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Cinder-Patch

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Cinder-Patch

By ALICE CORBIN

Maggie came out of a cinder-patch,
She lived in a shanty, the edge of a scratch
Of a factory town, where the river ran black
With slag and smut from the chimney-stack.

Maggie's father kept the saloon
Where the factory men at night and noon
Came for whiskey, or came for beer,
And Maggie kept all the glasses clear.

Maggie had hair as red as fire,
She had a body as taut as wire,
She had a skin as white as the foam—
They'd rather look at her than go home.

After the dusk, when work was done,
Maggie would go and look at the sun;
The boys would wonder what there could be
Up on the hillside she liked to see.

She said she went up there to see
What was beyond where she happened to be;
She might, she said, have been born in town,
In a palace of stone, of white or brown.

What was the odds? "By golly," she said,
"If you're all alike when you are dead?"
She looked at the river, the chimney-stack,
And the factory houses, smutty and black;

She saw the bodies of broken men
Carried like slag to the charnel pen,
She heard the hymns sung over their bones
Before they were one with sticks and stones;

And each was herself, what she would be,
And this, she thought, was eternity;

POETRY SECTION

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But out of it all must be some plan
If anyone knew what was meant for man

Lord Buddha sat under the Bodhi tree,
And in one moment he was free
Of every bondage, every tie—
No need to wait till he should die

And Maggie there on the cinder-patch
Knew all of life, in the scratch of a match;
She saw it all, in the bat of an eye—
No need for her to wait to die!

She had no words, but she knew the way,
And every moment was bright as day;
She saw each man with his glass of beer,
With an aura around him bright and clear;

She saw each one in a jet of flame,
And she herself like light became—
Like light that shines through clear-spun glass
She knew all life as it came to pass

If you have seen this once you are free
Of several rounds of eternity;
What Maggie knew she could not say,
But she and Buddha had found the way.

My World

By EUGENIA ROPE POOL

Mine is a world of far flung horizon
Of pink clouds piled high,
Of white moon,
Of yellow earth
Sweeping upward to a blue sky,
Of golden sun
Spreading his rays like a giant fan
When the day is done!