

# SONGS I WISH YOU KNEW

**SOLEDAD R. JUAN**



With an Introduction by Avelina Juan Gil

# SONGS I WISH YOU KNEW

The Poems of **Soledad R. Juan** (1918 - 1942)

Edited and with an Introduction by

**Avelina Juan Gil**

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This is a project that has taken over half a century to complete. The poems were originally transcribed from the handwritten notes of Soledad into computer format using the old Wordstar software, laboriously undertaken by my husband Generoso in the 1980s. In the past few months, my sons Danny & Carlos upgraded the files to MSWord, sorting, collating, and reformatting the data for website publication. This is the result.

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## SOLEDAD R. JUAN: AN APPRECIATION

Soledad Raval Juan (1918-1942) was a poet during the late 1930s, a period which in Philippine history is called the “American Regime.” She was acclaimed “Poetess of the Year” in 1939 by the *Philippines Free Press* magazine, which used to publish short stories and poems submitted by readers.

**Her Life.** Soledad R. Juan was my only sister. A year younger than I, she was born in Dansalan, Lanao, a town so small that it had no hospital and no doctor on call. When she was born, only our father, Lt. Valentin S. Juan, was with my mother. Frantic for help, he ran to the home of his commanding officer, Col. Francis Burton Harrison, and begged Mrs. Harrison to help his wife deliver her baby. Because only the infant’s father was around, the colonel decided that the baby should be called “Sole dad”, and so my sister was baptized *Soledad*, and her nickname was *Choleng*.

In 1923 our father was assigned in Surigao, a province in Mindanao, as provincial commander. On January 8, 1924, he led a company of soldiers against the Colorums, a growing group of religious fanatics who were threatening the peace and order of the province. In the encounter with five hundred Colorums wielding bolos and spears, the constabulary force of twenty soldiers and Lt. Juan were killed in no time. My mother was widowed at 32, and Choleng, 5 years old, and I and our two brothers were orphaned. A third brother was born six months after our father died.

Mother took us to Laoag, Ilocos Norte, her home town, where she taught at the local elementary school to support us, her five children. In 1928 we moved to Zamboanga City, in Mindanao. Choleng, ten years old, was in grade 5. We lived in a house close to the beach, and in no time, all of us five children learned to swim and swim well. Four years later, when the family moved to Albay, Choleng was a sophomore in the high school. In 1935, then 17, she enrolled in a pre-med course in the University of the Philippines.

Tall and slim, she enjoyed the swimming sessions in the physical education class, and in her second semester, she made it to the UP girls’ swimming team and practiced tirelessly for the annual girls’ swimming competition with the team of the Philippine Women’s University. She won the second place! She also caught a cold so persistent that the UP doctors had her confined in the UP Infirmary for a month. Diagnosed for tuberculosis, Choleng left college and started treatment.

In the 1930s, the standard treatment for tuberculosis was to have the patient live in Baguio where the air was cool and pure. Choleng stayed in Baguio for two years, following

the only cure known then: Eat a rich diet that included taking the yoke of ten eggs daily. Two years later, in 1939, she was confined in the newly established Quezon Institute in Manila, a sanatorium where experimental treatments for tuberculosis were conducted. Choleng always volunteered to be a guinea pig for such experiments.

In December 1941 the Japanese invaded the Philippines. The Japanese army, needing the buildings and facilities of the Quezon Institute, turned out all the patients there. My mother rushed to Manila to take Choleng home. She found her daughter lying along with other patients on a mat in the corridor of a small hospital in Manila. Because Choleng was too sick to travel to Laoag, Mother rented a house in Mandaluyong City and took care of Choleng. But without medication and medical care, Choleng died six weeks later, on May 1, 1942. She was 23 years old. She was buried in Mandaluyong City.

**The Book of Poems.** Soledad may have written poems in her early teens, but only her poems written from May 1938, when she was twenty, are extant. How her poems were recorded and saved is almost an incredible story. Soledad had a close friend in the Quezon Institute, also a patient in the hospital, who shared Choleng's interest in writing poems. She called herself *GerFlo*, evidently her pen-name. She collected the poems of her friend, written on half sheets of tinted bond paper, added her own poems under her pen-name, and bound the 160 sheets into a slim booklet.

Two weeks after Choleng died, my mother had a visitor – GerFlo. She gave my mother the booklet of poems of Choleng. The book bore no title; GerFlo said the poems were handwritten by Soledad and were arranged chronologically by date of writing, Mother told us later that GerFlo had recounted to her that Choleng wrote many of her poems when she was very sick, shaking with ague and burning with a fever. Much to my regret, we never learned who GerFlo was.

**The Poems.** Many of Choleng's early poems explore the surprise and the wonder of young love. Is her feeling for a boy merely a "crush"? or is it the real thing? When she was twenty-two, her poems were slightly analytical, exploring the feelings of jealousy and the uncertainty of romantic love. But she dealt with jealousy lightly, with now and then a statement of cynicism about the emotion she knew as love. Below her poem "Hero Worshipper" she had appended a note (*Absolutely idiotic*). In not any of her 139 poems on love between girl and boy did she express the ecstasy of requited love nor the fulfillment of her expectations upon the discovery of mature love—the love that ends in marriage.

Soledad used plain everyday language in simple readable poems. She favored traditional rhyming verses in quatrains, with three or four stanzas to a poem. She had a facility with rhymes and a wry humor which revealed itself in some poems. In "Isn't It a Pity?" she wrote:

You could write such tender notes to send me every day;  
You could be my hero, so romantic and so gay;  
Everything would be so grand and ah, so meant-to-be—  
Isn't it a pity that you are not in love with me?

*Isn't It a Pity?* (July 10, 1949)

In her sonnet sequence Soledad used the English sonnet, a 14-line poem in three quatrains followed by a couplet, rhyming *abab cdcd efef gg*. Also called the Shakespearean sonnet, it states a situation in three quatrains and draws its conclusion in a couplet, ending the sonnet. Juan modified the sonnet slightly: She stated a situation in two quatrains, traced her reaction to the situation in the third quatrain, and then gave her conclusion in the final couplet.

She wrote one sequence of twenty-eight sonnets, all celebrating her young love, mutely offered but unrecognized, unrequited, and unremembered.

You mean so much to me...I love you so!  
But this you do not know, you do not know!

*Sonnet XXII* (5 March 1940)

**Avelina Juan Gil**  
14 February 2011

# SONGS I WISH YOU KNEW

## 1. SURPRISE

I turned in startled wonder  
And searched the distant blue  
To see if the vast dome of heaven  
Has yielded a comet or two.

Or is it a new beam in science?  
I looked around me to find  
What dual ray of strange power  
Seems to burn into me from behind!

Then two stars amazingly near me  
Arrest my bewildered gaze,  
And for the fleetest of seconds  
I gasp in a breathless daze!

And then I see you smiling,  
Indulgent in my surprise;  
So I look right up at the twin stars,  
For the twin stars are your eyes!

*(May 22, 1938)*

## 2. TELL ME

Did he ever think about me  
As within these walls he stood?  
Could it have been me he dreamed of  
In some meditative mood?

When he wrote those little verses  
That he loved to pen each day,  
To whom could he have dedicated  
All those things he wished to say?

When he stood before the window  
In the twilight soft and gray,  
Would he fondly talk of someone  
Whom he talks with every day?

Or when golden tropic moonlight  
Found him sleepless--slumber gone--  
Would he wonder if the moonlight  
Found another wakeful one?

He had dreams about the future--  
Dreams his fancy set aglow,  
Had he any dreams about me?  
Tell me, will I ever know?

*(August 13, 1938)*

### **3. ROOM V**

Simplest room you've ever seen,  
Definitely masculine;

Saber hanging on the wall  
For those drills, parades, and all;

Reading lamp at head of bed  
For those nights he read and read;

Bed beneath the window sill --  
Drafts could never make him ill.

Bookshelves with various books,  
Tales of heroes, mines, and crooks;

Magazines about the stars,  
Trips to Saturn, Neptune, Mars.

Study table close at hand;  
Lesson books of every brand;

Sacred pictures on the wall--  
Blessed boy -- the best of all!

*(August 27, 1938)*

#### **4. TO AN ENGINEER**

I love to watch your restless head  
When puzzling problems claim your time,  
Bent over figures, drafting plans,  
Or a blueprint's intricate design.

I love to watch your hands at work  
With slide, protractor, rule, or pen,  
To see them measure every line  
That must be checked and checked again.

I love to watch your smiles come up  
Amused or teasing, grave or gay,  
I love them all, whate'er the mood  
That sends them forth to light my day.

I love to watch you anytime --  
Whate'er you do, the whole day through  
It seems I never have enough  
Of merely gazing thus at you.

But best of all, I love to watch  
The tenderness that fills your eyes  
When naught exists but you and me  
And love that never dies.

*(September 4, 1938)*

## **5. QUERY**

It must be sweet indeed to love  
And have your love returned --  
To know one of the greatest joys  
The heart has ever learned.

And yet I often ask myself:  
Could there be sweeter pain  
Than to love with all your heart and soul  
And know you love in vain?

*(October 4, 1938)*

## **6. POWDER ROOM POSER**

Of course I like him quite a lot  
But really that is all.  
You'd like him too when all he says  
Is thrilling to recall.

I honestly don't love him (I'd  
Admit it otherwise.)  
But if I don't, for mercy's sake  
Why can't I meet his eyes?

*(October 6, 1938)*

## **7. WITHIN YOUR EYES**

I used to find the greatest joys  
In looking in your eyes  
When you and I were deep in love  
And love wore no disguise.

You never said the tender words  
That a lover's lips let fall,  
But in a language all their own  
Your eyes would tell me all.

