

Various Things

Waiting—No. 1

My god awaits me,
beyond this dream,
beyond that night,
unknown he lurks.
i am afraid.
he will catch me
unawares
and hold me close eternally,
over an abyss of never.

No. 2

The other day,
while out snowplowing the front
yard,
i heard
screams.
merciful heavens!
i had slain the abominable
snowman
there was water all over my hands.

No. 3—Soul

My soul is alone.
gods cry for it,
races scream for it,
ideals beg for it,
hypocrisy distains it.
but it remains
pure only to me,
and i hold it close,
for it is my life,
and can be only
mine.

No. 4—i am

I am lost,
stars puncture my gods,
my breath is warm,
gone,
worthless.
jagged is my mind,
scintillating,
eternally doomed to itself,
and only myself knowing.

—JIM JENNINGS, '63