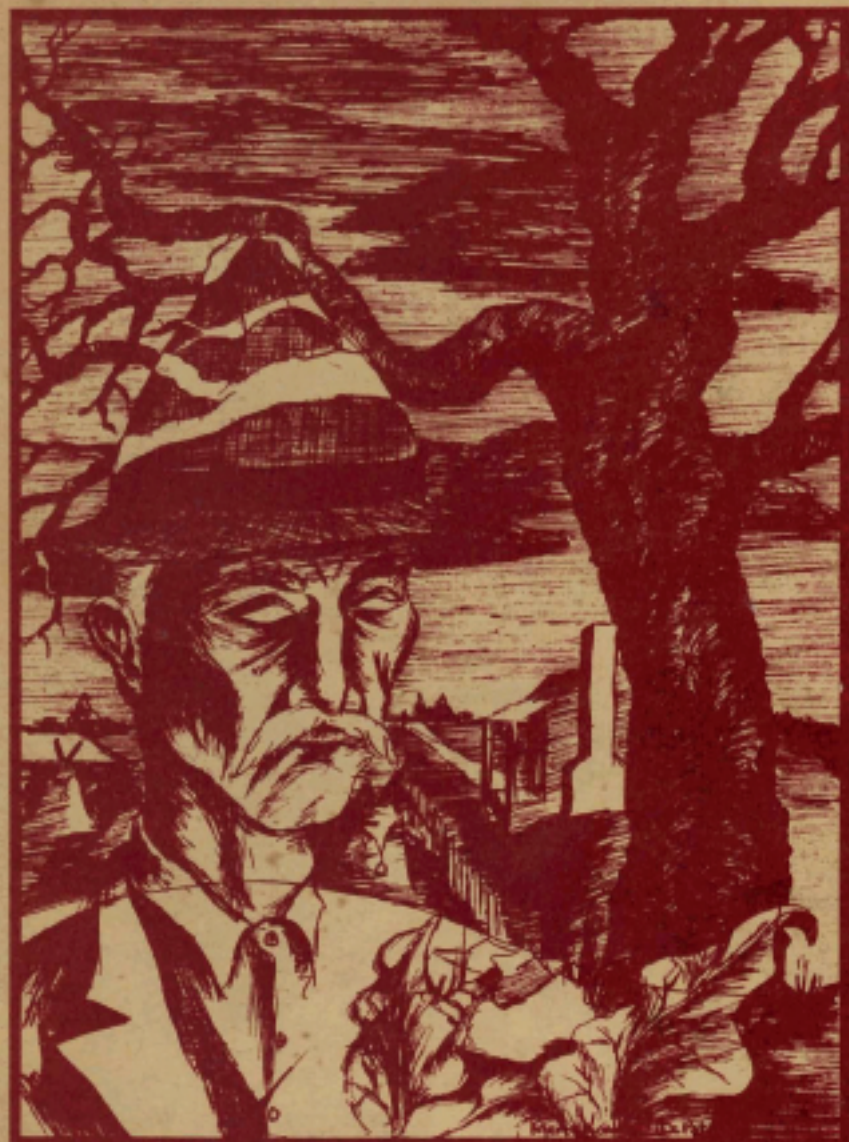


FRANK R. LEMBO

# RAINDUST



*With Illustrations By* MERRY KONE FITZPATRICK

## RAIN DUST

*Poems by*

FRANK R. LEMBO

*Illustrated by Merry Kone FitzPatrick*

A HAUNTING SENSE of beauty, expressing itself in subtle, musical rhythms and half-rhymes, and a disturbed awareness of the world and its ironies and injustices, are combined in each of these very original poems. Frank R. Lembo seems to be constantly probing for the heart or essence of reality in various typical observations of contemporary life, particularly in the South; and from his search he has developed a highly personal kind of poetry compounded of a series of images and personal awareness and feeling.

These poems are marked not so much by a definite conventional cadence as by a delicate (but very deliberate) variety of inflection or stress within each line. There is a constant melodic or singing quality arising from the structure of the poem itself—and pointedly from the author's long training and experience as a musician.

Though not easy to read quickly (in the sense that the images are fairly complex and often elaborate and involved), each of the poems in *Raindust* is at once rewarding when the reader catches the brittleness and innate precision of the style. One feels as if the poet need to make an almost new poetic-symbolic language to com-

*(continued on back flap)*

(continued from front flap)

bine successfully all of the elements of his thought and feeling simultaneously into one sharp impression, to communicate a complete experience in a single compact measure of time and space. Though this has been no easy task, Lembo has managed to break through the maze of appearances and achieve a kind of homogeneity that stamps his work as profound and genuinely original.

Thus, the unity of this collection arises from the dominant theme of the poet's probing awareness that he has expressed as—

*Overtones of stunned feeling*

*From simple things I have seen:*

*A tree . . .*

*A falling rock . . .*

*A sleeping succuba . . .*

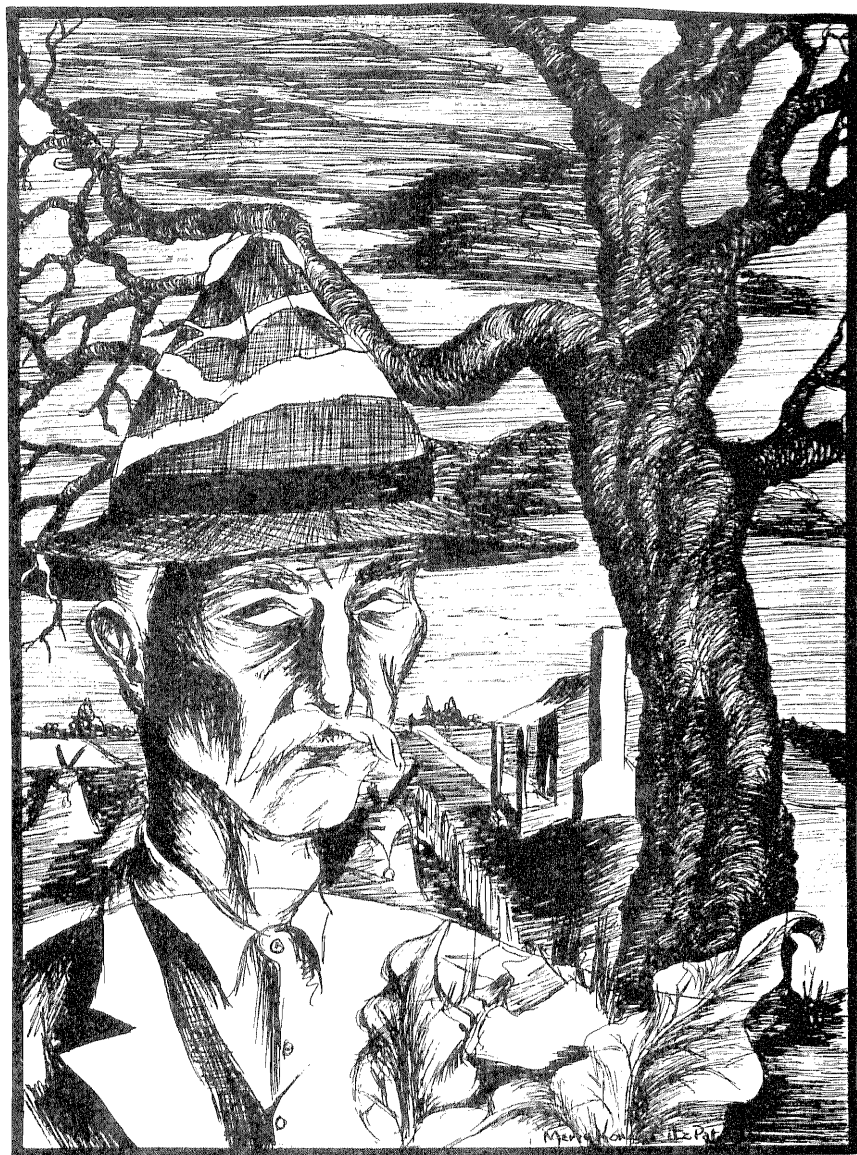
*A disheartened priest . . .*

Precisely linked with the central idea of most of the poems is an impression, a direct and personal response, of Merry Kone FitzPatrick, who has recorded her reactions in a series of varyingly abstract and more realistic drawings. The heart of each poem is revealed in a drawing, often based on a rather incidental image in the lines, and each of them immediately sets the mood for its poem. All of the variations of the poems themselves are reflected in these illustrations, from the delicate configurations of "Eleven Unleavened Verses" and the strange, heavy sensuality of "Night Before Moving to Duty on Moon" to the clever satire and disenchantment of "A Pagan Fable."

— Frank R. Lembo

# RAINDUST

BY THE SAME AUTHOR  
*Words in Mild Breezes*



*Down to Ole Michael's mound*

RAINDUST

# RAINDUST

By

FRANK R. LEMBO

*With Illustrations By*

MERRY KONE FITZPATRICK



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# RAINDUST

## Raindust

*Like little sunsets hanging  
Around a broken Baptist sky,  
I conjoin with pastoral drama  
To push the wagon of healing hay  
Down to Ole Michael's mound.*

*In weak plots of moral convulsion  
Sometimes I am a desperate fight  
Rising skyward, heightening the  
Picnic man, performing too soon  
Over the holiday parade, giving the  
Blues to dancing outdoor shoes.*

*I am two o'clock in the corner,  
And paradoxically I lean toward bay.  
I watch too closely perhaps  
The rooftops when I unagely play.  
It was a happening I liked this day  
To sleep at Ole Michael's mound.*

*The day had been a blistering bath  
Like the steaming stem of a kettle,  
"Surely it will come-a-rain," the  
Folks in the fields would say. . . . So  
I hurried here to heathen heaths,  
Where heavy labor and heavy love  
Paced of tugging desire . . .  
Where death means not to die  
But hug a legend worn-out.*

*Vigorously I let go my visit  
(Lyrically I moaned a thunder song)  
As cloud-friends frowned,  
And down I drowned the richest  
Field of healing hay, and rubbed the  
Dust and tickled the clay  
As Ole Michael's eye turned up  
Its streaming sight and cursed my play.*

*I do not think they will know  
Me as friend who hopes, who sleeps  
Less coldly in the finished fields.  
The sun, skylarks, even the bobolinks  
Count my poetry-beads as I shatter  
And drop them in the dust.  
Though when I am gone to think again  
A fresher ballad, a finer style,  
They will cup me in their mouths  
And cool their curses for awhile.*

## To Be Sung With Cheek Against the Earth

*Spring has come!  
Take away your arms about me,  
Let me race into the city  
And tell them  
Spring has come!*

*The winter-bound has fled  
Like a jungle chicken  
Frightened by rifle fire.  
Sing ye yawning yeomen  
Stand apart from me  
From the discovery  
And discontent of Eve.*

*Spring has come!  
It is time  
We incorporate our lips,  
Speaking the sound,  
Motionless,  
Unheard  
As blossoms being born  
On the acacia tree.  
Come and taste the sweetness—  
Yea, there oftentime a bitterness,  
A hushing sharpness,  
Bits of yesterdays  
To bite our tomorrows.*

*Spring has come!  
Speak of me.  
Stop the winter wishes.  
Come, let us make a pillow  
Of your yearning gown  
To lay our head  
With cheek against the earth,  
Look eye-fulls of stars  
In moonlit glade.*





*Spring has come!*

Hark! It is dark!  
Spring in the moving night  
Comes calling and camps.  
Where will the snow tide flow?  
Feel the hand of time  
Before your face . . .  
Fondly hiding your sight.  
It is darkening, this brain—  
To crush the larkspur  
Between the book pages.  
Stop your swelling,  
Your sickness.  
Spring has come!  
Beseeching both my hands.

