

"You're All Alone"

Don't tell me about your promises
 Or your grand ideas of love
 It's down as deep as it can be
 But you still stand and shove
 Should it be?
 Or could it be?
 Or is that what you want?
 First you love me
 Then you leave me
 Take me for a jaunt
 Until you find that in yourself
 A feeling will arise
 And then you'll sit and think alone
 Just searching for my eyes
 But all you see is just a wall
 That you've built around yourself
 And silently you fight and scratch
 You're on that second shelf
 It's only just a drop below
 And you can see them there
 But they just laugh and drift on by
 That deathly, lonely stare,
 So now you know that life is love
 And yours is incomplete
 For then shall it arrive one day
 Just soft, so sad, but sweet.

Janice H. Price

Empty spaces, tear stained faces
 We all tried so hard
 Listening, caring and silently sharing
 Prodding in time for the right card
 Clinging, loving like an amity should be
 Cryptic tension surging inside
 Til the eidolon of the evening exploded
 Those demure conversations
 And draining sensations
 Flowed silently ever on
 Just cogent words into those minds unheard
 Their voices lingered on
 And that awry night which all our lives
 Seemed almost quite baroque
 Came closeness and love shared by all
 Releasing our emotions to final serenity and peace.

Janic H. Price

POEMS

long, dreamy days of summer
 slip by on a whisper.
 where do they go
 these silent ghosts of time?
 so many lost forever
 but those few, happy-sad
 who live on in memory
 speak sometime
 when nights are long and cold
 or when an empty moment
 catches their faint echo,
 then they comfort and caress
 offer pleasure with the pain
 like old and faithful friends; always there.

it came,
 fleeting as a butterfly
 softly resting.
 a fragile moment;
 it stayed.
 for a time
 until i reached for it,
 tried to hold it close,
 grasping.
 fleeting as a butterfly
 a fragile moment;
 it flew

the moon rests
 gentle on restless waves.
 like the caress
 of a loving hand
 it soothes,
 whispers its comfort
 in the sighing of the wind.
 the waves upon the shore
 erase the marks of care
 as the peaceful tide of time
 heals mortal wounds.
 rest easy youth, the night is near.

Carmen McMorran
302 B McLeod

YOUTH

Oh, carefree youth, what would I give
 If I could teach you how to live
 And how to bear the awesome load,
 That you must carry down life's road.
 If I could make your young hearts yearn
 To seek for truth in what you learn.
 To look on no man with a frown
 Because he's yellow, black or brown.
 To lend a hand where there is need
 Without regard for race or creed.
 And not consider if he be
 Of low estate or high degree.
 To labour hard and labour long
 To keep within your heart a song
 And not despair though life may seem
 At times to be an empty dream.
 If this advice you'd dare to heed
 Life would be a paradise indeed.

Composed by: Gertie Courser

enclosed in a room, locked away, put out
of mind are where are real feelins
can be found.

our
feelings

I simply have lost the feeling for living
 the wish to carry on.
 Handling being false and plasticity just
 to be in appropriate form for the situation
 Having to worry about the ultra minor details
 or just plain getting up in the morning
 Having to figure out all the angles of love
 to say what, and how to whom at the
 precise time and place and to be sure
 they won't misconstrue the meaning and
 the feelings behind all I say.
 I'm in a rut with walls too high to climb
 I've no way out and no vices even to
 try to accomplish that feat.
 I've no idea how much longer I'll be
 able to continue with the fake or
 how much longer I'll be able to
 hold on.

June 24/77

Kathryn Popovich