POETRY NORTHWEST

SPRING-SUMMER, 1960

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 4
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VOLUME ONE
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The difference between discarding and throwing away
Shows when fingers take it, the long arm rises.
Whenever the thing came, today is its last day.
It has no more surprises.
The long arm swings out, and the dull object hangs.
A shuffle in the pattern of possession stops.
Then love, a door that was held a little open, bangs,
And whatever the lump was, drops.
Discarding means putting it in miscellaneous,
Pulled from the alphabet that included all.
Sometimes the eyes narrowing show how ridiculous
It is to think this cruel.
The fingers pinch a corner, arm hardly moves,
Tossing it to a mixed pile off at the side.
Occasional re-arrangement always improves.
Later one can decide.
What is decided later is that change is rewarding.
Need, nearness, are not forever what they were once.
It might as well be now. Throwing away or discarding,
There is no real difference.
HAMLET WITH A LICENSE

Heads break, not on real curbstones or cliffs,
But on must; on to be; at the hands of a clock;
Those rocky musts we thought were cloudy ifs.
Stumbling on cobbles, we unpocket luck.

It is a curse of a kind on the age we live in
That I, even I, should argue this out of my cave,
That I, lacking philosophy, shamed in religion,
Confess thus, thus deny, thus seek and seek my love.
Worse is knowing I said Yes, in an exuberance,
In good faith Yes, Yes with all well-wishing love,
And now wish No, as I save up breath for existence.
No. No. No to the greed I so suffered of.
I have damned and desired historical good weather,
Hamlet with a license, wondering what’s next for us.

I want it for everyone, though, this ease together.
Yet fear for it. There are old, old gods against us.
My grandfather did all he could, and my father, to get it.
Do, do. If you want it, you do something about it.

It was a live time, green and windy, going west,
When rivers had no names, and night was nightfall.
Ignoring the wild gods, I turned it into Must,
And wrote laws against myself in the marble capitol.

We must break those laws, though we break our bones.
We meant springing green, never never meant stones.

FIELDBOOK REVISED

At the time of fresh green tips on all pine branches,
As if they had been dipped, the lady-slippers are out,
And blueberry bushes are in white flower. At this time
Small mindless merciless flies gather at any face, or wrist,
And bite. The question-mark fern, the common fern
Will answer itself in a few days of sun, and be two feet tall.
By then the lady-slipper will be dried up, the pine-tips dark,
The blueberry flower hard green dots. The flies are gone.

The nation is at its midsummer, or a half-century earlier.
Insect and foliage, a nation has its four seasons each once.

A man, with men to remind him of every age he has been,
Never knows himself, in any of his years at the very time.
Green-tipped boyhood he understands when he is old bark.
The man at forty-five says no one tells him how to be older,
Though fern or gnats could have told him, or berry-flowers:
One knows what he is by what grows near him, in what season.
Lightning, fungus, blight, ice, drought, rot, and dark
Showing a man what he might have been without their teaching,
Come too late, and are in any case more than he needed.

The nation, being this man by millions having ancestors,
Could know which flowers can be picked for what birthday.
But nation is a word, not a knowing; neither housekeeper
Nor historian. History is a fieldbook twenty men write,
One or two men read, and nobody or everybody, the nation,
Knows what to do with. After summer, the fall, then winter.
PORTRAIT: MY WIFE

"I'd rather be loved, and love, than be Shakespeare."
Ambition is what calls the mountain till it comes,
Or goes where it is and gnaws the mountain down.
But she is not ambitious. She makes a choice,
Which, being she, is foregoing neither wholly,
As: how should she not be of the many-parted poet
Miranda sometimes, Lear's daughter, Elizabeth,
Or not be as she is, fresh beauty to the use?
She writes; is a woman; Shakespeare would know her.

As for the other, loving her makes me that poet.
Once I desired her, not seeing who she was,
Having been then married to her a morning's years,
To the straight smooth back, the opening kiss,
The laughter a red peony thrown and bursting.