O Peace,  
Joyful foe of misery,  
Infect the universe  
With love, with love,  
Contagious, communicable love,  
So that Spring may stay  
Terrorless  
Of a lusty Autumn.

## To a Night Cloud

*The night hems a lonely island  
In the shadows of a vastness  
Where there is height to claim  
From life below.*

*I stand to grow*

*A name*

*To measure the oneness in faith.  
My hands reach out to draw thee  
To the unknown land by my side.*

*Unrest*

*Unsafe*

*Unfold*

*In a blind lad's way thy dim mysteries.  
In the eloquent face of thy lonely life  
I see thy trails*

*Dragging dark sails*

*In search to blind*

*A timid vessel's time,*

*Until a shooting star,  
A desperate, decorative light to shine,  
Sits down upon thy chin,  
Smoothly sinks into the mood of flight.  
Speak to me and I will not fear!*

*How oft I hear:*

*Who is Mercy?*

*Who is Love?*

*The language liquids of the clouds  
Hang as a frail and flapping veil  
Between our high and low  
Corresponding energies below.  
Of course, I am a coward  
With painful paleness  
Not to live*

*In a hut*

*On a hill*

*Away from life of moving man,  
Away from pallid peeping eyes.*



*A blind lad's way*

*O, foolish cloud, let rain thy tears  
Upon the roofing of my heart  
Where stars glimmer,  
Spiral and retire  
Within a darkness in me!*

## Honeymoon

*It is the beginning of  
A tiny brook,  
Running to rumble beyond  
An angry gaint I call: my face.  
All the weight of a  
Sacred stream of thoughts  
Flood plungingly over  
An angry mountain I call: my heart.  
This highwater of tears  
Breaks the dam of tight lips  
As I clutch deathly  
The weedy pastures of passion,  
And bright gardens of reality  
Begin to bloom from two eyes—  
As sudden as murder,  
I wade into the hills of  
An angry levee I call: Pride.  
Then the fire in the forge  
Is smokingly put-out  
By another tiny brook  
Running, rushing, forcing  
Me to remember it is  
Inconsequential in a world of silence.  
Pray that it is  
The beginning of a celestial  
Angry collision I call: Love.*

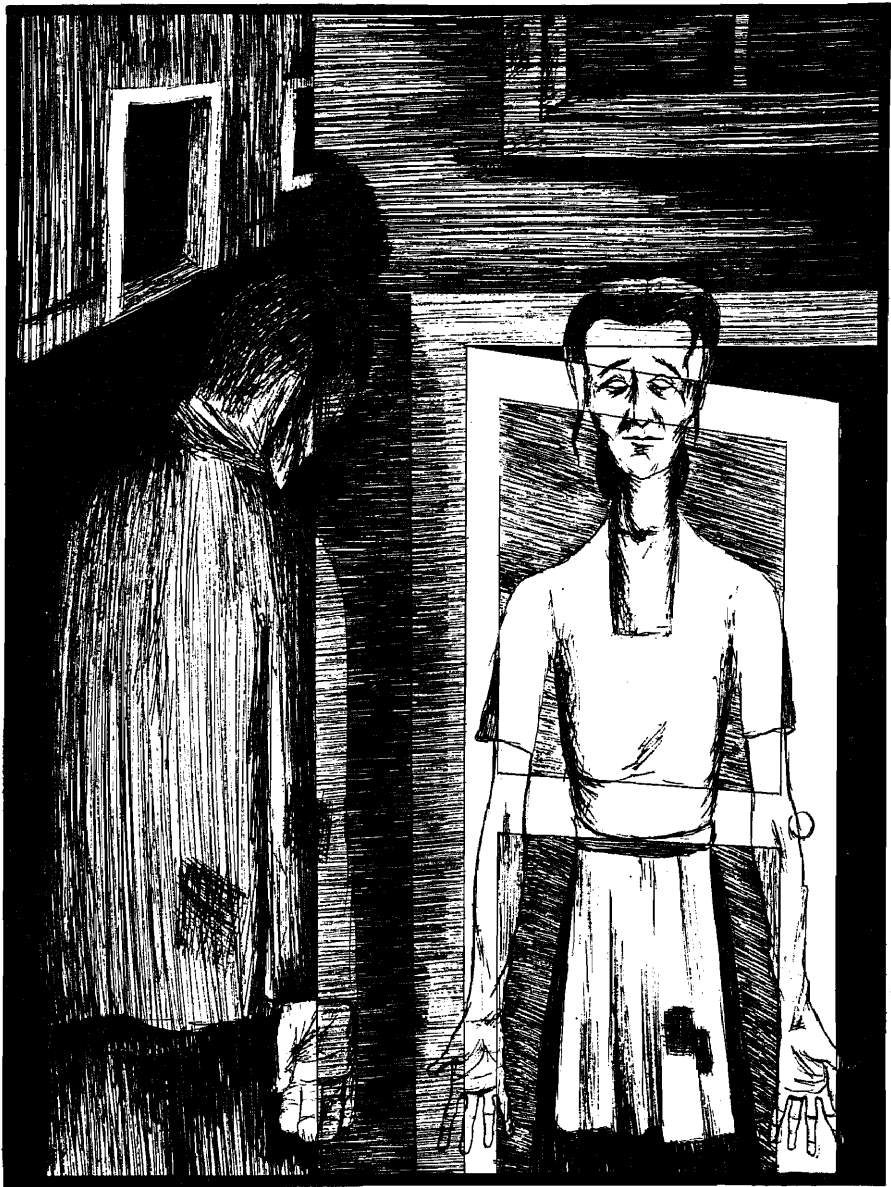
## Overtones of a Stunned Feeling

*A group of men I saw  
Of sweat and tears,  
Cursing men, rough and raw,  
So faithful to work  
Through the arid unattractive years.*

*Once I waited and I followed  
A weary man from the group I saw.  
He walked with classic spirit,  
As Moses might have followed a star  
With an agreeable lust for night,  
He walked every day of his life  
To a dirty alley and met  
A starved clean wife.*

*There came into my mind  
A wholly decorous thought  
Unrolling inside itself  
As a vice-vexed sea  
Of water-color-sketching:  
This lovingness toward one another.*

*I flung around and fled  
The heavy hangman's scene.  
I was overshadowed to the heart  
Of sweat and tears,  
Anxiety unhesitatingly crooked my arms—  
Around the crooked dream.  
Overtones of stunned feeling  
From simple things I have seen:  
A tree . . .  
A falling rock . . .  
A sleeping succuba . . .  
A disheartened priest . . .  
Come, weary man, from the group  
To stand and look. See as I saw,  
Escape this path made from a rhyme,  
Until a starved clean wife chooses  
To close the arid unattractive door.*

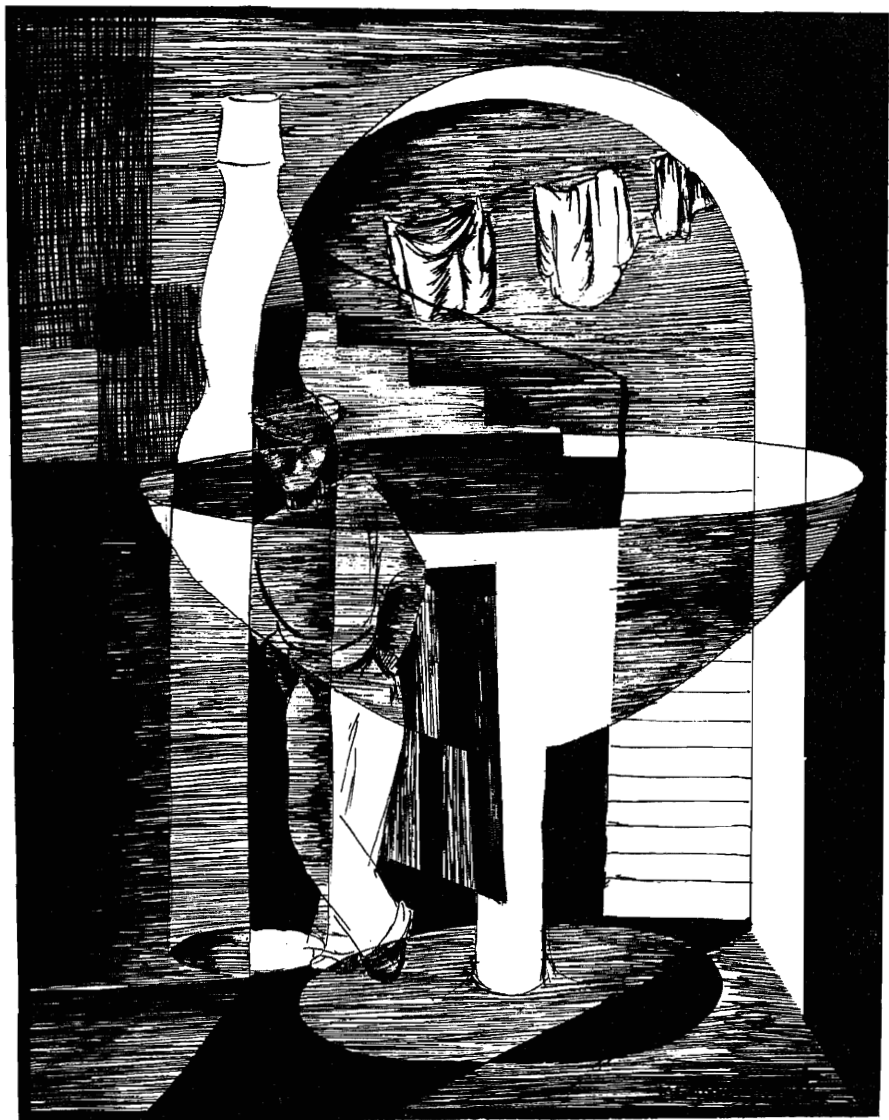


*A starved clean wife*



## A Day : The Aftermath of Night

*In the shabby, smoky, social world  
A night is every night . . .  
A day, the aftermath of the night.  
A boy with wine at night,  
A girl with song in day,  
A talking child with nonsense  
About these days and nights.  
Perhaps a strenuous effort was made  
By all of these unbeated lives  
To hold their hearts away.  
O, quarantine the hours  
And make forever—a day!*



