THE FROWARD MOUTH AND OTHER POEMS

by

Eleanor Cesander Jenks
B. S. (Northern State Teachers College) 1941

PROJECT

Submitted in partial satisfaction of the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

AT THE

SACRAMENTO STATE COLLEGE

Approved:

Richard H. Reeve, Chair
Baxter M. Geeting
George W. Creel

Advisory Committee

Date July 22, 1954
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHAPTER</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I. THE PROJECT</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Statement of the project</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Importance of the project</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DESCRIPTION OF THE PROJECT</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. THE FROWARD MOUTH</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. OTHER POEMS</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Walking Prayer</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Picasso</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Divorce</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curtain Call</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If I Could Sing</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Siren Call</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When You Are Gone</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Retaliation--To A Very Caustic Tongue</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song In Full Voice</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Mother</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Requiem</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas Eve</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweetness Waxed</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cinquains To Jim</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>California Street, But Bitterly</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Tension Of Simes</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cinquain To A Tiny Child</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHAPTER</td>
<td>PAGE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>So Much Comes Forth</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Observation</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother Sees</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thought At Dad's Deathbed</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Barbara Aton</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capitol Carousel</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prophecy</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rebuttal</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NOTES</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BIBLIOGRAPHY</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CHAPTER I

THE PROJECT

**Statement of the project.** It was the purpose of this candidate to write a volume of poetry, entitled *The Froward Mouth and Other Poems*. *The Froward Mouth* may be described as a long lyric with a background narrative depicting the tragic degeneration through loss of moral restraint of the Loudon family over a period of some sixty years. The other poems are short lyrics: sonnets, cinquains, blank verse, and free verse, twenty-five in all, on a variety of themes, mostly serious in nature.

**Importance of the project.** The poem, *The Froward Mouth*, presents a picture of one man's attempt to escape the structure of religion, the structure of the Church. If one can demonstrate vividly the negative prognosis of the anti-Christ life, then one perhaps can contribute toward beckoning many thinking, troubled people toward Christianity.

The writer has used poetry in the belief that it is a representation of experienced emotion, and, therefore, a good vehicle in which to reach the emotions of the reader. It is the author's hope that an emotional reaction may cause the reader to consider thoughtfully the implications of the tragedy of Jacob.
DESCRIPTION OF THE PROJECT

The writer has proceeded upon the belief that poetry is the recreation of experience, vitalized in such a manner as to instill in the reader the essence of the emotion as part of that experience.

There are many kinds of poetry and many approaches to poetry. In the author's personal view, a poem should not be cold. The reading of it should bring a flush of excitement which commences toward the beginning of the poem and rises into actual emotion as one concludes. Melville Cane attacks the "intellectual snobbism" of many contemporary poets who operate "with an overdeep interest in the way a thing is done rather than in the thing itself, who over-emphasize form and light substance: These are the omens of decadence in any art, let alone the poetic."¹ Cane predicts:

The task of oncoming poets is plain: they must rescue their art from sterility. To do so they must first of all recover the lost quality of innocence; they must follow their intuitions wheresoever they may lead and not be afraid of ecstasy; they must recapture spontaneity and music and magic and the capacity for unhampered flight; they must dedicate themselves to Dionysus, the untamed god.²

The author agrees with Cane that what some poets today

¹Melville Cane, "Are Poets Returning to Lyricism?" The Saturday Review, XXXVII (January 16, 1954), 40.
²Ibid., pp. 40-41.
either have overlooked or deliberately rejected is the fundamen
tal indispensable conception that lyric poetry is song, the outpouring of the heart under the stress of feeling. It issues forth spontaneously, impulsively, passionately, defiant indeed of rational interference or restraint. It arises out of a state of innocence and wonder; it flows with intuitive vigor and confidence to reveal and report the innermost truth, the mysterious essence.

Poetry may be described as "semantic" song, a means of moving emotion out of and into experience. "Semantic song" is lyric poetry which is developed through the use of words which are carefully selected for their meaning in context and the emotional response which they will arouse in the reader.

With poetry defined as semantic song, changing emotion out of and into experience, it becomes the author's purpose to produce the experience of emotion in the reader. This should be the result of the writer's emotion, either that preceding the actual writing of the poem, or coincident with the writing of the poem.

Poetry should be exciting. Richard Eberhart's collection of verses written from 1946 to 1953 and entitled Undercliff is exhilarating. Meyer reviews the book in The Saturday Review:

In poem after poem the poet goes seeking—and finding—clues to the surreality behind appearances. In the
romantic mode, Eberhart's individualism is naked and unashamed; and ... rings adventuresome and cheerful. It is almost as if the great age of the individual were beginning all over again. ... Its (Undercliff) welcome freshness ... reminds us that sophistication is the enemy of the purest poetry.3

The author would like to express appreciation to Professor Eberhart for a poem which has been especially inspirational to her, "The Noble Man":4

THE NOBLE MAN

An Olympian before the Olympics, that inhuman backdrop. The possible man, it is him I posit, him preempt. The not incalculable master of the braced mountains. He does not have to lose himself in them. His spirit Creates their newest hazard as idyllic only. He has confronted man, Olympian of the dark mark.

Rage is the substratum of pure animal poise; A strenuosity, exquisite, roves in the controlled eye; Multiple actions, muted, gaze upon the world; Leaping tensions exhale the formidable and graceful; Masterworking modulations enter every day; Oval kingdoms quell the old volcanoes.

The Olympian looks at the Olympics olympianly, Openly. To him they are fractures of the Alpine. Their height is modified in his height. Hurls Fireballs out of himself when he wills it. Towers Over his own music, lofty, sensitive, possessed. The Olympian is master of his own mystery, Mystified in his own mystery, recognizing His relation to the real, the impersonal mountains.


He knows his own reality and that of the world.
The most human one, testator of furor and quiet,
He fears not, having feared all, love's altitude,
Gives off love's avalanche, mountainous man-make.

Fear that undoes many straightens him;
Contemplation is his burly action;
Round is the eye of his understanding;
Fear of death has not shaken him;
He looks upon all things with fervor of tenderness;
His laughter is ready. He has overcome pride.

An Olympian will not drown in the rain forests
Of self-pity. Live gives him its own mountains.
Active love is the mark of a noble man,
By cynicism, by asceticism not betrayed. Nature
Works in him her balance. A bright perfection
Plays around the brows of the Olympian.