Then some misunderstanding rose  
To cloud our azure skies,  
And soon you learned to screen your love  
And keep it from your eyes.

They still are warm and full of life;  
They twinkle as before.  
But, oh, I miss that ardent look  
That yesterday they wore.

Sometimes in one brief glance of yours  
I glimpse that longed for light;  
But quick as thought it vanishes  
Completely from my sight.

Someday when you are mine again  
And Pride has paid its price,  
I'll find the sweetest, deepest love  
Once more within your eyes.

*(October 8, 1938)*

## **8. THOSE OCTOBER DAYS**

It was enough to have you  
Those fleet October days—  
To see that you still loved me  
In countless little ways.

Each casual conversation,  
Each random thought expressed—  
All held some deeper meaning  
That others never guessed.

Sometimes in golden silence  
You merely gazed at me,  
And vision proved more fluent  
Then speech could ever be.

The future held no promise  
Of other days like those.  
How swiftly came the parting  
That drew them to a close!

They left me precious mem'ries  
The years cannot erase.  
Dear God, I thank thee humbly for  
Those sweet October days.

*(October 11, 1938)*

## **9. SAY IT**

My dear, I know how tender  
And sweet you are to me,  
How eager to be near me  
You always seem to be.

Our friends all say you love me.  
They see it everyday  
In stray remarks of yours, I guess,  
In actions that betray.

Your manner just proclaims it;  
You show it in your eyes.  
They say it far more often  
Than you could realize.

And yet you never tell me  
How much I mean to you;

You never say one word of love,  
One promise to be true.

To me who loves you so much  
Your love is heaven-sent;  
So say, *at least*, you love me  
And I shall be content!

*(October 20, 1938)*

## **10. WOODLAND RETREAT**

Upon a green and grassy bank  
I lie in restful ease --  
Above me the heaven's boundless blue  
About me rustling trees.

In calm unbroken solitude  
I watch the clouds go by  
And wonder if the soaring birds  
Can see me where I lie.

A gentle zephyr comes along  
To whisper of that or this,  
And lay upon my eager cheek  
Its cool refreshing kiss.

And at my feet a cheerful brook  
Goes gurgling on its way,  
Content, it seems, to dance along  
Each lazy summer day.

When worn with care I love to lie  
Upon that pleasant knoll  
Where nature's voices calm my heart  
And soothe my weary soul.

*(October 28, 1938)*

## 11. BURNHAM PARK

Tranquil and calm is the scene spread before me  
Bathed in the night of a tropical moon;  
Studded with stars, like the skies bending over me,  
Lies in repose the silver lagoon.

Deep is the hush of the slumbering city;  
Naught but stillness reigns in the park  
Save where the strain of some fond lover's ditty  
Rises and falls where the shadows are dark.

Softly the wind with the breath of pines scented  
Sighs through the trees like a lover denied,  
Bringing me thoughts of one evening enchanted  
When it walked by the shore and you walked by  
my side.

Swiftly they'd passed, those moments of magic  
We lived in the present and none could foretell  
What fate lay ahead, whether happy or tragic;  
Was it true love or merely some ephemeral spell?

Years took you out of my quiet existence;  
Grown were the saplings that stood by the shore.  
Yet that memory stayed with a puzzling persistence  
Till we meet once again where we'd lingered before.

Once more I gaze at the scene spread before me  
Bound to my heart with invisible ties  
Ere I eagerly turn to your form bending over me  
And the deathless affection that lives in your eyes.

*(Que va deathless?)*

*(November 2, 1938)*

## 12. VIGNETTE

I'd like to write about the stars  
that heaven loves to wear  
Upon a gorgeous gown of blue  
bejewelled everywhere.  
But when I think of stars I find  
that none of those that rise  
Are quite as lovely as the stars  
that glisten in your eyes.

I'd like to write about rippling brooks  
that gurgle all day long  
And blend their silver symphonies  
into an endless song;  
But when I think of rippling brooks  
their music seems but half  
As sweet to me as something else--  
the ripple of your laugh ....

I'd like to write about  
the golden glory on display  
When suddenly the sun bursts forth  
upon a gloomy day;  
But when I try to write the lines,  
I find that all the while  
My thoughts keep straying to  
the glorious radiance of your smile.

The world is full of lovely things  
I'd love to write about,  
There's boundless beauty everywhere  
if one but seeks it out,  
Yet for the sheerest loveliness that  
ever came to view  
I would not roam the world, my love,  
I'd simply come to you.

*(December 20, 1938)*

### 13. CHRISTMAS INTERLUDE

Christmas comes but once a year--  
A year but all too short  
When we both rediscover love  
And happiness holds court.

Gorgeous presents fill the shops  
Yet none of them compare  
With what this season brings from you;  
The fact that you still care.

Christmas comes but once a year  
With laughter, cheer, and song,  
But when it brings a gift like yours,  
It stays the whole year long.

*(December 30, 1938)*

### 14. BON VOYAGE

When starlight sheds its gleam and glow  
Upon the shining sea,  
And breezes murmur soft and low  
In haunting harmony;

When mem'ry fills your solitude  
With dreams you wish were true,  
And makes that rapt romantic mood  
Come stealing over you;

When on the deck the moon invades  
Each nook and gilds it through,  
And half forgotten serenades  
Come floating back to you--

Perhaps you'd watch the liner's wake  
And think of one adored;  
But if you do, for goodness sake,  
Don't tumble overboard!

*(January 10, 1938)*

## **15. LOSS**

It was too beautiful to last --  
The happiness we shared,  
It had to end just when we found  
How much we really cared.

When just you came into my life  
The future looked so bright  
How could I know that Death would come  
And take you in the night!

I miss you, oh, so terribly --  
You know I love you still;  
And in my heart is emptiness  
That only you can fill.

We had such rosy dreams -- Alas,  
They were not meant to be!  
And now that I have lost you, dear,  
Life holds no joy for me.

*(Requested)*

*(January 15, 1939)*

## 16. TWENTY

Ready at the threshold of life she stands,  
Waiting for the call to serve--  
Ready to meet Life's grueling test,  
Knowing that only the best of the best  
Survive;

Equipped with a pair of willing hands,  
Courage and spirit in reserve  
Just like hundreds of eager young others --  
Under the skin all sisters and brothers --  
Keenly, completely alive.

God bless those hands so willing to work,  
That spirit so determined to help;  
Keep her mindful of duty  
In palace or charity--  
Youthful, hopeful twenty.

*(February 20, 1939)*

## 17. IT'S NO USE

I try my best to forget you --  
To shut my mind on the past,  
On all that existed between us  
But was far too lovely to last.

Each time I see in the distance  
A form that seems so much like yours,  
How quickly I seek the oblivion  
That a change of direction assures!

I carefully try not to notice  
Your voice that still sounds in my ear  
When I chance to recall some expression  
Of yours that I once used to hear.

And whenever I find myself humming  
The songs you liked so much to sing,  
I hastily change them for others  
To which mem'ries of you do not cling.

No matter how great the temptation,  
I conscientiously try to avoid  
The type of movies you fancied,  
The kinds of books you enjoyed.

I try, oh so hard, to forget you,  
Allowing myself no excuse;  
I try to forget that I met you,  
But, darling, I find it's no use.

*(February 29, 1939)*

## **18. THAT'S ALL I ASK**

Though this mad rush denies us now  
All chance to be alone;  
And though the crowds do not allow  
Your eyes to seek my own;  
Though powers now beyond our range  
Decree you feign that mask,  
One sign that your love knows no change—  
Sweetheart, that's all I ask.

*(March 18, 1939)*

## **19. UNFORGIVEN**

I've quite forgotten how we erred  
And came to drift apart --  
Some thoughtless act, some careless word  
That wounded like a dart --

You long ago forgot its sting  
At least it hurts no more  
Yet, darling, why can't everything  
Be as it was before?

*(March 24, 1939)*

## **20. AFTERGLOW**

Those days were, oh, so beautiful  
So exquisitely sweet!  
I'd never known that life could hold  
Such happiness complete.

What perfect understanding linked  
Your heart, dear one, with mine!  
How tenderly we said our love  
In every wordless sign!

Impulsive fancy, bright with youth,  
Was always there to lend  
Its glorious dreams to gild those days  
That somehow had to end.

Yet they still live in memory  
As matchless as before.  
Forever let me keep them thus --  
I could not ask for more.

*(April 1, 1939)*

## **21. AFTER THIS**

It's been so glorious knowing you  
And all you signified

That even if now we were through,  
I'd still be satisfied.

It was as much as anyone  
Could ask of earthly bliss --  
I could be brave should love be gone,  
My darling, after this.

*(April 17, 1939)*

## **22. WRITTEN ON A POSTAL CARD**

My dear, he hardly knows me;  
He can't even tell me from Eve!  
He's forgotten there ever existed  
Anybody like me, I believe.  
Yet supposing he happened to meet me,  
And talked to me face to face,  
Do you think that perhaps – Good heavens!  
There isn't anymore space!

*(April 17, 1939)*

## **23. EYE OPENER**

In all these days of pained recall  
I have but one regret:  
The thought that you could find it all  
So easy to forget.

So easy for your grief to melt  
Within another moon;  
It could not have been love you felt  
If it could die so soon.

