

# New Mexico Quarterly

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Volume 12 | Issue 2

Article 18

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1942

## Vision Night Meeting

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### Recommended Citation

McGrath, Thomas. "Vision Night Meeting." *New Mexico Quarterly* 12, 2 (1942). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol12/iss2/18>

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## TWO POEMS

## VISION: NIGHT MEETING

In the purlieus of evening where the dark man hunts  
Through nervous thickets while the mind sends scouts  
Under the street lamps where the murderers hang,  
And bloodhounds are panting in the narrow canyon—  
Faced me suddenly a frightened boy, but then  
Saw me as real, as human. Smiling, fearless, he passed,  
His galleon graceful in the bays of night.  
The pirates walked the plank. The Indians were beaten.  
How treasonable the mind! Poor boy you are lost, you are taken,  
Though you be quick on the draw, if you turn your gun  
Only on the tame nightmares of imagination.  
Strangers may smile when meeting: it is wiser to shoot and run.

## YOU CAN'T GO HOME

When the homing heart is coming round the mountain  
What would hope have there at the road's end?  
The octave of trees ring out a bell of birds?  
The long-haired scarecrow shake a leg in schottische?  
You would have, Sirs, what simple is and easy:  
Classic meeting of heroes under the ample oaks:  
The gifts exchanged, to one the blue ox, to the other  
that charmed shield  
Inscribed, in peace the dragon-haunted sea  
Whose green necks nibble on the shores of sleep.  
From each his gift, To each the equal hand.  
Then to that hearth where wintered warm was Love,  
A flame-lipped Brunhild burning for your kiss.  
But the sheep's in the meadows, the cows in the corn.  
There's been some changes made since you been gone.  
Then rage outrageous as your outraged heart  
Your own, unique, your never equalled loss  
Conjure up curses. And in your loss feel pride:  
Your suffering is a fine patrician thing!  
No one has ever—poor plebeian souls!—