

Sue

4 poems for my sister



by Bill Eberle

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Bill Eberle



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Cover Photo

Molyneaux July 15, 2003 Camden, Maine © 2003, 2023 William C. Eberle

Fujifilm FinePix S602 ZOOM, 1/640 sec, f/3.2, 21.8 mm

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for

my sister Sue

who died in 2007

on the night of the last full moon of summer

Forward

I don't write poetry. Something inside of me that is related to poetry but earlier, more primitive, takes a hold of me and shakes me and takes me for a ride. The only way I can keep from falling off is to write, parse, push, feel, play, and reach . . . and keep putting words on paper until it's over, and the ride ends. Then I get to take a deep breath, remember some of the music from the trance I was in, and try to wrap my simple heart and brain around what is left - some words on paper. What is amazing to me is what I've learned from all of these experiences, that the spark for all of the poems that have come out of me is always love, a desire to tell someone I care about something inexpressible and wonderful, something worth remembering.

Bill Eberle

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The first poem describes something that happened one fall night in 2007 when I was mourning ... and dancing.

Sue	1
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Art: *Perhaps* and *Perhaps 2* © 2009, 2023 William C. Eberle

clear image	2
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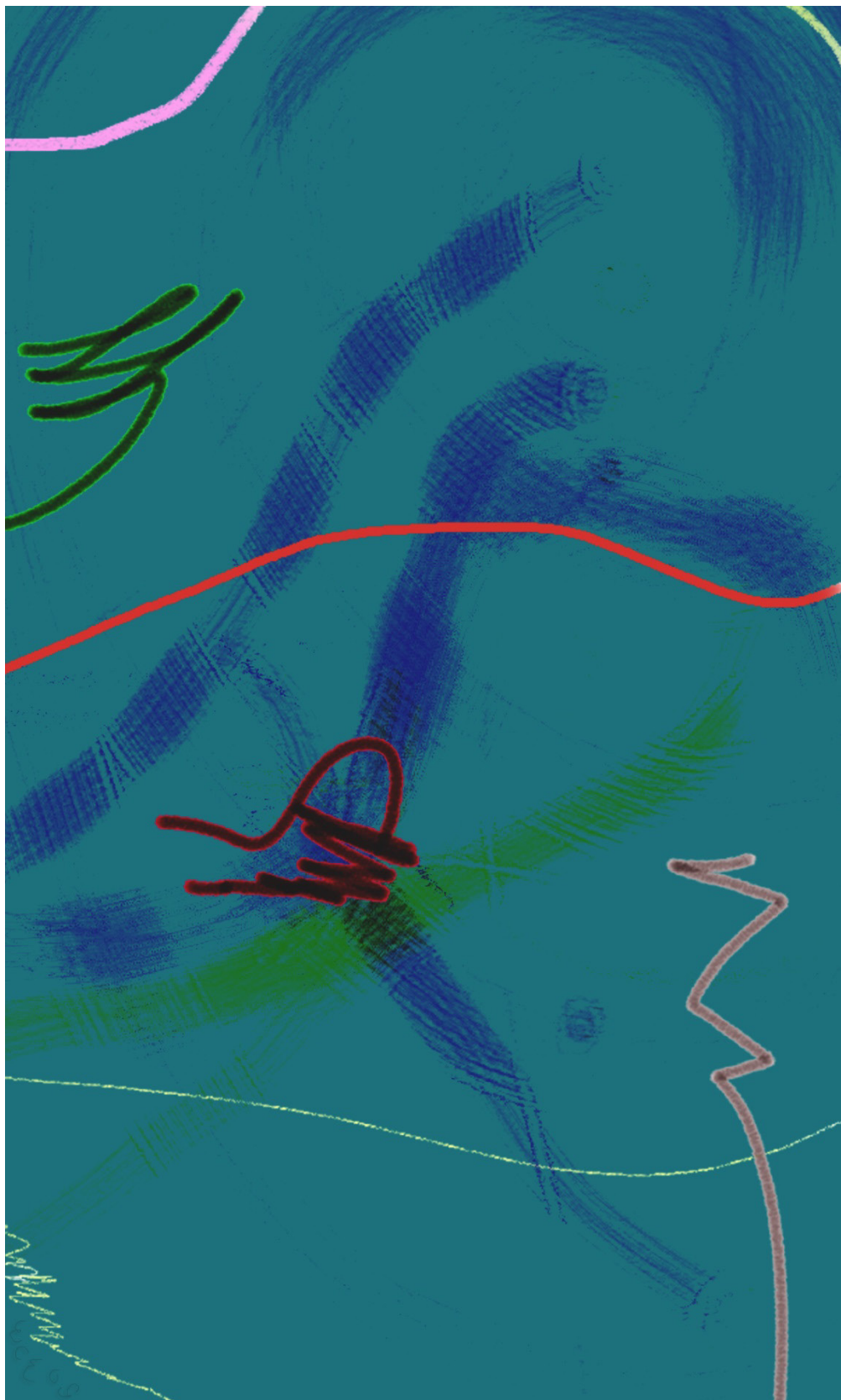
it's all in what you believe	3
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Sue,

The following poem is true because of what I saw in you, your courage and your love. It makes no difference whether you live longer or I do.

You are my guide, conscious and unconscious, because of the courage, simple will, and deep love I recognized and honored in you.