She is my stranger every day. She is wretched
With doubts; everyone seeks her reassurance;
Quick-tempered as firecrackers, scornful, clean;
A spiritual materialist, Eve with clothes on.
No one knows her loneliness, or believes it;
Not I, but that it is the edge of my world,
And when she comes back, then I can come back
From looking over. She is warm, her cheek is warm.
Bored with sameness, we re-read one another;
We break up housekeeping to keep our house alive,
And are thought a steady pair. O, she has her wish!
She, whatever she does next, is my one wish.

Hayden Carruth
The Carpenter's Flute

"All, however, that these thinkers [the ones Aristotle is challenging, i.e., practically everybody] do is to describe the specific characteristics of the soul; they do not try to determine anything about the body which is to contain it, as if it were possible, as in the Pythagorean myths, that any soul could be clothed upon with any body—an absurd view, for each body seems to have a form and shape of its own. It is as absurd as to say that the art of carpentry could embody itself in flutes; each art must use its tools, each soul its body."

—De Anima, Bk. I, Ch. 3.

And if in the lucidities of heaven's
cerebral blue the bloom of chaos spreads?
Time slopes and slopes and slews the ark awry?

In the wigged years, that time speech glittered
Like the candles branching on the intaglioed walls,
My hammer clanged those square-wrought nails home

In a house for pigs where I heard piggy speech,
Or once, a slave in Carthage, I planed beams
In the shipwright's broiling yard; and no doubt wept

My fortunes after hours—I don't remember.
The meaning is always now; and now is a florid
Monkey making dirty disorder in

Our tree, the which disturbance I had thought
Was opportunity for underlings,
The gift of music and a tone to tell

The blue that had been mine as much as theirs.
But all's at odds, wrong bodies and wrong souls.
I've read more books, I say, in these two decades

Than in twenty centuries, and my head spins,
A whistling top or pinwheel shooting fragments,
My hand grips the pencil like a hammer claw.
Life is a job in someone else’s shop.
Tools misplaced, the materials old and tawdry—
What can one do but do the best one can?

If it must be a tune, then let it be a tune,
Broken and strange, this message from below.
Listen, for God’s sake, to the carpenter’s flute.

George Garrett

Crows at Paestum

The crows, a hoarse cone in the wind,
a swarm of flies, so small and busy
they seem, so tossed by breeze
from mountains where the snow
glitters like a brooding skullcap,
the crows, I say, swirl and cry out
and rise to be torn apart in tatters,
a shower of burnt cinders, fall
in one swoop to a perch in the sun
on the lee side of a Grecian temple.

Sheep too. Soft music of light
bells. I’ve seen them grazing
in other ruins, cropping shadowed grass
among the broken emblems of empire,
and once with the dome of St. Peter’s
for background, behind and above them
like a gas balloon on a string.
There behind me posed Garibaldi,
bronzed above a squalling traffic circle.
Now only crows and sheep and a yawning guard

share the ruins of Paestum with us.
The wind off the mountains chills
and westward the sea is whitecapped too,
is all of sparkling like new coins.
“And they came nigh unto the place
and there builded a great city.”
To what end? That a Greek Relic
should draw the husband and the wife
from snug pensione with camera and guidebook?
For a few sheep and the exploding crows?

I am uneasy among ruins, lacking
the laurel of nostalgia, romantic wand,
and cannot for a purpose people empty places
with moral phantoms, ghostly celebrations.
I listen to the light bells, watch
the crows spring to life again, sheer
off and fall to wrestling the wind,
thinking: “If sheep may safely stand
for that which, shorn and dipped,
is naked, bleating soul, then

