

Untitled Poem
(c. 1937)

Appointed time makes its solemn approach.
Now to arise, to make final preparation.
Grateful sunrise, its golden smile of beauty,
Hiding season's age beneath iridescent splendor.
Thoughtful clouds reflect of light's grandeur,
Grant shade of overwhelming brilliance,
Carry needed contrast, answer of now's thirst.
Red mountain abode trembles in expectation,
Forest below offers call to sweet scented escape,
Waters of the crystal blue lake promise protection,
Babbling brook talks of trail to safety.
The old hut silently awaits its due.
This now is leaving's moment,
Its timeless approach heralded by fear's trumpets.
With approving glance the march begins
Down the mountain's red rock-strewn winding path,
Relentless stumbling along the shifting cliff's edge,
Hazards, fears, only the minor boulders on narrow descent.
Meadow's wavering grasses, yellow flowers lie in wait.
One test to beat away those gathered about,
To show of leaving's return, of appearance's absence.
Of sweet smell, with its comforting green shadow,
The forest looms up ahead.
Creature of this realm, who once belonged here

Must now, as a great winged arrow, penetrate to its very heart.
This one time home is now only a dark jungle wall.
Out of the dense, dark green web memories attack,
Wounds of remorse flow of this heart's very life.
Only swift feet, legacy of a life in the forest, of the hunter's craft
Save the now alien being from his kin.
His wounds, injuries slight, but painful, their crimson acid flow
Pale in the light of the approaching lakeshore.
Song of wind and wave, the foam and spray in harmony
Herald the advance of lake's blue depth.
O long swim's beginning, plunging into infinity's waves,
No shore dare approach, land only far below.
There the earth is unlivable to this creature of the air.
Diving to the dark depth, to gain a glimpse of what
Is land, this short visit to an unlivable home,
Serves to remind the swimmers of shore's necessity.
But this lake's grasp is infinite and powerful,
To break away, force open this hand, is not a possibility.
Escape's sole hope, a one of silent vigil,
Is one for lake's loss of interest.
Its attraction to this now limp, unmoving form dies away,
Lake's cat-like attention wavers; other movements
Cry out for its attentions; it has tired of its game,
Casting away the lifeless mouse.
Other hands, seeing a marvelous opportunity there begins,
Snatching up the bedraggled unconscious creature,
Its unmoving form carried along by the ceaseless chorus,

By speed, stealth, and chance, hoping conquest.
Babbling outward, carrying away the sleeping body.
Faster, ever faster, over stones around the many bends,
Lullaby song, over and over, comforting, protecting,
The banks flashing by, the current ever stronger,
Swifter, pulling in farther, promising a great rest,
The line is short, it must move faster, the form has stirred
Again faster, into a raging torrent, its last attempt,
All its power concentrated, pulling stronger, last attempt,
Trying to drown the groggy creature, its spray-white
Claws ripping, tearing the now awakening being.
The small mouse-like creature opens its eyes,
Staring in disbelief at the savage attack.
Ever so slowly awakening, sensing the danger
Too tired to panic, slowly at first, moving to escape,
In one final burst of energy, a frantic effort,
The small mouse-like creature scrambles up the bank,
All its energy spent in escaping the voice of the Brook,
Now beyond the bank, not knowing how it can even move,
Onward it goes, beyond, into the unearthly quiet
Into a land immeasurable by distance, unfathomable by time,
Where no sign guides the way.
Here the real danger begins.
All here was prepared, the actions and results already
A simple record. But for this small creature
Such knowledge did not matter, as it was to be.
Before the dark voidness stood the creature, waiting.

No movement lay before it, no reason yet for an action,
Awaiting some stirrings, with a patience founded on years.
Before him, at long last, a being appeared,
A magnificent, beautiful, and loving creature,
She served her law, did her duty, with infinite grace.
Unspeaking, the two calmly awaited.
Then in silent majesty the decree was issued,
Its terrifying, deadly meaning sprang forth.
One battle yet remained, just a war in itself.
The choice was shown with the sun-like brilliance.
To enter or not, the decision was to be made now.
One decision to last for all time, responsibility for ages.
Entrance must be made in full knowledge of the results.
To win the infinite war would leave no home for return.
To lose the battle was to be able to return nothing
O return of nothing or no return, both appear as loss.
To leave the war would give return home,
There to speak of battles and adversaries,
Impossibilities battle, courage recognition, to flee futilities battle
Winning in this fight the battle of life.
To enter impossibilities battle, to forever give away any hope
Of return, of home, to carry on the battle of futilities,
Ever beyond any hope of aid. O Warrior heaven,
No peaceful mountain home. Here unknown deeds of glory
Forever accomplished. Carrying out lonely battle
Never ending. One battle beyond all time.
Knowing all this, the small being stood, there was no chance,

He faced a being of infinite power. His determination was as
Nothing before such a force.
With this then the choice made,
The solemn decision now sealed.
No preparation was there possible for him to make.
While watching in wonder as she turned,
As she was presented with the golden sword.
This lovely being now turned, weapon ready.
Now the time came, he must include her in his war.
In her love the necessity blazed as she advanced.