

time out at billiards. But unless your interest is in sailing or in local societies and functions, about the only other way to broaden the fields of possibility is to spend an evening in the city. A train leaves Lyttelton just after 7 p.m., and on any week-night a good proportion of its passengers seem to be young folk going to

town. For them, their port, marked with the drabness of its age and nature, is probably a dull place in leisure-hours; but while they seek their pleasure in the city, many people from the other side of the hills find theirs in Lyttelton. To those whose acquaintance with it is only a casual one, the waterfront is a fascinating place.



MODERN VERSE

MORE LETTERS TO KORERO

The title, "Modern Verse," under which you publish my letter in Volume 2, No. 24, is ill-chosen.

I have already listened to an indignant wail from a colleague who is "surprised at my sweeping condemnation of modern verse."

I do no such thing.

If you use the word "modern" in a chronological sense only, I recognize it, but to me poetry is poetry, whether it is of the age and vintage of the Venerable Bede or of contributors to *Korero*.

Corporal Gilbert and I are really at one. He says, "For me, anyway, the significance of a poem lies in its content . . . form, imagery, method, and approach . . . present the meaning with the sharpest possible impact and greatest significance and enable the poet to distill into a few terrific words his whole comprehension of the world or that part of it with which he deals . . . result 'beauty.'"

I agree. All I ask him to do is to read his own composition again and measure it by his own standards as expressed above.

To show that I can "take it," I submit for the criticism of any readers who may be interested another effort of my own.

SEAPORT SUNRISE

A promised tinge of orange in the sky
 Above it, palest green; below
 The purple loom
 Of haze-enshrouded hills.
 Wan light upon the sea
 Comes stealing from the East, while in the West,
 Still hangs the pallid mirror,
 Moon.
 But lost is all the glow.
 And magic radiance which infused the night
 When she rode
 Queen.
 And now the busy boats,
 Glide out to putt-putt-putt-putter,
 Putter on their way.
 Drawing straight lines upon the lineless sea.
 The little waves,
 So restless, yet so languid, ceasing not
 Their sighing on the shingle and the sand.

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All shattered by a truck upon the road;
 The rattling milkman with his morning load;
 The bawling syren of the earliest train;
 Banished is glamour; it is day again.

Sandy.

I read with interest your correspondent's views on a modern poem, and I should like to know whether his quarrel is with Corporal Gilbert's poem or with the rhymeless form of modern poetry. I assume the latter to be the case, and therefore I must protest.

I am not given to writing poetry, but I read it often, and for indefinite reasons I enjoy much of the rhymeless "rhythmless" poetry of to-day. I am not here giving an opinion on the literary merits