Mary Heaton Vorse
Garrison, Dee

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Part Four: 1919-1928

I always say you are like a moon. You wane to a mere hairline or crescent under trouble or sorrow and wax whole and full and bright when your needs are satisfied. May this happen again soon.

—Neith Boyce to MHV, 1924

I have heard my own flesh frying, have seen seven cold moons wheel over a desert which grew thorns, one for every star in heaven. I have scratched over bubbling black rocks under a sky of burning blue which strikes dead.

—MHV, 1925