

SOMETIME First published in its entirety especially for E.D.C.I. 5263

I've stalked wild herds  
Beside the glacier melt  
And served great Caesar  
In the marches wide;  
I've urged my northern brothers on  
To distant raids  
And trod the hot sands with my wandering tribe;  
I've traveled canyons unfamiliar  
To my sight  
And recognized these marks  
I make so many years before -  
Before my present memory of time.  
I've felt the heat rise from the stony ground  
And knew again this ancient home was mine.  
But man or woman?  
Slave of king?  
What was it then I knew - or failed to know -  
I'm here to know again?

All I remember  
Each time I faded through the hour glass  
Was being there  
Alone  
At my beginning  
Where  
Sperm have no accounting  
And no consciousness  
Nor ever can  
But float and fall through belly space  
In womb and in womb-man.  
"Come in! Come in!"  
(Are you the One for me?)  
All my lives I've waited  
Just for you.

I am my father  
And my mother  
And I am all of those who left their lands  
And crossed the sea for me.  
I am a thousand generations old  
But innocent, and free.  
I've trodden here before  
In search of self  
Which burns to know what I knew then  
Without restriction of the earth-bound now,  
And what I lost so long ago  
Must not escape from me again:  
If love has only half its fire  
Its glow will wither  
Listless in the dust  
And when its last light  
Flickers and is gone  
Only ash remains  
As memory of its song  
(And "I do", "I will"  
Echoing on and on).

#### A Shantytown Thought

Thoughts of freedom  
of right to life.  
Needs for equality  
washed from . . .  
Your heart, cries out  
loud in the night.  
Freedom comes . . .  
to another light gone out.  
Thoughts of freedom,  
is apartheid right?

(RR)

Look up! I'm revelling  
In the magnet of your eyes.  
Keep looking! Still! I'm stumbling  
Madly carefree in their beam.  
We are the moment  
Us - at once the same and ever;  
And when at last  
We touch I know  
That it was you I knew  
In dream - before  
I broke the dawn:  
You were the height  
That made the depth resound;  
Your soul with mine in cloistered silence  
Rang!  
And it was good.  
Ah yes, you were to me  
The saddest, yet the loveliest hymn  
I ever sang.

Pamela J. Fulton

# POETRY

## LIFE

We dream,  
And are carried off,  
To wonderful places,  
And life there is perfect.  
We laugh,  
And we enjoy our friends,  
Who give us joy  
And make life fun.  
We cry,  
And dwell on our sorrows,  
That pull us down,  
And fill life with pain.  
We think,  
And contemplate the future,  
That will give us experiences,  
And make life real.  
We love,  
And are joined forever,  
to our companions and partners,  
And life is good.  
We pray,  
And are bound to the Spirit,  
Who fills our hearts,  
and makes life complete.  
We die,  
And return to the heavens,  
Where our souls are released,  
And life is forever.

C'est la vie.

Duke