

CUNNING

He spoke to her about political economy,
Suffragism and the fourth dimension;
He spoke about the laws of nature,
Of dusty, thick-volumed books,
And discussed a love affair
Born complacently in the brain of an author
Who died two hundred years ago.
"I love you, darling!" --
And she shut his tale, that bored her to death,
With an angry kiss on his lips.

MIRAGE

I dipped
A chip of steel
Into a well of bloodyink;
I inscribed
Into the gossamer vein of milk-white paper
The foolhardy word:
"Sweetheart!"

She issued forth
From the senseless void
And dropped
A "Yes!"

.....

I bit
A lump of my pallid flesh
And went to the dogs.

3. N.Y. Call 9/25/1917

COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC

Two times two make five or more
I you sell somebody
The "two per two."
Two times two make three or less
If you buy of somebody
The "two per two."

4. N.Y. Call 10/12/1917

CREVICES

I plastered up the crevices of my rickety hut.
The wind will come
Swaggering and effervescing - br-r-r-r!
But shall not pass
Even a whiff
To put the warm light out
In my rickety hut.

I cannot patch up the crevices of my shattered body.
Death will come
Grinning and sniggering - hi-i-i-i!
And without a wheeze
Shall blow the soul out
In my shattered body.

5. N.Y. Call 12/14/1917

De PROFUNDIS

Cry your eyes out in a laugh,
Live your soul out in a Dream.

6. Sunday Call 2/3/1918

THOSE WHO ARE

Being consumed by a turquoise passion
As I am
I often wonder
Whether other people are ...

And then
I listlessly whisper
Oh, they, too, must be beautiful.

7. Eve. Call 5/9/1918

THE AD

Basking, multicolored, in the whiteness of the sheet -
There - the cold-blooded ink - crier:
"Attention! Attention, please!"
Lines, varied lines, multicolored, geometrical:
Whipping up sales,
Boosting cheapness -
 Bing!
 Bang!
 Way people talk -
Round peg
Fitting square hole,
Or otherwise -
... Gad!

8. Eve. Call 5/19/1918

IN ROUNDABOUT WAYS

In roundabout ways
The daughter kept the secret
From her parents.
In roundabout ways
The stupid young man
Deceived the girl.
In roundabout ways
Life deceived them both
And made them marry each other.

HERO WORSHIP
to L-Y

I read a story
A hero, a man of great affairs;
A hero, a man who is loved,
Envied, at least by everyone.
A man of exceptional capability.

But there is a girl
Who doesn't throw herself
Into the pit of hell.
Who doesn't expose herself to dangers
Moral dangers, I mean
She is simply plain and straight.
Beautiful.
Overfeeds her father, mother - aged people.
She rubs her elbows
At all the smoothless walls of life.
And no one says
She is great.

He is a hero -
He is tall, slender,
Wears beautiful clothes
And talks Nietzsche and Henry James.

10. N.Y. Call 6/25/1918

REVELATION
to L - Y

I dwelt with men in the green house of fear,
I ate the crumbs of their blood-toiled bread;
Loved to walk in their joy - sparse paths.
What am I to give for all that?
What am I to offer?
"Relinquish they claim
To thy soul!

I salute my comrade:
Brother!
Make communion with him
When he is less than man,
For I am less than he,
I am
Rolls and thunders
The Great Voice:
"Heed!"
Therein is your salvation!"

MISFORTUNE

To L - Y

I trailed luck
To the loose-hinged door
Into a bare-ribbed
Worn-walled
Dingy corner saloon.

In its hand --
A glass filled to the brim
With something of the gutter-pool coloring.

The glass emptied
Without paying a cent for the treat -
Luck left the place
As if nothing happened.

It went strolling along
The crowded lanes,
Mashing those who ran from it,
Avoiding those who adhered to it.

My glass was empty
Like a hollow death-face
Empty of life.

But, then,
Luck was mad-
Full of booze.

12. Pagan 1/1919 also
2nd Pagan Anthology

The Dusk of the Gods
by Amphiteatrow

19, 1838

Loathsome toothless gods
Methodically grinning
In an oriental mood
About them
Men and women
Laughing a bellyful
At their decayed impotence

Talmudesque

(Note:

"Taiku," - the final answer in the Talmud to every question whose solution cannot be conceived).

Taiku - for the sightless!
Taiku - for the dumb!

Not for me to stop and wonder ?
Stop and ponder,
And fix the meaning,
Set it free,
And give it life
And make it everyone's possession?.....

Not for me
to discover the truth
And give it wings
And start it on its universal flight?.....

Taiku - for the sightless!
Taiku - for the dumb!

15 Pagan Nov. 1918

The Danseuse

They, watching -
 (their couchant delving eyes
 gliding over her lithe limbs)
her symmetrical movements,
her body's bacchanal swaying, -
tissue of flesh and blood
bartering its slender remnants of decency
for the gluttonous gaze of louts.

after 14-23
14 Pagan Aug.-Sept. 1918

From A Letter

Nothing particular to tell youSimply this:
Pretty nasty outside, - it was;
I walked along the gutter.....
The rain drizzled in its foul slow mood;
Yet I did not feel poor and downhearted;
No, - I just walked on and on.

Oh yes!
I met a worm lagging close to a lantern - post,
Trapping, probably, something weaker, smaller, than itself....

That's all -
Until the lights were turned on, -
And how they pricked the dark dripping resonant rain.....
Golden needles of fire.

I raised the collar of my coat
And walked on and on,
As if seeking the disclosure of some terrible secret
In the night.

When I reached South Ferry, -
Wonderful!
Those fires there
Set deep in the dark waters,
Like golden bits of a golden whole.....

It grew late
Lights went out
Duller gleamed the ribs
Of the cunning Spider-city
Than I sped back, -
Swallowed up in the iron maw of the Subway,
And cast up in a gutter
Where water-pools, like beasts with velvety shining backs,
Greedy drank up the light from a neighboring window.....

Folly
(Fragment)

Vous comprenez.....
It was dark, and the shades
Were downThe reason?
The "catch" season had just begun,
And I had obviously been destined
To be one of the multitude of fish!
The net was not infallible, to be sure,
But then, I knew not how
I could slip through.

Silence..... Two wiry hands
clammed around me, pressing, pressing;
Rage, red rage, on her lips,
A million dancing green devils
In her hyena-green eyes.
I felt lush..... "Do you call that love?
Do you call that emotion beautified?
Do you call it life?
To me, it was an ugly feat.
And yet my wretched conscience
Was not lost for a single moment.
I - no, not I -, someone else who took my place for the while -

Embraced her soft yielding body-
Rich with suppleness -
And dwelling in what misguided people
Call "Paradise on Earth"!
The shadow of true love shrank.....
I cursed her.
I cursed myself,
And the whole world, with its good and evil.....

Vous comprenez?

After Boccaccio

The maiden is a Swan
With wings of whiter purity
Than the spotless Swan's -

The Swan is a Maiden
With flesh of a softer beauty
Than the yielding Maiden's -

The Swan swaying
Toward the Maiden -
The Maiden leaning childlike
Over to the Swan ...

My heart is in the grip
Of the tender witchery of their looks -

Just
A Maiden and a Swan

20 N.Y. Call Magazine June 8, 1919

Tom Mooney

"The shadows of the Gallows are black!"

Saith he

And, like a saint of a New Age,
He leaned utterly upon
The pure strength of Soul
To save for us Light and Happiness
Of the free.

"The shadows of the Gallows are black!"

Great Martyr!

As I see you
Standing there, within you - your white, pure Soul,
Ascending the steps
To meet the Hangman -
I see, too,

The threatening gallows vanish -
Never to reappear!

A Father to His Newborn

They say:
Your God
Is a New God
Fashioned of the Beauty
Of your beginning Sorrow;
I know:
The link is almost rotten
And breakable;
But you
Pass the watchword
of your father's for generations
Calling for a chance
To bring forth
Another comer
That will fashion
A New God
The Beauty of a Future Sorrow.

Ennui Locale
(An Autumn Pague)

I am tired.
Some acquire the habit of a low murmur:
"... to-morrow ... to-morrow -....," and forget in the jaded lull
how tiresome today always is.

I am tired -
tired of watching
watching
houses
houses built
built -
tall grass
grass
grow
grow -
green trees
trees
flowers, people
people walk,
TALK!
Joy is not mine.

Pain is not mine,
for I am tired.
Still some hopelessly dream:
..."beyond...beyond....," to relieve themselves of the irrelevancies
of life.
I shall not hesitate to burrow into Lethes' dank soul
and walk away -
away from here.

Here I feel tired.
tired of looking
looking at the hills
hills changing color
color with every moment
moment, second, hour -

The world will tire of itself
when I shall have passed away,
and will seek to reach me
by fading away also...

I pass thee by
Without uttering a word.

The midnight breeze
Will blow
Until the clouds,
The bleak wintry clouds,
Shall again be assailed
By the clearing dawn of spring.

And thou,
Remaining behind
Shall feel lonely
But not miserable.

For in the morning
Of Earth's Renewal
My love shall blossom forth
With the buds
On the soft petalled twigs.

I shall not pass thee by then
Without uttering a word.

24 Special Woman Suffrage Edition
N.Y. Call

A Mother to Her Son on Election Day

I have carried you under my heart, little boy,
In anxiety, pain and strife;
I have gone to the very gates of death
To give you the gift of life.
I have nourished you at my breast, little boy,
And have guarded you day and night.
I have cheerfully sacrificed, joyously toiled,
That your days might be happy and bright.
I have guided your footsteps, awakened your mind,
To the world I have opened your eyes;
I have helped you to grow into life, little boy,
Health and strong and wise.

Now you are just twenty-one, little boy,
And my destiny lies in your hand;
I and a million mothers of men
Before you as supplicants stand.
Will you think of motherhood's gift supreme
When you go to decide our fate?
Will you say that your mother's as worthy as you
To be heard in the councils of state?

OLD THEME

In this dingy place where I sit out
long hours of my sustenance,
I conjure up, by chance,
the ectoplasm, like a spiritualist devout,
of one
who, tho not gone
beyond the realm
of terestial life,
yet, so does overwhelm
me in my from day-to-day existence
with an uncanny persistence
as if we were parted by the deadly knife.
I dream of visions
plump and stately
that greatly

aid me in my going-on.
In happy moments, a life of glory,
as one may find only in a fairy-tale, a story,
rises in my mind, fullblown,
when I am thinking about our future.
Thus, all in one, it is happiness
and torture.
I feel the caress
of her hand,
and grim reality and conjured-up dreams blend
into a state of liveliness.
I care not very much
to touch
on the immediate three weeks of separation.
For this afternoon
at least, the elation
of my seeing her so soon
(the occasion of the last of Beethoven's symphonies nine,
the most divine)
is stronger than anything
that might
lead me right
to despair's very brink.

...shall I go on? what else to do?
Beloved, your playmate welcomes you.