*(No date)*

## 24. SENIORS (BY A SENIOR)

**S** – is for **Soundness** of mind and of thought,  
Essential where all mental battles are fought.

**E** – is for **Endeavor**, persistence uncowed;  
Undaunted by failure, with patience endowed.

**N** – is for **Nobility**, honor defined;  
Stamping with greatness the truly refined.

**I** - for **Ideals**, the highest and best,  
Drawing us onward, surmounting each test.

**O** - is for **Order** of effort each day,  
Marking our labors as years drop away.

**R** - is for **Reason** to rule us and guide us  
Whatever good fortune or ill may betide us.

**S** - is for **Scholarship** in the search for the light  
Where truth rules, there error shall give way  
to right.

*(No date)*

## 25. SENIORS (BY A JUNIOR)

**S** - is for **Simplicity** in thinking that they  
Are the wisest and the most learned minds of  
their day.

**E** - stands for **Ego**, their most obvious possession.  
They have far more than this in the teaching  
profession.

**N** - for **Notoriety** in class and without;  
For being the noisiest ones beyond doubt.

**I** - is for **Impudence**. Talk about nerve!  
They never get punished for the way they  
deserve.

**O** – is for **Opacity**, being impervious to light.  
They resist every effort to teach them what's  
right.

**R** - is for **Restlessness**, for like germs,  
They refuse to keep still; you'd think they  
had worms.

**S** - is for **Sense** which they need most of all.  
Were they left to themselves, the heavens would  
fall.

*(No date)*

## **26. REVIEW**

Those dreams were meant to be nothing but dreams,  
Air castles denied us by fate;  
And now it were best to forget them, it seems,  
When regretting comes sadly too late.

But dreams like these are too lovely to die,  
And I still love to dream them again;  
How much it would mean to me, darling, if I  
Knew you did the same now and then.

*(No date)*

## **27. LEAVE ME NOT ALONE**

Leave me not alone, my Jesus,  
To fight this tempestuous gale;  
Unless Thou give me strength,  
Night will find me at length  
Weak and spent mid the sleet and hail.

Leave me not alone, my Jesus  
This weak little vessel to sail  
For if now we were parted  
On these oceans uncharted  
This pitiful voyage would fail.

Leave me not alone, my Jesus,  
A mere human so helpless, so frail;  
I need Thee, my Guide.  
Do Thou walk by my side  
Evermore through Life's thorny trail.

*(No date)*

## **28. I THOUGHT I COULD BE BRAVE**

I thought I could be brave, sweetheart,  
If all our hopes proved vain  
I thought that if we had to part,  
I could forget the pain.

But though today I smile and say  
'Twas just a sad mistake,  
I simply cannot smile away  
My heart's unceasing ache.

*(April 27, 1939)*

## 29. ECHO

I still recall that way you had  
Of wrinkling up your nose  
When prompted by the fun we shared  
Your carefree laughter rose.

But that was when your heart and mine  
No painful parting knew;  
Ah, would that we could laugh again  
As once we used to do!

*(May 25, 1939)*

## 30. LOVE IS A FUNNY THING

Love is such a funny thing --  
It knows no neutral ground;  
And though you bravely fight it off,  
It firmly hangs around.

It tempts you with alluring sweets  
Compounded of delights ---  
Of ardent looks and tender words  
And moon-enchanted nights.

Then when you've had one tiny taste  
And find you want some more,  
It spreads its wings and flies away  
With all the sweets it bore.

*(May 26, 1939)*

### **31. DAILY RESOLUTIONS**

I'll forget the love he cherished  
And the warmth it brought to me;  
I'll forget it lived and perished  
Like some fleeting melody.

All the joy and all the sorrow  
I shall bury out of sight;  
But all these can start tomorrow  
While I think of him tonight!

*(November 1939) (The Corps, November 1939)*

### **32. SHALL I?**

Shall I see you look again  
At me with tender eyes?  
Would I see those eyes again  
Reflecting sunny skies?

Shall I come to port again?  
And shall I feel anew  
The infinite security  
Of being loved by you?

*(May 29, 1939)*

### **33. MASQUERADE**

I rave about another boy,  
A new acquaintance who  
Has brought, at least, some of the joy  
That ought to come from you.

I let him linger in my mind,  
Which you, instead, should haunt;  
I dream of him but, dear, I find  
It's really you I want!

*(June 6, 1939)*

### **34. ON SEEING YOU AGAIN**

Sweetheart, it was worth all the longing,  
All the pain and heartache I'd known,  
It was worth all the anguish of waiting  
To find that you still were my own.

To see you again and discover  
That you still care as much as you do --  
It was worth it to find that, as ever,  
I still have the right to love you.

*(Purely anticipatory!!)*

*(June 9, 1939)*

### **35. CONCLUSIVE**

Just a month, dear, from that date--  
I would see you then.  
I could well afford to wait  
Till you came again.

Though the days all seemed to crawl  
Along as such days can,  
I knew I would forget then all  
When you came again.

After that long months had passed,  
I kept wond'ring when

I would see your face at last--  
If you came again.

Now my world is black and bare,  
Bruised my faith in men;  
I'd have known you still did care  
Had you come again.

*(June 12, 1939)*

### **36. TROPIC DUSK**

The glorified sun sinks out of sight,  
And a haze seems to float in the air;  
The breeze seems to pause in its gentle flight,  
And the trees seem to whisper a pray'r.

Even Time seems to stop on its onward rush;  
In a moment the day will be gone;  
And the world seems to wait in a breathless hush--  
Then the lights in the park blink on.

*(June 19, 1939)*

### **37. UNPARTED**

The days have borne you far from me;  
I know not until when  
I'll have to wait, my love, before  
I see you once again.

Yet though the miles between us lie,  
To me you're always near--  
I only have to think of you  
To feel that you are here.

*(June 28, 1939)*

## 38. RENUNCIATION

I chose not to answer your letter  
    Though I know you expected me to;  
I still feel the vague disappointment  
    That I found in that letter from you.

I read it through over and over--  
    At least ten times the day it came;  
But each reading revealed no new meaning;  
    The thoughts remained ever the same.

I sighed when at last I decided  
    You had made no attempt to explain;  
How little you dreamed that omission  
    Would encourage my doubts to remain!

If you get no reply, I am certain  
    You won't bother to write anymore.  
In time you might even forget me  
    Since you no longer care as before.

We might as well stop correspondence  
    Since it holds naught but heartaches for us;  
It's best that I leave this unanswered:  
    Sweetheart, it is easiest thus.

*(July 11, 1939)*

## 39. REITERATION

It isn't hard,  
    Dear, to recall  
The day that I  
    Admitted all.

And said I loved you --  
Words long sought --  
Then see the joy  
Such words had brought.

But that was long  
Ago, my dear,  
How much can happen  
In a year!

I love you yet!  
I wish I knew  
If that still means  
The same to you!

*(July 24, 1939)*

#### **40. LET ME SEE YOU AGAIN**

We just said "So long," then as usual,  
With a smile and a ghost of a sigh;  
And though 'twas the last time I saw you,  
I hope that it wasn't good-bye.

I still hope that once more I shall meet you,  
I'll be waiting, my dear, until then;  
It can't be all over between us --  
At least, let me see you again.

*(July 28, 1939)*

#### **41. IS IT FAIR?**

I refuse to believe this is final,  
We can't let it end up this way!  
How can we consider it finished  
When there's still so much to say!

Not to answer the letters I wrote you  
As though you no longer could care;  
To deny me the least explanation—  
I ask you, my dear, is it fair?

*(What the other party might have said, but,  
alas, didn't say!)*

*(July 29, 1939)*

## **42. WRONG PARTY**

I hear him whistling out of sight  
And till he comes to view,  
I realize what it would mean  
In case it would be you.

I hear his footsteps in the hall  
That once your footsteps knew;  
A knock like yours upon the door--  
But, ah, it isn't you!

And with a sigh I wonder why  
It should be someone new  
When all was well enough before--  
When it was always you.

He likes to come to talk, you know,  
As once you used to do,  
And oh, what joy those talks would bring  
If only he were you!

*(July 29, 1939)*

### 43. IN THE DARKNESS

Sometimes some faint nocturnal sound  
Arouses me from sleep;  
With frightened eyes I look around  
The darkness seems so deep!

The light of morning seems so far ...  
And then into the night  
The headlamps from some passing car  
Send forth a shaft of light.

And as the car approaching, runs,  
That light sweeps through the room  
How it restores my spirits once  
It had dispelled the gloom!

I wish my thoughts could likewise touch  
Some darkened saddened life  
And bring the light that cheers so much  
Where gloom and grief are rife.

*(July 30, 1939)*

### 44. TAPS

A nameless longing seems to call  
To me across the lapse  
Of years when on the stillness fall  
The sweet sad tones of *Taps*.

A restless yearning kin to pain  
Sweeps o'er me from the start,  
And half-forgotten mem'ries rain  
Unbidden on my heart.

The pine trees waft each clear note through  
And, swaying thus, impart

A sigh that seems an echo to  
The sigh within my heart.

That vague nostalgia now grown dear  
Through memory perhaps  
Will always fill me when I hear  
The haunting tones of *Taps*.

*(August 9, 1939)*

## **45. THE PINES OF NOTRE DAME**

Sometimes they are dark and forbidding,  
And the skies back of them seem to frown;  
Then soon without warning or bidding  
A violent storm crashes down.

Sometimes they are gay and capricious  
With the breezes that gambol around,  
And the needles that prove ambitious  
Find themselves shooting to the ground.

Sometimes they are sober and lazy  
As the afternoon slowly drags by,  
Not stirring a bough in the hazy  
Warm air -- not a breath -- not a sigh.

But when moonlight arrives with a mantle  
Of silver to lay on each crest,  
Then they look, ah, so peaceful, so gentle  
And that's when I love them best.

*(August 17, 1939)*

## 46. YOUR BROTHER

I seem to see your chin and his chin  
With the same stubborn line that I know,  
And I see in the set of his shoulders  
The same you that I knew long ago.