Another poet with whom this writer feels a rapport
is Conrad Aiken. Particularly exciting is his "The Room":

THE ROOM

Through that window—all else being extinct
Except itself and me—I saw the struggle
Of darkness against darkness. Within the room
It turned and turned, dived downward. Then I saw
How order might—if chaos wished—become;
And saw the darkness crush upon itself,
Contracting powerfully; it was as if
It killed itself, slowly; and with much pain.
Pain. The scene was pain, and nothing but pain.
What else, when chaos draws all forces inward
To shape a single leaf? . . .

For the leaf came
Alone and shining in the empty room;
After a while the twig shot downward from it;
And from the twig a bough; and then the trunk,
Massive and coarse; and last the one black root.

---

The black root cracked the walls. Boughs burst
the window:
The great tree took possession.

Tree of trees!
Remember (when time comes) how chaos died
To shape the shining leaf. Then turn, have courage,
Wrap arms and roots together, be convulsed
With grief, and bring back chaos out of shape.
I will be watching then as I watch now.
I will praise darkness now, but then the leaf.

Here, in "The Room," is the same feeling that this
author had when writing "Picasso" (page 42). Aiken is "time-
binding" in the medium of lyric poetry. Much of the writing
in The Forward Mouth and Other Poems is the result of an
attempt to "time-bind" an experience by first "abstracting"
the emotion of that experience and then "time-binding" it
into a lyric. If a poem is semantically approached by the
reader, he will find that he can abstract the basic frame-
work of the experience more vividly and can imagine and

6Wendell Johnson, People in Quandaries (New York:
Harper & Brothers, 1946), p. 162. Johnson explains that
time-binding is: "A means of enabling one person to benefit
from the knowledge of other persons, of enabling each new
generation to bind into its own time, so to speak, the wis-
dom of times past, and so of avoiding blunders and of extending
the achievements of previous generations. It is by virtue of
this time-binding characteristic that the process provides
a basis for social coordination, for what we call culture, for
the development of civilization. Symbolisms, written and
spoken language, art, mathematics, maps, blueprints, graphs,
etc.—these results of abstracting are such that they can be
communicated not only in 'space,' but also in 'time,' not only
from New York to London, but also from the Egypt of Cleopatra
to the modern America of Radio City. And, what is also
extremely important, statements can be conveyed not only from
a speaker to his listeners, but also from a speaker to himself."
excite into the poet's words the emotion of the poem as it is developed—in a sort of marriage with his own emotions. In *The Froward Mouth* an attempt was made to abstract the emotions of love, hate, and fear, and, to a lesser degree, anger and sorrow. Several of these passages have been structured in sonnet form. For example, the "purple asp" in the sonnet on page 33 is the coming of "fear." The cinquain on page 36 is "love."

Edna St. Vincent Millay in "The Return" is abstracting warmth—an emotional warmth which has its origin and glow in death:7

THE RETURN

Earth does not understand her child
    Who from the loud gregarious town
Returns, depleted and defiled,
    To the still woods, to fling him down.

Earth cannot count the sons she bore:
    The wounded lynx, the wounded man
Come trailing blood unto her door;
    She shelters both as best she can.

But she is early up and out,
    To trim the year or strip its bones;
She has no time to stand about
    Talking of him in undertones

Who has no aim but to forget,
    Be left in peace, be lying thus

---

For days, for years, for centuries yet,
Unshaven and anonymous.

Who, marked for failure, dulled by grief,
Has traded in his wife and friend
For this warm ledge, this alder leaf;
Comfort that does not comprehend.

Millay's frankness and sincerity, as well as her
touches of irony, are admirable. Her lyrics are excitingly alive. She abstracts emotion so vividly that the reading of her poetry is a brilliant experience.

So much for the author's view of poetry.

In the past thirty years, the new poetry, as it is still called, has been so infinitely various as to defy easy classification. While each modern poet plays his own variation on the central theme of modernism--revolt against the conventions and methods of the past--it is possible to pick out certain dominances and forces that seem to sway the others. One of these is T. S. Eliot. Eliot, a profoundly original poet, has used the techniques of the Symbolists and of the Metaphysicals of the seventeenth century with brilliance and has gained a host of followers. His purpose: "To reveal man in his complex relation to the universe, the poet must show him not only concerned with the immensities but with the trivialities of daily life, with a sense of the past continually interrupting the present, and with swiftly contradictory moods disputing dream and action," writes
Louis Untermeyer in the introduction to his 1942 anthology. This purpose is suggested by a variety of effects: by the use of multiple reference to literature of the past, by a rapid leaping from image to image with a minimum of explanatory phrases, by the play of free association, in which one idea prompts a chain of others, accomplishing an emotional or literary progress. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, Pound's *Cantos*, and Crane's *The Bridge* are examples of this method.

In England, Stephen Spender, W. H. Auden, and C. Day Lewis have been influenced by Eliot's manner. Traces of his influence may also be seen in the poetry of Archibald MacLeish, Conrad Aiken, Horace Gregory, R. P. Blackmur, and the "Nashville group." John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, and Robert Penn Warren of this group have contributed much of the best American poetry of the last three decades. They are principally concerned with writing "adult" poetry, emphasizing intelligence and excellence of diction. Randall Jarrell, W. R. Moses, and George Marion O'Donnell follow this same intellectual formula.

Another strong current trend is toward what one may call "surrealism," which relies more than does most poetry

---

upon the reader's intuition and upon swiftly moving and changing symbols which point a direction to the reader rather than take him down a path. For example, the first six lines of Dylan Thomas's "Light Breaks Where No Sun Shines":

Light breaks where no sun shines;
Where no sea runs, the waters of the heart
Push in their tides;
And, broken ghosts with glow-worms in their heads,
File through the flesh where no flesh decks the bones.

W. H. Empson has done some of this sort of writing. So, too, have Wallace Stevens, George Barker, C. Day Lewis, and many others. Some of Richard Eberhart's poetry is in this mode.

There is still a strongly American poetry, even though the two great living poets of our American tradition are ceasing to produce--Robert Frost and Carl Sandburg. We have still those vital American major poets, the embittered Robinson Jeffers and the social-minded Archibald MacLeish. There are, too, many younger men who feel the strength of the Whitman tradition and the American manner.

The twentieth century, with its swiftly changing patterns in science, machines, education, mores, and world relations, indeed presents a challenge to the poets who seek in varying ways to represent and interpret contemporary life.
In writing *The Froward Mouth and Other Poems*, the author has been inspired from portions of such widely different works as the Bible, Einstein's *The World As I See It*, Liebman's *Peace of Mind*, Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, and the works of Eberhart, Millay, Aiken, and others. An attempt has been made to work in the same vein as Eberhart, Millay, and Aiken so far as the abstracting of emotion is involved.

*The Froward Mouth* is a long lyric poem with a background story telling of the tragic degeneration through loss of moral restraint of the Loudon family. The poem covers a period of about sixty years. Jacob Loudon is the central character, and it is his eyes that see the family's falling. Through his own life the family becomes what it becomes—a confused, embittered, lust-driven, society-punished group.

Jacob and his brother, Peter, are the sons of a Presbyterian minister, a father who passionately believes the theology that he delivers from his pulpit, that salvation comes through the Means of Grace, that it is predestined, that it must be sought through perseverance of the saints. It is the structure of the good life, the only life, to live according to this code with the one clear goal of salvation. In his ardor to enclose his sons within this structure, the pastor oversteps the bounds of paternal
guidance and hence alienates Jacob.

In rebellion against the prison-like rule of his father, and in particular rebellion against his authority, Jacob takes his brother Peter with him into a pioneer country and begins a new, anti-Christ life.

The poem tells then of the marriage of Jacob and Blanche and of the birth of their two children, Martin and Bretta. These two are reared in the anti-Christ philosophy of Jacob. As a result of this escape from religious structure, both children grow to adulthood indulging in crime and lasciviousness, and both are punished by society. Bretta contacts a venereal disease and is ostracized, and Martin is caught by the police and imprisoned.

Jacob attempts to revenge his children's failures through money-bought power, but he too is caught in crime and put into prison. With Jacob's incarceration there comes a mental reconstruction of his past life and the realization that the bars that had been between his father and him were locked on his side. As he finds the key to unlock all his bars, he realizes that he has also been responsible for making prisons for his family, but his key will unlock only his cell. His last hope is that there will be a way out for Bretta and for Martin.

Man is essentially dependent upon structure. His life, when he attempts to live it outside the bounds of religion
and social approval and the mores of his time, results in mental, spiritual, and sometimes physical chaos.

At the beginning of The Froward Mouth, the author attempted to show sorrow at the death of Jacob, a grief not for him personally, but for the children who suffer because of him. Christ died to save sinners; many men and women die too soon or too late to save any but themselves.

The Froward Mouth also strives to present emotions as the writer watches the struggles of Jacob, and the emotions of the characters in the poem, and also the emotions as such, themselves.

A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children: and the wealth of the sinner is laid up for the just.

Proverbs 12:22.
CHAPTER II

THE FORWARD MOUTH
THE FROWARD MOUTH

A naughty person, a wicked man, walketh with a froward mouth.

He winketh with his eyes, he speaketh with his feet, he teacheth with his fingers;

Frowardness is in his heart, he deviseth mischief continually; he soweth discord.

Therefore shall his calamity come suddenly;
suddenly shall he be broken without remedy.

Proverbs 6:12-15

Encompassing the nucleus to truth
There pressures tight the social steel of what
May now be tempered cold into the walls
Of 1954. From heat and chill
And glove and pail, a blueness and a shine
Will rise to shrug in puddles counted storms
Of metaphysics, numbered thunders spilled
Onto a revelation of the Wound.¹

The Loudon family in 1902
Was Bible-guided in their home, and sought

¹Raised numerals throughout text refer to the explanatory notes following the poems.
To rear two Christian boys to fullfil
Their mission on God's chart so that
Their own pared hungers could appease to Christ.
The Reverend was Proverbs-rich in hope
And Proverbs-palled in hefty-handed task.
So be it; into the burning waters went the law
And scorched the souls of Jacob and of Pete,
The sons who could not warm to Calvin's Creed.
A casket lies in testimonial toll,
Not in the Presbytery of the hope
Of yesterday, but rather in the question
And myopia of the now. Bend low and see
If the deceased has anything of peace
To give to you.

He was one Loudon son.
His name was Jacob. Just to feel the hurt
Of needless strife, redeemless, too-late life,
Brings agony in retrospect.

Here, bear with me the afterpain
Of a peculiar dirge
In 1954.
Satin,
Quilted and tufted.2
To weep is to withdraw, a learned father said;
And tears are tyranny today.
Wonder ... now.
(Can you spare the wonder-time?)
A coffin walls away the wonder of a
World bright too late
For Jacob.
And is it then naive or erudite
To ponder purple problems
When, brilliantly and everywhere,
The glow-red lives?

I shall fear no evil. I shall fear no evil.
Here, lift your arm and take my clench.
The spleen has had its fill,
A lot of spleen.
God wanted gasps, but mercy, mercy in the void.
The casket catenates the cry:
We shall fear no evil.
(Splayed left and right: we shall fear no evil.)

Here, balk with me and sever
Copper, roses.
Mutate the anguish.
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Beget me not. The innuendo blames the dawn.
I shall fear no evil.
I shall fear no evil.
No evil.
Let us pray:

In the sanctuary of the pine grove I kneel.
I know that

Chaos may hold forth
Nations may crash
Hate and fire and blood and lunacy may scream to the sky,
Hate may howl to the sky.

In the sanctuary of the green tope
I am at peace.
I kneel.
Alone into beauty: deep-muted peace.
A soul may strain for the All.
Pain may sing.
Hushed velvet reaching for the infinite,
Reaching, wanting.
A sob is a prayer. And yet:
Does loneliness weep?

Arising from grief-spent apathy, I know.
Arising from muted lethargy,
I know.

Night-cool present, striking, wind-hit, fear-cool.

There is no stop watch for life.

This was the storm:

Jacob Loudon was not his old man's pride.
He sat in church, hunched, sullen, recalcitrant.
His father manned the pulpit.

Predestination . . .

. . . Perseverance of the saints . . .
The Means of Grace . . .

Total depravity.5

Respond! Respond!

Echo and echo and echo and echo.

