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Kitten, When I Fold You

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Kitten, When I Fold You

Kitten, when I fold you, stroking down
A crease of bone that dimples through your fur
And feel the give of softness through your fur,
Some overtone of sadness from your purr
Throats in my hearing; fear of domination
Within your jungle blood foretells the truth
That you, like chicks and lambs and little girls
Must grow and lose the giveness of your youth.

Fable of Two Ages

On any legendary page, a girl
Is moved to pity by the shaggy skin.
When beauty bows and brute eyes beg release
From evil spell, a deep well’s liquids rinse
Away disguise; and from the outward Beast
Her catalytic love brings forth a prince.

But modern fables warn Red Riding Hood
To heed her Uncle Freud: no girl should swallow
Grandma’s tale, or trust a pair of eyes;
And under flannel flanks the beasts arise.
The hair shirt is suspect, though shoes are shined.

D. H. Lawrence and "Classic American Literature"

By Betty Logcher

I saw a little pocket book on the shelf in the bookstore. It was Studies in Classic American Literature by D. H. Lawrence. I knew the name of the author, knew he was a rather famous novelist. I also had to read a book for outside reading. So I bought the book—and read it.

Wow!

It is an unusual book, to say the least. Mr. Lawrence departs considerably from the general trend of literary criticism. He uses the book as a vehicle to expound his own philosophy of life. He also uses his criticism of American literature to cauterize the American.

Mr. Lawrence doesn’t think much of the American.

He enjoys sticking pins in the American ideal of freedom. Then he sits back and watches us squirm. Of course it is his “Holy Ghost,” his innermost self, that is motivating him.

His is an interesting Holy Ghost. At least it has a sense of humor, which, by the way, the early American writers didn’t possess to any great extent, with the exception of Benjamin Franklin. But Mr. Lawrence doesn’t think much of Benjamin Franklin.

He doesn’t like him at all.

Benjamin, he feels, has built a little paddock with a barbed wire fence into which he has trotted all the wonderful virtues that all good little Americans should follow.

D. H. admires Benjamin, but he doesn’t like him. Especially his statement on “venery.” He doesn’t like moral America, confined in the little corral. Benjamin takes away the dark forest, the freedom and wholeness of the soul. He “Americanizes” and typifies the “American spirit,” and America is all tangled up in the barbed wire.