

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