

# The Project Gutenberg eBook of A Book of Poems, Al Que Quiere!, by William Carlos Williams

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: A Book of Poems, Al Que Quiere!

Author: William Carlos Williams

Release date: May 4, 2016 [EBook #51997]

Most recently updated: January 24, 2021

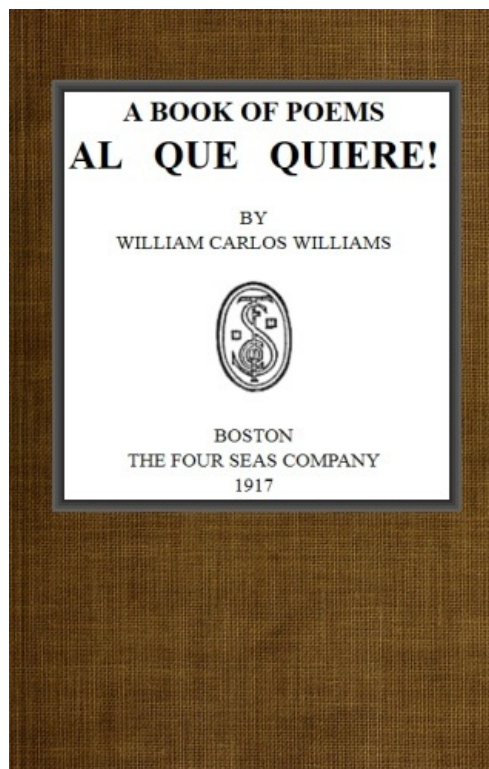
Language: English

Credits: Produced by Meredith Bach and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net> (This file was produced from images generously made available by The Internet Archive/American Libraries.)

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A BOOK OF POEMS, AL QUE QUIERE! \*\*\*

---

## A BOOK OF POEMS AL QUE QUIERE!



*By William Carlos Williams*

**THE TEMPERS**

**[London: Elkin Mathews]**

# A BOOK OF POEMS AL QUE QUIERE!

BY  
WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS



BOSTON  
THE FOUR SEAS COMPANY  
1917

*Copyright, 1917, by*  
THE FOUR SEAS COMPANY

The Four Seas Press  
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

Había sido un arbusto desmembrado que prolonga sus filamentos hasta encontrar el humus necesario en una tierra nueva. Y cómo me nutría! Me nutría con la beatitud con que las hojas trémulas de clorófila se extienden al sol; con la beatitud con que una raíz encuentra un cadáver en descomposición; con la beatitud con que los convalecientes dan sus pasos vacilantes en las mañanas de primavera, bañadas de luz; ...

RAFAEL ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ

Many of the poems in this book have appeared in magazines, especially in *Poetry*, *Others*, *The Egoist*, and *The Poetry Journal*.

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
SUB TERRA	13
PASTORAL	14
CHICKORY AND DAISIES	15
METRIC FIGURE	16
WOMAN WALKING	17
GULLS	18
APPEAL	19
IN HARBOR	20
WINTER SUNSET	21
APOLOGY	22
PASTORAL	23
LOVE SONG	24
M. B.	25
TRACT	26
PROMENADE	29
EL HOMBRE	31
HERO	31
LIBERTAD! IGUALDAD! FRATERNIDAD!	32
CANTHARA	33
MUJER	33
SUMMER SONG	34
LOVE SONG	35
FOREIGN	35
A PRELUDE	36
HISTORY	37
WINTER QUIET	42
DAWN	42
GOOD NIGHT	43
DANSE RUSSE	44
PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN IN BED	45
VIRTUE	47

CONQUEST	49
PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN WITH A BAD HEART	49
KELLER GEGEN DOM	50
SMELL	52
BALLET	52
SYMPATHETIC PORTRAIT OF A CHILD	54
THE OGRE	55
RIPOSTE	56
THE OLD MEN	57
PASTORAL	57
SPRING STRAINS	58
TREES	59
A PORTRAIT IN GREYS	60
INVITATION	61
DIVERTIMIENTO	62
JANUARY MORNING	62
TO A SOLITARY DISCIPLE	67
DEDICATION FOR A PLOT OF GROUND	69
K. MCB.	70
LOVE SONG	71
THE WANDERER	75

## **AL QUE QUIERE!**

## SUB TERRA

Where shall I find you,  
you my grotesque fellows  
that I seek everywhere  
to make up my band?  
None, not one  
with the earthy tastes I require;  
the burrowing pride that rises  
subtly as on a bush in May.

Where are you this day,  
you my seven year locusts  
with cased wings?  
Ah my beauties how I long—!  
That harvest  
that shall be your advent—  
thrusting up through the grass,  
up under the weeds  
answering me,  
*that* shall be satisfying!  
The light shall leap and snap  
that day as with a million lashes!

Oh, I have you; yes  
you are about me in a sense:  
playing under the blue pools  
that are my windows,—  
but they shut you out still,  
there in the half light.

For the simple truth is  
that though I see you clear enough  
you are not there!

It is not that—it is you,  
you I want!

—God, if I could fathom  
the guts of shadows!

You to come with me  
poking into negro houses  
with their gloom and smell!  
In among children  
leaping around a dead dog!  
Mimicking  
onto the lawns of the rich!  
You!  
to go with me a-tip-toe,  
head down under heaven,  
nostrils lipping the wind!

## PASTORAL

When I was younger  
it was plain to me  
I must make something of myself.  
Older now  
I walk back streets  
admiring the houses  
of the very poor:  
roof out of line with sides  
the yards cluttered  
with old chicken wire, ashes,  
furniture gone wrong;  
the fences and outhouses  
built of barrel-staves  
and parts of boxes, all,  
if I am fortunate,  
smeared a bluish green  
that properly weathered  
pleases me best  
of all colors.

No one  
will believe this  
of vast import to the nation.

## CHICKORY AND DAISIES

### I.

Lift your flowers  
on bitter stems  
chickory!  
Lift them up  
out of the scorched ground!  
Bear no foliage  
but give yourself  
wholly to that!

Strain under them  
you bitter stems  
that no beast eats—  
and scorn greyness!  
Into the heat with them:  
cool!  
luxuriant! sky-blue!  
The earth cracks and  
is shriveled up;  
the wind moans piteously;  
the sky goes out  
if you should fail.

### II.

I saw a child with daisies  
for weaving into the hair  
tear the stems  
with her teeth!

## METRIC FIGURE

There is a bird in the poplars!  
It is the sun!  
The leaves are little yellow fish  
swimming in the river.  
The bird skims above them,  
day is on his wings.  
Phœbus!  
It is he that is making  
the great gleam among the poplars!  
It is his singing  
outshines the noise  
of leaves clashing in the wind.

