

①

*The  
Lincoln  
Anthology  
1951*

*The*  
*Lincoln Anthology*  
**1951**

Edited by  
**Alan McLeod**  
and  
**Richard Preston**



**Sydney,**

**Australia.**

**FIRST EDITION**

**December, 1951**

***Copyright.***

**Wholly set up, printed and published by the  
FUTURIAN PRESS,  
160 Beach Street, Coogee, Sydney, N.S.W.**

**This book is hand set in 10 pt. Gill Sans Italic  
and printed in Super Egyptian Black on Imita-  
tion Art with a No. 2 Adana Press. The edition  
is limited to 150 copies, numbered and signed  
by the editors, of which this is copy number**

127

*Alan Mahood*  
*Richard Poston*

## Introductory Note

This anthology, titled after a coffee-shop in Rowe Street, is a collection of verse by young Sydney poets.

Its object is to present a cross-section of contemporary work, not any particular school.

The sole bond among these poets is that they drink coffee at *The Lincoln* and/or are associated with Futurian Press.

Reba Ginsburg, Lex Banning, John Hilbery and Vol Molesworth have all had first editions published by Futurian Press.

All the contributors have appeared in various University and general literary journals.

A. McL.

R. P.

## **Contributors**

<b>Appleton, Richard</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>Banning, Lex</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>Cumming, Robert</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>Ginsburg, Reba</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>Hartnett, June</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>Hilbery, John</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>Hooton, Harry</b>	<b>22</b>
<b>Hoste, D. W. L.</b>	<b>18</b>
<b>Kavafes, P. K.</b>	<b>20</b>
<b>Lawson, Sylvia</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>McLeod, Alan</b>	<b>21</b>
<b>Molesworth, Vol</b>	<b>24</b>
<b>Preston, Richard</b>	<b>13</b>

## **For My Mother**

**The last train  
never leaves for home  
where the magic fingered mother,  
waiting there forever  
mending ill trees  
of first roses,**

**cures  
the last man's  
pain, thematic variation  
on the first  
forever and ever  
dreamtime without end.**

**Hears**

**the bright plane's  
strong song to him  
who sees the sun  
the father lighting  
the illimitable further  
that god discloses.**

**Knows**

**the lost man  
forgets the last sun  
never sets  
and God the first gambler  
never loses.**

**— Robert Cumming**



## **Seawrack**

*The maelstorm moans through broken hours,  
Tortured sensibility rejects  
The dreams it sculptured from your loveliness:  
An art whose execution was its own.*

*The interchange of love reversed,  
I am bereft and you divorced of love,  
The dawn without, myself within this room,  
Pattern to pattern as the night is done.*

*Moonlight amidst the elegance of stars  
Turns sun upon green lemon leaves,  
Current of life within translucent cells  
To turgid haze across a desolation.*

*Impassioned flesh, the idol of desire,  
Shrinks like a smoked boned human head  
As nature's fluxions stored a tropic past  
In thin coal seams beneath the heavy hills.*

*The tides know giant logs, when forests topple,  
Worn to small smooth abstract shapes,  
And love o'erthrown is only drifting seawrack  
Within the ocean of my disaffection.*

— John Hilbery

## Poem

*... in the ships at Mylae ...  
and on the water-wheel ...  
The old wind fans me,  
Myself upon the water-wheel ...*

*The oleanders.  
Look! The old wind shakes them.  
There were other oleanders  
In another garden, and another, and ...*

*In my cup of bone lie mixed  
Other flowers and other worlds,  
And yonder all before me lie  
Deserts of oleander trees.*

*A little thought upon a leaf  
Confesses life was never brief.  
And still it knew  
The thread I threw.  
I threw it in the shuddering air;  
It, phosphorescent, wavered there.  
And fell between us.*

*In the ships at Mylae  
It was thus.*

*I climb the water-wheel.*

— June Hartnett

## Out of the Malice

Out of the malice of old years  
I have sifted some few moments  
untouched:

brittle, they glitter cat-eyed  
and would shatter. Who hears  
the little sharp sound  
as they fall?

No man comments,  
for why recall  
the inevitable round  
of uneasy shudders implied  
by life?

Who has once touched  
the stinging nettle, keeps his hands  
emptily at his side.

— Reba Ginsburg

## **Hiroshima**

**This is the place which  
first admitted to the world  
that man,  
Panimal superieur,  
was God of earth, and sea, and air,  
was God of more than earth, and sea, and air,  
was God of that base stuff,  
of which all matter is composed;  
but yet, not god of the original creation,  
only of destruction and re-creation.**

**— Richard Preston**

## **Panther**

*My mind is a restless panther  
padding the floor of the night,  
a restless black panther  
caught in the cage of the city,  
prowling along the pavements  
close to the feet of the buildings,  
slipping through the striped pools of the shadows  
cast by the newly-leaved trees —  
uneasy and nervously snarling —  
with fierce eyes reflecting and changing  
the reds and the greens of the neons.*

*But if you were to come,  
suddenly stepping out of the darkness,  
the panther would vanish;  
your absence alone the condition  
and cause of its being.*

— Lex Banning

## **Morning**

**Exiled from loadstone bed  
By the shrill alarm and the shower's drizzle,  
We gulp a greasy breakfast and depart.**

**Swaying, the morning news  
Sensationally reviews  
Murder, fashion and farce  
While racing buildings pass  
The screen of fly stained glass.  
A screech, the station.**

