

1954

The Hunt

Lysander Kemp

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq>

Recommended Citation

Kemp, Lysander. "The Hunt." *New Mexico Quarterly* 24, 1 (1954). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol24/iss1/10>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by the University of New Mexico Press at UNM Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in *New Mexico Quarterly* by an authorized editor of UNM Digital Repository. For more information, please contact disc@unm.edu.

SHE MOOS, WE PLAY

The gamboling calves of Paul Klee,
Regarding their moody mother, say
'She moos, we play.'

Calf one is tall and fierce tee hee
And two is upside down and three
Is Greek to me,

And what is the meaning of all this?
Is mother sick, or neurotic? Is
It their green bliss

Failing, for it must fail, that she
Laments in advance? The fooling three
Are wise, but we?

Or what? My words are smudges, you
Must live his fingers. When they knew,
They smiled, and drew.

THE HUNT
(*After Wang Wei*)

The huntsmen clatter forth from the village of Wei-ch'eng.
The plain is frozen but empty of snow. The hawk above us
Coldly hovers and screams. Our horn-bows twang in a cold
Flaw from the North. We gallop together to Hsin-lin,
Then back to Hsi-liao, with and against the wind.
Behold! a cloudy sunset now, where we killed the eagle.

LYSANDER KEMP