

1959?

64.

ownings

Big Sur.

September 5th

Dear Laura,

I send you these poems to await your return.
I do hope your trip was rewarding as well as a pleasure.
It was a real joy to see you in Santa Fe - and I look
forward to my return (although the days are magnificent
here).

Affectionately,

Maryann

FOUR STAR BOND

SOUTHWORTH CO. U.S.A.

25% COTTON FIBER

THE SANGRE DE CRISTO MOUNTAINS

THREE TOWNS - NEW MEXICO

BY MARGARET W. OWINGS

THE TRUCHAS

No keys to close these doors of isolation,
Pathless gates and shafts of broken dwellings
Where dregs of wine stain floor-boards
And pale blue walls stand to crumble
The frenzied echo of night riders
Crushing the splinters of silent crosses
As the church stands idle.

Where have they gone
Splintered sorrows, sky-written dreams
Now deep in tangled grasses
And a foot below?
Pressed by hoofs is the foolish laughter
But the hungers still rise wind-bound.

Oh meet me there
By the dark cornice,
By the spider's shadow,
By the flutter of torn muslin.
Old desires lie broken - and I am alone
Tormenting unsought-for memories.

TRAMPAS

Fugitive native seat,
Hung little valley with scattered stones,
Shadowed the doorways, cordial and deep,
Scanty the windows in cloak-drawn tones.
Watered Spring, you mountain bogs,
Crackles with stirrings, the Pinon brush,
Floats the streams through hollowed logs
Silences roads with tangled slush.

A sun to clutch, you sturdy hands
Nimbly plucking at somber shawls,
To merry the wind and marry the land
And mount the ladders to mud the walls.
A seed, a sprout, a crop, a croft,
A snare of hay in the log-peeled loft.
A green young note from a windy lark
Love carves his scar on the Willow bark.

CORDOVA

Woolen skies fold back
On wind-clean courtyards
Painted blue,
Empty as washed shells.

Tense and shy,
Two black mares
Dance water-crossed roads
Through nests of rusty tin cans.

Ravelled as a saddle-blanket
Worn thin - the town
Clings to the mountain - indifferent
To a horn at the curve,
Trumpet of a pick-up truck
Bristling with Cedar boughs.

A door opens, a black apron,
A brown hand shading deep sad eyes.
Ah, silent woman awaiting her man,
Awaiting her children to grow old,
Awaiting the woodcarver to shape
Bone white crosses.

Gray crosses in the graveyard
Hung with pink plastic flowers,
A gate jammed ajar.
The truck lilt by.

And the pungent Cedar
Threshed by wind-storm
Thrashes wild winter harmonies
Of the peaks.

