

# 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 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*

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.

Art: *perhaps* © 2009, 2014 William C. Eberle

Sue .....	<a href="#">1</a>
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Art: *it might be* © 2009, 2014 William C. Eberle

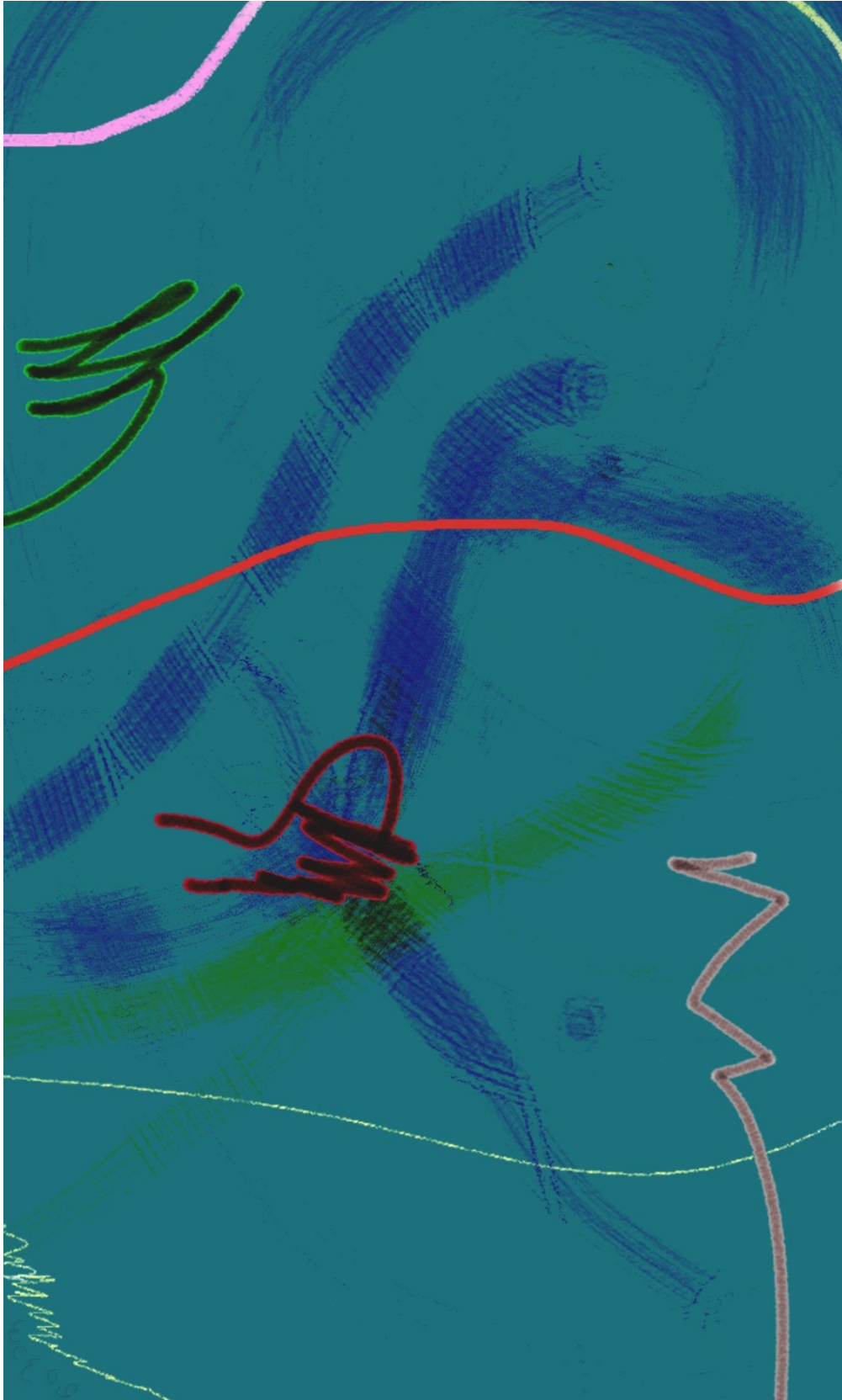
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Sue,

