Spring in the Sandias (Mountains Near Albuquerque, N.M.)

Mary Francis
SPRING IN THE SANDIAS
(Mountains Near Albuquerque, N. M.)
By MARY FRANCIS

There's a gentle tapping on my pane,
Like tiny, silver drops of midnight rain;
I wonder if, this time, it could be he,
My Jose? I must rise from bed to see.
Ah no, 'tis just the tamarisk once more
Softly swaying, as it has before—
I love to see it veil the moon's white face
With dusky folds of ancient Spanish lace.
The air is sweet with flower dust tonight,
It seems to make my lonely heart grow light;
I feel, somehow, that he is with me here,
I even see the dark eyes of my dear,
The look upon his face; he spoke my name
So gently—oh to leave me thus in shame!
How could I know that I was only one
'Of many girls he'd kissed, of hearts he'd won
And broken too. Oh would that I could score
It off, and go on, carefree, like a whore!—
—That gentle tapping, tapping on my pane
Makes me believe that he'll come back again.
Last winter, when the wind blew free and strong
Down the deep arroyo, days were long;
It blew in drifts—a hard and crackling snow
That hid the windows, since our hut is low.
For many days we had to stay within,
And there was grandma, snarling at my sin,
The little brothers giggling at my fate,
And mama, preaching morals, all too late.
After a while, when days were not so chill
We ventured to the church upon the hill,
Piled in the wagon, up the steep incline,
With merry church bells ringing all the time.
I thought, perhaps, I'd get a little cheer
To take the holy sacrament, and hear
Blessings that the kind old priest was giving;
But that day seemed to take all joy from living;
For not one neighbor I had known before
Would smile at me within the sacred door,
But muttered low, while sprinkling holy water,
"I wish you'd look at Manuelito's daughter."
—Those winter days I wished so to be dead,
   How many were the bitter tears I shed!
Before Good Friday, papa left one night,
   To join the Penitentes, 'twas his right,
But mama sat with grandma, then, and wept
   Because, in spite of all their prayers, he'd left.
I thought of papa on the hill above,
   And longed to sacrifice myself for love;
I wished that I had gone to join them too;
   I might have felt that joyful pain he knew.
—But Spring has come to me at last, sweet spring,
   And I have heart to laugh at anything;
The apple trees are blooming in the lane,
   And there's a tapping, tapping at my pane.

Reclusion

By Maude Davis Crosno

Bare,
Before the world
I hang
Upon this cross called life

Sharp!
Man's laughter stings
My flesh—
A beating rain with wind.

Soul,
The blanket earth
Will hide
Us both when I have died.