



KNOWLEDGE

It started with one,
 Building up; the putty
 Sticks well, as wineberry bricks
 Fit like a puzzle.
 Don't put it up quickly
 Or jar the never ending
 One upon the other.
 The wall grows fast.
 Yet it crumbles at the bottom.

-Shari Hollins

UNB

Walking through
 the campus
 at UNB
 I watch
 somber students
 going to class
 head bent low

Behind me
 dawdles
 my little girl

Curiously enough
 every now and then
 she manages
 to get a smile
 from a passerby
 possibly
 The only one of that day.

And then
 shuffling our feet
 through the snow
 enjoying the green
 of the trees
 the red of the brick

We walk home
 I contented that
 there are children.

-Helene Thibodeau

Probe

Oh! How dark this pit
 As I look toward the stars,
 Searching for some border between
 Its mouth and the heavens
 Which must be above. So deep
 That should I find a hope to reach
 From heaven to hell, it would go
 But half, nay, less
 Toward the top of my prison.

What is this emptiness inside, which
 Blocks the sun's brilliance
 From the eyes of my soul.
 Soul? Heart! Perhaps; yet
 There lies one other soul whose
 Countenance, methinks, could . . .
 Could what?

Burst through these opaque sheets of despair
 Dispersing all sad, lonely thoughts of
 A hollow future; which
 Echoes and re-echoes my futile contacts with
 Its cold, hard crust,
 But am I trying to break out or
 Penetrate that void now, and, thus,
 Avoid . . . responsibility, uncertainty
 I strive to know.

So clear is that wall to my shaded eyes
 Even through this gloom that surrounds me
 That it seems impregnable; alone,
 But together; sharing; becoming one . . .
 One idea, one hope, one soul . . .
 Ah! But this is too much.

Too much for the new world, the new morality.
 When the only avenue to happiness is
 A trip! a love-in; or is it?
 Am I out of an in-world?
 To want; to need to share your misfortunes
 Such that, not by dividing the load in twain
 But by increasing the buttress by one
 They seem less devastating
 Than when you their solitary target were.

But share your woes alone?
 Nay! Your joys magnify a thousandfold.

-Ludlow

the sun

behind a red roofed barn
 so birds can sing their morning song

in oak limbs

spots of blue and green

above
 the
 shackled
 Bill

yellows

greens

reds and blues

colours he may choose

in quiet dreams

on garden paths

he'll dance or sing

at will

Free to sit

to walk

or run

or kneel beside a lily pond

and drink his Fill

-Eric C. Hicks

Garbage Cans

The garbage cans gap hungrily
 And consume all my cans
 And one way bottles. Lettuce gone
 Brown and busted egg shell, each
 In its own turn finds the mouth
 Of my hungry metal toilet in
 The street.

-Roy Neale