

1951

Directions for a Journey

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Recommended Citation

Dunn, Stephen P.. "Directions for a Journey." *New Mexico Quarterly* 21, 4 (1951). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol21/iss4/10>

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NMQ POETRY SELECTIONS

451

That was only a stone
Said the mother, said the daddy, and they smiled.
Tomorrow, said the child, but not tonight.

I saw the moon running, said the mother . . .
You didn't, said the child, you were standing
There.

And he ran and he ran and he said:
See? But he dropped through the hole that belonged
To the mole, and the two moons that were eyes
Blinked and went out in the dark when they ran
Together through the tunnels. The child said:
So this is how it is to forget. And he slept all night
In his bed and dreamed that the mole hid under his bed
And heard the little claws like pins as they worked
To make the dark tidy.

In the morning, the mother said, good morning.
But the child said: The mole did it all. It wasn't your fault.

MARJEAN PERRY

DIRECTIONS FOR A JOURNEY

The river divides, and the bridge binds together.
Take care how you pass over from this city
Into itself, from this time into another
No different from this. Change, change, there's none.
How far you go, how close you stay, there's none.

I have come from beside you to tell you this
At the risk of drowning, for the bridge is unsafe
And the current swift.

STEPHEN P. DUNN