Isinglass of hate on hate.

Days to nights, nights to death.

All hell loose. Tombs are close. Empty. Lost.

Respond!

The kid knew hate. (Abort the power)

"Chant your indictment against me.

Scream at my soul.

 Whisper malevolent warning. Gesticulate madly.

Vibrate, you fool!"

Jacob--eighteen--pressured--cached in Calvin's creed, and
Burned in the heat of hallowed hardihood.

This is the day the mantis eats the core
Of fetid loathing. Sanctuate the white
To strive, kowtow, to plead the acolyte,
The sweat of no-no to deny, abhor.
This is the cross of base ignonimy;
The passioned jerking discords wrap the scene
In mockery; the ultimate serene
Will bring paternal tears. Gethsemane!
Slambast Legree, now fulgurate, prepare
To spit on rugs of Wilton-ease. No anguish
Yet will wash the scurf-grey guiltiness
Away, my son; no searing Sophist prayer
Can reconcile emotion to the wish.
So leave, and leaving, there is very little less.6
Why smile in blood when only boy, young boy,
Screams the pain of heart-valve, high C,
Tremulo?
Into the arteries of Judas spill the grin!

And Jacob knew that he would leave the place
That had been home. His mind could not accept,
Could but reject the challenges of all
The do's and do-not's catecized checkrein
Upon him. But to bolt alone was hard.
Too hard. He spoke to Peter, two years younger,
Discipled to his vigored mind and will.

Stomp-call your brother Pete;
His I. Q.'s plenty low.
The two of you can meet
And alcohol the blow
To Dad.
In South Dakota down in Plume
Fertile lands lie fallow.
There a fellow can resume his life and
File some dough.
It's sad
For him, for Dad, but who can say
He won't be glad of this some day?

Two brothers left without good-bye's, and they
Were hands employed upon a South Dakota
Ranch. They were quite free.
Quite free. It came in shock to Jacob now--
That lushness, agricultural, social, or
Financial was not forthcoming soon.

Dakota's dust has come and gone.
Gone at last the searing fury of the sun.
Here now are blanched and withered stalks
Where formerly, much formerly,
Beauty undulated in a symphony of color.
That was before the sun . . .
Gone at last the burning, flaying madness of the sun.
See now the living dead, spiritless,
Burned-out souls, ashes,
Mass murder.
These hunched and wind-drooped trunks
Were once the strength of reaching elms,
And then the sun . . .
Resigned. Exhausted. Forsaken.
Stripped in raging heat,
The skeletons bow against the
Shrieking sky.

A man,
Watching the sun
Bake down, and the embers
Puffing dust dreams into the air
Chokes up,
Forgets
That life's wild dust
Swirling high into bliss
May only ricochet from heat
To death.
Day creeps off and darkness comes.

Light draws all coherent thought away.
Night drops stars,
Luminous bulbs of whirling fire that fuse the sky
And the earth
In one body of forgetfulness.
A man stands between the earth and the sky and forgets.
He stands between the finite and the infinite.
He shivers.
Night intimacy compels thought.

This is the night the curtain fogs and tears.\(^7\)
So love thy neighbor. Live the golden rule.
The world eats the seed of every fool
Who dares to let his fellows know he cares.
Who says that greed is green and pus and vile?
Bruises are jaundice, smear-blue, Plutonian, hard.
The scar that stays will thicken up a guard
Against this law we know, and all the while
We can decide to profit by this same
Sore sickness present in the yokel heart
Of friends. It is then time to check the goal
And mark the map, to try henceforth to claim
Each man we meet a friend and then depart
To steal from him. Smile bright the poisoned bowl.
This is the night the wheels spin twice.
Peek-envy David's lush menu.
David and Jonathan.
Love thy neighbor.
Greed-smiles diffuse. Respond! Respond!
The symmetry of sanded knobs,
Palm-warm, seek lustral rain.
Respond!

This is the story of Jacob; and Jacob
Now determined to become a power,
A power with money-manacles that
Cachinnate and cannot be denied.
To win friends and to influence the friends,
To promise, smile, possess, and not to pay,
Was his prime policy. He had the aid
Of personality, a perfumed poise,
A dad-dynamic, near-hypnotic way.
His ventures grew. Each one was crooked
To jack-pot back to him the total score.
"Why writhe and face the anger of a foe
When friends can easily be dole?" And so
He fattened on the liberal loot of love.
A proper pretense always was his way.
His marriage then to Blanche was apropos,
The patterned thing: the years gave proof that Blanche
Was diligent in wifely work, and she
Was mated well to Jacob, for her tongue,
Her froward tongue, could curse and cachinnate.
Before the world she was sedate and sweet.
Foul-mouthed, foul-bodied, she brought forth in time
Two offspring: freckled Bretta, and a son,
Martin.

Enamel now the day with glow-red lust
And wax the night with flowers pink and wined.
Who nibbles cookies in his cell?§ Who dined
In darkness on the pilfered sweets of just
The one-time saint? A hunger is an asset
Columned in the bank-book of the dead.
So let us not pretend to be misled.
A diamond heart will gleam from every facet;
Converge then, now, and cut the corded stake
And take the piece that's furled with the fib.
They come with smiles each day, more slave, more slave,§
Hurt in the heat of lunacy, to make
The bonded bow and turn and rock the crib
And pray retaliation at a grave.

Blanche is dirty now and dull,
A wife bright years ago with anyway a dream.
Tongue-torn, target-faded.
Mother to the freckle-ripened
Fruit of senselessness:
Bretta, girl of carbon, creeded-cruel crescendo.

(Wherever is the water of the sun?
Where can we find the soap of sentiments
Ethical?)
Sprawl out the family tree
And smear away the sputum of the
Spurious creed.
Scream up to sky.
Seek soon a spiracle
Before,
Oppressively,
The deed of David drives again
To kill in 1954.

Putrid.
Fetid.
Slimy.
A circle circles in the round of pragmatism.

Somehow
The night begets
The night; a glory sings
Not from the bowels of avarice
Despite
The grip
Of greed-grey grasp
Asking panted blessings
On pulpy mashed maternity
Spilled dark.

Bretta Loudon is daughter to the deed.
Man-girl, spleen-green, night-sprouted
From the seed of take,
Freckled in the dogma of
Friend bleed friend.

