

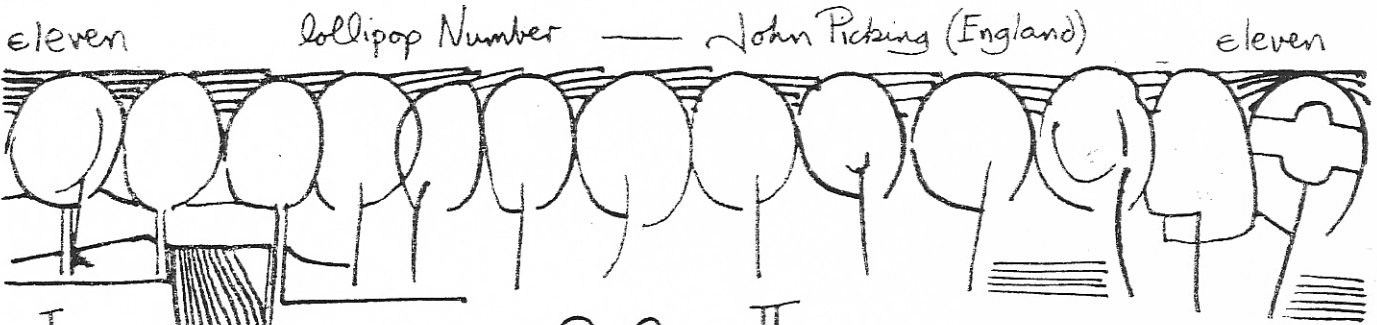
# POOR · OLD · TIRED · HORSE

MONTHLY

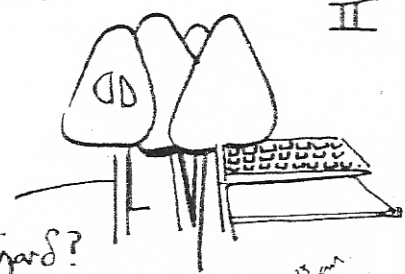
\$2. per issue  
\$19.50 a year

THE WILD HAWTHORN PRESS

1000 ...



I  
O Chloë callow dony  
Knock-kneed in the trees  
why wobbl'st thou  
thicker wench  
blanched  
& lily-livered at every lizard?  
come favor,  
spawn  
I'm a lover  
not a lion



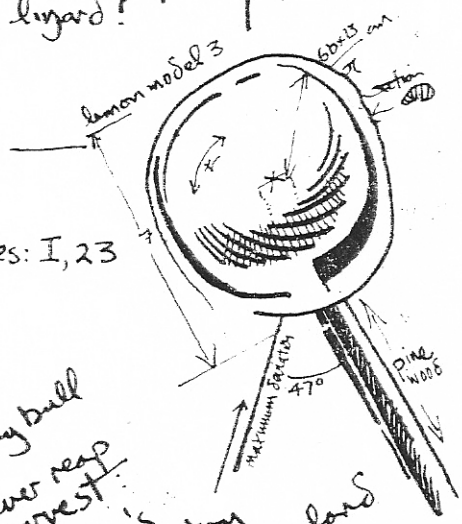
blush Venus'  
fair-haired novice  
but those cheeks  
will grow a wiry brush  
& fair will flock with snow  
quickly  
as blood now rushes  
reckless & harsh:  
you'll poise your raptor  
as you ask  
did the same blage  
kindle cheeks  
that now ignites  
my eyes?

Horace, Odes: IV, 10

III  
nor graze, nor gorge  
heucronoe  
but take it  
by the horns  
for Taurus  
that glittering bull  
will never reap  
your harvest:  
the sky's  
a cold country  
& even in this land  
winter comes  
like a Tuscan sea  
at the cliffs



Horace, Odes: I, 11



translated by Ronald Johnson (U.S.A.)

Two Poems

you can draw faces too  
little tail

then where have you gone?

lost in the woods, I suppose  
not knowing I'm touching your  
toes on the sand

I'll always be walking  
walking  
walking  
even if the colors stop to kiss once in  
a while

I'll always be  
walking  
walking  
and you right beside me little sparrow  
who has no color at all

Robert Simmons (USA)

Perseids

The air that loves you too  
keeps your bright shape.

You sleep inside.

The sulking bear  
jigs to a half-heard tune  
remembers bees

The striped cat dreams  
mackerel

It was not you  
I saw an hour ago.

Unwatched  
the stars keep coming down  
like snow

Ann McFarrell (U.S.A)

Flamingoes

Knees-bend, backward, that's the latest  
Material-test for stress. It looks best  
With long reversible scarves of necks  
Knitted in a kind of flex.

So sire creations in creamy flame for you!  
Though the whole, I'd say, hardly goes  
With a black beard and a Roman nose  
And the cries of burning Carthage too.

