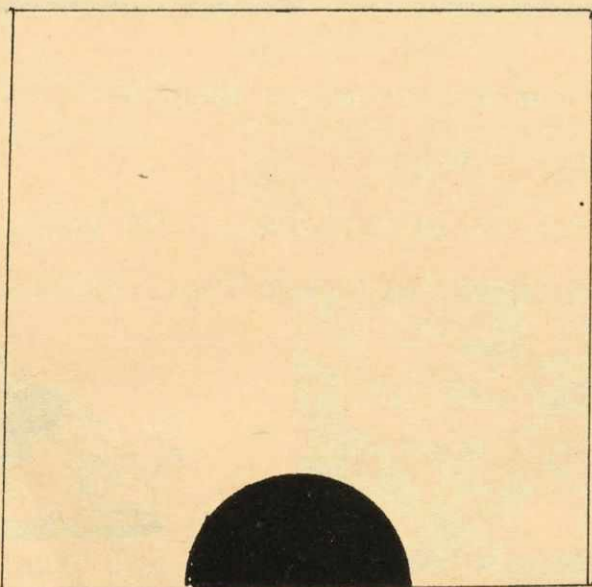
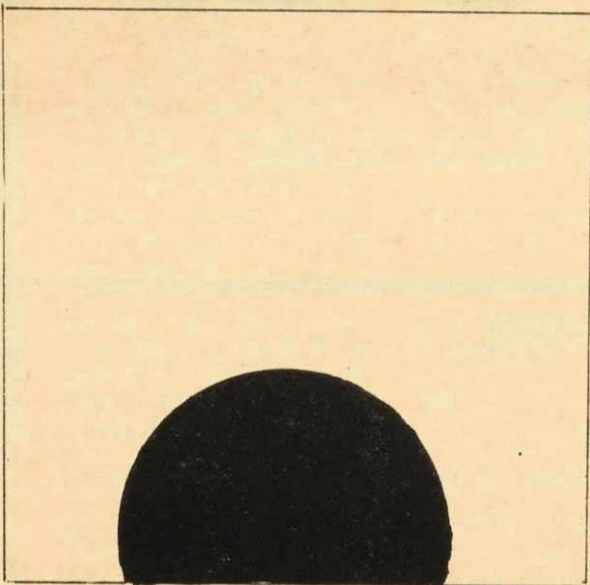
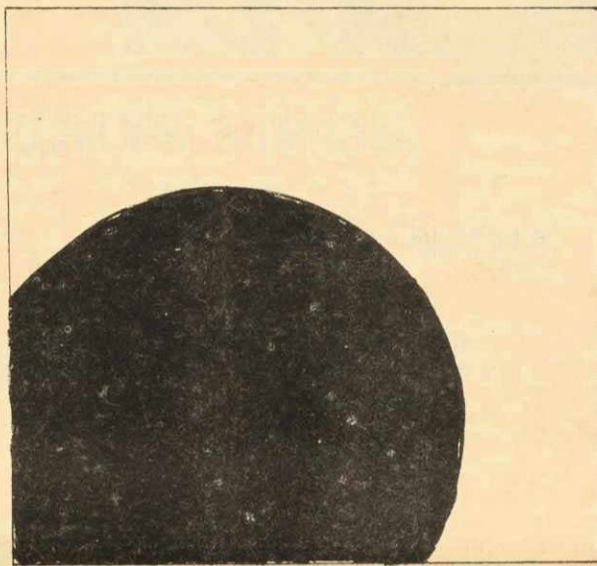
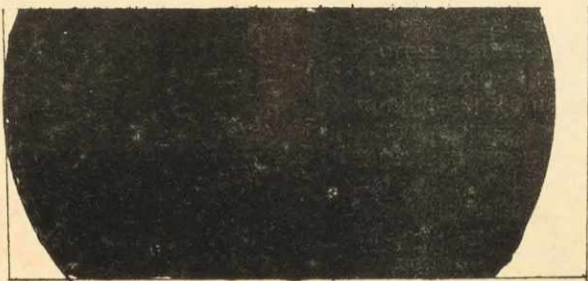