Crude Enemy of the Isle Majorca (for Regina Ferster)

Delineated Sumptuous harness
in tune Swiftlegged harts bloodstickers
bonded rachitics per jaundice per rash hawkers

Come and tease juggling pace muster

up acc. Tilting Mars (coaled Marse) So:

loach in water unshaken measure scheme Lobster
war (then) Bleakeyed (then) strong muscled
multiarmed
demonstrable locust

guzzle with fuss up the delta

Truly, : ; .A sluggard smart somnolescent
incenses fustian Ganges hierarch of the furzebush: Come

and tease

galleys come pallid

impressions:-- wounded bellies of:-- Swashis

Mullahs sick with perry Eie!

Marblehearted equestrians riding to tracks on the manege
endeared to sounds of trumpets unriveting blahblahs

the turtle weirdly thwacked offhand: Monsieur le Marechal
perched on a syncopating mare, the aide
on a spry stallion

Admiral crouching in tidewater So:

inleisure solemnized repose

ripped cassocks whipped by rot Bleakeyed

sundering sullied branches

plucking fireroots from Majorca

Now:

nowthen the Populace in best Bib & Tucker

with Loud Huzzahs for Daggers Drawn

(a Fat Sycophant Fawning in the Wake

of Pistols, Bantamcocks, Bombastes Furiosos

48

XCR

SONNETS FIVE

1.

You are teaching little children the way
of growing up. You make them look at things
as if they all at once have grown wings,
but I, the winged one, need you more than they.
I, the adult, stumble as on feet of clay,
with something in me that violently stings
and pains, as if poisoned arrows flings
and darts at me everyone who will, who may.

I shall not prove treacherous to the tots
by asking you to leave them for me
for I were wholly unsuccessful in my plea
since you feel called upon to fill-in certain dots
that crossword-puzzle book, LIFE, put up to some effect.
So, go on with your pupils whilst I am in neglect.

S O N N E T S F I V E

2.

In this unsightly heap of filth and ugliness
about me, there's a nugget of purest ore.
As said, unsightliness there is galore,
yet, there's a golden bird in this offal-mess.
I linger o'er it all day long, caress
its gentle wings, in this reign of Thor,
that fills my day long with tumultuous roar,
with one splash of brutal aimlessness.

Yet, not all is sodden and unbearable, so long
I know you are SOMEWHERE, however far
away from me, whose soul stands ajar
with laughing face like joy of song--
O I can endure the sad parting strain
so long as Evening us together bring again.

S O N N E T S F I V E

3.

I fear the fearlessness that hems us in
with lying prone, athwart, or breast-to-breast
in our attic, this conjured-up sweet nest.
We hear the unalloyed intoning golden din
of Happinesss, envisage ourselves as kin
of blood and spirit, at whose behest
we glide childlike down, as if in quest
of What Life Is, Should Be, E'er Might Have Been.

And when some physical degrading function,
on the part of my weak body, mars your brow
with harassed, perturbed wrinkles, then I bow
to pain of flesh as 't were some hallowed unction,
buoying up my faith in your great love for me,
imparting to my spirit a whiff of Immortality.

S O N N E T S F I V E

4.

My love for you sprang out of chaos, dear,
as everything that's fashioned in this world;
swam loosely, inarticulate, until it whirled
into your heart responsively with gleeful cheer.
It is a happiness so pure, exalted, with no veneer
of mere seductive passion hurled
at W O M A N. It's proudly unfurled,
flying fast since first it did appear.

And when the fastness of my heart unlocked
shall lie, to be gazed at by every comer,
Love will never prove to be a mere misnomer:
e'en Death shall find my heart with loving you blocked.
Thus the order of my life runs in a single breath:
first, chaos; then, you completely; then, pacifying death.

S O N N E T S F I V E

5.

I sit here fashioning some sonnets four
honeycombed with love for her who at my side
sits now, watching o'er me with zeal of wight
while putting together a garment for
her winter wear. The hour is silent. A while before
we whipped the house into order by the might
of our mains. Now, in the huddled night,
some guests will intrude on us---What a bore!

Some love life when found on the highroad,
filled with noise, excitement, sounds;
to us, a gathering of visitors is rather--sounds!
We prefer things hushed to thingums loud.
Sh-sh. It rains. . . A flood. Great! Perhaps we shall,
after all, not hear the ringing of the bell.

TO A GIRL WITH A GOLDEN SMILE

Though you wrench my palpitant heart
From its encasing chest;
Though my sensibilities smart
Under the tideless weeping of my eyes,-
I cannot eface your golden smile
So full of grave and living zest:
You shall prevail an eternal while
With the serenity of my sighs.

Life may cajole me into a nook
Of pitfalls, abysmal and unscreened;
I won't divulge that like a rock,
A lone rook in a winter tree
I stay on because my wings are numb
And from their flying away are weaned:
Let that be secret; and secret too, and dumb
That I have missed my celestial spree.

Twilight is here in this my land,
My land of present reign;
Twilight that no light may displace, or rent
Apart, where no sun may shine again.
And if in the close of sheltered havoc
Life were to nudge me, and rile--
To the very edge of a relieving deathstroke
There will still be your golden smile.

POEM

(in memoriam S. Reiss)

Walls like leering monsters.

Here she lived, ate, drank,
smiled, wept.

Frowning faces from the pictures,
looking grieved and pale,
framed in crepe.

A smallish oaken chiffoniere,
bric-a-brac, a watch
and a glove.

Purple-dark portieres
that hushed the lilt in
her: "my love..."

Lone, forgotten in the corner--
ah! a portrait there;
is that I?

... She is gone. No more forever. Her
dreamlike life was my
Lorelei.

POEM

I heard you play, and life put on a meaning
savoring of something new, such as I
had never dared dream of in days gone by,
while witnessing--(here breaks down my donnet's scheming)---
You turned the fine majestic Scotch Song cycle
into tremendous and unheard-of pitch,
and like the spell of the proverbial witch
one guessed easily at your magic-like vehicle.

Let then your subtlety play on. The charm
your fingers' touch evokes from the hollow keys,
their thrill, the spell they throw 'pon everyone,
would duly soften hearts, would undo harm,
lead one on to love and laughter ways,
and make one your adept, your slave, your pawn.

LAST PAGE OF A LOVER'S DIARY

....

Like a fairybook tale
it seemed then--
I laughed with tears
rejoiced,
for the tree
told the tale
in our lonesomeness beautiful so.

A single tree,
only one,
and such eloquent utter!

but one man,
and such vigorous listening!

For the "ones"
built a "two"
who in their dumb-deaf sport
ardent were
so as life
could e'er claim
to evoke
its alluring prime power
in a union blessed
with congeniality,
with high-spirited tolerance--Love.

.....

Like a feverish dream
whose after-taste
is sour glowing dryness,
it is now.

FINISHED HOME

Now that the mortar in the walls
and the crimson on the roof are dry
and new household things obtusely lean

against the walls

let the chimney smoke rise -,
the hardwood floors be pounded on,
let's meditate the outside world
from cosy indoor nooks.

Let's cozen our inward restlessness
with assured serenity -, composure.

The insects -, the rodents will play hob with it.

Let's, nothing daunted, call it our fortress,
home.

FRAGMENT

The Valley was cool. The Valley was cool with tears, tears like pearl-hoar, burning into my heart and yours.

We met. We parted.
Shall we ever meet again?

Black sombre ruins. A river streaming down a precipice, washing its eternal yellow stone which Time helps turn into snow-pure whiteness.

Anear the weedy banks, on rangy slopes, scattered tumbledown houses built in such manner as if Fate played a gambling game with them: the Village.

Lane cuts across lane. There are but two of them, all told.

Peaceful habitation vegetating and relentlessly offering its seedy Past into the toothless maw of no less sodden a Future. Side by side, heart by heart, people dwell, eat, drink and labor; and chant their songs with unconscious melancholy; cover themselves to sleep with the sudden intrusion of the Moon, sailing aloft, bare and grandiose.

Up in the mountains above the precipice where Nature weaves its deaf mysteries--ah! the Chant of sacredness. The ritual drifts out into the fields and makes its flitting way across adjacent dales, till trippingly it dies away with sad reechoing in the far distance, where multi-hued sky shades the colorless earth, lit by the last rays of the horizon-Sun.

Dust! Dust! in the air flying dust.

The herd sweeps slowly into the roadway leading from the byways of the pasture, down the crosslanes of the Village. All are happy. Each cow goes straightway knowingly to her shed and is met by a deep-set smile and tender pat of her mistress. And when the milk is taken from her she dignifiedly chews the hay of early-mown fields and licks eagerly the salts that enhance her appetite..

Then, all is asleep. Shutters down. Gone envy, malice, bitterness. Goodnight. Goodnight.

And presently the Moon strolls, as she is wont to, with her starry cortege about her. One's wish to walk and sway beside her is overwhelming; the craving to partake of her queenly happiness and grace, is irresistible.

I meander in the crossing lanes, gaze at the blackish huts half-sunk in the marshy soil. All is dead thereabout. Only at times a wistful glance peers thru a window and ushers itself upon me. I feel joy and sadness freely mingling in the peering, darkness-piercing eye.

My pace slows down. I'd rather abandon the intent to leave the Village, to bequeath to is my hushed trail. - - - - -

- - - - -

Morning preceded by a glorious dawn, pours in unveiled haze on the face of the Village, and dances and hops with its young clever rays on the plate-like market-place, and sunnily smiling, wans into Day, Day brightly following in the Morn's fleet footsteps. The elders leave for field-tilling or trading their miserable retail-stock, or gossip from the wooden benches fronting each mud-colored hut. The young set goes a-merry, pausing in boy-and-girl rounds the swanlike day. Ah but for a gladness like it! ah but for a hazy dream like it! ah! ah--

But whither leads that road, wriggling snake-like, creeping stealthily out from the wider Village lane away into the mysterious distance hanging like a pall over the basalt cliffs?

We view monstrously high domes of churches and dwelling houses, immense and multitudinous. There is no end to the place, for we see it not from where it starts. Lustrous shimmer and gluing paints (to glue your Memory and haunt you when you leave the cursed spot!) A noise, a din we hear afar and think we're approaching a merry fair. We hear the clatter on the hard walks that reechoes with palpitating throbs in the listener's heart.

What magic is in thee, Crowned city? What god created they visible splendor that grips the will of Man who sees they apparent misery and neglectedness? What supernature adhered to thee and gave thee they most marvellous tunes to croon the song the Village wot not of? In the throes of night a birth is begun. In the wake of day life strays. Onward and onward they go,--they, of the City, who are cursed with joy (Not melancholy bred by two orphan lanes!); the moon's light outdone by their own (the Village calls it artificial); their gladness is not born with the homecoming of the cattle (the Village calls their gladness sinful). And side by side their spirits fight: the City with its overactive glare, seductive light, the Village with its somnolent self-satisfactory melancholy Ah! a vision as cleft and at odd as any eye beheld. A fight worthy of Homeric sketching.

And who shall remain the victor? Is the Village going to coordinate and be crowned into a City, or the City spires lower their pride and look as if Fate played with them a gambling Game? The virile magic of the City, where together, all are asunder, where hundreds of lives in one single tenement have nought in common but their misery, their being. The melanchol isolation of the Village where yards and foot-wide is the distance from hut to hut, yet where people live side by side, heart by heart.