Martin, second born, is son to jeer.
(Fricative motives--contempt and control.)

Two lovely children. Sound the flutes and play
The ripples prettily. Connubial bliss
Abound. And Calvin will rejoice that this
Is so.10 Beat out the boom of blasphemy
And join the parts. No probity of pain
Will presuppose a failure in the sphere
Of palm-hot, powered, plotted atmosphere.
Today will grin out, sin out, and sustain
The twisted, bartered legume of king-lust.
And fertile friendships still arise and pay
The bill of David. The Reverend cannot know
Which mother's breasts feed bastardly on trust
Of passion's food. And who is there to say
That patterned pleasure is not choice to sow?

To fornicate, to Calvinate,
To blend and turn the palms.
The question, the dilemma, is
To spit or sing the Psalms?
Two generations brawl and drown.
The water of the sun sears down,
The power of the sun burns brown,
And wherein are the calms?
Agitate,
Violate,
Berate, collate, and deprecate.
Whatever blooms is best by test.
And what is here is manifest. 11

The gnat's nest necessarily sends out bugs
With stings.

Jacob's daughter became Jacob's deeds,
With female covets crocheted in the yarn
That twisted on into the pattern of
The 20's.
Take and take and take and take.

And syphilis, gin, and jewels became her life.

The girl
Has played and hit
Bathsheba's silken gold
Lentigo, man-purred. Spotted flesh
Will thirst.

And thirst can sob when winter draws the shade.
Disease can weep in dole of scorn.
So Bretta sleeps alone.
The Mexicans who mend the tracks will salve the sore.
And some have come when wine has healed more.
Bretta sleeps alone:
Impassive,
Inert,
Lukewarm.
Bias of predisposition,
Naked, prone, and cold.
Whiten the inured tongue;
Brutalize the apathetic spirit.
Who bends to kiss the unfelt comatose?
Who tastes the torpid triumph?
The melodrama of the unblushing
In the disregard
Of ardor
Cries numb
In the scars of night.
Bretta is stoic, numb, Indian, dead.
Charily will they covet the loadstone.
Lovers, hanker after Sibyl tonight.
Bretta sleeps alone.
Plunge through the door that parallels the wine.
For Bretta sleeps alone tonight.

Brown brown. Black black.
Cousin to incest.
Beyond that,
How far does the stratum strain?
Friend bleed friend.
We can decide to profit by
This same sore sickness.

Bretta brought her young friends home to meet
Her Dad. He was sophisticated charm
To them. Dakota's dust and drought and long
Depression left them with a hunger for the
Pretty things of life.

And so they came.
Swigging coke,
Teen-aged symmetry
Sings the song (unknowing, yes)
Of Set.
Bretta's crop, high-school young.
Vulva-blind,
Giggling,
Garbling the idiom of cover-up.
Pink is the perfume of their sweetness.
But money marries many morals.
Respond! Respond!

This is the hour when lilacs meld and score.
Niobe, soften and touch the frightened pawns
Of sterile lust. Lapidify the fawns
Before the bruises bleed. All things implore
That it is not enough to justify
Flesh pleasure by the tally of result.
These things too often bring a scorched tumult
Of chaos, wherein there are none to verify
The song of pain. The largo of disease
And unwed sperm becomes a dirge
Of budded faith. Sleek gifts appease
The unsophisticated, yes, and merge
A doubt to coma. But it birth-soon dies.
Appetite in the night. Saturate. Culminate.
What difference can there be?
If all that licks is sweet and good,
Then will you let me be?
Grandpa sang a different song.
He roared a different roar.
The battle of the tigress bitch
Precipitates the whore.

Jacob's Martin nursed on Jacob's gin.
He fed the still. Prohibition fed
The poke of Jacob.

Then came Repeal.
Martin bought a .44 and helped
Himself at night to tills and liquor shelves.
And he was quite a guy to all the girls
Who shared his spending sprees and danced with him.
Then, carelessly, he left his fingerprints,
And prison halted all pretentiousness.

Here, weep with me.
Take the tears.
The spleen has had its fill.
Wash these rats in the city dump.
Wash them in fire . . .
Blood of Christ.
Blood of man.
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Bootleg gin and haystack whiskey.
Youth-man high in cask and cash.
Ullage hot with easy-come:

The steel Colt,

The broken glass,
The wash of bills and gems, and time
Ticking into Tyrian curfew.12

Sleep behind the iron rounds.
Curse the buggy rice.
Ulcerate the cement creed,
And retch in filial wrath.

Two lovely children. Sound the flutes and play
The ripples prettily. And Calvin will
Rejoice that this is so. The night-warm gill
Will freckle on in diamond-black display
Of blooms. A purple asp will wine-glide into
Smoky death. The child is proud-flesh, piled
Upon the lust of raddle-palm ragout.
So dine today on friendship lice-reviled.
It hurts to suck. Confused and unashamed,
They know not why the iron ricochet
Shuts down the play-bright river, catholic
To crest. Why is the final score now framed
In shock? And who will come to them to say
This is not all, that structured stope burns sick?

Blanche barrels on, dish-water dull.
Isinglass of hate on hate.
Days to nights, nights to death.
Why smile in blood when only boy, young boy,
Screams the pain of heart-valve, high C,
Tremulo?
(Young boy . . . horn-burst)

See Jacob now before his walnut desk.14
The photographs of Bretta and his son
Smile brightly out at revolt's harbinger.
With fury, he determines to avenge
His hurt. Who dare incarcerate his son!
Who dared distort his laughing, take-take girl!
But subtlety and smiles were always his.
Not for Jacob can the gun suffice,
Can hostile hobs be ever forward-faced.
He travels north to swindle now in stocks
And hasps himself by eagerness and haste,
Forgetting the preliminaries of
Buttering friends as always he has done
Before. Now prison is his credit chamber too.

Hurry now.
Snared with a clench,
Boom the booms within the pit.
Predestination.
Means of Grace.
The Man knew hate...

The question, the dilemma, is
To spit or sing the Psalms?
Transfusions swell the spleen.
Friend bleed friend.
Steel bars can belt the blood of stupid, stupid, dripping fault,
The wound of Jacob Loudon,
Backset bound.

