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# THE ILLUSTRATED PAPER MENDOCINO CAL.

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## THE SEA SMITH

1.

art is a luxury few can bear hard hard are the blows of the smith  
on the iron sea

the bounding hammer winged with sooty terrors agony is there  
all uncontrolled

held in the flex of smooth unfolding muscle tied to bare bones  
wrapped on the core of the heart

fury comes riding on the pointed waves fury and pain the stinging rain  
of hammerface on anvil

this was and is the sea where sun is tempered quenched in marvels  
of ecstatic hissing

you will learn by and by that nothing no nothing is missing.

2.

once for all observe the glowing heart lipped in the black tongs  
of that gigantic forger

he whose breath flows with the weight of mountains and rivers  
mountains and chasms

these furnacings these forms this irremediable inflexible sea  
springing like air-iron everywhere

metallic trees showers of sparkling birds melting moving serpents  
through unmoving shapes of clay

liquidity of rock searching out destiny in new found annealings  
and strange healings

it was and is the surge and slash of the sea-smith's piercing eye  
ringing and rebounding

you will feel by and by the awful depths of that sounding.

fine are the golden hairs of the sun-maiden trailing tresses  
 invitations and addresses

and fine are the water droplets dancing on the limbs of stars  
 streaming pennons from the spars

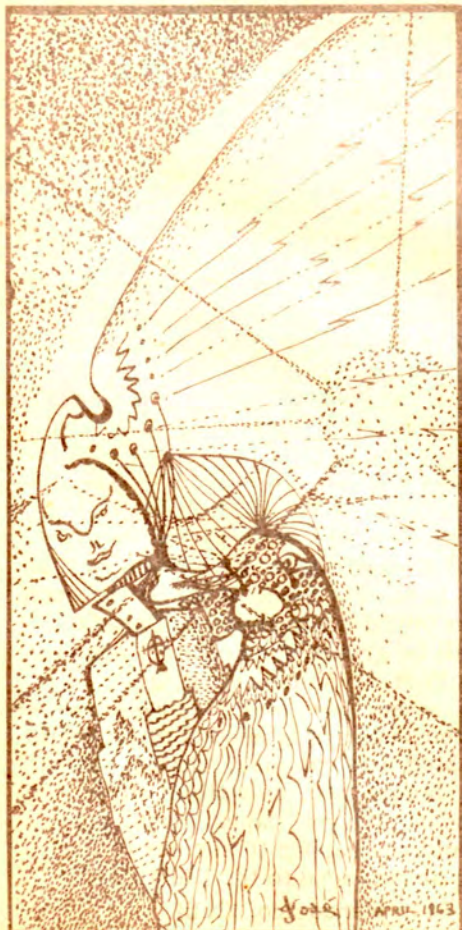
of godships barques and barkentines sea smooth as iron sky  
 a steady steel

he strikes and strikes again and God in anguish cowers  
 wishing it were not so

yet it is so this we irremediably know great whales widening  
 circles of greater wonders

you will hear by and by how remorselessly it thunders

eli waldron



#### BLUES FOR SUSANNAH

Captured time motes in my eye recline,  
 The sun burned gold and topaz green  
 memories, whispersoft as a misty breeze  
 that quietly in my mind recall  
 the time when you and I were there  
 Alone with all our thoughts and hands  
 with fingers that too briefly played  
 a light caress so strong.

But that was when we had our time  
 to think and laugh and run through woods  
 and stop at streams for hours just to see  
 Reflections.

You told me once that you were like the spring  
 that blooms and grows  
 and then is gone,  
 But I just laughed and said the summer is as fine  
 in a different, wholer sense  
 And I saw the momentary sorrow in your eyes  
 when you looked off into the distance  
 and forgot.  
 And you were quiet for a long, long time.

That was when everything was green and glowed  
 and everywhere was love and I was happy in my way  
 which often meant I only looked, for touching meant  
 Reality, which came one day when, touching, I was alone  
 and walked back to my room and pulled the shades  
 and thought and heard your laugh but it was far away  
 and in my mind my words rang hollow and were sad.

by John Morrow