The 2/4 Waltz

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Cover Page Footnote
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This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1968/iss1/12
Those who hate persecute me even now
I have no arms
Yet I lie down to sleep;
They flink me on all sides
in full arrangement.
Like a winter's storm they assault
"We will make sure he never arises"
Yet in my heart never hurries its pace
You whisper in the warm breeze
They melt away
They stream back in terror
"There is no help for him in a God"
"We have never seen one"
He opens his hands
I am filled
They have taken all that I loved
It was then he became as a brother
I awake in the morning refreshed
Yet they are exhausted with apprehension
"O people why do you utter nonsense
There is no breath in your mouth"
Will a torrent protect you against thousands
What missile will stop the worlds end
Let the tears of your eyes awaken you
the soul of pride be fertile for love.

Sicut Cervus Desiderat

Now gentle does the dawn shyly cross
The silver tresses of the moonlit land
Blushing away her paleness with the press
Of silent kisses. Warm, radiant, his hand
Awakes the air, filling with winged song
The stretching corners rising in his sight.
Liquid her trusting eyes reflect the strong
Life, breaking in shadows the fullest light
She fears to know. Burning beneath this shroud
Resplendent glows a goddess filled with day
And trembling arms reach to the sun, noon proud,
In blazin brilliance night alone will stay.
Who's known love in the open plain, once, well,
Waits not his call in a softer citadel.

John Vorhees

The savage soil
Screams to be exploited
Unwillingly, my hands plunge downward
Laden with their burden they rise moist.
The pleasure, I marvelled at its mystery!
I returned often to my soil
To taste its musty odor.
To watch the seasons change it,
To watch the sweat of the night vanish in the morning sun.
One day, knowing roots stave erosion,
And fearing loss above all,
I placed a seed within.
I built my home around that seed
And leisurely I tended it,
For with the sage sky dispensing its gifts,
I knew the soil would keep it.

Fran Murphy

IMAGE

Into the eyes of my words you gazed;
I left my face on your veil.

Jim Hall

FRAN MURPHY

Into the years of my words you gazed;
I left my face on your veil.

SUE CONNOLLY