When he speaks I can easily fancy  
It's you I am hearing instead,  
For his voice holds the same husky cadence  
That used to enrich all you said.

The slightest sound of his laughter --  
How it stirs me to mem'ries anew  
Of the school days we went through together  
When I heard the same laughter from you!

And that way he possesses of shaking  
His head in pretended despair --  
To me it is -- ah, so familiar  
I'd know it as yours anywhere.

There is so much of you in your brother;  
I see you in all that he does,  
And I think of our brief association --  
How swift and short-lived it was!

Yet though it's a pleasure to watch him  
And even pretend you are he,  
I would like it a thousand times better  
If you were the one I could see.

*(August 29, 1939)*

## 47. FINIS

The whole thing's over now, I guess --  
Finished -- ended -- through!

And that one chance of happiness  
Is gone like morning dew.

I never dreamed that it would be  
So hard to see it fade;  
Now memories are all I see;  
The game is ended -- played.

*(September 5, 1939)*

#### **48. A NOVICE TO AN OLD HAND**

You talk of how you've met with love,  
And hear me in return—  
Each seeking in some subtle way  
The other's past to learn.

Yet if the truth could but be told,  
Surprise would be your due  
To find how little I have known  
Of love compared to you!

*(September 13, 1939)*

#### **49. NOW YOU ARE BACK**

I wonder how the years have changed  
You since I saw you last!  
You would not wonder why I care  
If you could read the past.

Four years ago! You never knew  
How much I loved you then!  
Now you are back. How much I long  
To see you once again!

*(Sept. 15, 1939)*

## 50. THE DAY AFTER

The hop last night -- what fun it was!  
We danced the whole night through.  
We'd newly met that night, and yet  
How fast our friendship grew!

I still can see your manly form  
That won my heart at once;  
I still can hear your merry laugh,  
Your weak, if funny puns.

I was to leave for home at dawn,  
Time just gave us but one night --  
But ah!--what mem'ries we would keep!  
What letters we would write!

And now I sit and dream of you  
I hope you do the same;  
I'd write to you but--sakes alive!  
I can't recall your name!

*December 1938; The Corps)*

## 51. TONGUE-TIED

I hear her talking with you now  
With all the smoothness due.  
I seem to get tongue-tied somehow  
When I'm in front of you.

Just when I want to show my best,  
To wit I lose all claim.  
How well she holds your interest--  
Why can't I do the same?

*(September 12, 1939)*

## **52. TO A PHYSICIAN**

I watch your progress down the ward  
Your pauses here and there --  
Within my eyes a fond regard,  
Within my heart -- despair!

For if a score of patients here  
And all the nurses too  
Look as I do when you are near,  
What chance have I with you?

*(October 13, 1939)*

## **53. HERO WORSHIPER**

I wonder just how well he knows  
The power of his look--  
That steady penetrating gaze  
That reads me like a book.

For though he boasts of no dazzling smile,  
His hair no rippling wave,  
He only has to look at me  
And I become his slave!

*(Absolutely idiotic!)*

*(October 7, 1939)*

## **54. IN A FEW DAYS**

In a few days the term will be over;  
A few more days with you and then  
We'll be saying goodbye -- perhaps never  
To meet in the future again.

I'll have only my memory of you  
If Fate stands unyielding and stern.  
So much time to discover I love you --  
So little to be loved in return!

*(October 26, 1939)*

## **55. AU REVOIR**

In token of history - taking,  
Of laughter and fun in the wards,  
Of days that were history-making --  
So glad to have met you . . . Regards!

*(October 30, 1939)*

## **56. NOVICE**

The first love has ended and gone on the rocks  
'Twas my heart that had broken to little bits then  
I said it had made me wise as a fox  
And vowed it would never happen again.

In love, when two youths hurt each other  
Till parting seems only the possible cure,  
The heart must be broken by one or the other,  
"It won't be mine next time!" I was sure

Along came a new love that started me singing,  
How gaily we laughed 'neath the clearest of skies!  
I knew that such happiness soon would be bringing  
The day of tormented and tear-laden eyes.

This time 'twas my turn to do the heart-breaking,  
The day soon approached when we both had to part,  
But ere I could start his bold heart even aching,  
The clever young lad coolly broke my own heart!

*(Absolutely fictitious--almost, that is!)*

*(November 4, 1939)*

## **57. CHANGE OF HEART**

I longed indeed to see the day  
When you and I would meet again,  
And in my mind I saw the way  
That I would greet you then.

But that was Summer, this is Fall,  
And still no meeting anywhere.  
You may come soon or not at all--  
I simply do not care!

*(How Sad!)*

*(November 10, 1939)*

## **58. HOSPITAL SCENE**

Whither, nameless stranger,  
Doth haste now carry thee  
In uniform immaculate?  
What can thy errand be?

To fight perhaps some danger  
Some ruthless enemy?  
To ease perhaps some hour of pain  
Or tortured misery?

Whither, handsome stranger,  
Doth duty summon thee?  
To my regret it never yet  
Has happened to me!

And Cupid, the arranger,  
Has loosed no dart on thee,  
Nor let you know my heart is yours,  
That used to be so free.

I watch for thee, my stranger,  
But when thy form I see,  
You do not even deign to cast  
A passing glance on me!

*(November 9, 1939)*

## **59. HARD TO GET**

Although I like you quite a lot,  
I hope you do not guess it;  
I'd rather hear you say it first  
Ere I myself confess it.

You seem quite taken up with some  
Of whatever charms now grace me,  
But if it's me you want, by gum,  
You'll have to come and chase me!

*(November 22, 1939)*

## **60. THE SEA**

Moonlight gilds the sighing sea  
That lies before me spread,  
Extending to the distant line  
Where Earth and Sky are wed.

Beneath apparent surface calm  
It surges hour by hour;  
Revealing by its restless mood  
Its silent latent pow'r.

With every little move it makes  
A million facets gleam  
And sparkle in the light that pours  
From every moon-sent beam!

My heart is like the sighing sea,  
Your heart, the moon above  
That makes it gleam and sparkle in  
The radiance of your love.

*(December 13, 1939)*

## **61. RECOVERY**

Now that we're through  
I suppose that I  
Should pine away  
And wish to die --

To leave a world  
Where all is pain,  
And anguished tears  
Forever rain.

But such, my dear,  
Is not the case;  
Of a broken heart  
I find no trace.

Nor do I ask  
What Death can give;  
I still am very  
Glad to live.

'Tis not that I  
Was never game;  
I simply know  
You feel the same!

*(December 10, 1939)*

## **62. OBITUARY**

At last we meet again -- but, ah,  
In what a casual way!  
No flame, no drama to recall  
The love we shared one day.

It simply faded bit by bit,  
Untended and unfed.  
It's no use resurrecting it --  
'Tis dead, my friend, 'tis dead!

*(December 20, 1939)*

## **63. REARMAMENT**

Each time that you  
And she would meet,  
My heart in pain  
Would miss a beat.

And dark indeed  
My prospects looked  
With all your love  
Already booked.

But now I learn  
With wildest joy

Her heart is for  
Another boy!

You do not love  
Each other then?  
How bright the future  
Looks again!

And now that we  
Know whose is who,  
Have I at last  
A chance with you?

*(January 20, 1940)*

## **64. OF COURSE NOT!**

We simply met and talked awhile,  
And soon are friendly--friends.  
But, really, nothing more than that  
For soon the visit ends.

And though he writes a note to me  
And signs it "Faithfully,..."  
He doesn't mean a thing by it!  
Of course not, why should he?

*(January 13, 1940)*

## **65. THEORY**

Of course he doesn't care at all  
I might as well forget him  
He hasn't even come to call  
Again since I first met him.

And what if he did write that note?  
It only took a minute  
To dash it off -- and, anyway,  
No special thing was in it.

Of course he doesn't care at all;  
It is easy to conceive it  
The only trouble with me now  
Is why won't I believe it?

*(June 17, 1940)*

## **66. GIVE ME TIME**

Give me time to forget you;  
Do not come too soon.  
Give me time to let you  
Leave my heart immune.

Do not come tomorrow  
Lest I lack the strength  
To save me further sorrow  
By avoiding you at length.

When I have Reason heeded,  
You may come to call  
To see how I've succeeded  
If I succeed at all!

*(January 19, 1940)*

## **67. DIAGNOSIS**

When two weeks seem like two years,  
My friend, what does it mean?  
I saw him last two weeks ago,  
But two years ago it has been.

What made it seem like two years?  
The endless wait, I guess.  
Can I be getting that way then?  
Yes, I fear it, yes!

*(January 20, 1940)*

## **68. IF YOU SHOULD EVER READ THESE LINES**

If you should ever read these lines,  
I wonder what you'd say.  
Would you perhaps express surprise  
To find I feel this way!

My dear, could you but read the signs  
I cannot hide from view,  
The knowledge that I feel like this  
Should not be news to you!

*(January 21, 1940)*

## **69. SUMMARY**

Perhaps I could join them  
And share in their laughter,  
Indulge in their teasing  
And the fun coming after.

We could stand at the railing  
And watch those below us,  
Exchange comments, or parry  
The remarks they would throw us.

'Twould be equally pleasant  
To go for a walk,  
Or just sit on the steps  
And quietly talk.

In fact I'd be willing  
To go anywhere,  
But, my dear, what's the use?  
You wouldn't be there!

*(January 22, 1940)*

## **70. RESIGNED**

I'm aware of the sad complications  
That would rise if you loved me, my dear,  
What rocks would be lying before our craft!  
Any trip would be hopeless, I fear.

So perhaps it is just as well, darling,  
There is no danger of your loving me.  
At least, I can love you in safety  
Though small comfort indeed that would be!