Batik of bathos fails to heal.
What is there then that is the real?
Behind the bars of Indian Falls
He broods,
And asks
If this is dawn
To dust of swirling heat?
And when the storm has passed away,
What is?
The warden's children play outside the gate.
Sometimes they sing (they look for four-leafed clovers).
"Jesus Loves Me" as they bend to take
The perfume from the twining roses that
Are climbing up the prison walls. One little
Lad has scratched himself: the thorns are sharp.
He ties the blooms up farther with a cord,
And says aloud, "What time I am afraid,
Then I will trust in Thee."

Today
You saw a child
Spill a teardrop on a
Rose; beauty won a kiss of God
Today.

Jacob vomits acrid, sick remorse,
And knows that hate has fully run its course.
Ten years regenerates the land,
The dirt contoured,
Structured,
Inured
By lab and skill.
The quarantine is forthright quartered
Into cubes of solid Essence.
Chimes and veils.
Hurry now!

A sob is a prayer.
Reaching, wanting,
A soul may strain for the All.
Parturient pulpit.
(His father manned the pulpit . . .
Total depravity . . . )

Flare out to flaccid par.
Hypersonic hate burned out to
Ashes of remorse.
The vinegar of unborn wine is sweet today,
A Cross of conscious protoplast.

And Jacob turns to bow.17

We can not scorn him thus,
This sorry man.
A soul kowtows to seek
Unblemished, now, a perfect end.
He cannot hope to change a rutted
Night of quarantine.
But hear him weep.

His imprisoned
Fears and grieves,
So stifled in the constant rush
Of life and living by
Ignominy
That throes of mental rot, of physical decay
Burned fetid, stink unto the chart.

Now, verily, wash clean the
Taint of unearned toll.
The Cross of Calvary will glow!
The last is first,
And olives kiss Dakota dust.18

* * * * *

Ponder on the petulances of today,
The petty phallicism,
The shortness of the chiffon night,
Wound-wined to brilliant sham of right
Insight to good.
Can good and glad and glorious be
The synonyms of misery?
Is night of finesse, obsess, caress, obsess,
Paymaster to the sun?
Or does the syphillis of red-shaped,
Sinapistic spirit
Dare to speak?
Death-still,
Sarcophagic,
The casket claims its gold.

Two breaths are hot upon the dark:
The kiln-hard hate of painted, purpled pretense,
And the glazed-clear knowledge that the pretend
Breaks to prayer.

Here, balk with me, and
Sever copper . . . roses.
Mutate the aching, wondering anguish.
Lift your arm and take my clench.
I fear no evil.
Bear with me the afterpain
Of siren-screamed remorse.

It is a lonely, a peculiar dirge:
In 1954.
Yet I shall fear no evil.
I shall fear no evil.
The coffin cries its Christ in time to know:
That there is blood-dried truth within
The structure of
The Goal.
CHAPTER III

OTHER POEMS
There stalks alone a quivering thought through horns.
A trembling, lonely thought, with glassy eyes,
Comes rhythmically out of Paradise.
And walks, unseeing, glowing, past the morns
Of Eden, Floodlet, Calvary, and Thorns
Into today and today's mechanized
And rumbling pink-convertible disguise.
True, centuries ago the "Thou Shalt Nots"
Were carved into the slabs that Moses brought
To stumbling, asking, thirsting, playing flesh.
The plaque of Israel, the tenfold polyglot
Moves yet, but now we know the entire thought.
The ghostly code of Kindness paces fresh.
PICASSO

It itches in the armpits,
And it crawls around the hips,
It shivers in the navel,
And it burns between the lips.
It grabs and twists and hurts and sings,
It circles day and night, and rings
Existence into now and here and haste.20

How tantalizing comes to bed the taste.

How salving is the moment’s ripe-red loot
Of goods within the fruit.

It is the now that presses close the part
Between tomorrow and the yesterday in art.
DIVORCE

Pain-blind
Is statute law
When work and pay in court
Have finished love and tacitly
Divide.
CURTAIN CALL

Unveil a pain:
Whirls of confusion out of
The god of doubt
Whipping into migraine
A thought better unthought.
Night in life ... grey-waved anguish.

Unveil a dream:
Dew-misted truth
Arising
To blend with fresh-wombed Beauty,
Light in life ...
Sweet flowing peace.
If I could sing on tune tonight—
If somehow I could sing:
I’d arch above the known scales
And pulse a melody to bring
To all of them a comfort joy,
Because it is that hammered day
Leaves achings much too strong
For hapless, choking succeedings.
I would indeed sing through this creed,
And mend with music part of greed.
SIREN CALL

Fear.
Sudden, piercing, petrifying.
A myriad violescent spheres of pain
Shooting terror into veins.
Dread.
Panic.

A Night so deep
A Hush so still
A Hell so close
That nothing breathes but
Fear.24
WHEN YOU ARE GONE

Dear Jim, the hour is cold and captive-cruel
With loneliness when you are gone away.
The tentacles of marble miles prey
Against the sun-joy, leave a forlorn, cool
And barren void within a heart-stripped day.
In night, there comes a pounding of the blind
And grasping barnacle of pressured mind,
And everything about me seems to say:
Come back, and leave me not to grasp and reach
For circles swirling swift beyond my touch,
Grey-aching; how then can I bear to be
Alive to day when day is meant to teach
The dawn of love? And knowing this, how much
Is clocked my way before you love me free?
RETAILIATION--TO A VERY CAUSTIC TONGUE

The poet's life is smote with fire.
The stupid curse his holy lyre.
He sings unscathed before his God--
They bless him only beneath the sod.26
SONG IN FULL VOICE

Run through the fields and laugh.
Laugh through the golden wheat.
Sing with the wind.
Let the gold of the earth and the gold of the sky
and the gold of your voice be one.

Climb in the trees and laugh.
Laugh on the sky-kissed bough.
Sing with the leaves.
Let the song of the earth and the song of the sky
and the song of your voice be one.

Lie in the grass and laugh.
Laugh on the curve of the hill.
Sing with sweet Life.
Let the love of the earth and the love of the sky
and the love of your Life be One.
Angels know the weariness of woman\textsuperscript{28}
And weep!
Intaglio to intellect,
Melange to melody of Man.

