To Michael
Pro.
December 25, 1939
Jan. 1, 1940
Miami, Fla.
THE HUNTER

At last when trees let copper pennies fall
And coins of gold to weave a cloth to dress
The thread bare earth, he feels his barren
His need for food and takes his gun to go
Out where he saw the track of stag and doe.

"It's now for game," I hear him say
"If poor folk eat at all."

I watch this old man walk across the bog
And marvel that his feet still know so well
The safest way from mound to mound,
Can tell
The swamp the times he passed this way before
Can make a tussocked marsh; a kitchen floor,
Can pass so silently, the frog
Still sits the mossy log.

I know my friend can bring a feather down
With one shot farther than my eyes can see,
And if he raised his gun I would not be
A deer. At dusk he comes across the bog
Without a kill, as guilty as a dog.

"My eyes are gone," he says, looks down
"There's vittles on the town."
SPRING SONG

At dawn I find the earth is still in death
Beneath a lacy shroud of untouched snow,
And all the trees are white with winter's breath,
And all their servile limbs are drooping, low.
Across a field of cold white violets
I leave my tracks like some lost pilgrim's trail,
Across a fragrant land where chill snow sets
This stiff example of revolts that fail.
Because on yesterday my heart was full of Spring
And little boats of happiness were in its streams
I turn and hurry back lest winter bring
Disaster to my verdant springtime dreams,
I wait the ONE who rules the season's hours
To set aught this crime of snow-white flowers.
#

COLD

Dec 3, 1940

On waking up the cold is there
Austere and chill beside my bed
And when I close my eyes
Cold fingers stroke my head;
But nothing in the ice and snow
Is bitter as one cold I know.
#
Jan 29, 1940

THE DOG

I cannot keep the things that you recall
Within my mind. There is so little place
In there to crowd what does not
matter all,
To keep more than the image of your face;
But know that if you lift your voice
to call
My heart will beat more swiftly than
I race.
I cannot love the little loves men do,
With such a simple heart; I cannot
speak
To tell the ways that I would die
for you;
But when the lovers find the thing
They seek
And search no more, this single love
is true.
I am strong because my steadfast
heart is weak.
You smile now that my only love
is told;
But once I had no name and
knew the cold.
June 10, 1940 - Los Angeles, Calif.

THE ENEMY

For once let us square off and
catch our breath
We two who fought the years away
like this.

I know your subtle little tricky white death
Your soothing words, your hardcotekiss.
They boys with roseee in their cheeks
I knew
Who put away their playing things to wait
You in a darkened room where candles threw

Dark blossoms on the wall, these
Taught me hate.
I was a boy like that who lived in dread
Each day, each night of footsteps in
the hall,
Until one day a flower drew me out
of bed,
Apath lured me beyond the nurse's
call.
And though you always win when war is done
I claim each lovely thing a battle won.
July 15, 1940

NIGHT WATCH

The rain is crying tears I cannot keep from making brooks along my upturned face.
My friend the rain must know that I should weep to earn the right to see your stricken grace.
From here I see the careful shadows pass.

And bend above your pillowed head and I who love you stand behind the window glass like someone watching Sleeping Beauty lie.

But you will rise and give my barren land the breath of flowers back, its life once more.

And then, perhaps, hold out your little hand that all will be the way it was before.
Perhaps, dear God, you'll make it come out right to please a ragged poet in the night?

#
August 12, 1940

The House (Alentejo)

This is a home a woman made with love,
A house against the fever of the world,
A house to fit her mind the way a glove
Would fit her hand. This is a kitten curled
And sleeping silently with perfect faith
That no one but the priestess of
these halls
Will pass on quiet sandals like a wreath
Of all the dreams she stores within her
walls.

I bring the dust of roads to each bright

floor

And leave about the place of man’s

rough blaze

That writes no room will be the way
it was before,

That tells no man will know a woman’s

ways.

Sometimes I stop my walking with

a start

To know I walk upon a woman’s

heart.

#
Oct. 4, 1940

Child Prodigy (Aletonur)

My thoughts were prodigal as autumn leaves;
But it was spring and summer saw me standing barren while the fruitful trees
Were miracles that kept the law.

#

Oct. 13

For years he toiled to make a perfect globe
And when he did the critics found it fair
Said, “Yes, how nice,” said yes and yes,
“If it were only square!”

#

Dec. 5, 1940

What though I brushed a flower’s lips
And used the bees sly pose
To scale the cloistered wall to find
The perfect Rose?

#
Oct. 26, 1940

Demolition Of A House

A woman fills her cart with crumbs of wood
The wreckers left when they were done.
I would not stop her if I could,
Though house and I are one.

Like angry bugs the shovels tear
The flower beds and lawn away;
I knew a boy with curly hair
Who played out there one day.

The word must have a super store
And registers must sing instead
Of songs that sounded there before.

A dream was sold for bread.

Dec 5, 1940

ADVERSITY (Alentour)

Again, again prostrate upon the ground
I hear your whip's sharp note;
But if you glance away you may yet find
The wolf upon your throat.
Oct. 26, 1940

Declaration

I shall not call you good because the "good" are good indeed within the homes of men who make a god of stone, of gold, of wood. I shall not call you good and good again. The way a broken record speaks its piece. And never gets to all the truths to say. A wise is good, or kind, or weak as birds who hear a step and frightened fly away. Instead you are more true to me than I. And this I say. I say you are the mate of truth's lone wolf, the fierce and bitter cry of prophets chained upon the wheel of fate. And then when all is said. I say your eyes are softer than the wings of butterflies.

FRANCE

Dec 4, 1940

Again, again Julie upon the ground. And hear your whip's harsh note; But if you glance away you may yet find a wolf upon your throat.
The Thirty-Niners

Alentour  Dec 5, 1940

The car was shining with your hair's sleek light.
The day the Boston salesman closed the deal.
For sixty dollars worth of boarded mites.
And anxiously we sat behind the wheel.
With pleasure once a rich man lightly spent
For this more money than we ever saw.
For careful craftsmen shaped and turned
And bent
A thing alive with slight if any flaw.
Then later on this frantic westward race
With worried dog and all we would not sell.
I saw, with sleepless eyes, your white teneue face.
And blessed the grimy hands that worked so well.
And smoothly purred the ancient Cadillac
Across the desert of no coming back.

THE PHARISEE (Alentour)
The snow wears well white robes to lay
a party,
To hide the squalor of that ground's black heart.
To The Secret Poets
Washington Post 2/6/41 Dec. 27, 1940
Young men of words all stiff like rotten wood,
You young who hide your song beneath a code
To be, perhaps, not clearly understood,
Have laughed because I hear the poet's load
Of cadenced song and tell so simply what
I tell.
Ignore the heart's own rhythm then,
Who says he wins who does it first, not well;
I say he lives whose songs are one day sung
But let the whole world know the thing I say;
Yes, let it know I love, and love the Spring
And love the secret night and smiling day.
Yes build a moat, young men, and build
a wall;
No one will find you there, no one
at all.
#
ALTAR BOY Dec. 22
He bore the sacred wine
And loved the holy candleship
And silver-gowned men words that sung, that sung.
#
FOR REMEMBERING
Dec. 26, 1940

There was, one time, a simple man of words
Who stayed within these kindly rooms
Where married love was sweet as singing
birds
And hope was gay as new-maid sweeping
brooms.

Outside the winter was, inside the spring
And whips of smoke that flagged the
Chimney's peak
Were more than lax in telling everything,
Of this rare warmth the lonely namely
seek.

