

1934

Felicity

Dudley Peace

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq>

Recommended Citation

Peace, Dudley. "Felicity." *New Mexico Quarterly* 4, 2 (1934). <http://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol4/iss2/17>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by UNM Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in New Mexico Quarterly by an authorized editor of UNM Digital Repository. For more information, please contact amywinter@unm.edu.

ANSWERS

By ANSELL M. MCCOY

To some, the answer to a thrust
Leaps forth—a bolt from out the sky
To wound or punish as it will.

To some, it follows after careful thought
Like drops from out a snow-bank
But only after sun has warmed it.

Still others can not speak at all
And late at night when all is still
They think of things they might have said.

AMETHYST BEADS

By ELSA FISHER HERLITZ

The seven years I spent with him,
Which time and space can never dim,
Are crystallized, translucent beads;
And, though my heart forever bleeds
From sorrow's stabs—from poignant pain,
These beads are on a silver chain
Of deathless love. O years so bright!
Reflecting back to me the light
That guides me through life's opaque mist.
Loved beads! My jewels—amethyst!

FELICITY

By DUDLEY PEACE

I don't believe you knew me
Yesterday when you passed by
But I heard your song up in those trees
That kiss a turquoise sky.

I heard you singing in the wind,
Each sweet note falling clear.
(I stand upon our hill to wait
About this time each year).

They say you saw black mud and dirt,
That blood streamed down your side.
But I, who know your soul so well,
Know, too, the way you died.

I know that light within your eyes
Leapt into glowing fire,
I know the music that you loved
Sung by celestial choir.

There were the colors you always loved,
These you must have seen.
There were the woods your hands have touched,
Caressing their satiny sheen.

And so, when I read of the way you died
And turn inward eyes to you,
I listen along the wind for song
Sung in a voice I knew.

“REMINISCENCE”

By ROBERT FREDERIC HERTER

Rivers of thought,
Silent, mighty as Zeus,
Plunging through the chaos
That is life. . .

Memory is a dancing girl
On a bright terrazzo stair.
Memory is a blind old man
In a hickory chair.