## WOMAN WALKING

An oblique cloud of purple smoke  
across a milky silhouette  
of house sides and tiny trees—  
a little village—  
that ends in a saw edge  
of mist-covered trees  
on a sheet of grey sky.

To the right, jutting in,  
a dark crimson corner of roof.  
To the left, half a tree:

—what a blessing it is  
to see you in the street again,  
powerful woman,  
coming with swinging haunches,  
breasts straight forward,  
supple shoulders, full arms  
and strong, soft hands (I've felt them)  
carrying the heavy basket.  
I might well see you oftener!  
And for a different reason  
than the fresh eggs  
you bring us so regularly.

Yes, you, young as I,  
with boney brows,  
kind grey eyes and a kind mouth;  
you walking out toward me  
from that dead hillside!  
I might well see you oftener.

## GULLS

My townspeople, beyond in the great world,  
are many with whom it were far more  
profitable for me to live than here with you.  
These whirr about me calling, calling!  
and for my own part I answer them, loud as I can,  
but they, being free, pass!  
I remain! Therefore, listen!  
For you will not soon have another singer.

First I say this: you have seen  
the strange birds, have you not, that sometimes  
rest upon our river in winter?

Let them cause you to think well then of the storms  
that drive many to shelter. These things  
do not happen without reason.

And the next thing I say is this:  
I saw an eagle once circling against the clouds  
over one of our principal churches—  
Easter, it was—a beautiful day!—:  
three gulls came from above the river  
and crossed slowly seaward!  
Oh, I know you have your own hymns, I have heard them—  
and because I knew they invoked some great protector  
I could not be angry with you, no matter  
how much they outraged true music—

You see, it is not necessary for us to leap at each other,  
and, as I told you, in the end  
the gulls moved seaward very quietly.

## APPEAL

You who are so mighty,  
crimson salamander,  
hear me once more.

I lay among the half burned sticks  
at the edge of the fire.  
The fiend was creeping in.  
I felt the cold tips of fingers—

O crimson salamander!

Give me one little flame,  
one!  
that I may bind it  
protectingly about the wrist  
of him that flung me here,  
here upon the very center!

This is my song.

## IN HARBOR

Surely there, among the great docks, is peace, my mind;  
there with the ships moored in the river.  
Go out, timid child,  
and snuggle in among the great ships talking so quietly.  
Maybe you will even fall asleep near them and be  
lifted into one of their laps, and in the morning—  
There is always the morning in which to remember it all!

Of what are they gossiping? God knows.  
And God knows it matters little for we cannot understand them.  
Yet it is certainly of the sea, of that there can be no question.  
It is a quiet sound. Rest! That's all I care for now.  
The smell of them will put us to sleep presently.  
Smell! It is the sea water mingling here into the river—  
at least so it seems—perhaps it is something else—but what matter?

The sea water! It is quiet and smooth here!  
How slowly they move, little by little trying  
the hawsers that drop and groan with their agony.  
Yes, it is certainly of the high sea they are talking.

## WINTER SUNSET

Then I raised my head  
and stared out over  
the blue February waste  
to the blue bank of hill  
with stars on it  
in strings and festoons—  
but above that:  
one opaque  
stone of a cloud  
just on the hill  
left and right  
as far as I could see;  
and above that  
a red streak, then  
icy blue sky!

It was a fearful thing  
to come into a man's heart  
at that time: that stone  
over the little blinking stars  
they'd set there.

## APOLOGY

Why do I write today?

The beauty of  
the terrible faces  
of our nonentities  
stirs me to it:

colored women  
day workers—  
old and experienced—  
returning home at dusk  
in cast off clothing  
faces like  
old Florentine oak.

Also

the set pieces  
of your faces stir me—  
leading citizens—  
but not  
in the same way.

## PASTORAL

The little sparrows  
hop ingenuously  
about the pavement  
quarreling  
with sharp voices  
over those things  
that interest them.  
But we who are wiser  
shut ourselves in  
on either hand  
and no one knows  
whether we think good  
or evil.

Meanwhile,  
the old man who goes about  
gathering dog-lime  
walks in the gutter  
without looking up  
and his tread  
is more majestic than  
that of the Episcopal minister  
approaching the pulpit  
of a Sunday.

These things  
astonish me beyond words.

## LOVE SONG

Daisies are broken  
petals are news of the day  
stems lift to the grass tops  
they catch on shoes  
part in the middle  
leave root and leaves secure.

Black branches  
carry square leaves  
to the wood's top.  
They hold firm  
break with a roar  
show the white!

Your moods are slow  
the shedding of leaves  
and sure  
the return in May!

We walked  
in your father's grove  
and saw the great oaks  
lying with roots  
ripped from the ground.

## M. B.

Winter has spent this snow  
out of envy, but spring is here!  
He sits at the breakfast table  
in his yellow hair  
and disdains even the sun  
walking outside  
in spangled slippers:

He looks out: there is  
a glare of lights  
before a theater,—  
a sparkling lady  
passes quickly to  
the seclusion of  
her carriage.

Presently  
under the dirty, wavy heaven  
of a borrowed room he will make  
re-inhaled tobacco smoke  
his clouds and try them  
against the sky's limits!



## TRACT

I will teach you my townspeople  
how to perform a funeral—  
for you have it over a troop  
of artists—  
unless one should scour the world—  
you have the ground sense necessary.

See! the hearse leads.  
I begin with a design for a hearse.  
For Christ's sake not black—  
nor white either— and not polished!  
Let it be weathered— like a farm wagon—  
with gilt wheels (this could be  
applied fresh at small expense)  
or no wheels at all:  
a rough dray to drag over the ground.

Knock the glass out!  
My God—glass, my townspeople!  
For what purpose? Is it for the dead  
to look out or for us to see  
how well he is housed or to see  
the flowers or the lack of them—  
or what?  
To keep the rain and snow from him?  
He will have a heavier rain soon:  
pebbles and dirt and what not.  
Let there be no glass—  
and no upholstery phew!  
and no little brass rollers  
and small easy wheels on the bottom—  
my townspeople what are you thinking of?

A rough plain hearse then  
with gilt wheels and no top at all.  
On this the coffin lies  
by its own weight.

No wreathes please—  
especially no hot house flowers.  
Some common memento is better,  
something he prized and is known by:  
his old clothes— a few books perhaps—  
God knows what! You realize  
how we are about these things  
my townspeople—  
something will be found— anything  
even flowers if he had come to that.

So much for the hearse.  
For heaven's sake though see to the driver!