Joy, joy, the sun is up and wakes to live and drink the smile of Nature's whimsical appearance. In drab clothes of coarsely worked cotton that decries the villager, a man does the work allotted to him by his masterful joy-giver, Day.. Now and then he bends over the edge of the precipice and shamefacedly leers at the unseen tracks on the road that lies unwrapped before him in the sun's crimson maze. With throbbing heart he fervently dreams of the loud things told about the City. How splendid, formidable it must be! how loathsomely interesting! How different though, how different!

He wonders: Are maidens there, in gay garments arrayed, suffering in warmth of lips that offer them kisses (and perspiring heat)? Are there? Do they look like those fairies he read about in wonder-books? are there elves who give their heart-greetings and bring the most beautiful flowers to them and bow down to their feet?

Thought is not cautious, after all. The more so, on a Village lawn. It disappears and hides in the willows, till it finds a warm heart-nook to nestle in. Like a dreamy bird, it knows not what is a village, what is a city. It flits away, and flits and flits, and stumbles...tut...tut...It falls into the heart of a dream that wove itself into the heart of a fairy that lived in the very heart of the city.

COARSE JINGLE

Higher than the highest mountain,
Deeper than the deepest fountain, °
Richer than the richest thing, °°
Sweeter than a bird can sing;

Poorer than the poorest thief,
Bitter as a bitter grief, °°°
Shallow as a village brook, °°°°
Lower than the lowest crook--°°°°°

Finest luck and ill omen,
That's the heart of every man!°°°°°°°

- - - - -

° by which the author proves himself to be ignorant, for the opposite is true of fountains;

°° "Richest thing" admittedly, hence nothing to appear "richer"----
metaphor dangerous;

°°° mark belonging to line five: vide footnote °°;

°°°° comparison highly probable, shallow nevertheless;

°°°°° psychologically disingenuous, literally--vulgar gab;

°°°°°° nothing to add apart from a serious nod in the author's direction
that the result in the form of a poem, as a whole, is quite
wide-eyed and disheartening. CAVE!

REPENTANCE
cycle

" . . . There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his
throne
Where light and darkness in perpetual
round
Lodge and dislodge by turn..."
(Paradise Lost, book IV)

*
Your silence gnaws at my heart,
for it seems to me my last letter
cut the golden thread of our relationship
and deprived me of your friendship dear.

the letter-box: sphinx
And so, I pass it hopeless, hopeless.
It looks so gloomy, so silent
and formidable---
And when convince myself I want to
whether there is the looked-for writing
I turn the key: repulsive bareness
stares ghastly therefrom!
It was, once, the altar of my worship--
A curse-pit now it is.

solitude: doubts
Did she misunderstand? How could so pure
a soul like hers misunderstand?
And oftentimes I am not quite so sure
That the harassment of my own hand
is not the product.-- No price would be dear to cure
the heart by cruel letter rent.

hope
The frenzy shall pass
and the blues
shall be swept
by dark Lethe's stream,
for Friendship is not caprice.
Like gorgeous Love,
her precious Mate,
she has her roots
deep in Eternity.
Would you, the past annihilating,
thrust your hand into mine,
thrust trustingly?

repentance, cycle 2

recollections: love

The finest specimen of womankind
she was; accomplished, as no one
I ever laid my eyes upon,
I ever set my heart upon!
My mind was blurred one horrid day...and then...
I shed the sword from my poisonous soul
and my affection's child have slain.
Restore her love? I thought it vain.
My mind was seized by a violent lull.
Yet soon I sobered. My life became dry
and threatened extinguish anon.
Love was extinct. I was Fate's pawn.
Love is the mystery great I live by.
If I had stretched my hand to ask of her
forget the insult, she'd forget?
I loved her then, as I do yet.
Still, my pride forbade me to think of it e'er.
O how deeply it I regret.

recurrence: friendship

I plead not guilty.
I say but this, that there, at least
(I dare not falter),
as much is of my own wrong
as yours. Why!
And you committed it quite reluctantly.
O love it should be stainless
must be partly dozed with friendship;
and so is friendship:
to be the perfect medium, keen,
must needs contain love elements.
Both advance with paces alike:
they slow and dreamy
come first, like Aurora in the morning;
their happiness too
comes with magnificence at noon;
both plaintive and restive
become at their close.
For lo! Such is
the end of earthly Romance.

repentance, cycle 3

*

Life gleams upon our shadows gray
with beauty of the sun-rays.
This but prevails with us one day,
the next day its nature sways.
Till there awake another May.
In foolish paths the mind strays:
has bliss now come for long to stay?

THE JEWEL STAIR'S GRIEVANCE

(to Rihaku & Ezra Pound,
apologetically)

Rub me
Swab me
Gentlest Scrublady
For I'm muddy
and being assaulted
alldaylong
by unclean footwear.

(Note:--From the sociological point
of view the scrubwoman IS THE MOST
IMPORTANT thing in the Jewel Stair's
Grievance.)

A FLY LEAF INSCRIPTION ON AN ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE

A stately Proem
I shan't indite on your graduation day.
But as a Jewel,
as any of my humble gift, I pray,
your life not cruel,
but mild and crystal clear
as a sunny day
should be a poem.

ROSARY

God lost His Strength since we know

He dwells in heaven:

He h a s His charms, t h o u g h.

7

SIMPLES

From every angle of thought, observing Life-at-large,
it is amusing how some things appear wellnigh---
Into Paradise one may gain Entrance free-of-charge
yet into Hell Admission IS SO HIGH.

FRAGMENTS OF THE WHOLE

I

. . . passing of moody clouds

* neath skies;

ruffled wavelets of the ocean;

azure jade

colorless:

elements all of "I"

Infinite.

You

sound dimpled creature

in a painted shell;

loveliest

and most perfect

of all imperfections.

There is no limit to the spheres

I may transmit you into

in my chaotic love-buoyancy.

They

there's not my own reflection there

nor does it mirror you.

It is what I might perhaps have been

and you could never be.

THUS LIKE EVER

What have we spoken of
yesterday
walking in sunshine
(I do not remember the stars,
I do remember the long walk
and you
and the light--
you in the center)
To the right of Peggy's,
to the left?

We clothed in dazzling symbols
a certain day in August
a certain Saturday morning,
(the last one precisely)
certain two shrivelled up people
in a remote Russian village,
 peering
as I helped you
under some stencils of my youth,
your relations and mine,
all all inconsequential,
all all of importance
and none.

QUATRAIN

Here's a group for a still-life that looks
to me like the best you could gather:
some withered flowers in a roomful of books
three straw hats, one felt hat, a sweater.

GROTESQUE

I loved Marianna first
for she was big & stout

I loved Tatiana then
for Masha had the gout

I love Varvara now
for she resembles both

7

✓
TEMPORA MOTANTOR

It is but common after all
before the priest the "doves" unites
by what's known as marital rites
"you be my queen, and I, your thrall!"
he promises, and an oath gives
to cherish her as long he lives.

Things soon assume a different turn;
love's ashes buried in an urn,
for after a little while, when
due to their matrimonial scorn,
off the pledges, and the oath seems worn,
he, the lord, and she his slave is then.

A LA MODE

Faces, as if they're on exhibition:
studied movements, "studied" looks;
under the arm "Vogue's" latest edition
or Miss Brickbat's "Phantom Spooks."

X

The lights are out again, and dark it is but for a second. Then Act Two heats up. At first, a spark of pity, and then, True Love seems to prepossess the beaknosed gent, when the lady, weeping unesthetically does her case before him redress. He seems to understand & joyously he promises to care for her until his days' end. And--- There!--- behold, with graceful tact, The Second too adjourns Act.

(I thought the "piece" humbug, at first:
"it isn't true to life,"
was my view of it.
Well, well, for better or worse,
when unto myself a wife
I wedded (my neighbor fair), then ~~pre~~
in an eternal swabbing ^{pretty soon,} swoon,
I too began to "rough it."

2008

The speaker,
a cheerful little fellow,
blasts 'em, damns 'em.
Some talk, some jeer, some laugh,
and he must listen to his own
arguments--the speaker has.

Each time he makes a move,
a gesture,
he shows more effectively
the threaded elbows of his
invalid coat than "why war,
"capitalism and suchlike rubbish
"be thrown on the scrapheap."
Some giggle, some sneer,
but very few listen
to his "convictions".
Larger grows the crowd
about the place,
tighter still.

A "husky" with the looks
of an unmuzzled dog
points his blackish scarred thumb
at the Speaker:
a Question.
(And ^{one'd} ~~he'll~~ never suspect the guy
to hold doubts concerning anything
w h a t s o e v e r.

Some are mouthing foul words,
others chew in stupid staring,
none listens to the Speaker's "Answer".
The "husky" takes in with buttered eyes
a damsel-shape at the curb.
A brown Packard raises thin dust
and leaves behind gas-putridity.
The "speaker"
gives up the attempt to outvoice
the clang of a passing trolley.
Now he ^{cites} ~~tells~~ a joke
from the latest issue of "Everybody"
or some other fount of wisdom,
or quotes a "Silly Sonnet."

Some rave,
some rage,
some leave,
but fresh 'uns fill their places.
It seems like a small battlefield
where fallen fodder
is constantly replaced by fresh stock.
Thru an eye of that colossal world
as yet unnamed among the constellation
of the Void above,
the graceful high seat
of disgraceful bunk
and low bankers,
peers out the grim eye
of a dourfaced clerk
with an artistically contrived
freshness of complexion,
or
the polished dome
of a belleid philanthropist
whose hobby is yellow shining metal
and whose main purpose
on this sinful doleful planet
is
to gather food for worms.

The human stock
crowds the Avenue,
fizzles out, fills in,
widens, thins,
grows short and lenghtens
with the cop calling:
"Don't block! Pass on!"

omit

*Egemen title
under title
Refined day - improve
next article*

Heavy clouds above the woods
like sombre drapes about a stout widow in mourning.
Silent the night. Only at times
A shrill rustling sound
breaks forth like the heave of a breast
presaging in its respiratory rumbles
resignation to a loud doom.

The mountain tops pour tears into the lap of lawn.
They turn into dewdrops after a gentle breeze's caress.
A gold voiced thrush
sheds sweetly into the delicate air
a song,
a prayer; a
canticle to Day.

Egemen

NOCTURN

They havent arrived- the diggers of the graves-
as yet.
Under cover of Night's dark sweep
they hurry- the beloved knaves
while to God I pray-
before Him kneel and weep
His stern heart to sway

and meantime I forget
I forget.

Every blade of grass the diggers of the graves
hide from eyes;
every spear- bedaubed with gold
of yellowy regret.
With paralysed surprise
longing birds roll down like waves
and up within my heart- my main mold

so meantime I forget
I forget.

POEM (Egcemen
under title
Ketskël Berg-

Catskill Mts.

Heavy clouds above the woods
like sombre drapes about a stout widow in mourning
Silent the night. Only at times
A shrill rustling sound
breaks forth like the heave of a breast
presaging in its respiratory rumbles
resignation to a loud doom.

The mountain tops pour tears into the lap of dawn.
They turn into dewdrops after a gentle breeze's caress.
A gold voiced thrush
sheds sweetly into the delicate air
a song,
a prayer; a
canticle to Day.

MOONING

come moon

across with your lotuspalm

moon

that is your delicate foot moon

that is your frigid nightkissed heart moon

Who are you moon

to gaze at me

with illconcealed contempt from above?

you peering stealthily

into the night

lending yourself

to grave thoughts

auspiciously sombre deeds

moon?

