

Sue

8 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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Updated PDF Edition

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for

my sister Sue

who died in 2007

on the night of the last full moon of summer

Forward

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. Even great sorrows and difficulties are worthy of poetry and wonderful – they are true paths to compassion, acceptance, understanding and gratitude.

Bill Eberle

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

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Sue	1
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Art: *it might be* © 2009, 2023 William C. Eberle

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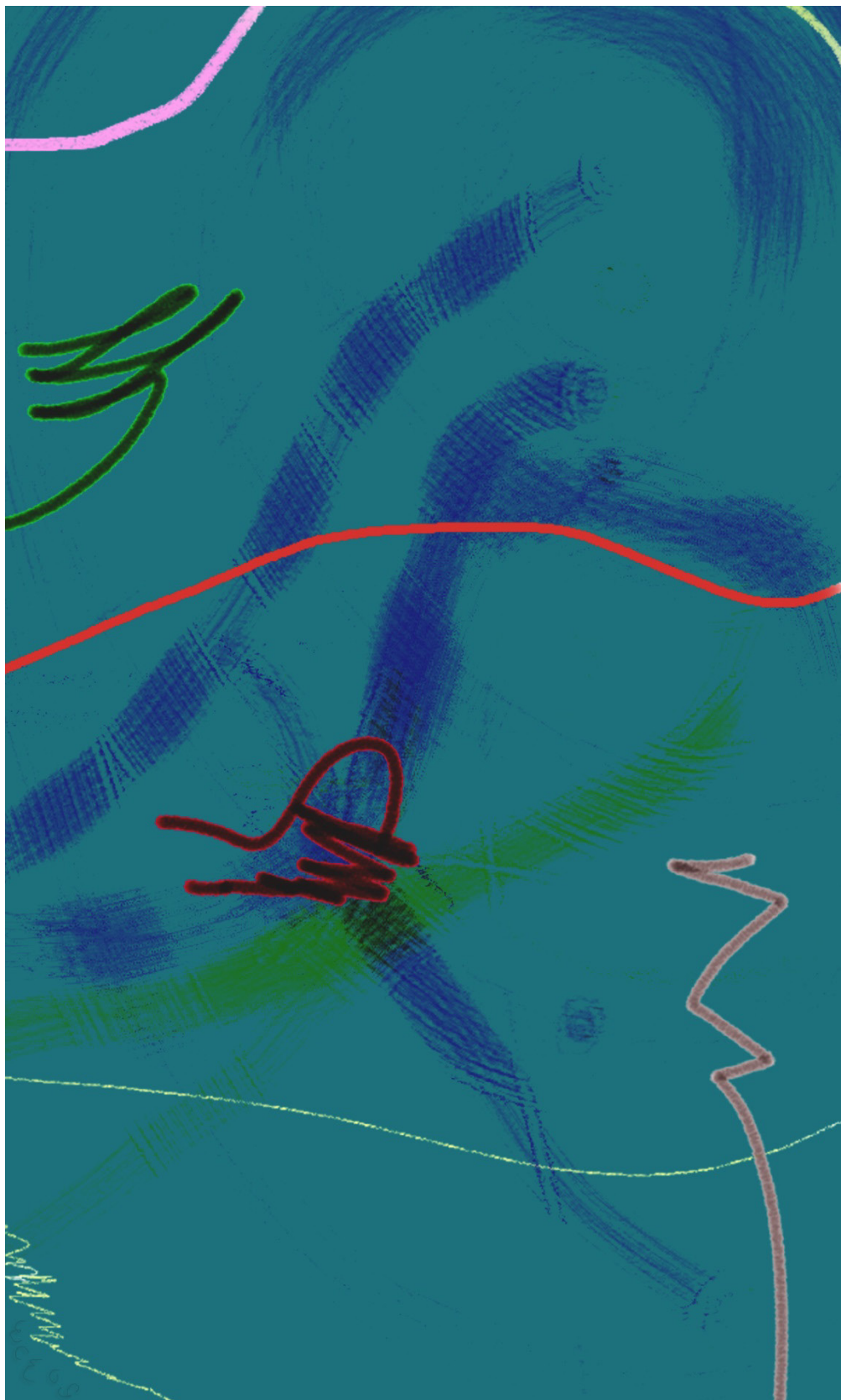
Sue,

