

In Memoriam—1962-63

Martha Moldt

Hell . . .
 I know that place.
 No Christ,
 No hope,
 No God there.
 Just airless, sunless void
 That you grope through
 To find the exit you know
 Does not exist.
 If you could only sink down
 Into non-awareness forever;
 Feel no pain, no fear anymore . . .
 But
 You are suspended
 In the void
 By puppet strings
 That
 Force you
 Through
 The jerked
 Senseless
 Motions
 Of living
 And all the while you are one of the dead.

CADENCE AT DUSK

edward i. williams, III

You sit like a pensive queen
 before the window
 while the sunlight fingers
 the auburn tresses that fall across your back,

 the unforgotten dresses of better days,
 those lusty spring days

which offered better ways
—gossamer dresses that swept to the floor.
beyond your eyes
the tops of castles rise
in somnolent glory,
and promises half remembered
come back to you like children's dreams.
in the moment
of an unexpected smile,
just the hint of something
beneath the blush,
something hidden yet within the vaults,
the dark and winding labyrinthian walls.
and already the clamor in the halls
begins to rise
with the warm push of your blood.
the velvet curtains roll in the wind.
the quest is about to begin!
young and gallant knights worshipping you,
oh God! they would have laid down their lives
to save yours!

the tops of the trees melt
in the amber sky,
their leaves wilting
beyond your silent eyes,
and the last soft rays
fall upon your hair and die.
unsaid words you never whispered
echo in the hall.
beyond this room, beyond this day,
time-worn armor clangs unseemly;
I the fool behind the mask.
Wait! I cry across the table,
flushed to feel so valiant
before your closing eyes—
somewhat ashamed to feel so shallow.
You whose arms we gave our hearts to.