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A Man Reflects

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THREE POEMS

A MAN REFLECTS

The world about me is quiet,
Stilled with space, always giving:
A sun-warmed earth-sealed sincerity,
A moon-imaged sea-depth simplicity
That loves the uncaused joy of living.

The mind has constant thought,
Constant that world within me.
(Yeats gripped passion at the end,
Broke the crystal maze he wrought—
Undressed him of complexity.)

IN MEMORY OF YEATS

He knew the poets of the world
Remain in palpitation—
Not as men, but voices that have sung
The soul’s exhilaration:
That after throat and tongue are dead
New minds absorb the spirit’s head.

That the journeyman who walks alone
His path of inner mazes
Stalks Creation, by the Forms
He innocently raises;
And after he is sealed, as dead,
He voyages where wonder led.

OF THE RENAISSANCE

They sought a primal form,
The rainbow and the storm,
Whose figures of disguise
Watched with universal eyes.