

Louise Gump Selected Poems



Louise Gump

May 31, 1911 [Kansas City, Missouri] –

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Sed ut perspiciatis unde omnis iste natus error sit voluptatem accusantium doloremque laudantium, totam rem aperiam, eaque ipsa quae ab illo inventore veritatis et quasi architecto beatae vitae dicta sunt explicabo. Nemo enim ipsam voluptatem quia voluptas sit aspernatur aut odit aut fugit, sed quia consequuntur magni dolores eos qui ratione voluptatem sequi nesciunt. Neque porro quisquam est, qui dolorem ipsum quia dolor sit amet, consectetur, adipisci velit, sed quia non numquam eius modi tempora incidunt ut labore et dolore magnam aliquam quaerat voluptatem. Ut enim ad minima veniam, quis nostrum exercitationem ullam corporis suscipit laboriosam, nisi ut aliquid ex ea commodi consequatur? Quis autem vel eum iure reprehenderit qui in ea voluptate velit esse quam nihil molestiae consequatur, vel illum qui dolorem eum fugiat quo voluptas nulla pariatur?

Poems by Jane Aul. Los Angeles: Columbia Art Studios, 1931.

Moderne

Weird harmony,
Broken time,
Strange rhythm,
Oblique rhyme,

Frozen pedal,
Deliberate blur,
Daring discords
Bellow, stir,

Haunting runs—
No melody—
Maddening sevenths
In ecstasy,

Blinding darts
Of a spinning prism
Vibrant, chanting
Modernism!

Art Moderne

Stark, bold,
Unbelievable,
Angles, angles,
Inconceivable,

Chashing colors'
Bold embrace;
Chaotic line,
Frenzied pace.

Mad design,
Amazing tangle,—
Variations
Of an angle.

Gazing long
At the maze,
Appears—form
From out the haze.

A tigress in
A lazy mood—
A laughing woman
In the nude,

A party drinking
To the host,
A beggar girl
Dipping toast,—

These appear
From intricacy,
In marvelous
Simplicity!

Minor Note

Plaintive, sobbing, little note,
Born of minor key—
I hear you in the restless leaves,
And in the chant of a lonely sea,

Or slipping through the hollow throat
Of an aged organ's tone,
To hide among some rafters,
And die a-moaning, all alone.

Always searching, always seeking
For your other half,
For the part of you that's happy,
For the part that lilt a laugh,

But all your subtle thrill and charm
Lies in seeking, not in finding.
In being just your sad lone self
About the heart entwining.

So look not little mournful note,
For that other part—
To make your lovely self complete,
Would break my listening heart!

Death Musings

I lie in my coffin
Life is behind me
Like still waters
Of a placid sea.

No great sorrow
Came my way.
Life's even tenor
Held steady sway.

No thrilling joys
Were ever mine.
Life was limp
Like new-made wine.

No love ever came
To conquer my heart.
No anguish was mine
That my lover should part

No husband had I
To bring grief or bliss.
No tumult, no trials,
No smothering kiss.

No pool of tears,
No lilting laughs,
No throbbing heart,
O'er my memory wafts.

Now in my grave
I pray none mourns,
For this pale flower,
This flower without thorns.

Death Musing

I lie in my coffin
Life is behind me,
Like turbulent waters
Of a stormy sea.

Sorrows were mine
I shed many tears.
My sad eyes mirrored
Their many fears.

And joy did come
To fill my heart,
Life's gayer tunes
Sang from the start.

Love I've known
Times of bliss.
A lover's arms,
His smothering kiss.

Smiles I've known,
Tears I've shed,
Love was mine,
My heart has bled!

Now in my grave
Let no one mourn,
For this vivid flower
This flower, with a thorn.