What am I moon

to snub you moon?

Come moon

to the deserted nightbench

and like a pair of larkhour nightbirds

let's forget ourselves in an embrace

of coolsweated lust

and then hypercritically pious

let's chat, rest and pray

O moon

with your lotuspalm

moon

with your palegrave eye moon

I will melt your barecold heart moon

won't you be my mistress

m o o n

*Egoism
under the
Kissed
Leaves*

ORIENTALS

Eanis

laved in the piquant incense of chrysanthemums.

Pitchy hair

arranged in heavy braids

fastened by a cerulean ivory-carved comb.

A supple citrine body

like a ripe succulent pear

arrayed in beryl silks monstrosously fashioned.

Two puny tots

like two exotic young cacti

vested in apricot colored sandals.

Bluish

dulcet wind in the orchard

romping in the purple of a fifth-month morning.

The Jewel Stair's Grievance

to Rihaku & Ezra Pound,
apologetically

Rub me

Swab me

Gentlest Scrublad

For I'm muddy

and being assaulted

alldaylong

by unclean footwear.

(Note:-- From the sociological point of view the
scrubwoman IS THE MOST IMPORTANT thing
in the Jewel Stair's Grievance.)

JOYCE'S "PORTRAIT": impression

Crisp brown study
in the setting of a frame
ruggedly tilting.

To those reft of sensitiveness
a bleak dead noise;
a living muse
to the ear of the initiate.

The ascetic ash color
uncovers the scalded jasmine
and pestering soil
becomes strangely reminiscent--

soothing.

A tender feature:
despondent of life
yet sensing the joy of glad living.

THE DANCERS

Let them dance
not parting from the ground.

You see:
there's danger in flying up:

they may decide some day
ne'er to return
(leaving us here
like burdensome waifs- alone)

flying up
to God.

*✓ Examen
under title
Michel Schmitz*

INJUNCTION

My heart is no talkative instrument
no tiresome telltale teller
yet nudges my lips
to go in search of yours.

My heart shies at embraces
yet commissions my arms
to collect the ecstatic touch of yours.

My heart is a timorous purveyor of words
and makes my tongue itch with the flame
of a scarlet pyre wherein your form is limned
in sheerest asbestos.

Thus my heart, in coy muteness,
lives with the gorgeous diversion
of the touch of your lips and arms.

Thus your heart is hereby bidden
to court no evasions.

173 5835

REFLECTION

Years ago I've printed
these fugitive lines:
"Cry your eyes out in a laugh,
"Live your soul out in a dream."

T h a t must have been anticipating
your coming to me--

Nearer O Nearer my Evvie to thee.

REFLECTION

Years ago I've printed

these fugitive lines:

"Cry your eyes out in a laugh,

"Live your soul out in a dream."

That must have been anticipating

your coming to me --

Nearer O Nearer my Evvie to thee.

55 3 02083/02

* * *

In my room yesterday
 there stood revealed to us
 the life of a soul
 short lived-- to what goal?--
 like that of a flower in may
 blossoming forth in a sunward scent.

Close of day for the flower
 surcease of life in the offing.

Not altogether inappropriately^e
 we ambled out of the valley
 of a beautiful life into
 a belligerent path of philosophy.

But what has come to pass
 in my room yesterday,
 as upon any indoor outdoor occasion
 was but a bar in a coda
 muffled like the precious sound
 of strings under a surd

Prelude and interlude in our souls
 directing us blindly sunward--

This,
 our midday,
 beams shooting vertically
 equidistant from sunrise and sunset.

p 53
 Protectors
 had fun musing

ARGUMENT

She: "We'll see when the test will
face you..."
He: "It's facing ^{me} and you all
along..."

Your words have sunk into my midnight walk
and scourged my curiosity with amusing speculations--
--T E S T?--the word baffling like a stranger,
like a base tune escaping from a magic entertainer's lips...

P34
Protgenics

TEST ?, what t e s t , whatinhell of a test is needed?
does one proffer on credit? Is the other dealing
in sterling currency? Doesn't one rather give and take heedlessly?
What luck befall one to get more, yield less?

No. There had been rain. A foul gust
of wind. Reference to a Commune. . . the last,
aborted for a reason that
is no reason at all. . . T E S T ?

Neither have your lips uttered the word
one finds in an encyclopedia of calculation,
nor have my ears been assailed
by its sullēn combinative symbol.

176 2835

CODA

...and Boris v i a Chaliapin
seemed so completely beautiful
so satisfyingly divine
for no other reason than
that your sighs of wonderment
filled the humid void about me
and the palpitations of your heart
hung exquisitely on the quiverings
of my every single nerve.

P58
Protgenics

JULY NOTES

Prologue P 55

1

Already
the blossoms have turned
into fruitage.

So even
is our love vintage,
the ample fruition of our life,
ripe.

2

Wherever art thou?
cajoled by frail conditions
in a vaulted enclosure with walled charts
of subordinate flattened knowledge?
In a wayside tarhut
so far in point of space,
near in the sense of spirit?

Nowheres.

I find you blueprinted
In the exuberant chaos of my soul.

P 56 Prologue

3

S. is a puny little town
where trains leave at irregular hours,
flat and slow as any country down:
to me, it's one of Eden's very bowers.

476, 5834

NOTE

I have the prunes, the lemon,
coffee, eggs and bread--
O I wish to Heaven
I had y o u instead.

Yet don't despair, my darlint,
the devil not for long shall mock:
I shan't fail to show up,
the latest, say--at ten o'clock.

59 '5 08083/000

1

Beauty simmers in the latter morning
of your life to goldtwist shadows.
Your hands are swiftmoving roes
hurling defiance at the face of Despair.
Your face matted by burnished strands of hair
like a mystic oasis in a twilit desert thicket.

You are the elixir nourishing me
to all purposes of significant existence
with painful celerity and burdens of joy.

2

Now do I know why your head is lowered
whene'er our paces re-echo alongside each other:
your head, like Eden-grapes a cluster,
whelmed by its sweet contents
in the white heat of the Sun.

It is your eternal moment of Prayer.

During that single moment
you gambol and race thru our lives' span.
When you emerge again,
your lips me-wards, I am pervaded
by the chill Infinity has sealed them with.

P. 54 Prologue

172 503'8

[816 115 31]

58

YERCOX

POEM

Now we're suspended over the precipice
 of our battered visions
 querrying: when shall we claim the residue
 of life and the fullness thereof?

the residue allotted us?

The bog with its foggy envelopment
 has reached the midway of exhaust.

"Finis" is looming on a strange horizon .

Love, pale lamb, is grazing
 the sweet pasturage of our emotions.

Forsooth, there is plenty of marring
 till your return day blossom;
 hereafter it behooves us
 to give some thoughtful admonishment
 and soothing ministrations

to our loving selves
 overrun with carrion
 callousing the edges of our joyfulness.

Love, white lamb, is giddy with
 the sweetness of our emotions.

So even shall you prance
 in the magnificent gait
 of your young feet;
 so even will the solidity
 of my unbashful age recoil
 in the advent of our love divinity
 when spellbound our gaze entwine us.

So even will our sweet emotions
 taste like wine
 on the lips of the holy lamb Love.

*Protzger's P. 57.
 Lied für Semster
 im gewöhnlichen Aufzuge*

ACROSTICS

175

1

Even at dusk when you await me
 Vultures leap up nibbling elegiac candy.
 Even the smooth rails beneath the carwheels
 Leap up whipping my eyes with jaded expectancy.
 You--there at the end: a gold dust speck
 Centralizing impatient travel into a lifesaving act.

Eros yields me the first letter of your name.
 Venus, she of the bulkier hips, the second.
 Venus has come to me with your coming--
 The gods, I poor frump doubling up for Eros.

Earning, as I am trying to, my laurels
 Vulnerable tho such work be to a poet)
 Enveloping my love in anagramic poems--

Ergo, there's no praise for me in the sonorous groves of Olympus
 Valiantly tho I indite each line.
 And the Muses scream with my in-a-way predatory exercises.

Chance, blind, unobtrusive,
 Has placed you on the Identification Index
 As a jewess. Thus your name
 Varies with the scale of the diapason.
 Even as your name, now in your race's language,
 Love that is yours be enriched with a multiple of tints
 Endlessly varied, like those of the spectrum.

Long ago I've fed my lips with the reverberations of its sound
 Yet never has it graced the top of a letter.
 Now I atone for neglecting to employ my own invention.

Evelyn Evvy Eve Eva Chavele Lyn
 Musical substance all of it
 Let the rest be mere poetic din.

QUATRAIN

Here 's a group for a still-life that looks
to me like the best you could gather:
some withered flowers in a roomful of books
three straw hats, one felt hat, a sweater.

177

563'8

SONG

Prologue P 59

Sweet, sweet are you, my beautiful maiden,
sweet as the first shoots of rye;
heed not that your heart is sorrowladen
presently: the end of your grief is wellnigh,

yea, verily, the end of your grief is wellnigh
tho your heart, for the time, ~~be~~ sorrowladen.

Sweet as, nay, sweeter than the first shoots of rye,
much sweeter than that is my beautiful maiden.

THREE POEMS

1.

nor poppy

roses in bloom, nor mandragora

can heal a heart - monsoon.

my friend ye delicate girl

ah!

I - a tender Ukrainian babyboy

and you - a westernsoil zinnia

'cause of my plaint against fishfaces

and your constant veering to things Russian

I j u s t h a d t o in the face of

all conversational repercussions

kick o'er the traces

of a confectioned love, my powdered nose

in withered bloom - no rose

2. Fly, Horse & Crane

they traffic in motion

healthy mechanics all:

on paper, in space, of air

what of it if Sainte-Beuve

o'erlooked them in his 'Causerie Lundi'?

(with one exception they are all in 'The Cid')

P. 29
Prozemes
Liebe Lektur

210, 513'f

P. 59 Egoemen
89 Prozemes
Fly, Erd un Storch

Three Poems (continued)

2 (continued)

in a village stable
at the well, and on flypaper
on the windowsill

to complete a construction:
the bulky beast wards off
the stingers of a hot noon

bending his neck sidewise
toward the bucketlifter
tee-dee-dee dum-tee-dee

the Day yawns
in answer to the music
pouting its snlips

3. C a v a l e r i a
U r b a n a

he walks up Fifth Avenue
ogling manikins
feels spiritless
in front of a doggery

spacebound
by a Cooktour window
deplores that cantilevers
go out of fashion

211 583 15

P. 90 Egoemen
P. 90 Protyesies

Three Poems (continued)

3 (continued)

with the latest structures

(why, Mozart sounds uglily robust

in Carnegie Hall because of

that drugstore sidekick)

If all the glories of the world were
Of the past,
Past were self-sufficient. But, there,
Like the unwinding of a river's stream
Defines not all the beauties of the river—
Each and every stream joining in the course of waterflow
Is a new beauty joined, a salient color,
An individual direction of current,
A slant on fresh water-life pullulating
Through the liquid veins. And there is
A glory too, a new glory. And from the start
I must avow— dragging in unpoetically,
Remote even from early Victorian—
Comparisons, similes, and bargained half-truths.