Take off the silk hat! In fact  
that's no place at all for him—  
up there unceremoniously  
dragging our friend out to his own dignity!  
Bring him down— bring him down!  
Low and inconspicuous! I'd not have him ride  
on the wagon at all— damn him—  
the undertaker's understrapper!  
Let him hold the reins  
and walk at the side  
and inconspicuously too!

Then briefly as to yourselves:  
Walk behind— as they do in France,  
seventh class, or if you ride  
Hell take curtains! Go with some show  
of inconvenience; sit openly—  
to the weather as to grief.  
Or do you think you can shut grief in?  
What—from us? We who have perhaps  
nothing to lose? Share with us  
share with us— it will be money  
in your pockets.

Go now  
I think you are ready.

## PROMENADE

### I.

Well, mind, here we have  
our little son beside us:  
a little diversion before breakfast!

Come, we'll walk down the road  
till the bacon will be frying.  
We might better be idle?  
A poem might come of it?  
Oh, be useful. Save annoyance  
to Flossie and besides—the wind!  
It's cold. It blows our  
old pants out! It makes us shiver!  
See the heavy trees  
shifting their weight before it.  
Let us be trees, an old house,  
a hill with grass on it!  
The baby's arms are blue.  
Come, move! Be quieted!

### II.

So. We'll sit here now  
and throw pebbles into  
this water-trickle.

Splash the water up!  
(Splash it up, Sonny!) Laugh!  
Hit it there deep under the grass.

See it splash! Ah, mind,  
see it splash! It is alive!  
Throw pieces of broken leaves  
into it. They'll pass through.  
No! Yes—just!

Away now for the cows! But—  
It's cold!  
It's getting dark.  
It's going to rain.  
No further!

### III.

Oh then, a wreath! Let's  
refresh something they  
used to write well of.

Two fern plumes. Strip them  
to the mid-rib along one side.  
Bind the tips with a grass stem.  
Bend and intertwist the stalks  
at the back. So!  
Ah! now we are crowned!  
Now we are a poet!

Quickly!  
A bunch of little flowers  
for Flossie—the little ones  
only:

a red clover, one  
blue heal-all, a sprig of  
bone-set, one primrose,  
a head of Indian tobacco, this  
magenta speck and this  
little lavender!

Home now, my mind!—  
Sonny's arms are icy, I tell you—  
and have breakfast!

## EL HOMBRE

It's a strange courage  
you give me ancient star:

Shine alone in the sunrise  
toward which you lend no part!

## HERO

Fool,  
put your adventures  
into those things  
which break ships—  
not female flesh.

Let there pass  
over the mind  
the waters of  
four oceans, the airs  
of four skies!

Return hollow-bellied,  
keen-eyed, hard!  
A simple scar or two.

Little girls will come  
bringing you  
roses for your button-hole.

## LIBERTAD! IGUALDAD! FRATERNIDAD!

You sullen pig of a man  
you force me into the mud  
with your stinking ash-cart!

Brother!  
—if we were rich  
we'd stick our chests out  
and hold our heads high!

It is dreams that have destroyed us.

There is no more pride  
in horses or in rein holding.  
We sit hunched together brooding  
our fate.

Well—  
all things turn bitter in the end  
whether you choose the right or  
the left way  
and—  
dreams are not a bad thing.

## CANTHARA

The old black-man showed me  
how he had been shocked  
in his youth  
by six women, dancing  
a set-dance, stark naked below  
the skirts raised round  
their breasts:  
bellies flung forward  
knees flying!  
—while  
his gestures, against the  
tiled wall of the dingy bath-room,  
swished with ecstasy to  
the familiar music of  
his old emotion.

## MUJER

Oh, black Persian cat!  
Was not your life  
already cursed with offspring?

We took you for rest to that old  
Yankee farm,—so lonely  
and with so many field mice  
in the long grass—  
and you return to us  
in this condition—!

Oh, black Persian cat.

## SUMMER SONG

Wanderer moon  
smiling a  
faintly ironical smile  
at this  
brilliant, dew-moistened  
summer morning,—  
a detached  
sleepily indifferent  
smile, a  
wanderer's smile,—  
if I should  
buy a shirt  
your color and  
put on a necktie  
sky blue  
where would they carry me?

## LOVE SONG

Sweep the house clean,  
hang fresh curtains  
in the windows  
put on a new dress  
and come with me!  
The elm is scattering  
its little loaves  
of sweet smells  
from a white sky!

Who shall hear of us  
in the time to come?  
Let him say there was  
a burst of fragrance  
from black branches.

## FOREIGN

Artsybashev is a Russian.  
I am an American.  
Let us wonder, my townspeople,  
if Artsybashev tends his own fires  
as I do, gets himself cursed  
for the baby's failure to thrive,  
loosens windows for the woman  
who cleans his parlor—  
or has he neat servants  
and a quiet library, an  
intellectual wife perhaps and  
no children,—an apartment  
somewhere in a back street or  
lives alone or with his mother  
or sister—

I wonder, my townspeople,  
if Artsybashev looks upon  
himself the more concernedly  
or succeeds any better than I  
in laying the world.

I wonder which is the bigger  
fool in his own mind.

These are shining topics  
my townspeople but—  
hardly of great moment.

## A PRELUDE

I know only the bare rocks of today.  
In these lies my brown sea-weed,—  
green quartz veins bent through the wet shale;  
in these lie my pools left by the tide—  
quiet, forgetting waves;  
on these stiffen white star fish;  
on these I slip bare footed!

Whispers of the fishy air touch my body;  
"Sisters," I say to them.

## HISTORY

### I.

A wind might blow a lotus petal  
over the pyramids—but not this wind.

Summer is a dried leaf.

Leaves stir this way then that  
on the baked asphalt, the wheels  
of motor cars rush over them,—  
gas smells mingle with leaf smells.

Oh, Sunday, day of worship!!!

The steps to the museum are high.  
Worshippers pass in and out.  
Nobody comes here today.  
I come here to mingle faience dug  
from the tomb, turquoise colored  
necklaces and belched wind from the  
stomach; delicately veined basins  
of agate, cracked and discolored and  
the stink of stale urine!

Enter! Elbow in at the door.  
Men? Women?  
Simpering, clay fetish-faces counting  
through the turnstile.  
Ah!

### II.

This sarcophagus contained the body  
of Uresh-Nai, priestess to the goddess Mut,  
Mother of All—

Run your finger against this edge!  
—here went the chisel!—and think  
of an arrogance endured six thousand years  
without a flaw!

