

2015

So, Where Am I?

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Recommended Citation

Marwitz, Willard (2015) "So, Where Am I?," *Headwaters*: Vol. 28, 148-149.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/headwaters/vol28/iss/14>

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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 . . .