

# Still more poetry entries

## TEN AGAIN

I wish I were ten again,  
So I could do all the things  
I did when I was ten;  
Like sleeping in the tent in June  
Having birthday parties,  
And making angels in the snow.  
But they come and say,  
"get up-  
you're not a child-  
You're sixteen-  
you're an adult."

How I wish I were ten.  
Ten--  
With no worries,  
No problems,  
No responsibilities  
I wish I were ten again,  
So I could do all the things  
That ten-year-olds do--  
Like making angels in the snow.

by Gisele McArthur

## NO FOOT PRINTS THERE IN NIGHT LIFE

the fence stands leaning a little  
the ground is soft some times of year  
topped with barbed wire behind low  
buildings in the compound  
outside the river bank drops  
to the solid face of river, white  
and stretched away under bridge  
against the other side  
the bank is intermittent with bushes  
small trees, and fully covered by  
snow, crisp because a freezing rain has fallen  
the bushes still and moving slightly  
in a breeze unlike winter  
snow molded clinging to the stem  
and branch, and coloured patient  
are waiting  
for one to come leaning on the fence  
to watch, solitude  
for death or small animals  
to pass  
and for spring.

M.J. Corbett  
Feb. 9, 1981

## THE POEM THE IMAGE OR YOU

there is an image  
of you  
standing alone  
in knee high grass  
on a hill on a coast  
wearing a long robe  
watching the horizon  
in full sunlight  
and there is not motion  
until you breathe  
then the wind  
answers you  
rippling the grass

and  
there is a poem  
which says in not so many words  
that you are the centre of the  
universe

and  
then  
there is  
you

(for Dianna)  
M.J. Corbett  
Nov. 17, 1980

## CONVERSATION

he walks on streets all life  
no sand, damp grass, no snow  
to hold his path  
that his passing might a time  
behind  
be witnessed

going home a little place  
where the woman he embraces  
kneeling face each other  
withers in his arms each day  
grayed and she speaks more  
slowly now

in love nor knowing  
what to speak they mumble

M.J. Corbett  
Feb. 10, 1981

## A POEM FOR OUR ENTERTAINMENT

A five-finger exercise with metre  
and mood from different poets.

By FRED KILDARIS

The dim brown woods are weeping  
Beneath an ashen sky;  
On barren branches swinging  
The last pale leaves are clinging  
Before, with thrifty reaping,  
The cold wind bears them by,  
Where dim brown woods are weeping  
Beneath an ashen sky.

Their golden treasurers squandered  
The trees are stark and bare.  
No promise born of May time  
Rings through the dreary day-time;  
Where once blithe breezes wandered;  
No, beggared by despair,  
Their golden treasure squandered,  
The trees are stark and bare.

Of beauty followed blindly  
Of beauty that must die  
Can we not store the treasure,  
Has losing them no measure,  
Or must we love so kindly  
And loving, pass it by?  
Of beauty followed blindly,  
Of beauty that must die.

When yet my heart remembers  
The glory that was May  
Has life no gift of laughter  
For what may follow after?  
What care we for Decembers  
That March winds waft away,  
When yet my heart remembers  
The glory that was May?

it's after this  
it gets harder,  
when she washes  
the dishes and remembers  
a wish to sit  
on a poet's knee  
and warm a poet's face  
with hers and  
it's always the October  
nights that make it  
hard to grasp  
that she has been there  
twenty years  
married to a farmer.

Katy Farrell

## BIBLE VERSE



**MATTHEW 2:1, 2** Behold,  
there came wise men from the  
east to Jerusalem,  
Saying, Where is he that is  
born King

## Winter Carnival Chairperson

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