

war and the inability of the values and morality of Western Christian civilization to comprehend the nature of World War I. Originally seeking the traditions of his past and its literature to support his poetry and writing an often too derivative verse, the poet discovered that the traditional support he was seeking simply wasn't extant, and so he paradoxically found sustenance in those traditions by displaying their impotence in explaining the cataclysm of modern warfare.

Cat to stay

Round eyes at the window
Stared us out until we let them in —
Black cat with white boots
And clean clerical collar.

It paused in the door as if
It might be making a mistake,
Then paced a favourable advance
Towards the offering of milk.

From nowhere it adopted us,
Made a blanket its own
And learned the garden hazards
Of the neighbouring dogs.

A peaceful visitor, possessed
And never doubting her charm,
She stayed three days and went,
An inviolate houseguest.

Like a hospitable order
We speculated on her going
And felt some justification in
Our acceptance by those round eyes.

MATTHEW MITCHELL