*A boy with wine at night*

## All They From Natchez Shall Come Back

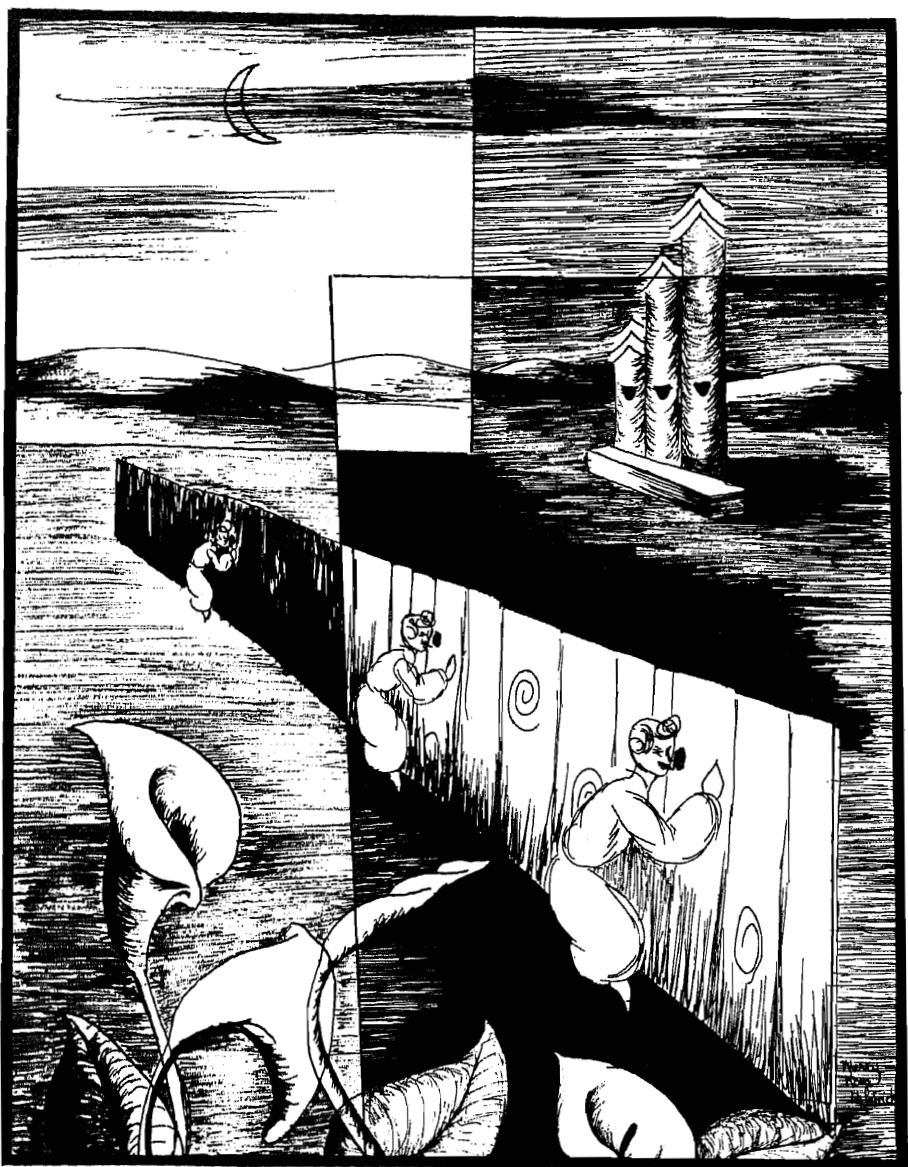
Once a year in flatterings  
Of half-lights, vanishes  
A touching farewell,  
Where once Old South came  
From river boats to taste  
Of wine and secret wisteria.  
Iron lace and fever-still shadows  
Straighten themselves as  
Stern cries tremble in echo of creole days—  
As if to say, "The foe will lay  
Merciless in the garden of bello  
And goodbyes."  
And soon all they from Natchez  
Shall come back again.  
Tomorrow softly webbed silver  
Awakens to greet them,  
In dresses like a linen lake,  
In satin of surprise,  
Racing into the panorama of things.

Indeed, dare not their disguise  
And paltry joys, as they sit  
In studious rooms and watch  
The children's toys roll back  
On the lawn outside.  
Let them lift their voices  
In shade of brown magnolias  
To protest the scroll of  
Their inherited appetites,  
As tradition, pomp, and five o'clock  
Songs diminish to burn upon  
Their haunting hearths.

O'es, tomorrows will sound of defeated  
Yesterdays. They shall come back,  
Like human avenues, all they from  
Natchez shall come back. Let them  
Be gracious to the influx of time.  
For who can at all these moments  
Mind a spinning wheel in stillness  
Of a proud old ghost?



*Fever-still shadows*



*Grown boys, walking on tiptoes*

## Recitative

*AH! WHAT VISIONS I SEE:*

*Ribbons letting themselves  
Be tied and untied.*

*Grown boys, walking on tiptoes  
Whispering through fence holes.*

*Pink fields, yellow rivers,  
False white lilies gossiping  
With half-moons.*

*A baby drinking with tiny eyes  
Of daylight's first view.*

*Lashes brushing an old, old cheek  
Interfering with a traveling tear.*

*AH! WHAT MUSIC I HEAR:*

*Church organ exploding its pipes  
Shooting like arrows,  
Rocking the Cathedral dome,  
Menacing Heaven—exciting Rome.*

*AH! WHAT LESSONS I LEARN:*

*Drink justly of thyself  
Drink . . . drink . . . drink  
Until visions you see:*

*Of ribbons letting themselves  
Be tied and untied,*

*Fall beyond the timid threshold  
Of awkward people who cannot*

*Help grown boys stand on tiptoes  
To speak through fence holes.*

*Never again to run around, around,  
To gather from the evil ground  
Debris of the exploding organ.*

## To the Looking Glass

*You have mocked me in the twilight,  
Forced believings to unite a trust,  
And when the nights visited  
Dark and shapeless as erotic impulses  
And sold us attraction,  
What joy we spent, my hands removing  
The vapor to behold myself  
Profiled upon your silver back.*

*No judgment trial falls mute  
As a silent looking glass.  
Why lies in the telling of our lives?  
These years of translation  
Your thoughts and newsstand quests  
Watching truth roll out  
To sit cross-legged upon the dresser  
And play with a friend called: communication.*

*Forgive the times,  
Times in need of wit to swear,  
The voiceless people  
Showing you their dress, their face and hair.  
Lo, they stood before the chill of dawn,  
Fanning flames of fading faces,  
The modest ones: reared by parents of Jack & Jill,  
The evil ones: teased by brothers to kill.  
The private little lingering ones  
Plotting to destroy a moonlight-love,  
Only to return with hanging heads  
As the answer NO, and in the light  
Of thin reflections, did press their cheeks upon  
A faithful looking glass.*





*Believing man . . .*

## For a Sufi

*Your heart may call itself the  
World of night, oozing from the shroud  
Of timid twilight to speak to all  
Vastness the wondering words of  
The cosmic sky.  
Too beautiful the stars,  
Their lonely vigil,  
Their swearing anger,  
Their smiles, it is not a miracle  
To see their smiles, ugly motions,  
And liquid lights shining, shooting,  
As they fall in passage for another day.  
Once you struggle with a star—  
Tiny timeless star half-sure to win,  
Half-sure to lose  
By blindings of its own gala light—  
You may translate to all vastness  
The wondering words of  
The cosmic sky.*

*Believing man, throw on high  
The cyclone kiss and travel in the sky.  
Cannot you climb from the heart of night  
In ignorance of your spaces?  
How know you the shine of faith,  
The shining clay of man-made life,  
Sinister as an evil sight, with  
Vague noises floating through the sky—  
Made of slumber snores, passion cries,  
Broken laughter, and of rolling tears,  
Floating, falling through a sheaf  
Of blame-beams to a plainer ground—  
Down into the dark, dark ground  
Where curious earth lights have hemmed  
Your wish-stars between reflecting  
Messy stones and stories?*

Rebel in distant splendor a tearing  
Star-light trial. When you look back again,  
Around, up, you are wondering,  
You are not sure until the same world,  
Whose blood-washed garments, faintly faded,  
Spring to life another color, wild in  
The heart of a stricken trust.  
Believing in sweetened toil of desire, you  
Have visited with the stars and found  
A guarded formula of a reliance-town—  
That floats within every man,  
A simple corner of the sky,  
In a flash, a ripple, a clashing cloudburst  
Sprinkling unused dreams, like frozen  
Jewels. What can you want beyond? Bend  
Now your knees; lift up your head  
And let the stars show you the waiting  
Christ within the tranquil Inn.