*(January 1, 1940) (How sour the grapes are today!)*

## **71. NIGHT WATCH**

In the still small hours when sleep has gone  
And left me lonely here,  
I watch the dying moon till dawn  
And think of you, my dear.

Each day my hopes are roused anew;  
Shall I not see you soon?  
Or can your love be dying too  
Just like the dying moon?

*(February 5, 1940)*

## 72. SUMMER SONG

Such a glorious summer day,  
Brilliant with the sun!  
All too soon it fades away  
And night is well-begun.

Then across the starlit sky  
Sails the radiant moon --  
Calm reflection of the fiery  
Sun that set so soon.

Radiant as the moon in view  
Now my mem'ries shine,  
Reflections of the time when you,  
The glorious sun, were mine!

*(February 9, 1940)*

## 73. SOLO ACT

I try to keep  
Three hours free  
In case you come  
To call on me;

But though I wait  
Expectant here,  
The hours pass --  
You don't appear.

I stroll along  
The passageway  
Where you, yourself  
Are wont to stray

For all the good  
It does, I find

I might as well  
Stayed behind!

Still, loath to see  
These efforts fail  
I even pause  
Beside the rail.

But since you do  
Not join me there,  
Must I believe  
You do not care?

*(March 7, 1940)*

## **74. CONTRAST**

She talks about the man she loves  
And fears his love is dead;  
While I, in silence, sit by her  
And dream of you instead.

Two hearts—love-hungry! Yet she is  
More fortunately blessed:  
I never owned you, while she knows  
She once his heart possessed.

*(March 19, 1940)*

## **75. DENIAL**

But if I never really  
Did love you anyhow,  
Why should I care if others  
Attract your fancy now?

So write your eager letters,  
Admire your lovely girls.  
Go praise their pretty pictures,  
Their figures and their curls.

And when I don't expect you,  
I beg you don't appear.  
Or you will see me, darling,  
As I sit sulking here!

*(March 21, 1940)*

## **76. EXPLANATION**

Johnny's eyes resemble yours  
While Wally wears his hair  
The way you do and thus secures  
The likeness plainly there.

When Lewis laughs I often find  
He laughs as much like you;  
And Tony's teasing call to mind  
Your brand of teasing too.

'Tis Tom whose taste in reading goes  
In your familiar fashion  
And Ed as everybody knows,  
Has sports for his chief passion.

Yet though I treat them as I do,  
I simply like these fellas  
Because they all resemble you --  
So why should you feel jealous?

*(April 4, 1940)*

## **77. SEMI-FINALS**

You do not love her after all,  
I should have hope anew.  
That means one person less to call  
My rival, dear, for you.

But someone else is in your mind,  
You see no other face,  
I lose one rival just to find  
Another one in her place.

*(April 11, 1940)*

## **78. LATEST DEVELOPMENTS**

What does it matter, dear, if you  
Don't love her as I have thought?  
I am still far from coming to  
The peace of mind I sought.

For you're in love with someone else  
Who says you are fancy-free?  
Ah, why could not that someone else  
Have happened to me!

*(April 12, 1940)*

## **79. BEREFT**

Those days are past, and you have gone  
To where I may not join you ... yet ...  
While here I stay, beloved one,  
Unable to forget.

Unable to forget the bliss  
That used to reign while you were here,  
The joy that now I have to miss,  
The love I held so dear.

Ah, could you not have waited just  
A little longer, love,  
Till I myself had turned to dust  
And joined you there above?

*(April 28, 1940)*

## **80. LUNGS**

I think that I should like to see  
My lungs in fluoroscopy --

To find the famous hilus glands  
And single out the fibrous strands;

To spot each precious cavity  
And talk of how it came to be;

To watch the graceful diaphragm  
And trace it in a diagram;

And maybe even see my own heart  
Where all my troubles seem to start!

Lungs are owned by fools like me,  
But my own lungs I may not see!

*(May 2, 1940) (With apologies to Joyce Kilmer)*

## 81. RELAPSE

When first I fell in love, my friend,  
And felt its thrilling burn,  
What pain was mine before its end!  
How much I had to learn!

And though I've grown more sensible  
And sober too since then,  
It sounds incomprehensible  
But I'm in love again!

*(May 9, 1940)*

## 82. QUIZ

Must you think I'm still in love  
With that other guy?  
Must you think he ranks above  
Someone far more high?

Aren't there ever cases when  
Love like that is through?  
Can't I love some lad again,  
And can't that lad be you?

*(May 18, 1940)*

## 83. FEMENINA

*Feminina* --- womanhood!  
What praise is hers from birth!  
Embodiment of every good,  
The toast of all the earth.

Throughout the ages in all lands  
Her virtues have been sung;  
And kingdoms had been changing hands  
Where woman's voice had rung.

What movements had her favors stirred:  
A smile, a sigh, a song --  
And all obey whate'er the word:  
The Queen can do no wrong!

Eternal puzzle of the race!  
Yet whence should manhood grieve?  
Where would be beauty, love, and grace  
Should Feminina leave?

*(July 1940) (Femenina. July 1940)*

## **84. THE GLORIOUS FOURTH**

Solemn statement weighted down  
With the cares of state,  
Wearing Fame's imperial crown,  
Symbol of the great.

Bankers dignified and grave  
Riding quickly by,  
Watchful of the charted wave  
Keen and sharp of eye;

Businessmen with cases packed  
With statements, briefs, reports;  
Spruce and well-groomed salesmen backed  
By trades of various sorts;

Grocers, farmers, workingmen  
People of all classes  
Masters of the sword, the pen,  
Men that sway the masses;

Fathers eager as their sons  
On this holiday --  
All of them were youngsters once  
Boisterous and gay.

On the nation's birthday then  
Hear them shout a cheer  
See them grow young again --  
Young in heart and spirit when  
The Glorious Fourth is here.

*(May 23, 1940) Requested)*

## **85. ELIZABETH**

*(A tribute to Mrs. Elizabeth Sayre)*

Radiant in her sphere she moves  
A queen exuding charm.  
See those captivating ways;  
See that smile so warm.

Poised, serene amid the glitter  
Of a "state affair,"  
Skillfully she fills her place  
With a regal air.

Like the true aristocrat  
Keyed to any pitch,  
She can meet on any plane  
Alike, the poor, the rich.

Yet throughout the taxing day  
Behold the tender wife!  
Blessed with such a mate, what more  
Could one ask of life?

For unshadowed by these gifts,  
Deep in her you find  
All the virtues mothers need  
To guide the growing mind.

Loving mother, tender wife,  
Diplomat in one --  
Laurels in this threefold task  
Are not always won.

Yet she holds her own with ease,  
The perfect hostess there.  
Where indeed could one be found  
More gracious and more fair?

*(May 23, 1940 Requested)*

## **86. RAVINGS**

Once upon a morning dreary while I  
pondered weak and weary  
Over many a T. B. symptom that on me  
had left its track;

While I nodded nearly napping, suddenly  
I heard a tapping  
As if someone gently rapping, rapping  
on my aching back.  
"Heaven help me now." I muttered, raving  
on about my back  
Life never seemed so black.

Ah! Distinctly I remember it was in the  
bleak December  
But my clammy perspiration seemed to ooze  
from every pore.  
Though my heart was wildly beating, "One, two,  
three," I sat repeating

Till a voice in accents fleeting sadly bade me  
count no more.  
Then I turned. I saw a figure and the spotless  
Gown it wore ---  
'Twas the doctor nothing more!

*(May 1940)*

## **87. DO NOT LEAVE ME YET**

Night will soon begin to steal  
Across the glowing sky;  
Soon enough, we'll have to feel  
The pangs of pained good-bye.

Darling, let me have you near  
Every chance I get;  
Linger just a while, my dear,  
Do not leave me yet.

Even now as here we stand  
Gazing at the hill,  
Darling, ere you take my hand  
Pause beside me still.

Soon the sky will dim above,  
Soon the sun will set;  
Linger just a while, my love,  
Do not leave me yet.

Let these moments bring to us  
Just one taste of bliss;  
'Tis not long I'll have you thus  
Close to me like this.

Soon enough I'll be alone,  
Silent with regret;  
Linger just a while, my own--  
Do not leave me yet.

*(May 27, 1940)*

## **88. THE OTHERS**

Others speak in words impassioned,  
They could fill a book  
With those lines so finely fashioned  
On that liquid look.

Though their speeches highly flatter  
Though their eyes betray them,  
What do all these praises matter  
If your eyes never say them?

*(June 13, 1940)*

## **89. SOLITARY**

I feel the loneliness descend  
Upon my grieving heart,  
While all around the shadows bend  
To watch the tears start.

The longing for you sears me through,  
'Tis more than I can bear;  
And so I turn to cling to you  
But, ah, you are not there!

*(June 25, 1941)*

## 90. RAINY NIGHT

Last night I heard the raindrops beat  
Upon my window pane,  
For all I know, some stranger might  
Have stood there in the rain,  
But unknown. I only slept --  
He would have knocked in vain.

'Tis thus my love outside your heart  
Stands waiting silently;  
And longingly I look within  
Where I would wish to be.  
But how to wake you up indeed  
And make you notice me!

*(June 26, 1940)*

## 91. COME, LAY YOUR HEAD

Come, lay your head upon my breast  
And tell me why you sorrow  
To see the day drag out and pass,  
Yet dread each new tomorrow.

Come, lay your burden down awhile  
Till weariness should fade;  
Where friendship failed to lend a hand,  
Then love perhaps shall aid.

Love, let me smooth that furrowed brow,  
And kiss your cares away  
As rain redeems the earth she loves  
And freshens it in May.