“I take these crows (whose name
is legion) for another of the same:
the dark, the violent, the harsh
lewd singers of the dream, scraps
of the shattered early urn, cries
cast out, lost and recovered, all
the shards of night. Cold air
strums the fretted columns, and
these are the anguished notes
whose dissonance is half my harmony.”
Who sensed their identity,
And mine, with cattle and birds,
And the holiest movement of words,
Though none of these was my son,
And I had been brother to none.
Among them, I wondered if he
Were now of such company,
Or if he would come driving sheep,
His blond, living image deep
In their eyes, or holding a cock
On his wrist, to sell me
For sharp-edged American money.
He came at dusk, and leaping
Like a child released by the spring
From a tomb. At the sill he sat
Smelling of sun, and of what
Is gone when the sun is gone
To dust, somewhere between
This place and a holy town.
A farmer had set him astride
A bull's earthen neck, to ride
Through chickens and goats and pigs,
Moving deeply in time with the legs
Of a patient beast, to the church
Below the steep mountain-side
Where a saint's light whispered in shade.
He had clambered alone through the wood
And sat on the knotted bough
Whose birds are still pondering how
They may live by the sermon they heard
Preached there in the leaf-like mother
Tongue, by their human brother.

“See!” he cried, “the dead dust turns
To green, in Umbria! It burns
To lift my steps on the road
To Heaven, stride on stride!”
He is that one I let out
On the old, unwavering, flat
Track that walks to Assisi.
Of a child alone in this country
I had no knowledge, but only
Great fear, and creative awe,
Yet knew I must let him go
Forth, on the April plain,
Believing dust-devils a sign
Of life, where plodding cows
Drew stubborn, time-killing ploughs
Slowly, to raise the spring
From Etruscan tombs, that it sing.
All day I sat in the door.
The wall and I sweated with fear,
Looking out the gate down the road.
Then slowly, up from my side,
One arm of mine stretched out
Toward that high crumbling gate,
And, poised as the dead, I saw
I beckoned, not him, but dry
Beggars, the halt and the lame,
Those men most immune to time
My guide-book had not allowed:
Who shambled to me in a crowd
Of eternal gestures, tossed
Away upon sunlight, and lost
To all living creatures but me,

POETRY

NORTHWEST
He had come back onto the plain
Into dust, and the dusty green.
"Something turned in my mind," he said.
"I walked up a hill from the road,
And where I had stumbled alone
Were my many steps arising alone
Into air, and porous with sun,
Each feather-foot standing alone:

And then the whole space of a wind
Moved; for miles my footprints danced
Without me, and I with them.
I climbed the vast tree of the air
And leapt in my footsteps, where
They were dancing like leaves, over sheep
And goats, at the heart of my life,
And a saint whole-heartedly sang

Through animals, making the spring
Abound. What to do, if cast among
The beasts and birds of that song
In the dead's frail, many dusts,
Raised up from the singing beasts
In my own resurrected stride
Through the chanting, holy word,
I have come to myself, at last,

Thick-plastered with animal dust,
Before this house, and find
The poor of this country around
My earthly father, who hands me
Handfuls of American money,
And grins as he gives it away
Right and left to the halt and the lame,
With a cock on his timeless arm,

With a strange mote of dust in his eye,
With beggars and children about him
Silent as leaves, all of whom
He seems to be blessing with silence:
What to do, when out of that dance
Of birds, I have fallen to earth,
Whose steps on the white road knew
How to bear my wild body to Heaven,

And I have walked home, forgiven,
Instead, and found my father
And beggars and blind goats together
Grinning, while a dead wall drips
Human sweat as it keeps
Shining without any sun,
And the last of the money is gone,
And the cock on his shoulder hops

To mine, as my body drops
Beside him down on the sill:
How shall I know who I am,
And how can I tell it to him?
Shall I sing like a bird or a bull,
Or dance upon light, or fall
Like a leaf, now I can give
More human love than I have?"

Kenneth O. Hanson
Five Poems
SPRING

The black cat has folded
himself on his knees
under the apple tree.
Blossoms are falling.
One has fallen on his nose.
He is a tiger in Mozambique.

He ignores the postman passing. Come, cat quiet as a kumquat. There are no tigers in Mozambique. The postman is passing. Blossoms are falling.

WEST GREENLANDERS

who kept the stone age going north of Thule, duelled in public to a hand drum while they sang their rich obscenities in rime impromptu, turn by turn. He won who proved most master of abuse. O useful muse! To please that small community and win your case! They needed every man where life came not more complicated than the primrose and the gnat, until one day religion and a Danish rifle shocked them up to date, and primrose gnat their stone age arctic indiscreet and skillful roundabout, died out.

