

1956

The Night the Solstice Got in

Grover Lewis

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

Recommended Citation

Lewis, Grover. "The Night the Solstice Got in." *New Mexico Quarterly* 26, 4 (1956). <http://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol26/iss4/5>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by 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 amywinter@unm.edu.

NMQ Poetry Selections

THE NIGHT THE SOLSTICE GOT IN

On autumn's breast we suckle
harvest in a saffron season;
drowsed in insular jubilation,
we retire on eve of solstice as
spring's faded race cowers
without unction or mourner
before guileless sweeps of wind
on a chance deed of murder.

.
I wonder we did not hear them,
a pane away, sifted in rustling agony
through the night; we, wrapt in
blank sleep's complicity, heard no
shriek nor murmurous rattle;
while brittle choir keened quiet anthems
to sap's paroxsym, secular
fantasies warmed us under an artifice of heat.

We waked chaste, to find us
defiled by the old earthen crime,
and nude-limbed trunks serene in
mounds of careless dead; in witless rage,
our eyes would not meet; whom
to beseech, and how rebel?
For weeks, we tiptoed uneasily on
the yellow, subtle-veined corpses.

GROVER LEWIS