Poetry

16 - BRUNSWICKAN FEBRUARY 4, 1972

GROWING PAINS

Little girls, their arms full of dandelions and buttercups,

Know the secret of catching admiring glances

As they traipse the sidewalks,

Taking huge steps; careful of the cracks,

Trying to look important, as though they're on parade,

When their mother's hand-me-downs are draped over their shoulders,

And trailing behind them collecting dirt. Elbow-length gloves cover many arms to the shoulder,

The fingers hanging limp and baggy Clutch a beaded purse or bright shawl. These are the same that will give away

and the second second

As signs of their maturity

their dolls and toys

-Shari Hollins

Clocks

How horrible a clock's life is. To sit and say Little, with hands Circling, to glow At night, and be Used in day for Reference and work For idle hands, whose Nerves twitch and wind The tick tock by my bed.

Legend of America

The wonders of peanut butter no one ever explored, to probe into its finer qualities.

Warm and sticky all over your face. Ah! The consistency of glue. To mystify the insides of your intestinal tract.

Run your fingers through it Unrivaled by any other piece of nature.

The backbone of America For Kids and movie stars and moms and dads. Unassuming, true equality.

Sandy

Peanut butter.

The Girl in the Blue Sweater

The girl in the blue sweater, studying, across from me is beautiful.

I think I'll write a poem ... about her.

A while ago, I started to write About the girl across from me.

But then, I staredand searched for details-And pulled them apart like petals from a flower...

Leaving nothing to write about.

If the "Brunswickan" should publish this "almost" poem, And, if the girl in the blue sweater should read it--I hope she just reads the first three lines.

HAPPY! I'm so very, very happy - beyond all words. I've always somehow felt that "beyond all words" is an escape saying for people who lack the creativeness to express themselves - and maybe do - maybe right now I too lack the creativeness, but I honest to God don't give a damn! I'm so at peace with myself and you right now - I feel like shouting, and singing, and running down high hills with the wind in my back!

-Ora MacDonald



frost, there was frost this morning in this strange place a diamond crust on the ground and you' ever so dainty

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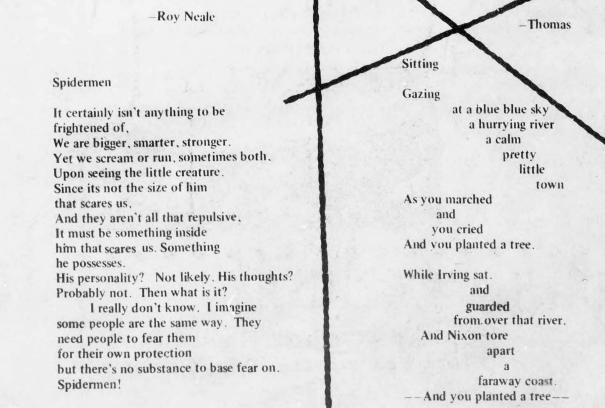
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-Leni Masspon

your dancing sparkling feet broke through

ah, what did you expect you say you are lonely my skin is no thicker than yours it hides nothing any longer the center is always soft primieval forms fighting for life the right to survive

now that you know better my love my splendid dancer always outside of my grasp now that you know better an image is possible the earth can erupt in fire a theme loved by the worthy mere silhouettes in the flames we will dance together

-Andrew Scott

-J.M.