

# Literary Lit. Page

Lit. Page Deadline  
Wednesday Noon

## The Flute

When he came it rained  
soft pencil thin etchings  
and he sat silhouette against the light-  
ning 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  
gleam 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 harmonid  
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 swirl of sound  
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



## The Cow Poem

I'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?

By Marie Shields