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A Night

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NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW

A, NIGHT

The night is stars and dark,
A dark of wind and sound
And gusts of cypress-scent.
I listen and recall
Dusk circling through a room,
The birch along a hill—
But would not love too well
Remembrance night has brought,
That which is done, or dwell
Half-summoned in the thought.

ANN STANFORD

TWO POEMS

THE GOD ERRANT

In the detective story, the hero, or at least the central figure,
Who is immortal, though often in danger of death,
Is invited, sometimes, by women, both sinful and virtuous.
He always fades out, however, undetainable as breath.

The immortal is not to be trammelled by home won to (even heaven),
Nor are we to behold him enjoying what comes easily to hand.
Mere clay would envy him Danaë, but not understand.

What we are told, in full, is the hard part: it stretches the muscles
Of the mind admiring his hazards overcome;
Displays the champion, and through him we unravel
Every puzzle but one, but are not given the sum:

We are left in the dark still as to whence he is immortal,
And why his history shows him never at rest—
In no chaste bed pillowed ever, nor long on a wicked breast.