



Collection Information:

Item: Widdemer, Margaret, [New York City] to Emily [Ford, Minneapolis, Minnesota], Christmas, 1939. Christmas card with poem.

Series: Original Documents.

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CHRISTMAS GREETING

1939

Is all well with you Emily?

All good wishes for the
holidays -

Yours

Margaret

449 Park Ave, Manhattan

DIALOGUE

Silver and lovely and slender the deer go leaping
Clear-cut, exquisite, following, silver on blue.

But it is not true:

This is a children's fable, a tale fools launched—

Here are the real—the shambling and heavy-haunched,

Hairy and fierce and fearful— These are not beautiful.

Yes, but my eyes are full

Of the rhythmic swiftness of slender, of silver deer,

My ears of the echo of silver bells—oh, hear!

Of laughter and light and stars . . . Then is Life not black?

I can see, Life a blind alley: Life as a dragging pack.

Life is a pilgrimage with wings we forget to lift,

Life is a blindfold step toward a shining gift.

Not a raft adrift?

Wake from your nightmare when no one may run or scream,

Pass from your self-built bars!

Then is yours not a coward's glamour, a hiding dream?

A dream that takes all of your strength; a great dream with stars.

But are there stars?

Have you looked for stars?

Margaret Widdemer