

1942

Saw-Teeth

James Franklin Lewis

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

Recommended Citation

Lewis, James Franklin. "Saw-Teeth." *New Mexico Quarterly* 12, 3 (1942). <http://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol12/iss3/17>

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.

from THE STERILE DUST

S A W - T E E T H

The wind clapped music-cycles,
 Roundabout
 Went about catching wind.
 Unnatural thunder
 Shook the sunken stair.
 Gypsum-powder
 Drifted into snow.
 Unnatural hunger
 Lusted at the soup-holes,
 Watching a windowful of lightning.
 Beyond the jagged smashed pane,
 The cracked lightning
 Gibbered with unnatural wonder.
 The salted eyes dribbled,
 And children sucked for soup-nipples.

The lightning's ragged fingernail
 Rased on drumhead-parchment,
 Cackling static news.
 The radio's dry voice was torn
 By Hitler's mouthscrawl.
 A mortar's rocky bell
 Clanged out toxic powders.

But I recall a line of Heine,
"Auf die Berge will ich steigen"—
 A smooth nooning speech
 Round as tongue can tell.

M A P - R E A D I N G

Bang the sash.
 Shut out the foolish shuddering owl.
 Shut out the gangs of clammy leaves.
 We have blood to dream, and dreams of blood,
 And how without the hood of hate