

a game of chess.

She played the game of chess, alone, when day was done.
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The Aquarium, San Francisco.

a curious mortal have I seen,
tall, some hairy, dwarfish, tall, fat, lean,
one who sought for gold, and some who sought
and head for other people's thought,
one who sought for nothing on this earth
to face the time twist death and birth,
my with their passions and their freaks,
some so strange as those who came in tanks
from Pacific atolls of the main
behind a milky opal pane,
at, but never staring back again.

In New England.

For Nina Curtiss.

When I was sick of voices, cities, trains,
You took me to your farm among the ~~Willow~~ woods,
And let me wander down your muddy lanes
Alone, while you were looking at your goods.

Your men came slouching round you; "Ray speaks
to you a minute?" and I heard you give
Orders about the timber for next week,
And say they might replace the broken sieve.

Quietly in command, and competent,
You dealt with matters of your shuttered home,
While I, thinking of mine and all it meant
To me, the stranger here, was free to roam.

Your dogs came with me; on your farward roof
The pigeons cooed in January sun.
Scrapping the cobbles with a restive hoof
Your hunter whimpered at you for a run.

Earth and wet pavement lay beneath my feet;
The music of a ~~hundred~~ dozen rushing brooks
Replaced the clamor of a city street
And vapid endless talk of books, books, books.

And by some transference of thought and space
Three thousand miles were shrunken, and I saw
Dogs, pigeons, horses, in another place
Submitted to the same and quiet law.

Valerian.

Do not forget, my dear, that once we loved.
Remember only, free of stain or smutch,
That person once went naked and ungloried,
And that your flesh was startled by my touch.

And though the processes of mortal change
Delude you now to different belief,
Consider only that the heart's a strange
Quick turn-coat, undesigning of your grief.

Forget, - regret, - should these two words be brothers?
If rhyme to rhyme be kith, so let them be!
Pass from my heart towards the heart of others;
But in your passing, half remember me.

10. 2. 32

Mr. Ward
Mr. Stanley
Mr. Norman

meeting in easy phrase,
mistress of an easy heart,
close they are to us in phrase,
far in feeling set apart!

so we think, and so we flatter
selves that greater depths are ours;
here's the gospel of the matter:
passion drops like summer fumes.

Spring 1932

Seils ended.

Less; Seils ended, and swift, and swift, enough
Seils's absence was shall show the other side,
"A" "K" "L" "M" "N" "O" "P" "Q" "R" "S" "T" "U" "V" "W" "X" "Y" "Z"

Admiration.

No light is burning in the winged hour
Like a tall lily in the moonlight room;
No golden glow behind the black and fanned
Like golden curtains in a pallid room;
No light, bright, within the room.

Self-approbation, comforted by an honest
Sensational

If I must lie, who never died in life,
Awaiting Judgment day,
Then lay me down, to lie as others lay
Often in virgin, forest, and wife.

Sam Soule.

Here, where the curious vulgar street and wall,
Gazing at stationary night eyes as blind,
Once strolled a king, and comfort found in talk
For his despotic and unheeding mind.

Dawn.

What archer shot an arrow through my fence?
A hunter's moon that flees the hunter day,
Or hunter day that masculine arraigns
His right above his Cynthia's soft effray?
An arrow in my heart; I am transfixed;
A bow in heaven snapped; the arrow sticks;
My window widens; Phobos in pursuit
Chases a Cynthia wan and discolored.

Chin Reynolds.

As thought was done, as thought was done,
As thought was done, as thought was done,
As thought was done, as thought was done,

Toss.

As thought was done, as thought was done,
As thought was done, as thought was done,
As thought was done, as thought was done,

As thought was done, as thought was done,
As thought was done, as thought was done,
As thought was done, as thought was done,

As thought was done, as thought was done,
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As thought was done, as thought was done,

As thought was done, as thought was done,
As thought was done, as thought was done,
As thought was done, as thought was done,

To put a circle round the courts of love,
I need not slip a ring upon your finger,
And wear, brown earth beneath, blue skies above,

16/1

The Quarrymen.

Surely, the generations sent him out,
In his life.

15

Provence.

This land where lines of cypress bend
Their crusted darkness to the wind,
And poplars turn their blanching leaves
Protective to the vines and sheaves,
This arid land of rock and stone,
Austere yet fertile in the sun,
Where ligards flick their tails and run

Black Tarns

(270)

10/1

The road ends with the hills.
No track continues the fair and easy way
That leads in safety beside the valley lake,
Skirting the lake, the lake of candid waters
Sleek among rising fells. It is a valley
Veined by one road, one smooth and certain road,
Walled on the fell-side, walled against the boulders,
The rough fell-side, where few fenners sheep
Find a scrump pasture, stray, crop, wander;
A road chance the traveller may scan the valley,
Seeing the lake, the prospect north and south,
The foot of the fells; and, lifting up his eyes,
Their heads, mist-dwelling;
He may explore the ferns, the little lichens,
The tiny life at fell's foot, peaty pools,
Learning their detail, picking out their habit;
This, and the general prospect of the valley,
The and proportion of the fells, sky, waters,
All from the road. But the road ends with the hills.

