

1968

The Mediterranean Is So Oddly Blue: He Has Never Been Able to Comprehend It

Adrienne Marcus

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Recommended Citation

Marcus, Adrienne. "The Mediterranean Is So Oddly Blue: He Has Never Been Able to Comprehend It." *New Mexico Quarterly* 38, 4 (1968). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol38/iss4/53>

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LARRY GOODELL

ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE VEILS OF ANGELS

/for P.

Woman
you are beautiful

(1 drops down)

—kites
float in the fog
there are no kites
there is no fog
here

(2 drop down)

—water over the hands
around them
& in them

(3 drop down)

—how many veils are there?
the essential mystery
is contained in the answer

(4 drop down)

—the hands & the eyes are like each other
separate
without denying one another

(5 drop down)

—you are yr own body balanced inseparably
sings its own
beauty well told
for the performance of love

(6 drop down)

—woman there is no shame in the heart of union

that produces children
 eyes
on you
the beauty lives in yr pores
 & yr flesh
is the soul of yr face

(7 drop down)

—the woman is naked to acceptance of herself
the beauty I love
ugliness is the mind's destruction of flesh
no more
 the angels dance
 have thrown off their veils
for you
 for me to see the language
spoke it across

 the way I dance you
to love yrself
 who think yrself ugly
no more

ADRIANNE MARCUS

**"THE MEDITERRANEAN IS SO ODDLY BLUE: HE
HAS NEVER BEEN ABLE TO COMPREHEND IT."**

Not sky, that pale refracted light
of necessary stars, the flying weather
with its color always distant;
nor celadon, for all its endless
variations, grained with blue
to chemical perfection.

But so oddly blue, this sea defies
description. The eye returns
to stable rocks, the white indifferent
shore, as if by compromise
a metaphor is true:
knowing all along that what we see
is too exact for words.