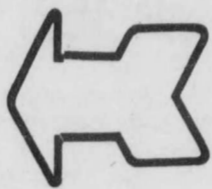




# Poetry



## FOR SPECIAL FRIENDS

On a tree  
Each branch is a friendship

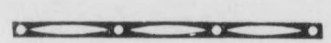
Some are short and fragile  
Some are long and sturdy

There are some  
You can hang unto

There are others  
Easily broken


Then, there are the few  
Which, together  
Form a trunk

MARGARET COMEAU  
Nov. 78



Life is like a fine gold chain  
A precious gift of the earth  
Raw & crude in origin  
But if treated with care  
by a master craftsman  
it is turned into a thing  
of beauty  
Just as that fine gold chain  
is delicate — simple  
so is life.  
But there are other chains  
complicated ones  
full of life's tangles  
Some which are never released  
but tortured forever.  
As that gold chain  
encircles my throat  
life encircles me  
Tightening by unseen hands  
Cutting off my last breath  
of life.

DEBBIE BRINE



## ODE TO MY FRIEND

Hi Pal  
You no longer depend on me.  
My food, shelter, and love for you, no more!  
And the companionship I received from you,  
Well, . . . there can be no encore.

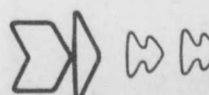
I watched you grow up  
As you did me.  
But you grew the quicker  
Because of your society.

We'd go fishing, exploring and played hide-n-seek  
I was always the master, but you, never weak  
You were conditioned; some vocabulary you knew.  
You could never speak it, but I could understand you.

They say my world must go on, onward bound!  
But the love I have had for you, will never be found.  
Just 16 years old, then my world you did part.  
And all you were, was my dog, my rex, my heart.

As it has been confirmed by most men  
You truly are man's best friend!

Good-bye . . . Pal




CULLIGAN

Water for Technology

Here it is, the dawn of a new day  
I can hear the wind  
as it blows through the trees  
It has a mournful sound  
It's lonely out there  
all on its own  
looking for someone  
to listen to it  
to want it  
to need it  
to love it  
I am like the wind  
on the dawn of this new day

DEBBIE BRINE  
6:00 a.m.



## TODO Y NADA

I walked in a trance of cold crispness, sun and noise,  
When it jumped into my eye —  
A dead cat, stretched out stiff and frozen.

My heart stumbled,  
But my feet passed by before it could fall.

I recall;  
A walk home.  
I passed her by in silence,  
Afraid to say hello,  
For fear it was someone I didn't know.

Death is a mirror,  
That reflects the hole in us.

The whole in us,  
Is life unchained.

When may we love,  
If not in the all and nothing of right now?

GERRY LASKEY  
18 November 1978

Here it is, the dawn of a new day  
I can hear the wind  
as it blows through the trees  
It has a mournful sound

How peaceful it is now  
The air is crisp and fresh  
The wind moans through the trees  
Birds are just waking up now  
I hear their first awakening songs  
The crickets sing too  
but they soon will be silent  
For they talk through the night  
Soon they will be silent  
As I will be

DEBBIE BRINE  
6:30 a.m.




Photo KASABE