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Arise, My Love

Brother Adelbert

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the door locked behind him and his wife facing him as though he were a madman. He caught at his breath in sobs, and soon he began to feel sick in his stomach. His wife made no effort to come to his assistance. She seemed stunned.

He must ask her the question right away, or risk his sanity.

"Who was it?" he demanded. "Who was it you saw last night?"

Her words sounded slow and strange and distant, like drops of molten lead.

"From the first, I had a terrible feeling of knowing the person. But I tried to put it away. I thought we must both have been momentarily out of our minds. And then I remembered a picture you had, of your father. I never saw him, but I couldn't forget that picture. I recall his resembling you so much."

For one instant he dared hope, but despair looked back at him.

"No. Not him. Not your father. You. You, Jim! You! You!"

Arise, My Love

● Brother Adelbert

Penelope, my love, wed not, but keep
Well widowed in your hallowed hollow cell,
Weaving, weaving webs of wise devising,
But love them not, my love, Penelope.

Night-shelled within your cell, unravel all
The patterns of day dreams, the warp and weft,
Lest loving them you tie the threads and say,
"Yes, this is well. Yes, this is all."—And wed.

Ulysses-like, I call to you there where
Your mind, blind Polyphemus, counts his dreams
In Plato's cave, your tomb and womb of love;
My love, Penelope, I call to you.

Weep not, Penelope, for I shall come
To king your palace halls, where now the band
Of sodden suitor-like desires have spread
Themselves like cobwebs on your hearth and heart.

From my mouth's bow the arrows of my words
Will wing and quiver stinging in the flesh
Of your besiegers; then, the palace cleansed,
I'll show the scar, and you will know your lord.

Penelope, my love, to Ithaca
I rush to reach you, running upon the waves
Where waters of my headlong love fall head-
Over-heels-in-loveliness to lave your tears.