

1943

Columbia Dry Falls

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Recommended Citation

Turner Wright, Celeste. "Columbia Dry Falls." *New Mexico Quarterly* 13, 3 (1943). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol13/iss3/24>

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BRIC - A - BRAC

The terra cotta fawn regards his rear.
 One day he will grow up and be a deer.
 In creamy white upon the mantelpiece,
 Still is he statue but his time is near.

So delicate the neck, so art-conceived,
 You would not think those sinews shall have grieved.
 Perhaps not quite tomorrow, yet next year,
 When youth has ceased and manhood been believed.

Indeed from that cold fabric the hot horn
 Will lock in death and all the forest mourn.

MYRON H. BROOMELL

TWO POEMS

COLUMBIA DRY FALLS

This work was engined with an amplitude
 At which the mind can only shrink and stare,
 Nor entered Anthrop with his dwarfish brood
 Until the theater fell in disrepair.

Uranian centuries to break the back
 Of basalt, silica, obsidian;
 Budget cosmogony to dredge the track
 And scoop the spillways for the overrun.

Rejoicing through his canyon roared the rover,
 Headlong down this infinity the stream,
 Until the glacier wearied and gave over,
 Changing his course by some colossal whim.

Only his terraces remain, the rubble
 Below his staircase, where the arid trail
 Has led us wanderers across the stubble,
 Counting the scaly rattles on Time's tail.