THE MAP BY ORTELIUS

Gnarled mariners who sought exotic landing somewhere past the loud huzzahs of casting off brought us these flat reports. What most we see is effortless. The coastlines are almost never true. The waves are regular. Winds, known to be contrary, keep their corners, breathing flowers or pestilence, and the land seems merely a kind of fixed excuse, rarely inhabited.

Not so the sea where playfully in foreign river mouths the hippocampus floats, half dolphin and half horse. Even the ornaments are false. The mountains rise into blue air (and it is blue) where roughly north northwest past howdahs of rajahs in june grass the Great Khan swaying down crosses the afternoon. All Tartary hangs in the balance. A darkening silence hides the walled white towns while off the map, in harbors made to anchor in, cantankerous crewmen bring their barque by fixed stars home, naming the names where they have been to win their voyage round again.
TO KEEP WHAT IS CLEAR, CLEAR

The common sparrow, nothing to lose, sits in the squares of an iron fence, in range of flowering grasses missed by the mowers when they cropped the lot, kept by the electric company. Danger, in red. High Tension. Do Not Touch.

The birds, who know nothing about electricity, but know what they like, knock seeds from the inclining grass, before they fly off, leaving the fenced air charged with their moral message.

BEFORE THE STORM

One summer, high in Wyoming we drove nine miles and paid to see the great whale, pickled and hauled on a flatcar cross-country. "Throat no bigger'n a orange," the man said, in a smell to high heaven. I wondered how Jonah could weather that rubbery household tangled in fish six fathoms down. Now beached by the sun and shunted to a siding, the gray beast lay dissolving in chains.
and catches on the dream of pride, 
those fabled roles assigned inside,  
each one heroic in its ease, 
paced to please and for applause— 
The private dramas fail 
but self will circle on their flaws 

considering a fate of fools 
and inadvertent clowns 
abused with laughter, bruised by falls— 
The fictions of perfection bear 
no clutching at preposterous pants 
or pride caught in its underwear. 

Clown inside, you are my fear 
as I endure a captive child, 
the fatal whisper in my ear: 
Be good, be brave, be beautiful 
and everyone will surely love you— 
Advice impossible to prove 
even if true. 

THE FRIGHTENED LOVERS 
The walls were all constructed 
in their cautious heads— 
the elaborate maze and boxwood puzzle 
snaring them from Castle Bliss 
they made of fear and sad advice 
and dreaming a dragon, named it THEY. 
In crazed and furtive clutchings 
the lovers sighed to say 
that should they dare a bed together 
THEY would spy and find them there. 

He rolled a rockpile of taboos, 
she compiled her list of sorrows 
and suffered stony death inside, 
in mind, where the stones hide. 
Yet driven to the feared excess 
by irresistible caress 
both forgot the dragon named 
to guard a guilty gate— 
yielding, they strained and wept. 

And very soon, but late 
over an indulgent land 
they searched their vanished barriers, 
marvelling to understand 
why no one cared and no one came 
to cry them shame. 

DRINKING 
Spiral, the soar of euphoria 
as taut world slants to a splendor, 
tipping a message of mirrors; 
double-image and double-entendre— 
How tight world cracks like a melon 
all hard green leaning to ripe, 
a fruit of eyes and near voices 
each seed a mouth-shape for sighs 
that swells, unsheathes with a shout 
and spits the stone of a question out, 
the question of seeds and asking faces 
splitting the husk of air with voices— 
as blood becomes a beast of gardens, 
lolling, gorged on stony questions 
and the sly scene stiffens, hardens.
Whirled in dizzy arcs down-spiral
and plunging inward to a core
the seeds are silenced, reassemble
as broken flesh of fruit is drawn,
maternal, to the settling seed
and over fruit the ribbing rind
meshes an encircling skin
that seems a shape of world to keep
all voices and all questions in
as single-imaged and unanswered
both beast and garden sleep.

