

Sketch

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Lethe Undiscovered

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Lethe Undiscovered

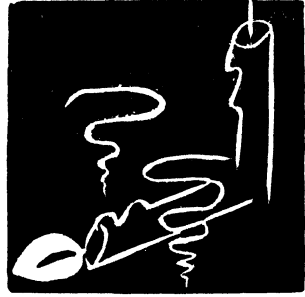
J J S Jr.

Abstract

In this eternal sleep the brain is quick, And memory dissects itself...

Lethe Undiscovered

J J S, Jr.



In this eternal sleep the brain is quick,
And memory dissects itself.
The woven pattern of the mind disintegrates;
Nor may thought longer color thought,
Nor time nor place distort the eye;
Nor wish nor hope blind truth.
Mind intaglios a book of prints,
Leaf by leaf, each single thought,
Carved in rigid outline, each on its single page.

One chronicles the taste of your red mouth;
Two bares the shock of touch;
Three casts your likeness, quizzical, intransigent.
Pages four to thirty-four spell thirty times you made me glad—
Perhaps a walk along a beach at night, laughing,
Carrying our socks and shoes, the water running at our legs,
Perhaps an auto ride through rain,
Your head laid back against my arm,
Your hair blown soft against my face.

Pages thirty-five to page two hundred eight
Reveal in pairs your each adultery, lie, or sin,
Each followed by the hurt it gave;
And here, with tortured mind, the book ends.

Nor may I turn the pages back to walks,
Barefooted, laughing, on a beach at night,
Or auto rides through rain; nor feel your lips,
Your fingers, touch my cheek to smooth away the pain.