# Literary Section

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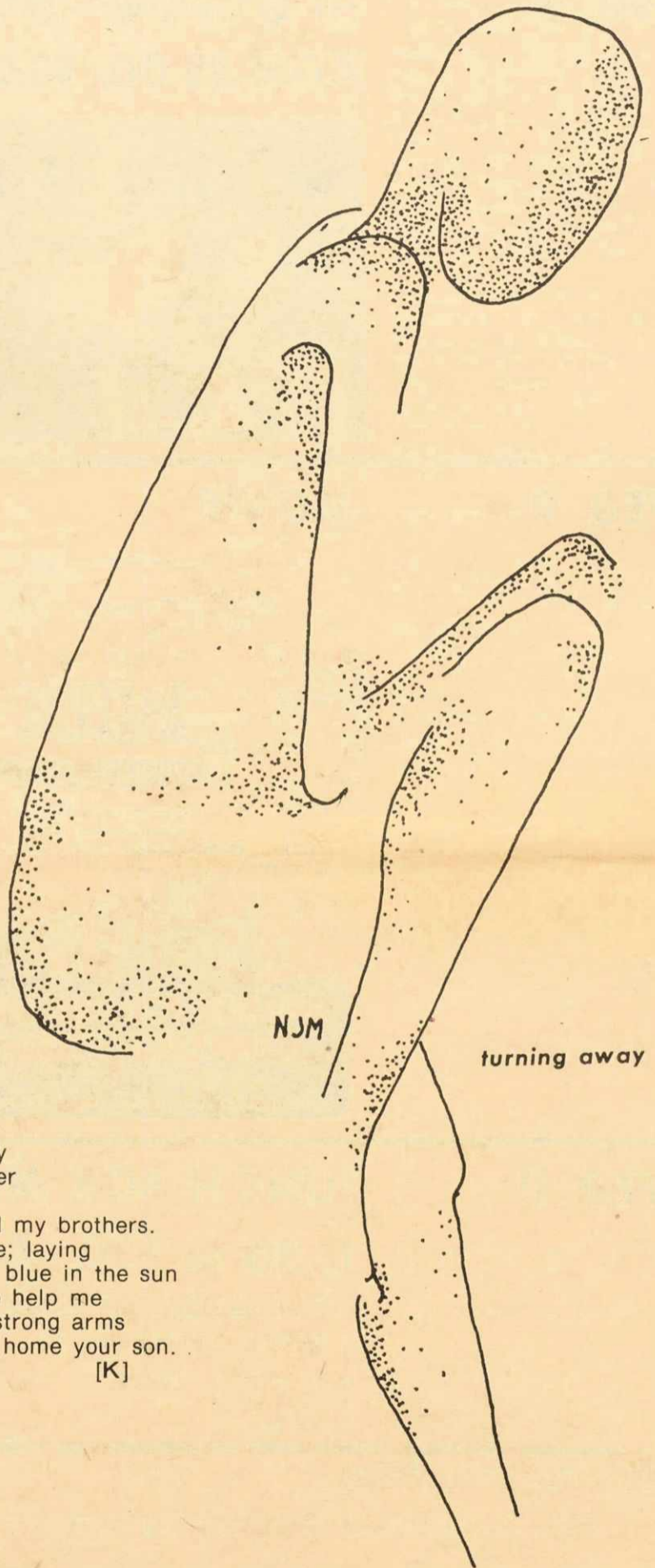
growth poem  
donna bulgin

Home to the country  
My mother my father  
My God  
My country my land my brothers.  
May it never change; laying  
Green and gold and blue in the sun  
Abba Abba help me help me  
Stretch your broad strong arms  
About me. Take me home your son.  
[K]

Sadly she sits  
soft breezes haunting  
with slow tears trailing her cheek.

the day traces onward  
to darkened night  
leaving her to meet  
loves' caress  
in sleeps' soft-embracing death.

anonymous



NJM

turning away