

Donald Graham, poet of the month for September 2007.



A fifth generation Texan, he has been writing for his own enjoyment since his teens and has never had anything published except company ads, brochures and newsletters. His poems are primarily about his experiences of faith, humor, nature, life and death. He was in the first class at Alvin Junior College, attended the University of North Texas before joining the Air Force in 1951. After the Air Force, he returned to school and received a Bachelor of Science degree in electronic technology from the University of Houston, and has worked in the oilfield instrumentation industry for over forty years. He has six children, one of whom inspired the poem below.

### Schizophrenic

By Donald Graham

Beautiful colors, dazzling lights  
reaching out to me..  
must go higher, closer, touch...  
calling me, calling softly,  
telling me..  
paint, draw, mold, build, feel,  
totem pole, Buddha, canvas,  
eyes are watching me now,  
evil eyes want to hurt me.  
they're coming for me,  
they are taking me away to hell.  
satan is talking to me.  
they jabbed my arm....

the colors are gone....  
Mom, Dad, where have you been?