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 .....	<a href="#">8</a>
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Art: *perhaps 2* © 2009, 2014 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

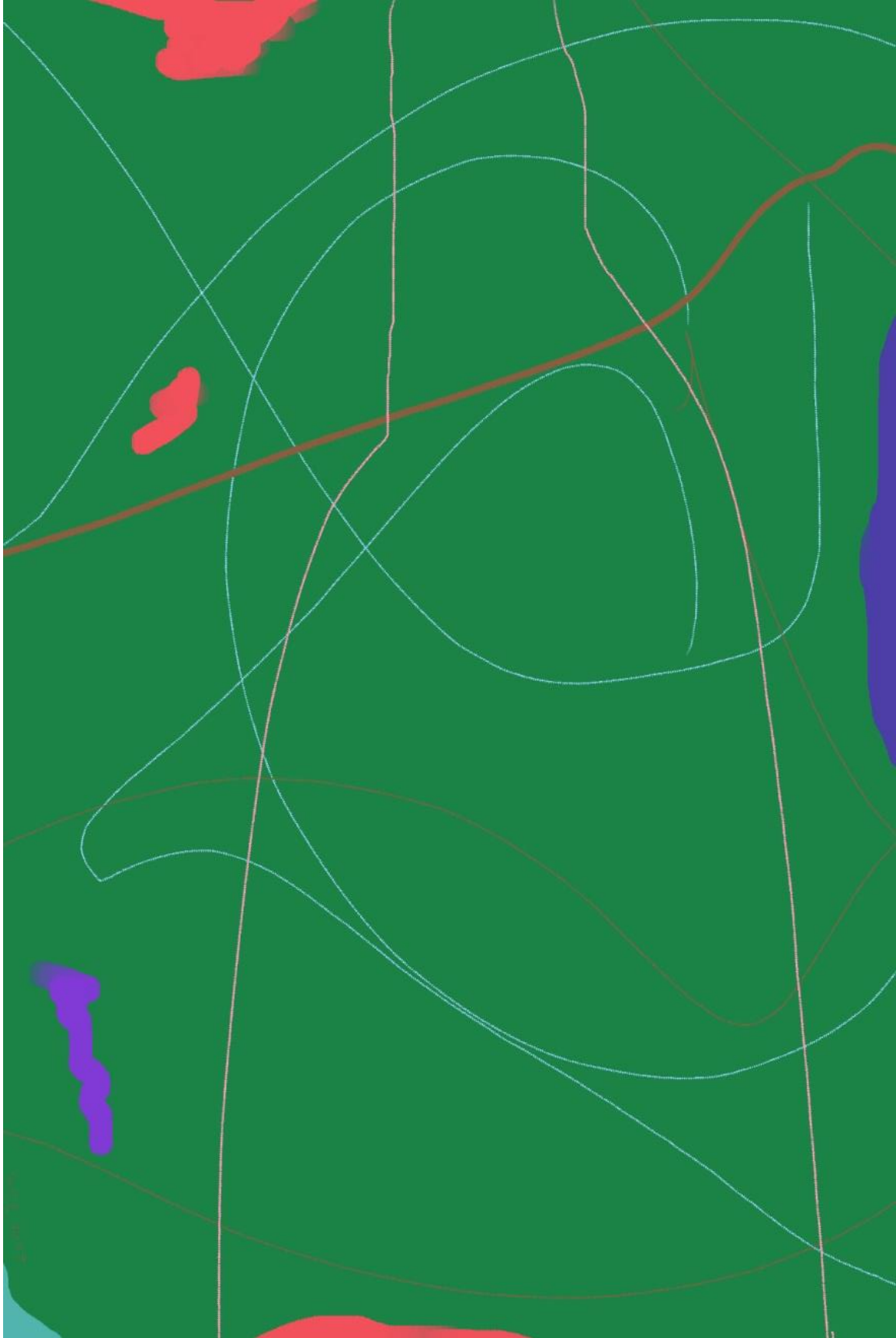