For all life is such, and out of its connubial loins
Wonder springs. Thus life becomes
A marvel, an ancient golden shekel
Priceless in the connoisseur's value,
A rainbow poised in a summer forenoon
After sparkling rain deluged the crevices
Of cliffs and torrents drenched
The grassplots and valleys; a glamorous appearance
Of anything whose manifestation
Renders erstwhile chaos into miraculous order,
Or dull order played on the keyboard of manifold chaos.

For all life is such, and to reiterate,
But slightly add to its value:
To emphasize points whose shaky categories
Have become somewhat obtuse by the abuse
Of language and thought, where meaning
Edges in between roses that bloom celestially forever
And our affairs' significance forfeiting its soul therewith.

For all life is such: miraculous and staid,
Serene and allusive, trundling unfashionably in tatters,
And in regal habiliments arrayed.

I, impersonal master of life at one moment
And overconscious slave of it mostly,
Regnant in my poor health, tormented
Chiefly by the ironic obsequies
Over my seconds dying, minutes dying,
Weeks and months evaporating unresistingly
From every pore, breath, and heave—

I, misinformed dullard, acting
In the immortal Bard's representation
Of 'the world as a stage,'
Mannikin in life's impotent puppet-show,
Swaying reed-like in the breeze,
Braying asses' affirmations to the lightness
Of the load and approval of the fodder—

I, tiny tragic bubble, waywardly
Thrown upon the mercies of causal destiny,
Halting, stuttering, abashed,
Rejoicing, lachrymose,
Serene and bitter in one shaking—

I, chief exultant dominie
Of a religion become inept
By its souring dubious divinity concept,
Beast of burden, a burden heavy
With the yoke of bars sinister, with fear
In my bloodshot eyes that traces out its victim's path,
Inured to silences gnawing my tranquility—

I, the man, am shaken in my strength,
Am windward given my retracings
Of those 'sanctuaries' presentations
My parents indited in the elation of their blood.

But all the glories of the world are not
Of the Past. "Past?"—Where and when have I
First heard or mischievously conceived the word?
Has it a meaning apart from ME,
Apart from my goings, uncertain as my comings,
My thoughts—the lightning in my mind,
Apart from those grave slender salutations
Of my blood funneling recoilingly in my veins?
Where does that bitter—to me almost barren—
Conception of PAST take root from?
Was there ever a Past besides, outside ME?
What are its magic effects upon me, if any?
Whom has it subdued, and what were its rules?
Am I inured to it? Is my finger, coiled round this pen,
Shaped to gratify any of its basic whims?
The hand traversing this sheet—
Not formed, malformed, unformed
To gratify a time-atom of Past's
compost?

There are vestiges of certain 'living' truths.
 With indispensable corollaries in attitudinizing science
 About the entire question, I know,
 I know all those discursive, factually arguable reasons.
 Yet this not only do I know, but feel
 Synchronously coursing to and fro
 In all vessels, convolutions, shifts and clefts—
 All base metal not specified yet contained:
 My so-called sense of justice, right,
 Honor, beauty, will and energy,
 Fitness, propriety and all pertaining to it—
 This I sense in knowing: *Past is something*
Related to fairy-tales, detailed in charts
Discovered by sages sequestered in periodic throes of ages,
Whose glory maintains gathered handfuls of human dust,
Exhibited in museums, libraries, and mausoleums,
Parthenons, cathedrals, and ancient living abodes.

Yet I, the one, the other, and following
 Above at random enumerated,
 Revolt against the knowledge, the feel of it,
 Am not of it, much less IT.

I, uncorralled vicissitude released in a passionate elation,
 Erect my Past on stone that will crumble,
 Have garnered sea-shells of immemorial seas,
 And chips of eternal rock,
 Sulphur for macadam roads, made easy of access—
 To build my dream-life, and dare to kill my dream.

So pridefully do I affirm my daring,
 For my desire is mainly life *as is*,
 Not to link up a broken chain
 Mangled and contorted by the Primeval
 For my vitality to rise to a bursting point
 In a body that senses no Past,
 Believing with me in the dissolution of the weak link.

For linking ourselves to Past,
 Someone's Past, has commonly been hailed
 To have in mind the Future.
 To us there are glories in the *Now*
 Which is ours. For rivers sing the life
 Of their present streams, their murmuring precipitation
 Over sea-weeds, sea-shells, and trout
 Is their NOW. *Now* is the cognomen of skies in the
 void of blue.
Now the snowstorm chants its infuriating wintry songs.
 Now the hoary road swallows motoring vehicles
 Whose destiny is speed from nowhere
 Into nowhere. *Now* is the view a thousand-carat jewel
 Whose setting is a sun freshly eclipsing the moon.
 Now there is NOW and *Now*.

Neither all the haloes of the Past,
 Nor those emerging with the Future,
 Dlm the *now*, wherein we sit on a cushioned green chaise
 Locked mouth to mouth, and bodies, side to side,
 With tongue itching in pleasure's cheek,
 Enthralled in all that *now*: We shall retire
 In love and bemused care for each other
 In the NOW,
 And then, which shall turn into now
 Arise bathed in night's dream-pleasures
 To greet a newly risen sun.

EXIT OLD WORLD MUSES

Vormung tzu di Uraltz
Muzent. fragment

After reading a deciphering
of an old Egyptian wax-tablet
by Prof. Herman Diels.

You
dead souls who are not dead
for you have never been living,
strange and falsely conceived birds of Parhassus
who by their "ragging" drove a multitude of people
out of their senses
and made them find final refuge
in the abhorrent mire of Bacchus
or in the greasy arms
of lustily glorified courtezans,--
listen,
all of you:

Poseidippos,
that meek-spirited son of Thebes
who is said to have served you,
who bragged a lot of lies about you
and who, as it were, out of sheer idleness
spread your fame with the skilled zeal
of a modern well-paid advertising agent,--
Poseidippos, I say, is dead.

There are no more
"golden tablets of age"
to inscroll your glorious non-existence
and you may rest
perched high upon your mythical cliffs,
celestial heights scaffolded by
ecstatic poetic exaggeration.

you
spinster-daughters of Helicon
do not dare come out here
in your ancient rheumatic age
with aching bodies
and worn bodices!

Your younger sisters-in-spirit
are in their 'teens
and quite beautiful!

Yiddish Version
In Lich 1923
© Velvel Gorkh P. 17
1955

And even tho sometime
 they seem vain and somewhat inane,
 they yet possess the undeniable charms
 of vigorous full-blooded youth
 and rekindle a half-closed half-dead eye
 and set aflame an ashen heart
 and make an Hercules out of a weakling
 with the aid of
 a Physical Culture acrobat!

The voice of your old-fashioned Master
 is no more.

Like yourselves, your Master never w a s anything
 but a shameful dream
 of brooding idlers!

Your first most zealous worshippers,
 the sentimental weak-legged East,
 the yeast of our Earth,
 yea, even they, those inhabitants
 of the of-old-sung Asiatic shores
 trouble themselves no more about Olympus
 as they wouldn't about anything else
 which is hidden
 and promised
 and never granted.

Why, they nurse not the least suspicion
 that there ever w a s an Olympus.

You, therefor, dead souls that have never lived
 but were so touchingly spoken of by
 greyhaired whitebearded silverwhiskered
 sages and gentlemen of the eighth estate
 whose business was to get overexcited with the mob
 and become inspired by you,--
 You, I therefor say,
 Remain
 where you have not been
 or anywhere else wherever you cannot be :
 for you are N O T!

МАЯКОВЩИНО

1. "Скажика-ка, дядя, ведь-же был ты
На вечере, когда поэты
Разбиты были в прах?
Когда под лязг и визг Лефмузы
Наш Маяковский вещим грузом
В "Центральном Оперы Гаузе"
Свершил победный стяг?"
2. - Ну-ж, времячко было тогда-то,
Когда в искусство фальши гнета,
Как Данте, Мильтона и Гете
Стрелялся наш вещист!
Такие подносились ~~жества~~
Служкам "искусства для искусства",
Что буржуазного беспутства
Издых последний глист!
3. - Читал-ты-ж "Знание" и "Вехи"
Допролетарской эпохи --
Ну, кто там мастер -- Блок?
Есенин славу нам пророчит,
Сивуху дуют, "жид" гогочет
И смастерит, как то наскучит,
Отборных сколько строк!
4. - Асеев стих настрочит кстати
О пахнущем рабочем поте,
И будет Русь горда!
Но "те" галдят: "а что с Шекспирем?
~~Как-дело обстоит там с "Лиром"~~? "
Лже-поклоняется кумирам
Буржуйная орда!
5. - Бодлер? Ките? - Контр-революционеры!
Поэты? Нет, лишь лицемеры,
Подкуплены деньгой!
Соски плакатов не писали,
Про солнце и луну зря ввали
И сплошь да рядом торговали
Своей эротикой!
6. - За Русь отнюдь не ратовали,
О пролетариата умолчали,
Цвет красный даж не отличали
От всех иных цветов!
Цвет черный в их стихах праотчих
Ты встретишь чаще: в волнах, ночи,
В глазах, душе и многом прочем -
Удел их черн таков!

16. 7. 1925

7. - Из них да разве кто в воззвании
Отказывался от влияния
Сверхчеловека, -- кто?
И кто-же с зоркостью Лефиста
В поэме мощной трубочиста
Изобличал капиталиста
И умерщвил его?
8. - Поэт такой вот правоверный,
И коминтерный, и матерный,
Наш Маяковский ведь!
Забасит как: "Товарищ, в битву!"
Как в церкви дьякона молитка,
Иль как побриться острой бритвой,
Иль звуковая медь!
9. - А как взорвал он "Штаты" бомбой
В своей поэме о Колумбе,
Прибыв в страну лишь днесь.
Задору дивились поэта
Соединенных люди Штатов
Как быстро в "блофе" супостата
Поэт облекся весь!
10. - Да разве в "Штатах", там то знают?
Рабов страна, а прозывают
"Наилучшей из систем".
Не пробил голубь там неделю,
Свой рот разинув еле-еле,
Как Маяковщину там съели
С корой и корнями - совсем!
11. - Там, видишь, жил да был поры той
Редакторишко что в корыте
Советском плескался тогда.
Субъект вот этот, Эпштейн Шажно
Кой-бы в неведеньи зачахнул
Кабы не Ленин, Врангель, Махно,
Был шельма голова!
12. Посредством он своей газеты
Созвал толпу, меж ним поэты
Библейской расы все,
/Из, то-есть, жидовства/.
В экстазе те с ума сходили
От каждой ерунды и гнили
И рукоплескали и выли
В угарной кутерьме
Тошнотное "ура"!

/ "Маяковщина" /.

13. - А это племя, понимаешь,
Ты, как его не порицаешь,
Хоть палками прибей, -
Народит изменных Шахмашек
Поклонников нет у них стешей,
Певцу-ж нагадит он в излишек
Хоть истый соловей!
14. Путем таким вот, друг мой милый,
Отпеты стали, стали хилы
Буржуйные певцы.
Сперва Шахно, а там Шахишки,
На всякий лад пролеткультишки
Восбояси поплелись парнишки
В тот вечер все Лефцы.
15. И сгнули все те, кто слыли
"Эстетамы", успешно были
Разбиты в пух и прах
Когда под лязг и визг Лефмузы
Наш Маяковский вешим грузом
В "Центральном Оперы Гаузе"
Свершил победный стят.