Oh Sue	4
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Sue

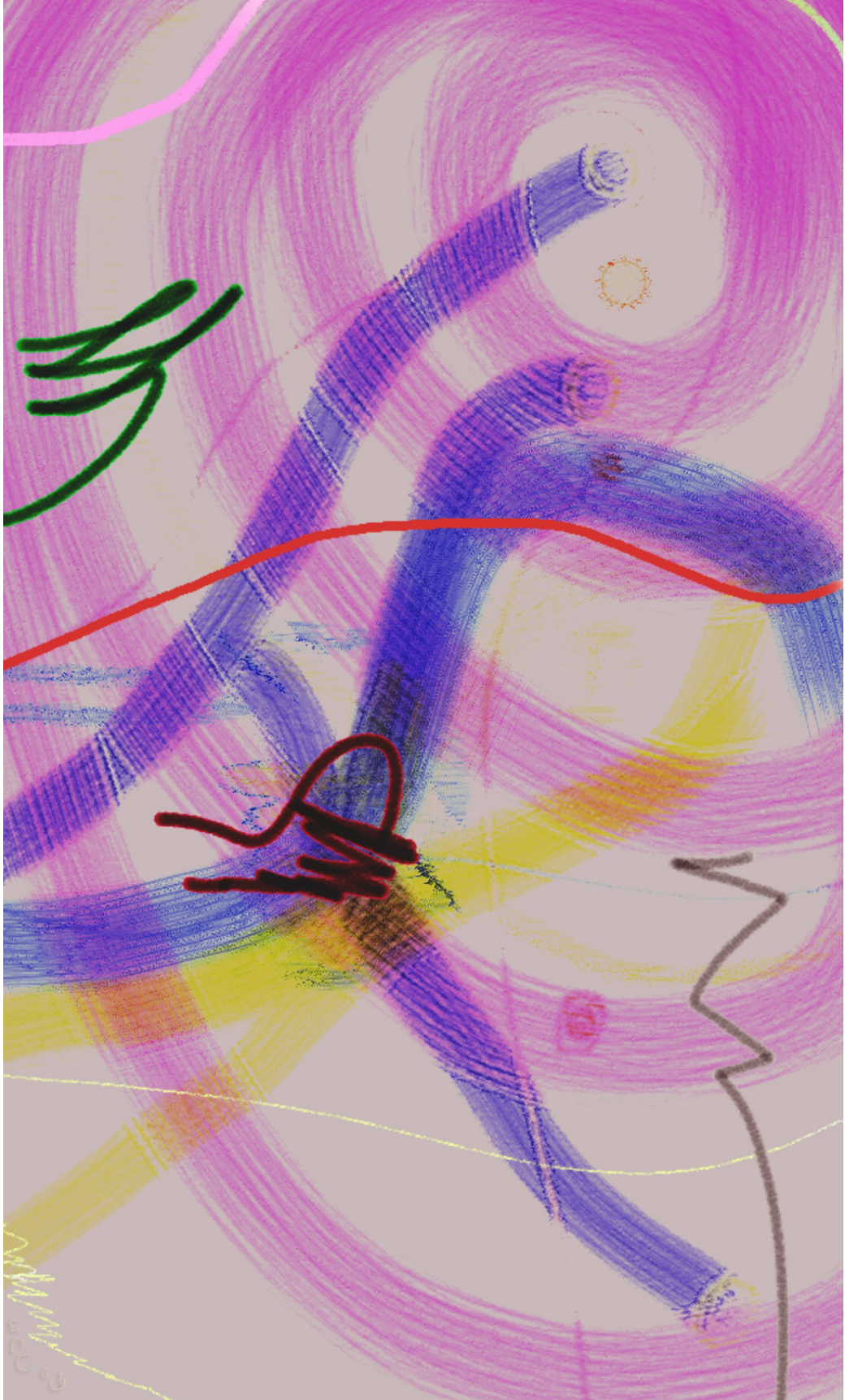
I reached for you
dancing
Samba NGO out of the Congo
my feet flying
arms reaching and
the blend of the music
shaped me to reach up to you

Can't Stop Now
Eddie Shaw Chicago
I was dancing like crazy
and you and the rest of the Universe
were in my moving bones
It felt so good
can't stop now

At the beginning I reached up for you
then at the end
Forbidden Forest first song
one of the quiet parts
I was twirling
arms up in a slow spin
and there you were
your face
and then your whole presence
floating down

all of you
went through me
something I knew
and I was dancing

Thank you



clear image

clear image
sharp lines
I looked into your eyes
and saw so far in
what I was seeing went on forever
came around
entered the back of my head
and I saw with that seeing
too
multiplied
and you looked into my eyes
without wavering
true heart
my sister
Sue

Summer 2007

it's all in what you believe

it's all in what you believe
if you can believe that
all in what you believe
some people know
and some don't

It's delicate, always shifting
and the strongest thing you know

All of you in all of that

Experts say you're dying
you have cancer in your lungs
your skull your spine maybe your liver
your lymph nodes
whatever
looking at pictures of pictures
saying what they believe
about these mysteries in you

It's all in what you believe

Do you believe your will
or them
or both
delicate shifting
and absolute
there's a groove in you
that you know is true
a way past everything
through all that is terrible
and all that is wonderful

It's all in what you believe

Summer 2007

Oh Sue

Oh Sue
when I'm dying
if I'm conscious
I'll be thinking of you
my guide

Unconscious
bright filaments
which bind me
to you
weaving
our existence
singing peace
lifting me
up and out
and through

Summer 2007

Thank you

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