

Two poems by Martha Haskins Hume*

The Awakening

Somewhere between sleep and waking
a white hawk flies.

Through threshing wings of light
which blind and shake,
man knows he never dies.

Somewhere between sleep and waking
loves lies,

lies with a bruised beak raking
man as he rises into light,
the awesome quaking.

Solstice

Our love turns now upon its solstice,
halved by the blood's cacophony.
Where mind strips off the wry flesh poultice
we cling, encircled by love's strategy.
Smouldering in our mustard flower
we watch the leaves unfurl their banns.
Now must I run to stone-coiled precipice
of self, dim face which never scans—
before we are, I am.

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