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Ride Through the Jemez Mountains

Jewell Bothwell Tull

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kind,” their lives have struck a chord that goes singing on through time—perhaps eternity. We breathe for them a tender Requiescat. They have known more of the meaning of death than all of us, and more than most of us of the meaning of life.

Ride Through the Jemez Mountains

*By Jewell Bothwell Tull*

Not for the jagged rocks, nor the smell of cedar,
Or the wide sweep of plain,
Shall I remember through long years
That friendly ride;
Nor for the wild aster and red rain
Falling like repentant tears
From a heart’s pain—
But for two white goats between earth and heaven,
Clinging unafraid to the mountain side.

Peña Blanca

*By Jewell Bothwell Tull*

I pass you by, Peña Blanca,
Your smiling walls in sunlight
Behind the Tamarisk tree;
But the white sorrow that you hide, Peña Blanca,
I may not see.
I have a sorrow, too, Peña Blanca,
But whether it is white or black, I do not know—
It may be as black as the night it comes from,
Or white as tomorrow’s snow.