s somber, the aesther heless delight the co ic work of art m metry, completene In Hardy's work. ove is entrusted to h myths. Dr. Stewa use of these device ardy's work are mon nan of the apocalput artistically acceptable een incorporated in m man by repeated

superstition in Hardy' past that cannot be or a world view that nemory, and not the me. Thus, the myth religious and moral The loss of a people's ndly tragic. Of course, reasons for this death ily encroaching menace

aracters who are out l laws, it is the world. annot exist in harmonly, in his last novel, isions a new sensibility. suffering the agony of te contempt the lament s sensitivity and Sue's lity of suffering lead Continued to page 2

it be said to represent is charge and analysis, t concerns itself with spe l, many of them nation ns of man continue a what little remains of th faced with fascinating an ettes, he takes us throug d Canyon (threatened b ed intrusiveness), the Grea Manhattan), the Florid drainage basin, California ne Bay.

onal Monument (i.e. Park) esents the perfect paradig A 95,000 acre area of with a few assorted island niles SSE of Miamis Savel aport, and/or a large new the action of concerned y beyond belief, especially life. But looming on the blot in such surrounding, Florida Power and Light. andedly points out, power ide" somewhere, and they e demands of the people,



Bear down on the pedals down the falling road, a funnel of poems shoved in my pocket. a blur 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 stand faces at steering-wheels.

11.

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 beautiful girl's laughter,

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

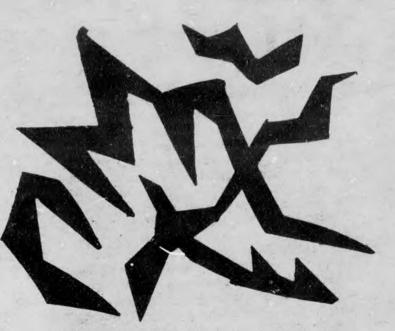
Where the rite was the rice and dried cake are host to pink hands of mice

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.

-Michael Pacey



Lovers in Autumn

Hand in hand lovers walk down the street, Shuffling among leaves of red gold and brown, They laugh and play secure in the grip of love.

The autumn air cool crisp and embracing; And each word they speak is echoed in a frosty mist that rises and circles angelically their bare heads.

The gentle wind 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, And listened to the lure of the ocean as it came and went, Sifting sand as the sun painted the sky.

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t, has been enlightened in ion, and in fact has made st holdings for the benefit re an i more people want and so two nuclear units e Atomic Energy Commisbecome apparent that the oling water will be at a ery well, gradually but ingrossly alter the flora and ay. No single individual of or all conerned have been the best of good will- but ions of human beings can. y clarity which is his hallhas been larded with charormation of interest to the if what you said was funny as murder & she was actually acting or anxious to get on to wherever she was going.

111.

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 to weave into its intricate nest.

-B.B.

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 only 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.

-Brian Ashworth