

# Lights and Shadows

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## I Shall Be!

O'Ryan Rickard

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## I SHALL BE!

I am who am not.  
 I have gone far off, flying away;  
 To a white wilderness whining  
 For the deep universe.  
 I have given green order with pointing grey.  
 No one can pass to my interior hermitage  
 Girt about with flesh.

In my white wilderness, No soft evening rain  
 Melts my words into morning dew,  
 No drops of sound only brittle dry.  
 No drops because I seek the deep universe.  
 O where is my rest? My muse?  
 Not in the sea, or star, nor deep universe.

As my pen moved search the deep abyss,  
 To understand a great depth, I stopped.  
 Is not man's heart an abyss?  
 What is deeper than the human mind?

O with a hidden goad I was urged by thee.  
 It is not the sea, or star, nor deep universe.  
 No, not an object seen, but an object of the mind,  
 An object to be understood.

The dignity of the sea, the star, the universe  
 Proclaims it, but I can only explain it in terms  
 Of time and space, in miracle common yet frequently  
 Seen. It is form, but not form.

It is not limbs embracing, but an embracing  
 Of the inward man, embracing me,  
 Gushing forth the drops of sound,  
 Bathing me in a sea of peace.

I shall be!  
 I shall melt into the sea, into the star,  
 Into the universe.  
 I am the drops of sound.

O'Ryan Rickard  
 Third Prize Poetry