

ROETTERA



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 you 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

She Seemed...

Gone now -
Past the time she had planned on, but,
Leaving, she took so long... scraping her feet
On the ground... and several times
Turning around- as though waiting for me
(But, then, I didn't see.) to say something,
or do something.

It could have been anything.
But it bothers me now
When I think about how she seemed
to be trying
To give me another chance to
Make the evening meaningful.
But only now do I know how much
I wanted her to stay
But, now, she's gone.

—Thomas



Diversions

Alone
Again with
My thoughts
Only
Lonely thoughts
Forced to the back
Of my mind by
everyday hustle and hurry
of office routine
Deadened by inane
television programs blaring,
Canned
Music just to drown
any thought that
dare stray to the surface
and ripple to the surface
and rip
and ripple the mask
I wear to hide the fear
of being with my
thoughts
Again.
Alone.

—Ludlow

Because I turned to you
in need;
Because I spelled it out
In words;
I stand in maked light
Before your eyes -
Because I've given you my tears
And fears -
Does that make me less
Of what I could have been?
Its snowing out -
You know how I feel
When the world turns cold -
At best
I can hope for warmer days.

—Ora MacDonald

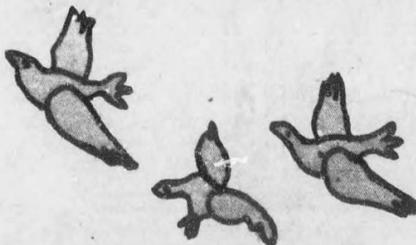
Ciner wears her hair
Where she can't see it.
She smiles without a smile
And I follow her down the corridor
And into a room
Where we sit
Children
Playing with my yesterdays
Like dolls
Hers - dressed better than mine

—Bonnie Robinson

"Ode To dy/dx"

As a Science major
I compare my love problem to a
Mathematical one.
One calculus question bothers me:
I try to ignore it, but think about it
Every night.
Up and at it!
I put the problem down in step - wise fashion,
Plug in all the formulæ I know,
And still fail.
But, somehow, I feel more at ease.
To have tried and failed,
There is nothing dishonourable in that.
At last, I can sleep at night!

—R.I.G.



Snow angels melt away
In spring
The one I made took longer
But its gone.
Now, I know,
I'll never make another
For you, or anyone.
I'll never grow
To be so young again.

—Ora MacDonald