



THE SEMINARIAN

PHILIP SCHWEL

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A CYNIC'S SONG

WALLS (Con't.)

Once, some kindly god, it seems,
Who, caught up in fantastic dreams,
Designed a place somewhere in space
The designator "Eden" deems.
And placed therein some normal folk,
Who, thinking paradise some joke,
Through some strange call, just "blew
it all"
By change-sought act, in one fell
stroke.
Suddenly themselves they found
Quite dispossessed of Eden's ground,
For they knew naught of changes sought
Wrighting conditions quite profound.
Thus began the human trend,
By which we seek to put an end
To "status quo", proclaiming so
That some great progress may portend.
When people with intentions kind
Implement their plan in mind
Find no resolves, Eden evolves
To what they never hoped to find.
So join the ranks of mankind's curse,
To "lack of progress" man's averse.
If you succeed, it's well indeed,
And if you fail, accept the curse.

J.M.

WALLS - (May, 1974)

The walls I build are made of Glasse
That's all I have as brick for building.
Not even clay and straw are given me,
But only stuff of which myself is made.

The walls I build do look just like
glass
They hide me only from myself.
I know that now and wonder why I felt
safe and secure
When I was only lonely and afraid.

I know a lot about walls
and how to build them
But lately that knowledge
has not pleased me very much
And that skill has seemed
to kill something in me.

I say: I'll tear them down
leaving not one stone on stone.
While all the while I'm building more
tearing down with one hand
repairing with the other.
(I work against myself!)

I mean to stop repairing
and keep on tearing
To stop is first - and hardest
For one so good at keeping on--
So good at what I'm doing--
Long after the wanting stops.

I am finding out that walls
(at least the ones I build)
Topple best when touched
gently by a trembling hand
that reaches out
in faith
and hope
for love

And even when the wall
won't fall
A hole is opened up
through which joy
and pain can pass
And light can shine
And voices speak
And fingers touch
And that's enough for now.

Jim Glasse

Editor's note: The Seminarian will be
featuring more of Dr. Glasse's poetry
in the weeks to come.

The silence is deafening,
the darkness is blinding,
the tears are dry.
I'm crowded by loneliness,
I'm full of emptiness....

Yet,
in the silence you speak,
in the darkness you appear,
in the loneliness you are fleet,
through my tears you smile.

But,
the emptiness remains -
without you here.

NB

LOVE

Love comes fast, and yet so slow,
wonderful and sad.
Love is bitter and sweet,
yet never the same.

Love is having someone of your own,
yet sometimes being lonesome.
Love is frustrating and encouraging;
a necessary torture.

Love is painful ecstasy.

NB

SCHOOL TROUBLEMAKER

Brazen
(Ashamed)
Insubordinate
Defiant
(Cover up)
Rude

Language profane and pseudo proud
Threats tough
Aimed acutely at authority
Words whipping, dares dangerous
Troublemaker taunts.

(trembles)

Hate, hostility fill his frame,
Caught, cornered, covered.

(Fears? What now? What'll they do?
What next?)

Division

Deliberation

Decision

(Suspension? Expulsion?)

Deep feelings of inferiority,
Quickly veneered with vindictive-
ness.
Fright of facing self, fear of future
Laminated with loud derisions

"Who gives a shit
about your goddam school?
To hell with it."

Betty Farrar

It's past.
It's over.
Finished.
And yet it's not
You know that as well as I.
What we learn from one another
Will never fade and never die.
How long's it been?
One Year?
Almost two.
The memory's there,
But the bitterness has gone.
The initial pain of parting
Has given way;
Only sweet remembrances remain.

It was the First,
the All-Consuming,
The total commitment will never know
again.
It was good, but it was young and
foolish,
It was spring in every sense.

