1938

Whispers

Eugenia Pope Pool

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“Looks like blood,” he laughed.
“It is,” the policeman said.
He would not stay in the air all the time. It would be wearisome. Like now. Wearisome, a toothful word. His head was weary. It was hot. What was the tall man saying?
“Therefore, I arrest you: murder ... wife; fingerprints ... club. Don’t know if ... in your sleep: case for psychiatrists ...”

The policeman turned to the man nearby and spoke, shaking his head. To fly all one has to do is leap: spread arms and be blown lightly to the sky. Like those busy little birds. Cool! No more pain, no more trouble with Martha when she woke, no more murmurs in the head; and far away from those lines on the ceiling above his bed, the blood-red Hangman’s Noose.

Yes, he would visit the sun first. Then Paris, Rangoon, Bokkara.
He clambered on the sill.

Whispers

By Eugenia Pope Pool

If I could read the whispers
Of this wind, that blows
So softly on my face,
Then I should know the thought
Of all the worlds
That circle through
Unmeasured space.