So once a man of song found shelter here
And prays that when both wills and
he are dust
That men will take these words and
hold them dear
Against the thirst of years, the eating
rust.

For men will pass the way I pass for
naught
If simple things like this can be
forgot.
The Pioneers Modern style
The motor said, "Close, close your eyes and sleep."
The road said, "See how straight I go,
and wore
Like velvet in the wind. He couldn't keep his eyes awake and it was he who drove,
who held another's life within a single turn
Of that live wheel, and so he bit his lip
Until he felt the warm blood run and burn.
And now the wheel was held with a tighter grip.
A headless sign flashed before his light.
A slight, dark figure stirred and said,
"Now we can sleep on western soil tonight."
And so they slept who could not buy a bed.
That sign lied when it read "The Great Divide
For they were sleeping side by side."
Jan 15, 1941

FUGITIVE (Washington Post)
Run, lovely fugitive,
Who should have been a doe,
Afraid and streaking through
The silver snow.

Escape the foolish town
And all the shares of men;
Nothing more wild than you
Will born again.
May live again.

And when men drop the chase
I know where you will be;
But fear your own wild heart
Much more than me.

FOR UNDERSTANDMENT
Feb 23, 1941
You do not understand me now
And never did;
The word that I have wanted long
Your lips for forbid.
You will not know me now or when I die;
No one shall know at last, not even I.

#
Jan 8, 1941

MAN ALONE

If I can rise from where one place is set,
If I can light a cigarette,
Or feel the silk inside the cedar chest,
Or touch the workplace on the floor,
Or call someone upon the telephone,
Or hear a song not heard before,
Then I am just a man sick for a face,
And not a ghost about a haunted place.

Resolve

Feb 24, 1941

These moments that I hold so sweet
I earned with years of pain.
As long as I can say I live
I shall not weep again.

These quiet joys I shelter so
Are what I gladly wed
Against the day when I shall sigh
And lay a long time dead.

And say a long time dead
FAITH
Feb 4, 1941
Who is the one who wears my robes
Who speaks in my own tone,
And who knows less of hearts and souls
Than I my own?

Oh stranger with the once-known face,
Though it be sharp and stark—
Which one of us will walk with light
Which one with dark?

No star is there to light my mind,
Though God has let them fall;
Perhaps blind hearts are better
No hearts at all

ARABIAN PROVERB

ARABIAN PROVERB

Oh, wise is he who wears his rags with grace!
I walked ashamed upon the street
And wept because I had no shoes, until
I meet a man who had no feet.
COMPENSATION

Feb 23, 1941

Perhaps in mercy God was moved to speak
The day I wept to face the world in birth.
"Because this one is born so poor and weak,
And all his days be victim of man's wrath.

Be cold, be hungry days on end, be lone
Against death's vultures in his cloudy sky.
Be loveless as a jagged mountain stone,
Be less afraid to live than fall and die;
Because this one shall have so little grace
Shall never own the sunny heart of youth.
Shall wander with a lost and lonely face,
And never see the proof of what he holds as truth.

Then he shall have to wear him
Comfort him along
His errant way, a little burst of
Song.
THE BODY
Feb 15, 1941

Divorce can never break the tie
that welds you to my mind.
Then must these craven senses now
A master find.

My mind would find the plane ahead
with air too thin for lies
The body tells to stop the sweep
Of mental spies.

Not sleeping in a daisy field
Is mind the
With battle yet undone
Is mind the leader of his troops,
The summit won.

My ally years will yet lay siege
The flesh that blocks my goal
And from therium rise like smoke
A set-free soul.
No Second Spring

March 1, 1941

No bleeding heart will beat feet,
No mind will face you bare
When next you meet, if meet you do,
It is with equal air.

Though youth once parted on the wind
And sailed like sickened rose
The years have brought a firm resolve
The mind's own calm repose.

Let heart of fool of sweet romance
See portent in the sky;
No one has hope at all unless
He face one eye to eye

The Actor

Apr. 11, 1941

The day he shot himself quite dead
They said he broke his heart
And closed the curtains of his eyes
To play the last grand part.

I saw him play at make believe
And know he never knew
A way he might reverse his art
To make the truth untrue.
The Traveller
March 2, 1941

I asked the way of each saint sound That split the darkness like cleft wood: But nothing came of what I asked, no light Would tell show me where it was I stood.

I cried, "you ones who know the way I go Give me the road to what I seek. But shapes that passed me in the black were still:

No soul that knew me there would speak.

The road was hard, the road was long of years And where I was no one would say: But when I saw the lights ahead I heard "This is the way, this is the way!"

Then is it very strange I chose my own Blind path from where I travelled all about?
New England Apple Tree
March 5, 1941
What stubborn strain is there in you
To hold the winter through
These withered apples as you do?
Cold sanitariums could not ease
Your fruit from its grim place
Against the rigid earth’s bare face.
But when the spring leaved flags
And blossoms stilled your fears
You dropped your ashen spears.
Some men believe the way you do
And fight a winter through
To make an ideal peace like you.
As of All Things

March 6
Then singing let us walk to where
we loved
And spread sweet incense on
those years
That later we may say, along,
"How sweet they were those tears."

Then chanting let us walk to where
we saw
The startled fox unsure to see
Such certainty of two wild hearts
Glad in futility.

So with slow words of death then
let us turn
And slay the only love I know;
But down the lonely path of time
You too shall weep and go.
Evens as David
March 25

The dread that waits my coming is a foe
More deadly than the coiled still
Snakes that waits
With hypodermic poisoned fangs, I know,
More cunning than the stalking wolves of fate.

I pause within the lighted room to note
The way my hands were smooth and left
The years
Upon the things I touched, and in my
Throat
I feel the telegraph of my heart's tears.
Not much is there to see, not much
to mark
And hold against the crushing
phantom here;
But this is part of me to break
the dark,
An antidote for all the venom of
my fear.

Before I go I take for me a song
to sing
And for the waiting foe a stone
and sling.
March 26

Much of my life I have been sad.
This is the only truth I know.

A few small fruit I tore from
The abundant trees;
But while my mouth was still
stained
With the dye of the mulberries
I knew that sorrow was waiting
To chain me to earth.
But to know a truth is to make
a mask
To face it.
Would you then know
That I did not choose my face?
April 2

Alen'lour

The song of the water in the brook
Has worn the stones smooth,
The constant sun has done a trick
with mirrors
And silver polish on the eternal
moon and stars.
The wind makes the green taffeta
pines shiver
And sings the song it wills;
The world is made to waltz to
a given rhythm
On an imaginary axis.

Then is it too much to ask
That one of the songs I breathe
to you
Should one day beat with your
heart?

#
Country Walks
April 21, 1941
A land with many little mouths to feed,
Of young who did not choose a hungry home,
A hand that never learned to close a puse.
Once flung these walks of white cement
Beside
A street that did not know the shortest way.
From town to town but wound from tree to brook.
For feet that did not have a special place
To go.
But down a road that did not know its mind.
At night these quiet walks lie gleaming in
The dark like white foam boiling on the shore.
The light the moon projects upon the walks
Can mark the trees upon this silver screen.
For lonely folk like me who nightly go
This way to watch the magic lantern show.
April 29, 1941

The trail I climb would surely break my heart
If your old blaze were washed away.
Were not above each turn to say that once
Frayed flesh and blood had passed this way.