But love is an oil to embalm the body.  
Love is a packet of spices, a strong  
smelling liquid to be squirted into  
the thigh. No?  
Love rubbed on a bald head will make  
hair—and after? Love is  
a lice comber!

Gnats on dung!

“The chisel is in your hand, the block  
is before you, cut as I shall dictate:  
this is the coffin of Uresh-Nai,  
priestess to the sky goddess,—built  
to endure forever!

Carve the inside  
with the image of my death in  
little lines of figures three fingers high.  
Put a lid on it cut with Mut bending over  
the earth, for my headpiece, and in the year  
to be chosen I will rouse, the lid  
shall be lifted and I will walk about  
the temple where they have rested me  
and eat the air of the place:

Ah—these walls are high! This  
is in keeping.”

### III.

The priestess has passed into her tomb.  
The stone has taken up her spirit!  
Granite over flesh: who will deny  
its advantages?

Your death?—water  
spilled upon the ground—  
though water will mount again into rose-leaves—  
but you?—would hold life still,  
even as a memory, when it is over.  
Benevolence is rare.

Climb about this sarcophagus, read  
what is writ for you in these figures,  
hard as the granite that has held them  
with so soft a hand the while  
your own flesh has been fifty times  
through the guts of oxen,—read!  
“The rose-tree will have its donor  
even though he give stingily.  
The gift of some endures  
ten years, the gift of some twenty  
and the gift of some for the time a  
great house rots and is torn down.  
Some give for a thousand years to men of  
one face, some for a thousand  
to all men and some few to all men  
while granite holds an edge against  
the weather.

Judge then of love!”

### IV.

“My flesh is turned to stone. I  
have endured my summer. The flurry  
of falling petals is ended. Lay  
the finger upon this granite. I was  
well desired and fully caressed  
by many lovers but my flesh  
withered swiftly and my heart was  
never satisfied. Lay your hands  
upon the granite as a lover lays his  
hand upon the thigh and upon the  
round breasts of her who is  
beside him, for now I will not wither,  
now I have thrown off secrecy, now  
I have walked naked into the street,  
now I have scattered my heavy beauty  
in the open market.  
Here I am with head high and a  
burning heart eagerly awaiting  
your caresses, whoever it may be,  
for granite is not harder than  
my love is open, runs loose among you!

I arrogant against death! I  
who have endured! I worn against  
the years!”

### V.

But it is five o'clock. Come!  
Life is good—enjoy it!  
A walk in the park while the day lasts.  
I will go with you. Look! this  
northern scenery is not the Nile, but—  
these benches—the yellow and purple dusk—  
the moon there—these tired people—  
the lights on the water!

Are not these Jews and—Ethiopians?  
The world is young, surely! Young  
and colored like—a girl that has come upon  
a lover! Will that do?

## WINTER QUIET

Limb to limb, mouth to mouth  
with the bleached grass  
silver mist lies upon the back yards  
among the outhouses.

The dwarf trees  
pirouette awkwardly to it—  
whirling round on one toe;  
the big tree smiles and glances  
upward!

Tense with suppressed excitement  
the fences watch where the ground  
has humped an aching shoulder for  
the ecstasy.

## DAWN

Ecstatic bird songs pound  
the hollow vastness of the sky  
with metallic clinkings—  
beating color up into it  
at a far edge,—beating it, beating it  
with rising, triumphant ardor,—  
stirring it into warmth,  
quickening in it a spreading change,—  
bursting wildly against it as  
dividing the horizon, a heavy sun  
lifts himself—is lifted—  
bit by bit above the edge  
of things,—runs free at last  
out into the open—! lumbering  
glorified in full release upward—  
songs cease.

## GOOD NIGHT

In brilliant gas light  
I turn the kitchen spigot  
and watch the water splash  
into the clean white sink.  
On the grooved drain-board  
to one side is  
a glass filled with parsley—  
crisped green.

Waiting  
for the water to freshen—  
I glance at the spotless floor—:  
a pair of rubber sandals  
lie side by side  
under the wall-table,  
all is in order for the night.

Waiting, with a glass in my hand  
—three girls in crimson satin  
pass close before me on  
the murmurous background of  
the crowded opera—  
it is  
memory playing the clown—  
three vague, meaningless girls  
full of smells and  
the rustling sound of  
cloth rubbing on cloth and  
little slippers on carpet—  
high-school French  
spoken in a loud voice!

Parsley in a glass,  
still and shining,  
brings me back. I take my drink  
and yawn deliciously.  
I am ready for bed.

## DANSE RUSSE

If I when my wife is sleeping  
and the baby and Kathleen  
are sleeping  
and the sun is a flame-white disc  
in silken mists  
above shining trees,—  
if I in my north room  
danse naked, grotesquely  
before my mirror  
waving my shirt round my head  
and singing softly to myself:  
"I am lonely, lonely.  
I was born to be lonely.  
I am best so!"  
If I admire my arms, my face  
my shoulders, flanks, buttocks  
against the yellow drawn shades,—  
  
who shall say I am not  
the happy genius of my household?



## PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN IN BED

There's my things  
drying in the corner:  
that blue skirt  
joined to the grey shirt—

I'm sick of trouble!  
Lift the covers  
if you want me  
and you'll see  
the rest of my clothes—  
though it would be cold  
lying with nothing on!

I won't work  
and I've got no cash.  
What are you going to do  
about it?

—and no jewelry  
(the crazy fools)

But I've my two eyes  
and a smooth face  
and here's this! look!  
it's high!  
There's brains and blood  
in there—  
my name's Robitza!  
Corsets  
can go to the devil—  
and drawers along with them!  
What do I care!

My two boys?  
—they're keen!  
Let the rich lady  
care for them—  
they'll beat the school  
or  
let them go to the gutter—  
that ends trouble.

This house is empty  
isn't it?  
Then it's mine  
because I need it.

Oh, I won't starve  
while there's the Bible  
to make them feed me.

Try to help me  
if you want trouble  
or leave me alone—  
that ends trouble.

The county physician  
is a damned fool  
and you  
can go to hell!

You could have closed the door  
when you came in;  
do it when you go out.  
I'm tired.

## VIRTUE

Now? Why—  
whirl-pools of  
orange and purple flame  
feather twists of chrome  
on a green ground  
funneling down upon  
the steaming phallus-head  
of the mad sun himself—  
blackened crimson!

Now?

Why—  
it is the smile of her  
the smell of her  
the vulgar inviting mouth of her!  
It is—Oh, nothing new  
nothing that lasts  
an eternity, nothing worth  
putting out to interest,  
nothing—  
but the fixing of an eye  
concretely upon emptiness!

