Autumn in New Mexico

Phyllis E. Harvey
in itself it is no automatic guarantee against bias in criticism, or against the false issues of personality and group affiliation in determining literary enthusiasms and dislikes. One can seriously question that there is, proportionately, any more back-slapping in the metropolitan critical press than in the regional. If one wishes to achieve a severe integrity in his judgments of contemporary literature, he will achieve it, not by running from metropolis to desert, or vice versa, but by exercise of much acumen in his own study.

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Autumn in New Mexico

By PHYLLIS E. HARVEY

In fall, these desert boundaries
Reveal their gorgeous hues
Of red and gold and silver grey
And skies of azure blue.

No land compares with its calm peace
No temples like its rock.
No ancient herder ever saw
The equal of its flocks.

For when the autumn time is here
The cool pure air invites
The wandering footstep to ascend
The tallest mountain heights.