

poetry

A POEM FOR ANN

Have you ever seen the shell of a shad fly?
It lies on the beach motionless,
the insides have flown away.
Its eyes are lifeless,
but the impression of what was there,
still remains.

— Bob Campbell

TO THE AUTUMN CROCUS

I look out the window to my garden
Greys and browns give it a dark hue.
There alone amongst the rain and wet leaves,
There at the back is my autumn crocus.
She bloomed and grew where all else failed.
Water droplets scurry down the glass like tears.
The flower gives colour to mass.
Please don't go away crocus,
My garden won't be the same without you.

It was always you Ann, who said "I never want to leave you".
It was you who said "I'd die if you left me".
And it was you who first said "I love you".
Now it is I saying "Why did you have to leave me".
It is I who says "I could die since you're gone."
And now I say "I love you", stronger than ever before.

—Bob Campbell

MAZE

Wander around in a sleeping haze;
seek the corridor, an escapeless maze.

A narrow hallway with many doors,
you've opened each one but again found more.

The answers to Life, each door's a clue
Find an answer, then start anew.

Try to believe what the elders say
then close your eyes and run away

Small Drama for emotionless youth
idly searching to find the truth

Now enjoy the moment, feel the rush
dance in the air in a timeless hush

Close the door, lock memories inside
cherish the lock, then step aside

Reality comes with the breaking day
meaningless moments with nothing to say

Guard your memories inside your heart
feel free to remember how it was at the start

Wander around in a sleepless haze
seek the corridors, an endless maze.

by Lili

time passing on —
like winged birds in flight

Kathy Popovich

flaming coals of passion
icy penetration of waiting
make me wonder
is it really worth it all?

Kathy Popovich

LITTLE PEBBLE

It lies on the beach-
alone
Water washes over it
so cold
It dries in the sun
warm
But still it lies
alone.

Kathy Popovich

To My Beloved And Trusted Friend^o Wherever I May Find You

As I sit here at my window this moonful night
I see something I have lived many times before,
I see two young people, laughing as they go down
the tree covered path to the bay
They get into a boat, a small one,
and head out into the harbour.
The wind is blowing and there is a swell in
the water as there always is when they are about
In the harbour, they fight for the wheel
The boat goes in circles then hits a wave
and lurches dangerously to the side
They are still laughing, this is their fun
To challenge the elements, and Neptune too.
They head back for the bay, both are soaked
She gracefully dives off the bow of the boat
as they near the mooring
He joins her and together they head for shore
Here they part to go home and wait for
the next wind to blow them together.

I see all of this in a flash of memories of
yesteryear and Andrew
But, as I look out of my window this moonful night,
I see a lone figure slowly emerge from
the now overgrown path.
He stands tall, older, gently swaying with the wind
He looks up to my window as if becoming
me to join him
My heart leaps as I rush out onto the balcony
He is gone, my mind has played a cruel trick on me
Andrew is not there, he does not become me
He is many miles away, on the other side
of the world
As I turn to go in, the wind blows
through the trees as it has done many
times before, many years ago
Tonight it speaks to me in to haunted Cone
Wait till the next wind blows you together...
Wait till the next wind blows....

Debbie Brine
February 12, 1977