This is a trail too faint, a trail too steep
For men and yet I see your mark,
Who was so slight and so ashamed to beg
A piece of candle in the dark.

So inch by inch I cut the mountain's height
And on your blaze renew the year.
Though few shall follow after to your peak,
To where I climb your trail is clear.
June 1
Think not to crush my spirit with this blow,
For I have paid a debt beneath sun rays
That made an ocean dry, where shade men know
Came only from a pick raised high in days
Of sweat and toil when water came in sips
And could not wet the dust that stole my breath
That could not ease my parched cracked lips;
But still I cheated that which sought my death.
So do not come with cunning ways to split
My dreams in little bits, to smash my light
And so blind me; for just the tiny bit
Of memory I keep is worth the fight.
Then draw your sword and drive in far
Or I shall crawl to smite you, within a stair.
The wanderer said, "I have but one thing to be a foil against the loss of all my dreams. I could not hope to save one lovely thing against the cruel march of time and so I never see the same place twice. For me there is no yesterday or but just the dew-fresh day I face within a world where each great work stands forever great within my sight and mind where each lad faces life exact and bold, where each girl wears the loveliness of youth upon a face secure against the dust of time."

The wanderer said, "You might say I solved the riddle of time but for the slowness of my walk, the growing silver of my hair."
Rose
August 30
There was a kindly wise man in our town
Who had a way of telling things.
Said he of me, "one day when I
was young,
"This lad shall love a word that sings."

The richest man in town was heard
to ask,
"What good are words when money goes?"
The wise man said, "I do not know
but that
This lad shall only love a rose.

"The roses die, " I said, " when winter
comes.
The old man smiled at me and said
"This rose shall live each day
in loveliness
When all the blooms lie dead."

And to this day the whole town knows
The reason why I married Rose.

The wise of sorrow know away
Leaves in the oak tree
clinging beyond your hour, beyond the
bitter winter days,
that you will fall as all leaves must.
Oh, battered, brittle leaves,
hold out against the breath of
dead and wind-blown oblivion.
If you must bow to fate,
What hope have I?

I'm Not As Fat As That

There was a cat so fat
he couldn't see his claws or wash his paws,
but of all the cats I've seen
his whiskers were most clean.
I'm not as fat as that

Poor cat.

And I shall rub and scrub
myself all clean all clean
and be the cleanest child you've seen,
real clean, I mean.
Whisper the word
And cover me deep
In that long sleep.

Let loose the bird
To fly at stars.
It hated bars.

Take words and birds
And close my eyes
When this love dies.

# 1942

To An Abandoned Rose
You rose I found in snow
With petals closing on the shame
Of those who left you there to die,
I think you
I do not know her well.

I gave her once a heart,
A red corsage to wear one night
And throw aside when joy was gone.
Own up, you rose who had your night,
Admit
That for her passing smile both you and I were born.
1942

I will believe in God as long as He shall take
His dust and make a man as great as he
And yet most gentle for the frail one's sake.

From only such as God could this man be
For wisdom must I have lashed this great soul bare
And showed that pain alone can mold the great.

Let tyrants know that once again we dare
To know a second man will save our fate.
There was before a Man who walked the land
With eyes that saw the smallest need and plight
And though for mercy He would raise His hand
No ruthless legions swerved His path from right.

I will believe that God is ruler of the Earth
When He can time its need to one man's birth.
What will you say,
What will you do
When there is nothing else
but truth to say
And nothing else but good to do?

AIR RAID

The butterflies of death will wing
Across the meadow where I lay in wait
To watch slight wings another spring
Before the very sky was starred
with hate.

A Year of War

If you would know how many bombs
were dropped,
How many people died,
How many little towns were sacked,
How many people cried,
This verse is not for you to ever read—
A history is what you need.

Too cold is the print that tells about
this year,
Too thick is the dust of time
That powders friend and foe alike
To ashes with this thyme.
When we are gone one thing is left
to tell—
The tyrants could not wait for hell.

REVERSE

April 1942

I loved to breathe the air of fields
Too much,
The sweet and wholesome smell
of hay and such
And so to lift the curse of
Adam's deed
To pay somewhat the tax for
being here
I breathe and live upon the shop's foul air,
For man can never own the
thing he holds most dear.
So from the wisdom of my backward
track...

If you are white, I set my heart
on black
And love that comes from you
will meet my back
To KATHERINE

April 1942

I wonder now that your white feet too small
And frail to walk the roads we walked one day
Are finding Heaven's roads are smooth and all
The joy our own had not to give away.
Crisp leaves of foreign land tore from your tongue
With all the sorrow of a fading year
Upon your leaves whose songs were all unsung
And trembled for the strains they would not hear.
Ah little Irish one, you were not born for earth and for the somber sight
But for the elfin note of winding horn
And for the music of the pixies' glee.
Why then these after years I still awake by sudden winds of sorrow for your sake?
Wall Echo

I waited long the desolation of your flight;
Now that you are gone the house is peace again,
Save for the restless relics of your sord
For whose passing I do not feel no joy
Nor pain.
Now clever are the laws the humane judges make
To let a live man daily celebrate his virtue.
To A Girl's Heart

Your words are restless little birds
That startled left their wings
And so are I, lost within the wilderness
Where no bird sings.

Your words are lost small birds within
The jungle of my mind
And freedom from that jealous, guarded wood
They shall not find.

To tide your moving little birds
And make them griddle sheep
To groge within my heart—
I always love.
Inulnerable

(Washington Post Aug 1, 1942)

Though darkness seal my eyes
And I go down in thunder like this
That rocks the world
I keep the wonder of your kiss.

Too late the lightning flash
To make a beating heart stand still.
What my heart loses
No enemy can kill.

A light burnes in my heart
That you have kindled with your eyes
And light and I shall live till your love dies.
The Lover's Surprise

So I who loved all things of earth
Both good and fair,
The little animal just come to birth,
The glisten of a size's hair.

So I who loved the wealth of soil
And watched it grow,
The smooth red apple fitted to my hand,
The dew upon the worming grass.

So I who mourned the good
I would not see
Can say at last I looked into a
And that my heart looked hooped

we
Because the Rain Speaks

The rain is whispering upon the stone,
My heart is pelted by the rain,
And stones and heart will feel that cruel beast
Until there is no stone, no pain.

Would that I might for all time
Still that sound
Of your words breaking on the stone
And brush the things the rain whispers to me
Forever in your liquid loves.

I go out now to face the
Taunting rain
Let others die without a fight
Before it wins the rain will
Against my face, night after night
Quiet definition
you are for more than all this
loneliness
That meets a lover's eyes;
you are the smell of fresh baked
bread;
you are a well where drinking water
flows;
you are a little book that sang;
you are a nest of birds;
you are the music in my blood
and dearer than a striking poet's
words.

Oh sages that the wisdom in
my heart
Is this pure love of you
And speak of gentle things. I shall
Of beauty of eyes so ever through.
Drum In The Salar

The desert sand still clung about his eyes.

His voice was set upon another coast.

And in the room of infinite spaces,

In chorus to a famous jostled host,

His presence thundered yes by faith.

"I never thought that God would need my help," he said. "But I have listened all I can to nothing out of which your words believe in God? Do my lungs doubt your breath?"

