

creative potential that he has but started to exploit. It would be worth while for him to have as his guiding light a few lines from the manifesto published by a Congress of Brazilian artists in the twenties which read, "Down with the sonnet, down with the Olympian gods, down with slavish mimicry — we are children of a new land — let us create an art that smells of our earth and interprets more truthfully the dreams of our people —"



By **ROBERT HAYDEN**

On Lookout Mountain

(for Casey and Alice Walton)

I listen for the sounds of cannon, cries
vibrating still upon the rocky air,
timeless echoes in echoic time —
imagine how they circle out and out
in concentricity with Kilroy's cries
as now somewhere beyond the tangent calm
of this mid-century morning
he burns or freezes in the warfare of our peace.

I gaze through depths of fool's gold morning,
think of the death-for-foothold inching climb
of those imagenes: impossibly
they clambered up the crackling mountainside,
and here where alpinists of Sunday
choose souvenirs and views, here once in clouds
was staged a monster jamboree
of daring choices, dubious victory.

A world away, yet nearer than our hope
or our belief, the scions of that struggle
climb endless carrion-blooming hills of war,
encircling us with guilt and suffering,
lie carrion amid war's peaks and valleys. . . .

Have done, O heart. Behold how beautiful
upon this mountain the gadget feet of trivia
shine. Oh hear the taxidermist eagles sing.