

February 16, 1965

Patricia:

This is not so much
a unified poem as it is the
versification of a train of connected
thoughts. Hope you like it and that
you'll let me know your reactions
to it.

My book shelves are finished and they
are beautiful. You'll have to see them
soon.

Love Carl (over)

See X, p. 2.

"And with you, joyously, I'd go
If you would let me share
Your bold adventure —
And if fate and circumstance
Would but permit"
This, I say in all sincerity.

Unswerving

Sweet farer on the way of life,
With open face and searching eyes
you look into the future;
Impelled by youthful freshness
To risk, - and knowing - risk again;
To breathe the pungent air of places high
Reached only by bold climbers;
To soar in sunny skies
Above the ken of common folk
And then to plummet earthward
Through the rushing atmosphere
With confidence to know that
When the moment comes, so long
As consciousness remains and mind controls,
you'll taste the thrilling wildness
Of accelerating drop -
Then stop your fall with opened parachute
And move, once more, an earthbound soul;
Target of the curious eyes
That gaze on you uncomprehending
From the crowds that pass you by.
Anon, you seek to probe the deep recesses
Of the mind and self,
Confronting each new personality
With urge to share and to experience
The most each has to offer
Of beauty, moving thoughts, companionships,
Of kindness, understanding, and of love;

2
Unswerving

So long as none try put you into bondage
Or confine the light of your bright spirit
And bring to lasting close your venturing!

You'd cross the sky and seas to lands unknown,
To find communion with all peoples of the earth,
To share their joys and sorrows
And with them work out a common destiny;
* The while you steadfast stand,
Upon the solid base of principle and truth,
And of responsibility you recognize.
Nor those who meet you on the way,
It's touch and go —
Most, — never to be seen again.

For you, it's forge ahead,
Eyes searching for the uncertain goal —
Now glimpsed unclearly,
Now hidden by the clouds of fate.

Lone, lovely farer on the way of life
Some day, — somewhere along the way,
You'll find and pass
The point of no return
Like all who've gone before you

But till that place and time shall come,
May guardian spirits hover near, unseen,
That you may ever chart your course

Unswerving

With wisdom, courage, and the
Strength true friends have brought you.
And when, at last, you near life's sunset,
May your shining self reflect
Its rich, refulgent beams.
May you ever grow in beauty
And in inspiration
To those who follow after
Until you meet the ones who'll love you always
On the farther shore of this eternity
Through which, alone, we all do move.

To Patricia, with love
Carl

February 15, 1965.