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

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

Oh Sue	8
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Art: *perhaps 2* © 2009, 2023 William C. Eberle



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

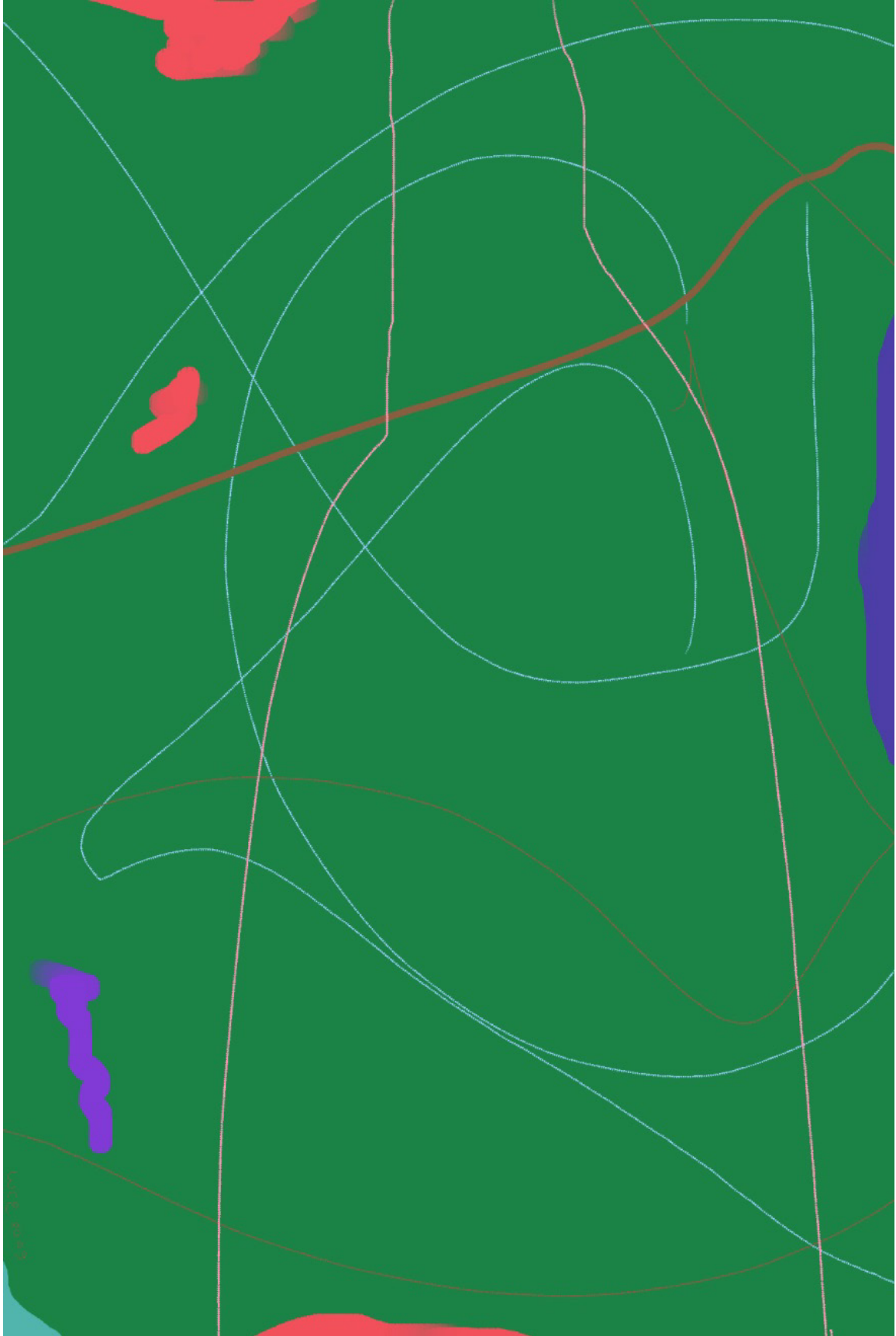
Thank you

Fall 2007

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

But I sure do

I know it's childish
and I don't believe it
but I sure do wish it

my most hoped for
prayer

not possible
probably

but hoped for
felt deep

like all the human
cells
and all the microorganisms
which are my greater
part
are feeling
and hoping
for this foolish
wish
to be true

like we're all
on the same
wave

I can imagine it

dream it

...

I die

and there

they all are

everyone

I most want to

see

each one knowing

how much I

love them

and I'm there

with them

and there is no

end

I know it's childish

and I don't believe it

but I sure do wish it

November 6, 2012

Again

Sue
the second time
I saw you
clearly
after you died
I was dancing

Again in my movements
and in my thoughts
I was reaching up to you
and quietly, softly
gently

There you were

More than five years
have passed

You were farther
away
this time
but your light
and love were
even brighter
and I saw you

saw the reality
you had become
in my consciousness
in the distance
more clearly

It is weeks later now
I was awake long before the sun
would come
around
to this part of earth
where the body
encompassing
my thoughts

still lives

I woke several hours ago
and read about the physics
that makes flight possible

and then
to try to sleep again
I put the words aside
lay down again
and visualized
seeking to ungrasp
all thoughts
and meditate
to a state of blissful
nothingness
and sleep

In the beginning
soft images
