

New Mexico Quarterly

Volume 16 | Issue 3

Article 14

1946

Finale

Ann Stanford

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

Recommended Citation

Stanford, Ann. "Finale." *New Mexico Quarterly* 16, 3 (1946). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol16/iss3/14>

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.

An aspect stranger to the face it wore,
Mortality grown constant as a chain,
Binding as water that is gone and flows.

From untouched outlands at the mountain's rim
The dove recalls us with a mellow cry;
The summer morning shimmers off to lose
Its sheer beginning in the ragged sky.
I see the curve of the earth whereon is wound
The ever-present present, sanguine, loud,
The shade of oaks stretching across the ground.
The summer presses on us when we walk
Through fields called fields whatever else they be,
And we imprisoned in a hedge of years
Look for a province and a dynasty.

FINALE

What we have made to hold
The dreadful dark, the day,
At last approaches cold
And bitter turns away.

It cannot track the wheel
Where its companion led,
And its vast hopes congeal
In glaciers of the dead.

KEEPSAKE

Regret that through a glance
Discomforting could grow
A thunderstorm of chance.
Regret that winds may blow
With blunt intensity
While under waves the sea
Rests in unhurried flow.

Beneath the hurricane,
Oh dissolute, at last
The still outwaits the rain
Deepens and holds us fast.