

1943

The Dark Girl

Nicholas Moore

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

Recommended Citation

Moore, Nicholas. "The Dark Girl." *New Mexico Quarterly* 13, 4 (1943). <http://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol13/iss4/14>

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.

Unknowing puppets, whose most furious acts
 Grow pale beside the tides of history.
 Yet he has made their lives legendary,
 And they will stand like ghosts upon his grave.

What falsity is this? The tiger stands
 Flaunting his tail. The delicate gazelle
 Goes quietly to drink the frozen seas.
 Eyes through the glass look on the winter snow.

A MESSAGE TO THE BABOONS

The anarchies of time and state—
 Fa-la! This is a grand life, brother native.

From the days when we climbed trees and threw coconuts
 We have indeed gone a long way.

No longer are we content with quite the same
Arbor vitae but this is a grand life!

Indeed we have our monstrous legends too,
 Of kings whose castles grew too big for them,

Of Cinderella beauties and their princes,
 And more primaeval stories, of mere sex

Fa-la, we shall grow even to greater estates:
 What need women, if we can swallow swords?

THE DARK GIRL

The black girl crossed her heart upon a stone,
Heigh-ho the green holly.
 She bit her fist, and carried an old maid's bone,
 Under the fictive eyes and the Hollywood tan
There was nothing, O there was nothing.

She told her friends she had three brilliant men,
Two to fetch and one to carry,
But when they were young they left her severely alone,
And when they were old they found six better ones,
The holly, the green holly.

Now, dying young, she has married a foreign man,
O the berry, the bitter berry,
The only one who believed her lustres, the one
With the faith of a child she is no better than,
And now he must know his folly, must know his folly.

NICHOLAS MOORE

TWO POEMS

RESIGNATION

We treat only the dead kindly.
None mocks at them.
In the graveyard there is peace—no corpses
Grapple; no newcomer's lying down disturbs embalmed phlegm.

I have been driven living into death's kindness,
Slain as I am as one must be when he makes an enemy of Truth,
Who wanted my purple hopes, and who sensed the danger in me,
And who was suave and plausible as I seemed uncouth.

Whoever still has hopes may now brush against me;
This lion is of stone:

HERE EVEN THE TENDEREST CHILD MAY SAFELY PLAY,
AND THE FRAGILE MOSS GROW GREAT ALONE.