

Winter 1955

I

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**Recommended Citation**

Keats, James (1955) "I," *Calliope (1954-2001)*: Vol. 2 , Article 22.  
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol2/iss1/22>

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## Reverie . . .

The little boy was gone it seems  
His mind immersed in golden dreams  
His feet submerged in cooling streams.  
    Strewn close about him on sanded shore  
    Were seven-league boots that pirates wore.  
        The reverie broke; thus he sighed  
        And wearily tattered sandals eyed.

. . . Pat Hemphill

## I . . .

I don't believe,  
I don't believe a thing,  
No God created me,  
There's no theophany.

No pseudo theology edifies me  
Nor wrathful theologians,  
Who's inimical tones disdain me,  
Dare excommunicate me.  
I excommunicate,  
I excommunicate God,  
I banish all with no existence.

Deceive yourself with lucid lies,  
Pacify with flagrant errors,  
Bind with ostentatious ties,  
But I am truth.  
I live with man,  
With elite and effete,  
Gaining interest on 30 coins.

. . . James Keats