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A Companion to the Night

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freedom, however, he has to accept a heavy responsibility, and that is to maintain the integrity of which I speak. To a large extent Steele has managed this. Even the lack of punctuation suggests the tone of the poem. When the reader sees the lack of capital letters, commas, and so on, he is prepared to read a poem that will deal with something not exactly concrete, with sense perceptions, near-pure images, and formless recollections. Such devices have become the tools of some modern writing and are now generally familiar. The subject of Steele's poem might never be explained in words alone because it is formless and mobile. It is only natural that the physical poem itself should be as flexible.

THOMAS A. DONOVAN

A COMPANION TO THE NIGHT

For only a touch of a match I create
A companion to the night. Oh so
Majestically forth from his bent heart
A shimmering veil spreads delight to me.
A slightest whisper is a joyful dance
To him who now seeks a hopeless escape.
His dampened cry fills and pours from
A thin and draped body. But now, scornfully
At my caress he spits black, heated words;
So I must return his tortured soul
First of all to smoke, last to birth ice.