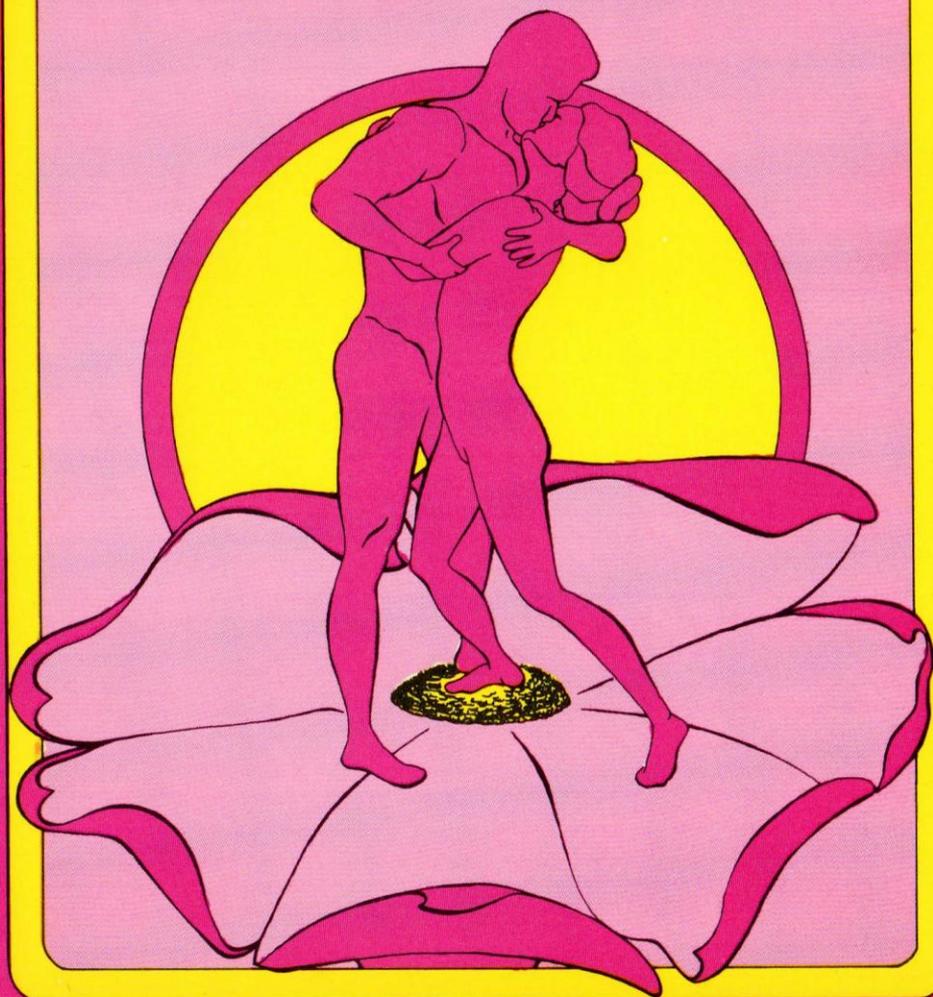


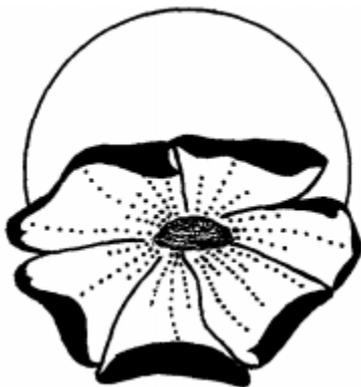
# **I Call You Love**

**W. Reeves Smith**



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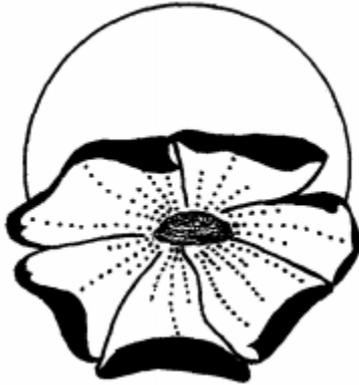


