

1952

Again

J. S. Moodey

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NMQ Poetry Selections

NIGHTMARE

My moth-mind hovers to this shock of dream
In the candle-beam of any vacant hour:
The one wave that could drown me rushes for the shore,
Ghost-crested; clamps its roar against my warning scream.
My racing feet freeze ankle-deep;
The picture moves in frames of sun and sea:

The man's mid-motion running caught in sand,
The huge wave scalloped out to fall;
While under, at the water's edge, a frieze against the wave,
Modelled by sun the incurious boy goes on
Intently poising in his hand
The draining sand.

JOHN DILLON HUSBAND

AGAIN

If the great eagles should come again in November
To haunt some blustered midnight with their screams,
And their big wings beat to the writhings of my slumber
Their implacable eyes fill my dreams,—
And if I remember all my nights of terror,
Their beaks slashing sharp as broken glass
Me, prone beneath the awful bank and hover
Of the unknown about to come to pass—
Why then, if the eagles come again in November
Perhaps I may learn to welcome them in that time,
Knowing my gentleness is in their anger,
Knowing their timeless cruelty is mine.

J. S. MOODEY