

1943

## Adolescence

James Franklin Lewis

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### Recommended Citation

Lewis, James Franklin. "Adolescence." *New Mexico Quarterly* 13, 2 (1943). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol13/iss2/23>

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## TWO POEMS

## THROUGH THE RUINS

These little trips we do.  
 These little faiths we hunt with.  
 These little faces.  
 These little wheelchairs, too,  
 Down what little races.

Up what inclined roads.  
 Up what inclement hills.  
 Up what bleak stair.  
 With disproportionate loads,  
 Through bursting air.

On irreversible feet  
 Through rain and runny miles,  
 These little trips we do.  
 And these little rounds we beat.  
 These curlicues.

Over the creepered wall.  
 Over the rustic barb.  
 By boot and shoe.  
 Hoping to add them all,  
 These trips we do.

June, and the sky clears.  
 June, sun-gilded fields,  
 Enridged in rose.

And deeper than eyes and ears,  
 The season flows.

These little scouting-tramps.  
 These little sick patrols  
 Down hilly stairs.  
 We have wandered  
     from our camps,  
 Our wicker-chairs.

So till the charred night  
 Hide the beauty of June  
 In nameless stars,  
 Out of her nameless height,  
 These trips are ours.

Into the sharp fumes  
 Of ruinous ruined spices,  
 Courting hollows,  
 Till into the heavy tombs,  
 Our radius follows.

These little health-parades.  
 These convalescent marches.  
 These daring dooms.  
 These little trips we do.  
 These little fords and wades.  
 To these little rooms.

## ADOLESCENCE

Now to have cleared the last expanse of peace  
 And fled like children from the innocent arms,  
 And, too, to have fled the dews of love  
 Which ripened early on our moonlit farms;  
 Now to have raced the unquenchable heart away,

Child-changed again, from the cool preservative;  
 To have raced asquint the appealing doors where dawn  
 Burned helpless pierced with violet thorns; to live  
 Deposed from a world, and for this while wind-free  
 Of our mouldering hopes, and of our summer-silence  
 Likewise free; we have seen the greenish eyes  
 Among the sleek and soft autumnal islands  
 Lurk in perspiration, feigning sleep;  
 And we have parried carefully our leap.

J A M E S F R A N K L I N L E W I S

### T R A M P A N D S C A R E C R O W

One of them had no place to go  
 And one of them had no place to stay;  
 The one that had no feet at all  
 Was watched by the one with feet of clay.  
 After no fruit was left to fall,  
 Someone forgot to take away  
 The shape intended to frighten birds—  
 And even the birds were gone today.  
 He could not put it into words,  
 But it troubled the tramp still more to know  
 What anyone who passed could see:  
 That even the frame of the old scarecrow  
 Had on a better coat than he!  
 And, sure that the scarecrow could not care,  
 He looked about, and climbed the fence  
 And changed the coats . . . That was common sense—  
 Since only the crows were left to scare.  
 Nothing to guard was left for one,  
 But one still had within his trust  
 For keeping warm—to oblivion—  
 Something a little more than dust.

G L E N N W A R D D R E S B A C H