

on the arm of youth
 thus
 potmen pull triggers
 instead of homely beer
 and bank clerks change their counters
 for the sky . . .
 i blow the moon and stars
 and street lamps
 out
 with poisoned breath
 and cause old men to stumble . . .
 i build a flameless fire
 of burning cradles
 to warm the throbbing engine
 of my obscene heart . . .
 i woo the factories
 seduce the industry
 and rape the foundries
 of agitated lands
 then leave them pregnant

with their brood of death ma-
 chines . . .
 i am war
 molten unleashed and fuming . . .
 an insinuating stream of lava
 trickles from the inner turret
 of my domed and maddened brain . . .
 i grimly frolic
 in my vizored cap
 and desolating bells —
 a ghastly chemical clown . . .
 i trace with copper fingernails
 macabre and dreamy etchings
 done in blood
 and then i gibber darkly
 like a grey mechanical imbecile
 and loll my tongue . . .
 i have a metal cough
 thus — gchaa . . .
 i am mad.



CROW TIME

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

THE bird-song, spring and autumn, ebbs and flows;
 Winter and summer are the same to crows

Crying to every hilltop, every farm,
 "Arm ye and arm ye well! Alarm, alarm,

"There is an enemy among the wheat,
 These apples, ripening, are not yours to eat:

"That corn, gold-tasseling, is not yours to taste:
 There is an enemy. Make haste, make haste!"

You take that rusty musket from the wall,
From far away there floats the mocking call;

You hang the dead crow dangling in the field,
The rest will gather there, consume the yield.

Best leave the crow alone, best leave to fate
What nature will not end or arbitrate:

Be crow too, rob and plunder as you must;
Since the Lord's rain falls yet on the unjust;

But let your voice cry havoc still to tell
That there are thieves abroad: "Men, arm you well,

"Since Rome, too, might have lasted had its swords
Been louder than the greed of hungry hordes."



AUBADE: 1940

BY CHARLES EDWARD EATON

THERE was a time when men remembered the sun,
There was a time when they heard the cock crow
At dawn and the curtains drew back to morning.
Last night the cock crew long before dawn,
And we knew day was coming and we stirred
In our beds, twisting between dreams of light
And darkness. The baby's muffled cry, the whinny
Of the milkman's horse told us dawn was coming.
Last night we had read of war in England,
And how peace flickered like a gust-torn candle
Guarded in the shrines of France. We could
Not believe the night so all-surrounding,
And fell into a sleep dreaming of dawn.
All night the bells of Notre Dame rang
In our ears, all night the Thames moved past