



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,
Until 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
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Lit page
Deadline
Noon Tuesday