POEMS as of 1 Oct 81-----Elliott #1595

On Sitting Down to Write

What discoveries shall I make When I, eager, undertake To add word to word on paper In a mood to cut a caper?

Will the beauty hid in nature Come to sound and then to sight? Will the joy beneath life's surface Well up through my soul to light?

If what comes to birth is fun, Nothing else, no deep insight, Then I'll make to God and you This small offering of delight.

Ancestral Home

I saw the "1455 AD" on arch above the door Where John the little boy skipped through, John whom I know as ancestor.

The pear tree's gone on which he swung To reach the ground when soft moon hung Just up the sky above the road No higher than a small hayload.

I went to see the house and tree And now must take that tree on trust; But house, as we can all agree, Is there and not reduced to dust.

But John is gone, long gone, you see; And only memory and trust Can make me see, as see I must, That little boy out in that tree.

Out and away from house and tree, Skipping along that road to me.

On Being a Poem

I saw her with my eyes

Because she was there and I had eyes.

Without eyes she saw me because she was

A vision.

I heard her with my ears

Because she spoke to me and I had ears.

Without ears she heard me because she was

A poem.

An age 63 reflection on an age 11 experience, Helen Keller's speaking with me--the middle fingers of her right hand on my upper lip, the outer fingers on my lower lip--till I lost awareness of her being both blind and deaf.

