1959

A Walk in the Wood

Louis Ginsberg

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

Recommended Citation
THE ALCHEMY

Before I knew my soul
I knew my father's voice,
The sacrosanct control
Of every final choice
And first. The morning bird
Sang right or wrong for me
By what my father heard.
Through his blue eyes I'd see
The mare and judge her gait.
Somehow from him there grew
My mordant soul—with hate
And fear enough for two.

—Tom McAfee

A WALK IN THE WOOD

"Come, let us walk in the wood," she said.
As I had nothing to do instead,

Who was I to deny a friend
Whatever it was she did intend?

The fragrance was so ferny and deep,
It drugged more than my mind asleep.

The forest breathed with a heavy scent,
As more than into the wood we went.

"Here is the place all things are hid.
Rest here," she whispered. And we did.

And it was more than deep in the wood,
I felt the deepest solitude.

—Louis Ginsberg