

Poetry Series

**Carol Anne Bundy**  
**- poems -**

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## Carol Anne Bundy()

Carol Anne Bundy is a writer and artist who explores the relationships between artistic expression, philosophy and reflective spirituality.

She has developed ideas about the theory of Contemplative Art which she practices through her poems, books and paintings.

She was Dr. Jonas Salk's writing collaborator from 1990 until his death in 1995, thinking and writing with him on the evolution of consciousness and the human future.

In addition to her writing and painting, she also lectures on altruism, ethics and social responsibility through her position as the Jonas Salk Chair for Health and Human Values at the Human Futures Foundation.

# Sagacity's Song

Sages of the ages, can you believe  
That the world is still not free?  
Of anger, hatred and contempt, that killing fosters glee?  
Can you believe what we've become, how it must aggrieve.

New dawn you spoke, forever on eve,  
Truth a collective decree,  
But cowards in apathy, hailing catastrophe  
World gone mad, wailing shrieks, agony and disbelief.

And shaking your heads, you softly ask  
Was it only the languid wind?  
That heard the words, dared to hope, future near and dear.

Depending upon humanity's task,  
Revenge and greed rescind.  
Finding ourselves asking, at last,  
Are we prepared to hear?

Carol Anne Bundy

# The Meaning Of Life (Co-Written With Dr. Jonas Salk)

The meaning of life is felt in relationship  
Relationship with others and with one's own self  
From what it is as child to who it becomes as adult,  
Parent, grandparent, and ultimately,  
as ancestor.

The meaning of life flowers through relationship,  
Parenting, teaching, serving, creating,  
Learning through nature, the sages, our peers,  
Through our emerging selves in a state of becoming.

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# The Scream

It was the sort of nod that said I hadn't heard a word,  
yet the young man kept talking, talking, relentlessly on,  
telling me of his great plans for the future,  
the people he'd met.

I wanted to scream.  
But I didn't.

Rather I just sat there in my garden  
staring at the roses I'd planted last autumn.  
Roses patiently waiting for spring,  
petals falling.

The roses, they waited.  
They waited.  
The roses, they waited.  
They waited for spring.

Why couldn't people be more like the roses?  
Graceful and noble. So fragrant.  
Even their thorns,  
things of beauty.  
Has it been the fault of men  
or a crime of nature,  
that humans have endlessly struggled, struggled,  
to be at peace with the world?

At peace with themselves  
At peace with each other.

Pushing instead.  
Pushing.  
Fighting.  
Afraid.

The young man, he kept on talking...  
Talking.  
Talking.  
Talking in my garden.

Yes, no, yes.

Yes.

No.

Maybe.

And there I was, screaming.

Screaming.

Screaming in silence.□

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# When Love Breaks Down

The real sadness when love breaks down  
Is not that it is broken  
But that those who loved so deeply  
Must smash the beautiful memories  
In smashing each other.  
Smashing the ones once held close,  
Promised a moment or forever.

The real sadness when love breaks down  
Is not the promise broken  
But the one left unfulfilled  
Which runs deeper than the skin  
Happening in the heart  
Sacrificed for pride  
As lives drift painfully apart.

Yes, the real sadness when love breaks down  
Is that we fail to remember we are human  
Adjudicating as if gods  
Mortals who can never be  
What we never were anyway, now not even in memory,  
Denying love's final chance.

And even if you never loved me,  
As it now seems so clear.  
What holds you back from saying,  
The memory you'll hold dear.

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