

Winter 1955

Reverie

Pat Hemphill

Western Michigan University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope>



Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Hemphill, Pat (1955) "Reverie," *Calliope (1954-2001)*: Vol. 2 , Article 21.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol2/iss1/21>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the English at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Calliope (1954-2001) by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu.

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