

THE MASQUE OF POETS*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

FAR UP IN THE MYSTERY HILLS

FAR up in the Mystery Hills
Lies hid the little stone,
And I must climb the Mystery Hills
On the grey day, alone.

Under the aching sky at noon
Blows a vast wind and cries
Dead hours and their solemnities:
Ah, they were still and wise.

And is it this, the little stone?
Oh, my poor brother, see
The broken things, the broken things,
That will not let me be.

CLOUDS

THE clouds rise over the high mountains,
They rise over the rim of the sea . . .
While I was looking away, the first one rose.
Swift, swift, swift,
Still like birds, silent like thoughts, inexorable like time . . .

I have tried—I cannot stop them!
It was all light a while ago—all clear:
Now they have put out the sky.

I should not have looked away.

**This series will continue throughout the year, and in it will be published many of the best examples of contemporary American poetry. At the conclusion of the series the authors' names will be given, but in the meantime THE BOOKMAN Editor invites opinions regarding the poems and their authorship. In the "Mail Bag" department this month is published a letter giving a critical estimate of the first section of this series that appeared in the February issue. Many of THE BOOKMAN readers may agree with the opinions expressed therein—and again they may not!—Editor's Note.*

DRUMNOTES

DAYS of the dead men, Danny.
Drum for the dead, drum on your
remembering heart.

Jaures, a great love-heart of France,
a slug of lead in the red valves.
Kitchener of Khartoum, tall, cold, proud,
a shark's mouthful.
Franz Josef, the old man of forty haunted
kingdoms, in a tomb with the Hapsburg
fathers, moths eating a green uniform
to tatters, worms taking all and leaving
only bones and gold buttons, bones and
iron crosses.
Jack London, Jim Riley, Verhaeren, riders to
the republic of dreams.

Days of the dead, Danny.
Drum on your remembering heart.

RAINY DAY

THE patient rain falls in a hush
On the poor little town;
All night long it fell on the street
Where the leaves lie dead and brown.

The drug-store shines with wet,
And behind the glass panes stare
The pale eyes of the palsied woman
Who lives by her kind son's care.

Nobody goes out at all;
But the little ships at sea
Sail wisely through the mist of rain
And this night they will be

Rocking at the wharves
Of the poor little town,
And the strong captains shouting Ho! Ho!
After the sails come down.