

A FEDERAL POETRY ANTHOLOGY

And Now: The Moon—

(For Lynette and Teall Messer)

Where buzzard's curve rinds the circuited earth with death,
and snag-tooth buzzard's pines stand gauntly shriven of
their worth; where buzzard's shadow was
on twilit earth and buzzards' beaks were

at the sprawling flanks of sickened deer, it is not
shadow of the night that weighs the heart;
the night is lifted by the stars, but not
the news of war that is heart's agony and thorny wreath.

Where feet step live on earth that hangs in time
leaflike in rising din of wind, the sickness of the flesh
is dying, steps mortally on mortal earth,
immortally toward death.

Now up from pines, now up above the buzzard's perch,
bear-cave, the lion's lair and news of war:

the moon!

who rises from rocks and bristling, blackened pines

as one who rises from the stone, the lash, and
martyrs' rack, for love.

Ah, moon—engntler of sleep
of gentle birds, ah moon, why risest thou?

The hot air whirs with fleshless wings.
The hot air whirs though buzzards sleep: the heart of man
swarms like a cloud of locusts toward the war.
Why heal the night with whiteness? with sleep

the lion's cave,—as since
were healed the graves of war, with fields
for other wars?

—Ah, moon: why risest thou?

RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON.

New Objectives, New Cadres

Grown for fear and fattened into groaning,
the clawed eyelid or the crushed flower stalk
or the undeviating lockstep,
the inert incurious onanist,
the rubicund practical prankster,
we wake never in this dispensation,
for them or their inchoate brethren.
We watch imaginary just men,
nude as rose petals, discussing a purer logic
in bright functionalist future gymnasia
high in the snows of Mt. Lenin
beside a collectivist ocean.
But see around the corner in the bare bulblight,
in a desquamate bedroom,
he who sits in his socks reading shockers,
skinning cigarette butts and rerolling them in toilet paper.
His red eyes never leave the blotted print and pulp paper.

He rose too late to distribute the leaflets.
In the midst of mussed bedding have mercy
upon him, this is history.
Or see the arch dialectic satyriast,
miners' wives and social workers
rapt in a bated circle about him,
drawing pointless incisive diagrams
on a blackboard, barking
ominously with a winey timbre,
clarifying constant and variable capital,
his subconscious painfully threading its way
through future slippery assignments.
We do not need his confessions.
The future is more fecund than Marian Bloom.
The problem is to control history,
We already understand it.

KENNETH REXROTH.

You

This day is radiant with light
and as clear. Listen, this day
is *you* and makes love to me.
My lips fanned by chromatic winds
released from clashing poplars;
so amorous this kiss,
my lungs are big with it.
This ardent scent of leaves
is of *your* hair and my lips on it.
And almost do I fear to tread
the ground soft as the earth
in whose deep body I am lost.
And I saw the clear love of your eyes:
the white poise of gulls
in the light of the lake,
the sky, stone blue, falling on it.
This day disturbs my blood
with subtle fury;
and all my hunger's song
is vocal; and that is *you* again.

WILLIAM PILLIN.

Multiple River

(For Hart Crane)

But span us closer, O intrusive seeker
whose course in definition floods the phrase.
Moments caressing rock foretell your passage.
The alluvial heart is gullied to your praise.

For we have been happiest creating a wide river
beyond all harbors and the seaward tomb,
bearing the spirit's traffic like a message
through time emergent from a timeless womb.

Between the stranger man, our stranger eyes,
flowing in ample love through outstretched shores,

your ineluctable, swift, inundate courage
in silence rolls to strength, in thunder roars.

And if the sound swell perilous in his ear
let him spew forth what he has cupped of splendor,
such tidings as consign his love to clay.
He is impoverished of a great surrender.

But we who freight such cargoes as are borne
to destinations spacious with our yearning
forthbless our mutual currents to discharge
eternal voyage, proud and unreturning.

LOLA PERGAMENT.

Your Move

It comes to this
to this and no other crisis or deadlock at the unforeseen hour
no longer disguised, with none above the
hazards, nor anywhere away

Comes to this
as armies march and cities burn
perhaps as checkerboards of light rise quietly, here,
to the evening sky

That every hazard comes, at last, to an end
and it comes to this: the scalpel or the grave
rags, or music, or an unforeseen change to this
unforeseen life and no other life

One gone mad in the sunlit park
one in a private chamber of horrors unmoved and another
untouched in a world of wolves
here, as the tissues have been displaced, the
feelings changed, the beliefs revised
then those who conform to the seasons
and survive the office clock
and the few who do not eat
and sleep and breathe to
stay alive

And it comes to this
this, the return
this, the reward
this in exchange for the much or little
or little so often and so
carefully planned

Lock the windows, it comes to this
it comes to this, impound the lies and foreclose upon the truth
subpoena the future, sublet the living and sue the
dead, it comes to this

As time, time, time still slips between the fingers and flows along
the veins
time after time it comes to this
comes to this, it is a question of time

Time after time
this
this and no other unforeseen way.

KENNETH FEARING.

Parade

Thinking of May Day when
Continents rush together
And there is only one sky. . . .

I give you leaflets,
Winged
Tickets to
Some future date.

Big value here,
Cash them
In your strength,
Workers!

Thinking of May Day,
Of parades
Moving like history,
Those in back
Must run to keep up—

The vanguard
Marches in Moscow.

All day long
Workers with monstrous mustaches,
Passes in their hands
To ride seven miles,
Smiling.

Thinking of May Day and
"The most beautiful subway
In the world."

H. R. HAYS.

Evening Land

Appropriate that the setting should be Gothic,
the last, by the gray cathedral there, the winter
river concordant and the cruel wind—yes,
cruel with time as well as season, purposive.

Another day, and that dead, the decor more innocent,
a backdrop sylvan, waterfall, enduring mountains,
the wind again, brighter, and the dissembled earth
outspread, man and his tremoring unseen.

Observe these courses germinal, you in your valley,
cushioned and fertile, giving what you have gotten,
returning what you took, and the fat product
of the graceful lazy years your garlanding.

Ordained that the difference would accrue,
the date given, the performance going on,
scheduled, the actors emerging in perfect mask,
knowing step, gesture, and each word by rote.

Yes, lines and business written, movement
directed, improvisation forbidden, props