

# Special Poets' Series

## Vol. 2

A Yes Press Book  
First Edition

\* Ruth Carol Cik \* Margaret Donnelly \* John Estrella \* Mary  
Fields \* Tim Fritsch \* Claudia Ferguson \* David Gawrys \*  
Heidi Hughes \* **Helen Lawson** \* Lee Cooper Meade \* Cornelia  
Nedomatsky \* Robert Perault \* Coring L. Popp \* Eleanor  
Rothgeb \* Diana Kwiatkowski Rubin \* Manuel Stevos \* John  
Thomas \* Marian Nell Thompson \* Pauline Unger \* Ruby  
Young \*

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Ruth Carol Cik ...107-112  
Margaret Donnelly ...27-32  
John D.C. Estrella ...119-124  
Mary Fields ...3-8  
Tim Fritsch ...9-14  
Claudia Ferguson ...59-64  
David Gawrys ...101-106  
Heidi Hughes ...113-118  
**Helen Lawson ...65-70**  
Lee Cooper Meade ...95-100  
Cornelia Nedomatsky ...53-58  
Robert Perault ...15-20  
Corina L. Popp ...89-94  
Eleanor Rothgeb ...33-38  
Diana Kwiatkowski Rubin ...71-76  
Manuel Stevos ...21-26  
John Thomas .... .77-82  
Marian Nell Thompson ...83-88  
Pauline Unger ...39-44  
Ruby Young ...45-52

P. 1

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P. 3

## CHAPTER 11: HELEN LAWSON

Then what is the answer? - Not to be  
deluded by dreams.

Robinson Jeffers

### THE FODDER

Robinson Jeffers in his tower composed long  
philosophical lines which have survived him.  
Yeats also built a home apart, in the teeth  
of fortune finding integrity.

How do dreams differ from the striving  
the soul is caught in, seeking a habitat,  
putting on masks, casting off guises?

Delusion stretches a swinging rope frame  
to bridge a ravine where an icy river  
whistles through its dizzy teeth.

But dreams — for most men are the fodder  
to which the secret animal returns  
when hills are buried in snow and forests  
in winter armor provide cold shelter.

## WHEN LOVE LIVES ON

When love lives on, though silence of the grave  
Spreads in the heart, a banal black veil covers  
The tear-wrecked face. Time crawls on heavy legs,  
And moments soaked in pain unwind into long hours.

When death's fierce blow  
Robs us of all composure,  
It's merely the first stage  
of a more sinister disclosure

In which the one we love lies  
Twisted, changed, while his pale lips  
That used us for mere feasting  
Whisper, *Forgive*, and, *Know yourself betrayed*.

Let the night be too dark  
for me to see  
Into the future. Let what  
will be, be.  
Robert Frost

## QUESTION OF ACCEPTANCE

The night, for many, like a sturdy flower  
grows petals of no thought, oblivion its river.  
It draws bees, rushing to feast on sticky juices,  
to accept the gift of musky odor.

For others, the night yawns boredom,  
stretching into an Oh frustrated jaws.  
It lets them fall heavy again, concerned,  
to grind fear in sleep's clenched teeth.  
Dreams come to ruffle revolving minds  
like these. The sighs, the riot  
in harassed trees attract no bees,  
only Hamlet's by now clichéd question,  
To be or not to be.

## THE MARCH MAN

Tired of ice and of fire,  
Tired of questions that don't redeem,  
Of restless days, of no desire,  
Tired of striving and of dream,  
His heart can't stop its fatal beating,  
His feet plod on, bleary eyes meeting  
Others' confused, distracted gaze,  
Seeking an end to spreading maze.  
Sometimes a smile, a word, a prayer  
Uncovers sites, layer by layer,  
Where spring lies luscious in the soil  
Which grows love, laughter, without toil.  
Perhaps tonight a smile will split  
Through fear which makes him spring resist.

## THE WINDS OF CHANGE

I hope I shan't in the end find  
A damage's happened to my mind,  
A wide gap, deep and sorely pressed  
With much alien happiness.

If a damage took place in my brain,  
Then I shan't ever be the same  
As when I fed on stress and pain.

Is this why I can't ever sleep,  
In anxious effort to stop my feet  
From climbing the hill where all is lost  
But joy — sorrow blown far as dross.

## HELEN LAWSON

took up residence in the U. S. in 1969 and has written much poetry and fiction since. She started giving readings of her work in 1972, when her poems began appearing in magazines and anthologies. She's published 2 books, Women as I Know Them; Live Me a River. The Connecticut Commission on the Arts gave her a grant towards completion of a first novel. As early as 1954 her fiction was broadcast by the BBC. She received First Prize in a national contest sponsored by the Connecticut Writer Magazine in 1983. Her poems have been performed by dance companies and various composers. She has translated from Czech into English and gives performances and workshops.