But now we know the delicate and
necessary balance,
The impossibility of giving up one's
All.
To another cannot belong my entire
Being;
Who wants me?
Who can handle me except myself.
Each person must reserve within him-
self a portion of that self which is
detached from self's involvements,
For how else can he cope with Life
and Love?
And that important element is the
aching pain of loving --
The balance between involvement and
detachment;
To know that one can never give one's
All.
For to divest oneself of one's own
Being,
To give to another the whole of one's
(to be continued)

Existence somethers the other and
leaves the Giver void.
This is not Love.
To love is to stand beside,
To follow each his own selected half
with courage,
Yet hand-in-hand,
To stand each on his own two feet,
But when those feet become unGodly
tired,
To have the other to lean on.
That is Love.

Two persons,
Uniquely individual,
Independent,
Yet inseparably united,
Sharing,
Giving,
But not imposing one Being upon the
other.
Two persons, looking out into the
world,
Together.
We've learned this.
Though ours has passed,
The fruits of that relationship
will never pass away.

Carol Tracy

FRIENDSHIP

I've counted friends this day
as blessings arriving a Monday morning
after Sunday's prayers....
They're so few.

Such a scarcity can't
seem to much
search or the pointed question.

Blessings themselves I've
found can
disappear as
ephemerally as
they come
/A clutching hold makes them
so much air
Squeezed through tight-closed
fingers which never
feel any
presevee but the
pressure of
their own.

Friends are
live that-embraced too
tightly and
brought to be almost a
part of one's
self, they shrivel,
curl, twist into
shapes of
the image that
drew us to them...and like a
Shed snake's skin,
driven by the wind, they
move away and
out of sight and mind...leaving
memories that taunt us like
sharp pain traveling
the dark side of us.

How well we know our
friends is to
say we know we
know them not at all. In a
time so brief as
this time we
have there's no time to
evaluate the
worth of the
real or unreal...existence is enough.

Friends and enemies are
come upon with
the same suddenness. It is not
time that makes a
friend...only
quick acceptance and a
living insistence that
the friendship be.

The same must be said for an enemy.
This is my friend.
He is, She is.
I am.
We are.
And we give
Thanks to be.

The D Writer /DD

FROM PALM TO PALM TO PALM

Triumphant He rode on a donkey's back
His face had peace upon it.

They cheered and yelled and hailed
His name,
The King of Kings they called Him.

Garments were laid down in His path,
and branches of Palm trees, too.

Only He knew what was to come,
The others wouldn't listen.

Four days later - alone He prayed,
The others slept and faltered.

When out of the darkness a friend came,
A group of guards were with him.

He went to Him and drew Him close,
A PALM upon the shoulder.

And upon His cheek a kiss was placed,
A friend and now a betrayer.

The guards grew close and seized His
arms,
A sword was drawn to stop them.

And with a cut- the high priest gasp
His servant's ear was severed.

But He said "wait, put up your swords,
The scripture shall be fulfilled."

Then He went to the servant and with
His PALM,
Touched his ear and healed it.

The judgements came and many wept,
Because they had denied Him.

But no one wanted Him to live,
They all cried "Crucify Him."

Pilot said he'd wash his hands,
He thought his PALMS were spotless.

So out they led Him to the street,
A tree - a cross He carried.

The people mocked and jeered and
spat,
But He just labored onward.

He faltered -fell-and couldn't get
up,
A man appeared beside Him.

The cross was lifted from His back,
And placed upon his brothers.

Then up a hill-yes to the top,
The slow procession wandered,

When at the top they laid Him down,
And to the cross He was fastened.

The clouds grew thick,
The thunder roared,
And darkness was upon them.

Some nails -assign -and cursing
words,
But He said,"God forgive them".

They raised Him up and hung Him
there,
His PALMS outstretched and bleeding.

The question God - He blessed his
mother,
And life departed from Him.

They took Him down and buried Him,
And went away so mournful.

Then three days passed,
And from the tomb,
The heavy stone was moved.

For He arose-and saved our souls,
If we but ask forgiveness.

And now He stands -His PALMS
outstretched,
What shall we do-I wonder!

Charles Hull

* * * * *

He Dreamt

The crack of a rifle,
smoke curling from the barrel.
The clutter of running feet,
fleeing capture in the night.
Another man has fallen,
a black man.
He dreamt of peace and
freedom for all.
Thank God, - the awakening of death,
will not end the dream.

NB