John D. Engels
Spring Bass

We were late — the bass
Forced up Pensaukee Friday,
Paused like commas in
The curled mud-grass,

Last year were early and
We hooked them, each day
Clumped and scaled
Our triumph; in the hand

They died at once, for weak
Air and a foreign sun,
But are remembered:
Had a tiger cheek,

This year again finned there,
And — gone before we missed them —
Tried against the thin lawns
And the forcing air.
THE SHADOW OF AN EGG
花火

葉沼 岳明

盲目の女が途切れた。
庭から花の匂いがほのかに、ほのかに漂って来た。
それは、静かな座を割るやうに乱した。

花火が瞬間、夜空を金色に刷いて消えた。

それぞれの誰が、誰も見なかったので、
夜空に再び現はれぬものを待って来た。

盲目的女は熱い心で希望を持って来た。
周囲の人々を熱い心で希望を持って来た。

夜空は闇と流してみるだけであった。
庭のアカシアの枝がほのかに光って来た。

Yoshiaki Sasazawa
FIREWORKS

POETRY

NORTHWEST
地下鐵

私は毎日 案内盤にはい
見らぬ人々と いっしょに

私はおわったく 釘をつ
自分の案内

そうして 都心の方へ
生堪めに それく 行く
秋の高瀬

Shigei Tsuboi

AUTUMN
On pages 21 to 26 appear reproductions of these poems in the poets' own writing.

\section*{Shinjiro Kurahara}

**The Shadow of an Egg**

The voice of everyone goes up to heaven,
The grief of everyone falls on the clouds,
The dream of everyone blows in the wind, yet—

Light is bright in heaven
And I cannot even think.
How far am I going to be blown?
I've waited long,
Yet no answer has come, from anywhere:

Only a little flower blooming on a strange desert,
Many jellyfish playing near a coast somewhere.
The moon will grow smaller inside of time;
The sun too will disappear in the heart of space.

Like the shadow of an egg, pale blue,
The shadow of the earth
Is mirrored on nothingness. How beautiful!
Foshiaki Sasazawa

**Fireworks**

In the room people were silent,
As the blind woman's story came to a pause.
From the garden the fragrance of flowers
Faintly, faintly came floating.
Then someone uttered a cry, a brief cry,
Carved into the quietness.
In an instant, fireworks brushed the night sky in gold and
   disappeared.
As no one but he had seen it,
They all waited for what would reappear in the night sky.
Hiding their secret hearts from one another,
They were seeking words to console the woman.
The blind woman kept a hope in her hot heart,
To tie herself to the hearts of the men in a different world.
The men around her kept a vague hope,
Yet what they awaited never came.
In the night sky only darkness was flowing.
In the garden the top of an acacia was dimly gleaming.

Shinjiro Kurahara

**The Thinking Stones**

I am fond of going
To a wide river-beach and mingling with stones.

The stones' own recollection. Their two billion years
Are like yesterday.
A blue butterfly of two billion years ago;
Look, she is flying across the river-beach.

Etsuro Sakamoto

**Subway**

I get into a coffin every day
   together with people I do not know
I hastily hammer the nails
   on my own coffin
and go towards the metropolis
to be buried alive.

Shigeji Tsuboi

**Autumn**

Autumn is a cold fragment of jewel.
Glittering and twinkling,
It tumbles into my bosom.

Autumn, clear mirror of the heart;
As I glimpse you
I see reflected my tears and smiles.

Autumn is my white coffin.
As I bury it secretly under the ground
I hear an insect chirping near by.
Bienvenido Lumbera

Pillar of Salt

Remember the wife of Lot?
Blind to the flame of God's voice,
Stole a glance at the burning city
And was suddenly a stump on the hill where she stood.
Nothing remains of her, not even a name.
Why sneak the final look?
If she forgot her body's memory at Sodom,
In whom, and in what clandestine room was it trapped
By the crash of fire and sulphur rain?
Have you wondered ever how it felt
When cold salt assumed her flesh?
Before all else, what turned to salt:
Brain that urned remembrance of perfumed beds
And sweat-stained bodies; or loins
Where desire was fired to brighten the dark embrace?
Heart reduced to ashes by the sudden flare of command,
Or eyes that sprang as a saline stream of regrets?
Who can tell how bitter was salt in the mouth
That once surged with the richness of honey?
Not one among us has the answers to all these—
Not even the herald angels clothed in light
With lightning for swords and thunder for voice.
The answers perhaps are secrets of the rain
That softly wept as it lapped the pillar of salt—
Incensed with smoke on the hill where it stood—
Cursed monument to a vanished city.
**Phyllis Webb**