*(May 2, 1940)*

## 92. ISN'T IT A PITY?

We could be so happy walking down the passageway;  
Yes, and ah, the lovely things that we would have to say!  
I could be so steadfast, so unchanging, and so true --  
Isn't it a pity that I'm not in love with you?

You could write such tender notes to send me every day,  
You could be my hero, so romantic and so gay,  
Everything would be so grand and oh, so meant to be --  
Isn't it a pity that you are not in love with me?

We could get poetic in the evenings by the rail  
As we watched the colors of the sunset slowly fail,  
Even as we gazed upon the swallow's flight above.  
What a pity now that we are not in love!

*(July 10, 1940)*

## 93. BLEAK DAY

No sun lights up the leaden skies.  
The raindrops' monotone  
But it serves it seems to emphasize  
I am alone.

I watch it die, the weary day,  
My heart is silent, numb.  
The world is bleak and wet and gray --  
He did not come!

*(July 10, 1940)*

## 94. FAITHFUL

She worships at her dead love's shrine  
And fails to see about her  
Two other hearts as good, as fine--  
Yet incomplete without her.

The one could bring her so much joy  
And as it, oh, so gladly;  
The other is a loveless boy  
Who needs her love so badly.

The call of each will never dim;  
She only has to heed it.  
But, no, she gives her love to him  
Who no longer needs it.

*(August 18, 1940)*

## 95. REPLY

You seem to think that she did not care  
To cast on you a second glance,  
And that she never chose to share  
With you some bright romance.

That these were false, you never guessed,  
Nor would she show that you possessed  
Far greater chances than the rest  
Since you could please her best.

Your late reproaches now contend  
She never cared for you a bit;  
How could she take your heart, my friend?  
You never offered it!

*(August 21, 1940)*

## 96. CASE HISTORY

With my heart so close to breaking  
From a love about to end,  
Was there any harm in taking  
Consolation from a friend?

He was kind and deeply tender,  
Even gave his heart to me  
Till I almost did surrender  
Mine with lasting loyalty.

Then did Peace begin to flower  
All the days were calm and sweet  
Till you came with all your power,  
Sweeping me off my feet.

There was magic in your laughter;  
You were different, I knew.  
Oh, those lads whom you came after --  
How could they compare with you?

So I'll always dream about you,  
Sing your name in every song,  
Feel that life is dead without you  
Till the next love comes along!

*(Sept. 30, 1940)*

## 97. MORE THAN WINE

You think yourself a worthless boy  
Whom love chose to desert,  
Unable to bring to others joy  
And giving only hurt.

Dear lad, you know not how you cheer  
And lift this heart of mine;  
Your laughter I have found more dear  
Than other people's wine.

*(November 4, 1940)*

## **98. CHRISTMAS –QUEZON INSTITUTE**

In the wards when it's Christmas, how happy we are--  
With the windows all dressed with lantern and star,  
And the doorways arrayed with all colors of lights  
That warm up and brighten the coldest of nights.  
Glad carols are chorused and gay laughter rings out,  
And merry young voices are heard all about  
As fir trees are decked out to shimmer and shine  
With glittering trimmings of every design.  
Quick fingers fly faster, the more Christmas calls,  
As flowers are turned out to dress up the halls.  
There are garlands and wreaths with ribbons a-flying  
To tell the world that the old year is dying.\*\*\*

Amidst miniature hillsides and pastures once green  
Where shepherds at rest with their flocks can be seen,  
A stable is built with meticulous care  
And our Lord in His manger lies quietly there.  
And hands that are tender and loving and sure  
Arrange this old Play that will always endure,  
As Joseph and Mary take their places around  
And the beast and the lamb go to sleep on the ground.

\*\*\*

All about is the magic of clothes that are new  
As the light feet trip out when the small tasks are through  
To a program of music and dances galore  
So delightful you find yourself asking for more.  
Till skyrockets and fireworks illumine the sky

And trace their weird colors and patterns on high  
Ah, but that isn't all; there is more the next day,  
There are games then and prizes to be carried away.  
And from then till The Day—ah, what there is to eat!  
To down all the goodies would be quite, quite a feat!  
There are apples and nuts; there are raisins and candy,  
And, oh, everything else that makes eating so dandy;  
Then the grand Christmas dinner the finishing touch--  
What is Christmas indeed without dinners and such?

\*\*\*

In the wards when it's Christmas, how happy we are,  
For kindness pours in from near and from far!  
And prayers are lifted to heaven above—  
Glad prayers of praise, of thanksgiving, and love!

*(November 4, 1940)*

## **99. FADE-OUT**

And now I come to learn by chance  
That you are in love once more,  
That you had found a new romance,  
A new girl to adore.

I shall not think of your eyes meeting  
Her eyes instead of mine,  
Nor of her learning your repeating  
Those words that were mine.

I shall not sigh if friends should mention  
Your name when I am there,  
And when we meet again, no tension  
Shall charge the quiet air.

I shall not let you see me mourn  
Nor show how much it matters;

And smiles shall hide those hopes forlorn,  
Those dreams now torn to tatters.

I shall not let the least hint fall  
Of mem'ries so many;  
In fact, I'll show no grief at all  
Because I don't feel any!

*(November 19, 1940)*

## **100. LOVE SONG**

Love, let me rest in your embrace,  
My head upon your heart,  
Your kisses warm upon my face  
In ecstasy, sweetheart.

And when you whisper, let me hear  
The tender accents fall  
In terms of fullest love, sincere,  
Unchanged till Death would call.

Ah, hold me, dearest, hold me close,  
And gaze upon me thus!  
'Tis then my dreaming being knows  
What dreams mean to us.

*(November 29, 1940)*

## **101. PAST AND PRESENT**

The winds are at play once again  
In the streets and the park  
And the leaves are dancing around  
The fragments of paper are whirled  
In a mad turntable  
Ere they flutter at last to the ground.

And my thoughts seem to turn to a  
scene on a similar day  
When happiness filled me through  
And my heart in its joy seemed to dance  
With the winds at the thought  
Of a long cherished dream come true.

By now it would seem I should  
choose to think of the past  
To muse on the joys that I knew  
But why should I care to dream of  
the past, beloved  
When I have the present and you!

*(December 6, 1940)*

## **102. FROM THE DEPTHS**

None to thrill me with his presence  
Give my heart that burst of speed.  
Boredom mounts and never lessens--  
Life is dull indeed.

None to dream of or moon over,  
None to scribble verses to,  
None to call my love, my lover--  
Oh, for someone new!

*(January 5, 1941)*

## **103. LET ME WEEP**

Let me weep! My heart is broken,  
For he said to me  
Every word he could have spoken  
Except three.

Long I angled, hoped and waited  
For that brief refrain,  
Even had him almost baited ---  
All in vain!

Let her weep till her grief is ended;  
Let her feel the pow'rs .  
Anyway her heart gets mended,  
In twenty-four hours!

*(January 22, 1941)*

## **104. FROM A WHEELCHAIR**

Oh, the green grass and the blue skies--  
How bright they look today!  
I long to dance with the butterflies  
But I can't run out to play.

I sit in my chair with motionless feet  
And finger the railings near by,  
And gaze at the children nimble and fleet  
As away on their races they fly.

The bee at the flowers beneath me hums  
As he thinks of the wealth he has won,  
And a gay breeze laden with perfume comes  
To lure me out to the sun.

But I sit on my chair the whole day long  
And think of that far-off day  
When I shall be well and sound and strong  
And can run and dance and play.

*(No date)*

## 105. LEAN ON ME

You never talk about your cares to me  
Nor mention how  
The worries etch those lines so cruelly  
Upon your brow.

I know naught of the burdens small or great  
You have to bear  
Alone; your shoulders carry all that weight.  
Have I no share?

Although your mood be low some dreary day,  
'Tis soon reversed;  
'Tis not I who drives your gloom away --  
You do it first.

If but I knew each patience-preying mess  
Your troubles start,  
Then maybe I could sooth your weariness  
Or cheer your heart.

But no -- no hint that anything went wrong  
That day or this;  
You'd have me think that life is a perfect song:  
Nothing amiss.

*(No date)*

## 106. REPORT

Placid and peaceful, this life of seclusion;  
Sorrow or hurt there is none.  
Love with its torment and pain and illusion --  
With all of it I am done.

Gone are the griefs that could wound me so keenly  
Gone all the doubt and the fear  
Now does my eye meets each new day serenely,  
Free from the furtive tear.

Now all those tearing emotions are ended,  
Comfort and rest can I get.  
Time may be slow but it leaves your heart mended  
Skillfully nurtured and set.

Radiant aloft is the dove of peace soaring;  
Quiet and calm is my station.  
Quiet and calm and fearfully boring --  
Oh, for a new flirtation!

*(September 11, 1941) (Graphic, September 11, 1941)*

## **107. SOMETHING MUST BE DONE ABOUT IT**

Along they come, the lads you'd love,  
'Twere better to ignore them;  
They follow in the footsteps of  
The ones who came before them.

For soon there's one who'd come around  
More often than the rest;  
There's something seems to keep him bound  
And hold his interest.

And then one day his words are low  
And hesitantly spoken,  
He wants to speak of love -- I know  
By every sign and token.

But soon, too soon, I see the clue  
His hesitation spells;

He starts to speak of love, 'tis true,  
Of love with someone else!

He raves of her whom he would gain;  
What subject would be dearer?  
Alas, I must perforce remain  
The sympathetic hearer!

It seems to be the common slant  
Of many a likely mister.  
They only want a confidante  
And tr-r-ea-t me like a sister!