Come! here are—  
cross-eyed men, a boy  
with a patch, men walking  
in their shirts, men in hats  
dark men, a pale man  
with little black moustaches  
and a dirty white coat,  
fat men with pudgy faces,  
thin faces, crooked faces  
slit eyes, grey eyes, black eyes  
old men with dirty beards,  
men in vests with  
gold watch chains. Come!

## CONQUEST

***[Dedicated to F. W.]***

Hard, chilly colors:  
straw grey, frost grey  
the grey of frozen ground:  
and you, O sun,  
close above the horizon!  
It is I holds you—  
half against the sky  
half against a black tree trunk  
icily resplendent!

Lie there, blue city, mine at last—  
rimming the banked blue grey  
and rise, indescribable smoky yellow  
into the overpowering white!

## **PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN WITH A BAD HEART**

Have I seen her?  
Only through the window  
across the street.

If I go meeting her  
on the corner  
some damned fool  
will go blabbing it  
to the old man and  
she'll get hell.  
He's a queer old bastard!  
Every time he sees me  
you'd think  
I wanted to kill him.  
But I figure it out  
it's best to let things  
stay as they are—  
for a while at least.

It's hard  
giving up the thing  
you want most  
in the world, but with this  
damned pump of mine  
liable to give out ...

She's a good kid  
and I'd hate to hurt her  
but if she can get over it—

it'd be the best thing.

## **KELLER GEGEN DOM**

Witness, would you—  
one more young man  
in the evening of his love  
hurrying to confession:  
steps down a gutter  
crosses a street  
goes in at a doorway  
opens for you—  
like some great flower—  
a room filled with lamplight;  
or whirls himself  
obediently to  
the curl of a hill  
some wind-dancing afternoon;  
lies for you in  
the futile darkness of  
a wall, sets stars dancing  
to the crack of a leaf—

and—leaning his head away—  
snuffs (secretly)  
the bitter powder from  
his thumb's hollow,  
takes your blessing and  
goes home to bed?

Witness instead  
whether you like it or not  
a dark vinegar smelling place  
from which trickles  
the chuckle of  
beginning laughter

It strikes midnight.

## **SMELL!**

Oh strong ridged and deeply hollowed  
nose of mine! what will you not be smelling?  
What tactless asses we are, you and I, boney nose,  
always indiscriminate, always unashamed,  
and now it is the souring flowers of the bedraggled  
poplars: a festering pulp on the wet earth  
beneath them. With what deep thirst  
we quicken our desires  
to that rank odor of a passing spring-time!  
Can you not be decent? Can you not reserve your ardors  
for something less unlovely? What girl will care  
for us, do you think, if we continue in these ways?  
Must you taste everything? Must you know everything?  
Must you have a part in everything?

## **BALLET**

Are you not weary,  
great gold cross  
shining in the wind—  
are you not weary  
of seeing the stars  
turning over you  
and the sun  
going to his rest  
and you frozen with  
a great lie  
that leaves you  
rigid as a knight  
on a marble coffin?

—and you,  
higher, still,  
                robin,  
untwisting a song  
from the bare  
top-twigs,  
are you not  
weary of labor,  
even the labor of  
a song?

Come down—join me  
for I am lonely.

First it will be  
a quiet pace  
to ease our stiffness  
but as the west yellows  
you will be ready!

Here in the middle  
of the roadway  
we will fling  
ourselves round  
with dust lilies  
till we are bound in  
their twining stems!  
We will tear  
their flowers  
with arms flashing!

And when  
the astonished stars  
push aside  
their curtains  
they will see us  
fall exhausted where  
wheels and  
the pounding feet  
of horses  
will crush forth  
our laughter.

## **SYMPATHETIC PORTRAIT OF A CHILD**

The murderer's little daughter  
who is barely ten years old  
jerks her shoulders  
right and left  
so as to catch a glimpse of me  
without turning round.

Her skinny little arms  
wrap themselves  
this way then that  
reversely about her body!  
Nervously  
she crushes her straw hat  
about her eyes  
and tilts her head  
to deepen the shadow—  
smiling excitedly!

As best as she can  
she hides herself  
in the full sunlight  
her cordy legs writhing  
beneath the little flowered dress  
that leaves them bare  
from mid-thigh to ankle—

Why has she chosen me  
for the knife  
that darts along her smile?

## **THE OGRE**

Sweet child,  
little girl with well shaped legs  
you cannot touch the thoughts  
I put over and under and around you.

This is fortunate for they would  
burn you to an ash otherwise.  
Your petals would be quite curled up.

This is all beyond you—no doubt,  
yet you do feel the brushings  
of the fine needles;  
the tentative lines of your whole body  
prove it to me;  
so does your fear of me,  
your shyness;  
likewise the toy baby cart  
that you are pushing—  
and besides, mother has begun  
to dress your hair in a knot.  
These are my excuses.

## **RIPOSTE**

Love is like water or the air  
my townspeople;  
it cleanses, and dissipates evil gases.  
It is like poetry too  
and for the same reasons.

Love is so precious  
my townspeople  
that if I were you I would  
have it under lock and key—  
like the air or the Atlantic or  
like poetry!

## THE OLD MEN

Old men who have studied  
every leg show  
in the city  
Old men cut from touch  
by the perfumed music—  
polished or fleeced skulls  
that stand before  
the whole theater  
in silent attitudes  
of attention,—  
old men who have taken precedence  
over young men  
and even over dark-faced  
husbands whose minds  
are a street with arc-lights.  
Solitary old men for whom  
we find no excuses—  
I bow my head in shame  
for those who malign you.  
Old men  
the peaceful beer of impotence  
be yours!

## PASTORAL

If I say I have heard voices  
who will believe me?

“None has dipped his hand  
in the black waters of the sky  
nor picked the yellow lilies  
that sway on their clear stems  
and no tree has waited  
long enough nor still enough  
to touch fingers with the moon.”

I looked and there were little frogs  
with puffed out throats,  
singing in the slime.

## SPRING STRAINS

In a tissue-thin monotone of blue-grey buds  
crowded erect with desire against  
the sky—

tense blue-grey twigs  
slenderly anchoring them down, drawing  
them in—

two blue-grey birds chasing  
a third struggle in circles, angles,  
swift convergings to a point that bursts  
instantly!

Vibrant bowing limbs  
pull downward, sucking in the sky  
that bulges from behind, plastering itself  
against them in packed rifts, rock blue  
and dirty orange!

