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## Again

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## *NMQ Poetry Selections*

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### NIGHTMARE

My moth-mind hovers to this shock of dream  
In the candle-beam of any vacant hour:  
The one wave that could drown me rushes for the shore,  
Ghost-crested; clamps its roar against my warning scream.  
My racing feet freeze ankle-deep;  
The picture moves in frames of sun and sea:

The man's mid-motion running caught in sand,  
The huge wave scalloped out to fall;  
While under, at the water's edge, a frieze against the wave,  
Modelled by sun the incurious boy goes on  
Intently poisoning in his hand  
The draining sand.

JOHN DILLON HUSBAND

### AGAIN

If the great eagles should come again in November  
To haunt some blustered midnight with their screams,  
And their big wings beat to the writhings of my slumber  
Their implacable eyes fill my dreams,—  
And if I remember all my nights of terror,  
Their beaks slashing sharp as broken glass  
Me, prone beneath the awful bank and hover  
Of the unknown about to come to pass—  
Why then, if the eagles come again in November  
Perhaps I may learn to welcome them in that time,  
Knowing my gentleness is in their anger,  
Knowing their timeless cruelty is mine.

J. S. MOODEY