

Peanut Butter

Boy...do I love peanut butter
Just it's mention makes my heart flutter
So smooth, yet crunchy and delightful to eat
No other delicacy can possibly beat

Ahh so common a treat, available to all
To the young and the old, the short and the tall
The grocery stores are always stalked well
With my sweet peanut butter ready to sell

Then there's the health food stores
That will grind it out fresh
The texture is different, in cookies it's best
The army puts it into tiny tin cans
To supply the soldiers with protein, it feeds
the whole clan

Well everyone knows about peanut butter and jelly
It sticks to you ribs and fills up your belly
It gives you a lift and it's easy to make
There is no other food with it's place can
we take

Why, the last U.S. President: Carter's his name
Raised peanuts for butter before his fame came
Now have I convinced you of the extreme flare
That peanuts create when mashed into
la "beurre"?

So eat it and spread it and use it profusely
But don't make fun of it and mention it
loosely
Its importance is great its establishment profound
It has taken its place and its fame is reknown
-Melanie Richards

Poetry

Paradise Lost

Sometimes I do remember when
I was so very happy then,
You taught me how to love and laugh
You always were my better half.

I thought you'd be forever mine
It turned out to be a short time
A time forever in my mind
A love that was so very kind.

I realize you had to move on
But with you all the light is gone,
And if I never love again
The memory will linger on.

And now it is all in the past
I feel an emptiness so vast,
Things seem to move along so fast
But endless love songs always last.

S.

Submissions to the Brunswick Poetry Contest will be accepted until March 12th at the Brunswickan Office, Rm. 35 of the SUB.

Searching

Man is blind to your love
as he is also blind to you.
Why forsake the pleasure
you give to my life?

The pain I perceive
when I look at your face
as he . . . touches you
and inflicts his unglorified
wounds on your body and helpless soul

I feel unable to help, my one,
as I stand and watch the massacre.
I want to erase his bad memories,
I want to help you by touching
and erasing his touch of sadness.

I will be selfish and take you
away from him
Protect you for a life-time,
ever. . .
Wrapping my arms as shields
around you to ward off his evil.

Then. . .the images fade,
along with the pain, evil, all;
once again I am left alone. . .
without you. . . you.

Stephanie Wilson

The Thrilla From Manila

Hair so black,
Eyes so brown,
Breasts that stand up,
When lying down.

Eyes so big,
Waist so small,
Long slim legs that
Make her tall.

Walks like a lady
From another age.
Performs like an actress;
She's always on stage.

She seems to know
She's in her prime.
She catches you staring
Everytime.

Teeth so white,
Voice so sweet.
She looks good
Enough to eat.

She defines
Satisfaction.
In her state she's
A tourist attraction.

She looks so cool
Wearing a chinchilla,
You know her name
Must be *** Betty.

Tangle