His words were hail upon the rain-faith back

Within the evil forest loving death;

But somewhere there a light crept up the dark,

And men who wept were tempted to think,

To someone hostilely proposed a drink."
La Belle Dame

If you but shake your head starlike
from your hair
And when, you smile at me twinstars
capture your eyes.
With all celestial bodies in your own
I pant to Paradise.

your eyelids open wide like frightened
butterflies;
your ears are seashells hidden on
the coral shore
And you are dearer than all other things
of earth
I always long before.

you speak of gentle things to alow tea
sorrow you
And tigers break the dark before a
glimmer shining.
I ask to own the beauty of this
earth and sky
And it is ever mine!
Fulfillment
"you years," the failure said, "you
held the truth; you knew I wanted love at any cost."
The years looked down with pity as
they said
"A man can only love what he has lost."

To A Dog
All that I know of love, that lives beyond
the hour
I feared of dogs like you,
And I shall search through all the bitter year
A love that makes it eyes light true.

All that I knew of faith I thank you for,
And I shall wait for what I wait
The way you do my step when saw you
As if what comes is never late.

And so when you or I at last must go
Along that long and lonely track,
Then let us know if it can be love comes
And let us never once look back

II
Note To An Intellectual

I wear unceasingly a profound thought
And careful syllables dissecting art
I sicken most at what the mind has bought
With that great store of love within the heart
Yes, we are deft and dexterous still

Than man and woman ever were before
And we can close doors within and dwell
And we can turn our backs on any door.
But looking forward at your learned books
With lovelier words enough to make sweet songs
Do you recall the baby song of brooks,
The lullaby of bees upon the irong? What comfort is a work of art and fame
Unless it lives and learns to speak your name?
#

To love you is to know the pain in joy
And feel the heat the thunder in your kiss
Within a heart that knows and we must did
To stand a heaven's lilies.
The snows of winter never fall for long
The meadow flowers that they bow to deep.
The scattered winds are silenced by the
Robins' song
Of an eternal rendezvous to keep.
Come time enough to wear a mountain bow
Yet still all loveliness can never die.
Come what will come to change the world
We know.

No kind will stop what flowers for the eye.
To you who own eternal woman's grace,
Who show the beauty of the fields of May
And wear so well earth's Osprey upon
Will live in loneliness beyond our day.
Let their mind be the seeded earth whose
Will long regret that you are perfect

spring flowering
Midnight Shift

No there, gray face fighting sleep,
Frightening that you work
How many nights has your daughter
Met the dawn escorting some clothing home?
No there, scholar swaying on your feet
And half asleep
And ready to seek a hand in the hungry
machine,
Do you remember, do you remember you
Are the one who read a book all
night?
No there, dust face and groaning at the
temples and too tired
To remember you wanted to forget, you
wanted work to do?
No there, men with the small gray shadow
Of death on your face
One night the last toil will beat
The waves of the earth,
And the last plane will cry on high
And the last great battleship will
Descend across the great ocean
And five shall all sleep long with peace
Beneath the infinite

#
The Words I Say

"I love you," means that I have reached my home,
it means a road winds only back,
that pipes are made to unwind, books to read
and food comes in a paper sack.

"I love you," means that lips are made to kiss
without the magic of the sky.
It means that shoulders are broad, a banner can tremble at a sudden cry.

"I love you," means to rest in the heart,
the discipline of weary feet;
it means a clock to wind, a mighty door to close on all that I hold sweet.

Contrast

A woman laughs wherever life allows;
best tears spring at her soul's desire.
A man can laugh whatever fate decrees;
but tears are proofed by his heart's fire.
The Tribute

If loving you I truly said with sighs
That my soul wouls be very still

About the lovely face that lights your eyes,
And said your laughter made improvised song.

If my old wolves love look at this:
Then I and you make a pattern with your hair

That lips like yours are waiting for a kiss.

Then only in my mind might you be fair.

But Jesus mortal to travel far and long
Within a book the beauty that hides

A golden leaf, a stone your small brow,

And not with passion's blinding rank

This song.

More jealous then the high with

Am I who list you with my lovely

[Signature]
Once sweet were storms within the troubled heart
Of my love by the northern sea,
And any wind that whips the waves will bring
Her soft voice back to me.

Two ships at rest upon a glistening still
She called the feel of her soft lips,
And I can feel the tears upon her cheeks
When rain falls on the ships.

Now restless as her sea of love without
The ship that was not made for me,
But ever send the cargo of my heart
To my love by the sea.

I said, "Afterthought"
Your eyes and you or like the sea

And love came on me like a tidal wave
Now like the ruthless sea you want to me
For less that bears a ship presents gone!
Winter Wise

The snow crooked hicks prances into the north
The flattened woodchuck burrows deep
The small birds fly in terror to the south
The block longs to sleep.

How well they know the winter's fury
And so have their simple task
But I am not in need.

I'm a winter blow, within my nest
Against the winter of your love
I stood for years my wretched supply
The tender lines about your mouth
The words in your eyes!

Constance

My solveness is an older song
That never dies
And it has been with me for long.
My solveness is an older song
Where all the words are said and wrong
Though my heart creeps,
My solveness is an older song
That never dies.
I made a little song so small and long
To sung away my grief;
But it float's still round the wind
Like last year's leaf.

Within its lives of pain
Is she I love too well
And just a trace of that old dream
Too good to tell.

The dream, her face live still
Within my little song
To haunt me all my sorry life
And life is long!

#

The Vanquished

How mad was my small dream
My god long life!
What use was tire to scheme
All love, though it may seem
I lost the strife,
How mad was my small dream
My god long life?
The Berry Pickers
We climb the hill to where the berries lie,
All velvet blue beneath creative sun.
And our sure hands make rain within
Where all God’s royal blue is captive you,
you kneed to reach the little bushes
and I give a swift and fervent thanks
for all.
The peace of this brief workful year
a son
And mother know again the simple
joy
Of finding food beneath the
seen and stay.
Next year when berries reign on the field.
And I am gone away from peaceful
I shall then think of little folk
Who picking berries will remember me.
I see my small mother ballad by the fire.
Fidelity (American Part)

Bold heart, think twice before you
threaten love
And pause, rash hand, before a blow;
for once the boat is shoved the
deed must come—
The arrow on the string must go!

Invocation

Though stoves must wear away at last
And birds fall from the sky;
Though springing fuses turn to ghosts,
Must all love die?

Though mountains crumble bit by bit
And babies all you old;
Though all the world grows strange
To war,
Must love turn cold?

Oh neither flowers in my hand,
And dust, blow on my face;
But let the shade of my good heart
Forever raise!
The Parting Sept 8, 1943

Love me with all your lovely ways
And fill your soft soft eyes
With tend for me, sweet little one,
And tell your maddest lies,

But there is nothing you can swear
You did not seeret before
And all the magic of your arms
Will help your love no more.

to go your way and let me be;
I ask it more of you.
And for each not that tears your
At least, I promise two.
The Panhoder
American Weave

I knew my love was but a mirage
That made me think that fair
Above the ladies of my heart
No longer there.

to call me fool of Venus was
For making dreams so sweet
About a girl like any girl
Along our street.

Not this the sorrow of my heart
That woke me soon today:
She believed all I praised to her
So went away!

