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Spring 1972

Time

Nancy Gitomer

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TIME

The Lindenwood Common Project

Spring 1972

Nancy Gitomer

Yesterday was but another tomorrow

Gone wrong

Anticipated hours

Filled with glazed hopes

Have passed

Leaving nothing

But empty space

In a world that is all

And nothing

Today will soon be

Just another yesterday

Gone wrong.

Faint, illegible text at the top of the page, possibly a header or introductory paragraph.

Y E S T E R D A Y

Main body of faint, illegible text, likely the primary content of the document.

Proms are cold affairs

Where girls move cautiously in long, flowing dresses

And boys breathe uneasily in tightly fitted tuxes

Where couples act unnaturally formal

Smiling stiffly

Uttering proper platitudes

I think we could do without proms

The money put into them

Could warrant greater satisfaction

if put into charity

The hours spent in preparation

Could be used for thought or love

or fighting the war on peace

Proms are wasted hours

With only crumbs to cherish

And loaves to store in the Pandora's box

of your mind

But I want to go...

Will you go with me ?

She drove with the ease

of a nervous giraffe

She touched her foot to the brake

with the gentility

of a two ton hippo

Are you nervous ?

No, I lied, as I slipped

beneath the dashboard

to avoid going through the window

I twisted my ring

and nervously awaited the moment

That she would pull the key

from the ignition

Safe, I would smile

And say thanks.

Peter, you should have

waited

I would have stayed

and held your hand

As the train passed

I would have read

another story

Played another game

But you had to live your life

alone

Until you lost your chance

to live

At all...

Don't smile as if nothing's happened

Don't ask me how I've been

Don't salt the wounds that time

has not begun to heal

When you left, you took a part of me with you

Pain has filled the gap it left

It's not me anymore

Leave me alone, please

The few pleasant months we've shared

Have left me with a burden of heartache

The snow is cold

But it has more to offer me

Than you.

T O D A Y

People

Places

Things

The love that I have felt... that I have
accepted and given has melted... coalesced
into one great love... the love of life...
of people... I have no friends and yet I
can love every person... I am the grass
on which you've tread... the flower
whose petals have been plucked... I am
not me... I am you... I love because you
love... I am alive today... I lived
yesterday... eternity is the span of
my life...

People

Two closed doors

sealed by an ominous lock

Sealed by wisdom

and by pain

Small openings let only

sound

And air

penetrate

No light can ever touch

within

Until a key does turn

that silent lock

Until those doors

reach unto God

And unto us

We ARE those doors,

My friend...

Lonely people are special people

I know

Lonely people see the grass

Hear the wind

Feel the sun's warmth

And recognize other lonely people

I know

Lonely people sit in corners

Hug pillows

Hear the echo of unsoothed sobs

I know

Lonely people cry about things they don't feel

For reasons they don't know

You can ask me about lonely people

I know.

There you sit
I know not your name
Though it lies behind a wall of secrecy
P.G. on a gold band
I wonder what thoughts are running
Beneath the gold that binds your eyes

Your sun-touched pen
Scratches silently on smooth white lines
Words
That tomorrow you may not remember
Or care about

Your voice
Sounds
What lies behind them
May be different
I don't know
I only know that you are one
Of the maze
Known as life.

So sadly she sits
With life's weight upon her shoulders
With tears that refuse to fall
And a smile hidden
 beneath the year's frown
Her eyes look longingly at the world
And cry out for help
Around her the silence deafens
And no one cares.

I want to live my life alone

I say

And given time

I could present

A million logical reasons:

There's too much of life to live

Too much to do

There's no such thing as love

You nod your head

not in understanding

or agreement

Just an empty nod

I'm happy being alone

I say

To a cold, turned back

And as the door closes

I bury my head

in the lush softness of a pillow

And cry.

Places

There isn't much to say

about an empty room

Except that it is empty

And cold

For empty is the absence of warmth

And dark

For empty is the absence of light

And quiet

For empty is the absence of sound

And Empty

For all that an empty room is

Is empty.

Where are you

asks the sky

Of the sun

The world is gray.

Where are you

asks the moon

Of the stars

The night is empty.

Where are you

asks the sea

Of the sand

The waves are still.

Where are you

asks the lonely

Of the lover

The eyes are empty.

Where are you ?

The swing

Back and forth

Through the empty night

 moved the swing

 of ice blue metal

Without a sound

 it slid through the frigid air

As if reaching for something

 just beyond its grasp

With every forward motion

 it lost another inch of hope

 in the starless, empty chill

Until it stopped

Never knowing of the joy

 beyond.

A single empty window
 Within a coalition of gray screens
Alone
 four stories above life
 Three above the living
It stands
 Empty and searching
The blood red bricks
 around it
 Are no different
 no less regular
Than those a step below
 or above
The air whispers silently through
 the non-existent strands
 of silvery metal
The cold white hand
 beneath it
 does not change
To take on the black
 of the ~~day~~ dying day
or the dulling gold
 of the fading sun

No face stares

from the emptiness

within

No probing eyes

reach out

from behind the blindness

Nothingness prevails.

It's funny how words spoken in jest

or innocence

Can cause pain

How a frozen smile

Can cover hurt

but not cure it

How love can be spoken of

and needed

But never had

How people can use words as swords, glances as bullets

stares as poison

And then cry out

for the need of peace

It's funny how so many people

have so many things

And no time to value them

How so many people act like

so many other people

And boast uniqueness

It's funny how so many people

buy so much

And want so much more

And never have anything

With so many funny things in life

Why is no one laughing ?

TOMORROW

The world is peaceful
in its hushed glory
Autumn has come
to each leaf
And will soon reach
every blade of grass
The wind has grown chill
But soft still
It soothes the aches
of loneliness
And echoes
in the empty places
Leaves fall from
their secure branches
to join the wind
And hands reach for the security
of other hands
A lone path winds
across the remains of yesterday
And I'll follow it
this Autumn day
Alone...

I am not quite sure who
I will dedicate my last words to
Maybe that friend who told me
she cared one night
And the indifference that followed
That was the final straw
of my trying
Caring words followed by indifference
soft smiles and then laughter
Once my back was turned
Needing and being needed without fulfillment
simultaneously
Didn't make things better
I would have had my dream
one day:
All the fine things in life
that began with the love
I couldn't admit to needing
And then grew
to quiet dinners by candlelight
With the finest bone china
and crystal

And a house on the dunes

with long walks

By the ever-turbulent sea.

And flying through the sand

that tried

To keep my kite strings down

I wanted a family

built on love

Cultivated by caring

I wanted so badly

that day

And all the aching days which followed

I want it still

And knowing that it just can't be

And words which make its fakery oh so permanent

Didn't give me

anything to live for

And so I died

I am now just another face...

Empty.

Pride gets in the way

Sometimes

But it's okay

If it can stop you

from saying the wrong things

At the wrong times

Or even the right things

At the wrong times

If it can make you turn away

from a sly word

And cover pain

If it can protect you

from the laughter

that always follows

sometimes

But it's when pride comes between friends

And between soft words

and smiles

When it causes the pain

rather than lessening it

When it gets in the way

of what should have been

A lifetime of love

That it must be given up

at any cost

Tomorrow ?

This is the end
of this book
of this minute
of this period of my life

As I close this book

I close the door
on idealic dreams
on false hopes

Yes, this is the end

But tomorrow holds a new beginning

new hopes
new dreams

And, perhaps, a new me...