

Exerpt From:
Third Hundred and Sixty-eight
Poems

Pages 56-60

Poem 286

**I live in a world of make believe
I fear
Along with a billion other people
We each has in us the power
Not to see
The truth about us is:
We're not.
Reality is never a state of mind
I fear
Along with the rest I count
Myself among the Limbo
Lost
To God's world and dancing in
My own
Agnostic flame consuming
Truth
And fantasy of unknowing
Slips in upon a mind
Aware
Only of its own thought and secret's
World.**

Poem 287
(April 4, 1968)
(at the death of Martin Luther King, Jr.)

When softly the hours bulge into years
One ponders
A wholly nonverbally expressed feeling in
tears

Martin, *mon ami*,
You have gone where all shall go
Only the moments
Are yet undetermined and our silent fears
Reside grim
With heat vying concerted in cool death.

Poem 288
What A Matter

Oh God How Long must I
In agony lie
Chaffing inside knowing all is
foreordained

How long, Oh God, am I
to remain without mind
I would a will were mine

I, Oh God, am How long
caught up
Cause upon cause determines me.

**Must I, So long, Oh God,
be slave
To my own processes without choice.**

**Oh God How Long must I
In Agony lie
Chaffing inside knowing all is
foreordained**

**How long, Oh God, am I
to remain mindless
I would I will am I**

**Thou art my will I will
Oh God
How long I will Thou art.**

Poem 289

**Once when I was in the mood
I talked it out and was understood
The man I met was shorter than me
About four foot nine to my five foot three
Yet even then the power was there
That sunny day Twas cleared the air
And though my name he never knew
I'd seen his down at the zoo
"Orangutan" he said to me
Then he left to climb a tree.**

Poem 290

**Somewhere about - I remember
There was a tree
And I was in it
Somewhere there - I recall
Life began
without a bee
Somewhere - I'm sure
There was a tree
and NOTHING in it.**