

# Sue

*4 poems for my sister*



by Bill Eberle

# Sue

*4 poems for my sister*

Bill Eberle

wcePub

wcePublishing 2014

## Cover Photo

Molyneux July 15, 2003 Camden, Maine © 2003 William C. Eberle  
Fujifilm FinePix S602 ZOOM, 1/640 sec, f/3.2, 21.8 mm

© 2014 William C. Eberle

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording or by any information storage and retrieval system, except in cases of short excerpts in reviews of this book, without permission in writing from the Publisher.

updated PDF Edition

*also available as original ePub and Kindle editions,  
and as limited edition, numbered and initialed,  
hand-made photo cover paper books ( 4.25 x 5.5 format)*



**wcePublishing**

15 North Street  
Thomaston, Maine 04861  
wcePublishing.com

© 2014 William C. Eberle

All rights reserved

Published electronically in the United States of America

Eberle, William C. 1945 –  
[Poems. Selections]

ISBN-10: 0985018208 (pdf)  
ISBN-13: 978-0-9850182-0-7 (pdf)

Sue 4 poems for my sister / William C. Eberle  
updated 1<sup>st</sup> Edition

Publication History:

First electronic editions created in 2012 (PDF, Kindle, ePub),

Updated 1<sup>st</sup> electronic edition created in 2014 (PDF)

First limited print editions, starting in 2013, photo cover paper book  
(4.25 x 5.5") format with *cover printed on HP Premium Plus Photo Paper*  
*pages printed on HP Premium Presentation Paper*

© 2014 William C. Eberle

for

my sister Sue

who died in 2007

on the night of the last full moon of summer

## *Forward*

I don't write poetry. Something inside of me that is related to poetry but earlier, more primitive, takes a hold of me and shakes me and takes me for a ride. The only way I can keep from falling off is to write, parse, push, feel, play, and reach . . . and keep putting words on paper until it's over, and the ride ends. Then I get to take a deep breath, remember some of the music from the trance I was in, and try to wrap my simple heart and brain around what is left - some words on paper. What is amazing to me is what I've learned from all of these experiences, that 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.

*Bill Eberle*

# Contents

Cover ..... [i](#)  
Title page ..... [ii](#)  
Copyright page ..... [iii](#)  
ISBN page ..... [iv](#)  
Dedication ..... [v](#)  
*Forward* ..... [vi](#)

The first poem describes something that happened one fall night in 2007 when I was mourning . . . and dancing.

Sue ..... [1](#)

*Art: Perhaps & Perhaps 2 © 2009 – 2014 William C. Eberle*

clear image ..... [2](#)

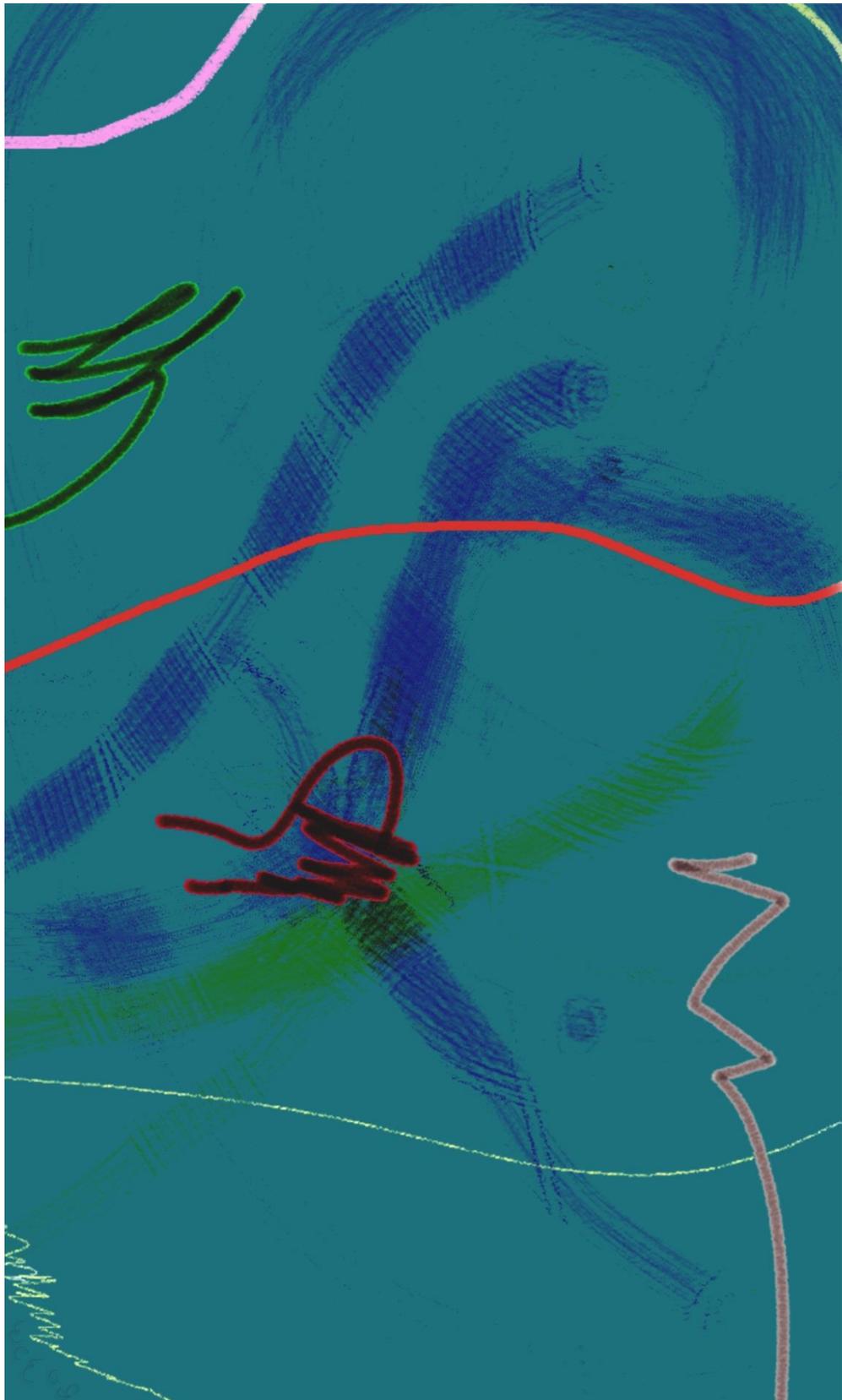
it's all in what you believe ..... [3](#)