Also by  
W. Reeves Smith

*Something About Love*  
*The Sound of Thought*  
*Images of Thought*

# **I Call You Love**

**W. Reeves Smith**



*Illustrations*

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*To those  
who find beauty  
where others fail.*



## **I Call You Love**

Because poetry conveys meanings beyond the limits of the language, I have for many years believed it to be the ideal vehicle for capturing the rich, emotional content of the male-female relationship, allowing dignity, candor, and reader empathy, if approached gracefully and with an innocence born of sincerity. This book is the result of a two year effort toward that end.

As will be noted, the book is one poem and should be read from front to back. Less obvious, however, is that each page is also a free standing poem within itself. Continuity has been maintained between pages to form a section, which is also a poem. The three sections are then combined to form the completed poem-the book.

Among the biblical influences, the more predominant ones (pages 32, 40, 47, 52, and 55) are from the Songs of Solomon. Those of Shakespearean influence occur mainly on pages 14, 21, 32, 35 and 53. The philosophical tone, though much quieted, is akin to Benton's exquisite love poem, *This Is My Beloved*. The cover is from the world famous statue, *The Embrace*. The drawings for Part II and Part III were inspired by the words of the last page of the book.

## **PART I**

Because you and love are one  
and only love makes life our gain,  
I need you more than all things.

I need you the way a winter needs its spring  
To stir the sap and freshen the air  
with the perfume of sweet new growth.

I need you  
because we are coveted by an eternal darkness  
that abides us with impatience,

ready always to lower its night  
without reason or warning —  
because our span is brief  
and measured like the changing season  
by the climbing of the vine,  
the turning of stars,  
and the shifting of sand.

I need you because you speak with love's voice,  
see with love's eyes,  
and cradle with love's arms —  
because your lips are warm and willing  
and filled with the sweet honey of life.

I need you, because for me,  
God has made but one.

From all beneath this great blue canopy  
I have chosen you  
to share with me each precious moment  
before it folds into the silky silence of eternity.

You, my dear,  
are the mirror in which I see the reflection  
of all things beautiful,  
the serenity of an autumn  
settling its proud colors upon the waiting leaves,  
a mother giving of herself  
to replenish outworn life,  
the joy of lovers whose empty hands are joined,  
the majesty of a bedding sun  
drawing its golden drapes.

Because of you, I have learned  
the unforgivable waste of solitude,  
the immeasurable worth of truth and trust,  
and the wisdom of want.  
I have seen the hidden,  
held the untouchable,  
and found fulfillment in the simplest of things.

Only you have the face  
to wear the smile my eyes hold dear,  
and the force to calm the tempest in my soul.

How alien would be my world denied of you.

It's as though I've loved you before,  
in some other world, some other time ~  
memorized your every charm.  
unaware of your existence,  
why else have I adored you  
endlessly by part?  
Was that not your beauty  
in the innocence of the new~born flower,  
your mystique in the haze that hid the night,  
your softness in the windward cloud,  
your colors in the making of a dawn?

Have I not seen your spirit  
in the soaring of birds,  
the unfaltering stance of mountains  
and the delicate filigree of ferns.?

Guardian of angelic treasure,  
you sum the sacred substance  
of every dream,  
giving always more than asked  
and asking always less than given.

How beautiful the days  
that wear your mark,  
how joyful the mind you've made your home.

Some would have you done in stone  
and some by the painter's brush —  
capture but a part of you,  
an outer shell of curves and color.

But beauty is more than flesh-form and curls,  
is deeper than skin  
and lying softly on the mind and heart  
as well as on the eye,  
is made strong by the smallest of parts  
in the way a rope  
sums the strength of its fibers.

Unlike youth with its short date,  
beauty is ageless,  
having an eternal quality  
that foils the thieves of time.

Only a heart-held pen could capture all of these,  
convey the depth and substance and passions  
that make you real,  
the quiet charm  
that holds you one apart.

