

# New Mexico Quarterly

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Volume 34 | Issue 4

Article 15

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1964

## Westron Wind

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### Recommended Citation

Broin, Padraig O.. "Westron Wind." *New Mexico Quarterly* 34, 4 (1964). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol34/iss4/15>

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PÁDRAIG Ó BROIN

## WESTRON WIND

Summer comes gently here; beneath our feet  
 Gray rock breaks in wild color, every fissure  
 Lavish with gentian blue and hart's-tongue spikes,  
 Bloody crane's-bill, yellow madder, the green  
 Delicate fronds of maidenhair.

Come, slip

Out of Kinvara while the dawn gleam widens,  
 Climb the steep hill at Corranroe with eager  
 Feet, and in that green eyrie lie hidden  
 Under the Abbey's ruined wall where quiet  
 Settles. Oh! if we two once more might leave  
 Kinvara—sky and sea and the western spring,  
 Wind over Burren hills, and you and I.

LARRY RUBIN

## IN THE PARK

Yellow on black. A three-pronged leaf  
 She holds in wrinkled hands, against the night  
 Of her winter dress, like a faded fan  
 Left over from a ball on Halloween.  
 But she has not been dancing, and November winds  
 Already stir the air. Perhaps a toy  
 Enticing children to her lair—and yet  
 A witch would not have thought to put  
 That sorrow in her eyes. Besides, the leaves  
 Fall everywhere, and the children rip  
 Their flames. She holds it like a damaged star  
 That she has plucked from all the falling sky,  
 To tender as a golden ticket, later on.  
 Three points must do the work of five.