## Rhapsody on a Slave Theme

*Arise, ye scattered men!  
Bind me with thy hair,  
Divide me,  
    Scatter me,  
        Fling me  
Over the empty lands  
Of dragging harm  
Of beauty without usefulness!*

*Arise with dark skins  
And provide a death for me!  
Dear slaves, dear snakes,  
Uncoil, crawl under weeping roofs:  
Nature is calling,  
Flapping her swollen arms,  
Stirring the dust of the ash air  
Earth to see thy rolling bellies,  
Thy serpent-striking faces,  
Venomously flood the Beauty-Place.*

*Arise! Lay a finger  
Beside my gambling gifts  
Of tomb-light and dog-barkings.  
Tired are my tears  
Dripping the sweet of lash-long eyes,  
Blinking the blaze  
Of palefaced men running to kisses  
Brushed from  
The Freedom-Palm.*

*Run, Freedom, run!  
Before my scattered men  
Clutch thy wrists,  
    Force and twist  
        Ye daring-down  
Where scavengers undress.  
Run, Freedom, run!  
Cast away the chanter's chains  
And forever go.*



*Ye heavy slaves*

*Perhaps, in lonely humming waters,  
Ye heavy slaves will touch  
Reflections of trembling swords,  
Lunge to gather misfortune  
As darting dragon-flies  
Tasting sugared blackberries.  
Lick the lighted lantern  
Of leopard-throated lies,  
And tear away the bridal gown  
Of exclusive yesteryears.*

*Arise, Humanity, arise  
And remember to fetch  
The sapling edge of enterprise.  
Hurry, worry, hurry,  
The sluggish worm now rests  
Upon a tender stem  
To smell the raptures  
Of the pagan flower.*

*In green of trees,  
In red of roses,  
In white of twinberries  
Unbridled I ride with thee.  
Sick I am of golden harps  
And tarnished trumpet tones.  
Ride high to touch  
The branches of forbidden trees.  
Dip thy thirsty tongues  
In blue rivers,  
    In wine spoons,  
        In fish ponds,  
            In buttercups,  
In every place of life and death.  
Arise from the somniferous shelf  
And I will call to every man:  
"I am! I am! I am  
A wheelcart of love."*

## Aye! Aye, Sirs!

*Two sea-eyed sailors  
Patrol their lonely way  
Across the world of "I dare you" rocks  
Afoot, their song on wing  
Moves to calm the sea of  
Their fathom fear as a used-to-be  
Childish love swallows drop by drop  
A young unhappy blood.*

*Two sea-faced sailors,  
Onward with song on wing,  
Walk outbounding the bay beach teeth  
To kiss the tide edge mouth,  
With the eunuch's lips,  
Trembling of joyous sea tastes,  
Listening bubbles bursting blue  
Across the world of "I dare you" rocks.  
Afoot, their song on wing,  
Their burdened feet walk  
Agelessly into the beckoning surf,  
Leaving two white starched caps  
Asleep upon the mountain green—  
Their compass watches ticking echoes  
In answer to a calling wifeless sea.*



*Into the beckoning surf*

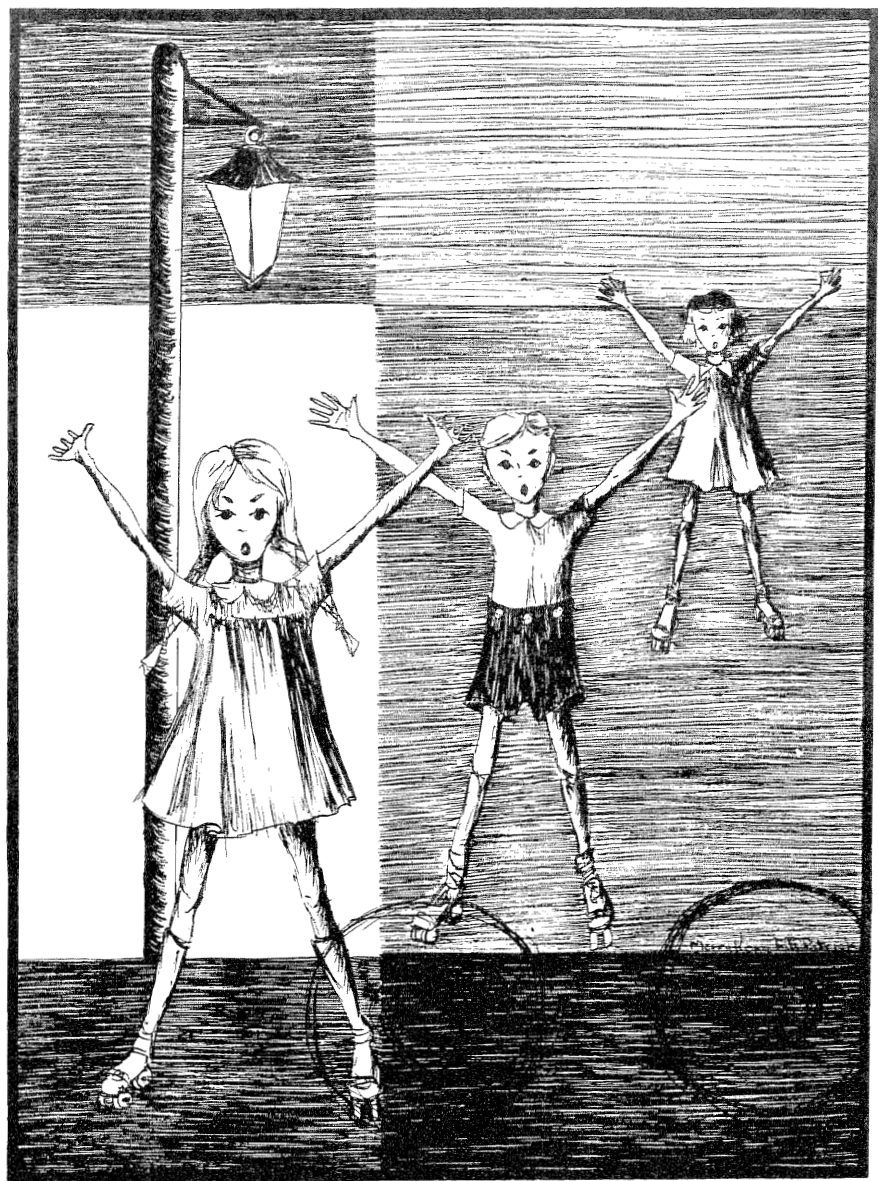


## Little Skaters

*Traveling over the pavement,  
Skating silk-like  
In a loom,  
Colorfully they weave  
A pattern:  
Little legs and arms  
To match little heads,  
Once of dust  
And warm light  
Traveling over the pavement.*

*Look out!  
A stone,  
A useless paper sack,  
Rope!  
Right in front!  
Little eyes,  
Watchless eyes  
Fail and fall little falls  
Down  
Down  
Their laughter, their cries  
Up again, little eagles' eyes!*

*Little skaters of happy hearts  
Hidden to die  
When they are ready to say:  
I am grown old to skate that way.  
Ooo, to watch little skaters  
Travel over the pavement  
And pray that a fall,  
A little brittle luck to stop  
Riskings as they call,  
Make them aware that life  
(a silk-like pattern of years and dust)  
Skates over the pavement  
With new wheels  
Soon to rust.*



*Colorfully they weave a pattern*

## Dirge

*From near meadows, which lie flooded  
In moonlight, I see a stubborn, unyielding  
Heart bumping upon its way in silence.  
Angelic choirs, invisible cherubim,  
Accompany the scene.  
I see again the distant land.  
Nay, not too far the distant land.  
I hear my Brother crying,  
Softly weeping, as though entombed  
Within a somber medieval castle,  
In pain, the echo strangely calling.*

*"Alone,  
The home of my heart  
Frequented by none  
Save I,  
Love I,  
Know I  
That love is solitaire.  
Lone body,  
Who feels oneself?  
Perform for me in objection—  
Cover I  
This unsolved substance  
With the cloth of seclusion,  
Loosen  
And softly  
To dissolve these  
Traitor tears. . . ."*

*By name they call him Michael.  
By curses he cries, with arms so high:*

*"Micah. Micah. Micah is my name.  
I am ecstasy; behold, I am a dream.  
Take me into your hearts and make  
Me alive within you,"*



*Within a somber medieval castle*

*I remember how they ran from him,  
Turning their empty heads to swiftly look.  
There, left alone with himself, I know he laughs.  
From the near meadows, I see a Shadow-Thing rushing  
Across the terrace world of embracing passion.  
Alas, Death leads my Brother gently, heartless,  
To a gallant home to reunite their friends.*

## Happy Birthday

*In the sweetness of your name  
We live of passing pride and praise  
Content in bareness never so dear  
(We climbed from Heaven in forty days)  
To win the world from wronging.  
Ah, let us hope to open fate's door,  
Fondly to shun the risk of tender sins  
And scatter our flesh on a famine floor.  
You might shame of distress and sleep  
In dingy lanes in humble guise  
And wait for hell-folks to down  
Your fair cheeks and eyes as you rise.  
Oh, to feel the birth-bound child spring  
Glad with life. We ought in numbered ways  
Count back the heart's unspoken fear  
And find the cottage which mortals praise.*

## Upon an Ocean Floor

*My greenlands! My brownlands!  
My waterlands so foreign!  
Which of these native piers  
Is chosen marker for my ocean grave?  
I wonder as I wander below  
—all hail the green pale tide—  
Are they there: my loves?  
Yes, curiously they mockingly ride  
The slow-willing stream.  
One aims a pistol  
As both incredibly run toeless  
Over the shell-thick ocean floor.  
Weeping does not tend me  
In the none-the-lonely-land of giant kelp  
And bizarre nymphs tapering upward.*

*Inseparably our bones  
Our skies beyond the ocean exile,  
As perched the vision keepers  
Splintering our bays—  
Flooding our straits—*

*My greenlands! My brownlands!  
Which of these native piers  
Is chosen marker for my grave?*

*Below as I flow  
Slowly as gum from tropical trees,  
I see now clearly  
The liquid figures by degrees  
Form silently upon my ocean floor:  
—A blue lady with red wool.  
—Soldiers asleep like boomerangs  
waiting to be pitched away.  
—Tiny children whirling green parasols.  
—Bubbles of powdered soap with  
clean speckled noises.*



*Bizarre nymphs*



*Look, there is cutting ahead—  
The ship's hull. Now we know it  
Is Friday. It is London, New York,  
Saigon. My greenlands, My brownlands,  
My greenlands—farewell.*

*Now to find a room of my right,  
A timeless casement view  
To watch for others, others  
That might chance to visit  
To my vuggy home and sit upon an  
Ocean floor to company these  
Phosphatic memories after  
The noyade.*

## Eleven Unleavened Verses

### I

*Forty-six couches within  
My tent to tend  
Like all men  
A friend of Saul,  
With servants to care  
Summer and fall  
Forty-six couches, Saul, and all.*

### II

*China Land, the beautiful land,  
Woven of dyed silk.  
Were I a tiny seed  
Would I,  
Oh, would I bury within thee  
To rise again a handsome gingko tree?*

### III

*All shrieking sounds, the ravens,  
Darting to uncover the silenceness  
Like airquakes, their cries  
Float as clouds,  
Hurry to meet the chariotmen.*