What addictive substance  
have I consumed of you  
that lays you so urgently upon my thought?  
I would more gladly  
enter the gates of hell with you  
than be eternalized  
to the arms of a chosen angel.

When we have parted  
the world attends me with a sour face,  
birds sing of f-key,  
and the- earth is covered with flat stones.  
By day I see but barren wastes,  
and at night I am suffered  
the intolerable loneliness  
of arms that embrace your absence.  
Life defies itself and time is confused.

Loving you for so long  
and with such abundance  
has made you the food of my soul,  
and my hunger awaits you  
as a babe awaits its mother's breast.

You are so much an answered prayer  
I no longer trouble fate's deafness  
with my pleas,  
no longer have I love that begs a home.

You wear your body like a lovely poem,  
richly eloquent in rhythm, color, and scope,  
fluent in its natural language,  
and without counterpart or paraphrase.

In the quiet of this reading  
let me learn your every meaning,  
syllable by syllable —  
the tremulous lines of your breasts,  
the elliptics of your stomach,  
the softness that molds itself  
to the many shapes of love,  
and the majesty and rhythm of hips  
that cradle their timeless wisdom.

Let me understand the phrasing  
that has your mind move its pleasures  
into your face,  
curl and dimple your smiles,  
and light your eyes with the rich blue  
of deep, still water —  
that has your throat color the air  
with the warm tones of pleasure,  
and circle your arms  
to the heaven of your embrace

Only in togetherness  
can we share the wisdom and wonderment  
of your author's finest work.

:Through the night's open window,  
the quiet, luminous praise  
of God's great lantern  
makes you a milk-marble work of art.

In this lazy light  
color is lost to the eye,  
I see no match of lips and breasts,  
no correspondence of hair,  
no green in the grass of our bed.

But your body speaks to my senses  
as surely as braille to the practiced touch,  
and tells me that marble  
has no counterpart to you.

Marble lips could never open  
to the same sweetness,  
or voice the same accord.

And marble thighs would not be warm  
or open to the sacred call —  
could never hold me with the same delight.

Only with you  
can love's labor light its own fire  
and consume itself ,  
move us through the labyrinth of antiquity  
as stark naked infants  
in the arms of a mighty god.

From high in its perigee  
the midnight lamp  
lavishes praise on your supine form  
gathering its undraped beauty to the eye  
as though lifting the night's dark clothing  
from a virgin landscape,

Above the graceful compounds and undulations,  
proud hillocks press their pink-brown crests  
against a breathless sky.  
And from their foothills,  
like the legs of a beautiful woman,  
a birch lifts its twin trunks  
from the dark tangled brambles  
of its bifurcation.

With each detail a perfection of color,  
form, and substance,  
nature unerringly solicits my imagination  
to form a need  
that only she can satisfy.

Aroused by this primeval growth,  
and goaded by antiquitous instincts,  
my heart pounds its cage like a wild beast longing  
for that release  
which only comes when I have lost myself in you.

From a long and dusty way,  
I have brought great thirst  
to take you into every cell,  
the way a sponge covets the last drop of water  
so completely that I wear your likeness –  
as a phosphor wears its image  
after the light is gone.

With nature's music playing in your eyes,  
coloring your words  
and making them as soft to the touch  
as the down of a feathered sigh,  
you are the collected synonyms of loveliness.

Your lips are filled out with pleasure,  
your breasts proud, expectant,  
and wonderfully alive.  
And from its hallowed tumulus,  
love's promise  
arouses from slumber to make ready my welcome.

Oh lovely dream, settle your softness  
upon my senses like a morning dew  
upon its favored rose.

Shelter me with the approval of blue-sparkled  
glances, the turn of a knowing smile, and the  
counts of a kindred heart.

Let these gilded moments please the planes of  
memory like a lone pine  
pleases its mountain top  
with winter tinsel ice.

Then,  
in the glow of love's glad moment,  
mold of my better substances  
an image  
in the likeness of your desires.