#5
Sorrow
However loud the laughter sounds
However choice the wine,
Somewhere within the merry
I catch your sigh.
However sweet a love’s first kiss
However fond a heart
Somewhere in Eden’s garden
You woke we start
You line my joy with bleak long grief
And love with silent regret.
For what my mind has loved my
Cannot forget.
Final Possession

No blind man touching with his
careful hands
explored with greater care a loved face
than I the loved face of this
great lad
But no sign said, "This is a
poet's place."
I soared with sweet Mimi's
tropic night
and kept its silver stars for block
block times.
In Maine I worked as long as
there was light
to gain the heaping surf within my
Two thousand miles of road then
desert sky
were what it cost to find small
flowers that
were worth the eyes Vaclav
Town after town I stood as careful
as a cat!
Oh lord, beloved of the earth this heart
Of your sweet self will be a little less
Thanksgiving

I give Thee thanks for this so dear to me,
A land where man is free
To worship Thee in His own conscience, way.
I give Thee thanks today.
I give Thee thanks for this, the land I love
With storied fll of glory above
The soil well worth the wrench
Of a heroic death
Of quenching of my breath.
I give Thee thanks that I am living in a land
That has a brother's blood.
I give Thee thanks for this sweet
And thanks for my own birth.
Chiweta,
you are all the lovely women
I have ever seen.
And from the ruined choir of
my heart
As in a dream I saw you, when
life was filled with song.
There comes now the clear and sweet
the heartbreaking song
Of all your mystic lovelands.
You have risen from your old ones
from out the ashes,
Fresh as roses, bright-eyed as
mountain springs.
And as I wander desolate with my
old loneliness
The thought of you who made a
garden of my heart
Will make me like again
And smile as I would at some
lovely dream.

But hold! Are you a dream?
The Dollar Bell
Dec. 25, 1943

It was not much you said, no much to say.
A poet for a song about his love.
I take the bell within my hand.

It is as worn as a discarded glove.
Somewhere it bought a partner for the night.

One day a gambler lost it on a race;
A client used it to a man's fortnight.
A girl spent it for what it was worth.

What could love hold this traverse?
Thin bonds of girls, the coarse bonds of men,
Dank bonds of rich true bonds of those who know.

That poverty will come and come again.
It bought any song and vow if keeps good bread.

For whom bring a flower for her bed.
Jan 27, 1944

Each day I fail to see her face,
But still I sense that she is there,
There is something haunting in the place,
A fragrance in the air.

All night I toss and turn alone,
Each night will be the same,
But she is in the dark's soft tone
That calls my lovely name.

Some say that death is end of all
And dreams fade in that distant place;
Surely I wait the artist's call
Who robed her tender face.

#
Few barriers were left when once we met
And what were left we quickly broke.
What language made us understand,
What words were those we spoke?
The things I could not breathe to any man you knew and wore as well
That aching sorrow in your heart
You did not have to tell.
There is a voice within your
As gentle as the time of love
That drowns the thunder of the word to speak of love.
Aviation Machinist
All night, the stormy night while
lovers loved
I tend my deaf machine, forget
I draw a lover.
While love creates its bond by its
delight
On my machine I make another.
All night I fashion with my ear
the birds that star the world's
vast skies
And who that sees the wonder of
this shell
Can see glows burning in my eyes?
All night the quiet night of
my old rhymes
When some young man I used to
blame as brother,
comes glowing down, his glance
shooting stars
On my machine I make another
(over)
Aviation Medlwind

End:

All night, the night too fair for blood and tears.
I woke not, birds with one young kol's matter.
She said last night, "My boy was killed in his first tie.
Can your madlwind wake her brother?
Can my madlwind wake her another?"

Lonely Hill

Nov. 1944
Hollywood

The birds and I live high on you
But they sing as I never will.
The trees at night hold out their arms and cry
For cold stones and lost dreams and cold.
The birds burst their fluted throats and die;
The branches break and we are brothers still.
Femme Fatale

you are a song whose words are lost to me,
you are a door I never tried,
you are a path I never followed
in the woods
you are all of me that will not die.

What secrets close like petals of a rose
behind your mouth at each exhale?
What secret lingers in those slim
fingers,

What thoughts behind your dream-like face?

If each small side of you were one
small star,
you would amaze the beaten sky.

How strange that I shall love

A lovely stranger till I die!
If ever you should see these lines
life include me above you,
Then know, beloved stranger now,
I say, at last, I love you.

Perhaps my face is some vague dream
That haunts your mind in sorrow
And why you sigh for me today
You will not know tomorrow.

But I shall know my long, long life
Of roses in December,
A day your heart was upon me
Though you will not remember.
Three Women

The first

Her body was as sweet as flowers are
And his girl had a newer head.
But though we kissed and talked
A year away.

I do not know one word she said.

The second

No woman lived who was as wise as she
And she had wiles to make me woo.
Although I fell beneath her clever spell,
I do not know just what she knew.

The third

No woman loved as much as she
Loved me.
She had no guide, no stop to set,
And of the thousand ways she spoke her heart.
Not one—not one—can I forget!
Life — Summer

The summer is a swordsman with a thousand blades of sun,
That pierce the drowsiness of my heavy-lidded eyes.

"Touche, touche!" The brilliancy of blinding
blades of silver stars
shatters the dream that derides in broken
spaced and dies.

My eyes had photographed the dream,
I thought for all my days
And I had placed the picture up
within the block
Of shuttered eyes against the time
when life would lose its grace.

But what the vampire subdues
no one brings back
the windows of my eyes are stored and
coke-like brittle glass,
and, painted last the wand's seen
flects through forming
the coup de grace. Retracted day
within my mind's shape
the bits of photograph to half a
lovely thing.
The rain-soaked people walking to and fro.

Where do they go?
The tillers of the soil who sow and sow,
Where do they go?
The loves with soft worn ankles we know.

Where do they go?

My life-long friends who watched me meet the foe.
Where do they go?

The bubbling, icy springs that never flow.

Where do they go?
The restless, seeking winds that wearily blow.

Where do they go?
The griefs we hide and their sharp knives of woe.

Where do they go?
Aug. 1944

The rows of our poor souls we
Where do they go?

Men leave no more than footprints in
The sand.

Oh, friend, time will not wait; give
Me your hand!

I made your sorrows fall on you like snow
Upon the flowered meadow of your eyes
That haunt me more than all a thousand
And you will think me hood and never
Know to show your sorrow on me too
Old ghosts of joy lie stiff with frozen stony.
I said, "My soul is stoned by cold words."
The wise men said, "Man's lot is sad."
My friend, a simple fellow, said to me,
"To live alone is bad."
I cried, "My heart is lonely as a tomb!"
The wise men said, "This is war." and,
"Not yet, this fate; you need a cheerful wife."

I murmured my崇拜's friend.

Warmed by the love and Suzanne of a girl,
Captured by her tender eyes,
I look upon my 愛慕's friend
As wise than the wise.
What is the music of my pen
From dawn to weary break?
Now she has gone?

Time was when she walked by
She struck a lovely note.
For she was flawless for my eye
And music for my throat.

But there is nothing fair again
Within a weary place.
No music in the dreamy air.
No dreams with her sweet face.

She went away without a sound
And there was nothing I could say.
I never knew what fault she found.
She went away without a sound.
For love was all that kept her bound.
I prayed to God that she would stay.
She went away without a sound.
And there was nothing I could say.
The Poet
A reason guides the bird upon its flight,
And order rules the region's sea:
But in the tortured course of my own life,
What guided me?

The cattle find the open gates by dusk,
The dog has won and fire,
By what last road is that sweet home of my desire?

The season has his routed map
And chart,
The stars their ordered swing
But all the papers Fates gave him
Were soup to sing.
The Moment

More words must than the miracles
In far off Galilee
'Is this great sudden proof at hand
That God loves me.

The worthy and the meek of heart
Are worth His saving grace;
But how could I lift up my eyes
Before this face.

