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Abstraction

Eugenia Pope Pool

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Nearly an hour passes, and as the sun is about to emerge from behind the hills, the medicine men reappear, each carrying the top parts of small piñon trees to which down is attached. They circle around the fire. They bring the small trunk to their faces, as if moistening it with their lips, directing it one side to the north, then to all other directions of space, while uttering the strange jackal cries—this after a conversation with a man coming from the west carrying a pair of shoes in his hands; an unexplained symbol. Finally the medicine men firmly put the piñon branches in their mouths as if forcing them down; and they turn heavily upon their feet, as if they were screwing themselves and the trees into the earth: the evergreen trees, symbols of the life that knows no end, of the ever renewed sun now conquering once more the skies, pouring its magic power over an earth made holy and fruitful by the ritual wisdom of his consecrated "Children."

Abstraction

By EUGENIA POPE POOL

My world is not today—an hour—
 Nor tomorrow—but height where I
 Can face the timeless measure of the moon
 And space that circles worlds
 That fancy cannot trace
 And silence that binds them with a web
 Stronger than Eternity's embrace.