*Listen! The lightning ladies  
All raven-wives singing in chariots:  
"Swing Low! Swing Low!"*

### IV

*In Alberta Town atop a mountain  
I found a missing ring.  
It was so a pretty happening  
To find a long lost thing.*

## V

*A maiden stood beside my grave  
For shame the sun went down  
Her feet I felt  
Until she knelt  
To kiss the grass-grown mound.*

## VI

*In a boat, in a boat  
Moving toward the shore  
Out a boat, out a boat  
Moving toward the door  
Walking in, walking in  
Finding nothing more  
In a boat, in a boat,  
Moving from the shore.*

## VII

*All to ecstasy!  
What care the Greeks—  
'Twixt man and gods,  
The sameness is love.*

*When shall meet the evil with the good,  
Rejoicing as one  
'Twixt man and gods?  
When I show the frailty of my body  
And unwrap my poverty soul.*

## VIII

*Hark, clean composer,  
Are they dead that cannot tune voices?  
Voices without tempo  
That cannot sing  
Of nature's wild sensitiveness:  
The Freedom Song*



*Are they dead that cannot tune voices?*

## IX

*She lay in emptiness of decay  
Many moons and many suns creeping  
Into her burial darkness of elegy.  
He had left her burning,  
Had poured his passion like flaming oil,  
Pitiable and with exhaustion  
Kissed her burning head,  
Lecherously backed her craving body!  
Set fire to her magenta bed!  
His madras swiftly falling in a heap  
Around her suffering feet as he fled—  
She, the darling of his warmth,  
Twisted to her knees  
Crying after him with shouts sublime:*

*"Libertine! O, Libertine!"* .

*And fell back hushed, bottomless,  
In the fire where he had loved  
In the time of emptiness.*

*(She: Civil Rights      He: 1950)*

## X

*By day a certain dog,  
Smiling dog (a tail-wagger),  
But when a leash after dark  
Becomes a Master's guide  
(to lead him along a lonely heart)  
He was transformed,  
This nocturnal dog,  
Into a grim, grim beast.*

## XI

*Oh, I am going away, away  
Where blackbirds cannot find me.  
Where I might learn to fly  
To curse the death-bell's chimes.  
Oh, I am going away, away  
Where whitebirds cannot find me.  
Where I might learn to fly  
To curse the mourner's rhymes.*

## Easter '47

*I saw God  
Bone by bone in the allotted plan.  
Blurs at first aloft  
Amid the fields of harvest red—  
The trees along the highway fled  
Branch by branch and then  
I saw Adam and Eve,  
Pointing out the plan  
Bone by bone to a beautiful slender man  
Looking as I thought He'd be,  
Walking in a floating time  
With footsteps four inches from the ground.  
Yes, Larry saw Him too,  
Hitch-hikingly decked with green flowers.  
How strange He had not blown his horn  
With songs for them that feast of scorn.  
Ah, He glanced at me.  
Blasted shyness set me free  
And I ran from the tragic car  
Over the long road back,  
Crying aloud to the neighbor's door.  
I saw God's altar crack,  
Roaming torn by thunder bolts  
And flaming gasoline  
In the crucifying sky,  
Closing darkness without a cry to testify  
Sharply as cuckoo spit  
To form as it will—  
I saw God and Larry  
Their midnight hands steering the driver's wheel.*



*Their midnight hands*



## A Pagan Fable

*In a wood, Noah began to carve  
The ark, from a dream.  
Each day the task took Noah away  
From the favors of his wife's play.  
During the time of cutting trees  
Devil-D, on a spying spree,  
Followed Noah from tree to tree,  
Wresting means of dupish glee.  
Then he decided  
Noah was hiding  
An invention he was fashioning  
For riding.  
Devil-D hastened to Noah's wife  
To win her as he did with Eve.  
He found her carving with a knife,  
Wearing her tears upon her sleeve,  
Wishing Noah would use her life.  
Devil-D startled her,  
Danced a dance upon the floor,  
Frolicked his face until she swore:  
"You devil, I adore!"  
And they made in a bowl an inciting drink  
And laughed and laughed,  
The purpose to feed Noah.*

*One evening Noah came home to sleep.  
The ark was forming in its place  
So he could rest in counted days  
Until the flood in fury would erase  
The peace plans of Grace.  
His wife appeared and cheered  
With a steaming drink:  
"Here, sip of this"  
And evilly stole a kiss.  
Noah drank a cup's fill,  
Drank again and began to reel.  
Happy, happy he clapped his hands  
And disclosed to his wife  
Of the flood of life  
And his ark dream plans.*

*The following day she knew  
Of Devil-D smashing the ark.  
Noah, finding his craft in ruin,  
Knew it was the devil's suing,  
And cried aloud in prayer.  
God answered as Devil-D laughed  
And thunder—clouded the air:*

*"Remember the first tree  
You felled?"*

*"Yes, I remember it very well."*

*"Hurry and sound a toaca  
Under that same tree.  
Hurry and do as I tell."*

*The rain began to fall,  
Noah sounded the toaca.  
To his surprise  
Before his eyes  
Every broken piece of the ark  
Jumped up and assembled in  
Its proper place,  
And Devil-D began to chase  
Noah's wife and Grace.*

*Soon it was time for loading.  
The door stood open for the  
Roaming pairs.  
Now, safely filled, ready for the  
Flood, and Noah called to his  
Wife's angry stares:*

*"Come inside, my Bride!"*

*"No!"*

*"Come inside!"*

*"No!"*

*"Come inside, you Devil," he cried.*

*And the onlooking Devil-D jumped inside,  
Whispering to the passengers that he  
Had been invited to ride.  
Noah's wife promptly availed,  
For she would not have sailed  
Without Devil-D.*

*The rain fell and the flood came.  
Twenty-four nights later Devil-D turned himself  
Into a rat  
And began to gnaw at one of the planks  
Where he sat. Soon a tiny hole appeared  
And water tumbled into the ark,  
But fortunately a green lizard,  
Seasick and weak,  
Noticed the hole and placed  
In its tail to stop the leak.  
And saved humanity—  
Be grateful to the lizard's tail  
For the ark would never have sailed.*

## She Is Dreaming Herself a Stone and a Man

*She is dreaming herself a stone  
Pink and ocean-free  
Glittering lonely upon the foam  
Her hands at liberty  
Touch the idle feet that roam  
Torn of misery.*

*She is dreaming herself a man  
Shaved of despair  
Sailing from a jungled land  
Her fingers in the air  
Touch the idle wind-tossed sand  
Kissing Neptune's hair.*

*She is sleep-walking in space  
Forward to a man  
Who stones her dream-filled face  
Killed, kissed and ran  
Shouting: Dreams cannot win the race  
Catch me if you can.*

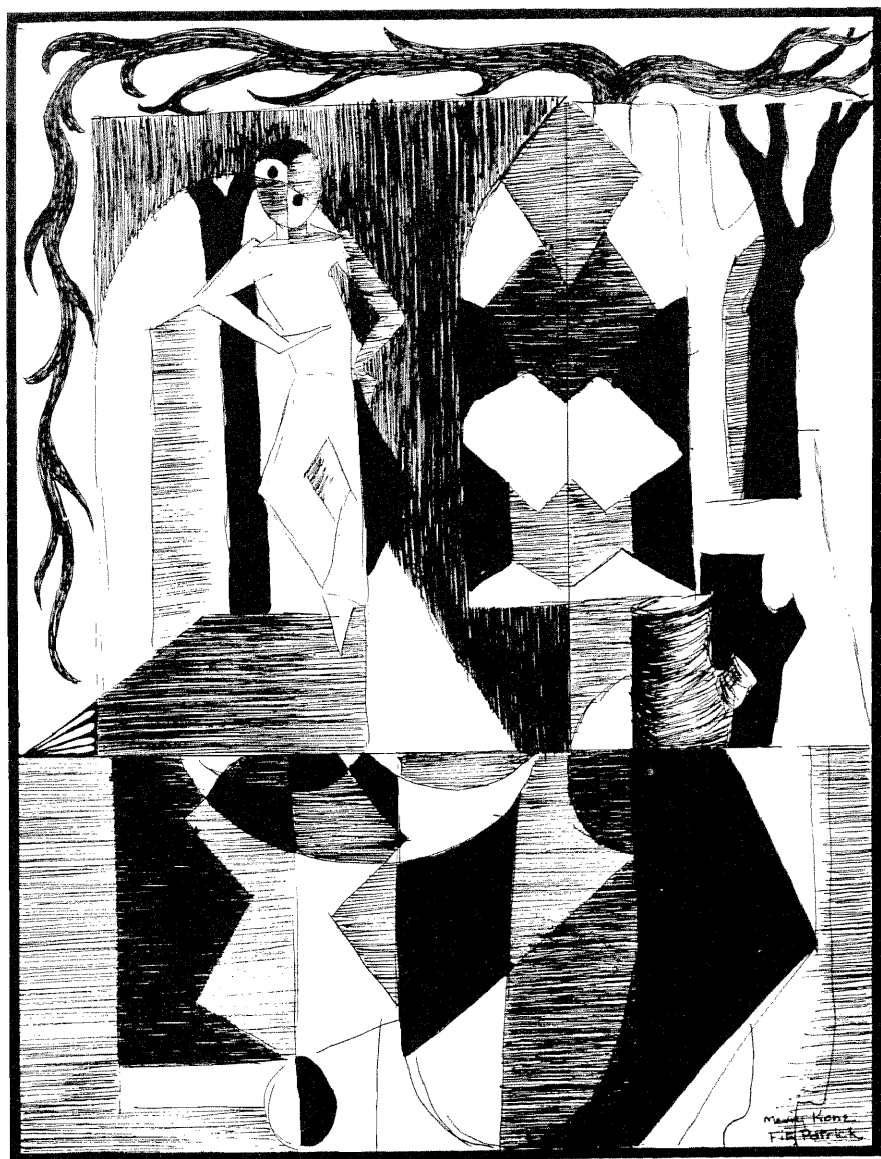
## Kaleidoscope

*A toy like life,  
Be fruitful to my design  
Of shifting shapes  
And crazy desire.*

*These tiny varicolored  
Raptures of illusion  
Like campfires of dreams  
Keep forever burning  
Forever turning  
Until my children hear  
A bit of music  
From the core  
Of the everchanging circle—  
Cut in revision  
Of a glow.*