*(August 19, 1941)*

## **108. CONFESSION**

Yes, my dear I love you--  
Though goodness knows how hard  
I tried to keep this heart of mine  
Forever under guard!

I firmly tried to feel that you  
And I were only friends--  
Close friends, perhaps, but nothing quite  
Beyond the usual trends.

I kept denying to myself  
That what I felt was love,  
Only to find that it was you  
I keep on dreaming of!

I said I merely liked you, dear,  
Believing it was true;  
But ere the truth could dawn on me,  
I fell in love with you!

On second thought, I don't see how  
It otherwise could be  
When you're the best, the finest man  
In all the world to me!

(June 22, 193)

## SONGS I WISH YOU KNEW

### Sonnet I. RETURN

I walked today along a shady lane  
Where you and I in other days had strolled;  
Again I heard the birds in glad refrain,  
Again I saw the fields in green and gold.  
I thought to find the place meant naught to me;  
'Twas but a passing fancy you and I  
Had shared; 'twas but a happy dream to be  
Forgotten after we had said good-bye.

I slowly passed each landmark that we knew  
Till, near your home, I felt my pulses race  
But that I told myself, was merely due  
To this return to some familiar place.  
And then I saw you -- and my heart declared  
Our love was real -- we had *always* cared.

(June 11, 1937) (*Tribune*, March 5, 1939)

## **Sonnet II. LET ME GAZE INTO YOUR EYES**

Let me gaze into your eyes and read  
The messages of love they hold for me;  
What use have we for language when the need  
Is filled by looks for love's fond eyes to see?  
I see the glorious radiance rise, my love,  
Within your eyes. What more could be desired?  
Let raptured silence reign! Your eyes, my love,  
Are far more eloquent than tongue inspired.

What words can frame the boundless fire  
That love creates within the youthful breast?  
Let bard sing forth, let lyrist tune his lyre—  
These seem but weak, inadequate at best.  
In ecstasy the minutes come and go  
When your eyes tell me *all* I want to know.

*(April 5, 1938)*

## **Sonnet III. FORGET ALL TIES**

Forget all ties that ever bound us, dear,  
No vows, no shackles hold you to my side;  
Let not a sense of duty keep you near--  
Forget our dreams, our hopes, ungratified.  
You are free to take what other friends may give  
To seek the joys of life, and have your fill;  
And though my heart would ache to see you leave,  
I will not hold you here against your will.

Fate should lead some other love, to find  
Your heart and set it once again on fire,  
I only ask that Fate to you be kind --  
Your happiness is all that I desire.  
But if, like mine, your love has never changed,  
Come back ... forget we ever were estranged.

*(April 13, 1938)*

#### **Sonnet IV. SPEAK NOT**

Speak not to me of great reception halls  
Where stately ladies walk with stately men;  
Speak not to me of dancing long at balls  
Nor revelry till goodness knows but when.  
I would not hear of how an endless round  
Of parties, concerts, shows--all rest forgot--  
Is heaven. No, those pleasures find me bound;  
They are not mine to taste. I know them not.

But speak to me of quiet, calm repose  
When I may think and give my thoughts free play,  
Explore each nook imagination knows,  
And roam the world a million times a day.  
Then shall my soul find joyful hours alone  
When all is mine that fancy bids me own.

*(August 7, 1938)*

#### **Sonnet V. BEFORE WE MEET AGAIN**

We parted friends, though more than friendship had  
Between us flourished -- young, alive, aglow;  
Yet when we ended all, we sanely said  
There would be no regrets, no tears to show.  
Then gradually it seemed that, after all,  
Your love, though hidden, had not ceased to grow;  
Perhaps you sometimes dreamed in fond recall  
Of all those happy hours we used to know.

And now how soon we are to meet again!  
How shall it be? Shall we be casual friends?  
A mere hello, no ling'ring pressure when  
With studied smiles we shake each other's hands?  
How much I'd give to know what really lies  
Within your heart beneath that calm disguise!

*(August 8, 1938)*

### Sonnet VI. LET LOVE SPEAK

Somehow it's disappointing, dear, to get  
Your weekly letters. Do you wonder why?  
I eagerly await them all, and yet  
When they arrive, they hardly satisfy.  
You merely write about the things you read,  
The shows you see, a slant or two on art;  
It seems you never pay the slightest heed  
To what you know is in my heart.

Before you left, your eyes spoke of love sincere.  
I longed to hear the words you would not state;  
I knew you loved me; yet, while you were here,  
Your lips seemed sealed--I thought that Love could wait.  
I've waited since and still you're all I seek;  
So, darling, in your letters, let love speak.

*(October 1, 1938)*

### Sonnet VII. YOU'VE ALWAYS KNOWN

You've always known the most delightful thing  
To say to me when compliments were due.  
You'd say it, I suppose, because you knew  
The smile, the flush of pleasure it would bring.  
Such phrases always make my young heart sing;  
The way you said them always thrilled me thru;  
And for a time I felt that they were true  
Until it seemed your love had taken wing.

You have not ceased to say them, yet, how could  
You mean them if, indeed your love were fled!  
If you declare them just because you should,  
If you no longer feel the love that bred  
Those compliments. then don't you think it would  
Be far more kind to leave them now unsaid?

*(April 30, 1939)*

### Sonnet VIII. NOCTURNE

All night, dear heart, when I have gone to bed  
And only soothing darkness meets my view,  
While silent hours pass with measured tread,  
I'd be awake and fondly think of you.  
Into my store of memories I reach  
And, one by one, go over them again,  
Reliving all the ecstasies of each--  
Ah, love, what happiness we tasted then!

Perhaps 'tis foolish to be thinking thus  
Of dreams I should have buried long ago;  
Yet, if those dreams could not come true for us,  
These tender memories--must they also go?  
Still let me cherish them in fond review  
They're all that I have left of love and you.

*(May 19, 1939)*

### Sonnet IX. UNCERTAINTY

It has been ages since I saw you last,  
Since last I heard your voice I love so well;  
It has been eons since that day long past  
When, love, you took my hand in brief farewell.  
You knew it would be weeks ere we, anew,  
Could have more hours like those to call our own;  
And yet, no word, no message came from you--  
You did not even call me on the phone.

I count the days and, in surprise, I find  
'Tis no more a month since last you came--  
A month of always having you in mind  
And wond'ring if your love remained the same.  
I long to see you--yet for all I know,  
I may have really lost you long ago.

*(May 24, 1939)*

### Sonnet X. TODAY

Today when you're so far beyond my reach,  
And there is not the slightest chance for me,  
I can adore you--fondly dwell on each  
Remembered hope, each wish that could not be.  
I can, in fancy, whisper now each name,  
Each word I never dared to say to you,  
Or weave the wildest dreams that I could frame  
They cannot hurt--I know they won't come true.

No search into the future will reveal  
That you, dear one, might still be meant for me;  
I'll never let you know the way I feel--  
I know too well how hopeless that would be.  
But I can worship freely at your shrine  
For disappointment cannot now be mine.

*(September 2, 1939)*

### Sonnet XI. KISMET

If I had met you earlier--who knows?--  
It might be me you would be loving now,  
And she whom you now love be no more close  
To you than friendship only would allow.  
Instead, the situation stands reversed:  
For her your gaze, for me a passing glance.  
What might have happened had I met you first?  
For futures hinge on simple circumstance!

Perhaps if I should try, I still might touch  
Your heart and even enter through the door;  
For since she cannot love you half as much  
As I, she surely cannot need you more!  
Yet I must stand by, helpless to the end--  
The "other person" has to be my friend.

*(October 4, 1939)*

## Sonnet XII. CAMOUFLAGE

If I were not compelled to see you thus  
With someone else, I would have less to bear,  
And freed from seeing two that are not us,  
I might sometimes forget how much I care.  
But, ah, how often there indeed you stand--  
The two of you--within full sight of me,  
Oblivious wholly of the world at hand--  
Each other's eyes the only things you see!

I may not even show the slightest sign  
That these emotions surge within my heart,  
Nor hint by word or look what pain is mine  
To see you both within a world apart.  
But I must take it gamely on the chin  
And laugh as though it did not hurt within!

*(October 11, 1939)*

## Sonnet XIII. YOU HAVE TO GO

You have to go. We must accept the truth  
And bravely smile the while we separate,  
Content we had this much, at least, of youth  
And happiness before it was too late.  
It would not be so hard to bear if I  
Were certain that this were merely "Au revoir."  
It may mean more -- perhaps it means good-bye...  
The roads are so uncertain where we are!

Then let me take one last long look at you --  
Your eyes that always had so much to tell,  
Your brow, your chin that courage always knew,  
Your lips that even now must say farewell --  
That on my heart I may imprint your face,  
A living image nothing can erase.

*(November 1, 1939)*

**Sonnet XIV. AS SHORT AND SWIFT**

As short and swift as ever days could be  
Were those that touched my life with yours this Fall.  
How well I know how those days meant to me!  
Could they have meant the same to you at all?  
Could they have meant the pleasure hours through,  
Of seeing, talking with, and being near  
To one you'd only chanced to meet, but who  
Had suddenly, disturbingly, grown dear?

I wonder if you ever miss me now  
That you have gone, the way I miss you too.  
Or if at times you find you wish somehow  
Within your heart that I were there with you.  
I wonder if you ever wonder too  
If I myself relive those days with you!

*(November 12, 1939)*

**Sonnet XV. SHOULD ANY MESSAGE COME**

Should any message come from you today,  
It won't be much--perhaps a line or two.  
I know I cannot hope to hear you say  
The things that I would love to say to you.  
Perhaps I'll never hear you whisper low  
In tender tones, "I think of you so much."  
Nor ever hear you say, "I love you so!"  
As matters stand, how could I hope for such?

