

1935

## Growth

John Dillon Husband

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### Recommended Citation

Dillon Husband, John. "Growth." *New Mexico Quarterly* 5, 2 (1935). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol5/iss2/36>

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## Elegiac

*By* JOHN DILLON HUSBAND

No need to fumble searchingly those hungry,  
 Hopeless hands; nor stars nor sand  
 Nor evening's fluid shadow-songs will yield him  
 To you now; nor any softer hand  
 Will lie on yours than winter's, white and slow,  
 And dreamlessly remote. The shade  
 Of fir and pine across your hushed heart will be  
 A drama spiritlessly played.  
 Returning springs will draw no amber flame  
 Upward like a sudden wraith  
 Startling the shadows in your eyes  
 Like a white bird on a purple heath.  
 But where he loved to lie in wind and sun  
 A shadow leans along the grass,  
 And thrush and wren and swift brown deer pause there  
 For reverence before they pass.

## Growth

*By* JOHN DILLON HUSBAND

In the spare days of youth, when this bright tree  
 Of dreaming rested fruitless, lean and spare,  
 Fed on the swift spring rains, the sun's slow stare,  
 No poignant restlessness had troubled me.  
 Slow went the days—my soul was free.  
 No bright-edged pride had harrowed me, nor air  
 Seemed burned with stars; nor did the liquid flare  
 Of moonglow show my soul's dim poverty.

But born of loneliness and formed with pride  
 There rose this white-leaved vine, with flowers of fire,  
 To feed upon the dream I wished to hide,  
 Woven from blind bewildering desire.  
 Now you for whom this beauty came to be  
 Have burned the tree. The vine is left to me.