
Winter 1957

A Poem

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And the woman prepared herself to face a society that would condemn her now because of their Love and she would stand alone were it not for the many who understand and know of Love; but she was strength itself with that which they had shared.

She was glad now that she had written and told him of the result of their Love for now he had died knowing that he lived within her. And she felt within her the stir of Life, small, deep within her belly; the stir of Life that would someday understand, and love, and search for Truth and Love and Completeness as they had done; and society and degradation and the blindness of men could never touch them because of what they would be and what he had given them.

And she looked out the window of her tiny room and her first tear shone at last and faded and became forever.

.....

Why being afraid to be afraid
Do you draw away?
When I am searching for no one
There is always someone
Who finds me searching
And sadly looks away.

The sky is blue with bluebirds.
Don't go! Don't go!

You are drawing away again.
But I have just come from the garden,
The apples are red like blood,
And there is sweetness.

Now you are close enough to touch.
Are you no longer afraid?
But the wind is sobbing!
The apples are bleeding!
And I am afraid
I am afraid!

... Lola DeLong