

# **POOR · OLD · TIRED · HORSE.**

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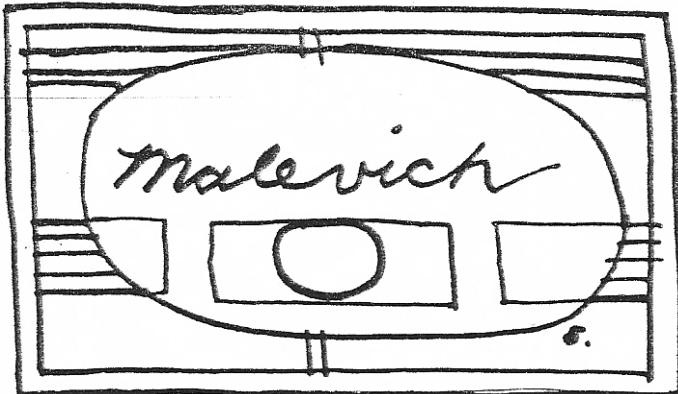
Subscriptions : 12 Issues—12 shillings or \$1.75      6 Issues—7 shillings or \$1.00

In honour of

*Natalia Goncharova (1881-1962)  
Mikhail Larionov (1881- )  
El Lissitsky (1890-1941)  
Kazimir Malevich (1878-1935)  
Alexander Rodchenko (1891-1956)*

*Vladimir Tatlin (1885-1953)  
Varvara Stepanova (1894-1958)  
Olga Rosanova (1886-1918)  
Liubov Popova (1889-1924)  
David Burliuk (1882- )*

lack block black block  
lock black block black  
lack block black block



## Homage to Malevich

Ian Hamilton Finlay Peter Stitt  
(Scotland)

## Slow Song

The ship goes out to sea  
The ship goes out to sea  
The ship goes out to sea  
Far out, far away . . .

And the sea goes out to the sky  
And the sea goes out to the sky  
And the sea goes out to the sky  
High up, high above . . .

And the sky goes out to the stars  
And the sky goes out to the stars  
And the sky goes out to the stars  
The green ones and the blue.

And the stars go out to eternity  
And the stars go out to eternity  
And the stars go out to eternity  
Calmly and endlessly.

And eternity goes down to men  
And eternity goes through to men  
And eternity goes out to men  
Both great and small.

And men go out to sea  
And men go out to sea  
And men go out to sea  
And men go out . . .

Yury Pankratov (b. 1935)

(USSR)

*trans.* Edwin Morgan  
(Scotland)



Line drawings  
throughout  
by  
Vladimir  
Mayakovsky

### Parabolic Ballad

Our destinies fly like rockets, in parabolas,  
Occasionally along a rainbow but more often in the shadows.

Who was that fiery redhead painter—Gauguin?  
You can't keep a Bohemian in a business programme.  
To land in the royal Louvre, starting from Montmartre,  
He had to

describe

an arc through Java and Sumatra—  
Just took off, leaving behind him the lunacy of money,  
The clucking of matrons, the fetid academy,  
Took off and cancelled

terrestrial gravity.

Beery shamans sniggered over their glasses: 'The  
Plumb-line's shorter, the parabola's steeper,  
Copying the heavenly tabernacles'd be better!'  
But he left them there, he roared up like a rocket  
Through a blast that snatched their ear-flaps and coat-pockets,  
And he dropped into the Louvre—not the tourist-door Louvre  
But an angry

paraboloid

crash through the roof!

Well, truth-seeking's as unpredictable as diabolo.

