

New Mexico Quarterly

Volume 26 | Issue 3

Article 10

1956

Mutations

Robert Meredith

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

Recommended Citation

Meredith, Robert. "Mutations." *New Mexico Quarterly* 26, 3 (1956). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol26/iss3/10>

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.

MUTATIONS

Out of the womb of night's repose —
through the white-thighed dawn —
the cock-clarion crew him clear
on trebles of silver sound:
blew him beyond his father
and well-laid plans for plowing and planting,
beyond the subdued circle of his mother
at work in the kitchen described:
into a world of spring
where the waking eye of the East
winked aflame.

Morning sped him through the meadow
swift as fleeting dew,
sunrise drew him high in an old oak,
gnarled navel of the round-bellied sky.
Small as he was, he was
as tall as the oak he extended, extended
his heart's range as wide
as April's embryonic love unbended, unbended
over the hills and far away.

Surveying fields of faery,
he reached into a tilted pasture
aslant Tehuacana Hill
and held a distance-dwarfed bois d'arc
in a near-giant hand.

Opened out and in in turn
a world of wonder,
O orotund world,
strengthening against all aging attempts
to fix it at a safe middle distance
not too near and not too far.

He caught the earthy rhythm,
a variable world made constant
by change miraculous,

saw immediacy in magnified patterns
of rough-grained bark,
vision in folded fields
and imagined valleys,
in folded fields and far away.

ROBERT MEREDITH

WHICH DOOR? WHICH DOOR?

Here every bottle cries O drink me quickly;
The leaves are shaped like arrow points, the eye
Befurred with drugs looks around only thickly;
The Rabbit mutters it is time to die.

Innocent Alice in this queasy mirror
Displays the breastworks of a Minoan jade;
Everything one can hear will mock the hearer,
Everything one can make will be unmade.

The Rabbit mutters and the night arises;
It must have been the wrong hole after all,
Certainly this one holds no nice surprises,
Only the consequences of the fall.

WILLIAM DICKEY

PATRIMONY

The statuesque people were shrilling bright —
Hard as the rock in a mountain head.
This was the valley of whirling knives.
Here was the stone for the chisel bred.
Now like the gods we would blaze in our lives,
And splinter the gloom by the idols shed.

The foe led a beast with a bellowing mouth.
The sting of its blackness was mist on the bone.
But we grappled at noonside the thick web of dark,
Till the gold of our fire in bare heaven shone.
Then centuries circled the eagle's mark,
And the statuesque people were changed to stone.