

New Mexico Quarterly

Volume 26 | Issue 2

Article 9

1956

In Earth Who Wallows Like Its Borrowers

Peter Viereck

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

Recommended Citation

Viereck, Peter. "In Earth Who Wallows Like Its Borrowers." *New Mexico Quarterly* 26, 2 (1956). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol26/iss2/9>

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.

NMQ Poetry Selections

THE UNDERTOW OF NEED

We moved beneath the moon drift of that grove
As if deep down we trod an ocean floor,
Great oaks were massive weeds that waved on high,
The bracken branched in coral to the swell.
Pale scallop fans of fungus shone with pearl,
Deep husks beneath our feet seemed singing shells
And fallen trees were wrecks we stumbled on
Too many fathoms down to read their names.
No sound but breathless drawing-in of waves,
To fill with liquid moonlight aching hearts,
And bright above we watched a shoal of stars
Swim through translucent green of sea-drowned branch.
Words we had none, but streams of bubbling thoughts
Seemed caught in air and hovered round our heads,
And we could touch with sea-wash moonlit hands
The under-tow of need beneath the flood.

RICHARD A. GEORGE

IN EARTH WHO WALLOWS LIKE ITS BORROWERS?

My tryst with romany: black eyes and white
Teeth of the palest, blackest-haired of daughters.
Henna you prinked by Andalusian waters,
Dawdling — with scorn's grace — south of wrong and right.
O you
Laughed sun back hundredfold like caressed dew.

And did you, past my sonant fruit-tree strolling,
Hear hundred wines of air compel you back?
Then what a mist of longing our enfolding! —
Fused hoax of dew and wine, each other's lack.

O may
Coastlines of contour rise from mistiest spray.

No cosmic wrangles crowning either Prince,
Not all the stakes of soul for which They clash,
Are worth the angel of a lucky glance
That casual earthlings in their glittering flesh

O throw
At daily things, — rain's tilt, or sheen of snow.

In earth who wallows like its borrowers?
What bodies must so sensuously press
As masks of ghosts do? Spirit's wistfulness
Outyearns the very planets from their course.

O would
That ghosts, through love, earned shape. If but we could.

I know you now! No romany your home.
Then know me too; no arcady my lair.
Formless you flash; I hope you, and you are.
Unborn I hover; need me, and I loom.

O we
Never were. Homeward to hell come flee.

PETER VIERECK