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## So, Where Am I?

Willard Marwitz

*College of Saint Benedict/Saint John's University*, [wmarwitz@csbsju.edu](mailto:wmarwitz@csbsju.edu)

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## Poems

### So, Where Am I?

will marwitz

So, where am I?  
In finding patterns in spiraling misty sky,  
My eyes perceive too much celestial light,  
Too much galactic fog  
Where stars cluster, mix, or dance in fuzzy smog,  
Are my heavens too much a blur,  
Does moody Venus entice with too much allure?

Would I with my new electric eye  
Spy nebulae  
Of greater gods within my newly extended sky?  
And, then I might inquire,  
Why might my god be  
Removed from legend, myth, and sages of ancient history?  
Might god indifferent be to my whims,  
Beyond magical pleadings of my ancestral hymns?

Ancient theatrical priests spied Orion and Ursa Major  
Floating about heaven beyond threats of temporal danger.  
Still, tribal gods were there  
Responding to riddles and cries of savage despair.

Yet, if I were blind,  
Would I with my invisible eye,  
Seek idol gods floating within my mind?  
If not from there, from where then might my light arrive,

How pleasant it must have been for those who knew  
That site sublime astronomers viewed  
As islands floating free within their hazy blue.

I too would attach my path, my journey, to a distant star,  
Yet, I select one I view within, not seeking a swirling land afar.  
How soft the glow, how soft the glow  
Of lantern radiance asking me to follow . . .