**And the bundy devours  
Eight more precious hours.**

**— Richard Appleton**



## **Invasion**

**Piling the bricks of thought all day and drilling  
electric concentration into stone  
the mind-gangs did not see the thunder banking  
behind the factories, nor the leaf-loads heavily  
shifting in light, till with a drag of branches  
the winds took possession:  
sent people and papers fleeing  
the mind's walls toppling in and reels of rain  
unwinding darkly aslant from skies of spirit  
grown suddenly huge and close.**

**So time is drizzle and stormburst  
snaketongues of lightning in a broken window  
of masonry solid on the lit cloud-gulfs;  
but those intent upon repairs, construction  
pay it small attention, until  
scaffolding tensely sways in the exultant  
thickening nearer thunder  
and the all-drowning then:**

**the edifice incomplete and yet no need for it now  
in this extremity's violence of clarity.**

**Yet after the years' torrent demolition  
may be only that completion never dreamt of:  
the aim for flight  
brilliant and empty through a pointed arch.**

**— Sylvia Lawson**

## **Reflections of a Reluctant Bayonet-Charging Man**

**"O make me a soldier, Lord!"  
that mind and body might be best  
in one accord:  
that I might fight my way against  
my better will, O Lord.  
My skill might test,  
detest to spill my brother's blood  
upon green sward.**

**"O, that my mind's might  
might be turned within to succour my  
awed limbs — not blood to suck —  
but better fight:  
My mind not pall, O Lord,  
but spur-urge to bloodier might,  
or spurred, fall to others  
and my brother's sword."**

**But on: On war:  
Onward marching or fall.  
Put on full fight with will — not words;  
sword-skill — willed  
Against the steel line that lies,**

that lies still:  
We still steal on . . .  
below in the grass hollow.

**ON GUARD!**

Up from the crawl-hiding, and flint-set,  
shy shrieks shrill and bellow from the hollow  
charging dummies to the dumb  
on an open steep-hill-sweat, (not weep, O God;  
not meek, in a raw-sweep-charge  
of war)  
to meet more dummies,  
men of straw . . .

Then back!

" . . . to the charge once more!"  
(the sergeant swore)  
"Sweep on you gutless lisping citizens  
. . . this is WAR!  
Put . . . yer . . . guts innu-it . . .  
(yer silly bloody things!)  
We'll have that charge agen,  
you gutless men  
of straw . . . "

— D. W. L. Hoste (1944)

## **King Demetrius**

**King Demetrius had a certain magnanimity of soul,  
and when the Macedonians deserted him  
and showed that they preferred Pyrrhus  
he behaved, so they said, not at all like a king.  
He went and took off his golden robes  
and threw away his Tyrian purple shoes.  
Then in plain clothes he dressed himself  
and escaped quickly. Performing, indeed,  
just like an actor who, when the show is over,  
changes his costume and goes out by the side door.**

**— from the Greek of K. P. Kavafes**

**Englished by**

**Lex Banning and Alex Diamantis**

## **Diamond Bay**

*From the sea it stands out plainly:  
a slight declivity the unique feature  
of a short stretch of inclined littoral.  
Strangers say that it reminds them  
of some place else;  
but it means more to us when we think  
of the times we've walked along the rocks  
beneath the overhang, near the Jew's pool,  
and tossed stinking fish-heads back into the tide  
or pitched a sea-smoothed sandstone  
at an unwary soldiercrab  
debating whether to retreat  
between the rocks and cabbage-weed,  
or make a dash and meet another  
feeding well on heads of prawns  
left behind.  
Garbage, galvanised iron sheets  
dozens of threadbare motor-car tyres  
and other junk that finds no haven  
in cultivated plots and neat backyards.*

— Alan McLeod

## Three Poets

### 1. POE

*Loneliest of all the lonely,  
One true sparkle all-a-glitter —  
Out of the mush, the only  
Sweet sound in the star-spangled-sow' sad litter.*

### 2. WILDE

*You taught us how to live, and love, and lie;  
Rejoice in art — revel, ravage, waste;  
But the way to die  
You told us not — left, each to his taste.*

*And what if you died in drear and drab despair —  
Or if you'd died, and stank in state, respected —  
It was the way you lived that was your care;  
Why should your rotten corpse be resurrected?*

*For what has death, decay or dust to do with art —  
Or what has art to do with nature's dour consistence?  
The only thing that matters is the way we play our  
part —  
The only thing, the way we make — or mar —  
existence.*

### 3. WHITMAN

**Out of America, fearless and frenetical,  
Throwing your rich substance to the furthestmost  
corners of the world;  
Elixir of guts from the wearisome rhetorical,  
Thrusting torso, shoulders, rump and brain  
Upon the soul!**

**Great accepter — and rejecter — of all.  
First of the Impersonals!  
And exuding all personalities in your own . . .  
Brahma, imperturbable! Our brother, sister, our own!**

**Oh, fragrant, everlasting, satisfying breath!**  
**Culmination of all tendencies on earth!**  
**Convulsing and all purging clean in death!**  
**Giving our poems birth!**

**— Harry Hooton**



## **Lines to a Certain Coffee Haunt**

**Here we hear  
above the clink of coffee cups  
the throb of conversation,  
books, sex, music, and "the good":**

**here we see  
the bearded face and upswept hair,  
the poet doodling on a docket;  
paintings glaring round the walls,  
an artist coming down the stair;  
the genius not understood.**

**Here we find  
in endless and exotic talk  
the harlots and for-art-sakers  
meeting mind to mind.**

**Here we have  
the shrug at petty bourgeois values  
tried and found still wanting.**

**here we are  
all brag of fine artistic ventures  
still wanting and not tried.**

**— Vol Molesworth**