

POEMS

ALL FOR EVA

Philip Luelsdorff, Ph.D.¹

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 DeLONG³

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.