



# Literary Page

## Katahdin Series

### 2. Wood, Rock, Fire

Burned, the wood  
left tree-shaped ash  
the wind took.

We broke camp,  
hiked the ridge  
uphill.

Leaves hung  
whole as small suns,  
fell.

On the peak  
frost seared  
the fir tips.

Ice-slicked,  
the dead grass  
cracked.

How long, I thought,  
can this world  
hold out?

These grey stones  
are cold  
cinders,

This littered  
cirque a cold  
fir pit.

We strain  
against the fall's  
full will.

The sun palls.  
Leaves, stones, sky,  
all pale.

The starved  
moon claims  
its dead.

The ground  
breathes the green flame  
in.

Randy Campbell

## The Iris Function (Lady Surreal)

I have a scar that forever bleeds  
And stains the path upon which I trod.  
Oh, the unremediable wound of Love  
Is my only link with things from above.

Deep inside the windows of the soul  
Where only the most sovereign light glows,  
I can see a lady who reads my mind  
And keeps me from drowning in the river of  
Time.

When my mind is easy she takes me far  
To her observatory among the stars.  
There we lay in celestial beds and devour  
ambrosia  
And without talking she gives me answers.

But she fades when I think of incessant things  
Like money, war and mortal gains.  
So she gave me one thought to always  
remember;  
The Spirit is all you keep  
So it is all you should feed.

Michael Jarrett Ketterling

## My Mistake With a Rose

At first glance, a Rose looks inviting,  
A flower made from above,  
With its rosy red petals,  
And its symbolism of love.

When I chose to pick a Rose,  
I was very happy, indeed;  
But when I grasped upon the stem,  
My hand began to bleed.

In my haste to pick the Rose,  
I had overlooked its flaws.  
I never took time to realize  
The pain that it might cause.

So now in the future,  
As I look for a flower of such,  
I will pick it ever so gently,  
And love it very much.

Bill McCardle

## In this

Spring in this city,  
and there, in the passway  
between laundromat and plumber's supply,  
in that slip of space where asphalt  
is softened by milkshake cups  
and matted yard-sale flyers,  
where the streetcar's shadow  
melts as it passes and moss water  
drips down from eaves,  
three bricks glisten damply.

Ramona Dearing

## The untold

Something happened  
to the fortune-teller tonight.

Once I looked in the window of her store.  
She came toward me from a beaded doorway.

Now three firetrucks, an ambulance  
and two cruisers arrive.

The attendants get the stretcher,  
the others hesitate, clot together  
at the door, tense and excited like kids  
huddled by lamp-posts on Hallowe'en.

Ramona Dearing

I have walked  
Where my people walked before  
Felt druidic vibrations  
Move through darkness.  
Ancient pagan rites  
In a swirl of Goidhelic guttural screams  
As invader after invader  
turned home,  
Untill sassenach steel  
Dismembered my family  
Sent our teuchter lairds scattering  
Like lambs at a slaughter.

Malcolm McDonald

Please direct all  
submissions of prose,  
poetry, drama or literary  
reviews

Karen Braun,  
Literary Editor  
*The Brunswickan*  
or drop off at Room  
35, SUB.

Lit page  
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Noon Tuesday