*Give me the pattern  
Of active love to cut  
For fitting time, of taction.  
Disentangle the linkage  
Of my Lilitbian heart, and  
Let my children count  
The indurative beats.*

*O Kaleidoscope, can  
Not ye spring a finer mind  
Of trifling acts of priestcraft  
That turns itself?*



*Shifting shapes*

## The Cold Heart

*In spirit of a woodland lake  
The Cold Heart, no good apart  
From trembling flesh, walks with Life  
To gain the future path  
As they point the hazard-fleeing way.  
Icy swimmers of a woodland lake  
Signal nearby ghostly shores  
Lighter now in winter's day  
Than any other season-time.  
Life halts and speaks:*

*Separate the brain from the bone  
And everywhere is everywhere.  
No one lives unwooded to die so deep  
As when they reach the reddest rose  
And clasp instead its truthful thorn.  
No separation outlives a mating,  
For Life and Heart are earthly chained.  
Signal back the icy swimmer's call.*

*The Cold Heart possessed with the  
Idea (toughest guy in the world)  
Looms in clasp of frailness:*

*It pleases me to stride as I do,  
In pain, cruel, this long way I roam,  
My sluggish frozen feet  
Dispossessed of their natural foothills.  
As I am, so I am another and another.  
Never the sameness appears  
Under ornamented clothes of passion.  
Be dirt, or gold, my threads are felt.  
Feel! Feel! This does not exist.  
I am a universe of mollescent nothing.  
Flesh is void without blood,  
Impure without size,  
Yea, the rivalry that they are red  
That they are blue  
That Life and Death are one  
That rich are poor—*

*Go now apart from unsweetened lips  
And poison not this path  
Dammering of people-peril.*

*Backward steps the Cold Heart  
To run in start of icy swimmers,  
But the willow likeness of Life  
Holds the heart as a gift of marble wings  
Frozen ages ago.  
Their eyes catching the spirit  
Of a woodland lake  
Search the hazard-fleeing way.*



## Cheap Topaz

*The paper-thinness of his heart  
Lost in reflections of friendly water  
Tosses as a canvas sail the bad omen  
Against the azure light.  
The sea was a handshaking man  
So exquisite of humble pride,  
A hunting, haunting friend  
Grown dumb of serious things.*

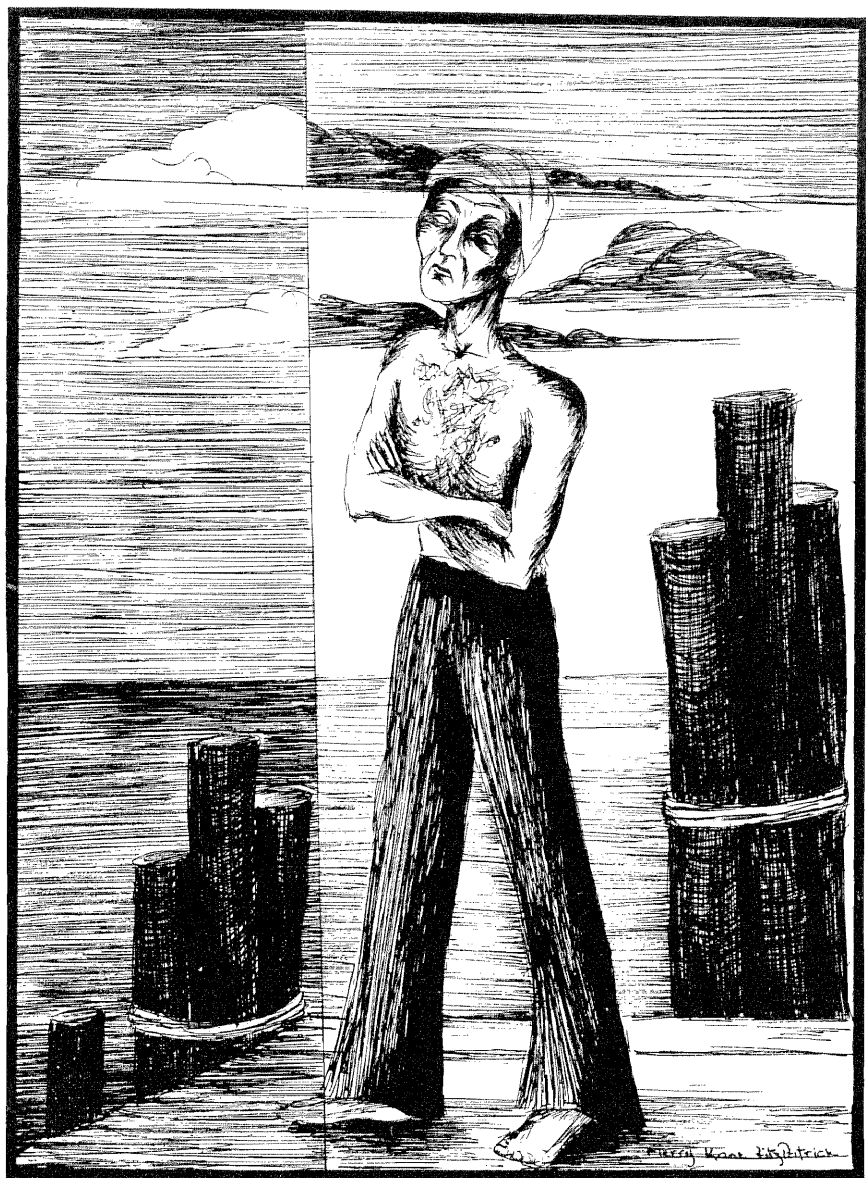
*The sea had tuned his scratch-toned voice  
(O far from pools of summer flowers)  
To burst with laughter a slumber song  
Like a tolling bell endowed with light.*

*Strange that such a seaman,  
With deep dreams and memory scenes  
Of canyon riding, joyously sleeps  
The years in awkward wakes of magic ships  
Where moral gems of human flesh  
Go guttering down in tears and foam.*

*Many shining cities rose  
For him upon the crest of tides.  
This was his cargo, his home. And he  
Often missed meeting the lips of  
An unknown bride, who continued to journey  
In spraying mist and sleep on the deck—  
A sweet slander for awhile.*

*He cursed the Captain that taught him  
These moods, these unchallenged pangs,  
Who used to lock the cabin doors  
Of his youth as he shrieked his snarling  
Swears unfit for sail:*

*You! You! Timid of alien shores!  
Save your fears of prairie seas!  
I saw you born from moonless woe  
Of a sea gull's song!*



*Gracefully tilts his turbaned head*

*Away then now over the pier of home.  
The windmills of his love  
Forever in the sad, sad face holds  
Clear the untrue sparkle of a jewel.  
So proud of early years, this seaman  
Gracefully tilts his turbaned head,  
Grown dumb of serious things,  
To watch his fears drown themselves  
In search for a something belonging to the sea.*

## Night Before Moving to Duty on Moon :

### A Farewell

*Come, my warmth,  
Lie upon this crimson robe!  
Tonight I am no more for thee.  
My sense of incompleteness has need  
Of thee, my warmth, before the fever fangs fall.*

*I heard thy cry!  
Lo, the scent of thy breath,  
So like the smell of scarlet wine  
Staggered me. Our faces meaninglessly  
Have whitened. Yellow lightning split  
Our crying bellies! Remember how I raced,  
To separate the rain and the wind?  
How lively the demons kissed me and  
Stroked my bridegroom aches.  
Come, my warmth, seek my hands  
And lie down upon this crimson robe,  
Of soft rich hues, enhanced by endless  
Strings of amber and coral weeds.  
Together we shall sleep awhile  
And dream transfigured accusation,  
Mocking our stares of fragile dignity.*

*Come, my warmth,  
Lie down upon this crimson robe.  
For what have we after reality:  
Night and nothing more. Tonight I decry  
Manly sport. Tomorrow I show the king  
Of knowledge where my breasts were cut off.  
I will sing in carol, "MY SOUL IS  
READY FOR THE MOON."  
Oh! my heart, my warmth, surely  
Thou hast noticed whenever I spit,  
The hailstones falling from my lips.*

*These stones of a hollow voice,  
Melting erstwhile songs.  
Come, my warmth, lie down  
Upon this crimson robe, before the  
Morning-Men smuggle me into  
The household of the Moon.*

## Ten Lines From Stained Glass

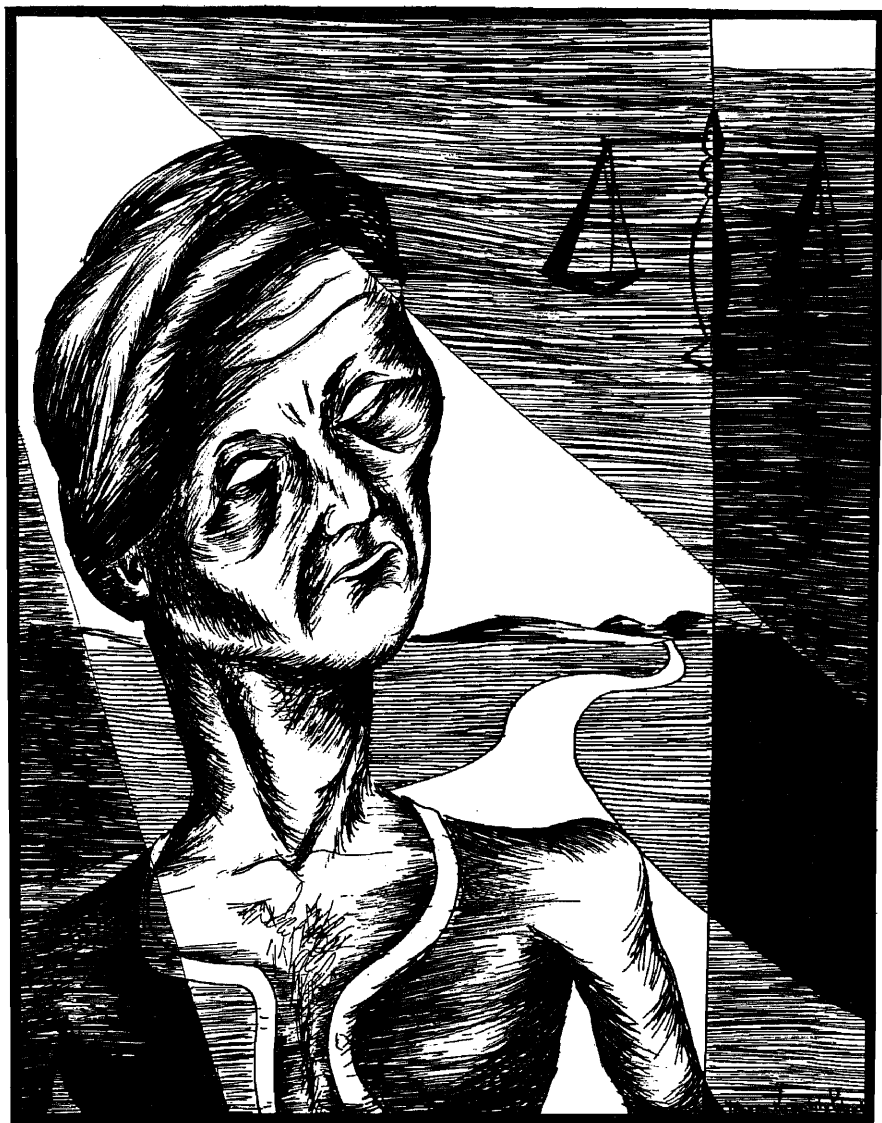
*Once in seasons life travels  
To wake-up the splendor of evils  
And the conveniences of men.  
All manners of changeable philosophies  
Begin to clod along  
Footstep trails of human deserts.  
Stern faiths of griefs in pantomimic  
Dizziness evolve to a spiritual height,  
And with absorbing doubt and light  
We are lost.*

## Spy Trial

*Tomorrow they shall question me,  
Standing in the bitter busy hall,  
I will tell them of the whippoorwills and frogs.  
Then surely to Paris we shall go,  
I and fourteen men.  
Never a word of truth to tell  
Tomorrow as they question me again.*

*The plot that failed with the lamplight  
I, standing in the road,  
Will tell them of the whippoorwills and frogs.  
Then surely to a tomb we go,  
I and fourteen men.  
Never a word of truth to tell  
Tomorrow as they question me again.*

*Who would rather die than surrender  
Sweet children of the Nazi mother?  
Tomorrow I will tell them as they question me,  
I standing in the road,  
My face of hunger, my shouts  
Of lies to listening lands:  
    *Ventre à terre,  
    Vive la bagatelle*  
Tomorrow as they question me again.*



*My face of hunger*

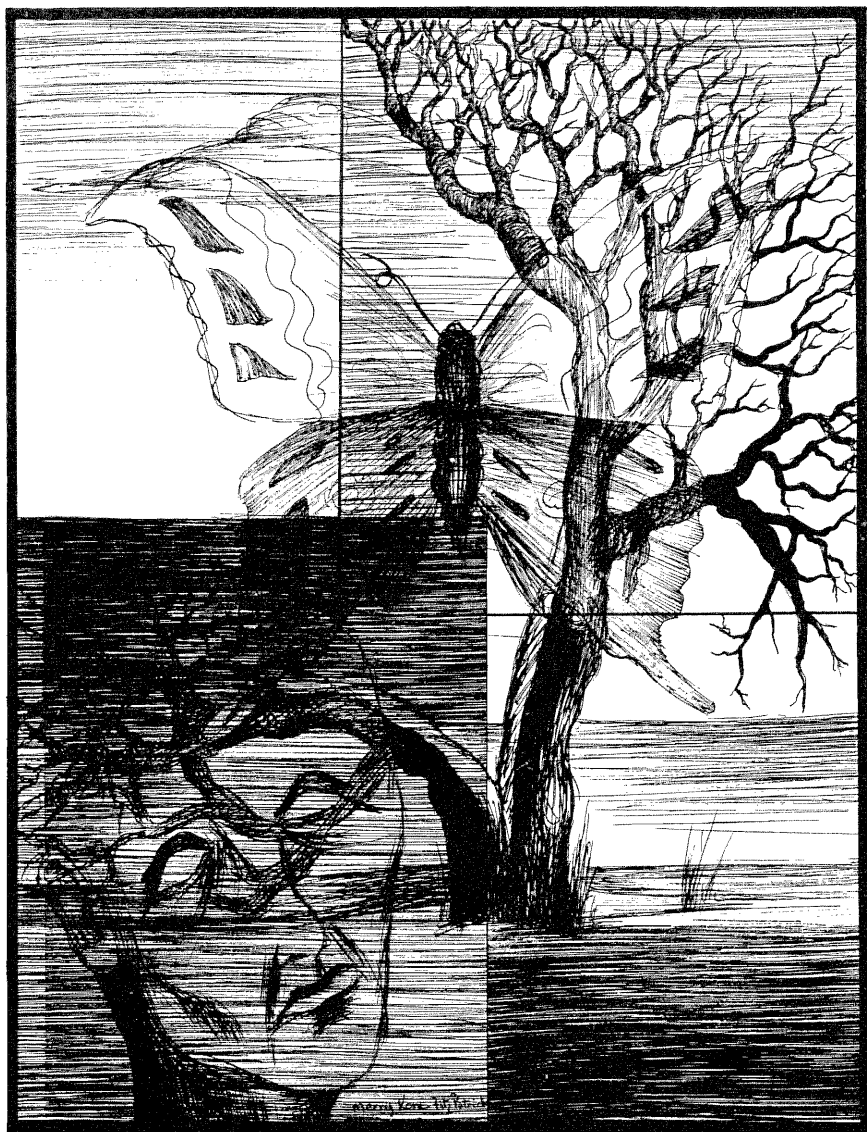


## The Butterfly Tree

*Lightning last April  
Split open  
An old oak tree.  
I was enraged—  
I hurried home sobbing aloud  
And spent the summer  
Inside . . . watching  
An old oak tree  
Lay down  
A pretty gown  
(North of the Gulf of California)  
And fling a hundred  
Naked arms  
Reaching toward the sky.*

*Then amid  
A brilliant fall  
October in strong rhythm  
Brought with a changing life  
In force of arms  
A multitude of butterflies.  
Monarchs (orange rimmed with black)  
A fluttering brilliance  
In the air  
Everywhere  
Like a rolling fog  
Pouring passionately upon  
The beach a liquid army  
Of winged visitors  
Adoring  
An old oak tree.*

*Hanging twig to twig  
Top to bottom  
These living leaves  
Of joyous population  
Rest the wintertime.*



*An old oak tree*

*O Mariner,  
Who without wishing  
Ushered these tiny spirits  
Where once last April  
Came disdain, despair  
To comb an old oak's hair  
Roguishly?*

*Ah, by the cry of wings  
These chaotic orange-black  
Echo winds  
Redressing from death  
An old oak tree  
Where once good men  
Came to shade  
Discord  
Hope  
Desire  
With beauty in familiar hours  
After good adventure.*

*I know the voices  
Of these grounds  
Spit forth mistakes.  
Let me believe, O bitter tears,  
The old oak tree  
Of perished green  
Will wear in every wintertime  
These butterfly leaves,  
And pass on  
This dream.*

## Two Cantos

### I

*(A blind Cajun sees in himself  
the fine romance of a strange  
enlightened age: seventeen.)*

*There was sobbing, then silence,  
Then the dark song of the river bird  
Performing the impoverishment  
Of the dark, damp, Delta land.  
Somewhere rice and lily-roots boiling over,  
Somewhere a tiny tugboat trumpeted  
As stars signaled the egrets' crying  
Lost in the swamp's tree-thronged room,  
Acute and painful frayed the liquid land,  
Canoes of love paddled ashore  
Purging undebased expectant youth,  
Poisoning bamboo shoots,  
Boiling over rice and little lily-roots,  
Darkening the singing river bird.*

*Armand had no lantern,  
Yet stealingly he could see  
A seaman of love unmooring his heart,  
His heart ringing unashamed like a fever bell  
In the bronze illustrious sun.  
He could smell the rice overdone,  
Hear the river bird weeping,  
And midnight beds where sleeping quilts  
Fall to the friendly floor  
Quietly as kittens with brazen feet  
Passing through worry-worn door.*

*Armand left during early morn  
Through codes of fireflies decorating  
The dark, damp, Delta land.  
Little mud huts peopled his imagination,  
Waved their smoking chimneys like a scarf  
A floating plume upraised from the sand.*



*A strange enlightened age*

*Oh, love had grunted like a hog  
And now was leading him by its hairy hand!  
A strange unforeseen hog. A pig, yelling  
While he was shrimping well.  
Fear like a broken cheekbone dignified his speech  
And his tongue dizzily danced  
As a wick sputtering without oil,  
A pelican lay down in his heart  
With irreverence to claim kin.*

*Surely love had borrowed pilgrim wings,  
Had come to boil the rice and lily-roots,  
To tease the river bird as he sings,  
And tune the tiny tugboat's horn.  
O heart, O native vine-clad hill,  
Where the peanut girl kissed the chain  
Of clover blooms Armand wore upon his head,  
Guide the hurtful interchange of growth  
Where worthier frailties have fled.*

## II

*(. . . my heart panteth, my strength faileth me,  
as for the light of mine eyes, it also is gone  
from me.)*

*My heart is an island,  
A perfect cavil, cawing of lost joy,  
A cove where night endears  
Follies and fears of youthful gifts,  
Unclouded without flood  
By gulfs of human blood,  
Rolling inward from the sea  
Upon an isle whose beach of silent sand  
Rouses to resign the tidal waves of lost joy,  
Intersecting with buffoonery  
The sailing impulsions of haarish man.*

*My heart is an island  
That seamen seek, cawing of lost joy,*

*Ah, a heedless haven of sagging skies  
Where falsely fading nurslings,  
Like chosen rams, wander and chant  
The song of the peanut girl: Give back to me!  
Give back to me . . . Give back to me  
Your clover chain and your sense of healing  
To free the heart of lamentations of lost joy,  
As captains yield to little boys,  
Beardless and ever running.*

*My heart is an island,  
Ah unfinished 'land-bo!' shouting of lost joy  
Where hagfish play in inland stream,  
Where lovers find, as in Gretna Green,  
A dilemma of malignant demons  
Who steal the anguish of delight  
And trick the beachcomber's right to buy  
Passage home to die of lost joy.  
My heart is an island,  
An escarpment engulfed in a body of love.*

## Regret

*Because I do not thirst  
In the hour of your needs  
I cannot feel myself with you  
Grow glad as wicked weeds  
In the garden of fine green  
Which we have grown between  
Perfumed impressions and deeds.*

*What shudder of divine content?  
What heart will speak  
Where parchments perch and cry?  
In this last search I seek  
The secret setting of the slave  
Lost within the passion grave,  
Buried in wombs of the meek.*

