The Invaders

George Abbe

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The Invaders

The birches slash at the shadow with the pure white of joy; the dark fir pour upward to stain the mountain.

Out of the rocks come shouting, immense, hospitable people, hands like slabs of laughter, hearts as gentle as moss.

To right and left they shower all the coin in the world; it lies like slag in the foothills, like lustreless ash.

Up icy streams they stride, breaking trout in their fists, bugling to thrush and sparrow: "No money! Not ever again!"

And out of the village doorways, drunken and blazing with mirth, shining like metal with glory, the people pour to greet them, no purse, no past, no guile; only an open tumbling caught and buried in bigness illimitable.

—George Abbe

Ledyard: The Exhaustion of Sheer Distance

"I give up. I give up"—John Ledyard.

Around the Horn

the jealousy of location was the same sheerness as the marking.

with Cooke, in the swell of the summer tides, all the trickery one could ask for, of onslaught one could ask for nothing more and of course, the journals were suppressed, though all marked was the tenor of the passing earth,