

# poetry

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## The Wise Old Woman Death

Green and golden, as if touched  
By a rich man's wonder, are  
The ghosts of last year's trees.  
I see them as real as these  
Watching walls whiten the empty  
Bones that fill them.

One night into tomorrow,  
And one footprint in the snow.

The charred hands of the branded maple  
Reach warm as specre eyes  
Into this cold bed. And the forest  
Spreads a winter table  
Outside my window. They have come  
For a feast of the soul.

One night into tomorrow,  
And one footprint in the snow.

Whispering bands, charming out the secrets  
From the bark, gather round  
My pillow. Fast and fragile, as the  
Wish of a drowned man, is the voice  
Of the sky, calling me now  
Into the miracle of midnight stars.

One night into tomorrow,  
And one footprint in the snow.

Sheelagh Russell

## Adieu

At this our last parting,  
We have little to say to each other's eyes,  
Only my strong arms and your tears  
Speak of our clinging to a happy past.

Our hands are tightly joined  
By vows no one may alter,  
Though death may come to lovers,  
Over love, death has no power.  
And yet we give back promises,  
For there is little infant chance  
That we shall ever meet again.

We are the victims of memory's hollow echo,  
Like our footsteps and our voices  
In the empty railway station,  
Where we shiver in the morning cold  
And tremble with emotion.

What more can be said?  
One short kiss on tiptoes,  
One gentle squeeze from a beloved hand,  
Two soft goodbyes, one last touch  
Of yearning fingers through the windows--  
A kiss upon the pane.

I stepped down from the platform to the tracks  
And you can see me no more  
In the rising steam and mist,  
As your train slips away.

After a while I also turn and walk away  
Beneath the shedding arch of autumn elms

Kevin R. Bruce

## Rain

(is a desert where  
thought and love are not even mirageable)

i walk an animal untamed  
by schizophrenic flowers who plant themselves  
in the growing heat of the air

(dry is god  
and waiting is praying)  
i pluck a flower

for plucking a flower is like hoping  
and i long to love.

someday it will rain;  
and i will feel the water on my face  
and for all the flowers  
from clouds will fall the earth

Bernell Macdonald

## LYCANTHROPY

Your pelted ripped flesh taunts my mind,  
As you smile and bite another  
squealing piece of pork.  
Forgotten momentarily, the guest  
again grips my loins and triumphs  
over growls on, "Tea in China".  
"Come lovely Roslyn, my castle  
is your sty and betwixt  
which we'll fail".

She gained the upper hand  
in battle but I assumed the  
conquers chair.

As we rose for the final and  
died in melted time she returned  
from vivious claws to cloaked  
secrecy.

If

If life were just a game, to play,  
Then people would be cards,  
If love was just a word to say,  
Then truth would not exist.  
If beauty was worth a dime,  
Then Nature would be silver.  
If there were not time,  
Then nothing would grow old.  
If songs could only be played,  
The forest would be silent.  
If summer'd days could be made,  
Seasons would never change.  
If happiness could be earned,  
Everyone would work.  
If wisdom could be learned,  
All would go to school.  
If death were the end,  
There would be no faith.  
If peace could condescend,  
There would be no war.  
If man thinks he rules the world,  
Why can't he rule God?

Barbara Baird

