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## Dead Leaves Out of Place

Winifield Townley Scott

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TEMPERED BY THE HOARSENESS  
OF RECOLLECTION YET SPOKEN  
WITH THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY

He ran the gamut of music in his ears,  
He heard new sounds men had not heard before:

That was Kimpinski's and the Pioneers,  
That was Berlin before the First World War,  
When all the Hitlers of Potsdamerplatz  
Were nothing to the legion in his heart.

And Caesar's emissaries, long since dead,  
Were smaller than the tyrant and upstart  
Then embryonic as a grain of wheat  
Unplanted and unharvested indeed.

Yet, far to the East, half-destined to become  
A midas of the desert and the seed  
Were other empires, metaphysical,

Vast as oceans with unending shores,  
Germinating, silent, in the dark,  
And precious as disease among its spores.

MERRILL MOORE

DEAD LEAVES OUT OF PLACE

If I return to walk these woods  
It is to walk a memoir of desire  
Along the lake shore and the hill of pine,  
November noon; waters in a pallid sun,  
Hillslope under the pine strewn  
With a sift of beech leaves, blown from  
Some other hill, here strange and the pine  
Made strange; blink of a cold day.

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Grayed at the rocky edge of the lake's seulette  
Lips the wind; it is a thinned way  
I return amidst promise of ice and  
Some recollection as of an illness  
Making the place important:  
Adolescent delirium, joy and terror,  
Lust's invention and the real fever—  
Tremor of sun over these dry-bright leaves.

I remember the girl, as one  
Reminded of his forgotten poem  
Blushes for fabrication, yet may be  
By history touched a little; retrospective love  
Fulfills itself with a later stranger—  
Requires the stilled woods, the skinned mirror,  
Knowledge that wherever they belong  
Leaves like these return to live again.

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

JUNE NIGHT

The conversation was all of terrible things  
Planes, and Where shall we live, and Floods, and Rings  
Of worms consuming the trees. I considered the crack  
On the toe of my shoe, and thought of frost in the black  
Of December; saw the old man putting his coat  
On much too soon, while the women wailed a note  
Of horror, Oh not yet, the coat too soon. . . .  
But he only waited, bones by the door, the June  
Night cooler than most he'd known. I'm ready, he said.  
So the planes sighed out while the dry roofs covered the bed  
Of talk. And we all went home through the summer dark  
Where the worms crept carefully over the elm-tree bark.

BERNICE SLOTE