At the valley's head the road ends, making no curve
To return whence it came, but, bluntly barred,
Stops with the slope. The road's crisp gravel
Softens to turf, to swamps of spry peat,
Boulders plunging down in anger, brown streams foamed
From inaccessible sources. The dull brute hills

A Persian legend.

14/2

14/1

Legend says, that the Kings
Set out from Shiraz

13

Nostalgia.

That day must come, when I shall leave my friends
And leave my garden and the brick of balam
That grows beside my door, for the world's ends:

12

Persia.

The fumes are blocked by snow.
No word comes through, no message, and no letter.
Only the eagle plane above the snow

Penny-pass.

10/1

What was that place where chance with nightfall halted
Our casual journeying? Had it a name, a designation,
On maps? a country, king, and government?
Had it no concrete, firm, a dignity?
Was it so many feet above sea-level
Heaved up on the wrinkling of a shrunken planet?
Had it a longitude, a point in space?
I have forgotten; but the wind swept cold,
I know, through the mountain pass, and sang in the vines
Stretched on singular poles up a rocky track;
Boulders had fallen from the mountain top,
Making a stairway, steps for a giant's stride,
Black boulders spilt from the mountain, top to base,
And man had come, rearing ungainly poles,
Stretching his vines, vines for his little vines,
And the wind sang in the wire, making a lyre
Of man's contrivance when the stars were bright.
But the poles had a beauty, straight and unnatural,
Being designed for man and man's small uses
Crossing the mountains; but the mountains took them,
The wind and the mountains took them, made them part
Of their greater concert, but their straightness evoked,
Mechanical straightness of a man's designing,
Hostile to freakish Nature; Nature took them,
The poles, the wire, and sent her winds so singing

[Stormy Evening]

8

The eve was windy, but the night is still -
The stars are still, the stars are still -

7

Easter and Pentecost enclose the spring
Like bell gates on the threshold of the seasons;
Easter has set the hinges on the spring

Come, stoop between the hazel beams,
And thrust the chestnut branch aside;
The dangle that the woodland women
Forget the waiting world outside;
So in this rain of instead green

[Astronomical Error]

5

Two stars, night neighbours of the dominant moon,
I nightly watched from drizzling fields of June;
Each twilight nailed the
Early, before the constellations
Their golden patterns -
- Cassiopeia, Hercules
Aquila, Pegasus, in
The changing eagle and
Heroes and fated women
Above the earthly soil

And one I thought was
A small companion,
But so in love's con,
The more their great
I would not search to
Were Jupiter with a
Jupiterianish of his
To goddesses and
Or Venus roving in
The fluxen hair blow

For who was I, to ask
Or what vicarious a
Venus and Jupiter
Committed under Cy

Also, among the set
The one was Jupiter

The shell.

Has sinks another day to rest
In summer and her leafy ways.
By the last golden light concerned
The forested driveway in the haze
Of slanting light in rags and rains
From heaven along across the landscape,
Above the flicking of the canes,
The golden than the ripening field
Within the hedgerow squares unveiled.

He sat with short and silent strokes
Dreadly to field, fare or to mouse,
Shante from the apple to the oak
Across the orchard near the house;
And through the grasses creep the small
Creatures of twilight, hid by day;
The snail beside the garden wall,
The mole on his mystic way.

The kindly trees protective stand
Around the farm less old than they,
And throw their shadows on a land
Tilled by a man's forgotten hand,
But still beneath his grandson's song;
And silent as an empty pane
The down with doves flying wide
Drinks in the rays of golden rain
On ropes and fullness, sacks of grain,
A summer evening's pride.

The man-house.

44

Red barbed wire above the churchyard wall,
And the spire,
And call
And call

In any R.F.B.

Sanctuary should exist on earth;
The R.F.B. is the

Woodcut.

2 copies

The strong summer sun had shone the shadows
Lined the shillee first of the sun,
Lined and lengthening across the meadows
But from and out in summer sun as one.

1/3

Days of a lost and youthful spring
And the first of the summer

And the first of the summer
And the first of the summer
And the first of the summer

And the first of the summer
And the first of the summer
And the first of the summer

And the first of the summer
And the first of the summer
And the first of the summer

Swimming

12-16 - 8 - 32