

by Dennis Milne

boat
the peak atlantic
swell
to
beech and ash where
pastoral airs
salubrious still
go
fishing out
above the sea.
(halifax N.S. 75)

only
the firefrost still
turns
the western world
with
wheels of lusty sky
the
bright eye winking
on the wintering city.
(belfast, 74)

seasons shrill
the bagpipe and fragrant
bonfires
cloud the shipwrecked city
the hundred white horses running
and nymphs on
the river ecstatic in the
wild thundertime of
the
shipwrecked oceans.
(london, 74.)

I thought I'd compose a poem today
about a country far away,
and look a little at a man
who used to live on the burning
sand.

The desert is the place to be
if one wishes escape from misery,
and the Legion worked there on a
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drawing many men of Hubert's
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Under the burning, hot, desert sun
a man can barely hold his gun,
so it is not to disturbing to find
that many good men also lose their
minds.

Hubert was certainly of that genre
having been on there for three
months and a year,
but his insanity was of a different
sort,
he still couldn't kill for the sake of
sport.

Hubert, you see, was a meek little
fellow,
in fact most Legionares thought he
was yellow,
but coward or not when the going
got rough
our dear Hubert was tougher than
tough.

So the desert sun cooked them as
they marched,
fried them, roasted them, and left
their throats parched,
but still they went on, the
mercenary fools,
unmindful of the fact that they were
mere tools.

And the Arabs, they had a trick up
their sleeves,
an ambush triggered by a traitors
sneeze
which killed all the Legionares, but
one -
Hubert the hero - thus his side had
won.

N.J.H. JUL/75

ON CHILDREN

A shelter for their progeny,
women build a world of love
surrounded by the patient peace
given thru the dove.

Children grow and children prosper
even as their mothers foster
signs of God within their hearts
to aid them lead a life that's proper.
I once saw a woman-child,
her face shone with a light so mild
the fire of love warmed my soul
and then she looked at me and smil-
ed.

I took some time to reflect,
I knew not what to expect
the abiding trust she displayed,
it was my coldness I did detect.
I wondered how I had grown so old,
a child I could not tenderly hold
learning a part of her world,
sharing a part of what I'd been told.
It seemed to me my heart had died
as I reached forever to touch the
skies,
there was more to life than broken
dreams,
tears of joy clouded my eyes.
Her hand reached out to me
and I cradled her so gently,
a happy smile graced her face
as she kissed my cheek so softly.

N.J.H.

earth beneath my feet, blue sky above my head
as the sun's soft rays gently carress me
a gentle breeze brings the trees to life,
their quiet whisper like beautiful music, soothing me
ahead stretches a path, I walk along whistling
joining the trees in their symphony
gravel crunches beneath my feet, the sun's rays grow warm on my back
I come to a rise in the path, a stench assails my nostrils,
I move to turn back but it is to late

I top the rise, the path stretches out ahead
the trees stand stark and naked, smoke spirals slowly upward
clouds gather on the horizon, the sun burns into my back
I look for shade but there is none
I feel a terrible thirst, there is nothing to quench it
I continue to walk the path, frequently leaving it in search
of relief, sometimes my reason leaves me and I wander far from
the path

the wind howls, wailing with the intensity of a million
tortured souls
my spirit laments, I reach out, the dark clouds vanish
the sun is gentle once more, the trees stand tall and green
a stream, so pure, dances by my feet, I kneel and my
thirst is gone

April 1974
N.J.H.



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