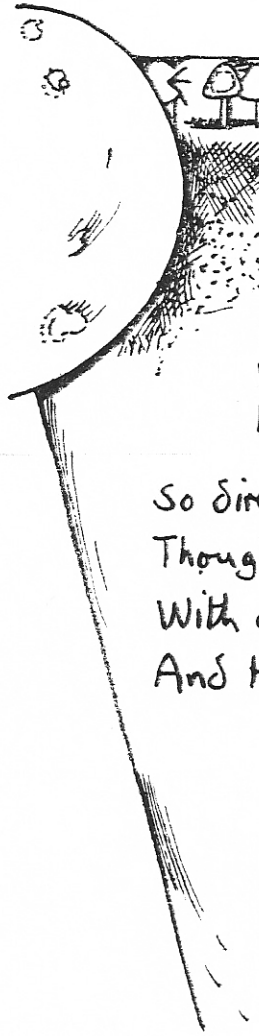
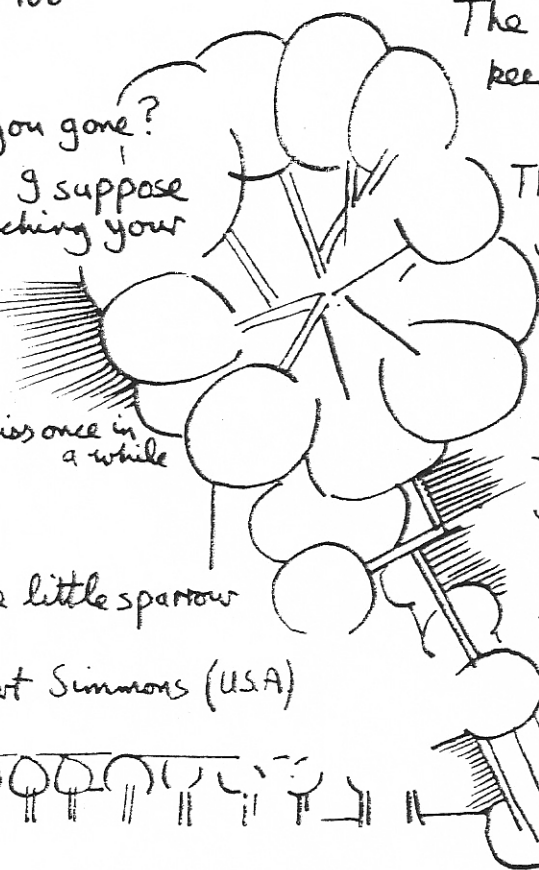
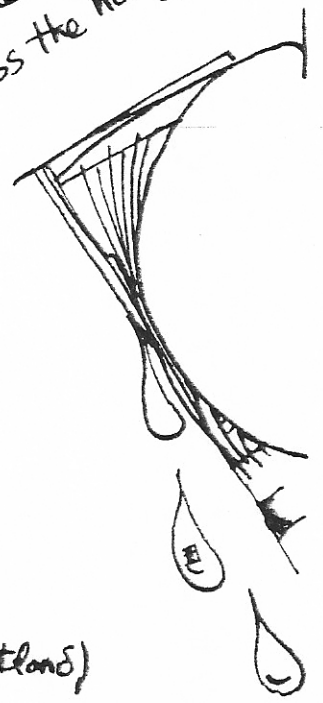
The Buffalo

Once he roamed the wide, wide plains  
And look at what he got for his pains.  
The sun is setting behind the brown hill  
What is a Buffalo without a Bill?

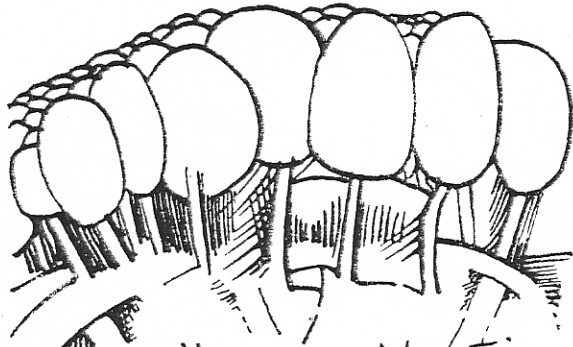
J.F. Hendry (Scotland)

The Stork

Standing out of the sun  
A gray delicate night-dove  
Drifts across the horizon  
Bowed.



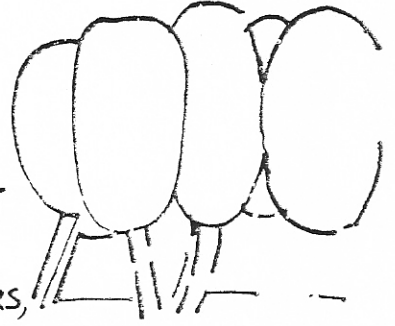
Bestiary (1914)



Cat

Mine be the house where you  
would find

A woman in her right mind,  
A cat to walk among the books,  
And friends about at any time -  
I bear no fruit without these roots.



Rabbit

Bunny's another bunny I know:  
O to take it alive sometime!  
Its women's low among the thyme  
In the sweet country of So.

