

1942

Incunabula

Kenneth L. Beaudoin

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

Recommended Citation

Beaudoin, Kenneth L.. "Incunabula." *New Mexico Quarterly* 12, 1 (1942). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol12/iss1/22>

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.

Yet had one another, either,
 Neither would the other follow.
 The moon within the sun would wither,
 And the sun would make her hollow.

Haven here is even driven
 As it nears its own pursuit;
 Cells of human struggle, given
 To the dust of dying fruit.

IRENE BRUCE

FRAGMENT FOR INCLUSION IN EVERY BIOGRAPHY

.... and there was Time,
 squatting on the corner of the square,
 the mendicant
 with ravished wind tousling his hair;
 the broken splendor of his past,
 the winter earth, the summer dust,
 the spending beggar
 fawning at the hand that tossed the crust;
 we knew him,
 the whistling vapor of his voice:
 Time, who crawled along the street,
 Time, who silenced all the noise. . . .

LAWRENCE HARPER

INCUNABULA

how all those small accidents
 will groom a man for trouble
 a single pair of eyes
 across a dormitory table
 creeping into a total life
 and reigning there like
 pitiless suns
 reducing the heart to desert
 where days live with

such burning heat,
and then the cold, cold moon.

such a small accident
that eyes should raise and meet,
but how far it is
from small beginnings
to eternity's cold feet.

KENNETH L. BEAUDOIN

HOLIDAY

The golden penny prized
Coppered itself in blood,
In blood it was baptized,
And footed into mud.

In representative mangers
The red-eyed purchase-price,
Starred like bloodshot dangers
For a baby born in ice.

Winter it, O bit of gift,
Frank on incense-hay;
For the blaze in a beacon-burning rift
Is not quite night today
While the king's face printed into mud
Is a filled atonement-blood,
Else what it may.

And the golden penny paid
Bloodily was baptized
Where the fleshling treasure lay
In a timothy-toga guised.

Now do we sign the star
Shepherding peace away,
Leading its cloudland-car
Out of our holiday.

JAMES FRANKLIN LEWIS