 heless delight the ic work of art imetry, completene In Hardy's work, ove is entrusted to myths. Dr. Stewe use of these device ardy's work are mok an of the apocalpte artistically acceptable seen incorporated inty - by repe
uperstition in Hardyl past that cannot be or a world view that nemory, and not the ime. Thus, the myths religious and mora The loss of a people's ndly tragic. Of course, reasons for this death ily encroaching menace I laws, it is the world annot exist in harmor ly, in his last nove isions a new sensibility uffering the agony of e contempt the lamen s 'sensitivity and Sue lity of suffering lead Continued to page 2
, is charge and analysis, concerns itself with spe 1, many of them nation ns of man continue an what little remains of th faced with fascinating ettes, he takes us throup d Canyon (threatened d intrusiveness), the Gre Manhattan), the Florid drainage basin, Califomi ne Bay. onal Monument (i.e. Pars sents the perfect "paradisg - A 95,000 acre area with a few assorted island niles SSE of Miami: Saved aport, and/or a large new the action of concerned $y$ beyond belief, especially life. But looming on the blot in such surroundino blot in such surrounding,
Florida Power and Light andedly points out, power ide" somewhere, and the) e demands of the people
t, has been enlightened il ion, and in fact has made t holdings for the benefit e an : more people want and so two nuclear unit e Atomic Energy Commis become apparent that th roling water will be at ery well, gradually but in grossly alter the flora an ay. No single individual o or all conerned have been the best of good will- bu ions of human beings can y clarity which is his hal has, been larded with cha rmation of interest to


Bear down on the pedals
down the falling road,
funnel of poems
shoved in my pocket.
ablur in the intersection when pages are grabbed out by wind, snapping at my back until
scattering. Turn, see poems
shifting, cartwheeling, cupped around poles. My secrets \& promises out, under
tawdaces at steering-wheels.
II.

Emptyarmed girl, smoothly as if changing grip on a kite-string, catches one between two fingers $\&$ brings it to me , between
two fingers. Say. 'Thanks for rescuing my poem.' 'Oh,' she says 'That's what it was.
Say, 'A dalmation's pawed one on the grass, a driver's pointed to his grill. You're the best yet.' 'I've,' she says, 'always thought of writing poems.' Say, 'Glad it didn't rain today.' She laughs. Feel good as you do after loosing a beautiful girl's laughter, even if what you said was funny as murder \&
she was actually
acting or
anxious to get on
to wherever she was going.

## III.

Wonder if the lost poem was pierced by a litter-stick
\& cast among cans \& wrappers
\& carted off to a furnace. Or
if the girl knelt, brushed it
\& deciphered something. Or if
an oriole carried it aloft
\& cut it into strips
o weave into its intricate nest.

Hourglass Reservoir
Collapsing on plain white beds (these should be pools)
felt the falling should be slow
like rising
Perfumed cloth removed from the drawe as you choose
Something that unfolds:
without fuses, and thirst in her limbs
Where the rite was
the rice and dried cake
are host to pink hands of mice
Bells ringing, fours at orchards
taking tea and honey-cake
on lemon benches
Dove-roosts above
ladies passing beneath the trees
the bees frantic, set against
their calm, cool palms
Bells ringing, ladies passing into trees
Pining away in a room
in the last lunar light
where the mirror cannot question her purse and echoing gloves
Absent also, the waves
that slapped her face while she slept
led her like wood to a corner of the beach;
her name sealed, and thirsty
for more than miles of sand.

whispers through the trees;
And from branches grey and brittle
it picks the coloured leaves;
Floating them down,
down to the already carpeted ground.
Eyes sparkle
with a deep lasting love
as the lovers turn and face;
And with longing arms reaching
they find an embrace;
Firm with passion, gentle with care;
And the wind whispers and the leaves rustle
as soft warm lips meet
in a kiss that echoes
a love which knows no bounds.
-Wanda McAdam

Do you not remember when we say life on the wing as it meandered by,
And we closed our eyes and thought of nothing but each other,
Sifting sand as the sun painted the sky.
And do you not remember the glory we say in the candle glow,
Sitting cross-legged on the bare floor in that bare room,
Surrounded by solitude orily our breathing to hear,
Praying to whatever there was.
And do you not remember walking through the meadow as the sun went down,
Crossing the bridge from one life to another,
And making monuments in the old abandoned church,
As I read your lines from the book of yesterday.
And do you not remember talking to the old man on the village road,
He asked us where we're going, we could only tell him where we'd been,
We looked back down the road we'd never walk again,
If only it were possible to do something again.
And do you not remember playing with the poor boy and his sticks and stones,
He built for us a castle using his fingers as his only tool,
A smile of compassion was all he waited for,
He looked into our eyes and turned and walked away

