

A few poetry entries....

DAY INTO NIGHT

What day is this?
i lost track

it doesn't matter
i will rise to it
ride on its crest
meet it at zenith
glide to where it
shades the horizon

another day
it brings me into night

the night
a cracked moon
rises within the dark
slips between stars
shines down at me
down here the horizon
is so close
just over there
looking up
no horizon in the sky
i wonder
where am i?

Stuart D. Kirkley
B.A. 3

Unborn in its delicate armour
no parents
to guard its life
only an aluminium
soldier
to turn it over
when its heart is hard.

Christie Walker

SNOW STORM

SNOWflakes plummet to an eventual
death
childish tongues reach out to save them
killing them with warm, wet
kindness
Free spirits
cut outs from a long ago childhood
when snow was
an angel on the ground
a slippery ride to the bottom of a hill
winter fashion for a skeletal tree
and not
something that died and became
a slushy mess in the
street.

Christie Walker

IF WE COULD ONLY FIND

The glory, the shame
The beauty, the beast
The same, the insame
The war, the peace.

The strange, the ancient
The blackness, the cold
The defiant, the patient
The brave, the bold.

The time, the space
The force, the say
The plans, the base
The will, the way.

The wisdom, the sound
The rights, the wrongs
The lost, the found
The silence, the songs.

K.K. Narof
19 Jan. 81

WISHES

If I had one wish in the world,
I'd wish that you were really mine---
Not just in theory
Or in popular belief,
But really, actually and truly mine.
But I don't have any wishes,
And besides--
Wishes don't really come true.
I wish they did.

by Gisele McArthur

IN THE BEGINNING...

In the beginning,
Love, in truth,
Demanded too much for him to give.
My words to him
Were far too vague and high.
I found myself speaking as a child
For him to know my meaning.
But I taught him what I know.

But then he learned too well,
And his words became too vague for me.
He had to use a child's speech
For me to understand
His mind demanded more than I could give.
And so he wandered beyond
My knowledge and my love.

In vain I sought fit words
For him to return and taste
The essence of my self.
But my words were too vague,
And he could not understand
What I said.

by Gisele McArthur

THE BRUNSWICKAN announces its first POETRY CONTEST

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Room 35, Student Union Building

Contest Deadline

February 15, 1981

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