

New Mexico Quarterly

Volume 13 | Issue 1

Article 22

1943

Paeon

Scott Greer

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq>

Recommended Citation

Greer, Scott. "Paeon." *New Mexico Quarterly* 13, 1 (1943). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol13/iss1/22>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by the University of New Mexico Press at UNM Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in *New Mexico Quarterly* by an authorized editor of UNM Digital Repository. For more information, please contact disc@unm.edu.

Then: luminous as watchfaces,
 Sums inchoate, in dream,
 Spun open to the musing eye
 Or plunged like comet, streamed
 Across the pale, belled, depthless sky,
 The pure skyline of dream.

But that single, star-haunting one
 Swung o'er the breathless pine,
 Or twirled away at the hot glance—
 Key sum in the design—
 Or showed clocked, crossing, bitter hands
 At instant variance.

KATHLEEN HOUGH

P A E A N

Moths arch the wind, the midnight air,
 And find to the candle's flame
 To burn fragile bellies to corpses there,
 —There by the midnight pane.

And he, climbing with tortured steps
 To the door, to the calling flame,
 Let him burst his throat before he gains
 The ledge where my window burns—

For I shall knife him to his back,
 I shall call him brother with steel;
 I shall hurl him down to the shark-fang rock,
 I am born with one purpose: to kill.

And though he should gain my summit here,
 Here, where the winds are knives,
 I shall know him my brother, and know he comes
 To gamble with our lives.

Moths arch the wind, the bloodsoaked air,
 To crisp in the candle's flame;
 Let the ice fall steep about my door—
 Let the winds bring a steel-shot rain.

SCOTT GREER