Like a lost soul at heaven's gate,  
I go between the elegant columns of your estate  
into a world beyond worlds  
a paradise . . .  
a celestial expanse of heavenly bodies —  
blue sounds, soaring rockets,  
and bright ribbons of laughter . . .  
holy cities, and gods, and saints, and devils —  
all knowing, all powerful, and all wise.

Beyond the mortal coil,  
the pound of flesh,  
and the wages of defeat,  
I fill old dreams with new reality,  
and rising to unknown heights,  
marvel at the cup  
life so filled with love.

As day moves past its outworn time,  
I hold with you in a new dimension,  
beyond the turns of thought,  
beyond the shape of words,  
beyond the sinking sun.

In the soft sleep of love's lenitive,  
your rippled tenseness has smoothed  
to the flowing lines  
of a meandering stream.  
Your breasts are gathered in  
like blossoms in the night  
and your face wears the thoughts of gladness –  
some happy dream has found a home.

While the vines wax their leaves,  
and the heaven lights its candles,  
I hold sleep aside  
and look upon your elegance  
into the small hours,  
framing you on a wall of memory  
like a treasured art.

Though this night be far too brief,  
with you to have and hold,  
its life will always equal mine.

Now,  
in the morning's infant hour,  
a sleepy city flickers its dancing lights  
above the outline of your timeless charm,  
and the tardy sun,  
rising from the darkness of slumber,  
hurries into his golden robe  
to tint you  
with the soft tones of enchantment.

Your careless spill of hair on the pillow,  
and the satin second skin  
that leaves no line unsaid,  
etch their quiet beauty  
on the eye of my recall.

Half-waking,  
your hand reaches its touch across the stillness,  
then,  
arousing, caresses with growing interest —  
as though seeking some lost part.

Your arms are inviting,  
your lips like sugared fruit,  
and we of unlike pole,  
drawn by a natural force,  
become of one mind  
and one body.

Stars dim,  
birds sing sharp,  
and time wastes itself

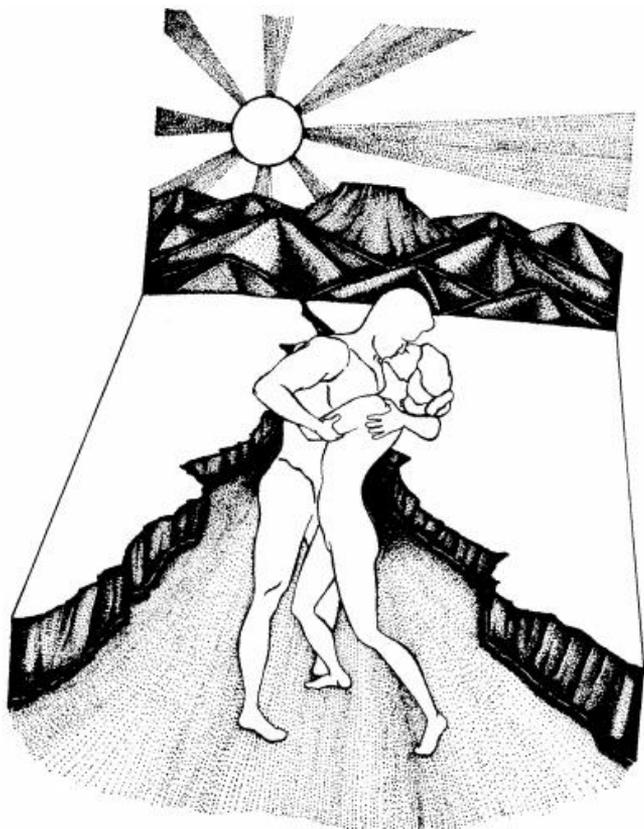
Your last soft sigh on the silence  
closed the eternal circle,  
and now,  
like a sleeping princess,  
you wear the lingering whisper of a smile –  
the quiet beauty of contentment.