Thank you

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

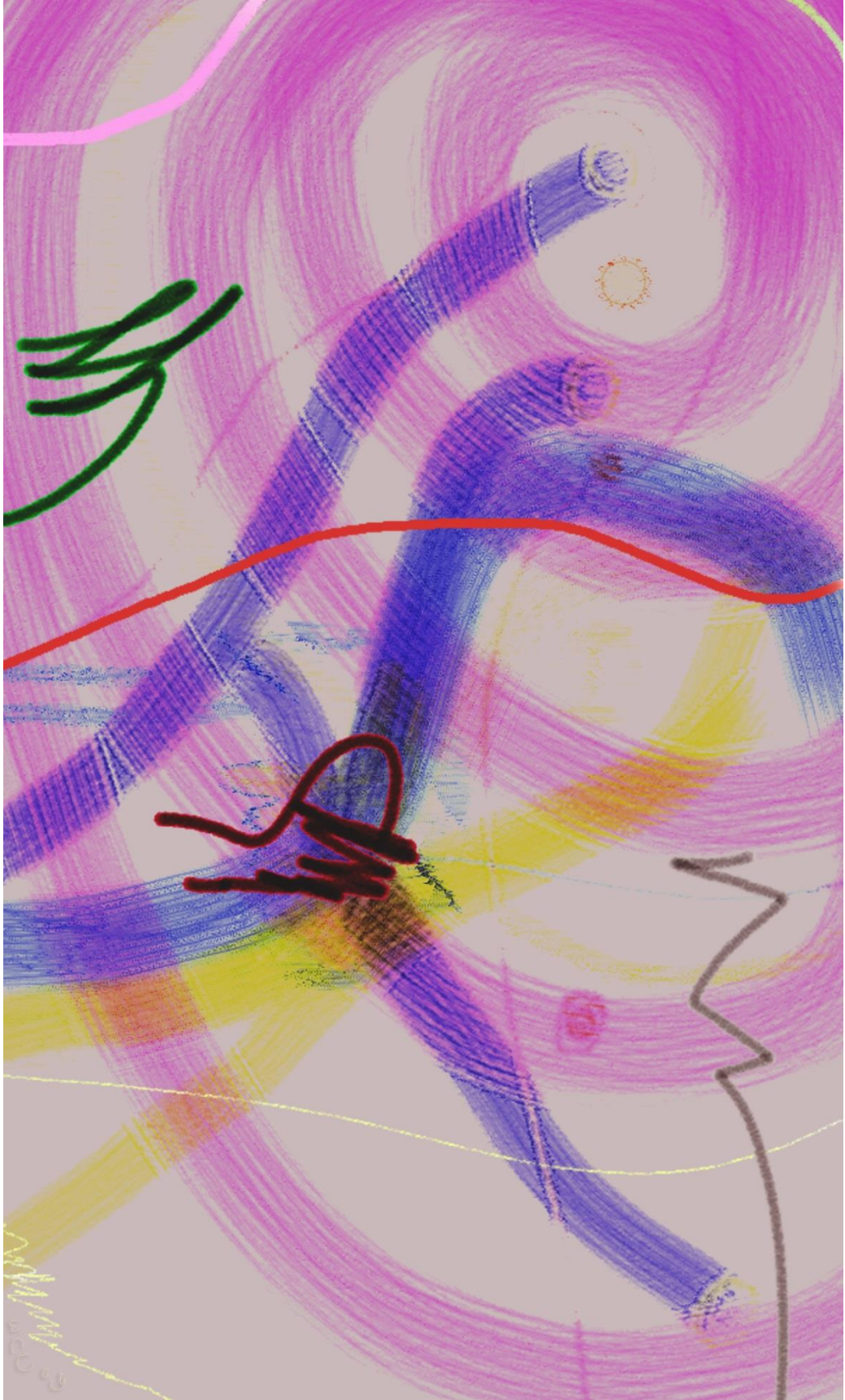
when I'm dancing

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





Thank you

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