PAEAN 1

This is a paean in the name of my Evvie
whose virtues are more numerous than Ziegfeld's a bevy;
whoever would deny it is merely a navvy.

The lady's not slim, she's neither too plump;
she has on her lip a skeeter's bite-bump.
She's the cause of my joys and despairs in a lump.

Now, how has't happened as happen it did,
how came I to crosstrack the lovable kid?
I shall see if I can make a clean breast of it.

'Twas last summer, a summer damful of irritation;
I lived thru a period of mental stagnation
when in 'squito-ridden N.J. I've won me salvation;

in a nook where idealists commingle with fools,
where landsharks are slowly finding their tools,
nearby a vicinage where the treble "K" rules,

I've found a sapling that gave me a thrill,
who caused my forgetting the momentary ill,
who signed for my future a release, a clean bill.

PARAN 2

(The last mentioned subject has in nowise to do
with certain two bills, ten-spotters, I drew
from her whom I've ardently gone in to woo.)

'Twas veni and vidi; my heart got a twist
when that dear apparition I beheld in a mist,
and I felt that my lovemill will have her for grist,

tho not to grind her, Heaven forbid,
rather turn into a miller the godsent kid;
thus I dared for her heart to make me a bid.

She made me, as the song sings, what I am today,
and but what I am I shall be alway,
Forever and ever, Anon and for aye.

I loved her e'en then when I least was suspecting
(the case that preceded, it was merely acting),
on that score I never will do any retracting.

I loved her when we went to the farmer for corn,
for lettuce and fruit on a hot sunday morn;
she made me feel happy as a babe newborn.

PAEAN 3

I loved to escort her from Hunter college
where she had been gaining some painting knowledge--
(what the deuce will alter rhyme with knowledge and college?)

I love her in silence, ditto, when talking,
in my room, at her home, on the street while walking,
when she's mild and sunny or doing the talking . . .

(The last isn't said with a view to reprove her.
Of course, I would rather that the blues she knew never,
But no matter H O W I would rather have her

to carress and to pet her, to kiss and to love,
with sunshine or mildness or talking enow--
I'll take the whole bunch and yeleft: treasure trove.)

Upon some occasion when Kreisler was fiddling
the joy she gave me was fair only to middling;
out of likes we've been trying to do since some wheedling.

PABAN 4

How did I retaliate?

I solely restated the position of blessedly being related,
of our happy destiny to be forever mated.

We' ve weathered the storm again and again
and our loveseed would be yielding us grain
If we'd only entrust cataclysms to the brain.

My beautiful, lovely, my freckled li'l Eve,
I beg you, let nothing whate'er make you peeve.
A second of joy with you surmounts ages of grief.

I wanted to speak of love only, and spoke
of things that the byways of that very love evoke,
and I veered thru the story as Don Marquis' Old Soak.

PAEAN 5

This is the story, in short, of an elf
who's rather, unselfishly, in his thirties, myself;
and a witching naiad, and that is, herself.

And I shall praise god for my Evelyn Love
if he shower blessings 'pon her from above.
Right here, on Earth, I'll manage well enough

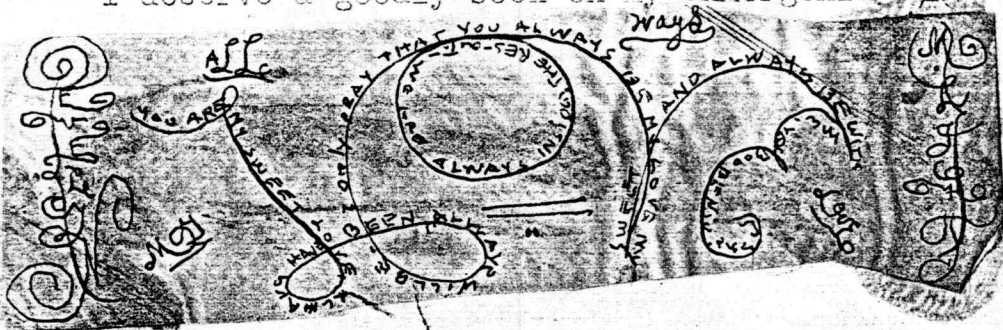
To
do
whatever
I
may
for
Evelyn Love
pretty

Who,
woe
to
me,
now
is
away
from
the
city.

I
shall
go
tonight
to
see
her

And read to her this silly little ditty.

Many Happy Returns of the Day
 Love to my Eubeniu
 All sweetness to my Liubeniu
 Who is mild as a Toibeniu
 And the apple of my Oigeniu
 May she live long long Longeniu
 Ne'er befall her any Wroingeniu
 I- foerever & aye her Stoogeniu
 Villain-I, she-ingenue
 But for forgetting the event this Morigeniu
 I deserve a goodly sock on my Shmorgeniu



Poem with a nickelsworth (albeit, yum-yum!) Piece
 of Chocolate

Here's a "milk-choc" pumpkin
 For my beloved sweet;
 My idol, she's my own kin: pussy & my lambkin
 I worship at her feet.

I hope this toothsome bit'll
 Make her feel so good
 That her lovely teeth'll

yum-yum now joyfully this tidbit food.

As to her tongue & palate,
 They'll surely relish it's taste;
 No fear that any of it
 Will wantonly go waste.

sweet

I hope that when your tummy'll
 Digest it sans delay,
 OUT, without a grumble,
 It wends it's happy way.

So here's to my tootsie-wootsie!
 To her eternal love I plight
 Who pampers her shmootzie-kootzie
 Morning, noon & night.

the chocolate-owl
Now take this luscious toothsome owl,
Unclawed, entirely unbeplumed;
It can't screech nor squeak, grunt nor growl
Yet may very nicely be consumed.

This pigeon of chocolate & milk,
A breed unknown to hunter & peasant--
It tittilates the touch like silk
But to palate is even still more pleasant.
It cannot startle, nor can it start
To wag it's tongue, so baleful & uncouth
But it shall melt your precious heart
By melting in your dear sweet mouth.

It can't be caught, nor can it capture;
It may not smite, nor must be smitten;
But will throw you into rapture

While being nibbled, munched & eaten.
Fear not that this savoury article
Will snarl or jab or kick or bite
While it juicily, part by particle,
Sweetens slowly you- inside.

(White milk & brown chocolate
Blended into a bird so queer
Surely deserve your accolade
And not a scorning "Bronxite cheer")

My love, I hope this candid owl
You do not skittishly disdain;
Let it, soothing, pry & prowl
In your intestinal domain.

And having served its prime intent
It justly, wisely, kind enough
Make gently room, for a samelike end,
For other relished candy stuff.

Bath-pan or Badpen Ditties

Think me not old-fashioned or supercilious
When I say that (most of) Jean Sibelius
Makes me feel far-from-slightly bilious.

On the other hand Roger Dukas (Dookah)
Ain't exactly a musical palookah.
And his queerly rhymed Sorcerer's Apprentice
Rates vastly more than a good G- d-- p---

But o you kiddow, angel-like Mozart,
The joy of my melifluous, fickle heart,
Your tones make my timbers extatically shiver
Whether I am well or all a-fever.

Says Hitler to Mussolini:

"You greasy un-Aryan guinea,
I wouldnt half to do
Noddink mit noddink mit you
If not for Blum the sheeny"

But thus to swine-Hit pig-Muss
Retorts in this friendly shmuss:

"If not for the stinko
Let loose by Franco
You couldna come near enough to kiss my tuss

Rockhill. Aug. 27, '45
Dear Dora (& to a great extent, Sid)

Most poets' verse is largely stencilled
And every rhymester wracks his brain
Whene'er a line is penned or pencilled--
Be not lazy, my muse: try and try again.

*

True, I find myself in a predicament
(To put it in a manner not too terse)
For dear cousin Dora she has w o n t
And cooked up a dish of snazzy verse.

*

She disklikes "Nes" and ditto "Rain"
And pleads with me to forgive her "joke".
Eh, whatch~~er~~ sayin'? Come again:
Are your dislikes shared by Sid, yer bloke?

*

So you're a dove, not a love-birdie?
You lay claim to not being Moore or Stein?
You mean you ain't Marriane nor Gertie?
That's nothin' ! Take me, I'm not Klein!

*

Yet, tho I'm not that famous guy
I'm a guy who's always "on the square"
And my motto shall be till the day I die
Chops & steaks--medium; liver--rare .

*

O why did you have to bring in borsht?
I much prefer kreplach, knishes, pie,
Salami, karnazlach, liver-wurst,
Varnitshkes, greeven, matzoh-brei.

*

But let's for a spell dismiss the "kishke".
How about the hitchike to our "datcheh"?
You ought to get here much sooner "pishkeh"
Than if you'd start your trip on a "kliatcheh".

*

A bus runs from Kingston to Rosendale.
It takes no time. You'll feel fresh & spiffy.
There the taximan Meyer you'll hail
Who'll bring you to us in a 7-mile jiffy.

*

We'd spend, let's hope, a nice sunny day,
Eat, drink; loll around; be jolly & gay.
Back you will wend the selfsame way.
So what do youse guys & guyess say?
(We'll stick around till Labor Day.)

*

It is 1 A.M. My eyes are red.
My head feels heavy. I'll shut up shop
And climb me into the warm bed
Where Evvie snoozes "geshmack, mit a chrop".

(She objects!)

She suddenly wakes from sleeping bliss.
I read to her this snappy bit of crap.
She opines: what could redeem all this
Would be some "latkes" or a chocolate frappe.
(What do you think?)

Before the years flit, and life's gone
I this solemn opportunity take
To pour praise and benison on
Our Mary's angelic cheesecake.

There's ever so many a variety
Of professional & private bake;
But I chant & intone, in all PIE-ty,
To Mary, plus diVINEst cheesecake.

Most pastries are gooey & a waste,
Promote heartburn, cause bellyache;
But none excels in flavorsome taste
A gob of our Mary's cheesecake.

What tooth hankers not for some sweets,
To bite into pie-crust a-flake?
My mouth waters when it meets
A hunk of Mary's cheesecake.

Pastry-firms of established renown--
Dugan, Schrafft, Sutter, Ward, Bond or Drake--
At all these disdainful I frown
While munching our Mary's Cheesecake.

At a Bar-mitzvah, Ben-sucher or Brith,
A christening, wedding or Wake--
No dainty, no toothsome tidbit
Can compare with Mary's cheesecake.

Is it tea, coffee, cocoa or spirits
You imbibe your thirst to slake?
No dessert your attention well merits
Save Mary's Elysian cheesecake.

No matter if humble or mighty,
Fast asleep or wide awake,
You cannot become highty-tighty
Unless you partook of Mary's cheesecake.

And whether you're haughty & proud
Or in misfortune shiver & shake,
Are quiet, mezzo-voce or loud--
Your best bet is Mary's cheesecake.

If you are the genuine article,
Or more often- a fraud & a fake --
It matters no whit of a particle:
Your teeth's meat is Mary's cheesecake.

Like Mairzy Doats to a Mozart aria,
Like maggoty meat to a prime juicy steak,
So each cake & pie's a mere pariah
Alongside Mary's patrician cheesecake.

