

February 6, 1962

"Perhaps if you know something about me you will be able to view this poem in the proper perspective. I am a fifteen year old suburban teen-ager and this is my first attempt at magazine publication. The ideas expressed in this poem were developed when I was thirteen years old, but the actual writing of it did not occur until this summer. Since the age of thirteen I have written over forty poems that help to express the 'I' in 'I Am Searching.' However, the enclosed poem seems to be the only one of any value...."

I Am Searching

I am searching
For the truth
I am searching
To find out who and what I really am
To find the real religion and the real right and the real wrong
To find out why mankind always wants more of everything
To find the real beauty of life
To find the secret of nature and creation
To find God
To find the answer to eternal life
To find out if Darwin was really right
To find out why Little Orphan Annie doesn't have eyeballs
To find out why sometimes I'm oversexed and sometimes I'm frigid
To find out why I can't paint like Michaelangelo

I want to find out the answers to all my questions
Only there aren't any answers
And sometimes I can't even state the questions
But I am still searching
To discover love -- if it exists inside me at all
To discover all the knowledge in the world
I am searching for the day when suddenly
'Poof' and I understand everything and anything
For a boy who will think of me as a woman not as a friend
For a real friend
For complete happiness
For peace
It just seems that I will never find what I am searching for
I don't know if it really matters
Just searching seems to be of importance

I am searching

To find all my hidden talents laying under a rock somewhere

To find that Pond of Thoreau's

To find the "Iceman" and really dig what O'Neill is saying

I am searching for an understanding of mankind

A philosophy of life

A way of life

A true belief in a true religion

I am searching for an answer to Freud and Khrushchev

For a beautiful green field garnished in sun yellow

Daffodils where I can just sit down and look at the sky

And fall in love with the whole world and

Really dig everything and everyone with unselfish love -- real love

I am looking for the impossible

I am searching for Heaven and Hell

And my soul -- if I have one (I am also searching for the answer to that)

I am searching for the day when everyone will

Give up their pipe dreams and look at themselves naked

(I am searching for the end of the world!)

Most of all, I am searching for life

To live it -- to love it -- to understand it

I am searching for someone to take the love I have to give

And to love me in return

I am searching for the end of space -- there must be an end somewhere

I am searching for six million dead Jews in the ruins of Auschwitz

I am searching for our lost civilization

I am searching for a road map to Paradise

And for Alice's wonderland and the house on Pooh's corner

I am searching for an obscene word to be printed in the 'N.Y. Times'

I am searching for my lost childhood

I am searching for my teen-age years that never were

I am searching for an answer to what happens when I die

And what will be happening here when I'm gone

I am searching for an understanding of

Ginsbergs 'Howl' and Ferlinghetti's 'Her'

And for Kerouac's road where I can meet people who too are searching

And are screaming for help, help, help

I am searching for a place where no one will bother me

For Alexander Graham Bell so that I can kill him for inventing the telephone

*For the men who made the A-bomb and the
H-bomb and fallout*

*I am searching for Governor Rockefeller who is hiding in his
Fallout shelter somewhere wearing a "sane" button*

*For all the mistakes of mankind so that I may obliterate them
and give everyone eternal peace*

*But most of all I am searching not for others' but for my own
good*

I am searching for an identity

A soul

A self

I am searching for myself.

-- Marian Schwager

Teaneck, New Jersey

Hard Luck Story

*I reached to
strike a light
but a time-bomb
interferred and
no one since
has even so
much as mentioned
my name.*

-- Charles Shaw

New York, New York