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John Allen Chalk

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Poems by William K. Floyd

William K. Floyd

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The Richard

Chagrin melts into light of common day,
Repentance rears repugnant head.
Howbeit, I keep faith and seek the way,
Regretting not what said was said--
Regretting not where I was led.

Expectant yet, with patience now I wait--
Inertia's forged a mighty chain.
The urgency of now proclaims how late--
Tho, strangely tranquil I remain,
While contemplating coming pain.

Soon loosed is the flood-tide of disaster.
The insistent voice--still so clear;
But 'tis masked by ever gentle laughter,
And there are none with ear to hear.
Hopeful, I, they'll know no tear.

--William K. Floyd

Dear John Allen & Sue:
Your friendly prophet of doom
is indefatigable. Believes you
will be on or between
April 9 and June 18, 1969.
Love,

Bill

We hear by the grapevine you
have a new address. What are
you doing now & where are you?

F- Correspondence
" Bill Floyd "

Waiting

This is the dark night of the American soul.
Secession is imminent.
Fort Sumter is everywhere.
Rebellion has begun--
Deep distrust turned to d@spair,
Seething and surging that knows no bounds
Save the black nothingness of nihilism.
Hopeless violence.
Purposeless destruction.
Awful challenge.
And there is none to make the Union whole--
Yet

--William K. Floyd

The Lake: On Feb. 2, 1969

Ominously still waters--held.
Surrounded by foreboding night.
Damned inertia waiting desperate day.
Its moaning unheard by deafened ears.
Cracking, splitting, bursting.
Cascading power.
Surging rapids.
Overwhelming torrent.
Waters flowing, uncontrolled.
Released to mindless moving
and empty meaning,
Save its single purpose--
to find the sea of Justice.

--William K. Floyd

The Study

Sit calmly in this quiet room,
And you shall know your part.
Let not surrounding scenes of woe
Disturb your tranquil heart.
Nor let tomorrow ruin your joy
With thoughts of coming ill;
The Void is changeless and a friend,
Great peace encompasses, and still.
Forget the world and, so, yourself;
Withdraw your judgment; do not chide.
The emptiness is full of Grace,
Sit calmly then. Abide.

--William K. Floyd

Riding

My strength and faith is bouyed up again,
Like rising with the tide and surging with the wave.
And no more now shall I be fearful of the sea,
With its dark troughs and unknown depths.
For, what was once foreboding mystery
Has now become the power that never captured is
And changeless change shall ever be.

--William K. Floyd