

1940

## Winging Alone

Joseph Joel Keith

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

---

### Recommended Citation

Keith, Joseph Joel. "Winging Alone." *New Mexico Quarterly* 10, 2 (1940). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol10/iss2/6>

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](mailto:disc@unm.edu).

their fyces, No!" Meanwhile, awaiting the long tomorrow, I'll crawl into my cubby hole.

July 22nd.

Our energetic army captain had his lighters on the job, very early this morning, and began the task of removing the cargo. No one knows how long it will take, but it looks like a sizeable job. This morning, I'm a bit more pessimistic, though there's no reason for it. The sun is peeping out, for the first time since we came into Siberian waters; the air is fresh and cool; the birds are doubtless singing among the leafy boughs on our island—I have to keep reminding myself of these things, so as not to become an ultra-pessimist. Meanwhile, we wait.

[*To be continued*]

## Winging Alone

*By* JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

Winging alone and out of sight,  
 a bird flew slowly through the night,  
 past the low star and the low full moon.  
 It went as if it would not come soon  
 to the wood where birds were then at rest.  
 What thing had driven it from its nest?  
 Was it an urge of devil-may-care,  
 or was it a dark intrusion there,  
 or was it, perhaps, no thing as brief  
 as fear or hunger? Was it grief?  
 Was there no nest where a nest had been?  
 Was the nest hidden and was it seen  
 and then not seen again by her?  
 And no song therein and no little stir?  
 What was the thing that made her go  
 from the green green Heaven that safe birds know?