**Two Poems**

**THE EFFIGY**

I hoisted him up to the tree
on the ropes of my anger
by the loops of my longing
I hooked him onto a branch.
Like a self-righteous lyncher
I had stuffed him with hatreds and visions,
but he swayed thin as the inmates of Buchenwald
in the polluted breeze.
Effigy of a flourishing effigy,
Judicial pendulum on a time-eating tree,
he was the grandfather of grandfather clocks
and he clicked and he clocked out of me.

He was the city whose building leered down at me.
He was the vulgar hats of their women.
He was the pale taste of a thousand Sunday painters,
and the lover who would not leave his wife.
He was the sexless marriages that used me
for their polite social lies.
He was the dust of unfulfillment.
He was the bomb carousing in a stately mind.
He was my bad poems with their bad lines.

My hands fell away. My eyes leaned up
to see my many suicides
definite in the tree.
And in this he excelled me.

---

There was a bowl of salmon gladioli in the room
yanked out of the market at nineteen cents a bunch.
They too turned on me
and died without asking permission.
Therefore, take them, Strawman, for your weddings,
and swing in the motion of my sexual failures,
familiar fruit on a familiar tree.
So branch be your lullaby, so sing me free.
Pendant on your own pulp and a hard core,
hang praising now, hang praising, praising
in a green tree.

**PROPOSITIONS**

*for A. A.*

I could divide a leaf
and give you half.

Or I could search for two leaves
sending you one.

Or I could walk to the river
and look across

and seeing you there
or not there

absence or presence
would spring the balance to my day.

Or I could directly find you and take your hand,
so that one hand would be given

and one kept, like a split leaf,
or like two leaves separate.
These would be signs and offerings:
the just passion, just encountering.

Or we perhaps could speed four eyes,
the chariot-horses of our dreams and visions,
in them direction and decision find.
The split leaf floating on the river,

the hand sketching in the air
a half-moon, its hidden wholeness there.

_Frederick Bock_

**Two Poems**

**THE BOTTOM OF THE STREAM**

Because a crack in a shack let me see only
That bounce after bounce of a ball to be retrieved
Over and over fetched no blow from her patience—
Who laughed each time she got up or again sat down
To the pan of peelings that rode the waves of her love
As over and over she rose or stooped with a laugh,
Her shadow has followed my eyes like a diving bird
Across Missouri and Kansas and half of Texas.

For down and down and down where fathoms of care
Drown her deeper than creosote or sanskrit
Sinks the most submissive road-making man—
And she mixes mud and mind to as quietly much
As the stilllest cold of brilliance and ability
Yet easy and wise in her mystery as the anhinga,
Still she bobs and she bobs—ever at middle ends—
As far as my eyes have fled in Santa Fe cars.

**FIVE SONGS FOR AN INVALID FARMER**

I

Bring his waving hands—
Oh, bring him in a chair
Who long did little else
Than go to field and brown
And bring away the corn.

For while we turn the land,
He'll turn the orchard air
And wave us miracles
Of grief upon grief grown
To sweetness in the thorn.

Gathered around him in a ring
And watching in a sunlit daze
How his blindness lifts and looms
And blazingly confounds that blaze,
We start as if he pierced a gloom
That kept us sightless from the spring.

Each passion of white petals falling
Dowers our witless witnessing:
Straight at the hedge the hen barrels through,
And every outburst of the year,
We stare; and, wry with silence, share
His empty sing-song as of praise.

