1960

Sing Willow

Barbara FitzGerald

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

Recommended Citation

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.
Sing Willow

Swaying and shaking its silver leaves,
The willow bends to the running stream;
Lunary canticles, echoes of antiphons
Snatched from the millrace, tremble
The edge of a wicker dream.

What is a wedding that it must end?
"A long sleep in a rocking boat."
What is a man that he must die?
"A man is windle, weight, and whisper."

"Fire, breath, love, death:
Forever is time without a home,"
Sang the willow to the running stream;
Swaying and shaking its silver leaves,
Weaving a wicker dream.

Why does the rain fall, blood on the ground?
Why do mountains splinter and break?
"The moon that mothers unquiet doves
Dances while wicker baskets burn."

Swaying and shaking its silver leaves,
The willow bends to the running stream.
These parables pleasure a witch's child;
Mourning desire that whistled the wind,
Peering from deep in wicker dream.

—Barbara FitzGerald