

The Chalice

So it stands there: sparkling and slim
like a naked maiden emerged from the sea,
and its light dances, spins, jingles
brightly as a thousand sleigh bells.

The glass: cool and smooth as a woman's hands
hovering over the piano, playing the legend
of the prince who wrestles the dragon.

February 1, 1940

Lullaby for Myself

I rock and rock and rock myself to sleep
with dreams by day and by night
and drink the same numbing wine
as one who sleeps while awake.

I sing and I sing and I sing myself a song,
a song of hope and happiness,
I sing like someone walking away
not knowing they can never return.

I tell and I tell and I tell myself the tale,
the tale of love's tapestry,
I hear it, but I no longer believe
and know the end is doomed.

I play and I play and I play myself the melody
of the days that are no more,
and free myself from truth
and act as if I were blind.

I laugh and I laugh and I laugh at myself
about this game of mine.
And yet I weave dreams, so crazy, confused,
so bereft of purpose.

January 1941

Pencil Sketch

A fine strand of hair casts a shadow across the forehead.

Above it, silky soft, dark hair.

The mouth—a defiant testament to proud coolness,
accentuated by a delicate black fuzz.

The light brown of the eyes is barely softened.

The teeth seem to push forward, strong and white,
just as stubbornly wild as the black brows.

But when the eyes gaze into the distance,
a touch of longing scratches with pride.

Above, the forehead arches in a dome-like curve,
the delicate nose, tilted upward, continues the mood.

The slender neck adds a harmony—
a little brown, a little pale—a fierce major key.

September 28, 1941