Sue,

The following poem is true because of what I saw in you, your courage and your love. It makes no difference whether you live longer or I do.

You are my guide, conscious and unconscious, because of the courage, simple will, and deep love I recognized and honored in you.

Oh Sue ..... [4](#)



## Sue

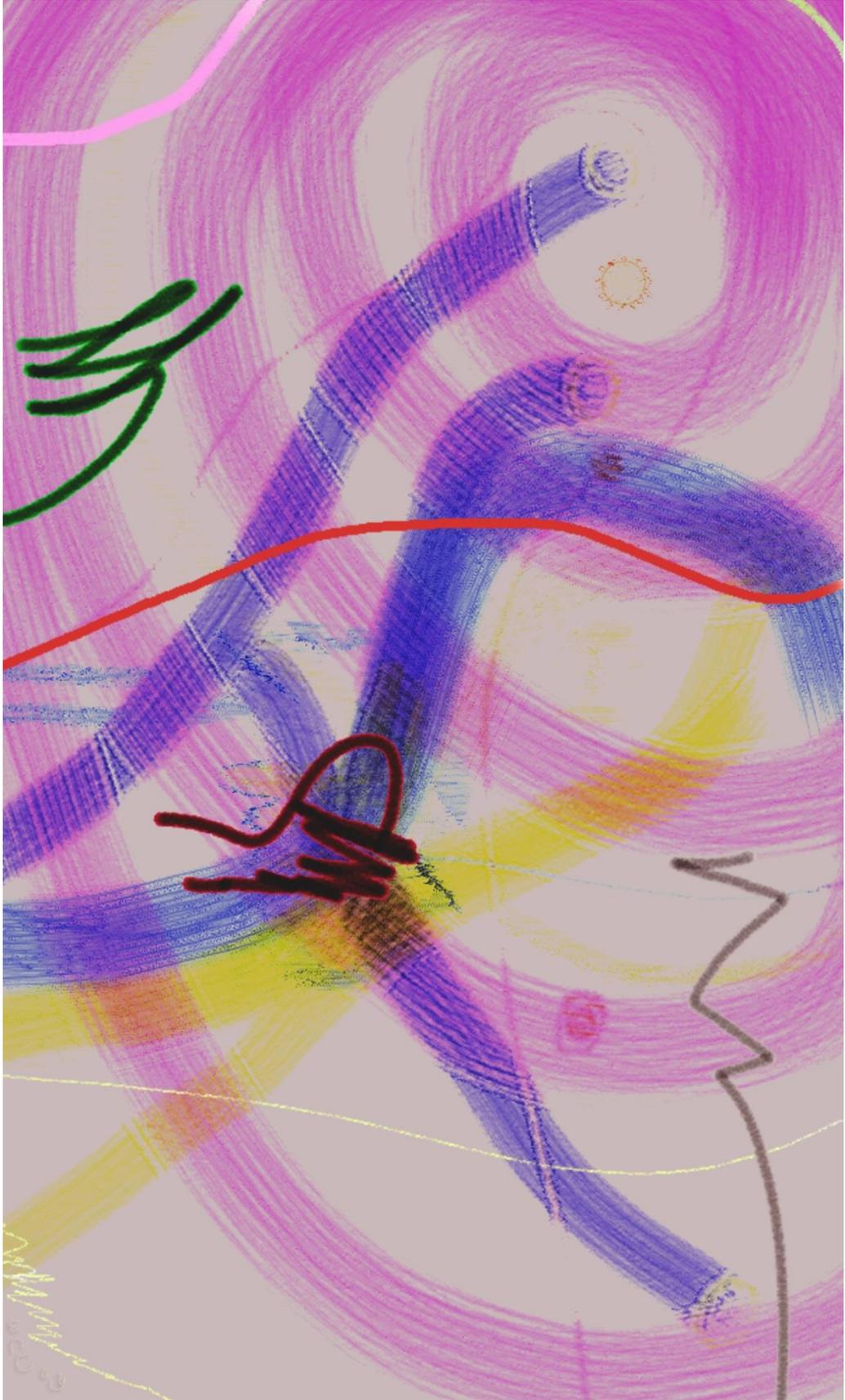
I reached for you  
dancing  
Samba NGO out of the Congo  
my feet flying  
arms reaching and  
the blend of the music  
shaped me to reach up to you

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



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

## 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

Summer 2007

Thank you

other PDF books of poetry by Bill Eberle

10 Love Poems

Where we live and other poems

2012 23 Poems

Going Out Vacation Poems

A Graduation 6 spontaneous poems

3 Days in Arizona and more in Maine

perhaps poetry & digital art

Sue 8 poems for my sister

Ann 10 poems for my daughter

*wcePub*

**wcePublishing**

wcePublishing.com