

1963

## Constant

Padraig O'Brown

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### Recommended Citation

O'Brown, Padraig. "Constant." *New Mexico Quarterly* 33, 4 (1963). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol33/iss4/19>

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Another flies out after fantasy,  
 Making these placid homes of ours  
 Swing in a frenzy of agitation.  
 What matter? In another time and place  
 These sketches reach fulfillment.  
 They are spread beneath the evening lamp  
 In Maine, Iowa, Oregon.  
 While rain or snow assails the windows  
 They attest to south and sun,  
 Giving a point to the ladies' saying:  
 "We saw this. We were there."

PÁDRAIG Ó BROIN

### CONSTANT

Beauty is out beyond, could we but glimpse.

Come from the window, love. This pauper city  
 Lives but while gazed on.

*Do we but blink*

*Tall clouds take shape about the royal sun—  
 A swallow veers, a bee speeds from the string;  
 Each laughing leaf a child astride the wind:  
 Sky, sun, and wind, and all around us, green.*

And shall be, this loud desolation shrivelled,  
 As fairer cities have, to mounded dust:  
 Tyre was, and Babylon now but shards and brick—  
 Sanded their colour by the desert wind.

*Another wind, here and today for us.  
 Shall ever blow—its burden, scent and seed—  
 And we yet be: our meat and drink, that wind.*