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Poetry

Randall Kuhl

Karen Trimble

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Poetry

Abstract
This article contains poetry from Randall Kuhl and Karen Trimble.
Poetry

Rohan

Oh I shall go a riding
Along a grassy plain,
Farewell unbeliever,
We shall not meet again.

The green hills of Rohan
Call a kindred breed,
And my spirit answers,
Out of desperate need.

My cry upon the wind
Went before unheard.
But Rohan of all answered,
My peace at last assured.

Home of the Rohirrim,
Land of Shadowfax's birth,
It calms my vagabond heart,
Of all in Middle Earth.

Yes I shall go a riding
Along a grassy plain.
Farewell unbeliever,
We shall not meet again.

...Karen Trimble '69

To Charles Williams

The soul without its images
Transposed in flesh and flushed
In the fearful eye of its
Prophetic sense, flees; from form only
Does it grasp its selfish prize,
And forever dies gasping
In the futility of
Its everlasting pain.

In ways of good affirmed,
The spirit rejects--exalting--
The comely, courtly Illusion,
For the joyous embrace of
Grief-acquainted Reality, sack-
Cloth Love dying to Himself,
To live the others glory
Which to Him was denied.

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