

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
their dolls and toys
As signs of their maturity.

-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.

-Roy Neale

Spidermen

It certainly isn't anything to be
frightened of,
We are bigger, smarter, stronger.
Yet we scream or run, sometimes both.
Upon seeing the little creature.
Since its not the size of him
that scares us,
And they aren't all that repulsive,
It must be something inside
him that scares us. Something
he possesses.
His personality? Not likely. His thoughts?
Probably not. Then what is it?
I really don't know. I imagine
some people are the same way. They
need people to fear them
for their own protection
but there's no substance to base fear on.
Spidermen!

-Leni Masspon

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.

Peanut butter.

-Sandy

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 stared-
and 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.

-Thomas

Sitting

Gazing
at a blue blue sky
a hurrying river
a calm
pretty
little
town

As you marched
and
you cried
And you planted a tree.

While Irving sat,
and
guarded
from over that river.
And Nixon tore
apart
a
faraway coast.
-- And you planted a tree --

-J.M.

HAPPY! I'm so 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

DANCE

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