

"IDEALISM"

Traveling down life's road,
We leave our footprints there.
Some are deep, others shallow,
According to burdens we bear.

Somewhere back along the road
A stranger may follow our trail.
Will we lead him into Heaven,
Or will we lead him on to Hell?

Go slow, my brother, down life's road,
Be careful of the steps you take.
If not for your own safety,
Then for the stranger's sake.

To My Friends

JOHN ELLIOTT

To Mary

Not often but now I weep, my Mary
For no voice could a song so sweetly sing
For you to hear with ears unseen,
If even my very own so magic was
As floats from beyond imagined sea,
The enchanted anthem of faeries in love
With prince who rides on prancing steed
Too far from hearing, and 1/2 distance is lost.
I fear that in trying to speak a thanks so great,
Intelligence will be lost in the shrieks
Of a wild ecstasy from pleasures strange,
And unexpressed except within,
Then in gladness harmonious.
So unrestrained am I drawn to the calm excitement
Of your unseen self. Not by my senses
As the lungs feel the enchantment of Gardenia sweet,
But as is felt in silent rapture
A comfort of companionship.
When pages of priceless lore yield
Gratification to impassioned spiritual quest,
Many worlds of thought divine have we explored
With even more a zeal to behold in reality
Their soil or sandy shore,
Than that which expressed was by shouts of glee
From parched throats of desperate sailors
And master Columbus, when flickerings
Beckoned from suspected India's shore,
And invited discovery of new land, and new life.
In positive reality have we drunk of De Leon's spring
With not the vanity in which the draft he took,
But in desire to preserve the force that moves unnamed,
And causes all things good to be said and done.
Oh, fleeting eloquence! Oh, desperation!
Words, silent utterances, or songs to insensible volume
Could not of this union speak . . .
It is all, and everything . . .
It exists . . .
All else is superfluous.

To James Harrill

Inspirer, interpreter, companion, friend,
Aye, brother in greater kin,
Than blood can boast
Not as to external scenes,
We, in life ourselves relate.
But, rather, as to that eternal union,
That feels the soul's transient dwelling
When dissolved among the constant calm
Of nature's unshaken bosom.
Inspirer to sensation, thought aye, tears
From across concealing barrier, mystic nebulous, you
spheres
Remote to touch, yet near.
No such closeness as makes tangible
The spun halo of companion in shadow
Where quivering lip or hand clutches with violence.
But the closeness of nectar or ambrosia

By fays, numberless, woven to visibility, alone,
Beneath gleam sprinkled leaves in April Sherwood

Interpreter of mood or impression: dynamic, aye akin to
thunder

Yet gentle as is leaf from mother branch torn asunder,
To fall, yet rest.
Not repose that colors feel when on canvas
You spread their hues to eternal rainbows.
But rest that enraptures the touch,
When expression of sights the soul has viewed
Flows forth, as rises the liquid talk
Of bubbling spring, as if laughing elf
Beneath did carol praise to all creation.

Companion to my steps in hurried walk, aye frightened
pace,
Haste to destination, unkown as comet flies in space
Unguided, yet aglow . . .
Not with shouted demand for all eyes
Universal to behold ethereal flight.
Not even with gentle whisper to in tender tones
Insinuate journey, apart from swept multitude,
But with invisible presence, unspoken,
Yet felt to inner tangibility.

Fried to all who reach for helpful aye, redeeming hand,
When marshes of desperation in mire and sand,
Hold securely, yet uncertain.
Redemption not from trivia. Matters,
Which are the children of nothingness.
For lost as is shell on barren sands, conspicuous,
is all, save eternal,
When sweeping tide of truth is given command by his
breath.
Resounding torrent of universe-supporting soul.

Aye, brother in greater kin than blood can boast.

To Peter

In pathetic awe among Grecian glory wanders his dream,
Whispering secret hope of returning to antique year
Where lived in the rosy vigor of playful child,
Unconquered wisdom's search and undarkling gleam,
As that followed in perfect trust with triumphant tear
By ageless mariner in northern sky, joyfully unbuguled.

In flowing drapery of ancient day, clothe thy inquisitive
mind,
And in numberless page of countless book, give Muse the
wing.
To Plato, extend the pursuing hand after the perfect
good,
As reaches the youth from ailed desperation in desire
to find

A father's favor with eager help for crying child to bring
After pitiful fall from the confident step where he stood.

Ah! My friend, only in escaped shape is it gone.
This glory remains our own though tangible absence
causes quake.
Brilliant marble has crumbled, but no victory has decay
When words with the music of truth ring on,
As though each universe was a bell, for infinity to shake,
And each planet and star as clappers inside did sway.

Give thou me your hand, and mine own hold in strength
as grip
As the arms of enamoured lover hold in passion their
own.
With the one last faith escaped not from Pandora's chest,
Plunge us our trust in unmeasured lake with unsurfeared
dip
As falls from cliff to deepest depth in sea, the greatest
stone
And there lie it forever in bathed eternal rest.

In conclusion, may we remind you that your contributions to the literary department of the PILOT are welcomed. Composition may be submitted personally to the editors or may be addressed to the Gardner-Webb Department of English, Gardner-Webb College.

Finally, appreciation is given to those persons who responded to our solicitation for specified issues of the PILOT which were absent from the library files.