

# POEMS

ALL FOR EVA  
Philip Luelsdorff, Ph.D.<sup>1</sup>

Nostalgia: 1963

Nostalgia for a foreign tongue, For brightly as a  
tinkle rung, But broadly, too, a vast expanse, My  
freedom then did so enhance.

With lines prescribed, all clear to all, The stage  
was set, but mute did fall. The voice we heard,  
yet not did they, He set us free, but price dear  
pay.

They, somber sponges of the mind,  
All soulless parasites of art,  
Soaked up and drained the foreign  
tongue,  
The many one, the song last sung.

Now, longing, after sorrow lost, Where is he  
whose sound the cost?

**Doubly-bound: 1964-71**

In double-bind myself did find,  
When yes was no and no was yes.  
Anticipation in my mind,  
Yet less meant more and more meant  
less.

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To think that others are the whole, Confirm the  
one, but to deny, To know, but rob the self of  
soul, To do the what without the why.

Mistaking loneliness for love, Confusing surface  
with the deep, Give with two the one a shove, To  
have no choice but stare and weep.

Inflect, conflict, cry in with pain, Feel lightning  
rip, turn out, and wane.

**Fear: 1968-71**

Profane the sacred, stand not kneel, Accuse the  
innocent for right, Such fear is but a world unreal  
— A shadow cast upon the light.

Reproach the ones we hold in awe, So impute  
guilt where none there be, Feel pain and then turn  
in, withdraw, Protect the self from misery.

Alone, apart, then hand extend—Thus loneliness  
gives birth to plea— In trust a person doth  
befriend—To fear no more is to be free.

Of fear the father is mistrust Which, from me to  
you, is so unjust.

**Ecology: 1974**

My dear, reflect, I here you there, To all  
appearances apart. Our home is how, so how, not  
where, Our love a way of mind and heart.

All up and down and high and low, Formed  
feelings out of distance grow. "Cold comfort,  
though," I heard you say, Before me then a  
teardrop lay.

In time, with you, no end, no start, No limitations  
on our art. No edgy, half, but round and whole,  
Embodied mind and sated soul.

I'm coming love, as oft I may. I'm coming love,  
as oft I may.

**I on You: 1973-**

If words could capture what you are to  
me,  
You know I'd write them down for you to  
see.  
Yet seeing is but one of senses five,  
And words but static signs of what's  
alive.

You're evergreen and brown, you're  
nature's own,  
Melissa sweet, the scent of spruce and  
cone.  
You're in the sparrow's song, the river's  
gleam,  
You're woman warm, yet wild as  
wolverine.

But epithets are epithets,  
Just substitutes, for love, mere  
surrogates,  
For "evergreen" cannot be evergreen,  
Or even brown be brown when sight  
unseen.

You hear, my dear, you are my light, my  
day —

These lines be born of separation say.

**SCHIZOPHRENIA**

**J. R. H.2**

This scarlet thing  
Called  
Schizophrenia  
Clutches at my hair  
Rips at my flesh  
And  
Beats me with his wings.

Let me crawl away  
To hide  
For awhile.  
Let me find a  
Cool dark hole  
To rest,  
To huddle in the corner  
And tremble  
In silence.  
And if you want  
You can find the  
Secret place and  
Sneak away with me.  
But follow softly  
And make no sound:  
That shrieking shadow  
Smells everything.

2 Cambridge S.A.

**POEMS BY LOIS DeLONG<sup>3</sup>**

**The Age of Prophecy**

The red sun sets upon the hill,  
The blackbirds in the trees;  
Eternal Hell is prophesied  
by little things like these.

Oh, do not speak of sunny days, when Spring is  
in the air;  
I raised a rock, and looked beneath,  
There was a lizard there.

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The vulture's shadow now is cast,  
The worm is on the leaf;  
and lost souls walk the streets to find  
someone to share their grief.

Jehovah moves in mysterious ways  
His signs to men reveal;  
The clouds look just like mushroom  
clouds,  
And time will make it real.

Oh, ghastly days when skies are black,  
and all the rivers smell;  
Yes, all the little things like these  
Prophecy Eternal Hell!

#### **Words to a Dying Butterfly**

Ah, little butterfly,  
Did I cause you to lose  
the dust from your wings,  
so now you cannot fly?  
Then you will die?  
Too bad, little butterfly.

I am like you.  
I, too, have lost the dust  
from my wings of thought;  
a myriad of dreams,  
a life of fantasy  
have gone by.  
Perhaps, soon, I too, will die.

But no matter!

We'll live again, in future,  
Sometime, you and I;  
Then, perhaps,  
you'll be me,  
and I will be  
the butterfly.

#### **Ellen**

She lives in a cabin that faces the moor,  
and the stream that he lies in runs close  
by her door.  
At evening the moor winds blow soft  
through the trees,  
and the dove's haunting call is heard oft  
in the breeze.  
She hears the call of the bird, until there  
is heard  
an answering call from the heather;  
The evening is still, 'til the wind from the  
hill  
brings the flutter of wings o'er the water.

She watches its flight, through the pale  
fading light,  
'til it reaches its mate, in the cool  
summer night;  
Then she longs for the arms of her own  
lover, sleeping,  
in the stream, 'neath the cold running  
water.