and revelations of the miracles
I had been reading about
and wanting to understand
completely
in my muscles and nerves
as well as my mind

*actual images flowing
past me
with my existence as a simple mind
floating in*

thoughts emotions visions

*created by my soft intentions
of letting go*

*and experiencing knowledge
and then no knowledge
directly*

folded into the substance

of life and awareness
of being awake
relaxed
and quiet

I saw the physics
of emotions

what causes
their lift and drag

no words
the truth simply flowed
and swirled
around me

I began to pray
in a new way
understanding
love and anger
in a new way

and I moved through my prayer
in a new way

and the way peacefulness
appeared
reminded me that I had seen you
again

*dancing is my most innocent
prayer
the easiest way I can become
a child
escape experience
and just be alive
again*

and I got out of bed
silently and effortlessly
dressed in warm clothes
and came downstairs
to write this poem

for you

remembering
how I had seen you
again

the moon
just past full
greeted me
as I began to write

reflection of your light

the tender pink glow
of day's beginning
smiles at me
now

Thank you, Sue
for letting me see you
again

January 28, 2013

late spring

lovely healthy
young and blooming
lilac tree

arrayed as
only trees know how

in quiet elegance
projecting
holy place

and such

beautiful peace

given to me
and planted
in the early fall
five and three
quarter
years ago

after my sister died

friends at work
seeing how much
I was shaken
how much
cut to my
core

decided the answer
was new
green
life

life!

maybe someone
somehow knew
that all trees
have always been
and will always
be

holy
for me

I love this young lilac
loved it
at first sight

putting it here
at the corner of the house
with someone I love
was my own
perfect