I only hope I brought to you, my dear,  
Some sunshine, even for only a day,  
So you could take along as souvenir  
Some pleasant memory to tuck away.  
To know I meant that much to you at least,  
Is full reward for all that I have missed.

*(November 4, 1939)*

### **Sonnet XVI. I SEE A COUPLE**

I see a couple at the altar stand  
Exchanging vows to last until they die;  
And after they are one, he takes her hand  
They turn. The man is you, the woman, I.  
The years roll on to show a cozy home  
Within I sit, the children at my feet,  
With peace and love and joy to call our own,  
And you, my love, to make my world complete.

And yet why do I indulge in dreaming so,  
In fancies that might never come to be  
When, more than anybody else, I know  
How unattainable you are to me?  
I keep on reaching for the moon above  
When I have naught to win it with but love!

*(November 25, 1939)*

### **Sonnet XVII. WHAT GLORIOUS DREAMS I KNOW**

What gorgeous dreams I know I could create  
Concerning us with love to show the way;  
What happiness I could anticipate  
If I were sure you could be mine someday!  
And yet when my imagination tries,  
As it so often does, to dwell on you,  
I stop it there, for that way madness lies.  
What chance have dreams like these of coming true?

Attempting thus to quiet eager hope  
And bring my hungry longing to a close,  
Repeatedly I limit fancy's scope  
And gently turn away dreams like those.  
Then joy shall reach perfection undisguised  
If, after all, they should be realized.

*(Contradictory to Sonnet X)*  
*(November 30, 1939)*

**Sonnet XVIII. I WATCH THE PLACE**

I watch the place where you are wont to pass,  
In hopes, my dear, that when you come into view,  
I may receive the honor that I class  
As high -- a greeting and a smile from you;  
A greeting and a smile in your eye  
The kind regard they are the symbols of.  
How much I prize that kindness! Not that I  
Expect it to develop into love.

I know that there are many in your crowd  
Who offer you so much of what I can't,  
That there are others well endowed  
With anything that one like you could want.  
    With such a fine array at your command,  
    Why should you care at all to seek my hand?

*(December 9, 1939)*

**Sonnet XIX. IMPOTENT**

With just a handshake and some witty jest  
We'll part as ordinary friends would part;  
And I shall stand there leaving unexpressed  
The love that must be hidden in my heart.  
If it were not so useless to reveal  
My feelings, I'd have done so long before;  
But no -- 'tis plain to see that all you feel  
For me is simply friendship, nothing more.

Perhaps you'll hurry down the steps, and I  
Shall linger at the window in the hall  
To see you wave a nonchalant good-bye,  
If you will ever turn to wave at all.  
    And, impotent, I shall be waiting there  
    While you will go, not knowing that I care!

*(December 29, 1939)*

**Sonnet XX. PERHAPS**

Perhaps it was your warmth, your eagerness,  
Your quick response that made me think you cared.  
Perhaps what I took for tenderness  
Was nothing but the sympathy you dared.  
At any rate, cold Reason did not speak --  
To warn my heart it was not so at all;  
And soon my rising hopes reached the peak  
Where, unsustained, what could they do but fall?

Surveying now the tragic wreck, I find  
There was no one else but me to blame.  
Perhaps it was your way of being kind;  
No fault is yours, I love you just the same.  
I thought you cared, my dear, but I was wrong;  
'Twas only an illusion all along.

*(January 18, 1940)*

**EYES THAT SEE NOT - A TRIAD**

**Sonnet XXI. ONE**

I see the upward sweep your lashes take  
When suddenly you lift your eyes to mine,  
Surprising me ere I can even make  
My gaze remote or dim its telltale shine.  
In wild confusion I can only smile,  
Embarrassed, as I seek some swift disguise,  
Half-fearing yet half hoping all the while  
That you have read the secret in my eyes!

But as I tautly wait for you to say  
Whatever words will break the sheer suspense,  
You go on speaking in the usual way  
Not even dreaming that I am so tense.  
    You mean so much to me--I love you so--  
    But this you do not know, you do not know!

*(March 5, 1940)*

### **Sonnet XXII. TWO**

I welcome every chance to look at you,  
To study every feature on your face  
When you're not looking -- when you scan the view  
Or when you simply gaze off into space.  
My eyes soon seek your lips and linger there  
Until, as I have often done before,  
I wonder with a kind of calm despair  
When they will utter what I am waiting for.

I know I would not have the chance to feast  
My eyes on you if you observed me more;  
Yet if you did, would that not mean at least  
That I meant more to you than heretofore?  
    Perhaps 'tis just as well you do not know it,  
    For if you cared at all, you'd try to show it.

*(March 12, 1940)*

### Sonnet XXIII. THREE

The right technique would be for me to stem  
My feelings till you're ready to advance,  
Instead of recklessly betraying them  
In every little act, in every glance.  
Aware of this, I firmly start to sham  
An air of light indifference to you,  
And then, before I know it, there I am --  
Committing every single thing anew!

How often have I thus confessed my love!  
A thousand times perhaps, I cannot say;  
That ought to be enough but -- stars above!  
Why can't you, *won't* you, see I feel this way!  
Are you so proof indeed to every wile  
Or have you really known it all the while?

*(March 13, 1940)*

### Sonnet XXIV. GOOD NIGHT

Good night, my love, wherever you may be,  
Wherever in that distant twinkling maze  
Of roofs and lights night finds you far from me--  
So far beyond my aching yearning gaze.  
Across this vastness separating us  
The city lies, of which you are a part.  
Ah, happy city to be able thus  
To hold you clasped, enfolded to its heart!

Sweet dreams to you, my love, and may I dream  
The very dreams that touch your sleep tonight.  
So might we meet in dreams whose only theme  
Is one brief heaven ere the night takes flight.  
Good night, my love. Though I but breathe each word,  
May they tonight within your heart be heard.

*(February 8, 1940)*

### **Sonnet XXV. COME, MY LOVE**

Come, my love! It has been long enough  
That you have stayed away. I miss you so!  
And Time, I find it, is not strong enough  
To break the ties our hearts have come to know.  
I must behold you near me once again,  
And though your stay be brief, I won't complain.  
Just let me see you soon! Reunion, then,  
Will seem the sweeter after all this pain.

If only you could halfway realize  
What keen, yet patient, longing I have known  
To see your face again, to see your eyes--  
You would not tarry while I grieved alone.  
Come, my love, I shall be stronger then  
To bear your absence till you come again.

*(May 4, 1940)*

### **Sonnet XXVI. SURRENDER**

In full acknowledgment of sweet defeat  
That comes when woman finds, at last, she cares,  
With eager eyes I offer at your feet  
This heart of mine with all the love it bears.  
My lord, you need not even ask for it.  
Before you, here it lies, yours for the taking,  
And if its fullness break it bit by bit,  
Its end were served were you the cause for breaking.

It seems the very act of loving you  
Can bring such boundless happiness, can breed  
Such joy exceeding all I ever knew--  
That it becomes a privilege indeed!  
The world may know my love is all for you.  
I do not care--I only know 'tis true.

*(July 30, 1940)*

**Sonnet XXVII. I SEARCH YOUR MANNER**

I search your manner for the slightest sign  
That you at least have noticed what I feel,  
Convinced, somehow, you could not but divine  
What I have made no effort to conceal.  
In mingled hope and sharp anxiety,  
Not even knowing what I wish to view;  
I search those eyes of yours that seem to see  
All but the heart I mutely offer you.

But since you do not choose to take it up,  
And deep within your bosom give it rest,  
I sigh the sighs that seem to fill my cup  
And fold the hands your too brief touch has blessed.  
And turn to Fancy for that kiss divine  
From lips that I may not feel on mine.

*(July 31, 1940)*

**Sonnet XXVIII. YOU CAME**

You came with all the sudden pleasure wrought  
By swift surprise--a gift to me no less--  
And for one breathtaking moment brought  
A world of sunshine to my loneliness.  
Then like two ships that in mid-ocean cross  
And greet each other, nevermore to meet,  
Our lives diverged--with who shall know what loss--  
Destined for shores where other oceans beat.

Had Time but granted us our one desire  
To sing a longer song, love might have found us;  
And hand in hand, with such a blessed fire,  
What worlds we might have glorified around us!  
But we were meant to meet but once somehow;  
The gap between us only widens now.

*(September 22, 1940)*

**Sonnet XXIX. TODAY I CHANCED TO LEARN**

Today I chanced to learn from other lips  
What once I longed to hear from yours so much:  
The words that would have thrown into eclipse  
My previous joys which had not known your touch.  
I learned you loved me once!...And now, alone,  
I hold this tardy secret to the light  
And merely shrug my shoulders, pleased to own  
Indifference is all it can excite.

But in a rush, my memories come thronging:  
The haunting thoughts of you that knew no pause,  
The wishes unfulfilled, the heartsick longing;  
And dream-deep gladness fills my soul because  
I know that once, in other days more blest,  
I ruled supreme the heart within your breast.

*(No date)*

## PICTURES OF SOLEDAD



Soledad at 18, 1936



In the yard of Mother's ancestral home in Laoag



At the corridor in Quezon Institute in 1942, her last picture



At the stairs in a cottage in Bagiuo



Soledad (x) in a Sailor's Dance, in a UP program, 1935



Soledad and I, 1938



Left, Soledad posing for a picture to send home for Christmas

These are the surviving photos of my sister Soledad "Choleng" Juan, who died of tuberculosis in 1942, after having been evicted by the invading Japanese from the Quezon Institute Hospital.

Among her other published poems, more were found to have been scribbled in a notebook that was kept by a friend.

Avelina Juan Gil

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