And yet in all the grief I wove,
In all the weary woe,
That He remembered how He wove
At last I kno.
Christmas Eve
1944

This is the time of no room for the night
And all the golden lighted windows glow
With cheerful warmth and joy but not for me.
Alone, and far from home sweet home
I learn tonight what Joseph
Said to his son—thank God I am alone.

You are my only constant star
Fixed fast within the changing night,
And finer than the world you are,
You are my only constant star.
And in my heart, you are so far.
While chaos seeks to drier why
You are my only constant star
Fixed fast within the changing night.
Mar 3, 1945
Malden

Say what you will, a woman is always
less faithful than a dog. You close
the door
And go away from love's weak heart
And she's always she was before
your heart obey thunder on her pointed
sweet
And she may whisper of her aching love;
But set your foot outside her scented
nest
And you are just another unwashed
A hundred women moaned of lust
With fever on their lips off eyes
That cried.
Though God won his great passion
To be free
My love was evergreen when they
killed him
So make an angel of a girl for
all the room
And kiss her mouth— but never
turn your back!
March 10, 1945

Waddy

My love for you made you a fool
I knew it then and know it yet
For one brief time I knew the
This I shall not forget.

The loss and loneliness I feel today
I knew three tauntings well before.
They are so small a price to pay
I would have paid far worse.

The flowers never feel the winter
The dew upon the grass, the sun.
We knew that heaven wanted you
But gloried we were one.

#

Many years from now when you long forget
And from my kiss you mouth is free
A sudden sorrow tells its bell within your
Remember then, my love, remember me!
Dec. 1949

Cherie

The mountain's shoulders brush the stars,
The desert runs to meet the sky.
Within the vastness of this state
How small am I!

The desert does not cry for trees;
Esparas proudly wear the furrow,
While little stars like we dance
The way we go.

Then men in cities huddle close,
Or sleep as sightless as the wolf
And I must take my place with these
Or find my soul!
Say what you will a woman is a beast
Less faithful than a dog. you close the door
And go away from love's warm feast
And she is ready as she was before.
Your heart may thunder on her pointed breast
And slumber in the depths of her aching love;
But set your foot outside her scented nest
And you are just another unwelcome guest.

A hundred women moaned of love to me
With fever on their lips and eyes that grieved.
Though I used men's great passion to be freed
My love was green with spring when
There's blood and to wake an angel of a girl for all life's track
And kiss her mouth— but never turn your back!
Divorce

This is living in a cold house that has no fire.

Will ever warm again?

This is going to the work with nothing to buy and nothing to sell.

This is the giving of freedom to a stranger.

Who has grown to love captivity.

This is the tearing up by the roots of a tree.

To lessen its dependence on the soil.

This is the deluge of rain.

When the garden indeed.

The warm and bitter tears they shed.

Help me when we would part.

For one who never would have left me.

With half a heart.
Sometimes I wonder where they are
These loves of yesteryear.
I think of faces that are in my songs
With half a tear.

I wonder do they curse my name
Or smiling say it slow.
The joys and griefs of life and love
How swift they go!

Home—coming Veteran
From half around the world became,
His youth gone gray with grief,
But there was nothing heroic
Was the same.
The years had been a thief.

His eyes searched mine as if to say
"What once was white is black
Or who was it who went away?
And who came back?"
Rainy Nights

The rain beats savagely upon the glass like your white fists upon my chest. And on the roof it mocks and mumbles arguments that will not give me rest.

I know before the night is fury rent
The rain will hurl its vengeful vow
And softly weep and gain whatever the point it wills
The way you used to do

Long have ceased to mourn through weariness
Your lips deep red and arms soft white. Then why should rain forever make me bear
A woman cry at night?
Epitaph for a Poet

Say that I made a failure of my days
And call me anything but wise
Say that I struck a fist at fate
And told a thousand lies.

Say roses drooped and women
Stole my heart.
Say kindness held me in its clasp
Say when my future waited
I walked the country lanes.

Say this and more and name me for a fool—
I called myself all names you can
But say, at least, my blood
Was earth's warm blood
And I the common man.
They told me you had died
for love of me.
In all the chaos others wove;
But you awakened from the
Heartsick and still afraid.

Then there was fighting in the
crowded street,
And one there was they said
was me.

Then later you were in the bawdy
court
And made them set me free.

What is there in a woman’s fragile
flesh
That she can love of won lifetime?
What sweet seduction bound
What little word, you to me?

What little word, you to me?
Was there a music that I heard so long,
though others said the air was still and dead?
No matter now from where the music of that song
I only know its rhythm flawed
in my head.
Was there a great soul 'slight in my love's eyes
When others faded, wanting
in a heart?
In my heart's thoughts the
Dreaming anxious lies
And let the critics close tear that apart!
What will the future say of my
Stwell gain
For all the futile struggle of
How well I knew small joys,
great grief and pain
And laughter merrily and cheerless tears
However wrong the road I travelled on
I know
There was but one an honest fool could go.
The hunters hunt not only in the wood!
Their guns resound all through the city, street.
And their rich game is lopped.
So good—
I like the hunters best who hunt for meat.
No game laws yet protect the poor and weak.
There is no limit to the hunters' take.
Where is the wood the war of vision finds?
In what for century will justice work?
All little greedy trampling all alone.
When will your fury join with me
To drive the hunters from what is your own.
And who a world where men are really free?
Now hunters stalk the fertile world
And turn their practiced shot all they please.
A Toast
My friend through all the failure
Of music in the soul and sudden
laughter,
these days we share our howard
hopes so well
will be right good to think on
after.

I would not have you follow where I go
for bass ripples ever in my waking
but I shall always think of you,
courteous,
with any bread I break.

Tonight the wine is fine and soft we
do drink to remembrances and
future wines
and let us never once forget this
night,
however long our lives.
Pessimism On A Rainy Day

The rain is the weeping of the skies
For all the wickedness of men.
How many crimes there must have been
Today to flood the angel's eyes!
In all this grief and wet sorrow
I shudder for the world tomorrow!
Acrostic for Eleanor

Each day I aorch your eyes and face
Least I should need the light you wear
Earth's darkness waits with its blind bent
for grace
As fragile sea flower in your bair
Not that I think this wonder grows
les dear,
Or that I should not care as much as this.
Rather your roses bloom year after
year,
Mist still and fragrant as your
first rose kiss.
Love could forever mix with your
And hold me spellbound by and on
And on
Run riot in a field that knows
No death,
How great each day with love's
eternal flame.
All I can say is that though you forgot
your bals or your face I still

HH
The Master

No counted for the fickle body of Keala
d. Until the dream was buried
in lies and I found him more eminently
than he had ever been in his prime
We found a small café where beer
was good
Away from all the jokes of false
And he relaxed and smiled as old
men should.

However challenging they was He said, "Remember I was an old
man, thought. No matter what the stories say
Success
Is not success if it is dearly bought.
For what it takes great forces always lies.
"But surely you got all you gave," I
said.
He spoke, "There was a girl," and shook
his head.
The Room
Before me there were others here
Who paid to live and sleep.
But there is nothing now to tell
The lions from the sleep.
When I have left these four small
For heaven or for hell,
What will be kept for good or bad
What story here to tell?
You dwellers in your lonely rooms
Are all there are to know.
What made us wander all the
What demon made us go.

