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## to be loved, to beloved

Eleanor Mund  
*Messiah University*

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## to be loved, to beloved:

*Eleanor Mund (Musical Theater and English 2026)*

your hands, soft and gentle as a careful creator's  
 smooth my frizzed curls from out of my glassy, unfocused eyes and  
 your fingers, like the delicate brush of a demiurge  
 trace the tracks of mascara down my cheeks without paying mind to the pools  
 of ink forming under your nailbeds,  
 mingling with the smudges of graphite and crusts of color already hugging your  
 comfortable skin  
 you do not care because it is part of your art of loving me a steady and slow  
 process which you seek to study  
 you cradle my spirit  
 cracked and confused and cratered  
 misted by mingling memories  
 and gnawing guilt  
 and love, joy, so much goodness  
 swirled into a confusing mosaic that you mean to find meaning in  
 with the eye of a beholder who sees the forest for the trees, and finds not just  
 the lush swath before them beautiful  
 but also the lonely barren birches  
 beauty beheld in the papery white, peeling birches  
 and the picture they create  
 you want to paint that picture  
 the evershifting sketch of my soul  
 you want to create that and show me that you understand and love.  
 you love.  
 love the values, and shades, and textures  
 you are an artist.  
 i, your wordsmith of a muse who desires just as much to capture your psyche  
 with my scrawlings and scribbles  
 and i love you for all of you. And you love me for all of me, and as i ache to  
 truly believe it you always assure me of your ardor  
 a surety.  
 a solemn vow.  
 a sacred prayer.

an answer to prayer—you were sent to me by God in His goodness and i  
cannot understand that goodness  
i cannot understand this gift  
nor can I understand my long desire, my longing, the act of long  
how did I wait so long?



frog

*Connor Duncan (Sustainability 2025)*

