

Classic Poetry Series

Janet Lewis
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Janet Lewis(17 August 1899 - 30 November 1998)

Janet Loxley Lewis was an American novelist and poet.

Biography

Lewis was born in Chicago, Illinois, and was a graduate of the University of Chicago, where she was a member of a literary circle that included Glenway Wescott, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, and her future husband Yvor Winters. She was an active member of the University of Chicago Poetry Club. She taught at both Stanford University in California, and the University of California at Berkeley.

She wrote *The Wife of Martin Guerre* (1941) which is the tale of one man's deception and another's cowardice. Her first novel was *The Invasion: A Narrative of Events Concerning the Johnson Family of St. Mary's* (1932). Other prose works include *The Trial of Soren Qvist* (1947), *The Ghost of Monsieur Scarron* (1959), and the volume of short fiction, *Good-bye, Son, and Other Stories* (1946).

Lewis was also a poet, and concentrated on imagery, rhythms, and lyricism to achieve her goal. Among her works are *The Indians in the Woods* (1922), and the later collections *Poems, 1924-1944* (1950), and *Poems Old and New, 1918-1978* (1981). She also collaborated with Alva Henderson, a composer for whom she wrote three libretti and several song texts.

She married the American poet and critic Yvor Winters in 1926. Together they founded *Gyroscope*, a literary magazine that lasted from 1929 until 1931.

Lewis died at her home in Los Altos, California, in 1998, at the age of 99.

At Carmel Highlands

Below the gardens and the darkening pines
The living water sinks among the stones,
Sinking yet foaming till the snowy tones
Merge with the fog drawn landward in dim lines.
The cloud dissolves among the flowering vines,
And now the definite mountain-side disowns
The fluid world, the immeasurable zones.
Then white oblivion swallows all designs.
But still the rich confusion of the sea,
Unceasing voice, sombre and solacing,
Rises through veils of silence past the trees;
In restless repetition bound, yet free,
Wave after wave in deluge fresh releasing
An ancient speech, hushed in tremendous ease.

Janet Lewis

Days

Swift and subtle
The flying shuttle
Crosses the web
And fills the loom,
Leaving for range
Of choice or change
No time, no room.

Janet Lewis