Nytis Lodge: The Adirondacks

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NYTIS LODGE: THE ADIRONDACKS

Each breeze that cracks this placid glass of lake
Removes its spidered years. Here, rotund speech
Reverberates once more against the rafters.
Old smiles are immortelle, by summer eaten.
That some were happy here concerns me closely:
I shall unknot the stocking's hoard of time.

This generation, grave and kind and debonair,
Fitted these stubborn joists from careful lives.
Such builders never die. I know them well:
Charged with grace, their tall and stately days
Were wound in punctual clocks whose slow release
Uncoiled brief pleasure with a lazy yawn.

Now that the worms have girdled every beam,
I must be brief. Tale to rehearse with laughter:
How one dull heir to infinite allowance
Shook off the fiber of decorum's mesh
But found new bondage in a woman's lips
When stars efuded day above the pines.

Hands that burned these mottoes in the wall
Grasped stiff reality and moral flames.
No flippancy of mine outstares stern truth
More staunchly than the wise, embedded words,
And dust, a sermon shorter than a book,
Lies in the couch of reason it absolved.

Faint mice will run a crooked mile of rooms
Yet not devour the clear and wordless title
Woven in contemplation at the hearth.
Time lifts its casual skirts, attempts the stairs,
And mounts security with rhythmic tread
Toward cool chambers alien to regret.

LAWRENCE PERRY SPINGARN