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## Song for Acoma

Norman Macleod

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Sharp Night

By MAUD E. USCHOLD

The thin white lacquer of the moon  
Drips; drips;  
Over the yielding grass the wind  
Slips.

Upon the ground complaining leaves  
Shift;  
Last petals of the shrinking flowers  
Drift.

The moon's round fixed stare is  
White.  
No crickets will call after this  
Sharp night.

Song for Acoma

By NORMAN MACLEOD

Remember the sunlit silence of Acoma  
with no more thunder than the sound of birds  
flying like airplanes above the Enchanted Mesa  
and the mission dark adobe of the hills  
flecked with cloud shadows.

Always there will be the turquoise lintels  
over the doorways of deserted homes  
with only a solitary figure  
silhouetted against the sky,  
watching on distant days.

No longer does the rock of Acoma offer refuge  
and the soundless blue  
rings with violated silence  
where coyotes mock and hawks go over . . .  
the buzzardlike despair.