

organism in which the individual will become a cell and lose all freedom; we can regress toward the state of zoo baboons, using the intensifiers of sex, destruction, and illusion to increase confusion; or we can find a new religious pattern in which a minority can live together in constructive harmony. Under the shadow of the hydrogen bomb it is more than ever necessary to love life and mankind, and to believe in them because it is impossible.

THE ECHO-GRAPH

M. Travis Lane

The echo sounder's cracked or wry—
in such a sea!

The wind makes fishy squeals. The engines grind
and stutter. Each wave's shock
jars on the graph a false abyss.
My speaker's dumb.

The chart I have? Hakluyt's, his Marignolli's, who
within ten miles of Paradise, reported
he lay to a night and heard
God's fountains roar.
Afraid of flames he did not see, high rocks,
he noted Eden in his log,
but kept off shore.

For me no antiquated stars.
My radar's mystic: all is green.
The sea noise deafens. Shall I make
sea-anchor in unsounded sea? The echoes break
the echo-graph. And port?
I thought I heard—what lofty garden fountaining!
My compass spins: fireworks; the sea's electric.
Call again. Where Marignolli stood . . .
delusions of the fifteenth-century mind.

I start the echo. "Here."
The whole sea answers, rises
as a hill. (How beautiful the feet of those—)
Too noisy, I can't hear. I log
"sea squall; the instruments disturbed."