
As it walks slowly to a normal task
In a green garden, where the slugs are hidden,
And where no human gambles with revulsion
To make a sudden poem of his pity.

II

It is far easier to say that things
Are not; for instance, that this snow is not
Powder, nor pure, though it be driven here,
A desert of all water at my feet;
And I may call it, as I trample it
(Since it will not defeat me through my shoes,
Properly over-suited as I am),
Only the snow, which is not what it is.

~

Steven Shapin

Two Poems

SONG FOR THE COLD SEASON

Last winter when my black pond froze,
The icy swallows
Came to search for worms
Under my burnt grass.
I gave them bread.

And then the river hardened.
The goldfish in their quiet world
Stared at me for solace.

Another winter I lay
On the hard green grass
Watching the willows weep
Arrested tears.

And you, my love,
You came to me in winter
And you, my love,
What did I do for you?

~

ICHTHYOPHAGIST

I

The tall fisherman has come
Leading me to the dream
I thought I dreamt
In a garment of some
Old color One note
And overtones
Plucked on the taut air
He has led me to the shores
Of the dry lake and let me
See the parched boats perched
In olive trees
And the heat-devils dancing
Dancing on the banks
While a single blue heron
In the rippling mirage
Waits.

II

We have helped him mend the nets
With common thread and whale bone.

We have seen burning bushes
 And used the charred branches
 To make the fish symbol.
 Many times have we supped
 On barbarian meat with
 Wine and talk of water
 And danced the dance
 We saw before, in flowing rhythm
 By the still, sad shore.

III

I, untranslatable.
 The red dust hardens
 While the snakes
 Dance upward
 One-legged
 Forever I
 Wait.

~

Tim Reynolds

Two Poems

DELOS

*They took away all sepulchres whatsoever of such as had died there before;
 and for the future, made an edict that none should be suffered to die, nor any
 woman to bring forth child in the island.*

Sun sprawls heavily over white walls. In the square
 at a fountain four women wash clothes; the smack
 of wet linen on worn stone ricochets
 through the streets like small-arms fire. Racket
 of agora, dull surf-boom, hush here.

Relax. You're not going anywhere

The island slopes from a cypress- and cedar-studded
 mountain to beaches where the Aegean wears
 lazily, and endlessly tumbles edgeless rocks.

Boats are hauled up there; cork floats and spread
 fish-nets dry in the sun, with oddments of gear.

Take it easy. Where do you think you are?

Silver-grey olive trees float like a chilly mist
 on the steep rises. Sheep stray untended. At dawn
 fishermen leave the rock; and at nightfall, raucous, drunk
 with work, resinous wine, sea-heave, dump their still spastic-
 ally flailing catch on the sand, a hoard of silver.

There is nowhere to go: no you to go there.

~

THE ILLUMINATI

Nine years, come summer, come winter, Bodhidharma sat
 in Wei in diamond mudra before a wall
 and when he stood stood shadowless; as visible grace
 his shadow, locked to the stone like ivy, stayed,
 a black coat on a hook. It happens as simply as that.

For illumination is effortless when it comes, easy
 as a fossil's eternity in a men's room, frozen
 in a stone slab—six chevrons, like a flock of ducks, each rib
 perfect. That creature never tried, simply lay down
 in Pre-Cambrian mud and pulled the eons over its head;
 sleeps radiant now through generations of unscanned ephemera and
 filthy pictures—inarticulate urge of some animal
 aching for a personal forever—swiped off daily
 by a bored janitor's damp rag.

And illumination came suddenly, effortlessly, to some few
 who, expecting nothing particular on that day,
 on that Hiroshima street,
 sensed Apocalypse bulging from Heaven like an absolute answer,
 unspeakable, instantaneous—where I have seen their shadows,
 locked in concrete,
 floating leaflike in the lake ice of a hard winter.

~

Six Poems

Båtar träd och vatten
leksaksluftiga och klara
i en sommarleksaksdager
när mot kvällen sol har dalat
och min strand och hamn är inlandsfagra
och i lugn av sagans stränder.
Båtar träd och vatten
leksaksluftiga och klara.

Och jord och träd och löv
eller sanden
säg det enkla ljusa
blåochfria
som en sollyst sten i sanden.

Det stora enklas dag skall komma,
inga diamanter glindrar,
jords luft är diamanter nog.
Och helvet eller himlen är i hjärtats fingertoppar
och hugsvalelse och pilgrimsfärd är våra dagar.
Och som en trefalds bautasten på det som vikit
är rest en liten sten, den vilar någonstädes, ingen
ser dess hakar.
Men allt livet är den lilla stenens stora längtan.

Den gråa himlen är en vän och varje längtan skall vi nå.
Den stora längtan skall vi läsa som en glatt insupen läxa,
den är som dystra aningar och ångestsvetten.
I den är sorgens svarta dräkt och jords öppna leende.
Och vad vi minnes är hur vi holl händerna. Men även
det är inte något.

GUNNAR BJORLING (1887-1962) was born in Helsingfors. Like Rabbe Enckell, the other great poet of Swedish Finland, his work was introduced by the modernist Swedish magazine, *Quos Ego*, in the early '20's.

