



POEMS BY ALICE CARLETON

The Cathedral of the Soul

Needing—to be whole

Singing songs of hope and love
Hearing angels—from above

Pressing forward into life each day
(Trying not to look back)

for

You are not—going that way

There resides the slightest quiver
The heart is moved
The body shivers

The need to grieve
The need to leave

Let go of broken promises
Betrayals of the “kisses”

The hope of things to come
For now

A sense
Undone

The sense of loneliness
Of—onliness

Barbed wire
A heart wrapped in fire

Piano wire
Reverberates
Anticipates

Piano wire
Lying still

Waiting for that touch
To fill

The magic touch
Which will cause it to come to life

And Sing
Beauty to others—bring

And Life

To a

Dying

Thing

Breath taken away
By the body's consuming desire

The Passion
The Need
A soul—to bleed

One day
The chains will fall

I can say—I am——freed

Tears mix with rain
Bowed—by pain

Hard to breathe
I cannot stay
I cannot leave

Still on the journey
The walk with grief

A flower pushing through the dark and dirt
Struggling against the—hurt

Spring—and growing things
Spring—and blossoming rings
Spring—and a robin—sings

All nature
Commands——new life and birth
Things becoming new

That is what
I have—to do

Nightbird

A cloud—of witnesses
Angels—blowing kisses
Spring rain
To come—to life—again
Returning—what the “locusts had eaten”
For
You—were never—beaten
In beautiful Fall—which you anticipate—every year
It will be sunny—and cool—and clear
And you
Will feel—my presence—near
You
Have never
Had anything—to fear
You can rejoice
I have heard—your voice
Now
Others will
Be at
“Peace
Be Still”