And when we lace his string of spools
Through and through with sprigs of plum—
Before we geniuses or fools
Have done with his pitch of doom,
Around us, in the dazzling shade,
Our darkest woes like roses bloom.
May wrens among these rusted spokes
Not chide and chirr
A whit
Too hot and keen?
Though grass
Bewitches every wheel,
At last
The years turn slowly clean.

And when he woke and stumbled,
Falling on an arm
Up a ditch and down again,
Sun-struck
And foreign-tongued,
Did we, too, fall upon harm
Who wept for Sorrow’s Farm?

For now that years have grown
Past listlessness
And restlessness
And patience with the hoe,
Still sweeter prank the plum’s
White blossoms
Upon gamboge spars
When brought to Summer’s Own.

Our toil is as a sleep
Beside his day
That lies awake till the last sympathy
Of stars forgets him.
O wonder-work that shames the sun!  
His eyes move—and the years move on  
Coloring knick-knacks in his lap  
Like peaches blushing along the prop.

Flashing fire, the wings of squabs  
Ignite the blue above the lattice;  
But terribly, no less ecstatic,  
Shines his beard and spittle, too,  
As fair as any wing around  
And makes our happiness profound.

**Mildred Weston**  
**Three Poems**

**ANTISTROPHE**

I contradict the season,  
deny the stream with drouth.  
The flowing green of April  
dries in my desert mouth.

When the perennial leaven  
commands young growth again,  
a stubborn spirit stiffens  
against prevailing rain,

against the soft persuasion  
and stratagem that yields  
ill-timed, illicit harvest  
from my impervious field.

**DUST STORM**

Enclosure serves me well.  
Pressure prescribes my girth.  
Wrapped round by windy walls  
I breathe a dusty breath.

Snatches of foolish tunes,  
Ravelling bits of waste  
Litter the island room  
Whose air is motionless.

Apart from rage and rush  
In storm untouched, untossed  
By motion meant to move  
Or vision set to love

I stay behind the wind  
And stinging thrust of sand.  
My fingers strictly curled  
Hold chaos by the hand.

**DEPARTURE**

Down the dim aisle of standing pullman coaches  
blurred in the grey dust-powdered light,  
I tilt my shoulders to the weight I carry  
across this night.

Away from mingled voices in the station,  
on time and guided as the ticket shows,  
I am instructed so myself may follow  
the track I chose.

Revolving thought begins with steady motion  
to wind its circles round an iron core.  
The private pulse identifies with power  
as conqueror.

I take my leave of stationary places.  
My resting place shall be a moving berth  
where slow footsteps give over to the paces  
that claim the earth.
Easter Among Minarets

Bronze rang solitary among minarets,
Praising silted teeth and unglazed
Taste of Eastern urns. Bronze
Rang solitary praising green flies
Stalking through the catacombs of ravelled
Dust, and praising caparizoned mules
Drawing coffins golden bronze
And blue, enameled as the sea.

Bronze rang praising painted eggs,
Painted while the children slept.
Grins and geometric blues and golds
Hidden under helianthus, palms
And bitter roots Phoenicians grew
For Easter search of morning
And hidden shouts that told
The find of painted treasures.

The muezzin’s cry on wire wings
Rises over mosques and minarets.
The green fly walks through palms;
And light, finite as flesh, sinks
Into stones north of the porcelain sea.
There the sad dimension measures
Miracles of tawny chicks waking
Under palms and geometric grins.

* * *

She sees the structures old men
Build in shadowed minds; endures
Alone the elegance of atoms
And unfolding cells. Whispers,
Fainter than the memory of pines,
Or pigeons flying out of painted
Urns, bring word from farther
Than the farthest, fleeing galaxy.

Three Poems

The roots of roses ease
Down through the dark, cool loam,
Below the earth-worm’s bed
And salamander’s home,
To where a world is worm
And wet gravel, to clasp
The empty-handed dead.

And they, forgiving death,
Leap in the dumb stone.
As the salmon acts and dies,
Flashing up dry bone
Of stalk and thorn, they rise,
As fish arc on water,
Poise on a waving flower.
But leaf, they fail in turn:
After a breath will flake.
Yet leaf, we still may learn
At last the way leaves take:
How rose bruising to be
Will leap from time, forsake
The last, flaking tree.