service

young life

stout and strong enough
to require
good planting

a good gift
to honor a living
friend

and help him
on his way
in faithful

remembrance

and reverence
for the much loved

much missed

reality

of the

dead

the only saving

answer

really

lovely

lovely

life

June 7, 2013

but I know

Oh Sue
I don't know
where God is

but I know
where you are

Oh Sue
you are my
bright star
when I dance

I know where
the Great Universe
is

at least the small
bits
I'm aware of
all around me

and I know
everything

is holy

But Oh Sue
I'm so happy
when I see
my bright star

when I'm dancing

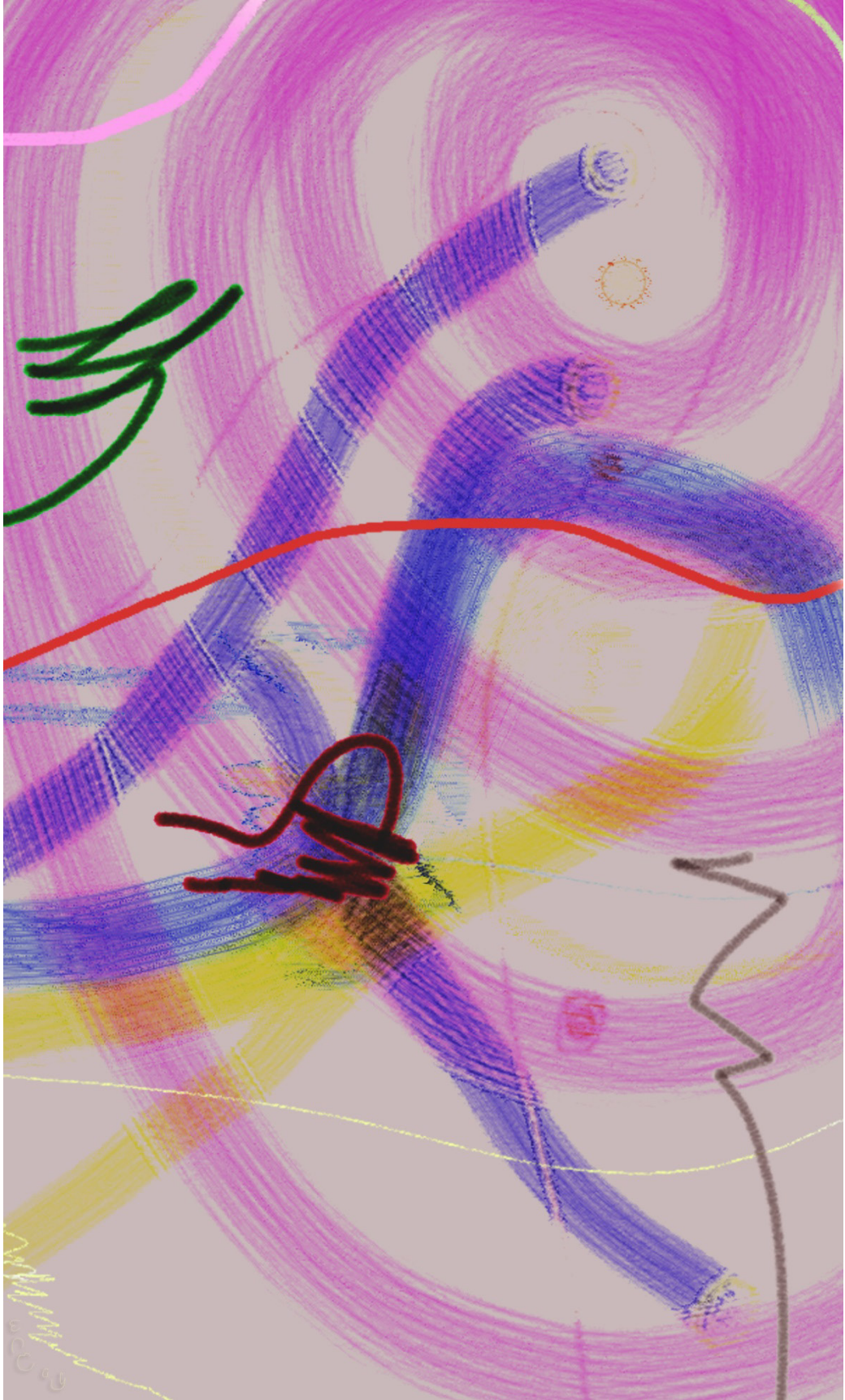
September 3

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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