But—

(Hold hard, rigid jointed trees!)  
the blinding and red-edged sun-blur—  
creeping energy, concentrated  
counterforce—welds sky, buds, trees,  
rivets them in one puckering hold!  
Sticks through! Pulls the whole  
counter-pulling mass upward, to the right,  
locks even the opaque, not yet defined  
ground in a terrific drag that is  
loosening the very tap-roots!

On a tissue-thin monotone of blue-grey buds  
two blue-grey birds, chasing a third,  
at full cry! Now they are  
flung outward and up—disappearing suddenly!

## TREES

Crooked, black tree  
on your little grey-black hillock,  
ridiculously raised one step toward  
the infinite summits of the night:  
even you the few grey stars  
draw upward into a vague melody  
of harsh threads.

Bent as you are from straining  
against the bitter horizontals of  
a north wind,—there below you  
how easily the long yellow notes  
of poplars flow upward in a descending  
scale, each note secure in its own  
posture—singularly woven.

All voices are blent willingly  
against the heaving contra-bass  
of the dark but you alone  
warp yourself passionately to one side  
in your eagerness.

## A PORTRAIT IN GREYS

Will it never be possible  
to separate you from your greyness?  
Must you be always sinking backward  
into your grey-brown landscapes—and trees  
always in the distance, always against  
a grey sky?

Must I be always  
moving counter to you? Is there no place  
where we can be at peace together  
and the motion of our drawing apart  
be altogether taken up?

I see myself  
standing upon your shoulders touching  
a grey, broken sky—  
but you, weighted down with me,  
yet gripping my ankles,—move  
laboriously on,  
where it is level and undisturbed by colors.

## INVITATION

You who had the sense  
to choose me such a mother,  
you who had the indifference  
to create me,  
you who went to some pains  
to leave hands off me  
in the formative stages,—  
(I thank you most for that  
perhaps)

but you who  
with an iron head, first,  
fiercest and with strongest love  
brutalized me into strength,  
old dew-lap,—  
I have reached the stage  
where I am teaching myself  
to laugh.

Come on,  
take a walk with me.





**VIII.**

—and the rickety ferry-boat “Arden”!  
What an object to be called “Arden”  
among the great piers,—on the  
ever new river!

“Put me a Touchstone  
at the wheel, white gulls, and we’ll  
follow the ghost of the Half Moon  
to the North West Passage—and through!  
(at Albany!) for all that!”

**IX.**

Exquisite brown waves—long  
circlets of silver moving over you!  
enough with crumbling ice-crusts among you!  
The sky has come down to you,  
lighter than tiny bubbles, face to  
face with you!

His spirit is  
a white gull with delicate pink feet  
and a snowy breast for you to  
hold to your lips delicately!

**X.**

The young doctor is dancing with happiness  
in the sparkling wind, alone  
at the prow of the ferry! He notices  
the curdy barnacles and broken ice crusts  
left at the slip’s base by the low tide  
and thinks of summer and green  
shell crusted ledges among  
the emerald eel-grass!

**XI.**

Who knows the Palisades as I do  
knows the river breaks east from them  
above the city—but they continue south  
—under the sky—to bear a crest of  
little peering houses that brighten  
with dawn behind the moody  
water-loving giants of Manhattan.

**XII.**

Long yellow rushes bending  
above the white snow patches;  
purple and gold ribbon  
of the distant wood:  
what an angle  
you make with each other as  
you lie there in contemplation.

**XIII.**

Work hard all your young days  
and they’ll find you too, some morning  
staring up under  
your chiffonier at its warped  
bass-wood bottom and your soul—  
out!  
—among the little sparrows  
behind the shutter.

**XIV.**

—and the flapping flags are at  
half mast for the dead admiral.

XV.

All this—

was for you, old woman.  
I wanted to write a poem  
that you would understand.  
For what good is it to me  
if you can't understand it?

But you got to try hard—  
But—

Well, you know how  
the young girls run giggling  
on Park Avenue after dark  
when they ought to be home in bed?  
Well,  
that's the way it is with me somehow.

**TO A SOLITARY DISCIPLE**

Rather notice, mon cher,  
that the moon is  
tilted above  
the point of the steeple  
than that its color  
is shell-pink.

Rather observe  
that it is early morning  
than that the sky  
is smooth  
as a turquoise.

Rather grasp  
how the dark  
converging lines  
of the steeple  
meet at the pinnacle—  
perceive how  
its little ornament  
tries to stop them—

See how it fails!  
See how the converging lines  
of the hexagonal spire  
escape upward—  
receding, dividing!  
—sepals  
that guard and contain  
the flower!

Observe  
how motionless  
the eaten moon  
lies in the protecting lines.

It is true:  
in the light colors  
of morning  
brown-stone and slate  
shine orange and dark blue.

But observe  
the oppressive weight  
of the squat edifice!  
Observe  
the jasmine lightness  
of the moon.

## DEDICATION FOR A PLOT OF GROUND

This plot of ground  
facing the waters of this inlet  
is dedicated to the living presence of  
Emily Richardson Wellcome  
who was born in England; married;  
lost her husband and with  
her five year old son  
sailed for New York in a two-master;  
was driven to the Azores;  
ran adrift on Fire Island shoal,  
met her second husband  
in a Brooklyn boarding house,  
went with him to Puerto Rico  
bore three more children, lost  
her second husband, lived hard  
for eight years in St. Thomas,  
Puerto Rico, San Domingo, followed  
the oldest son to New York,  
lost her daughter, lost her "baby,"  
seized the two boys of  
the oldest son by the second marriage  
mothered them—they being  
motherless—fought for them  
against the other grandmother  
and the aunts, brought them here  
summer after summer, defended  
herself here against thieves,  
storms, sun, fire,  
against flies, against girls  
that came smelling about, against  
drought, against weeds, storm-tides,  
neighbors, weasles that stole her chickens,  
against the weakness of her own hands,  
against the growing strength of  
the boys, against wind, against  
the stones, against trespassers,  
against rents, against her own mind.

She grubbed this earth with her own hands,  
domineered over this grass plot,  
blackguarded her oldest son  
into buying it, lived here fifteen years,  
attained a final loneliness and—

If you can bring nothing to this place  
but your carcass, keep out.

### **K. McB.**

You exquisite chunk of mud  
Kathleen—just like  
any other chunk of mud!  
—especially in April!  
Curl up round their shoes  
when they try to step on you,  
spoil the polish!  
I shall laugh till I am sick  
at their amazement.  
Do they expect the ground to be  
always solid?  
Give them the slip then;  
let them sit in you;  
soil their pants;  
teach them a dignity  
that is dignity, the dignity  
of mud!

Lie basking in  
the sun then—fast asleep!  
Even become dust on occasion.

