

1944

Death Is Not Equal Nor His Bargain Fair

Byron Herbert Reece

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

Recommended Citation

Reece, Byron Herbert. "Death Is Not Equal Nor His Bargain Fair." *New Mexico Quarterly* 14, 2 (1944).
<https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol14/iss2/28>

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.

FOOL'S SONG

Because I cannot ever remember
The lost word, the last endeavor,
Because I am indifferent to the splendour
Of all these words, but look towards the ending,
The buried petal of the individual rose.

Because I lean towards a lapse of learning
Towards the unpremeditation of the clown
I am the fool of time, the poet burning
In the unseen ray of this black sun.

I see no images of life or death
In the passing shadows of the hour
Watching my friends so eager not to lose
The flickering handful of a cobweb hope
We all desire beyond the loss of fear.

I write beside the mark, the subtle aim,
Losing the impenetrable ego in the dream,
And hear the music rumoured in a name,
Remembered emblem of the buried stream.

WREY GARDINER

DEATH IS NOT EQUAL NOR HIS
BARGAIN FAIR

Sorrow, that follows death first through the door,
Speaks to the mother weeping by the bier:
"In vain you sorrow for the son you bore."
And to the father, "Time renews the year,
Your son he will not; weep, for he is gone."
Speaks to the brother, sister, friend, and bride:
"Think you to comfort him who sleeps alone!
Rather have care for them who must abide."

Sorrow is death's companion, and it sighs
Unto the sleeper who will not awaken:
"From each one here death takes a single prize
Except from you, from whom all things are taken.
From Life the bough you are a leaf that flies,
No more to tremble though the bough be shaken."

BYRON HERBERT REECE

REDBIRD IN THE SNOW

She sits by the window
And sees below
A redbird walking
In the snow.

There is no song
But the bird is there—
No life but this life
Anywhere.

In the winter-time
Of her tired mind
She wonders at springs
Left behind.

Wonders memories
Return so clear
Like spring coming on
Every year.

She wonders a splash
Of blood doesn't spread
From the breast of the bird—
From its red.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY