

POETRY

For the 14 Fallen Flowers

In a cold dark forest,
 A new flower may grow,
 Where none like it,
 Has ever grown before.
 The hard and stony ground,
 Is not inviting,
 But the flower is strong,
 And if she persists,
 She may take root,
 And eventually become,
 A valuable member of the forest.
 But all too often jealous hands,
 Pull the flower from her place,
 And force her to grow elsewhere.
 Even worse the flower,
 May be crushed by vengeful feet,
 Destroyed because she prospered,
 Where she was thought not to belong.
 If you see a flower,
 Growing in a dark forest,
 Do not pluck her out,
 Nor crush her down,
 Praise her ability,
 Encourage her to grow,
 For the entire forest will benefit,
 From the strength of a new member.



Randy "Duke" Moore

Poem for 1990

You have been out there for quite some time,
 Your eyes the windshield against the vortex.
 Return as the last stars fade
 And the mice wriggle into their nests.
 Kneel to stir the hearth;
 A few coals yet glow and the cordwood is dry.
 Savour the progress of your breath.
 The coals respond to your little wind.

Dwight Kostjuk

An Invocation

Out there in the middle of the night,
 Out there on the middle of the frozen river,
 Between the island and the shore,
 Under thickets of stars, you shudder.
 The ice cracks and heaves
 Beneath your puny feet.
 You like to be safe and comfortable
 Under the beautiful canopy of the city
 Where stars barely perplex you.
 I wait for you in the garret above the confectionery
 On the road to the east.
 In the pit
 My lungs bubble, flames
 Curl inside my eyes.
 Come to me, pull them open and look, dear Lady Luck,
 Bring me back the wilderness
 But heal my fire.

Dwight Kostjuk

UNB Campus Ministry and The Student Union Present



**Cults: New Religions
 or
 New Ways to Manipulate our
 Minds?**

A Lecture by
Dr. Colin Clay
 Author of
No Freedom for the Mind

Tilley Room 102, Wednesday January 17, 8:00pm
 Admission \$1.00