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(Tom Lamb)

A Sad Song Of Spring



reaming sickness freezing us, trying to find a cure where can we hide from ourselves. Where? Every person close has taken it on and has fallen prey to the curse. And we cannot pray. There is no god to bring us together — There is no god to bless our matrimony and as we drift further into the unblessed mist we can no longer be heard to cry. Why has our god forsaken us — why has he let us lose faith in ourselves, in him. Where is the comfort we were lent? Where is the song we used to sing? And I write this not of religious mood, not of any mood that can be traced to god.

And my poet friend said "Where have they gone, taking their homes on their backs." And we have no more homes. We cannot call the seventh floor of a cold brick building 'home.' So there is no more centre of life. We have nothing to bring us together. And as our eyes are frozen, they are not frozen on a common point. And if my eyes are on this point, is there nothing I can do to bring others to this bond?

And this man came to see my friend and asked to buy his poems and I was mad — not because my friend was asked to prostitute his talent but rather because he had been asked instead of me. And there is so much of our society that is destroyed by jealousy. Can we no longer rejoice in the triumphs of our friends. Is not my friend's poetry a part of me also, and is not his triumph my triumph? What is it that keeps us from love? What makes our depression dominate our lives?

I asked of an old man why the times had changed us and he answered that the times do not change us — we change ourselves. And he had read my mind on the question of friendship and he spoke to me of my fear of love — I asked him why and he replied that I did already know. I asked if it was a lack of faith, a fear of being let down. He said if we cannot have faith in a friend then we cannot be a friend ourself. And I went on to ask of why our leaders could not be friends and he answered if leaders cannot be friends then they are not leaders. The fear of failure is so great that it darkens the light of many leaders. And we are sons of the wrong womb, of competition rather than commitment.

And I asked if there was a difference in poems and he replied that we fear not the poems of the dead as we fear the poems of our life. And I played him a song of spring and he said it was merely a song of autumn, too sad for spring. He said "Do not write of spring during winter and not of summer during spring. Wait until the spring comes bursting in with its beauty and then write your song."

And I answered him that there will be a time when we shall rejoice in our songs. Yet until then I must write songs of sadness until people realize the reason of my sadness. He said they cannot change the reason of my sadness as they cannot change the river. The river can be diseased just as my mood: yet the river shall cleanse itself in time, and so shall my mood. I listened and for the first time in a long time I learned instead of taught, and my eyes.....

Love & kisses
The jack of hearts