

New Mexico Quarterly

Volume 1 | Issue 4

Article 26

1931

Three White Doves

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Recommended Citation

Garcia Villa, Jose. "Three White Doves." *New Mexico Quarterly* 1, 4 (1931). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol1/iss4/26>

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INTERLUDE

By IRENE FISHER

This is the end. Let us not strive to hold
Each other to our vows no longer meant
As when above me you in darkness bent
And murmured words so new yet ever old.
The trailing tendrils of a love grown cold
Can catch and mar with no malign intent
This perfect interlude of joy now spent
Before the future's fears around us fold.
Then let us cease before the beauty goes.
Only from endings do beginnings come—
The earth, its life, its summers and its snows
Spring from a thousand, thousand deaths and some
In form and feeling, like a jewel rare
As this, the banner of perfection wear.

THREE WHITE DOVES

By JOSÉ GARCIA VILLA

I whisper at the temple of your love,
O my sweet, soft one,
I send three white doves
Out of the sky of my soul
To carry my fire to you. . .
Three white doves—
Love, Song, and Rest.

In the coolness of your breasts
My three white doves
Will find a nest.