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Sonnets of Reality

Donald Crosno

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By DONALD CROSNO

1—TIME

In some quaint cave of crude dis-symmetry
Dwells Time, the monk of madness, priest to doubt.
With patient hands he deftly turns about
The polished wheels of one slow century,
And ponders, lost in timeless ecstasy,
While from his silent cell the days slip out
And form, like caravans of slaves devout,
A fading trail into eternity.

So eons after thought and thinker die,
The worlds from creeping crusts of slothful ice
The blackened cindered suns cannot restore;
Then Time with groping hands through lifeless sky
Will search in vain for yet another rise
Of Rhythm and Light; and Time shall be no more.

2—LIGHT

Past madly whirling suns that flash and die
Like floating sparks at dusk, a lone light ray
Is hurled through space, unnumbered miles each day
For centuries. It flings through pathless sky
Past constellations while men slowly try
To feel one puny thrill. What joy to bay
The very heels of Time, or make swift way
Along space paths where Light alone can ply.

What trifling fate condemns these brilliant flights
To tell some lonely man the slow decay
Of burning suns? Who dreams that just for men
The evening cloud banks flame to glowing heights,
Or little beams of peering light display
One shaded fern in some secluded glen?
3—CHANGE
While Time goes ticking through these transient modes
That form the lives of men, a power stern
Performs its task of change. While minutes burn
Each tiny atom feels the restless goads
That drive it down the unrepeated roads
Of ceaseless Change. No mind of man can turn,
Nor steel, nor soul, nor massive sun can spurn
This force that builds to ever new abodes.

And man, a solitary figure, stands
On silent sands beneath the silent skies.
When he perceives these shadowed hands that range
Across the universe of waiting lands,
He flings aloft unanswered prayerful cries
And sinks beneath the endless flow of Change.

Esposo Mexicano
By Katherine Powers Gallegos

Pure bright ardor of a Caponsacchi,
Sigurd braving yet the fiery ring,
Lancelot, false in friendship, true in passion,
Bold young Robin, wooing in the spring,—

These are lovers poets sing their songs to,—
In my heart a song as sweet I hear;
Lilting Spanish words repeat its message,
Indian tom-toms beat its rhythmic air.

So for you who made my life a garden,
Laced with fragrant paths tired feet may roam,
You who gave me all my joy of living,
Baby hands, broad fields, adobe home,—

Yours the song that's in my heart forever,—
Soul, recall the words, and sing again,
“Never life our joyous hands shall sever,
Death shall never make our one life twain!”