

NEW VERSE

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IN THIS NUMBER

POETIC DESCRIPTION AND MASS-OBSERVATION.

Any Point on the Circumference. End of A Year, by KENNETH ALLOTT. Several Poems, by PHILIP O'CONNOR. Temptation, by K. J. RAINE. Four Poems, by BERNARD SPENCER. A Leja, or Love Song from Bastar State, translated by W. V. GRIGSON. Book Reviews. Notes, etc., etc.

POETIC DESCRIPTION AND MASS-OBSERVATION

Read the three following statements:

1. *Bram went up cautiously to old Mrs. Fuller's room. She was seventy now, but still able to hate fiercely her octogenarian husband, who was for ever browsing among dusty commentaries on the Old Testament nowadays, and extracting from the tortuous fretwork of bookworms such indications of the Divine purpose as the exact date and hour of the Day of Judgment. He was usually clad in a moth-eaten velveteen dressing-gown and a smoking cap of quilted black silk, with a draggled crimson tassel. The latter must have been worn as a protection to his bald and scaly head, because not a puff of tobacco smoke had ever been allowed to contend with the odour of stale food that permeated Lebanon House from cellar to garret.*

2. *Humphrey Potter, a mere lad, who was occupied in attending to the cocks of an atmospheric engine, becoming anxious to escape from the monotonous drudgery imposed upon him, ingeniously con-*

Captain Busby put his beard in his mouth and sucked it, then took it out and spat on it then put it in and sucked it then walked on down the street thinking hard.

Suddenly he put his wedding-ring in his trilby hat and put the hat on a passing kitten. Then he carefully calculated the width of the pavement with a pair of adjustable sugar-tongs. This done he knitted his brows. Then he walked on thinking hard

Captain Busted Busby frowned hard at a passing ceiling and fixed his eye upon a pair of stationary taxies. Suddenly he went up to one of them and addressed himself to the driver. He discharged his socks and continued whistling. The taxi saluted but he put up with it, and puckered a resigned mouth and knitted a pair of thoughtful eyebrows.

M. looking out of his window with purple curtains saw Captain Busby thoughtfully chewing a less impatient portion of his walking stick unostentatiously against a lamp-post. The road was blue but Captain Busby seemed a very dark green with ivory face (for it was night time). He frowned. He looked up to the top of the rapidly emptying street. He cut his hair slowly. He looked at the bottom of the street. He made rapid measurements with a pair of adjustable sugar-tongs. These he afterwards secreted in his trousers. He then flew into his friend's apartment through the willingly opened window.

Marcella waited for her lover outside a public house known to both of them. Immediately Captain Busby appeared holding a woman in his arms. This wasn't true thought Marcella carefully, and was relieved to see that God had thrown a lamp-post at the Captain, temporarily disabling him.

He arranged himself in sugar and put himself in his bath and prepared to breathe his last his four bottles lay grouped around him

do your duty in this world and gather dividends from the dog
thrown at you
goodbye my children
and he died and they huskily nailed down his coffin
and put it in ten feet of sod
and grouped around him reading the will
for indeed and forever would he be
to them
just dad

Mother lay crying in the withdrawing room
bitterly bewailing cruel fate who with a flick of his pen
had so completely shattered the even tenour of her ways
sobbed upon the brick platform shaking her fist at every porter
who passed
declaring cruel fate who with a flick of his pen
had so cruelly broken
the even tenour of her ways

she considered the porter with the cap on the side of his head
fitfully
who had squandered his sweet-peas upon her
who had ridden every train and blown all whistles
to feast his evil frontal eyes on her to break the even tenour of
her ways
she shunted her back to him
she put on her large black hat with insolent vulgarity
and deliberately smirked into his face
he was busy
he was doing his duty
he rattled the cans
he gave out composed answers to the backchat following his curt
commands
he went on with his duty forgetting
that he had broken the even tenour of her ways
She walked thoughtfully upon a sugar-box

**and would there and then have harangued the station officials to
compel the attention of the porter
but he did not
but he could not
but he did not
and could not should as he had broken the even tenour of her ways**

**she thrust a carrot into his face
he gravely took it and handed it without moving a muscle of his
face
to the dominant personality of the station
the station master himself
events moved indefatigably to their long-awaited climax
the station master seized the carrot and conveyed it to a drawer
reserved for matters of importance
and seizing a document asserting his credentials and authority
motored along the platform and alighted at the lady
madam he said coldly
your carrot is in the drawer
pray come for it or suitable measures will be taken to enforce
the union of yourself and the personality
who broke the even tenour of your ways
lightning juggled above the station portraying its grim battlements
thunder crashed upon the assembled people
she threw three flashes of self-possessed rays
at him from her large radiant eyes
she ran to the drawer refusing the automobile
she snatched abruptly at the carrot
scenting with inexorable female intuition the precise position
afforded it by reason of its pre-eminent significance
she ran from the room like a bitten wounded thing
and fell laughing upon the station master who had broken the even
tenour of her ways**

PHILIP O'CONNOR