

My Gethsemane

*In some dark recess of my mind,
Begins the nameless ache that cannot be defined --
But violent in its outward quietness.*

*The awful torment deep inside, not quieted --
Tortured with mental pain more deep
Than knife wounds cut.
And every nerve screams silently for sleep;
The one panacea . . . an end to thought.*

*How sweet must be the grave where tortured mind
No longer runs in swift relays
Of hate, despair, and melancholia --
Anguish, and agony of writing nerves
That ache through seconds, minutes, hours, days
In Nameless Horror, wanting only **death**.*



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