

Your so warm and beautiful
that I compare
holding you
in sleep
to
holding the sun
in my arms
and
awakening in the
morning - to
kiss the sunrise.

Heather Trecartin

Written for Janet

LOVE

Lengthens Our Very Existence
Without LOVE, we should soon perish away;
It is designed for total resistance.
Of evils that lurk day afterday.

Love from all is the key to peace
We can't let our world be torn apart
Keeping things straight everyone has a lease
To do what is right in your heart.

The gleam of love in your sweetheart's eye
Isn't very hard to detect
And the way she smiles makes you want to cry
'Cause you know everything turned out perfect.

Love is complex and it's hard to explain
The feeling inside that are yours,
To cherish or not, the fact still remains
There are many unopened doors.

-A. Hazlett '77

AFTER A DEATH

My eyes are full of unshed tears.
My mind is aching from unspoken fears.
The people around me cannot conceive;
How I feel - what I believe!

I feel alone in this big world
My heart is heavy; my thoughts are curled
Around one subject - my only worry.
But I cannot tell. I'm sorry.

Signed: Alone

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How many Ma?
How many more to be?
There's been so many
Now
So many come to me
Too many sons
unborn.
Too many men
have gone.
So many stopped by me
How many Ma?
How many more to be?

-J.M.

CLOUD SONG

I see his face in the clouds of the sky
I look up and say to myself - why?
I'll talk to you cloud - maybe you know;
Perhaps you can tell me why he had to go?

We walked together in the sun,
Holding Hands - we were one.
On rainy days we'd smile and say,
We'll stay together just we two today.

I guess you're like me, Mr. Cloud
Just drifting along, thinking outloud;
You have no answers and neither do I
But I plague myself - wondering why?

Oh! Please Mr. Cloud don't leave me alone.
Please, Mr. Cloud don't send me home
Without a reason - answer my why!
Please tell me how come he said goodbye?

Signed: Alone

for "Somebody"

I saw an angel yesterday
running in the rain,
with grace and resolution
joined in a sweet refrain,
and as I watched enchanted
[while searching for a rhyme]
her pretty, little bottom
was beating perfect time.

Maurice Spiro