Loving has left you its soft pink blossoms,  
and the stillness of a mirrored pool.  
The wonderful turbulence of your body  
has lost itself in peace.

The flower that opened its sweetness  
to love's warm morning  
is gathered in its languid night.

Sleep well my lovely one,  
in the blue velvet world of love's opiate  
no care will waste its grief on you.





## **PART II**

Would I remember you if you were gone?

In my world, darling, you are so absolute,  
so indelible and so total,  
your absence could never be complete.  
I would see your radiance  
in the golden strands  
the morning hangs between the night and day.  
When shadows fall the shortest  
or stretch across the afternoon,  
I would always be reminded of you,  
finding you in the wild fern,  
the passion flower,  
the soft touch of moss,  
and in the quiet of every starlit night.

I would sense your presence  
in the young of flowers,  
the sparkle of dewdrops,  
and the restless-quiet of trees.  
Only you would be —  
always and everywhere.

I would wear my obsession for you  
with the innocence of a madness,  
judging each your absence  
a life's day's loss.

You are so alive in me,  
so vivid and so total,  
I would remember you  
by the seconds of every hour and season,  
calling you with ease  
from the limitless impressions  
of mind and senses —  
calling you just as you are,  
wanting no change and allowing none.

In the way a sculptor knows his chosen work,  
I could touch your body in darkness  
and know it from all others,  
single your kiss from a host of lips  
and pick your voice from a legion of angels.

Within the heaven of you  
I have consorted with gods and beasts,  
learned the unknown tongue,  
and walked the infinities of time.  
None other has so softened the shadows,  
marked the path  
and mended the flaws.

But for the love of you  
my candle would burn in a barren abyss,  
wasting itself on an unyielding darkness.

Though I raise you  
from the musings of my solitude,  
I change nothing about you,  
color, shape or meaning.

Your lips blossom  
like a flower opening to its nectar,  
your eyes sparkle blue eagerness,  
and your falling gown  
lights the room with the soft bare glow  
of tastefully appointed breasts,  
hips more soft than a bunny's bun,  
and thighs that canopy the feathered bed  
where infant love lies sleeping.

Your loveliness settles over me  
like an opium dream,  
drawing its opaque curtain on a world of care  
to have me praise the power  
that keeps you from all others but me.

I must never forget the beauty of your body,  
the innocence of its answers,  
and the dignity of its quickened salients.  
But for the love of you

I must never forget the peace we own  
when love is spent.

Tonight as I lie sleeping  
my mind is wide awake  
alone in a world without you

Colors are bland  
and time distorts itself,  
dragging from moment to endless  
Love knows not its meaning,  
Life knows not its verse.

The moon that held you in its softness  
has the hard-cold bright of steel,  
and the once bejeweled sky  
is a dank vacuitous void.  
Songbirds croak misshapen notes  
and music sings itself off key.  
Even the graceful young of flowers  
wear a twisted smell of ugliness.

Without you through which to see  
there is no way,  
no light,  
and no meaning,  
only beauty put to pieces  
like a pebble-broken image  
on a silver-mirrored pool

With the loss of you  
rising to the surface of thought,  
life lays its wine upon my lips  
a dull, insipid broth.

Though I move, and breathe,  
and match the gait of the quick,  
I am at one with all things gone

So long have I held with you,  
and so completely have you filled my eyes,  
I look on others from blindness,  
keeping you before me  
like an afterimage when the light is gone —  
inarmed, interminate, indelible.

Dark, dark turnings of the mind . . .  
ingracious norms bereft of joy,  
hopes consorting with forfeiture,  
thoughts fettered to a yieldless stay,  
and creeping shadows  
sinking tendrils in a hapless earth.

The crow halts,  
the day dims,  
and with a plaintive cry  
my lips move your name  
upon the echoes of silence.  
Gone, gone, gone. . .

Weary from the toils of thought  
and days that have no song,  
I look at you from the other side of memory,  
the happy hours of us shut off  
as by the furtive hand  
of some ignoble god.

