



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

“My fans, my jewels, the portrait of my husband,  
The torn certificate for my daughter’s grave—  
These are but mortal seconds in immortal time.  
They brush me, fade away—like drops of water.  
They signify no crime.

“Let us retrace our steps: I have deceived you!  
Nothing is here I could not frankly tell you—  
No hint of guilt, or faithlessness, or threat.  
Dreams—they are madness; staring eyes—illusion.  
Let us return, hear music, and forget.”

COUNTERPOINT: TWO ROOMS

He, in the room above, grown old and tired;  
She, in the room below, his floor her ceiling,  
Pursue their separate dreams. He turns his light,  
And throws himself on the bed, face down, in laughter.  
She, by the window, smiles at a starlight night.

His watch—the same he has heard these cycles of ages—  
Wearily chimes at seconds beneath his pillow.  
The clock upon her mantelpiece strikes nine.  
The night wears on. She hears dull steps above her.  
The world whirs on. New stars come up to shine.

His youth—far off—he sees it brightly walking  
In a golden cloud . . . wings flashing about it . . . .

Darkness

Walls it around with dripping enormous walls.

*Conrad Aiken*

Old age, far off—or death—what do they matter?  
Down the smooth purple night a streaked star falls.

She hears slow steps in the street; they chime like music,  
They climb to her heart, they break and flower in beauty,  
Along her veins they glisten and ring and burn.  
He hears his own slow steps tread down to silence.  
Far off they pass. He knows they will never return.

Far off, on a smooth dark road, he hears them faintly.  
The road, like a sombre river, quietly flowing,  
Moves among murmurous walls. A deeper breath  
Swells them to sound: he hears his steps more clearly.  
And death seems nearer to him; or he to death.

What's death?—she smiles. The cool stone hurts her elbow,  
The last few raindrops gather and fall from elm-boughs,  
She sees them glisten and break. The arc-lamp sings,  
The new leaves dip in the warm wet air and fragrance,  
A sparrow whirs to the eaves and shakes its wings.

What's death—what's death? The spring returns like music;  
The trees are like dark lovers who dream in starlight;  
The soft grey clouds go over the stars like dreams.  
The cool stone wounds her arms to pain, to pleasure.  
Under the lamp a circle of wet street gleams.  
And death seems far away—a thing of roses,  
A golden portal where golden music closes,  
Death seems far away;

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

And spring returns, the countless singing of lovers,  
And spring returns to stay. . . .

He, in the room above, grown old and tired,  
Flings himself on the bed, face down, in laughter,  
And clenches his hands, and remembers, and desires to die.  
And she, by the window, smiles at a night of starlight. . . .  
The soft grey clouds go slowly across the sky.

MULTITUDES TURN IN DARKNESS

The half-shut doors through which we heard that music  
Are softly closed. Horns mutter down to silence,  
The stars wheel out, the night grows deep.  
Darkness settles upon us; a vague refrain  
Drowsily teases at the drowsy brain.  
In numberless rooms we stretch ourselves and sleep.

Where have we been? What savage chaos of music  
Whirls in our dreams? We suddenly rise in darkness,  
Open our eyes, cry out, and sleep once more.  
We dream we are numberless sea-waves, languidly foaming  
A warm white moonlit shore;

Or clouds blown windily over a sky at midnight,  
Or chords of music scattered in hurrying darkness,  
Or a singing sound of rain. . . .  
We open our eyes and stare at the coiling darkness,  
And enter our dreams again.

*Conrad Aiken*