

# New Mexico Quarterly

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Volume 18 | Issue 4

Article 19

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1948

## Asteria

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### Recommended Citation

Trimpi, W. Wesley. "Asteria." *New Mexico Quarterly* 18, 4 (1948). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol18/iss4/19>

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Curtains, drawn against the night,  
 Embrace the sullen, seasonal  
 Impulse, and summer sounds a strong  
 Battalion in her blood, a flowering  
 Of passion.

The silken dais shimmers, fold on  
 Fold, and flows with silver magic  
 From her feet, unsandaled, naked.—  
 Throws, in sharp relief, her profile  
 On the wall.—And lies, a pool of  
 Fire, in melting flame beneath her.

CLARENCE ALVA POWELL

### ASTERIA

Born of a star, they say,  
 You dropped to sea,  
 Though now you stay  
 In foliage  
 With grass and tree  
 For heritage.

Take from the star your name,  
 For few will know  
 You are the same  
 Who fled from Zeus  
 And flew below  
 The heaven's loose

And ranging floor, a girl  
 Transformed into  
 A quail to hurl  
 Herself from him  
 From whom she flew.  
 But now each limb

Again has changed itself:  
Your breast now lies  
A sandy shelf,  
An island hull,  
Where nests and dies  
The mortal gull:

Your bones now hold the hills;  
Turned stone, they make  
The dikes and sills  
Beneath the earth;  
The shallow lake,  
Which streams gave birth,

Lies inland from the shore:  
And now your feathers  
On the tor  
For mile on mile  
Have bred the heathers  
Of the isle.

W. WESLEY TRIMPI

### LOVE AND CHEMISTRY

The water on the circular rings of the electric plate  
Boils and on the pan the moisture springs in clots  
Pellucid. Outside the rain is rivers in the lots.

Watching it, love simmers in my heart, corrodes my loin,  
But as I make the tea I see the heated stain  
Of steam upon the wall, and on the window, rain

That once was steam and once, unoxidized before  
That, water. Now my fingers, adding sugar, pore,  
Each weighted with a kind of love that cares to care.

Cerebral longing, seeping to my nails, congeals.  
The limp tea-sack spreads tannic like an oil  
In rusty bubbles and the water, left there, boils.

CLELLON HOLMES