What joy unalloyed to hike in the woods;
 To paddle a canoe on a summer's smooth lake;
 But you dont take the cake & you aint got the goods
 If never you tasted of Mary's cheesecake.

No wonder Marie Antoinette
 As well as her royal French rake
 Failed the absence of bread to regret
 So long they could gorge on cheesecake.

No wonder the males of the land
 Deem everything "perfectly jake"
 So long as the gals condescend
 "To give out with the cheesecake".

*

O think not I aim to convince you.
 All this is not writ for your sake.
 I'd flay you & quarter-- nay, mince you
 For a "nosh" of Mary's cheesecake.

*

Scepticism parries my enthusiasm:
 What exorbitant pastry-intake!
 I'm embarassed by queried sarcasm:
 "Ain't you surfeited by SO MUCH, e'en if
 Mary's cheesecake?"

The fact is: I had nary a crumb.
 From the start I hadn't a break.
 For Evvie said: "Go, suck your thumb!"
 And gobbled up Mary's cheesecake.

To Martin, (Aug. 15, '45)

Dear Martin, this pastiche on The Event Sublime--
A Mere melange o' nothings, somethings And whatnots--
Is penned on V-J plus 1 Day (in New York time)
Which even in this wild and woody Rockhill clime
Was celebrated by all oldsters, youngsters, tots.

*

As Evvie phrased it in her cogent prose
We anxiously await the homecoming of our Capt.
Enough's enough's enough the smell of the charnel

Rose!

Look, from their ghostly heads down to their
ghostly toes
Defeat rolls thundering thru each Fascist, Nazi, Jap.

*

The strains of Peace rise up from the murrain of
War

And mingle jubilantly in a thanksgiving chime.
Thru erstwhile air-raid sirens, radios' blaring
roar

The Dawn of Victory so bravely hovers o'er
The nauseating stench of heaped-up Martian slime.

*

What dangers lurk in man's great Adversary, Science--
In Science, man's mightiest Ally, potentially;
Whenever with the Devil it closes an alliance
We're licked! Yet, we are not! For girded by

defiance

We challenge its Enslaver, aim to set Science free.

*

Forbear to take an inert clod and give it wing!
Vibrating lethal breath, it bates our living breath.
This newfangled toy, the atom bomb, is but a ping
Which at the tip-end of its downward journeying
Transmutes life's light into the utter blight of
death.

*

Yet activate this subtle force in the right direct-
ion,

Release in wisdom the potent magic of the atom
And from no errant powers need mankind seek protect-
ion

For life's recurrence, resurgence, resurrection,
For all that hearts and minds may in their joys span
fathom.

*

Will we be foiled again and o'eragan? Mayhap.
Marks this the end of wars or merely an interim?
Who cares! Let's stretch our legs, relax and take
a nap

And sweetly dream that Mars, drained of his poison-
ous sap,

Is dead, that we fore'er obsequiously inter him!

*

Strong faith, at times, makes th'unbelievable
come true.

All wars' extinction is man's inmost cherished
tenet.

Whate'er we welcome now, or previously did rue,--
This sordid mess men in their aberrant minds did
brew

We finished IT and THEN, those monsters who began
it!

*

Thus far runs this, I hope not overlong, epistle.
Did 'my' Shakespeare solace you these soulless,
trying times?

Partook you of his tender meat 'stead of the gristle
Some other poets offer? Most, indeed, but whistle
When they intend to sing. Result: dull rhythms,
drear rhymes.

*

We humbly offer grace, pour mentally libations
For you; in vindication of our cause thus far.
Impatiently we're tugging at ragged and ravelled
Patience.

The table at home is set with favored pre-war
rations.

So hurry and return. And meanwhile, au revoir.

(A pushkin poem)

Viewing a portrait once, a shoemaker
Pointed out a flaw in the painted shoe.

The artist made the correction, but the wiseacre
The artisan, quite undaunted, pointed anew:

"Meseems the face is slightly distorted

"And the figure not properly drest..."

Thereupon Apeles impatiently retorted:

"Shoemaker, look to your last!"

I have a friend. I know not what

Provokes him oft opinions to express.

Tho he knows not an awful lot,

And understands still less,

Yet on the world he will his views unloose

Whereas he should confine himself to shoes.

I have a friend. I know not what

He's expert in, to judge or criticize.

No one would say he knows a lot,

Nor, from his observations, judge him wise,

Yet where his betters pause, he'll rush in with
his views

Whereas Fate decreed him solely arbiter of shoe

Yet, when his betters pause, he'll opionate

Tho what he's fit to judge is a shoe or its mate

1951

AN EPITHALAMIUM
For Anna and Avram Rovensky.

We gladly hunt and chase and forage
For worlds in realms of lasting friendship
To make this song of your bless'd marriage!
Blissful he and blissful she
In their conjugality.

How palely words reflect the thought
Behind which seethes the deepset feeling
Out of which the wish is wrought!

O! What a joy it is to share
In the merry celebration
Of a newly wedded pair.
Blissful he and blissful she
In their conjugality.

Life is either dull or hectic
Unless the synthesis weaves closer
The connubial dialectic.
Blissful he and blissful she
In their conjugality.

Yet the solemn marriage thesis
Its own antithesis evolves
Which freely only love releases!
Blissful he and blissful she
In their conjugality.

Friendship is a happy state
Yet how much happier the twain
Who in each other find a mate.
Blissful he and blissful she
In their conjugality.

Companionship each creature craves
But only all-transcendent love
The world from perdition saves.

There is no pride like marital pride
When bride rejoiceth in her bridegroom
And the bridegroom in his bride.
Blissful he and blissful she
In their conjugality.

The bride, who is our friend of yore
(We hope it's said without presumption)
Enriches us with one friend more.
Blissful he and blissful she
In their conjugality.

Lakecrest welcomes you and we
Hail you with a salutation
In the ensuing jollity.
Blissful he and blissful she
In their conjugality.

4/2

So in our name, and at friends' behest
We toast Anna and Avram Rovinsky!
May they be forever bless'd.
Blissful he and blissful she
In their conjugality.

Michel and Evelyn

✓
LIMERICKS

1. Anne is bethrothed, really she is,
whether it makes you sad, or feel like crying "bis!"
Yet how her thirst she'll slake her,
for he's a baker,
and out all night, to viz.

2. S H E hails from Louis the Saint,
a place rather soothy, but quaint.
H E' s a homebred dub,
and here's the rub:
How can it be when it ain't?

3. When you see in a restaurant an old virgin
Pecking away at a sandwich of sturgeon
You think: "~~o fish~~, ^{un}happy fish!
"thou'd ne'er wish
that your blood in her ~~g~~ould burgeon!"

4. ~~Crazy~~ Alfred is dead. O Fred,
Thou ^{look} in Kingdom Come fled!
Now you are no deader than
you were as a living man,
Except that now you're not crazy, but dead.

5. ~~Sarah's~~ my sister, ^{in-law Sarah is} rather shy,
^{can} laughs out when she wants to cry.
Once passing by a funeral procession
"Ha-ha!" she broke out with passion
And got away with it for good and aye.

6. There is Mrs Vogler for example:
Her face, full of pimples, if not ample.
O, she got married too late
to better her pimpled fate—
Of pimpled virgins she's the best married sample.

7. There was once a foolish man who staked on
a sumptuous meal of eggs and bacon,
^{everything} but ~~his wife~~ and her visiting friend
professed appetites to beat the band,
And so there was left just enough for his eyes to ache on.

8.

A lb. of nuts I bought
to eat them where'er I thought,
but just then there was an invasion
of friends with no moral suasion
and I was left with nought.

9.

Dear wife! thou art what thou art.
Oh, had I known from the very start
that thou art ~~WHAT~~ thou art
then, o then there were less of a smart
knowing the damn thing from the start.

10.

Once there was a virgin
who needed no urgin'.
She'd get hold of a man
and in a passionate "bren"
there would be a glorious mergin'.

P.S. ~~A~~ month later she would need a surgeon.

11.

Im O.K. as far as I am,
and can but do whate'er I can.
Yet what I can NOT do-- o boy!
To my wife it's a source of joy
whenever I do do it. (Page Squibs oil can.)

12.

Edna is a friend true to form;
you can't hold up ~~THAT~~ girl to scorn:
~~when we were hitled~~
she hurried over to R.H. Macy
and ~~out~~ ^{of} it a breakfast set was born.

^{batting}
Edna, I want to ~~bat~~ ^{bat} him Casey

13.

My best girl's name is Yvette.
She don't play the cornet,
as you might have guessed,
~~She~~ ^{is at} her very best
with eggs broken in an omelette.

Edna is a friend, a genuine
When we were hitled the
+ Edna,
Edna, at the bat
hurried over to R.H. Macy

14.

Beloved, I dare not dispute your calling,
To make soup, attend to the kitchen, ~~bowling~~
out the vegetables, prepare coffee, tee.
But if it's poetry that matters, please let me
Attend to it, and do all the log-rolling.

15.

There was a young lady named Lillian.

She wasn't ~~quite a handful~~ ^{quite a handful}, the villain.

Once she visited us, and ^{she} stayed
for a time in ~~pyjamas regalia~~, ^{after that}
which proves that not only she stayed but has lain.

16.

Lillian is shocked by my sayings.

As for me, there's no displaying.

If she really means what she says,

she should be sucking a bottle with sass,

for she knows not whereof she is braying.

17.

Evvy thinks I look like a donkey.

It's a joke I find rather punky,

for if that is what I am-- O Circe,

she's a donkey's she, or even worse.

If I am an ape, she's a monkey.

18.

She says that my ^{suit} ~~clothes~~ from pieces 3 to 2 diminished
Remind her by ~~some queer~~ analogy of Schubert's Unfinished.

Well, if I should only care to brag

of "kadulokies" I could fill up a bag,

But I certainly won't for "Ich will nicht".

19.

I ponder and ponder: who's next?

About this matter I am really vexed:

People to "make of" any more?

Believe you me, there's left galore!

I've far from exhausted the entire text.

20.

Limericks to make, they think it's easy.

It's a job that keeps rather busy

All faculties, let alone eye and ear,

A means for keeping you in good cheer.

Mine, I'll admit, are strabistic and cheesy.

Before the years flit and Life's gone
I this solemn opportunity take
To pour praise and benison on
Our Mary's angelic cheese cake.

There's e'er so many a Variety
Of professional and private bake
But I chant and intone, in all PIETY
To Mary, plus divinest cheese cake.

Most pastries are gooey and a waste
Promote heartburn, cause bellyache
But none excels in flavorful taste
A gob of our Mary's cheese cake.

What tooth handlers not for some sweets
To bite into pie crust a-flake?
My mouth waters when it meets
A hunk of Mary's cheese cake.

Pastry firms of established renown
Dugan, Schrafft; Sutter, Ward or Drake
At all these I disdainfully frown
While munching our Mary's cheesecake.

Is it tea, coffee, cocoa or spirits
You imbibe your thirst to slake?
No, you assuaged your attention well merits
Save Mary's Elysian cheese cake.

And whether you're haughty and proud
Or in misfortune shiver and shake,
Are quiet, mezzo-voce, or loud,
Your best bet is Mary's cheese cake.