## LOVE SONG

I lie here thinking of you:—

the stain of love  
is upon the world!  
Yellow, yellow, yellow  
it eats into the leaves,  
smears with saffron  
the horned branches that lean  
heavily  
against a smooth purple sky!  
There is no light  
only a honey-thick stain  
that drips from leaf to leaf  
and limb to limb  
spoilng the colors  
of the whole world—

you far off there under  
the wine-red selvage of the west!

## THE WANDERER

### *A Rococo Study*

ADVENT

Even in the time when as yet  
I had no certain knowledge of her  
She sprang from the nest, a young crow,  
Whose first flight circled the forest.  
I know now how then she showed me  
Her mind, reaching out to the horizon,  
She close above the tree tops.  
I saw her eyes straining at the new distance  
And as the woods fell from her flying  
Likewise they fell from me as I followed—  
So that I strongly guessed all that I must put from me  
To come through ready for the high courses.

But one day, crossing the ferry  
With the great towers of Manhattan before me,  
Out at the prow with the sea wind blowing,  
I had been wearying many questions  
Which she had put on to try me:  
How shall I be a mirror to this modernity?  
When lo! in a rush, dragging  
A blunt boat on the yielding river—  
Suddenly I saw her! And she waved me  
From the white wet in midst of her playing!  
She cried me, "Haia! Here I am, son!  
See how strong my little finger is!  
Can I not swim well?  
I can fly too!" And with that a great sea-gull  
Went to the left, vanishing with a wild cry—  
But in my mind all the persons of godhead  
Followed after.

CLARITY

"Come!" cried my mind and by her might  
That was upon us we flew above the river  
Seeking her, grey gulls among the white—  
In the air speaking as she had willed it:  
"I am given," cried I, "now I know it!  
I know now all my time is forespent!  
For me one face is all the world!  
For I have seen her at last, this day,  
In whom age in age is united—  
Indifferent, out of sequence, marvelously!  
Saving alone that one sequence  
Which is the beauty of all the world, for surely  
Either there in the rolling smoke spheres below us  
Or here with us in the air intercircling,  
Certainly somewhere here about us  
I know she is revealing these things!"

And as gulls we flew and with soft cries  
We seemed to speak, flying, "It is she  
The mighty, recreating the whole world,  
This the first day of wonders!  
She is attiring herself before me—  
Taking shape before me for worship,  
A red leaf that falls upon a stone!  
It is she of whom I told you, old  
Forgiveless, unreconcilable;  
That high wanderer of by-ways  
Walking imperious in beggary!  
At her throat is loose gold, a single chain  
From among many, on her bent fingers  
Are rings from which the stones are fallen,  
Her wrists wear a diminished state, her ankles  
Are bare! Toward the river! Is it she there?"  
And we swerved clamorously downward—  
"I will take my peace in her henceforth!"

BROADWAY

It was then she struck—from behind,  
In mid air, as with the edge of a great wing!  
And instantly down the mists of my eyes  
There came crowds walking— men as visions  
With expressionless, animate faces;  
Empty men with shell-thin bodies  
Jostling close above the gutter,  
Hasting—nowhere! And then for the first time  
I really saw her, really scented the sweat  
Of her presence and—fell back sickened!  
Ominous, old, painted—  
With bright lips, and lewd Jew's eyes  
Her might strapped in by a corset  
To give her age youth, perfect  
In her will to be young she had covered  
The godhead to go beside me.  
Silent, her voice entered at my eyes  
And my astonished thought followed her easily:  
“Well, do their eyes shine, do their clothes fit?  
These *live* I tell you! Old men with red cheeks,  
Young men in gay suits! See them!  
Dogged, quivering, impassive—  
Well—are these the ones you envied?”  
At which I answered her, “Marvelous old queen,  
Grant me power to catch something of this day's  
Air and sun into your service!  
That these toilers after peace and after pleasure  
May turn to you, worshippers at all hours!”  
But she sniffed upon the words warily—  
Yet I persisted, watching for an answer:  
“To you, horrible old woman,  
Who know all fires out of the bodies  
Of all men that walk with lust at heart!  
To you, O mighty, crafty prowler  
After the youth of all cities, drunk  
With the sight of thy archness! All the youth  
That come to you, you having the knowledge  
Rather than to those uninitiate—  
To you, marvelous old queen, give me always  
A new marriage—”  
But she laughed loudly—  
“A new grip upon those garments that brushed me  
In days gone by on beach, lawn, and in forest!  
May I be lifted still, up and out of terror,  
Up from before the death living around me—  
Tom up continually and carried  
Whatever way the head of your whim is,  
A burr upon those streaming tatters—”  
But the night had fallen, she stilled me  
And led me away.

PATERSON—THE STRIKE

At the first peep of dawn she roused me!  
I rose trembling at the change which the night saw!  
For there, wretchedly brooding in a corner  
From which her old eyes glittered fiercely—  
“Go!” she said, and I hurried shivering  
Out into the deserted streets of Paterson.

That night she came again, hovering  
In rags within the filmy ceiling—  
“Great Queen, bless me with thy tatters!”  
“You are blest, go on!”

“Hot for savagery,  
Sucking the air! I went into the city,  
Out again, baffled onto the mountain!  
Back into the city!

Nowhere  
The subtle! Everywhere the electric!”

“A short bread-line before a hitherto empty tea shop:  
No questions—all stood patiently,  
Dominated by one idea: something  
That carried them as they are always wanting to be carried,  
‘But what is it,’ I asked those nearest me,  
‘This thing heretofore unobtainable  
That they seem so clever to have put on now!’

“Why since I have failed them can it be anything but their own brood?  
Can it be anything but brutality?  
On that at least they’re united! That at least  
Is their bean soup, their calm bread and a few luxuries!

“But in me, more sensitive, marvelous old queen  
It sank deep into the blood, that I rose upon  
The tense air enjoying the dusty fight!  
Heavy drink were the low, sloping foreheads  
The flat skulls with the unkempt black or blond hair,  
The ugly legs of the young girls, pistons  
Too powerful for delicacy!  
The women’s wrists, the men’s arms, red  
Used to heat and cold, to toss quartered beeves  
And barrels, and milk-cans, and crates of fruit!

“Faces all knotted up like burls on oaks,  
Grasping, fox-snouted, thick-lipped,  
Sagging breasts and protruding stomachs,  
Rasping voices, filthy habits with the hands.

“Nowhere you! Everywhere the electric!

“Ugly, venomous, gigantic!  
Tossing me as a great father his helpless  
Infant till it shriek with ecstasy  
And its eyes roll and its tongue hangs out!—

“I am at peace again, old queen, I listen clearer now.”

