

1963

God How Light Was the Fall of Her Hand

Richard Gustafson

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Recommended Citation

Gustafson, Richard. "God How Light Was the Fall of Her Hand." *New Mexico Quarterly* 33, 3 (1963).
<https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol33/iss3/14>

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MORGAN GIBSON

TWO PLANETS

For years your orbit intersected mine
 no more than twice a day. I said "Good morning"
 and rushed into outer space. Returning late
 I saw you briefly, trying to be bright—
 hardly a planet one would travel to.
 Sleep drew us apart again: I dreamed
 of chasing comets through eternity
 but woke to find our universe the same,
 the planets feebly whirling in their paths
 till wiped from the blackboard in a smear of dust.

RICHARD GUSTAFSON

GOD HOW LIGHT WAS THE FALL OF HER HAND

God how light was the fall of her hand.
 How terribly lightly she touched the ground.
 And the distant caress of her feather-tip sigh:
 How light the whisper eluding a sound.

God how calm was the lift of her lips.
 How wonderfully calmly she backed her head.
 She hovered, glided, folded her wings,
 And the down of her calmness began to spread.

And where she nested she sang of peace:
 Of dew and cricket, evening lawn,
 Of shoulder powdered by the moon,
 Of sunset moments in the dawn.

My hands enclosed so feathered a warmth,
 That now my muted rememberings
 Feel most how the frost of parting came,
 And God how cold was the brush of her wings.