

1932

Almost Petrarchan (An Exercise)

Telfair Hendon

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Recommended Citation

Hendon, Telfair. "Almost Petrarchan (An Exercise)." *New Mexico Quarterly* 2, 1 (1932). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol2/iss1/13>

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A Section of Poetry

ALMOST PETRARCHAN (An Exercise)

By TELFAIR HENDON

I read how bards, who sing their mistress' praise
In terms of long-dead ladies, tell afresh
Of Helen's snaring charms, and constant thresh
Of Egypt's Queen who wasted Tony's days,
And Cressid's power sung in lovely lays;
Of young Adonis caught in comely mesh,
And thousand other songs of beauty's flesh,
Which I've never seen; each charmer long decays.
But I care not to seek a perfect face
From those unknown to me in ages past,
Nor seek to show how my love's modern grace
Surpasses their uncertain boasted cast.
For lip stick shapes her lips beyond compare,
And beauty shops can always keep my fair.

CIGARETTES

By KAY BOWERS

I think,
Were I a man,
I should keep a large tobacco can
Filled with my dreams.
And I would roll them, one by one,
In white paper;
And then, when that were done,
I would smoke them,
Wistfully, perhaps,
Or casually,
You ask me why?
Well . . . cigarettes are pleasant things,
And I think that a charming way
For dreams to die