1939

On Returning to New Mexico

Frederick Johnson Rowan

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Recommended Citation
Johnson Rowan, Frederick. "On Returning to New Mexico." New Mexico Quarterly 9, 1 (1939). https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol9/iss1/11

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On Returning to New Mexico
(After being away eight years)

By FREDERICK JOHNSON ROWAN

And this, dear heart, is what we used to know...
I wonder only that it seems the same,
leaving unanswered that which is but a name
for youth's bright seeing, youth's ephemeral glow.
All else the same—the sun, the air, the slow
and savage-colored days... the nights that claim
feeling untouched before... the changing flame
of shadows on the mesa, row on row.
How quick it was... How recklessly we took
those sun-filled days. Few memories remain
of you... of what you were... except the look
that said those days might never come again.
Still... still the same. I wonder... can it be
that you have left this legacy for me?

Readjustment

By GLEN BAKER

Once she was flint and he was steel
Together they struck fire,
And met and blended in the flame
Of pinnacled desire.

But now the flame has dwindled down
To one lone glowing ember,
They've found there's more in life than any
Fire their hearts remember.