Boats trees and water
bright and make-believe
on a make-believe summer day
when toward evening the sun has set
and my beach and harbor are inland-lovely
and calm as a storyteller's beach.
Boats trees and water
bright and make-believe.

And earth and trees and leaves
or the sand
say the sample light
blue-and-free
like a sunlit stone in the sand.

The day of great simplicity will come,
no glittering diamonds,
earth's air is diamond enough.
And hell or heaven is within the heart's reach
and each day for us is solace and pilgrimage.
And like a threefold monumental stone for those who yielded
is raised a little stone; it lies somewhere, no one
sees its marks and scratches.
But all life is that little stone's great longing.

The grey sky is a friend and all our longings will be fulfilled.
The great longing will school us, we will breathe it in gleefully,
it is like the most dire foreboding, like beads of sweat
born of anguish.
There is in it the black cloak of sorrow and the earth's
embracing smile.
And what we remember is how the two of us held hands.
But even that is nothing.

Tag på dig livets arbetes dräkt,
se, som en myra på myrorna, se stackarna, och vägarna
i skogen, de korsar varandra,
de sjunker under vatten och främmande obundna makters
styrka.

Tag på dig myrornas dräkt i skogen, under solen,
lev bland skogarnas myror,
uppfostra din ormätardräkt, besegra fienderna, uppät
rattorna.

Gläd dig åt solsken och ohämnad andedräkt.

~

Denna jord himmelsvaggande.
O denna saliga jord, där jords, vårt kamp-Eden är och
sagolands drömmar vandrar över ängen.
O liv där det lugna hjärtats hänförelse är, alla toner
kompletterar varandra. Och dramats tyngd
är över mänskorna, som örningar.

~

Huru nära intill mörkren är vi
och om kvällerna och när himlarna har slocknat
och döds ljus flämtande sinande låga
ur portvalv silar sig
och mänskorna skugglika i tystnaden
men om dagen är mänskorna ljus
och blomlika bleka.

~

Put on life's simple work-clothes,
observe, as an ant among ants, observe the stacks, and
the forest paths, how they cross one another,
they sink beneath the water and strange unfettered powers
grow strong.

Take on the guise of an ant in the forest, under the sun,
live among the ants of the forest,
nurture your worm-eating habits, conquer enemies, devour
rodents.

Content yourself with sunshine and breathing freely.

~

This world, heaven-cradling,
O this blessed earth, where earth's, our Eden-strife is,
and fairy-tale dreams drift over the meadows.
O life where the calm heart's rapture is, where all sounds
complement one another. And the weight of legends
is upon the human race, like the wings of eagles.

~

How near to darkness we are,
in the evenings, and when the stars have gone out
and the light of death, a flickering run-down flame
fades out of the archways
and men shadow-like in the silence.
But by daylight men are bright
and, like flowers, faded.

ROBERT SUND

~

DIAGONALS

Distant on the blown diagonals of space
you crowd the eye with startling ease and grace.
Your calibration is complete. The honey
of hair, the blue stone eyes, arrested many;

a huskiness in all the tidy accents
of your days drew some. Not that you were immense,
the Amazon with one breast bare who rode
thirsting for combat: if a burr will goad

into infatuation, or a lisp
excite more desperately than lover's gasp
when two entwine, you stole the hearts you plunged
and dotingly miraged them till, unhinged,

they flapped and beat at anyone's disposal.
I could not wait for those brief charms to tousle
all my wits. Seasons and ages after
I rejoice in your two-timing laughter

that bubbled hopefully at my expense.
Only wives and houses later (events
that breed a choice among the memories)
do I install you central moon of those.

~

About Our Contributors

COLIN EDMONSON teaches in the Classics Department at the University of Washington. DEMETRIOS PAPAHAJIOPOULOS has just received his Ph.D. degree in biochemistry; his wife, PATRICIA, is editorial associate of the *Modern Language Quarterly*, our next-door neighbor.

ROBIN SKELTON is the author or editor of twenty books, the latest of which is *Six Irish Poets* (Oxford). He is now teaching at Victoria University (B.C.).

HAROLD P. WRIGHT, after a two-year Ford Fellowship at Columbia, now has a Fulbright Fellowship and has gone to Kyoto to write his dissertation.

JOHN TAGLIABUE, well-known to our readers, is perhaps making better use of Japanese poetry, theatre, and culture in general than is any other Western writer today.

ROBIN MAGOWAN, instructor in this English Department, published *Voyage Noir* (a journal of a trip to Haiti, Cuba, and Jamaica in 1958) this past year.

HAROLD FLEMING lives in Bucks County, where he writes novels and poems, and a series of high-school texts on composition for Harcourt.

LLOYD C. PARKS was in our fourth issue. He has a Ph.D. degree from Washington and is presently a Fulbright lecturer at the University of Grenoble.

PATRICK GLEESON, doctoral candidate and acting instructor in English at this University, has published in *The Outsider* and elsewhere, pseudonymously.

CHARLES WRIGHT is a Fulbright student in Rome. He is translating the poems of Pier Paolo Pasolini and Eugenio Montale—fifteen of his translations are in the current *Chelsea Review*.

ALVARO CARDONA-HINE was born in Costa Rica and lives in Los Angeles. His book, *The Gathering Wave*, was published by Alan Swallow in 1961.