

New Mexico Quarterly

Volume 14 | Issue 3

Article 14

1944

Postcard

Thomas McGrath

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Recommended Citation

McGrath, Thomas. "Postcard." *New Mexico Quarterly* 14, 3 (1944). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol14/iss3/14>

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Their dung-eating lackeys—
 There is not a good thing in this world but somehow
 The capitalists and their perverts and the ugly small souls
 Mothered in Hollywood will slime it all over.

P O S T C A R D

The waves break on the point, and the gulls cry,
 And the sky is empty; a soldier's voice in the air
 Carries flat in the wind. Afterward, nightfall—

*The sun kindles on Wisconsin water,
 The hills sharp as a girl's breasts,
 And, farther, the massive feminine Dakotas,
 The tall grain whispering through the summer weather.*

Night becomes; like a meeting of water and water,
 Like a dark mating, a waiting as of mist deepening,
 And lower and later the light lies under the headland.

*The pheasant in covert in gay plumage
 Salutes the sun which from the height of August
 Flatters all meridians and on the beaches
 Gilds the bathers in a kind of homage.*

Nameless figures move, but over the clamor,
 The yammer of trucks, in the dark, the words hover
 Like the last grin of the Cheshire cat whose clever
 Meaning we cannot determine, although we construe the manner.

N O C T U R N E M I L I T A I R E

Imagine or remember how the road at last led us
 Over bridges like prepositions, linking a drawl of islands.
 The coast curved away like a question mark, listening slyly
 And shyly whispered the insomniac Atlantic.
 But we were uncertain of both question and answer,
 Stiff and confused and bemused in expendable khaki,
 Seeing with innocent eyes, the walls gleaming,
 And the alabaster city of a pervert's dream.