*O darling, the sky is falling down!  
Cool clouds riot overhead.  
I cannot feel myself with you  
Grieve of what I dread.  
At last, my hands of equal ways  
Cover the hangman's ghostly gaze  
As my love gives up its dead.*



## October

*Little liquid lights lean  
Laughing leaf to leaf,  
Trim the leaves they beam  
Like frozen tears melting grief  
Waiting for the falling  
That frost will briskly bring,  
In sorrow like the calling  
That only spring can sing.*

*See the trees that cry,  
As lonely lovers in vexation  
Departing dolefully in goodbye,  
As October reforges reforestation?  
Her love, a perfect face  
That living artists paint,  
The universe with prelude grace  
Awaiting the winter saint.*

*Cold forests seek the warm  
October sun where leaves turn red,  
They rob from her: snow unborn,  
She steals from them the dead!  
Farewell, O summer in the sky,  
No echo-call of care to hear  
Until the emptiness of this cry  
Refills, unmanned by flickering fear.*

*On the fields toil hired men,  
Lonely road befriending lonely shoes,  
Crystal dew-drippings blend  
An icy pattern of winter's clues.  
Birds fly unemployed away  
Across the moon, begging aloud  
For October to forever stay  
A golden stillness and proud.*

*See the frost-ghost sliding down  
The hill and touching with dye  
The earth-orchard's fruitless frown  
As Indian Summer's agents inspire  
The unrejoicing hearts to scream.*



*Departing dolefully in goodbye*

*This myth, this heartless autumn spell  
Turns dark to light her Halloween,  
Buying the dreams that witches sell.*

*Soon, where the sun shadows fall  
A million Octobers will go  
To sleep where huntsmen call  
The deer square-dancing the doe.  
Chrysanthemums with their autumn hands,  
Like torches free from fire,  
Yield their wisdom of the land  
Preciously to the passersby.*

## Elegy

*Al,* to loiter  
with the dead,  
to lie in grass  
and write unread.  
Oh, listen to words  
answer ourselves  
in traitor's tones  
... "this *OUGH*" ...  
which morality loans  
... "is *THOUGHT*" ...  
ground from bones.

In seashore swells  
our tide-tossed homes  
exalt escape  
to rest in scriptures  
of reason and rhyme  
forgotten before  
remembering time.

In other Ages  
awkward audiences cry too,  
helplessly Master Creation  
(stoned and delivered dead)  
died with half-closed eyes  
to live again where  
others fled  
to loiter and  
to lie in grass  
(grass of self and counterself)  
and worship dioeciously  
with the delusioned: *CUSTOS MORUM*.

*Al,* what price impersonal  
the grassless  
the cold clay bed?

How real to turn  
sadly EX ANIMO and  
bow instead  
before headstones  
Sculptured by Pygmalionists  
of writers now  
dead.

See the bell-rope pulling?  
the fancy end  
as enormous thunder-makers  
applauds antiphonal . . .  
the villain's grin,  
and LO, the poet  
(echo of the Angel King)  
dead at thirty-one  
of Homeric laughter  
sidelights to loiter  
and not to run  
other ways round the sun  
(the apprising sun)  
or escape seashore swells.

AH, to lie  
in grass and write unread  
scriptures of reason and rhyme  
forgotten before  
remembering time.

# Divertissement

## A DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE

SCENE: *The Universe*

TIME: *Sunset*

CHORUS I: *Dark fury spreads its rolling  
Thighs with dying cries  
As day retreats.*

*Creeping calm curls and spins  
With solitude fingers  
Sprawling the walls to win  
Sweet rest and defunct discontent.*

*Softly, softly, steals the night—  
Slouching, stumbling, pursuing, falling,  
As sleep, forever long, hugs  
The secret of subconsciousness  
To her denuded breast  
And locks her regenerate room.*

*Tons of twilight  
Tons and tons of twilight  
Pour unconsoling the crazy cry:*

*GOOD night! GOOD night!*

(The Sun, dressed in a cochineal red cloak, whirls on stage before 3 circles representing Earth, Moon and Man)

(CIRCLE I: Earth, a child)

SUN: *Speak on my child!  
Speak on for a longer while.  
Look into my skies!  
Speak on of what you see in my eyes.*

*My eyes I made myself  
Carved like scrolls  
Nailed on trees  
Whose beckoning leaves as tentacles  
Wild as grief  
Suck the lips of compromise  
As you look exploringly  
Into my eyes.*

*Speak on, my child,  
Of dizzy disdain  
Whose beauty is my mate  
Of rays and rain!*

*This is the land of timid skies,  
This is the jawbone of a King  
Whose kingdom, as the perpetual rose,  
Trembles as it grows and grows and grows  
Until the empty master in me  
Will surely turn and tenderly see  
My child in a tavern  
With dice-sounding doors,  
Windows of painted prices  
Beating the darkness in its crises,  
Luring the gallop of sleep  
Still-born upon strange shores.*

*When time of fear is come,  
My child, who will remember my skies?  
Their color and their size?  
Will you wear them light  
On the lowlands of fright?*

CHORUS II: *O like a tickle they will twinkle  
When the time of fear is come!  
When the time of fear is come  
On the lowlands of fright!*

SUN: *Lying juxtaposition, my child,  
To a wild and willing force  
You MUST speak on!  
Do not bend under ivory feet  
The plants of offered wills*

*In the garden of energy that fills  
Behavior full of hypocrisy.  
Speak on, my silhouette,  
My doubting moon-praising child.  
What is this face you see?  
What is this Age unpraying,  
Sharpening its tooth  
Head down to bite of truth?*

(CIRCLE II: Moon, an actress)

SUN: *Little actress in disguise,  
I know a place a crown was hidden  
That someday you may wear  
If you realize with care  
The devilish devotion of marvels  
As you practice your Age  
Upon the stage of histories  
And lusty novels.*

*Yea, I have seen your interludes  
Your robes of death  
Your outbreaks of necrophilia  
Your glee in darknesstime,  
And the way you stroll from  
Cornerstones to graves  
With tomorrow in your heart  
Still wearing your grandmother's hat,  
Ten centuries old and flung away  
On a heap of wood where her eyes  
Had often seen the good in Man's fires.  
And lo, the good in Man's ill  
Like kindling wood upon her hearth  
Full of ashes and desire,  
Where a floor, a roof, or a wagon wheel  
Taught her how to feel  
Betrayed before a brave sun-bright fire.*

*Look, the curtain falls!  
The stage is dusty with echo calls,  
With rage, with tears, with nausea  
Of closing years, little actress.*



COMING: *The Moon!*  
NOW SHOWING: *The Moon!*  
WAS SHOWING: *The Moon!*

*Now my little actress begs,  
Dowered with a scheming soul,  
As a slipping seal from overwhelming waters  
Rises aloft in sparkling beams  
Of a lighthouse whose methodic eyes  
Hurl thunderbolts, blinding your face!  
Your icy mountains rumble and crack  
Choking out-the chaos-vortical cries.  
O little actress in eclipse,  
Were not for me your singing lips  
Could not fill the skies  
As your tempted angels hush my song  
And signal the Earth  
Your love to recognize.*

CHORUS I: *O Moon, signal the Earth  
Your love to recognize  
When the time of fear is come  
On the lowlands of fright!*

(CIRCLE III: *Man, a water lily*)

SUN: *Every day, every night  
I see you silently, sadly sitting still  
Alone in my sudatorium.*

*Lost?*

*Possessed?*

*Lovelessly left on Earth!  
Glancing at the Moon!*

*Your ears no longer tuned for sheepbells!  
Wistfully as a water lily  
Against the sinners sarcophagi.*

*Lonely? Where are your inhabitants?*

CHORUS II: *Oh, happy to have been born like this  
Alien to self-taught kiss  
Of oblivion. Earth is a stony ghost.  
Man on Earth is avenged.  
Where is the Universe's host?*

CHORUS I: *The Earth and the Moon modulate  
From major and minor suspicions of man,  
Whose tongue has licked the pathways  
With the juices of fate.  
Halt, precious Peace of prophets!  
Listen to the major  
Listen to the minor  
Modulations of the Earth, Moon and Man.*

SUN: *Moon-Man, Earth-Man, you cannot stand  
In destruction unbent,  
Nor invent with bending of bends  
The truth well spent.  
Replenish the Universe, then slaughter  
The dark suspicion born of every daughter  
Discharged from every son.*

*Long, I see the lines of death  
Spoil the Earth's enchanting breath,  
With radio-activity and dreamlights  
On the hearts of Life.*

*I see you now at play with anchorites!*

*My little Man, a naked babe  
Timeless as a water lily.  
A water lily, born of a bubble  
Of primordial substance,  
Floating with petals pointing upward,  
Quoting its lesson for life:*

*This is the sun!  
This is the moon!  
This is the earth, my assistant!*

*My assistant no greater than I!  
The moon, the sun no greater than I,  
If you are, then descend  
And be mortal of eternity!*

*Cry on, my little thrifty thirsty flower,  
Float on in the torchlights of shouting.  
And maybe in the shadows of my mountains  
Your petals will attract mercifully  
Malignantly the malfeasance of Life.*

*Come quick! While the Moon washes her hair,  
As nymphs of the sphere  
Reconcile in the darkness of  
A rayless sea of fear!  
We are mere oddities of space  
Shaking loose what we should embrace.*

CHORUS II: *The time of fear is come  
The time of fear is come.*



CHRISTIANSON-LEBERMAN



HERZIK

MERRY KONE FITZPATRICK

FRANK R. LEMBO

Frank R. Lembo, much of whose work qualifies him as "a poet of the South," was born in Itta Bena, Mississippi. After studying music at the Louisiana State University and the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music—with the interruption of a stretch with the United States Coast Guard in the Hawaiian Islands during the War—Mr. Lembo came to San Marco, Texas, where he is now an assistant professor of music at the Southwest Texas State Teachers College.

Also a Southerner, Merry Kone FitzPatrick was born in Edna, Texas, and has lived most of her life in San Marcos, where until recently she was an instructor of history. She now holds a teaching fellowship with the University of Texas in Austin.

"LEMBO is certainly a poet to watch. . . . He combines in nice balance (one might say with a sense of orchestration) the opposing properties of old and new forms—the melody and structure of the former with the sensitivity, the tentative intellectual exploration of the latter. This prosodic synthesis is paralleled by an equal tension of the life and death instincts, bringing us the sense of the preciousness of living felt at the very verge of self-destruction. A splendid poet."

—GEORGE P. WINCHESTER, *Forum* (London)