

I see you  
and a thousand unknown faces  
sacred words from your heart  
melt emotions,  
and drip from my veins  
cascading down my soul.  
I see more worlds  
than I ever dreamed to discover  
too bold to chance  
the fearless pride  
and pierce the flesh of truth  
to touch and grasp  
and not to yield,  
to those unspoken moments  
when we are not afraid to be  
all that we are.

By Lindsay Babstock '87

Being Near You . . .

Being near you is easy  
caring never a crime,  
wanting to celebrate,  
communicate;  
it seems so easy to smile.

There is comfort  
in your silent presence  
and happiness  
in simply being here.

An unspoken language  
of affection and caring.  
An understanding  
of heart and soul.

A silent obsession  
that remains natural.  
Unhurried.  
Unworried.

We accept our honesty  
and trust in ourselves  
because believing  
seems so easy.

Pamela Gesner



Fade Away

Slowly she fades away  
brown leaf drying  
dark damp daughter, dying  
fading from the musty path  
the grey overhead  
one dark thought of pain

so many months  
so many months  
death is a slow eater  
savouring our nerves  
sweet to the taste  
tears to the weak

torn from a blue sky  
this greyness on us  
slowly she fades away

her friend is grimace  
contort of brow  
drips tears on her cheek

death's sting is harsh  
but...

no victory  
no victory  
no victory!

Kwame Dawes

Bruns Fun

To write the Bruns  
Is lots of funs  
They'll publish rhymes  
Most anytimes  
They'll even use  
Your stories, toos  
They print our minds,  
They're very kinds  
The deadline dates  
Are hard to makes  
But otherwise  
It's fun to trys

In many ways  
I had to says  
It's lots of funs  
To write the Bruns

Pat Hamilton

DRUGS (SNOW, GRASS ETAL)

I  
Crystal clear juice  
flow softly through silver  
kiss my turbulent blood  
make her slide slowly to sleep  
slide slowly to sleep  
don't wake me up when the baby squeals  
just flow soft silver friend  
kiss my brittle nerve  
slide me slowly to sleep  
slide me slowly to sleep.

II  
Saw the smoke yellow  
the tick-tock seeds explode  
the melting walls mellow  
my ears are smoking  
tingle softly  
my eyes are soaking  
all is fading  
sleeping  
somebody screams  
I hear my voice far below

III  
Taste it bitter on the tongue  
taste it bitter on the tongue  
taste it...  
bitter...  
bitter

My nose bleeds dust  
my eyes bleed flake  
I see angles flapping  
taste it  
sweetly on the lip

touch me  
kill me  
on my hip.

IV  
Wake me...  
and the ceiling is far away  
the screaming walls come close  
fall on my sea of a bed  
slowly my head throbs

They have all gone  
no soft lip, no tongue  
wet, no hum of sound  
no mystery...

a car mumbles away  
a dog anxiously bays  
to the moon  
my baby howls for my breasts

curdled milk

and madness looms around  
drowning, drowning, drowning

God slips in quietly:  
my guilt watches...

By Kwame Dawes

Papa

I cannot bring back the good times  
His hand I cannot touch, but still  
I have sweet memories  
Of the one I loved so much.

What I would give, his hand to hold  
His happy face to see  
to hear the voice, to see the smile,  
that meant so much to me.

What was suffered he told but himself  
Did he deserve what he went through  
Tired or worried he made no fuss  
But tried so hard to stay with us.

They say memories are golden  
and well may be that's true  
But I never wanted memories Papa  
I only wanted you.

Julia Lees

Untitled Poem

yellow, blue, ivory-  
yellow blossoms, blue ribbons,  
ivory traces throughout  
...warmth of security- emotional scramble  
but a sureness of...

...a sense of holding something that  
protects and loves you- but so careful...you  
...you have to be so careful not to suffocate  
in your own feeling of security  
...let go and step back to examine  
the image...the soul of the reflection...you?  
maybe

the reflecton will reveal the true image  
masked by the emotion (or the fear)  
...no thunderous clap or even a subtle tapping  
on the window...

just softly, gently,

quiet.

MJ