

1943

## The Glendale Sanctum

Meade Harwell

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## EIGHT EXPERIMENTAL POEMS<sup>1</sup>

### THE GLENDALE SANCTUM

to its Board, its clients

Look at this vast. The dome torn rife  
Of minarets streak from their base  
In a paranoiac spew. These are all homes:  
The immaculate unction's ripe full-grace  
Used in a functional mood.

While marys and cherubs smile on perfectly  
Over rigors of constance and values of faith,  
And glass paints the unshatterable fluent pain  
Of christ in his ten thousand--thousanded  
Miseries.

The weepers here Weep. All of their crushed  
Poor aortic soul enslucies gutters of tear,  
"If it had only been Me, I'm so small, only Me."  
But the walls smile a business *no yesno yes*  
*Time too aye too for thee.*

Somehow they hear. So they lose Me to sneak  
A curious poke at the hollywood queen

<sup>1</sup> Last quarter, for the first quarter since I have been selecting poems for the QUARTERLY REVIEW, I found a very large number of the submissions I liked best were "experimental" work in poetry. This fact, plus observation of a number of young poets and their work, inclines me to believe that many are restive and are struggling for a new method, a new speech, as they might call it. (Of course these poems are obviously connected directly with the experimentalism of the last thirty years, but I wonder if these young poets don't find even that work unfortunate in its openings for them.) Perhaps this observation is premature, but I suspect strongly that if they were loosely organized and had an organ of publication, they would measure up well in comparison with the "Apocalypse" group in England. My own editorial stand is obvious: this magazine has carried a number of experimental poems, although not so many at one time as in this issue. My taste is toward the traditional devices in poetry, for the facts, demonstrated so brilliantly by Mr. Yvor Winters in his books of criticism, that certain philosophies associated with "experimentalism" actually hamper a poet in his development, and that "experimental" techniques are fewer and less resourceful for the poet than the traditional techniques. But there are not enough great poems, even if all were to come this way, written in America in a year to fill the poetry section of this magazine; and I hope, for editorial purposes, to give an ear to new developments which seem to have some character behind them.

ALAN SWALLOW

Who ended in dope and a bitter kiss,  
Was dianaly crated from her hell  
    To this bliss.

Blessed are the dead. No finer rest.  
Each sunday at noon the glockenspiel tings  
A vague menstrual glow—of their why,  
Of their how, of their sad sweetly sad sad  
    Futurewhy.

MEADE HARWELL

THE FACTS

There is no surveying of the moon  
when the sun is visible—even to the naked eye;  
when the polka dots focus on dreams  
of the unattained, the yet undreamed.

The matter is divided equally:  
time's silent rest revolves about my head  
spiralling upward toward the brain,  
but the thundering ache throbs out the sense  
and kills the small reality of dreams,  
stripping the growth to utter bone;  
bone and blood, and recollections of the sleep  
collected by fictitious time: even the moon  
is hot on the empty road,  
on the naked eye dressed fully in imagination.

Would there be truth decided by this eye  
which holds the darkness in the light  
and rolls in a circus-life passage  
over the bitter elements decaying in the dust;  
the reason parading under false pretenses?

GORDON H. FELTON