1947

Two Roads Both Taken

Robert Stallman

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Recommended Citation
Stallman, Robert. "Two Roads Both Taken." New Mexico Quarterly 17, 3 (1947). https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol17/iss3/14

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All things about a play
Take my heart in fee:
Enterances and exits say,
Come, come, come with me!
   But what is that to you, to you?
   Stand still while I die!

You there and I here
All these years of living—
Well then, my very dear,
Gifts I might be giving—
   But what is this to you, to you?
   Stand still while I die!

Moon stones blown out thin
To use for stage drinking—
When they break a little din—
Just the noise of thinking—
   But what is this to you, to you?
   Stand still while I die!

Take my voice: I have your eyes—
Fasters die but slowly—
I'm not conjuring your demise
But only that you wholly
   Stand still while I die.
   But what is that to you, to you—

HELEN CAMPBELL

TWO ROADS BOTH TAKEN

Two roads diverged in a double wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveller, puzzled I stood,
Then walked down one as far as I could
To where it turned into undergrowth;
Then took the other, a steep road up,
And having perhaps less useful function,
Because it was rocky—just rocks showed up;
Though as for that both roads slowed up
Me and my double in conjunction.

And both, diverging, stretched my hopping
Parallel props. (One prop paced second.)
Oh, I split my Yankee underpropping!
Better more wood than logic chopping;
Better than two roads one unreckoned.

Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
Two roads both taken make double sense.
As for keeping one for another day,
What counts, I figure, is does it pay?
It’s that has made all the difference.

ROBERT STALLMAN

HYMN TO RAIN.*

The dry god appears in Mexico.
Display your flag
And let no one cry.

“I, the dry god, have come,
Have come again to the dry land,
The land rich in sacrificial blood.
In the primitive dawn I was god.”

God, your deeds are beyond knowing.
But among us, you,
You have entered our flesh
And made us of yourself.
Who, then, dares provoke the gods?

* Based on Hymno a Tlaloc, a Spanish translation of the Aztec Nahuatl.