ABROAD

Never, even in a dream,  
Have I winged so high nor so well  
As with her, she leading me by the hand,  
That first day on the Jersey mountains!  
And never shall I forget  
The trembling interest with which I heard  
Her voice in a low thunder:  
"You are safe here. Look child, look open-mouth!  
The patch of road between the steep bramble banks;  
The tree in the wind, the white house there, the sky!  
Speak to men of these, concerning me!  
For never while you permit them to ignore me  
In these shall the full of my freed voice  
Come grappling the ear with intent!  
Never while the air's clear coolness  
Is seized to be a coat for pettiness;  
Never while richness of greenery  
Stands a shield for prurient minds;  
Never, permitting these things unchallenged  
Shall my voice of leaves and varicolored bark come free through!"  
At which, knowing her solitude,  
I shouted over the country below me:  
"Waken! my people, to the boughs green  
With ripening fruit within you!  
Waken to the myriad cinquefoil  
In the waving grass of your minds!  
Waken to the silent phoebe nest  
Under the eaves of your spirit!"

But she, stooping nearer the shifting hills  
Spoke again. "Look there! See them!  
There in the oat field with the horses,  
See them there! bowed by their passions  
Crushed down, that had been raised as a roof beam!  
The weight of the sky is upon them  
Under which all roof beams crumble.  
There is none but the single roof beam:  
There is no love bears against the great firefly!  
At this I looked up at the sun  
Then shouted again with all the might I had.  
But my voice was a seed in the wind.  
Then she, the old one, laughing  
Seized me and whirling about bore back  
To the city, upward, still laughing  
Until the great towers stood above the marshland  
Wheeling beneath: the little creeks, the mallows  
That I picked as a boy, the Hackensack  
So quiet that seemed so broad formerly:  
The crawling trains, the cedar swamp on the one side—  
All so old, so familiar—so new now  
To my marvelling eyes as we passed  
Invisible.



SOOTHSAY

Eight days went by, eight days  
Comforted by no nights, until finally:  
"Would you behold yourself old, beloved?"  
I was pierced, yet I consented gladly  
For I knew it could not be otherwise.  
And she—"Behold yourself old!  
Sustained in strength, wielding might in gript surges!  
Not bodying the sun in weak leaps  
But holding way over rockish men  
With fern free fingers on their little crags,  
Their hollows, the new Atlas, to bear them  
For pride and for mockery! Behold  
Yourself old! winding with slow might—  
A vine among oaks—to the thin tops:  
Leaving the leafless leaved,  
Bearing purple clusters! Behold  
Yourself old! birds are behind you.  
You are the wind coming that stills birds,  
Shakes the leaves in booming polyphony—  
Slow, winning high way amid the knocking  
Of boughs, evenly crescendo,  
The din and bellow of the male wind!  
Leap then from forest into foam!  
Lash about from low into high flames  
Tipping sound, the female chorus—  
Linking all lions, all twitterings  
To make them nothing! Behold yourself old!"  
As I made to answer she continued,  
A little wistfully yet in a voice clear cut:  
"Good is my over lip and evil  
My underlip to you henceforth:  
For I have taken your soul between my two hands  
And this shall be as it is spoken."

ST. JAMES' GROVE

And so it came to that last day  
When, she leading by the hand, we went out  
Early in the morning, I heavy of heart  
For I knew the novitiate was ended  
The ecstasy was over, the life begun.

In my woolen shirt and the pale blue necktie  
My grandmother gave me, there I went  
With the old queen right past the houses  
Of my friends down the hill to the river  
As on any usual day, any errand.  
Alone, walking under trees,  
I went with her, she with me in her wild hair,  
By Santiago Grove and presently  
She bent forward and knelt by the river,  
The Passaic, that filthy river.  
And there dabbling her mad hands,  
She called me close beside her.  
Raising the water then in the cupped palm  
She bathed our brows wailing and laughing:  
"River, we are old, you and I,  
We are old and by bad luck, beggars.  
Lo, the filth in our hair, our bodies stink!  
Old friend, here I have brought you  
The young soul you long asked of me.  
Stand forth, river, and give me  
The old friend of my revels!  
Give me the well-worn spirit,  
For here I have made a room for it,  
And I will return to you forthwith  
The youth you have long asked of me:  
Stand forth, river, and give me  
The old friend of my revels!"

And the filthy Passaic consented!

Then she, leaping up with a fierce cry:  
"Enter, youth, into this bulk!  
Enter, river, into this young man!"  
Then the river began to enter my heart,  
Eddying back cool and limpid  
Into the crystal beginning of its days.  
But with the rebound it leaped forward:  
Muddy, then black and shrunken  
Till I felt the utter depth of its rottenness  
The vile breadth of its degradation

And dropped down knowing this was me now.  
But she lifted me and the water took a new tide  
Again into the older experiences,  
And so, backward and forward,  
It tortured itself within me  
Until time had been washed finally under,  
And the river had found its level  
And its last motion had ceased  
And I knew all—it became me.  
And I knew this for double certain  
For there, whitely, I saw myself  
Being borne off under the water!  
I could have shouted out in my agony  
At the sight of myself departing  
Forever—but I bit back my despair  
For she had averted her eyes  
By which I knew well what she was thinking—  
And so the last of me was taken.

Then she, "Be mostly silent!"  
And turning to the river, spoke again:  
"For him and for me, river, the wandering,  
But by you I leave for happiness  
Deep foliage, the thickest beeches—  
Though elsewhere they are all dying—  
Tallest oaks and yellow birches  
That dip their leaves in you, mourning,  
As now I dip my hair, immemorial  
Of me, immemorial of him  
Immemorial of these our promises!  
Here shall be a bird's paradise,  
They sing to you remembering my voice:  
Here the most secluded spaces  
For miles around, hallowed by a stench  
To be our joint solitude and temple;  
In memory of this clear marriage  
And the child I have brought you in the late years.  
Live, river, live in luxuriance  
Remembering this our son,  
In remembrance of me and my sorrow  
And of the new wandering!"

**Typographical errors corrected by the etext transcriber:**

con la beautitud=> con la beatitud {pg 5}  
a rough day to=> a rough dray to {pg 26}  
From which he old eyes=> From which her old eyes {pg 79}

---

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A BOOK OF POEMS, AL QUE QUIERE! \*\*\*

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE  
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE  
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at

## Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website ([www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org)), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must

include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

## **Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™**

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

## **Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at [www.gutenberg.org/contact](http://www.gutenberg.org/contact)

## **Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate).

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate)

## **Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works**

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.