Oh, listen, listen!
The harmony of her who has
The hidden griefs mensurative for life
Is keyed
In sombre obligato to the task.
The musicale is obligee,
And treble cleff the pain.
Bony bookbinders sitting in a hall,
Little spenders mending before fall,
Framing lashes, gashes, ashes,
Of the hinged and puny trashes.
What is coming in the washing of the pall?
Do they dare to differ, dismiss?
Do they think to write the finis?
Synthesis of petty lives to file?
Ha!
Knowingly, they snicker, dicker, bicker
On the merits of the grave
And brave defenders of the Voice.
But never fear.
The little pasters shall continue
To sit hunched in deathly adieu,
But the laugh will always echo from the bier!
CHRISTMAS EVE

Henceforth, imply lilac outshoots
As you pour your pity down.
Withhold pouting and pretending.
(We can see the grin-sewn clown.)

Little Betty needs a raincloak
And Raymond has no shoes,
No shoes that he can proudly wear
To school. We wonder whose
Billfold will open and let out
A child-bright check to give
The shy ones new proud smiles and words
Of faith to spread without?

The little man sees silver glass
And beams at little stature.
Silver glass can shatter zigzag.
What can last from razor rapture?

Rather, give out lilac outshoots
As you rise to love and touch
The diamond-sparkled joy that always
Helps the lesser souls to Much.
Once I trotted into life with hydromel,
With inspired, flowered hope.
The mead that coursed along the arteries
Of deeds and days and death
Was somehow someone else's horoscope.

How bright are day's bright bright-blind oaths
To sanctify and sweeten?
Honey-filled are promises
Of youth.

I heard the song of Solomon.
I heard Niobe cry.
I heard the gasp of Miriam.
I heard bright Juliet sigh.

I listened as young David wept,
And Lincoln knelt to pray.
I wondered at the ache of George.
I stopped at Lucy's lay.

What honey comes from blooded comb
Of queens left loverless?
I step allegro... Tonight breathes
A yellow-hard poor guess.
GINQUAINS TO JIM

We two,
Raptured in dreams
Of golden-beat sweet hope
Perceive through all the gilded now
Christ's Jew.

He bends
To kiss the Cross.
We will not dare to ask
A pause that will be forbidden
And lose.

My own
Dear Jim and I
Will mow the grass of green
And growing cares, and so
Grow gems.
CALIFORNIA STREET, BUT BITTERLY

Twenty pains will cross and counter-weave
Before the birth of fumed fantastic thrills,
And countless agonies will send cold chills,
But even then the winners can't perceive
The losses. Can they now, in count, retrieve,
Or hope to save the visions volatile
From youth? A score--so many, many kills--
Are shot into the dark. The whores believe
The night is velvet-made, and nourishment
Of subdued, hungered, complex pain in pain
Comes out to meet the I.O.U. of day;
But sacral sores can lead to penitent
Sack-cloth. A soul then heeds the hurricane,
And light treks through to show the way to pray.
THE TENSION OF SIMES

Do you know the sickening
Knobbed fixation of blue pain
That knots within the bowels
Of Randy Simes?

He never had a prime illusion.
He never wept a rebirth tear.
He never plunged his naked hands
Into the dirt, and squished
A goodness through his fingers,
A damp-black borning dirt,
Smelling of the faith and
Sun-smiled hope of two months more.

Somehow he mediocred down the
Time-clock of today,
And didn't really come in late,
But never punched a gay
And gleaming gold-star moment
In all his life.

Never once.

Randy Simes is whistling at the door.
He clenches and hate-twists within his tune.
There is bewilderment in Sime's sore sameness.
Sick, he vomits all the hate
Of never having quite the guts
To saber into life.

And never was he quite blase enough
To spit upon the dirt
That nurtures cabbages, and melons,
And beans, and men, and glory
Singing into power,
Debitted to heights.

Iniation into strife
Was quite beyond today.
Will tomorrow uncoil ulcered,
Tight procrastinations?

Randy Simes is sick with
Half-way tries and full-way dreams.
And no one here can help him out.
And no one here has time to care.
CINQUAIN TO A TINY CHILD

In night
The baby smiles
And coos a comfort warmth,
But in the dawn of day he screams
In fright.
So much comes forth to disappoint
And intervenes to thorn.
Somewhere the bobolink cries out.
Elusive petals hide beneath the mass,
Slightly left of paths besotted
By the hurry,
By the haste of houred toilers,
Unioned to a day without the dew.

Sprinkle,
Spatter,
Splash a halt to all
The scheduled servitudes ahead.
A coma surely comes soul-cold
When I neglect
To touch, and love, the dew.

Momentarily,
I think to find the dew
Upon the violet.
I push aside the weeds.
The bushes hurt my arms,
And prickly things annoy against the hope,
And hurrying smoothness slicks away the hope
If I forget the dew.
OBSERVATION

Garbage
Is the ribbed-can
End of over-spiced and
Over-ripe fruits deliciously
Presaged.
MOTHER SEES

Dicky hastens out to play
With wagons, bears, and bugs.
Barbara pounces on the day
With dimpled dolly hugs.

Little ones are smiles to watch!
They laugh, and scream, and climb;
And what would this day ever be
Without their pantomime?
THOUGHT AT DAD'S DEATHBED

What melody can mankind sing?
What perfume sweetens pain?
Here throbs a blooded emptiness
Of earthy, stagnant gain,
A dirge of loneliness.

Maybe angels sing at death.
Maybe flowers bloom.
Perhaps the music sends out faith.
Life possibly has room
For lyric loneliness.

Beyond the choired heavenly host
And far beyond white roses,
Above the symphony of tears,
And on, there ever poses
Reaching, clutching loneliness,
Haunting, wanting loneliness.
TO BARBARA ATON

God grant that tears will rainbow faith
To needful prisoned pleas,
And may He shine a glorious gold
On worldly refugees.
In strength we look above.

Our light comes down!
Remember, dear,
When pushing pain is merciless,
And corners disappear,
And hands reach out to emptiness,
And no support is near,
One has to look above.

This oubliette that is our life
Is purposely directed
To shaft a stream of strengthening faith
To Truth all resurrected.
One has to look Above.
CAPITOL CAROUSAL

Gaudy are the pay-checks.
The brass of words is irk.
Jets are flying fatal flaws
In Sacramento's lurk.

