Lines to an Antique Queen

Clarence Alva Powell

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Palette, brush, transpose
Upon the rainbow colors, form,
The outer poise and pose
And inside, heart, and blood, and storm.

A halo on the head
And all the whirling world inside,
And in the heart unsaid
Emotions guarded, ships untried.

A casual causerie,
Ambrosial figure, captured mood
Upon the canvas, the
Essential goddess, semi-nude.

A spritely nonchalance,
Impetuous lips and subtle eyes,
Chameleon romance
Of liquid motion, limpid thighs.

In the luminosity of mind,
Celestial auras swim around the
Goddess; candelabra, gleaming, cast
Upon her patterns: shadows rise
And fall with intermittent flame.

Pictures, bric-a-brac, and china
Statuette remain aloof with cold
Detachment, staring into distance,
Silent, unconcerned.

(Unseen censers stir, dispell the Shadows.)
Curtains, drawn against the night, 
Embrace the sullen, seasonal 
Impulse, and summer sounds a strong 
Battalion in her blood, a flowering 
Of passion.

The silken dais shimmers, fold on 
Fold, and flows with silver magic 
From her feet, unsanded, naked.— 
Throws, in sharp relief, her profile 
On the wall.—And lies, a pool of 
Fire, in melting flame beneath her.

CLARENCE ALVA POWELL

ASTERIA

Born of a star, they say, 
You dropped to sea, 
Though now you stay 
In foliage 
With grass and tree 
For heritage.

Take from the star your name, 
For few will know 
You are the same 
Who fled from Zeus 
And flew below 
The heaven's loose

And ranging floor, a girl 
Transformed into 
A quail to hurl 
Herself from him 
From whom she flew. 
But now each limb