NOW SKY IS WARM
Now sky is warm again, we shed our walls
To house in air. Now light and heat are one,
Down through a twist of vine-leaf, sunlight falls
To brush as Bonnard might my wife and son,
Or speckle grapes, heaped sweating in a bowl,
Or leap leopard to our dark, cool floor,
Now weather is our window, wind the door.

Beside the boy, small, blonde and winter-pale,
Backed by a wall of leaves and scraps of sky,
In the green haze, she shows like a white sail
On shady water. Where shadows brim her eye,
Fashion a cheek, or soften into hair,
Her face takes form and tells me where I am:
A face of wave-spun lights, a face of leaves.
I am another leaf the light reprieves.

Clearly at noon appear three drifting nudes:
One sleeps while two elaborate thick hair.
Three naked girls, all play at attitudes;
All turn and curl and shine. Brightness on air!
Confusion of flesh and cloud, they flow around
Our landscape, crowd the birds, swarm in the trees.
Across the foliage, I catch a flash of knees.

TIDE
Swiftly the tide runs in
Over my sill.
Swiftly it overwhelms
Ceiling and door.
While thought turns to water,
Claw, fin and gill
Slip seaward, for the moon
Will dry the floor.

Most sea and sea-life follow
The sea. What lingers
Malingers, to drown in air
And foul its shell:
In sunlight soon a hive
Of buzzing odors,
As soon washed and buried
By the next swell.

And yet, one beast bequeathes
A satm conch,
To net the mounting night,
And gives it, turning,
Whorl on whorl.
Spinning cobalt and green,
Spanning an inch,
Star by star goes burning
Dark to pearl.
About the Contributors...


JAMES DICEY recently won the Vachel Lindsay prize for a series of eight poems in the July issue of *Poetry Magazine*. KENNETH O. HANSON, Northwest poet, makes his second appearance in *Poetry Northwest*. JOANNE de LONGCHAMPS lives in Reno, and has been widely published. JOHN D. ENGELS has published poems in *Poetry, Literary Review, University Review* (Dublin) and others.

MAKOTOUEDA's translations have appeared in *Sewanee Review, Prairie Schooner* and elsewhere. He is preparing a book of translations of the great Japanese poet, Sakutarō Hagiwara. BIENVENIDO LUMBERA, of the Philippines, is a graduate student at Indiana University. He has translated his own poem from the Tagalog.

PHYLLIS WEBB, brilliant young Canadian poet, is preparing a second volume for publication. FREDERICK BOCK, until very recently, was Assistant Editor of *Poetry Magazine*. MILRED WESTON, of Spokane, appears in *Poetry Northwest* for the first time, and recently appeared in the *Northwest Review*. She teaches at Holy Names College. ARTHUR F. DRAPER, Seattle, has his first published poem in this issue. LLOYD PARKS, formerly of Seattle, with a Ph.D. from the University of Washington, now teaches at Ohio State.

SHINJIRO KURAHARA, born in 1899, has published two novels and five volumes of poetry. He is one of Japan's most eminent poets. He writes: “My house is close to the American 5th Air Force Base. It is winter now, and I see the girls from Air Force families enjoying skating on the river right below my house together with young Japanese boys and girls . . . . I believe a poet in any country or in any age is an exile, so to speak . . . . In this sense, I believe I am of the same race as American poets . . . .”

YOSHIKOSASA ZAWA, born in 1898, has published numerous books of poetry, including *The Road of Honey Bees, The Beautiful Bandit, Notebook of the Sea City*, and *The Flames of Winter*. He has been influential in Japanese poetry since the 1920's, and has done much to develop interest in modern German poetry, particularly Rilke, in Japan.

ETSURO SAKAMOTO was born in 1906, is a Professor of Psychology, and worked for a number of years for the Ministry of Education. He has written many volumes of poetry, including *The Costume of the Clouds, The Grave of the Seashells, Collection of the Sea Foams*, and *The Orchard*, and has also written several collections of essays on poetry.
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