

1949

Terminus

Bernard A. Ide

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NMQR Poetry Selections



AS FROST FROM STONE

There is no end to the lonesome process of dying.
We die and walk quietly backward out of death
Leaving behind us, where the gulls are crying,
The crystal image of our difficult breath.

We leave our hearts where we were, and rise, and go,
Learning the touch of dust on the tongue, the length of
the sky

Whitening under the whirl and whiteness of the snow
While the year wheels like a dream, and the stars go by.

When the wild plum flowers in a different place
We shall fade as frost from stone, we shall not be found;
The hands not ours, nor the turn of speech, nor the face;
In the indifferent sky no part; none in the frozen
ground.

JOHN DILLON HUSBAND

TERMINUS

I will not know the moment it has come
Nor feel the incipient fester in the brain
The thrown blood clotting coolly in the vein
The sudden stillness round the heart's cracked drum
That widens into silence; lips too numb
To question why the broken hulls remain
And not a voice to shout an answer plain
Within the empty auditorium.

For this, the flint-struck miracle of dreams
The scarlet and the nacre of desires
The certitude of intersecting beams
The blood-streaked pennants waving from the spires:
For this: the silence after sundered screams;
The cliffs of chalk; the ghosts of blackened fires.

BERNARD A. IDE

CHOICE

Side by side
 in the same room,
Alike burn,
 alike bloom
Two flowers,
 and I see
Them there
 and they me.

Neither bears
 in its heart
Its own fire
 nor one of art,
But that which I
 behold there
And burn by
 in the same air.

MYRON H. BROOMELL

TRAPS

She paused a weary space from washing pots
And dishes—tiptoed to the kitchen stove,
From where she let her listening dull eyes rove
Along the pantry shelf mouse-tracked in spots