Painted are the T.V. dreams.
The night clubs gin the moon.
Youngsters laugh at curfew,
And proud-fleshed drunkards croon.

Landscaped are the lawns of lust,
And scheduled are the tears
That surely, surely will attempt
To wash away these leers.
A call breaks clear into the cloud
Of whirling clutch confusion.
Come, faith, and kiss the clover bloom!
Come out and count the stars!

Battles boom within the souls
Of sodden, clock-bound intellects,
And sophistry and all its ropes
Cut tight the innocence inborn.

Come out! Come out!

There is release: the stairs
Of Jacob neon bright.
The climb is patterned hard against
The staggered, scheduled dark.

The day will come when little ones
Will cry for rainless skies.
McArthies kick the flattened tire,
And air is gone, and rubber fails.

Fairies laugh and jeer and leer.
The stars are steady--do you see?
Yet no one here is able to
Disguise the shameless lies.
One more song! One more tune!
And comes away the light.
Black lace laughs at merry now
Because the price is right.

Sing away the pain of mind.
Carrousel the debts of time!
Who will ring the bell and ask
For what essentially is mine?

I will take the dawn from day.
I will have the marbled moon.
I will silken all you say,
And you can have death's honeymoon.
NOTES

1. the Wound—the Crucifixion of Christ.
2. Quilted and tufted—the coffin.
3. The glow-red lives—Everything today is blazed in red, but it is a superficial blaze; no real fire burns beneath.
4. Blood of man—Man also has bled and died for the principles for which Christ bled.
5. Total depravity—This line and the preceding four lines refer to theological doctrines of the Presbyterian Church.
6. . . . there is very little less—Hate burns within Jacob against the force of his father's will. He decides to revolt.
7. This is the night the curtain fogs and tears—Here Jacob builds a creed for himself, a creed of anti-Christ. He plans to become rich, powerful.
8. Who nibbles cookies in his cell?—Herein enters the planned hypocrisy of Jacob.
9. The plan works to the extent that the web catches the flies. Revenge is wanted by his victims, but they are helplessly entreaded in his schemes.
10. And Calvin will rejoice that this/ Is so—Irony.
11. Whatever blooms is best by test/ And what is here is manifest—Pragmatism in a pathological condition.
12. Ticking into Tyrian curfew—Martin's bootlegging and burglary have finally resulted in his being sent to
prison.
13. Fear, intense, burns down to confusion and hopelessness.
14. ... before his walnut desk--The implication here is that wealth and power have now been achieved by Jacob.
15. Steel bars can belt the blood--Once again prison, a physical prison now, surrounds Jacob Loudon.
16. What is?--What is the meaning of life? How is it to be lived?
17. And Jacob turns to bow--Jacob, remorseful, returns to Christianity.
18. And olives kiss Dakota dust--The olives of Calvary.
19. It occurs to me that all of Christianity can be embodied in the one word, "kindness." Essentially, that is the meaning of the commandments. That is the meaning of the life of Jesus. And I think, too, that it is the tool for opening and warming life here on earth. Of all the virtues, kindness is the greatest. There is much more that I would like to elaborate on this, but I believe that I will do so in another long poem.
20. Picasso is an artist at abstracting sexual desire from what he sees. He combines it with love, making it not a pure animal passion, but a warm, human passion.
21. Labor, as such, appears to demand seniority rights above merit recognition. Somehow, it does not seem quite right to this author that production should suffer
because of organized "calandaritis."

22. This poem has no particular purpose other than to give the author's impression of actuality against reality; isn't much of reality conceived in the medium of dreams?

23. Here again the thought that kindness can overcome evil predominates, and I wish that I were capable to achieve that which seems to need the greatest of strength and charity.

24. Desolation, fog-thick quandaries reach us. A cry into the night may bring realization that time ticks on into Eternity.

25. "When You Are Gone" is a sonnet which I wrote to my husband, who is a salesman. He is gone about two weeks out of five. It is a simple love poem, expressing to him the acute loneliness which comes when he has gone out of town and I am aware that it will be five or six days before he is back.

26. "Retaliation--To A Very Caustic Tongue" is, of course, written with a half-smile.

27. This is time-binding. Its message is quite obvious, I think.

28. "To Mother" is not written especially to my mother, but rather to all mothers who are such, sincerely. It is somehow a mother's fate, as a Christian, to walk a painful walk.
20. This is irony, of which I write very little; bitterness comes out even when we try, almost desperately, to live in kindness.

30. "What can last from razor rapture?"--The mirror reflects earthly successes. If these are gained through cruelty and selfishness, surely they will shatter.

31. "Sweetness Waxed" sounds bitter. Perhaps it is. The task of love seems overdifficult at times. One's strength reaches a low point. This was written at a low point.

32. Many women know that all things subordinate themselves in a peculiar rapture when love comes.

33. This is a picture of kindness which goes beyond the bonds of social codes.

34. "The Tension of Simes" is the negative side of Eberhart's "The Noble Man." It recognizes that there is essential nobility in all men, but notes that failures stagger the path alone.

35. The cinquain form, which derives from the Japanese hokku, allows one to present a thought concisely in five lines with the following syllable sequence: 2,4,6,8,2.

36. "So Much Comes Forth" again is a poem of kindness. Contracts bind us to duties, as do also clocks--and debts. Let us not, however, live our lives obedient to these duties without pause.
37. The author particularly likes the cinquain form and uses it again here.

38. This is a simple observation. "Dicky" is Dicky Paul, my smallest child, aged three. "Barbara" is Barbara Jo, five. They bring sun into stormy days.

39. My father was Dr. P. K. Cesander, a good, brilliant, and Christian man. The last two weeks of his life, I shared with other members of the family a vigil at his bedside, knowing that he would probably succumb to aplastic anemia, an illness from which he had suffered for over a year. I shall always remember him, strong in his faith, rising out of coma to bring his hands together and whisper feebly, "Lord, help me to bear this thing."

40. Barbara Aton is a friend and fellow-teacher.

41. .. to wash away these leers.—This sort of living can end in anguished death.

42. "Prophecy" is a continuation of the theme expressed in "Capitol Carousal."

43. This is not a poem of selfish atheism, but rather one of irony. The last line expresses the author's belief. Again: kindness is the greatest virtue of all.
BIBLIOGRAPHY
BIBLIOGRAPHY


