Winter 1955

Sursum Animo!

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Recommended Citation
Lancaster, L. Jay (1955) "Sursum Animo!," Calliope: Vol. 2 : Iss. 1 , Article 16.
Available at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol2/iss1/16

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He rose and, carrying the dead child, went out into the wind and snow. Far from the strange camp of the white man he walked, and when he finally laid the furry bundle down on the snow he spoke to it and his eyes were closed.

"Auk shu nee, little one. One sleep is good, and a long sleep is better. A child has directed a father, a hunter even. Sleep long, little one."

And later, when the increasing wind roared across a thousand miles of vastness to blast the camp of the white man with screaming rage, and a faint half circle of gloomy light that was the sun sat on the southern horizon, Ektu walked behind the bumping, veering komatik.

He looked down at Kaolut, bundled on the sled, and walked fast, for the dogs were headed North.

**Sursum Animol...**

Far distant in our mind's extension
there is power of great comprehension.
In the outer reaches of man's mind
there lies a realm in which we find
the essence of Emerson's "over soul."

We can only wish to hold and know
the inspirations as they come and go,
For we are in still infant stages
in which man fore-sees the distant ages.
It's hard to grasp an abstract goal.

I hold to one pre-possessing thought
of how such ideas are sought.
The body must be dormant to the mind,
feelingless and anesthetized from which we find
the freeness of mind that the body stole.

Now in this state we derive
the wonder in which intellects thrive.
One dominant idea seems to tower—
There is a magnanimous Power.
This source... the Power, Energy the role.

...L. Jay Lancaster