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Ulysses To Penelope / Penelope To Ulysses / The Man In The Machine

John Patrick Wall

Elizabeth Hillman

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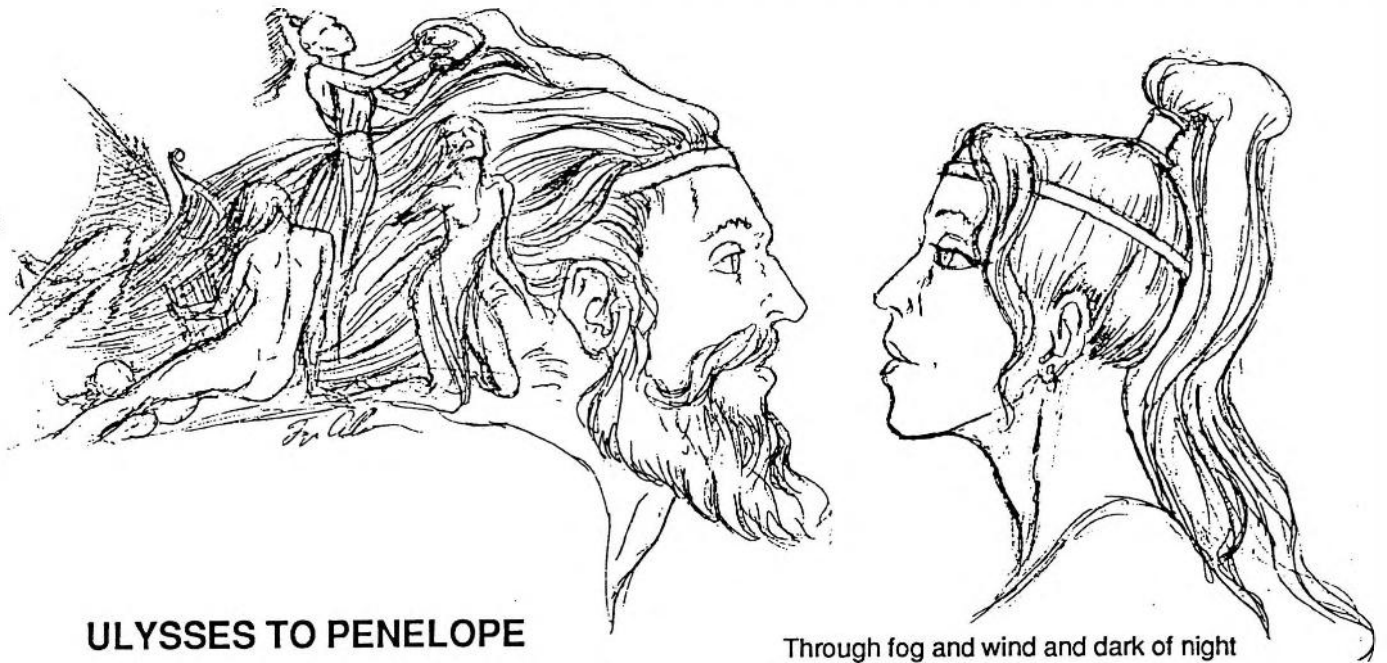


Abstract

Ulysses to Penelope: When off upon the oceans blue Forever will I think of you Penelope to Ulysses: My wonderful love, no longer roam Return unto your true love's home The Man In The Machine: The Great Roc flies; I sit on a claw, My arm around the leg

Additional Keywords

Poetry; Ulysses; Penelope; The Man In The Machine; John Patrick Wall; Elizabeth Hillman



ULYSSES TO PENELOPE

When off upon the oceans blue
 Forever will I think of you
 Circe and Calypso hold no charms
 That are as sweet as your fair arms
 The Sirens' song I do not hear
 As our reunion's hour draws near
 Of mighty cyclops I'm not afraid
 I think only of your hair's braid

Through fog and wind and dark of night
 I dream of the day we reunite
 Through roughest wave and thickest fen
 I'll come and be with you again.

PENELOPE TO ULYSSES

My wonderous love, no longer roam
 Return unto your true love's home
 You've been away for far too long
 It's at my side where you belong.

by John Patrick Wall

THE MAN IN THE MACHINE

by Elizabeth Hillman

The Great Roc flies;
 I sit on a claw,
 My arm around the leg,
 Propelled to the farthest star,
 Which is just a piece
 Cut out of the sky.
 Through it we pass
 To the brightness beyond.
 Wheels and cogs grate and grind,
 Rusty from lack of care,
 Ignored by the Beings,

Since this little universe
 Is doomed, anyway.
 Stars being formed or dying --
 What's the point?
 It's an old-fashioned toy.
 Maybe a collector
 Of antique oddities
 Might save it for a museum.
 Impatiently the Roc shakes its leg;
 I fall into the rumbling gears
 And the universe stops forever.

