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When I Am Dead

Mary Austin

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had conquered before. Now she has entered into the new world of experience which she has drawn near at other times. And she will write a greater book than she has written before, a book which celebrates not the Earth Horizon but the "blue-cloud horizon." "I have known, to some extent, what the Earth Horizon has been thinking about. Measurably, its people and its thoughts have come to me. I have seen that the American achievement is made up of two splendors: the splendor of individual relationships of power, the power to make and do rather than merely to possess, the aristocracy of creativeness; and that other splendor of realizing that in the deepest layers of ourselves we are incurably collective. At the core of our Amerindian life we are consummated in the dash and color of collectivity. It is not that we work upon the Cosmos, but it works in us. I suffer because I achieve so little in this relation, and rejoice that I have felt so much."

T. M. PEARCE.

When I Am Dead

By MARY AUSTIN

This is what I shall do
When I am dead.

When the hot wind frets not
Nor the sharp sleet;
When weariness wears not my heart,
Nor stones my feet;
When the fire's spell is unbound
And I faint no more for bread;—
How well I know what I shall do
When I am dead!

I shall take a white road
On a warm last-lighted hill,
Where saffron-shod the evening goes,
Where the pale gillias uncloset
And the flitter-moths are still.

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I shall take a high road where the flock scent lingers
In the browsed sage and the blue, bush-lupin fingers,
I shall find a by-road by the foot changes
Till I come where the herders' fires
Blossom in the dusk of the grape-colored ranges.

And I shall sit by the bedding fires
With the little, long armed men,
Eleheverray and Little Pete and Narcisse Julienne—
For what can come when sense decays
They being even as I, and all of us being dead—
And the dull flesh fails,
But that man is one with his thought at last
And the Wish prevails?

So it shall be day an we will,
With a burnished blue hot sky,
And a heat dance over the open range
Where tall pale guidons of dust go by.
Or it shall be dark, as we choose,
At the lambing pens under Temblor hill
With the mothering mutter of the ewes,
And a wind to which the herd grass cowers,
While the dogs edge in to the watching fires
And darkly the procreant earth suspires.

So it shall be when Balzar the Basque
And the three Manxmen
And Pete Giraud and my happy ghost
Walk with the flocks again.

