

MARCH 10, 1972

A Plea

What is love?
That is the \$64,000,000 question.
There are so many answers.
To me
Love is both happiness and sadness.

The fantastic thing, is love looks beyond
Far beyond
Outward appearances
Into the very inner being of the loved one.
It even places that loved one on a pedestal.
When you realize the loved one does have faults
(Because he is human, of course)
It doesn't seem to make that much difference.
Love takes it all in its stride.

Isn't love too much? —
It can lift you way up
At the craziest times
And just as easily drop you fifty flights
In two seconds flat.
They say love makes the world go round
And I believe them.
It is just as important as gravity.

How did I ever manage to feel joy before this?
The richest feelings of supreme joy
Permeate my entire being
With each happy memory of him.

God, I didn't know what life or living really meant
Before this.

Love also means sadness.
How am I ever going to forget him
As I must
And continue building my life around me?
Self will has helped me in everything in the past.
Why does it leave me now—
Just when I need it most?
Oh God, why must things like this happen to me?

Life has been very kind to me until now.
Maybe
Until this past summer
It hadn't been as full as most
But that has all been remedied
By him.
I wouldn't trade meeting him for the \$64,000,000.

But why must it end this way?
Just give me the strength to carry on,
Put on a brave face before the rest of the world,
And maybe
Someday
Something better
Will come my way.

—Christie

Tree

I'm a tree
with many leaves

each leaf
a life
feeding
thriving
on me

my boughs
give life

to more leaves
to many
leaves

my trunk
is hollow-
ing
decayed

to rot
to vapour

my roots
mix

with humus

I'll be
autumn

—Thomas

Magic Trick

What's it all about?
Can't get you out
Can't push you out
Don't know if I
want to kill
my mind.

Am so programmed
That my eyes watch
you like a puppet's string.
Caress my desire
Mold my dreams
Imagination
Poof! All gone
Magic trick
But not gone
Lingers on
to disquiet
enslave
me.

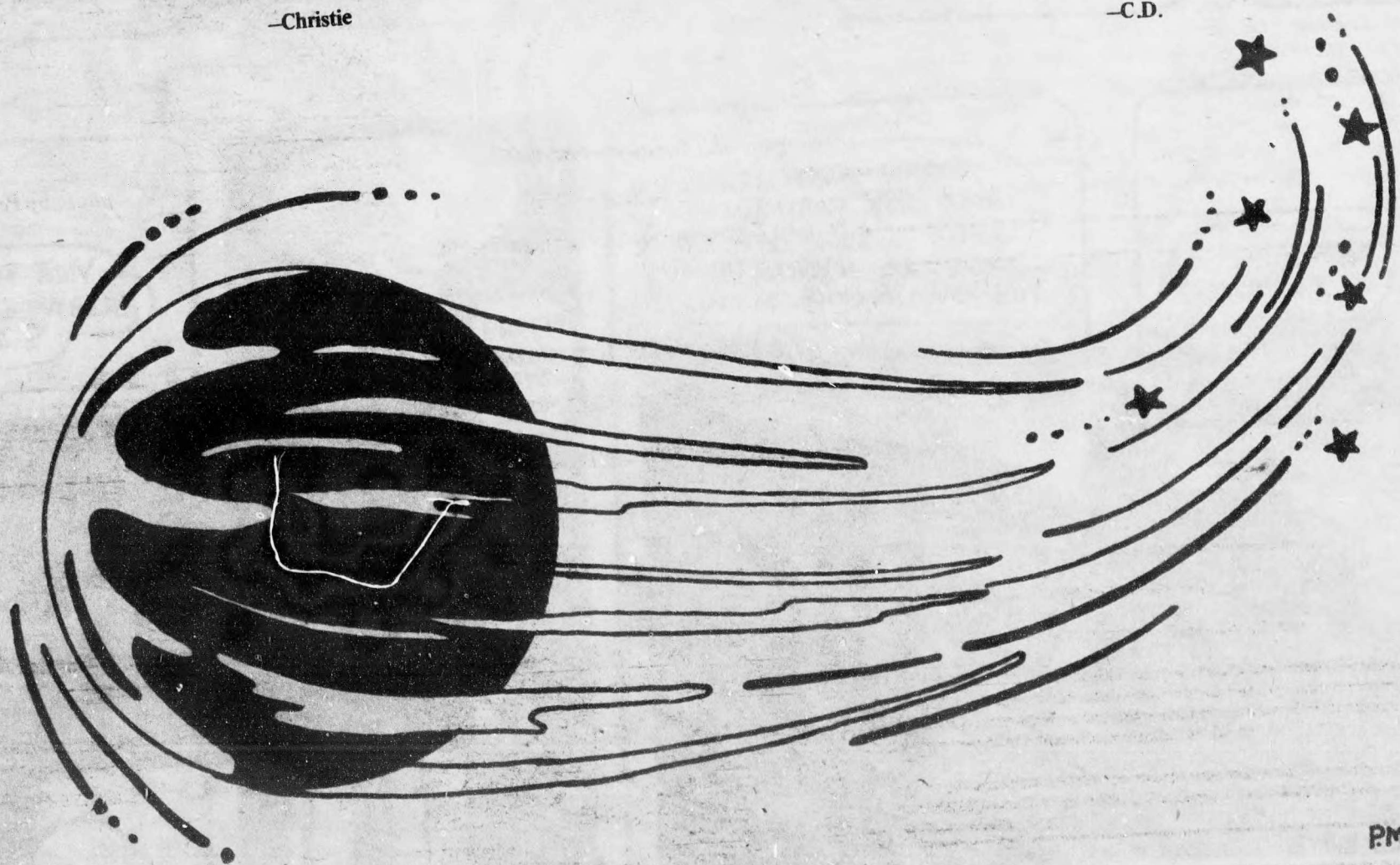
—Wind

TO THE MYSTERIOUS BRUNETTE

Lovely to see blue eyes again,
The smile which radiates from your face,
Though I knew you shall never be mine,
You belong to another,
Do you think of me?
I remember freckled back,
Cat eyes linger, linger, linger,

Try to forget, try, try, try,
Seeing you makes me feel better/worse,
One smile brings it back,
Was it pity/taunt,
Your voice filled the hollow,
The gentle hand wore the ring of another,
Still I hoped/wondered.

—C.D.



PM.