

Please direct all
submissions of prose,
poetry, drama or literary
reviews

Karen Braun,
Literary Editor
The Brunswickan
or drop off at Room
35, SUB.

Lit page
Deadline
Noon Tuesday

Wither My Love, My Love, Dear Love

Wither oh! Wither! my crack-ed heat
There she is, all that is not and not that is all
Alas, alack, and woe is me
Oh! be still my flamed soul; fluttering skirts
I shall drop my golden pencils and dance through the fields
My life, my love, my jury of peers
Condemn me not for my iniquities
I make you a present of my forebrain
To have, to hold, to braise with white wine
and, if necessary, to ply with stronger liqueurs
You're swell; I'd trade my fungo-bat for you
Wither my love, my love, dear love
Wither, wither my broken legs
I wish that you were human.

Dwame Kawes
81519
89435
85916
82305

Desensitized

The papers showed the burning boy--no shame!
The evening news the dying plane--what fun!
The radio plays the killer's gun--we gasp!
There's horror written on your face (it shows)
It's hot inside, outside it is cold
Mass Media
We know
We watch
We see
Brainwash
We think we're smart and we're informed--bad joke!
TV shock therapy you and me--see?
Desensitized, aren't we?
Mass Media Das Massenmedium
BLACK MASS (media)

Richard Thornley

Vision

Touching beauty of a wilted flower;
Kissing death of a green-eyed frog.
Wildly escaping the reflection of power;
cold fingers of the flowing brook
sleepily move over the colorful pebbles;
slowly the mist becomes an enchanted fog.

Deborah Ruth Wilton

Love Song (For S.S)

I live in fear that we will move apart
Before I get up the nerve to say
I'd like to buy you a drink
And pick your mind
And hold your hand.

Rain always falls on the open heath
As I walk the long way home.
And the clouds are distant and the moon so cold
(so real) as I'm walking home alone.

I wish sometimes that I could hold out my hand
And say what I really mean
But my mouth stays shut and
I say next week maybe...

Richard Thornley

Summer Song

Blackeyed Susan with long red hair
Streaming in the sun,
Walking through the cornfield
Gold silk newly spun.

Sapphire sky that sparkles white,
Sweet green waving stalks.
Deep brown bootprints in the earth
Wherever Susan walks

Pale blue cornflowers, forget-me-nots
And secret violet sprays,
Pink primroses thrust their vines
Along the sun lit way

Diamonds glisten in the brook
And in the pebbles pearl,
While Susan lives and runs and laughs,
There's colour in the world.

Marie Shields