

***** POETRY *****

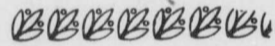
NEW BRUNSWICK

* N is nature at her very finest
E is for her elms and evergreens
W is her ways; both high and bi-ways;
Every mile's a charming country scene.

* B is for the beauty that she offers
R is for her rivers flowing free
U is for her unspoiled woods and landscapes
N means native hospitality
SW is her sea-winds; cool and fragrant
I is for the Islands round her shores
C is for her children; happy, carefree;
Yet untouched by hate and greed and war.

* K means keep New Brunswick green and growing,
Keep her atmosphere pollution free,
Then our children and our children's children
Shall inherit this priceless legacy.

Mrs. Gertrude Courser [Blind]
President, Canadian
Council of the Blind, Fredericton



WHAT IS . . .

What is life
If I'm not the One?
Have no fear
For I am the Sun.

What is love
If I'm not the One?
Have no fear
For I am the Sun.

What is hell
If I'm not the One?
Be of fear
For I am the Sun.



THE POET

The poet
Is like an eagle —
Not many know
Where he goes.

The poet
Is like the wind —
Not many know
Why he blows.

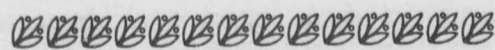
The poet
Must be a fool —
For when he cries
Too many laugh.



I simply have lost the feeling for living
the wish to carry on.
Handling being false and plasticity just
to be in appropriate form for the situation
Having to worry about the ultra inner
details
or just plain getting up in the morning
Having to figure out all the angles of how
to say what, and how to whom at the
precise time and place and to be sure
they won't misconstrue the meaning and
the feelings behind all I say.
I'm in a rut with walls too high to climb
I've no way out and no vices even to
try to accomplish that feat.
I've no idea how much longer I'll be
able to continue with the fake or
how much longer I'll be able to
hold on.

June 24/77

KATHRYN POPOVICH



* ALMA MATER

UNB is lotsa fun
You get up late and
Get essays done.
Sometimes you flunk,
You usually pass.
I tell all the profs
To kiss my ass.

* UNB is really a blast.
You fall asleep
When you go to class.
Bullshitting essays,
A common event.
It especially happens
To dear old "KENT"

UNB is a dear old place.
It looks even better
Flat drunk on your face.
Some of my friends,
Who live in that state,
Have said from that angle,
Life really looks great!

PAMELA RITCHIE



"YOU'RE ALL ALONE"

Don't tell me about your promises
Or your grand ideas of love
It's down as deep as it can be
But you still stand and shove
Should it be?
Or could it be?
Or is that what you want?
First you love me
Then you leave me
Take me for a jaunt
Until you find that in yourself
A feeling will arise
And then you'll sit and think alone
Just searching for my eyes
But all you see is just a wall
That you've built around yourself
And silently you fight and scratch
You're on that second shelf
It's only just a drop below
And you can see them there
But they just laugh and drift on by
That deathly, lonely stare,
So now you know that life is love
And yours is incomplete
For then shall it arrive one day
Just soft, so sad, but sweet.

JANICE M. PRICE