Morning Thought
The empty bottles of the liquid
Are little talismans of our dreams
The morning after.
I used to write sweet songs of love
Before I ever met you
And I would write these songs
If I could ever forget you.
These days and nights of love with
Tears were meant for joy and singing;
But little care for true bravery
Our moments madly fleeing.
Yet
The love, you are my only constant
With lift of birds high flying
And if I never go, then how
That I, not love, am dying.

#
I love you, sweet, because I must, I know.
And yet I sometimes count the ways I do
To find the way in verse as flowers grow.
To capture all a field in time—as you.
I love you for the way you say my name,
For all the tears you shed to shed for me
For being at my side in better wise,
For waking near the falcon like a dove.
I love you, sweet, and make this list to tell you why I hold you dears than my life.
Of all the eloses I trace that make yours spell I love the most the way you are my wife
And every day I find a love still new.
To add to all the loves that I have you.
To an Unborn Son
Your father being lonely by an
other sea
When you were born, I
from a
hovahd land
Wrote the lives for you,
my Child, to one day see
To meet your eye the road of
hood on land.
you come of love and you were
walked sweet.
Know this, no matter what, I
this with joy,
And boppy one again this one-
time about feet.
Will take me home to meet
you little boy.
I have not need to bring you
Except perhaps that gift of love
I or there were little sorrows
I won
Because my steps are dim and
nothing I give you. Child, for all
your life.
A mother brave enough to be a poet’s wife

Lullaby For Michael
Here is a song your father wrote for you
To close your lonely eyes in sleep
This is a time of peace and laughter to sweeten
And not the time to weep.

When you have grown very tall
Then I the mother
Will tear your heart as it has
For water must be driven from
To turn itself to wine.

And you may wonder if I loved
But never really knew it to
Because you struggled all alone
Who lost and loved.

Don’t weep no more.
Lullaby for Michael (cont.)

There is a room of men, my little son,
Who try to wake a dream sometime
If you are cursed with my inheritance,
No word will follow you.

Sleep, Michael, sweetly sleep
While yet you worshipped
And here's a finger for your blood.
One day when I am sleeping
Please love and understand.
Wedding Anniversary

She was the house I knew
To greet me, weary, coming home
She was as pure as winter
As lovely and as cold.

There was no love in there at all,
In all that lovely house no love was left.
And music never sounded there.
And children never laughed or wept.

The people found it chastely fair—
Unearthly pale as a marble face—
But no one heard it echo, tears,
And Stowers showed the austere place.

He loved the house like some mad fool;
He planted seed and sang and wept Histia;
But nothing grew where no love was....
How long was that, how many years?
I look at you and see the things I love:
The wonder of the Christmas tree,
The wisdom of the birds in winging South,
And passion meant for me.

Then your voice and hear the notes I love:
The gay high notes that children sound,
The bell at church that gets me out of bed,
The cry when lost are found.

I touch your hand, or hair, and
Touch again
The silks and sables you should wear,
If I were rich and you wore mine alone
And you should even care!
To A Girl Singing

you sing and beat and live and stop
And I hear the words I want to hear
you creep and move your way and I too for one of you

Hug of the morning in your sweet girl's breast
Hug of the baby at the mother's breast
Hug again of all the lovely things I knew
Less far than you

yes sord, dear heart and tell you
With song and many times you
For if you did I knew my heart would break
Albeit mistake.
How can so soft a pad of worth go fire?
How can such soft soft words make chains?
How can such big big eyes desire
My thousand little pains?
Why does the scent you wear love
That tear my butterflies
Like tiger's jaws that each and eat?
And vex, oh vex, you abroad
Against such treaties and laws!
The deer all flee the gun, the fox 
The chase
And through the weary, weary year
I fled
The danger lurking on her graceful face....
And wondered much of sorrow hurt
the dead.
There was a lake where loons cried
through the night,
A roadhouse with a song of love's old pain,
An ocean with a girl, a moon with light
And still much worse, a root with falling rain.
I fled these swift pursuit of
my grief,
Through town and city she had never known
Adrift like some frost-striked drifting leaf
By each soft wind or storm ariewed and blown.
Yet in the ruthless night I wake and know
There is no place to hide, no place to go.
We walked along the New York streets, my boy,
And I and firmly clasped each other’s hand.

For he was only four. He held some little toy.

Faced thus two greatest calls of our land,
We had the clothes we wore and little more.

So many turned things, we must forget.

And nowhere in the city was a door
For us, or found by whom we could be met.

The little Michael knew no fear for he
Was with his father now and all about
Were wonders of the asphalt world to see.

And people passing like a school
Of trout.

I thought, “We must be rich,” he
And one guessed and said,

I touched the wealth of curls
Upon his head.

And it would have taken a man to know how I

The years have flown as I talked and

And the race to win.
Spring Call

The wondrous draw of distant towns
When spring is flitting with New England fields
And for as I mow the spring green
To me and the the stream of wool
The fields are all are buying seed to sow.
The brooks are rushing with the parted
And somewhere on a hill near one Shrin
Who walks upon her cool with captured
My walker heats the steaming earth
The tangles have a foot or bough
O'er walks upon the fleece for
And maybe once or twice in
As on with expert feet which
Or says, "It's spring and Michael's
Corn is done."

Time

Time is the ticking of the top
That eats a fistful of silver.
Time is the plane in waiting
Ready to lift itself across the
nation world.

Time is a girl waiting to be husb
Before the footsteps drive
Time is the busyness of the
toast burnt.

The dog of tasks too many for
Going & doing & worry for
Heart crying for forgot thought
At first & that wait.

Time well tell "they say, "time
Time well tell it."
Time knows all the answers and
tells you nothing.

Time is the last word, the final
Word over the champion gate,

Who is there who knows anything.
Before the crucial second or minute
or hour has passed?

Time watches the little towns of
life unfold
and its little battles to duel.
Time has a fist bigger than the
strutting turkey.
And level these nodules with a
time laugh at good intentions and
empty promises.
The Reek of a flaked and the
moment missed.

Fragment (and well it is)

I kiss your mouth that looks
like five
And feels as soft as dew,
But somehow still there
is a flame
That whips from me to you.
Valentine
My love is a pane with my heart for wings
My love is a ship that has far to go;
My love cannot be still.
So much I know.

My love is the wind like my dreams too;
My love is a stream with miles to go.
My love does not know rest
And never will.

My love is a song and it has no end;
My love is the speed that falls the dew
That falls through space.
To be with you!
To The Atom Men

The men of science cannot

cure a cold

or take the alcoholic from his drink,

or give the cancer patient hope, I'm told;

but still within their learned heads they think

of projects far beyond a poet's scope.

Yes, atom bombs can level cities now

and turn a man to dust, however strong;

and kill the farmer at his plow.

I do not like to think of cities bare

of people buying bread and table wine;

of cities stripped of
girls with shining hair

And all the little children that are mine

(Coyev) and mine
Atom Men (Cont.)
The world will end in five the Scriptures tell.
And so it will. What plans have they for hell?

THE LOVERS
We loved as much as any lovers known.
Who could have guessed the hearts we broke.
Would be our own?

The North Star
One star
Is there for man to travel straight and true
One fixed star to guide him far,
Or home.
To One Who Speaks Of Love

Say not you love no more, speech
not the end
Of love as though it were a
Story told
With deed and fact and ev'n
call me friend
And think of me with tenderness
No, get a gun, a knife and
seek my life
For I destroy the pretty
No love is love that weakly
keeps in strife
and does not force a theme
No love was there at all
that is no more,
For love is not a flipp
Or swiftly sped away
Or leave something to her
ish in the sun
Cove
To one who speaks of love

A heart that loves must die

Though love loves not death
It finds its peace in my breast.
March 1963!

