

# New Mexico Quarterly

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Volume 16 | Issue 2

Article 13

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1946

## Camouflage

Irma Wassall

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### Recommended Citation

Wassall, Irma. "Camouflage." *New Mexico Quarterly* 16, 2 (1946). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol16/iss2/13>

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10.

If I can't know myself it's something gained  
 To help my enemy to know his sin —  
 Especially since in him it's only feigned,  
 For the ideal exemplar lies within.

11.

Action is memoir: you may read my story  
 Even in pure thought — scandal in allegory.

J. V. CUNNINGHAM

## THE ECHO

When aping parrots cease their ceaseless chatter  
 And folded in their sleep are gravely borne  
 Upon the Piper's horn, ah then shall weep  
 The pale unsad and nothing else will matter.  
 The lamentations over truth will measure  
 And hands like shadows fail to hold or save  
 One morsel from the grave, one sweet travail;  
 And fall, attenuated by the strings  
 Of soft denouement, lowly, woe as breath  
 In quiet after-death, defeated wholly.  
 Come Audience, the belfry murmurings  
 Portend a jubilee: the man is dead —  
 In death is comforted, divorced and free  
 Of yes my dear and no my love's displeasure.

CLARENCE ALVA POWELL

## CAMOUFLAGE

A myriad sparrows twitter under the grey  
 Sky of the snowless, bright December day.  
 The last brown leaves from the white sycamore,  
 Falling among them, seem to add a score  
 Of brown birds hopping on the winter grass—  
 Ash-colored, withered as the days that pass—  
 And a dead leaf blown by the wind might be  
 A living sparrow flying near the tree.

IRMA WASSALL