



For Diana

COLD DECEMBER

A touch of April in your smile
July and August in your raven hair
A sweet September in your eyes
November notions in the clothes you wear
Your every season's work of art
But there's a cold December in your heart.

It seemed to me the day we met
That all the flowers had begun to bloom
I thought you'd help me to forget
The dusty shadows of my lonely room
I should have known right from the start
About that cold December in your heart.

I loved you more and more each day
Through every season of the year
Your loving laughter seemed to say
Your life was empty when I wasn't near you.

Oh love can lead you to your grave
I was a fool to think you loved me too
You always took but you never gave
Until you'd taken all my love for you
I feel a chill; I must depart
And leave that cold December in your heart.

Rico

TO MY FRIENDS AT THE ROBIN HOOD

Then
leaving seemed unreal
creeping upon me with
each passing day
Till
my last day
my last night
was upon me
with a tearful reality.
Tears came
with the exchange of gifts
and a song just for me.
I loved them all
and still do
but it's not the same now.
I'm here—
They're there
and I've learned to make
the best of what I've got here,
with painful easiness.
They've
all left my mind
to make room for those
who are here,
those I am learning to love.
I'll be returning
soon
but I know
things won't be the same

Debbie Brine
[alias Sheila of Woodstock]

ENCORE

I still remember her
A rose bought in a tavern long ago
A quiet dinner - lots of wine
The gentle way she used to smile

I still remember her
The songs she used to sing
Crossword puzzles, games of bridge
Laughter paid for with a kiss

I still remember her
A thousand miles apart
The bears that surrounded her
Telling lies that hurt.



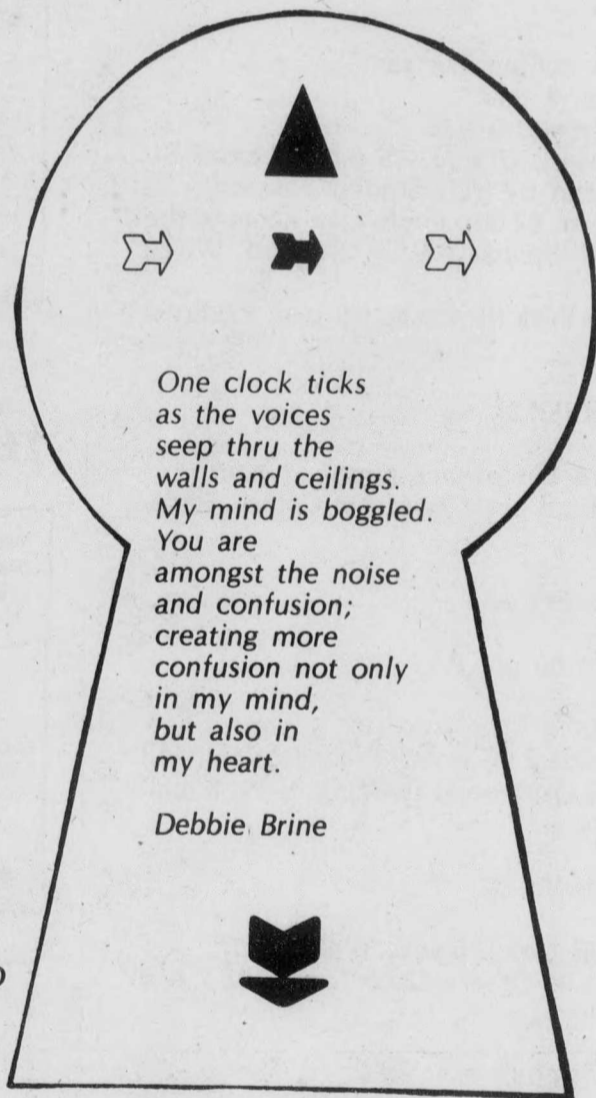
Yes, I still remember her
The frightened way she ran
Trying to convince herself
Yet denying what she felt.
The desperation in my cry
As she slowly slipped away
The anger, bitterness, and tears
And all alone, the empty sound of fear

Yes, I still remember her
In every night, on every day
Once so much a part of me
Now a stranger out of reach

And the saddest part of all
It never should have been
For she is loved, still loved
Only too well, too much

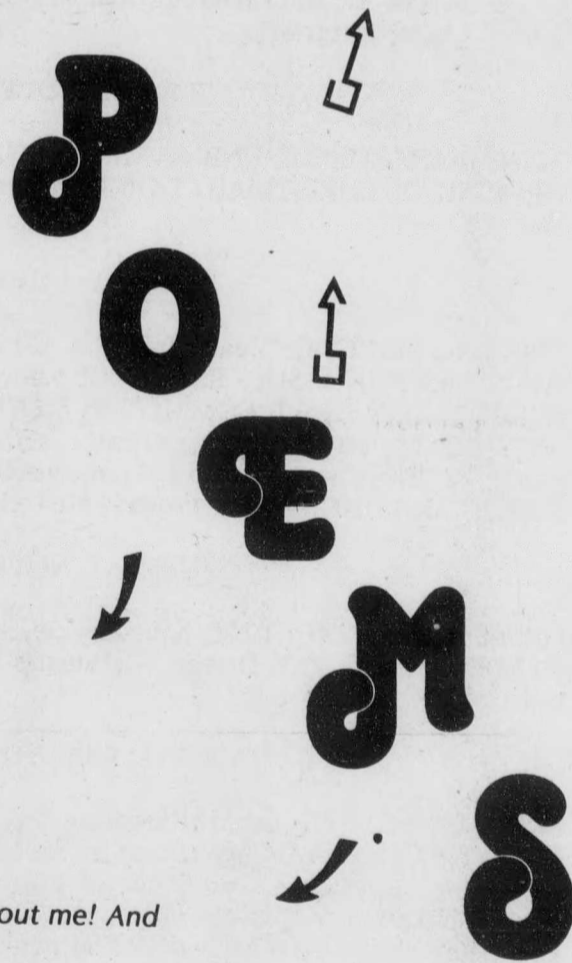
And if you should ask
Yes, I still remember her.

Rico



One clock ticks
as the voices
seep thru the
walls and ceilings.
My mind is boggled.
You are
amongst the noise
and confusion;
creating more
confusion not only
in my mind,
but also in
my heart.

Debbie Brine



My mistress demanded a poem ["... about me! And
it's got to rhyme!"]

I rhymed the moon
and Carol June,
her sunny smiles
and funny wiles,
her urging lips
and surging hips,
her burning eyes
and churning thighs
then came to grief
on her fish and chips.

Maurice Sprio,
London, England,
1968.

On seeing my picture in the Brunswickan

"You've got lovely hair
and a beautiful smile,"
girls often told me ...
now that abomination!
Old age —
the ultimate obscenity.
I'll say it yet again, Lord God:
you have a twisted sense of humor.

Maurice Sprio,
1976