

Walter Capps
April 11, 1957

The Shadow of Shasta

The valley wakes, then yawns, at close of night.

The sun is awninged eer it reaches ground;
Its shadow falls behind the peak renowned,
Mt. Shasta. Fishing in Eureka Bight,
A father queries as he views this sight---
Clear skies, and darkness hovers all around:
"My Son, should any earth-born, mammoth mound
Becloud eternal Heaven's lucent light?

'Man's wisdom is that lofty peak, my Son.
It, first intended, furbished Heaven's ray,
In stature grew, usurping, to compete
With God its Teacher. It's a spiring one!
And yet we'll see the Sun (if we but stay)
Upon its throne, Mt. Shasta at its feet."

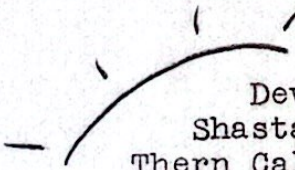
THE SHADOW OF SHASTA

by Walter Capps

The valley wakes, then yawns, at close of night.
The sun is awninged ere it reaches ground;
Its shadow falls behind the peak renowned,
Mt. Shasta. Fishing in Eureka's bight,
A father queries as he views this sight--
Clear skies, and darkness hovers all around:
"My Son, should any earth-born, swollen mound
Becloud eternal Heaven's lucent light?"

'Man's wisdom is that lofty peak, my Son.
It, first intended, furbished Heaven's ray,
In stature grew, usurping, to compete
With God its Teacher. It's a spiring one!
And yet we'll see the Sun (if we but stay)
Upon its throne, Mt. Shasta at its feet."

SHADOW OF MOUNT SHASTA



SON NETS:
Devoted to Mount
Shasta's Shadow (in nor-
Thern California) which is now
The longest shadow in the world, and sonnet-worthy;
Dedicated by students of verse to Professor Powers
At Portland (Oregon) State College in the
Spring class of 1957;--and here
Delivered with inspiration
On a monumental mat-
Ter.

Walter Capps
April 4, 1957
Versification

Iamb:

Mt. Hood

You're base is sure, you're peak, sublime,
When thunders crack around.
Oh let me walk and view the heights,
My feet on solid ground.

Anapest:

Gone Fishin'

With the sun overhead, two boys jumped out of bed, — [?] iambic
? — Grabbed their bait, poles and hooks, and the rest.
They came home with their draught, or, one fish they
had caught,
And the sun huddled back in the west.

Trochee

The Rain

Gentle fall in measured cadence,
Tuned upon my window pane,
Why can't persons hear your music?
Why don't people like you, Rain?

Dactylic

Motion

Setting out slowly, now creeping and lunging, now gaining
explosive momentum,
Thrusting and rushing with huffing and puffing now prancing
and dancing in hops, — end with
Rapidly galloping, spurting and sprinting, then slower, unaccented
retardedly slow, — " syllable
Lagging and staggering, flagging and dragging, ~~now xxxxxxxx~~
now faltering, halting, it stops. — "

and successful job.

The Pantoon (a most difficult kind of poetry)

Sad Sally sat a-whimpering.
A flood of tears fell to the floor.
In plaintive sighs she sobbed the truth,
Her Ebenezer's gone at war.

A flood of tears fell to the floor.
Three months ago she watched him leave
Her, Ebenezer, gone at war,
With Union banners on his sleeve.

Three months ago she watched him leave.
She knew full well her heart replaced
Those Union banners on his sleeve,
As they their plight together faced.

She knew full well her heart was placed
Above all wants he had to fight.
As they their plight together faced,
His eyes spoke words, not cold, not trite.

Above all wants, he had to fight.
One thought suppressed broke through that day.
His eyes spoke words, not cold, not trite.
"I won't return," they seemed to say.

One thought suppressed broke through that day
When one stood tall in Sally's door.
"I won't return," he seemed to say.
A flood of tears fell to the floor.

copper piece from Norway

He was not even aware that he would require money for food during
the railway trip; in his pocket were an American dime and a
Consequently, Rolvaag landed in New York in August of 1896.

A Rondeau

EARTH'S TOILS ARE THROUGH

By Walter Capps

Earth's toils are through; old Grandpa's gone.

His worn-out body, weak and wan,

Just tuckered out, too tired to try

To rouse itself. Disposed to die,

It spoke its last: a rest-pleased yawn.

Those tools which helped him tend the lawn,

Those canes (now marked for antique pawn),

His partners all, they're stunned, and why?

Earth's toils are through.

Ma read to him from Gospel John,

These promises of Easter's dawn:

"Be not afraid, the Lord am I.

I've made for you a home on high."

The angels beckoned, "Child, come on!

Earth's toils are through."

*selling him
a child, even
in the sacred
name, as no
ghostly night*

*you might be able
to sell this*

Nativity

Loud voices barter life in solemn halls,
And in the village sounds of vigil cease
As weary crowds disperse and hold their peace.
Betrayed, life huddles in its threadbare shawl,
Steps out in midnight cold where dead men crawl
In stark despair, and murmur endless whys?
Then, startled by the Star of Love they rise
And capture life's adventure in the Stall
Where unoffended angels break the news
Of Jesus' birth, neath unsung shepherds' stares.
Too vast for words, this scene is mute reply
To restless dreams of men - for wonder views
Here, truth in embryo, and vision bears
The answers that never change and never die.