Stones are still,  
the night belches fog, and life is down to a whisper,  
wasting itself like unbellied seed  
cast upon the ground.

Like an autumn leaf  
that waits its winter's call,  
I am spent to nothing  
from this have I come,  
to this am I gone, and all but for the want of you.

But the mind pranks, and I arise from the twisted  
world of dream with the gladness of a prisoner  
for whom the bolt is drawn.  
With your arms about me  
and the air sweet with the sounds of life,  
I am nowhere gone.

Tell me not of life without you,  
I can see the horror's home . . .  
I can feel the pain of silence, the echoes of  
emptiness, the torture of thought, and the touches  
of nothingness.

Beneath these shadows of the raven's eye,  
I would be the poorer for all riches,  
with the better of days  
going among the curls of time,  
envenomed, gaunt, and disquieted —  
fell bootless grains  
upon an eon beach.

Within these darks of fate's despising,  
would not the call of baleful drums  
implore the wanderings of my soul,  
that I by this be changed in state —  
bare crumpled paper  
on the world's untidy floor.

If in her wisdom  
fortune had me go alone  
or learn to love again,  
the wealth of you that binds my thoughts  
would never set me free.

Walking the valleys of sorrow  
or riding the crests of joy,  
all things would come by way of you.

Each new kiss would wear your lips,  
each treasured word your voice,  
and only yours would be the arms  
that circle each embrace.

And when passion,  
fully flowered in pink  
and purple and red, opened its pensive petals  
to lace the air  
with a warm white fragrance,  
yours would be the heart upon my ear,  
yours the eyes that lift their praise.

You were in the spring  
that came to acorn ridge today,  
untwisting the painted flowers  
and touching rainbows  
to the winter-slumbered growth.

The apple wore the fragrance of your hair  
and the lilac looked at me  
with deep blue eyes.  
Even the seedlings shared your zest for life.  
Though alone, you were with me –  
everywhere and nowhere.

And the friendly oak  
that sheltered our first love  
stood with dignity and silence,  
faithfully guarding our secrets.

An unshorn cloud,  
nursing its shadow across the hill,  
reminded me of your hair,  
the way it spilled on the grass  
with careless abandon,  
the way it veiled  
the pink excitement of your ears  
when you joined the opening blossoms  
and the gatherers of honey.

By no rule apart from nature's laws,  
we were of two bodies and one mind,  
two minds and one body.

Blended into the elements  
as by an artist's skill,  
we were at one with all creation  
and it was pleased with us.

Birds played their music,  
tree leaves danced,  
and flowers nodded their accord —  
even the clouds were puffed up with pride.

Your body spoke softly,  
asking questions, answering them,  
and finding in each truth  
the pride of a woman loved,  
and that truth set you free.

Somewhere in the future of time,  
the yellowing pages of eternity  
will bear witness to the love we shared,  
noting the emptiness of my solo plight  
and the fullness of our concert.

From a lingering journey  
through the wilderness of want,  
I came to you with a barren plan,  
blinded by the malignant fellowship of self  
and faulting the form  
of life's mosaic.

You brought the keystone elements –  
love,  
love's love,  
and making the art  
and the synergistic energy of being –  
making are our wealth  
and wealth incarnate.

Knowing each tomorrow  
could be our yesterday,  
I viewed the bedding of nights  
and the wakening of dawns  
with a fervid passion  
that owed no force a fee  
for its sweet joy.

You were love  
and love was life.

And I said to them,  
"This is my chosen one,  
this is my life.  
She is the food of my hunger,  
the fountain of my thirst,  
and I wear her love more proudly  
than a heaven wears its stars.

Without her  
the world would rise about me  
like an ominous fog,  
disquieted and boding,  
and hour by hour  
the clock would close its circle  
on my loneliness,  
reminding me of a gone time  
when she was love  
and love was life.

Night would bind me  
with the darkest strands of solitude,  
and I would ask it of her absence  
but hear no answer.  
I would call her name  
and hear only the mockery of echoes.

