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Poetry

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Karen Trimble

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Poetry

Abstract

This article contains poetry from Randall Kuhl and Karen Trimble.

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,
 Cut 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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 11 Feb. 1969



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