

POETRY

Crisp in My Mind

Crisp in my mind
the memories stay
of you in Earthly glory
which had not its way

The phone is now silent
perhaps for ever
communications always seemed
a futile endeavor

One simple motion to open the door
and you merely gurgle
saying what for?

I know not what happened along the way
for your Earthly eyes are dark and dismal
like the flowers dying, already, in May

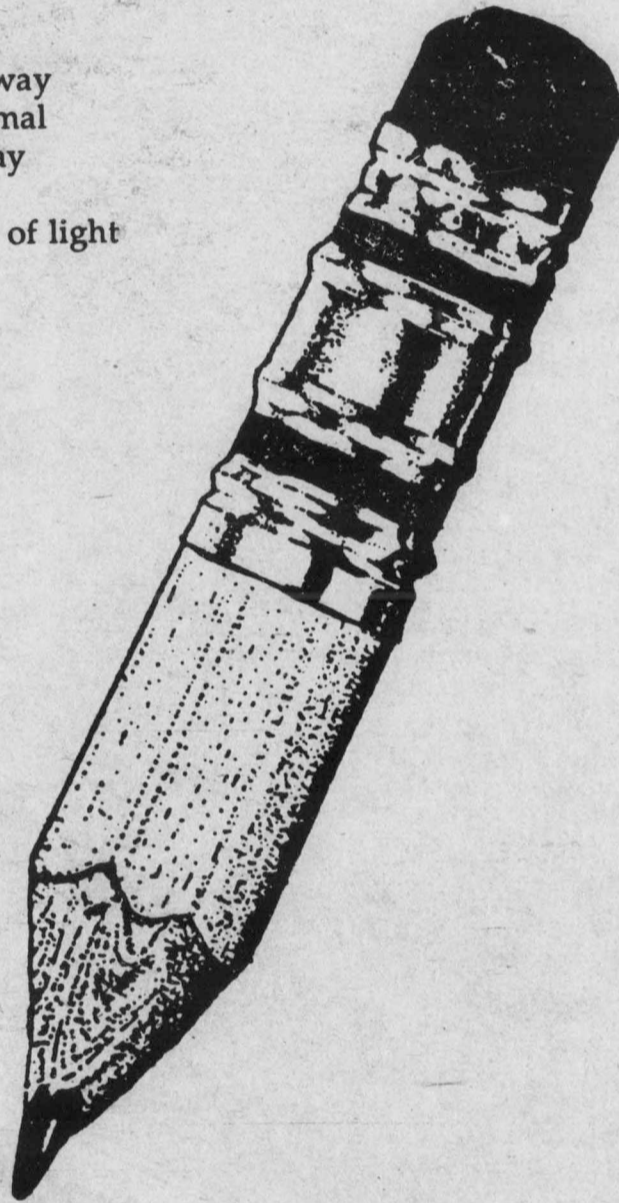
You would not come out of the sunbeams of light
But, that will not help us
through this plight

BRETT MULLIN

RELUCTANCE

What made up for half my
life
is soon to be gone.
Living for today,
I dare not dream of
tomorrow.
What is the shortness of
time
and why must it pass?
Come friendships or events
the hour comes to end
This I do not want to
accept.
I cannot comprehend
why so much is stored
alone in memory
to be savored when
sadness comes.
The ends drawing near
will bring none but pain
and I shiver, empty,
this must not be me...

MARINA MOLYNEAUX



INQUIRIES

Morning sun arises
deep in thought
she analyzes
her only question so far-
she wants an answer
to the moon and stars
to the world around
and who we are
and the echoing sound
of a lonely bird
whose music
is her only word...
eyes wide
she tried...
but she would never know,
with her life so hard
and so much time to go

MARINA MOLYNEAUX

Dusk to Dawn

If
you follow
Smythe or Regent
On their roller-coasting
Fall
Or York
Or Hanwell - you
May not see it there
At all;
You've followed cars
So slow
that way
So many times before;
But still your eyes
Are unprepared -
You gasp
As down and down you go -
The faerylande
Of Fredericton
Belome

And there are times
When
Up the hill
You hurry on
When it is chill
When collar up
And head bent low
Something
Makes you turn and stare;
The flicker of the winter air -
A million twigs
Break beams of light
And sprinkle
Halos
Through the night;
The faerylande of Fredericton
Belome

I like it
Best
On Christmas nights
That freeze the stars
Like crystal lights
When carollers
Sing
Clear and low
Their candles
Crackling
In the snow
There: black on white -
All red and green and gold
And bright -
The winking sight, the festive glow
Of Fredericton
The faerylande
Belome

PAMELA FULTON

October 6, 1989

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