If you are the genuine article
Or more often -- a fraud and a fake, --
It matters no whit of a particle
Your teeth's meat is -- Mary's cheese cake.

Like Mozart aria, Doats to a
Like a prime juicy steak,
So every cake and pie's a mere pariah
Alongside Mary's patrician cheese cake.

What joy unalloyed to hike in the woods,
To paddle a canoe on a summer's smooth lake,
But you don't take the cake and you ain't got the goods
If never you tasted of Mary's cheese cake.

No wonder Marie Antoinette

As well as her royal French rake
Falled the absence of bread to regret
So long as they gorged on cheese cake.

No wonder the males of the land

Deem everything perfectly "jake"
So long as the gals condescend
To give out with "the cheese cake".

O think not I aim to convince you,
All this is not writ for your sake;

I'd flay you and quarter, -- nay, mince you
For a "hosh" of Mary's cheese cake.

Scepticism parries my enthusiasm

What exorbitant pastry intake!

I'm embarrassed by queried sarcasm:

"Ain't you surfeited by so much, e'en Mary's, cheese
cake?"

The fact is: I had nary a crumb
From the start I hedn't a break
For Evvie said: "Go suck your thumb!"
And gobbled up Mary's cheese cake.

PANIS ANGELICUS MARIUM QUE CANO

A PAEAN IN PRAISE OF MISTRESS MARY HODES
HER CHEESE CAKE

ALEXEI REMISOV-- one of the most imaginative Russian novelists and poets. There is a kink in him of mad simplicity, and simple madness. Author of many volumes in Russian literature antedating the world war. At present he is associated with Andrei Byeli in the latter's adventurous metaphysical publications, and unlike his former associates-- Kuprin, Artzibashev, etc.,--still appears to possess in his work the timely spirit of say such a "youngster" as Boris Pilniak, one of the most prominent of the Younger Soviet writers

SERGEI GORODETZKI-- a curious but interesting poet, of high and provocative individuality. His first verses, of a very exotic character, were published in 1905 or thereabouts. He is not unakin to Remisov in some of his approaches to language. Both drew heavily ~~from~~ on the language of Russian folklore.

FRAGMENT from JUDAS ISCARIOT

O grievous Sorrow unto those who dared,
who raised their hands
in the dead calm,
who broke a heart
with edge of stone;
who tasted fruit forbidden--
have fallen breathless
at the feet of mystery.

O grievous Sorrow. . .
and rather mothers O should ne'er have begotten.

...To keep no vigil
o'er fanciful dreams;
a tempest to enrage true silence,
with smiles to respond to offences;
by sullen temper law erase,
to kill the will to live,
bespatter visions clear--

to play Traitor out of sheer Love!

Muteness passes without outrage.
air impedes ●
those desirous.

Go to be jeered at -- a sure derision!
Go to a certain shame!

Your soul-gleam, far whiter
than the dagger's steel
piercing thru the Heart of Ages,
vanishing into the Unknown--
so strange, colossal -- a grandeur;

and thus ignited by the sparks of lightning
remains suspended from the mist-laden clouds--

O Sorrow, Sorrow,
Eternal torture!

Auto-da-fes of disgrace!

The banter of the World!

from the Russian of ALEXEI REMISOV

AT THE FOXES' FESTIVAL

The foxes' ball.

--I'm a pup.

--I'm a bass.

--I'm a ram.

Musicnotes.

Kettledrum.

Tram-tam-tam.

Tram-tam-tam.

Along steep cliffs,

Along green glades,

in serried ranks we're marching to the ball.

Sundering,

rejoining

we're crossing billow, ditch and all.

Donkey, he-goat,

stag and lion,

bear-cub

dreadful beasts they are,

noble beasts they are,

with their whiskers,

with their horns.

Tram-tam-tam.

Tram-tam-tam.

--I'm a pup.

--I'm a bass.

--I'm a ram.

Musicnotes.

Kettledrum.

Tram-tam-tam.

Tram-tam-tam-

Tam. Tam.

Tam.

(Note: "At The Foxes' Festival" is a wooden toy. The little figures are fastened across sliding boards-splinters. When the boards are separated, the figures appear thus: 1-2-1-2-1-2-1; when brought together: 2-2-2-1. It should be declaimed austere, affectionately and impressively. There where the beasts are getting together and "cross billow and ditch", it is urgent to let on awe: "with their whiskers, with their horns". Music to the text by A. Senilov.)

from the Russian of ALEXEI REMISOV

TO MYSELF

1

Master of Days, mellow down your violins,
In a tremulous world make tender my tune.
Of spirits in conflict, pray, strenghten the whims,
Render to blindness their body immune.

Know: what is posited in me I'll scatter--
Could I hold back e'en a grain of Thy Fruit?--
But for the desert to flower a moment,
Open the gift of tongue to the mute.

2

Souls casually gone astray!
How well I love you, like the tall thick woods
Where, the more the branches are low-bowed,
The twigs more tangled,--
The greater the awareness of the Miracle.

And then, perhaps, losing myself in your glaringly sinful cobwebs,
I will cry out "YOU!" in dismay
As I did in the love-drunken nights of May
In the irritated voice of a chagrined lover!

TO ONE IN A FAR COUNTRÉE

You are at this hour,--when the sky is white,
The noon so still like a barren tree,
The harvest drying in stubby fields,--
You are longing at this hour for me.

In heavens prim, chaste and far-distant,
Or on the Earth on your passionate spree,
Where'er you are I feel you are longing,
You are despairingly longing for me.

WITH THE DEAD

- An alms, for Christ's sake!- "Here it is."
(God's walk thru people-alley, this.)

- In God's name, a penny!- "What will you next?"
(The Devil's own blighted text.)

PROLEGOMENA a POEMA

or

Project of a Poem
of some length

Yclept "ANNA'S CHOCOLATE CAKE"

OR "The Hind of Basket Lake"

with some addenda

as the Chapter

"ROSALIND THE GRAND,

"A CREATURE OF JAMAICA LAND"

Versicles in honor of

The Birthday of a Fair & Virtuous Maid

The entire Poem to be Recited

or

Sung with Relish

and

Freely Embelished

in (approximately)

$\frac{1}{2}$ a Doz. Thousand Cantos

vieing with

The Bible in Godliness & Morals,

Mary Garden in ~~beauty~~ laurels,

—The Custom House in Duty,

—The Iliad in Beauty,

"Paradise Lost" in Devilry,

Earl Carrol's Shows in Revelry,

The "Romaunt de la Rose" in Length,

Bermuda Onions in Strength,

"She Done Him Wrong" in Shame,

"Houtchi-Koutchi" in What's-its-name,

"Anthony Adverse" in Making Money,

Daly's "Ballads in McArone",

Ella Willcox & Eddie Guest,

Angela Morgan & All such Pests,

People renowned for Credit or Cash,

Persons of high-class & low-class trash,

Mickey Mouse in sheerest fun,

Etcetera, Unsoweiter, and so on...

Hail, Columbia, sweet jam of the Nations,
Hail, Rosalind, consumer of small rations,
Hail, ye victims of salubrious lucubrations,
Hail, all Oppenheims, happy clan,
Whose Bop & Rop swum into our ken.

Today, Rop, is your Angel's Day, the 21-st.
My Muse is hungry, & ditto athirst.
She's rarin' to go, & if you dont impinge on her
She'll behave the same as Babe & Ginger.

One truly stands abashed & meek
In the shade of your 21-st year
That, like, ~~its~~ predecessors, is as fat and sleek
As a current swelled with bootlegged beer.

Just think of it: 3 times 7.
What venerable age, God in Heaven.
7 is 10 short of 3.
Even that little may not be counted by me
Or by a Joyce-Kilmer-dope who couldnt make a tree
Unless the Almighty came to his assistance
And helped him collect in a rhyming instance.

But what's it all got to do with Rops?
As much as rotgut with A-l Schnapps.
Or common jelly with Anna's jams.
Hail, queen Ann of the Pots & Pans.

Hail, ye Roscoe. Hail, ye Joffees.
 Hail ye candies, nougats, toffes.
 Hail ye floors & hail ye ceilings.
 Hail Tome Mooney & Hail Josh Billings.
 Hail the NIRA & hail the CODES.
 Damn all POETS & Bithday Odes.

Hail the squiring Karrows from W.N. of Basket Lake,
 He strong of limb, she ful of "jake";
 A pair as fine as e'er taught children the wisdom of life,
 She with an awe-inspiring sharp look, he with a fair jackknife
 Both fine & dandy, enjoying dear sweet life,
 Hubby-the long end of it, the short of it- the wife.
 Their home--what a queer architectonic model,
 Of an ugly duck which in the midst of its waddle
 Crept up an hill & made a cluck,
 Had laid a bad egg & been run over by a truck.
 Whoa. Halt. Our hailing got out of hand,
 "Und drappett sich oif glaiche went".

How indiscriminate to hail everybody & everything.
 And let our Muse fly astrid this boiled chicken wing.

We'll to Rosalind, a creature of Arden
 Who flowered delicately in a Newport Garden
 But to Roscoe had to come
 To see the fruition of her full 21.

And while in Roscoe, N.Y.
 In the very bosom of the Joffe clan
 She caused everyone to envy
 Her record of sportswoman & yeoman.

Now, her tennis game stirs your gall:
 She haunts the racket with her ball.
 In all her tennisonian career
 In me she met her sole & only peer.

And as to her angling--
 No fish-alliances she makes are ever entangling.

It behoves us to mention her chum Nathalie
 Whose name rhymes illuminingly with acetylene.
 I might have ~~called~~ her more appealingly as Natasha,
 Adding, "who goes around in her Russian Rubasha"
 (Which mere suggestion is our beloved spouse's, bless her;
 If I wouldn't love her, I wouldn't sass her.)
 I could have hardly attempted, in the sure-to-follow repercussion
 To remonstrate that the word is not exactly Russian.
 The result of this prosodic argument, to be fair,
 Might have cost me some teeth, cum skin, cum hair.

But we'll threat of Nat, God grant us strength,
 On some more befitting occasion & at greater length.

So-- back to Rose: she fishes just for fun.
 The little ichtys know it & keep her on the run.
 Her record of non-catches on Mr Goodman's famed
 pickerel expedition in Basket Lake
 Will deservedly be commemorated at the forthcoming
 Nat. Geo. Mag, annual clambake.

It wont be amiss at this late-ish juncture
 To introduce, rather discreetly, her sister, Bop.
 Their mutual devotion is remarkable.
 You couldn't picture one of 'em standing up
 If the other should accidentally down, cholileh, plop.
 See, 222 attocollist in Thapashy for revealing a novel

#

Bop at present is ~~engaged~~ in the throes of birthing a novel
She hopes to sell to Thomas Y. Crowell,
But whether she ~~will~~, or ~~she~~ ~~will~~ not--
Novels will only be novels
But Bop & Rop-be Brop.

Hail Rosalind, queen of Valday Camp
Whether attired in skirt, short trousers or guimpe.
Thou younger of the worthy Oppenheim she-scions
Gently nestling in the bosom of the Joffe lions.
Hail & Farewel. Lo & Cheerio. Sooth & Wellaway,
For on the morrow thee wilt be 1 plus 20 plus a day.