

# Maidenhead

## Poem

Ah my love, so we played a game of forever that lasted days and the morning brought reality to me on a greasy plate.  
Sunlight turns with rain  
Happiness shares time with sorrow  
Will you walk life on the same street as I, or will the signs part us, part us in the leaves blowing clouds of yellow memories where no people exist, only wind and sea.

So fragile the day is and yet so strong in its youth. Blowing crystal clear through the sunshine the wind lets me pass after a caress like yours, my love. Or the earth rest shattered orange leaves, brilliant in the memory of their lives lost, like our innocence, my love. Walk with me but say nothing. Let us prove that the darkness of night hides nothing.

Bliss Bower

## 20 Years Afloat

FORGET what's outside these walls and think of the life inside us all! but here we are at a wharf no walls just a port of call. row, row, row my boat gently down the stream a stream, a dream, never ending . . . constantly requires mending am I a stitch or son of a bitch? and what keeps this boat afloat? the serial number, or, perhaps a moat? no wind, no waves, just two shores wrong or right, good or bad, why ask for more . . . my thoughts are far from shallow and my paddle just won't hit bottom expression, identity, here we are through infinity. always riding the crest of a wave this boat often takes in too much water "bail me out" I say - lighthouse and its keeper the light is there, the doubt is there, will I drown before I meet her?

Duncan Harper

## And I Am No Woman

I do not love the sun because the sun like an object is an accident to my eyes. I love the sun because it is within IS, and IS is within me and without me.

Look! from where we stand on these white topped mountains. See around the blue mist bend to the curve of the earth and the deep river below with its skin of emerald green.

Believe it? This is no fairytale, when I look I see all this in your eyes, as if this was a projection of what is in you.

You too love, I feel you within me and I am no woman.

Eddie Clinton

## A Place To Be

The sun yawns its first light as the morning tumbles lazily into the sky, its arms stretched along the horizon. No one has gotten up yet to turn off the street lights.

See, this is how you came upon me when you caught me half-asleep with counting stars and leaning towards the sun's light of the moon. I was believing in shadows till I noticed you woke me up to the chatter of birds. It was then I wanted to the day. On the table a half-laid our deck of cards sat from my unfinished game of solitaire.

But tell me why do you hide from the day? Why do you take to those dark places near the edges of morning and evening where the shadows can only shade and distort this born thing of ours? Here I can not give love to you, the sunlight has not yet dried the leaves. Where you go there is neither night nor day, only the periphery of love and the circumlocution of words.

Last night weren't you a falling star I wished back into the sky?

Eddie Clinton

## Poem To A Girl Entering A Beauty Contest

Her name has been announced in the college paper, and her home town's aware of all this too. She sits with two companions distinctly less beautiful She is not really beautiful but her friends grace her with beauty and envious glances while she contemplates her coke in the restaurant.

Louis Cormier

## Paper Flowers

She only had flowers built of string, told me how real flowers nestled within her so, that she needed to create something akin to flowers - red crepe paper and yellow string, green paper stems - bunches of them, filling her hands filling her fields.

Louis Cormier

## Sunday Is For Alone

Pigeon wings threads his way among the trees rising falling seeming not to mind the snow and the children below stretch out their tongues to taste big white flakes of the stuff of snowmen and play igloos!

But it gives me only a lonely wanderlust to be gone from this place to nowhere really that I can name but somewhere with a sun and warm hand to fill my own and some rhythm within me of sea perhaps or yes the thought is real the womb again.

But God not this dead forever falling snow.

David S. Peppin

## Justification

Maidenhead, be reminded, is for literary virginity. The quality of the poetry has not been up to your standards? - where is your poetry! Granted our poets are not Leonard Cohen, or even Rod McKuen! but they are attempting - and that is what Maidenhead is all about. The page will be as good as the poetry we receive and and it is reflected

and it is designed to reflect student creative activity on campus. If you want better poetry - produce it. Maidenhead Editor.