Maggots make for cracks—man has his parabola.  
I knew a girl once, she lived quite near,  
We studied together, sat tests. But see  
Where I got to!—

was it on the wings of demons I  
Reached those reeling equivocal luminaries of Tbilisi?  
Forgive me for such a jesterish parabola.  
Dear shoulders, frozen, in a shadowy passageway . . .  
O how you rang out in the gloom of the Universe  
Like an antenna-rod, so vibrant and tense!  
I fly on still,

called to my terrestrial

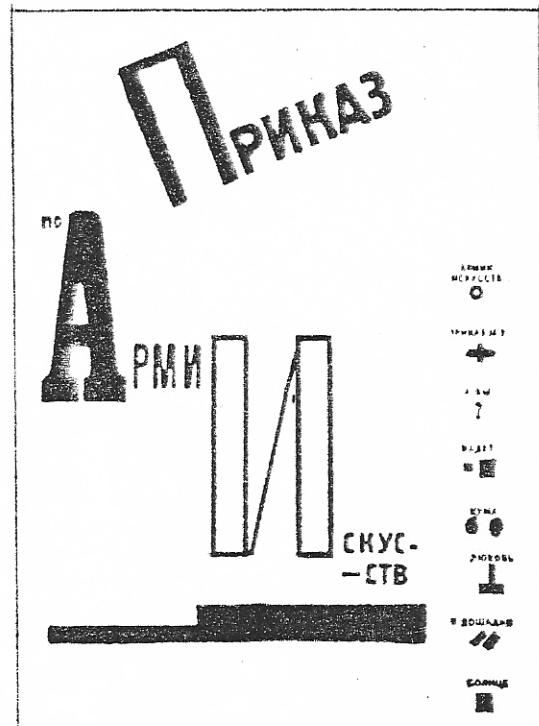
Touching-down by your clear-cold earthly signal.  
How hard it is for us to take that parabola!—

But pronouncement and prognosis and paragraph are  
Swept aside by art, by love, by history

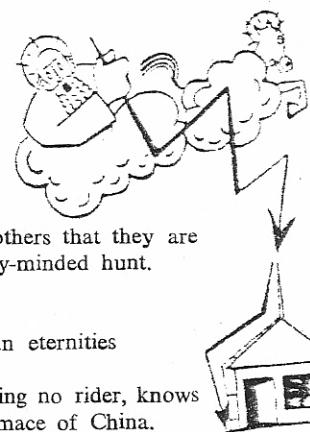
Tracing their parabolic trajectory!  
Galoshes flounder through a Siberian thaw . . .  
Can the plumb-line be a short-cut after all?

Andrei Voznesensky  
(USSR)

*trans.* Edwin Morgan  
(Scotland)



Layout for Mayakovsky—El Lissitsky



### From A Zoological Garden

O Garden, Garden!

Where the iron exists as if to remind brothers that they are

brothers, and to call a halt to the bloody-minded hunt.

Where the Germans go to drink beer.

And the fair sex to sell themselves.

Where the eagles, appointed today, sit in eternities  
with no sign of evening.

Where the camel, with a lofty hump bearing no rider, knows  
the riddle of Buddhism and melts the grimace of China.

Where only the stag a-flower like a great rock is timid still.

Where the dresses of the people come alive.

Where they walk scowling and in concentration  
and the Germans bloom with health.

Where the black glance of the swan clad always in winter—  
its beak brown and yellow as an autumn grove—is guarded

and

suspicious even of itself.

Where the blue peacock drops its tail to the ground as though  
from the peacock-stone of Siberia, thrown from clouds in light-  
blue fretwork and falling on forest gold and green, all various  
shades owing to the uneven ground.

Where you feel like snatching the tails from the emus to strike  
up chords and sing of the deeds of the Russians.

A. Khlebnikov  
(USSR)

*trans.* J. F. Hendry  
(Scotland)



### Poem

Now the rivers grow dark.  
The bonfire coils in the air.  
This morning—the field is bare—  
No cattle have left the yard.  
The frost is furred with grains.  
Fresh, icy and delicious  
The leaf of cabbage crunches.  
Beyond the cry of the cranes  
Gone like the mushrooms and nuts  
Tractors for overhaul  
Concluding harvest and fall  
Break up the ice in the ruts.

