Tabloid of Time

Robert Wistrand

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RECITATIVE

It is a most peculiar thing; but I want you to understand.
I have kissed you in airplanes, belfries, beside the carrousel,
In dancehalls, elevators, factories, garages, hotels and on islands;
But not in memory.
I have felt you warm beside me, gentle and alive:
In jungles, kiosks, lounges, nooks and at the opera;
In penthouses, on quays, in restaurants, in subways and taxis.
But never now.
We have put our lips together. We have shared
Umbrellas, vestibules, wagons and xylophones. Together
We have yawned and gone to the zoo.
But this is today.
I come and I look through the bars of time and I marvel
while all of the world walks by and smiles and says hello
in alphabetical order, excepting one.
And that is you.

TABLOID OF TIME

Abelard and Heloise
Link their love among the trees.
The seasons fly to watch the bliss
Of death's devout, ecstatic kiss.

Hamlet walks within his brow,
Himself the father of his now;
Himself the guilty; but the scene
Becomes again what might have been.

The murderess and Mr. Good
Go off together in the wood.
The gossips at the cripples' dance
blame it all on circumstance.
NMQ POETRY SELECTIONS

Shylock shakes his finger at
The courtroom proletariat
But the comic jury may
Dance on Shylock's wedding day

ROBERT WISTRAND

ON THE GREAT RIVER

Taos
Blue bones, sunset, bleeding mountain.
The brawling average and the Safeway
Indian. Lorenzo, art is
Homeless. Topophobia.

Santa Fe
Hill and cross, the dustless plaza.
Texas man, his teeth and luggage.
Children Pérez, Sánchez, and
García. Anglophobia.

Albuquerque
Neon nightrest, bursting river.
On her skirts the mushrooms. Her mixed
Wine collapses every Sunday
Noon. Amnesia.

Corrales
Adobe and sticks in the valley
River-muck, tumbleweed, toad
A horse turning turquoise in twilight.
My melancholia.

EDWIN HONIG