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## Eagle in New Mexico

*By* D. H. LAWRENCE

On a low cedar-bush  
In the flocculent ash of the sage-grey desert,  
Ignoring our motor-car, black and always hurrying,  
Hurrying,  
Sits an eagle, erect and scorch-breasted ;  
From the top of a dark-haired cedar-bush  
Issuing like a great cloven candle-flame  
With its own alien aura.

Towards the sun, to south-west  
A scorched breast, sun-turned forever.  
A scorched breast breasting the blaze.  
The sun-blaze of the desert.

Eagle, in the scorch forever,  
Eagle, south-westward facing  
Eagle, with the sickle dripping darkly above ;

Can you still ignore it?  
Can you ignore our passing in this machine?

Eagle, scorched-pallid out of the hair of the cedar,  
Erect, with the god-thrust entering from below ;  
Eagle, gloved in feathers ;

Oh soldier-erect big bird  
In scorched white feathers  
In burnt dark feathers  
In feathers still fire-rusted ;  
Sickle-overswept, sickle dripping over and above.

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Sunbreaster

Staring two ways at once, to right and left;

Masked-one,

Dark-wedged

Sickle-masked

With iron between your two eyes,

You feather-gloved,

Down to the feet,

You foot-flint

Erect one,

With the god-thrust thrusting you silent from below.

You only stare at the sun with the one broad eye of  
your breast.

With your face, you face him with a rock,

A wedge,

The weapon of your face.

Oh yes, you face the sun

With a dagger of dark, live iron

That's been whetted and whetted in blood.

The dark cleaves down and weapon-hard downwards  
curving;

The dark drips down suspended

At the sun of your breast

Like a down-curved sword of Damocles,

Beaked eagle.

The god-thrust thrusting you silent and dark from  
beneath.

From where?

From the red-fibred bough of the cedar, from the  
cedar roots, from the earth,

From the dark earth over the rock, from the dark  
rock over the fire, from the fire that boils in the  
molten heart of the world.

The heart of the world is the heart of the earth where  
 a fire that is living throbs  
 Throb, throb, throb  
 And throws up strength that is living strength and  
 regal into the feet;  
 Into the roots of the cedar, into the cedar-boughs,  
 And up the iron feet of the eagle in thrills of fiery  
 power.

Lifts him fanning in the high empyrean  
 Where he stares at the sun.

Feather-ankles,  
 Fierce-foot,  
 Eagle, with Egyptian darkness jutting in front of  
 your face;  
 Old one, erect on a bush,  
 Do you see the gold sun fluttering bouyantly in heaven  
 Like a boy in a meadow playing,  
 And his father watching him?

Are you the father-bird  
 And is the sun your first-born, Only-begotten?

The gold sun shines in heaven only because he's  
 allowed.

The old Father of life at the heart of the world, life-  
 fire at the middle of the earth; this earth  
 Sent out the sun so that something should flutter in  
 heaven;  
 And sent the eagle to keep an eye on him.

Erect, scorched-pallid out of the hair of the cedar,  
 All sickle-overswept, sickle dripping over and above,  
 Soldier-erect from the God-thrust, eagle with tear-  
 less eyes,  
 You who came before rock was smitten into weeping,

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Dark-masked-one, day-starer, threatening the sun  
with your beak

Silent upon the American cedar-bush,  
Threatener!

Will you take off your threat?  
Or will you fulfill it?

Will you strike at the heart of the sun with your  
blood-welded beak?

Will you strike the sun's heart out again?  
Will you? like an Aztec sacrifice reversed.

Oh vindictive eagle of America!  
Oh sinister Indian eagle!  
Oh eagle of kings and emperors!  
What next?