Alexander Tvardovskii  
(USSR)

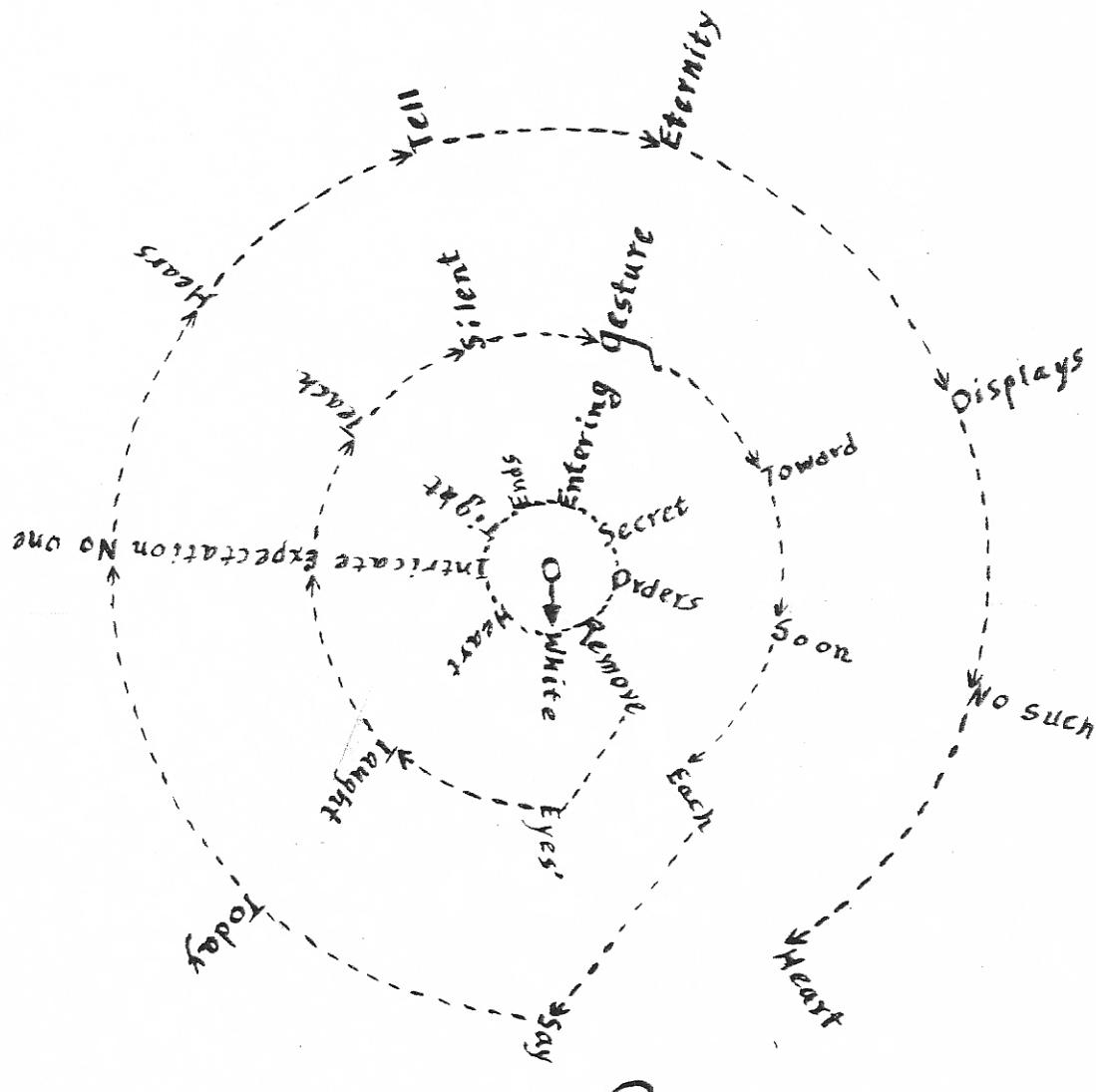
trans. J. F. Hendry  
(Scotland)

### Poem

Once more, once more  
I am your  
Star.  
No good comes to the seaman  
Who takes a false angle of his ship  
Or star: he  
Will founder on the rocks,  
On the unseen sandbanks.  
No good will come to you either,  
You have taken the heart's false angle on me:  
You will founder on the rocks  
And the rocks will mock  
You  
As you mocked  
Me.

Velemir Khlebnikov  
(USSR)

trans. Edwin Morgan  
(Scotland)



Mary Ellen Solt  
(USA)

Homage to Goncharova