The sparrow would fall unnoticed  
and the voice of the turtle  
would not be heard."





## **PART III**

Pity be the waste of make believe  
that feigns you gone to other arms.  
Nothing in absence  
could be so warm and now as you.  
copy your fragrance,  
or tremble the earth and kindle the stars.

See darling,  
I hold you with the pride of a promised virgin,  
and with love's consent,  
raise your mundane veil  
to search among the treasures held for me.

Lifted on the softness of your whisper,  
love's abundance charms the restless silence  
before folding itself  
into the many shapes of nothingness.

And night,  
proud guardian of secrets,  
gathers his cloak about us  
to hide the pliant forms  
of love's shy moment.

What need  
the breastplate and loincloth . . .  
love wars not with love.

Come Little Fever,  
make the heart go fast,  
flush the cheeks,  
bead the brow,  
and bring your craving  
to my lips . . .  
consume me  
with your incomparable fire.

When then again the heart stirs less,  
when eyes can reach  
beyond their sudden blindness  
and sounds beyond their shadow . . .  
then will I be healed,  
then will I be whole,  
then will I be free.

While the heart is young and pleading,  
let me lie between your breasts  
and drink the wine of your lips  
that love may set its seal upon you.

Lay the body of your love upon me  
that I may find in you  
the essence of all dreams  
indelible marks of the mind —  
that go beyond my breath.

Then,  
in those days  
when powdered hair is on us,  
and wisdom is more than our youth,  
our thoughts can come again to this . . .  
this that time has long foregone.

Until the last of the tubes are twisted  
and I have gone among the echoes,  
I will hold this love more closely  
than a bedding flower  
that folds its petals inward,  
hiding a virgin fragrance  
from the ever prying night.

Softly sighed,  
and still as a mountain lake,  
the black velvet of night  
holds us in the mystery of its promise.

Beside us,  
a candle tallowing its waste,  
flickers a soft light of truth,  
lifting you to the eye  
in the purity of form  
that nature made you.

With a body more willing than words,  
and a gown hurried across a chair,  
nothing can come between us  
as we seek that other world  
where love is made.

With a prayer's answer  
but one pillow away,  
neither time nor tide  
hold a claim to worth.

Only in you have I found  
the ending and the beginning,  
the part and counterpart,  
life's love and love's life.  
Only in you is there a calm  
beneath the shadow of mountains.

Here at the edge of time,  
let the archer pull his mighty bow  
and fling the comet's fire  
across the heaven's face.

And on a bright tomorrow,  
I will go among men  
with a singing heart,  
and eyes that see beauty  
in an old and troubled world.  
Yours will be the voice that guides me,  
yours the love that is my shield.

Yes,

tomorrow life will start afresh  
and old things will have new meaning,  
for I will have been  
where man was meant to go.

Beyond the silent stones  
a lazy flame  
dances on the sourwood log,  
and on the distant wall  
the smooth-skinned shadows  
of our embrace  
move in the slow rhythms of harmony –  
mimicking us, but poorly.

Pity be upon them,  
thin lips on thin lips,  
dimensionless breasts,  
and no heart to feel.  
And how could pleasure hide  
in depthless hips?

But we have all our shadows lack,  
bodies, warmth, color and feeling.  
You hold me completely,  
and your lips and breasts  
have want of nothing.

Filled out with love  
and begging no excuse,  
we are fit together  
more beautifully than they.

Because all things have their ordering,  
pigeons home, lemmings march,  
and rivers, failing to run uphill,  
yield themselves unto the sea.

Toward that held for me,  
I have searched for you  
through the changing of nights,  
the loneliness of crowds,  
and the needs of many egos.

I have tried the beds of uncertainty,  
and the barren lips of loveless love.  
Uneager arms have cradled me  
and willing arms have held me aside.

Holding your imagined image  
beside the many,  
I have found no match and no equal,  
each, by turn,  
failing the substance of my dream.