Who Lost and Lonely Go

The night and quiet fill the street,
Save for my feet,
And somewhere now I hear
My name
In your soft voice like flame
# The sky is starred with fireflies,
Fair as your eyes...
Alone but for the night and you
I seek the love we knew

I turn to touch your cheek and hair.
You are not there.
Goodnight my love—goodnight dark street...
Until our wild hearts meet!
MARCH 1963

Epitaph Of A Lover

Name me the name of my desire,
Name me the flesh and ecstasy,
Name me the heat of that white fire
That burns in me.

Call me a clown, mucho loco;
Call me a man who lived your arms, sweet breasts,
d and curves that flow—
Call names we knew
But somewhere in this list say this,
"This man was mad for my own touch
And traded much to win a kiss,
And died of such.
El Grande

To immaculate was this man
that his nails were clean,
His shoes well-shined, his teeth—
if you could see his mouth—were clean too.

And somewhere along the street a
little girl of four and a half
When she flew herself in his
he knelt and said, "Papa!"

No help he'd aught of his daughter
for the first time he

"No little hands clew to his neck.
"Papa!" she said and she

white against the flesh that
A little dark brown girl,
sworded, a woman

made stands as mother do.
He gave her the child and she
Cradled her
"I trust." She said. "It is
too fond of you don't-like woman.
I am a woman and it is not a sad sorrow at my heart.
For one who walks with lovely music
She is my love. I love her.
I do not believe there is
That you do not like me.
I see your eyes and these are
I heard that don't slow,
And you walk and you walk,
And they say to take you
And you forget, alone you
And nobody knows the teacher
And you forget and you
And you lose your senses
And you want to be there
And you walk down the street
A man done with no woman to cry for you.
Am I not pretty? Am I not a wonder? I cry for a
My baby and all the children and all the old ones
in El Trode, in El Trode old
To a man where they try to
I know this, you arrest
Of the old and the children
What is wrong with you?
I wrote a song, he said
and I keep my word
It was something about
through sickness and health.
For worse or for better, or for worse... I went something like this that
the little one breathe and
held his breath and
I told the cook she wanted to see
The girl—mother looked at the "guess" and her "Who forgot you ever,"
"Who forgot the pretty things?"
"Nobody forgot the pretty things,"
She whispered, "Did you happen
to what all there was to it."
"I Nobody wants you," she said gently.
"I Nobody wants you!"
"We'll see!"
"He walked down the street and the child cried, "Dad!"
The girl said, "Nobody wants you!"
"I Nobody wants you, Daddy!"
Sister Minks
A son is you and more
Here I shall ever be.
A son is life more faithful
I am every love one's son
And every son's of self
say not
"I live no more!"
Instead say this, "a kiss
was sweet, a wounding good.
love has
No end.

What lies
Will fill a love
Unless there was no love
I knew my heart and yours,
Do you?

Oh yes, oh yes I say,
And yet again and so
The way you wish—too
Wound back.

First things First
Do I reach the moon
And Lord will then your feet
Be more than now as you were
Than this?
1969 (Where do the years go — where do we?)

LOVE SONG

If I should speak of you
To say I love
To sweep an ocean of waves
I do:

But a wandering brook
Just a garden with lovely flowers
With feves like yours,
It's a fairyland well
Where I lead a carefree day
So that some child may run
And that my wish will come true —

That you will say
I love you too.

The Desert

I know
Where pity dies
In sun as strong as this
That it can kill a man with just
A kiss.
One Day
That it and I shall part
And I shall cease to love what has
No heart.
#
FORTIFIED
I shall go to church
And kneel before the vigil light
And say a prayer.
I shall leave and walk through a garden
Of fragrant flowers and drink
Their perfume.
I shall go to where the children play
And shout with glee
And I shall smile at them.
I shall stop and talk to an old man
Who sits on a bench and wonders where
The years went
And I shall try to make him laugh.
#
Then I shall walk swiftly to where
You are
And look into the mirror of your
Eyes
And say, "I love you."
##
Desolation

There is no road or path
Across this barren desert waste
Where no man walks but me.
A lizard casts a burnished eye
In fixed astonishment
And somewhere a tattered rattle sounds.
A Warning:
The sun has seeped the juice
From all there is to parch
And dry and leave whitening
On wind-sculptured sand.
I am all that moves beneath the
But for a few hopeful vultures
far up
Who circle with desire.
I am far from home and sweetwater
And all the things I love.
I turn around and follow
my tracks back—
For where no one else but I
And my own signs must have gone home
there is but one guide back—
I turn from the unknown
To where there is dawning dew.
And you.
South Street

Good night, South street, good night to little lights
Still gleaming as I pass and little dreams
That children dream in peace these star-lit nights.

Goodnight sweet street, good night again—it seems
I waited years to walk this street and see
The hand of Providence reach out to touch
The old, the young, who walking to and fro are blessed by One who loves them very much.

Goodnight, South Street, good night again tonight
And every night I walk this quiet street
And say good night to each still-gleaming light.

And any little cat or dog I meet
May all sleep well and now good night with love,

Dear street, to you and God, lit stars above
The STRANGE SELF

To things
Both great and small
Goodbye and so goodbye,
At last, to one I never knew
At all.

CREDO

If all my careful plans dissolve in air
I do not care.
If my poor name is lost and known nowhere,
I do not care.
If loves lose love, however fair,
I do not care.
If I am cold or wet or lost somewhere
I do not care.
If every hope I have becomes despair
I do not care.
If I should die alone I do not care
If God is there.
One day
I saw the earth
Where children played
And sun was bright upon the earth
What earth?

\*

STATEMENT

No star was brighter than your eyes,
No Rose was softer than your face.
Through all the years of sweet surprise.
No star was brighter than your eyes,
No heart was softer or as wise.
Time after time, place after place....
No star was brighter than your eyes,
No Rose was softer than your face.

\*
Last Love

A demon writes the music of my pen;
Erotic moves my little sphere
Where gorgon wild-eyed, distracted deer
Who stotled sigh, and sigh again.
Each dream and thought is lost or out of place.
Now I can say the terror over
And not go through it anymore.
Now I can look unworried on beauty's face.

My heart is crooked and hollow as a hell.
Oh, how it rages and rages above
The ruins of a lost woman's love.
Could it but fly, or any other call?

The moths are faithful with their little lives
For once they see the light they fly.
Owes them no more. And so my sight
Was blinded by celestial eyes.
Red mouths and warm I wished
To wake me well,
Fair voices sang to bring me sleep;
But always crept away to weep
I frustrated by the heart of my spell.
I plunged a torch beneath my
Love's vast sea
And still the sea of love was cold.
Wise men in grief their wisdom told
But my old love still moddered me!

My ears have heard a thousand lies
And each one stronger than the last,
But one there was that held me fast
The lie of those enchanted eyes!

Now when the line of fate that splits
The saint and sinner by a hair
I would have been a better man
If God had not made man so fair!
Birthdays

Helen Mansfield  May 27
George La Belle  June 12
M. Hunefeld  Aug. 8
Chris Economou  Dec. 18
Rose Largay  Dec. 26
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<tr>
<th>Year</th>
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<td>Westfield San</td>
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<td>Teachers Coll</td>
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<td>1935</td>
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<td>Isolation + Hart's Ave</td>
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