
Spring 1959

Somewhere Near

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Recommended Citation

Brown, Diane (1959) "Somewhere Near," *Calliope (1954-2001)*: Vol. 6 , Article 7.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol6/iss2/7>

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DIANE BROWN

SOMEWHERE NEAR

Through sleeping sounds the lonesome tears,
As ravenous wolves crouched to spring and satisfy on this
flesh.

One presence only can scatter grinning jowls and lust
brimmed eyes,
Farther than the way of transient trains that pass even now
in rolling rush,
Whistling haunted echo of the lone burdened search.

Clothes cannot cover naked need
Nor distance diminish part's mute appeal to the whole,
And both class with whine of the vicious wolf world.

Jagged teeth swell separation with crazed gnashing.
Licking creatures stalk as prey the severed part.
On this snarling prowl for sundered ones,
Blood craving of the parched fiends annals repose.

But somewhere stands shelter where howl fails to pierce;
Where fangs fear to sink, and shadows sleep deep;
Here a refuge in love so dear—
Unit constant transcending fear.
Seek voice; Find form;
Hear! Appear!
That beasts and terror may turn and run.

Come near if you hear
To a somewhere past fear,
O hear—Come near—
Still nearer near.