

# LITERARY

## Wise Life of a Squirrel

Bushy tail and brown searching eyes,  
 Skipping merrily across golden leaves.  
 Trees boldly hold a treasure but one must climb high,  
 Slowly he does what he believes.

Acorn held between his paws, he giggles,  
 Enjoying every bite life gives.  
 In the shade of his Master Tree; his nose wiggles,  
 Sensing the beautiful world in which he lives.

Looking upward, another acorn causes him delight.  
 With determination he climbs; reaching the tempting morsel.  
 Shade of his tree does not keep him from sunlight.  
 The higher he climbs the warmer he feels as he  
 Reaches for the tasteful treasure inside the  
 Hard - teasing shell.

Deborah Ruth Wilton

## Lipton's Chicken Noodle

Cold as November and fog outside.  
 Sipping Lipton's chicken noodle from a cup  
 In flannelette and wool.  
 Inside warm and cozy  
 Waiting for him  
 Chilled, wet.

Naked chicken thawing,  
 Waiting indifferently for  
 Imminent transformation  
 To golden curry  
 Warm.

Mind drifts with fog streamers,  
 Whirling and floating.  
 Notes on dynamics of high altitude faunas.  
 The radio says America loves burgers  
 How true.  
 Water boiling on the stove  
 But first,  
 A cigarette.

Home a million miles away  
 Or is it there at all?  
 Maybe just a space,  
 In the corner of my mind  
 Faces, laughter, golden swirling leaves,  
 Floating  
 Crisp winter on the wind  
 My soup is cold  
 Where is home?

Barbara Brown

## Food For Thought

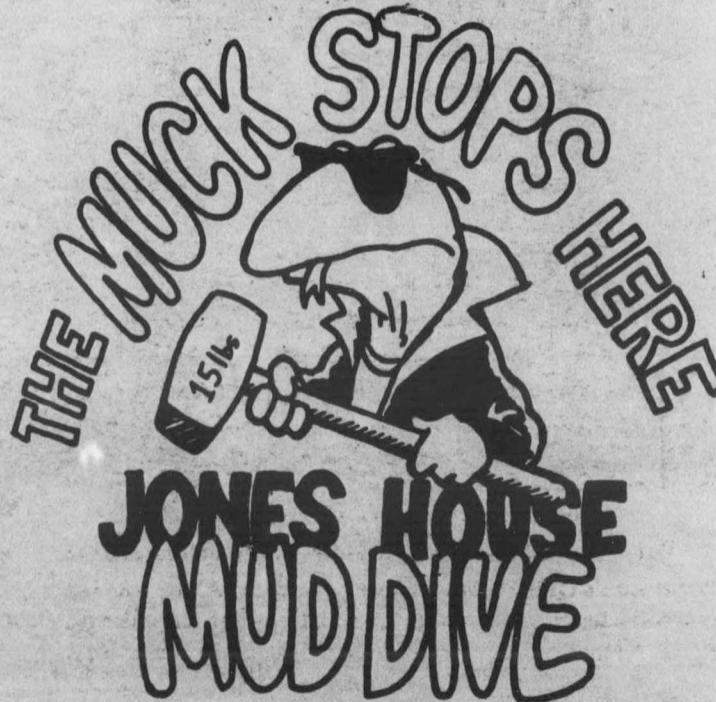
Chicken on a slow thaw:  
 cold wet double-jointed wings  
 unfold like those on an albino bat;  
 while headless it slithers  
 with icy thumps  
 into every corner of the sink  
 chased by fat-slippery hands

Comes the soggy bag of netherparts  
 from one end  
 while protruding from the other  
 its rigid neck  
 iced in place not budging for fast-numbing fingers  
 that barely discern those shivery chicken-bumps  
 raised on its featherless naked skin

I don't suppose  
 it ever stopped to think  
 as it scabbled and pecked in its own pollution  
 that its swallow hole would ever lie  
 parallel  
 to its exit funnel  
 but here it comes at long length  
 torn with a sucking gurgle  
 from that deep black hole:  
 one last posthumous protest  
 in the face of endless global insignificance:  
 one last primordial scream whispered in vain  
 because this witless bird becomes flesh of my flesh  
 at 8 pm as Coq au Vin

Pamela J. Fulton

*It's Spring Time!!*  
 and at Jones House a young man's fancy  
 turns to MUD!!



SATURDAY APRIL 7th.

Diving for Special Olympics