Dromedary

Don Pedro had four dromedaries,  
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira had,  
And he rode around the world for a bad.  
- The very diversion I'd organize  
If I possessed four dromedaries.

Elephant

Ivory for the elephant's mouth -  
And a treasure in my own.  
Blood-red death!..... My fame is worth  
What I count out in words of song.

Crayfish

Uncertainty, my dearest friend:  
hook at us taking off like cray-  
fish, doubtful to the end,  
Backing away, backing away.

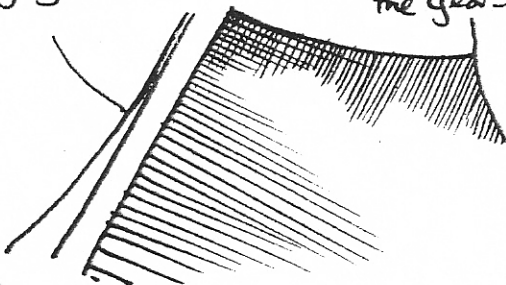
Sirens

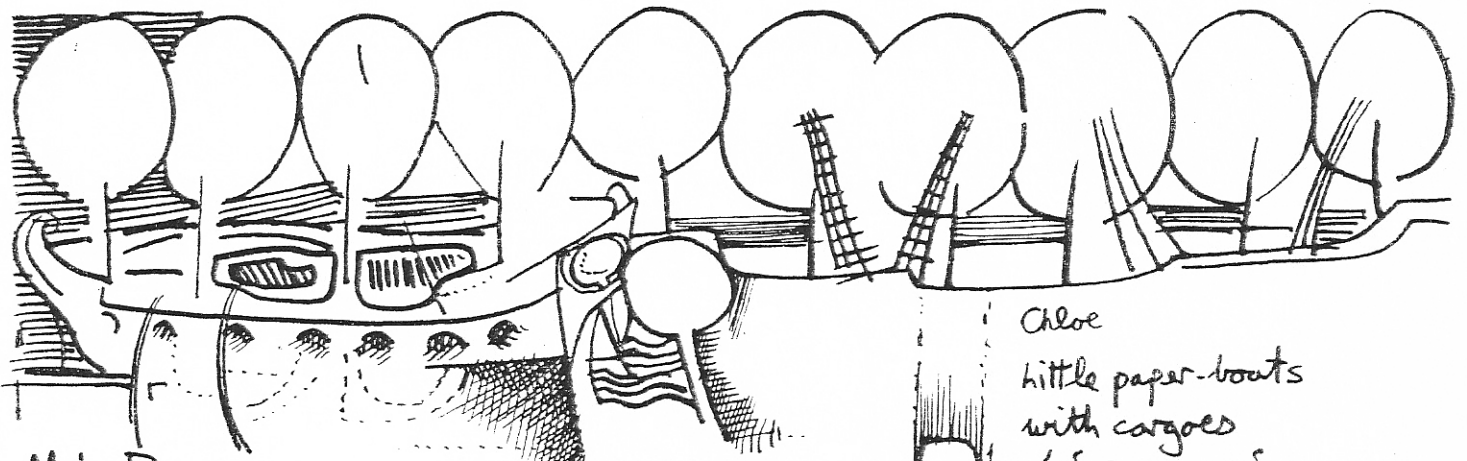
How should I know, Sirens, where your longing  
Comes from when your night sea cries go throbbing?  
Machine-made voices fill me like the sea's.  
My singing hulls have names. They are  
the years.

Carp

Carp, in your garden pond or lake,  
How long time keeps your hearts awake!  
You seem to swim out of death's mind -  
Fish of such melancholy kind.

Guillaume Apollinaire  
trans. by Edwin Morgan  
(Scotland)





Make Do

The small small bunches of the blackcurrant! —  
hardly grapes from the famous wadis of Jericho.  
But let them be, let them quench what thirst  
and amuse the little birds among the berries  
of currants in miniatures of promised lands.

Rengo Laurano (Italy)  
trans. Edwin Morgan (Scotland)



Two Roots

Two fir tree roots, old and fat,  
In the wood are having a chat.

What at the top is being stated  
Is down here bitterly debated.

A motherly squirrel sitting there  
Is knitting stockings for the pair.

One says: "criff" — the other: "cruff",  
Which, for one day, is quite enough.

Christian Morgenstern (Germany)  
trans. Astrid Gillis (Scotland)

Chloe

little paper-boats  
with cargoes  
of dreams and  
all the tenderness  
I feel for you  
are sailing  
in your hair.

We must not talk  
lovely  
and sensitive  
is this how:  
love — an airy  
parachute  
and yet so boastful

Kurt Sigel (Germany)  
trans. J.F. Hendry (Scotland)

Poem

A silence world  
where only objects speak  
man centres  
woman roots  
her branched announce  
it!  
children waving in  
the sun.

Michael Shayer  
(England)