And now that we are one  
I know that without you  
I could have owned the world  
and been a pauper,  
or had the power to light a firmament  
and gone in darkness.

I have come to you from an imperfect mold,  
flawed and bearing the scars of life,  
consuming my stay as aimlessly  
as a candle in an empty room.

You have taken me into the quiet of your heart  
and given me peace.

Lifting the blinds from my eyes  
you have shown me love.

My soul thirsted and you brought it drink.

For the hunger of my body  
you gave of yourself,  
and like a babe at the mother's breast,  
I was fulfilled and grew stronger.

Because of you  
my pleas have been lofted over the rainbow  
and heard by an unearned heaven.

It was you who threaded life  
with its most precious strands.

Out of the love that holds me,  
let the songs of my heart  
leap the farthest mountain  
that all may know the winter and rains are gone,  
flowers appear on the earth,  
and the time of the songbird is come.

Tell me darling,  
if life should choose us each a separate way  
how shall I remember you,  
by the tassled curls  
that frame your morning smile,  
or the way you sit on pretzeled legs  
with the naked innocence of a flower,  
or perhaps, the way you hold life's cup  
with pretenseless pride?

Or should I remember the wine of your lips,  
and the way your breasts  
look at me from their arousal  
like mad little faces with pouting lips,  
or the velvet that divides your legs  
like the soft moss of a sycamore fork,  
or those love-made trips  
to the edge of pleasure's sanity?

Perhaps I should remember you  
as the fresh breath of honesty  
and cornerstone of reality,  
or by the graceful way you finger life's song with  
blue eyes dancing to every note?

Mistress of my sanity,  
though I call you by some,  
or none,  
or all of these,  
before I call you else  
I call you love.

Let the cursing of darkness  
and the lighting of candles  
be the fortune of those without you,  
for I have want of nothing.

You are my purpose and my way,  
my light and my truth,  
and the darkness runs before you  
as the night before the day.

Making no question of the silence,  
the eye of the bee,  
or the whispering wind,  
I go with you in the peaceful afterlight,  
among the temples of dream  
and the rivulets of forgetfulness.

Within time's tangled web  
I had no greater hope than love,  
and love no greater hope than you.

Let them find us paired in harmony,  
each to the other,  
having one body  
and one soul  
tracing each our separate paths  
together.

Hewing ever true  
down the length and breadth of my stay,  
your word will be my strength,  
your love  
the mark I wear.

Quelling the flittish call,  
I will have no other face beside me,  
no other hand upon my heart.

Then, among the slurs of time,  
when the scabbard and the blade  
are long, long past their due,  
and the seasons of the sun are short,  
I would keep your love inviolate,  
holding none, but none, so dear,  
until the veil is drawn  
and the birds have lost their song.

When our vine has failed its nourishment  
and the oak has added its last ring,  
let it be that all may say of us,  
“Their love was as gentle and pure  
as a mountain spring,  
and on its pillows they built  
a temple of beauty,  
living one for both  
and both for one.

And down that end-stopped path  
they walked as lovers walk,  
hand in hand,  
matching each the other’s step  
to the highest horizon,  
where gracefully naked  
and inseparably entwined,  
they left their bodies  
and took to the heavens  
like a beautiful butterfly that frees itself  
and casts its outworn shell aside.”



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

W. Reeves Smith was born in Atoka, Tennessee, and served in the U. S. Air Force during World War II. While a Technical Sergeant in the South Pacific, he was awarded the Legion of Merit by General Douglas MacArthur.

The author moved to Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1946. After graduating from the University of Tennessee in 1950, he began work as a mechanical engineer at Union Carbide Nuclear Corporation, Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

The author's hobbies include ham radio, flying, photography, motorcycling, hypnosis, magic, watch-making, high fidelity, tennis, table tennis, pocket billiards, song writing, and free lance writing.

His first book of poetry, *The Sound of Thought*, was published in 1970. *Something About Love*, his second book, was published in 1975. His third book, *Images of Thought*, was published in 1976.