

To Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

By CLAUDIA JONES

(Poem written and dedicated
to a foremost U.S. 'Communist
woman leader in Federal Re-
formatory for Women, Alderson,
West Virginia, October 1955)

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I think I'll always see you every-
where

At morn, when sunlight's radiance
bathes all things like verse,
Proclaiming men, not beast, is
King of all the universe.

I'll see you in young shooting
sprouts

That sneer at weeds, age-gnarled
in doubt

Of users who defile in epithet a
life

Well-lived in service built from
strife.

I'll see you too at noontime

When the sun, in orbit

Fling its rays like thyme thru skies
on days that hurt

Causing you to build anew full
courage-spirit

I see you oft at twilights' dusk
Before the sun will fade

I'll conjure up your twinkling
laugh

Your eyes in blue-like jade.

I'll see you in the dark of night

When nature seeks her rest

Except the reedy crickets

Who muse in watch, I guess

I'll think of you forever

And how your spirit rings

Because your faith leaps as a flame

Sweet nature to all things.

Of all the times I'll miss you most

Is when I'm least aware

Because you will intrude I know

Upon my inner ear

Beloved comrade when from you
I tear

My mind, my heart, my thoughts
You'll hear!