20 March 1987

THE BRUNSWICKAN-11

Lit. Page Deadline

Wednesday Noon



The Flute

When he came it rained soft pencil thin etchings and he sat silhouette against the lightning flash and rumble thunder.

He carried a black box secrets of music hidden and the glint of grey light sparked on his glasses this mysterious man.

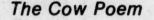
And love met him quiet like the humming of rain drumming patterns to these singers; the waiting congregation warm in this cool morning of gentle rain fall sudden flash of thunder and lightening sharp... God in the heavens.

He opened the case and there; velvet cushioned; lay that silver glean of a flute, softly waiting... and they sang soft hymns hands uplifted eyes closed, flash of lightning, blow of wind...

He lifted the silver reed to the lips and turned upwards; toying softly, finding the lifting harmond the riding, riding haunting lilt of sound riding, the deep hum the harmony of voices riding the love, and wrapping his hunger for love around the words: a sacrifice of love to God.

Sweet flute of worship no lament there, just the sharp twirl of sound





l've walked beside the river On pebbles, all speckled and white, While herds of multi-coloured cows Graze on dewy grass beside The early morning mist that swirled Twirling around in the grass Skirts billowing, Hair flying, Eyes shining...

By Kathleen

Sitting in the Gallery

every now and then i come down and watch you work.

i sit far back in the bleachers and write, looking up only occasionally trying to appear uninterested and inconspicuous.

in the warm dampness of the pool (like the air of the hot city summer i have never spent with you) i read, study, write, dream. i watch you for a moment (wet feet, long tanned legs, round buttocks) an imagine my tongue licking the small of your back like a cat.

you dance up at the gallery and sometimes wave obviously you do not know what i am thinking.

SOMEDAY

Can you see me? Do you watch me? As you go from day to day? Does it hurt to see me cry, or even more to hear my laughter? Can you feel it when I miss you, When I want so much to touch you, and hold you till the pain goes away? Will I see you again -someday-Out beyond the sunrise When the cares of this world have faded & died? And will you take my hand, so we can walk forever side by side?

riding, riding. bouncing on the rhythm and they loved him his flute and his song

And he sat-- mysterious; as God curled love around him and thunder rolled across the sky in this pencil point rain in this fresh worship of believer at Sunday church.

My flute is now tuned to gladness my flute is tuned to love riding, riding, riding worship to God.

By Kwame Dawes

By Marie Shields