

1970

## Restless Thoughts

Ike White

*Grand Valley State University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus>

---

### Recommended Citation

White, Ike (1970) "Restless Thoughts," *Amaranthus*: Vol. 1970: Iss. 1, Article 37.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus/vol1970/iss1/37>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@GVSU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Amaranthus by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks@GVSU. For more information, please contact [scholarworks@gvsu.edu](mailto:scholarworks@gvsu.edu).

# RESTLESS THOUGHTS

I sit,  
with nothing but the night sky  
for a blanket  
and the cushioned warm air  
for a pillow,  
alone and afraid.  
I sit and ponder over thought  
contemporary to my own being  
and what that is  
and what is real and true  
and honest and sincere.  
and what I am as man  
in the world men call the 20th century.

Ike White

and the totality of what that is  
is defined not  
by what you strive to be,  
but the consistency  
with which you can not ascertain:  
the faint pitter-patter of noiseless feet,  
the useless ramblings of searching hands,  
twisted smiles (because you care enough  
to feign the best);  
this is real.  
Oh yes, and free sex.  
the storm swelled tempestuously,  
screaming, sighing, begging  
convulsing all around.  
people ran to the storm  
and became swallowed and consumed-  
then laughed, then wept  
then departed-  
half dead and exhausted.  
Oh yes, and free sex.

# 33

have you ever thought about God?  
I thought about God once,  
a short while ago:  
a cosmic entity,  
somehow enjoying the supremacy  
of master puppeteer.  
but He's dead now,  
died awhile ago.  
now there is freedom,  
every man is his own master.  
it's a thought most beautiful,  
appealing to the passion  
of scientific eye.  
each to his own autonomy  
as a puppet on severed string.  
so much for God,  
time is precious.

where to from here?  
God is gone  
fools are gone  
the world is....  
(I feed on rash statements.)  
wouldn't it be humorous  
if the whole world were naked,  
if you and I were naked,  
if all the people were?  
it would be hard as hell  
to despise each other  
for what we are.  
a short glance down  
would find you constructed  
the same way too.  
clothes are very much like thoughts:  
both can lead you into the twilight  
of deception.

# 34

there are no fools today;  
the idiots killed them all:  
pushed them right through the mirror  
of existence  
into the bottomless realm  
of 20th century man-  
exit from escape.  
and to think,  
I was a fool, once.  
noone cried for me in my plight  
so I lost the need  
of feeling sorry for yours.  
long live resentment  
apathetically ever after.

love:  
something you play  
when all other games fail.  
I say to you  
"I love you."  
and your reply?  
"how much must I purchase?"  
tis a pity I lack intelligence,  
explain to me the game again.  
(monopoly isn't loves' affinity,  
of time tempered toll in solidarity?  
love is priced by transient sway  
moral decline- man's decay.)

the night sky is fading now,  
as the cushioned warm air stands still,  
confusingly still.  
but they in certainty  
will return again  
with all manner of sincerity.  
they alone curtail my apprehensions  
as I rise,  
alone and afraid-  
yet still caught in thought  
contemporary to my own being  
and what that is.  
they alone comprise my tangible hope  
that there must be somewhere  
something that is real and honest  
and true and of love...

