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Five Experimental Poets

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FIVE EXPERIMENTAL POETS*

* Three years ago, in the Autumn, 1943, issue of this magazine, appeared a group of poems entitled "Eight Experimental Poems." In a note to those poems, I observed that a number of young poets seemed restive and struggling in experimental methods. The comment continued, "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." Out of that idea grew a group of poets organized for mutual discussion and for the purpose of publishing the magazine *Experiment*. Now in its third year, *Experiment* has been publishing the work of these poets with a success which has yet to be examined. The magazine has demonstrated that a number of such poets are writing in widely scattered sections of the country and that, in banding together, they can break down some of the isolation of their geographical position and co-operatively publish a magazine. The problems of mutual critical examination of the sources of their writing and of their methods are still great; yet it is to be hoped that even this may be possible to them and to similar groups, for otherwise the isolation may be a prey upon their critical self-consciousness as well as upon their personal lack of a sense of fellowship and group activity. The development of this "experiment" in group activity and in publishing a co-operative magazine will enlist the interest of many interested in poetry. For this issue, we are again pleased to present a selection of poems from the experimental poets, of whom Mr. Harwell and Mr. Foote were also represented in the issue three years ago.

**ALAN SWALLOW**

**FOUR SONNETS ON THE VIOLENT MIND**

1. *Schizophrenic*

Aenemone, I was told you were floating there in the rosy waters, combing your purple hair, racing your seashore breasts through the surfing flare; I was told that the sun was on its most singing stair, and the sharksea was killed, beneath, from its tiger nightmare; I was told I was told, without siege of doubt's singe to foresew, that a fathoms-green palm was above you yesful with prayer, its stalk in the fervent waters.

I was told: and I heard the piano chord of the sea, and I sensed in your life the hurl of both octave and key of the summons as you, deeped to knee, rising effortlessly, embraced your new breath and was new with nativity. And a fathoms-green palm was above you syllablely as your new found the fervent waters.

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