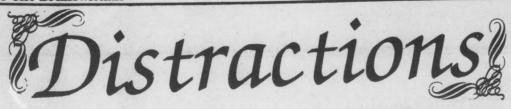
Street Street, 17 H. O. C.

September 14,



Even if you're on the right track, you'll get run over if you just sit there. Will Rogers (1879-1935)

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WILLOW RIVER
The summer sky
Is draped in mourning
Cold grey over green
This ache stings like autumn
The falling of the leaves
Thoughts of a friendship

Flowing one direction

To Willow River

But long after the grief

Has turned to stone

Faith tells me your spirit

Will live on

And I will see you

When my river meets the sea

The old question

Turns like a crystal

In the bleak light of sorrow

Of why evil steals the show

And dreamers don't get tomorrow

Only ripples

Fading outward

On Willow River

But long after the grief

Has turned to stone
faith tells me your spirit

Will live on

And I will see you

When my river meets the sea

We're ephemeral creatures
On a one-way world
Who wear the jester's crown
Foreverlies beyond the sun
There I know uou've found home
In the bleak light of sorrow
Of why evil steals the show
And dreamers don't get tomorrow
Only ripples
Fading outward
On Willow River

But long after the grief
Has turned to stone
faith tells me your spirit
Will live on
And I will see you
When my river meets the sea

We're ephemeral creatures
On a one-way world
Who wear the jester's crown
Foreverlies beyond the sun
There I know you've found home
As the day's last glow
Fuels a liquid pyre
In Willow River

And long after the grief
Has turned to stone
Faith shores me your spirit
Will live on
And I will see you

When my river meets the sea (In memory of Christopher Derksen: 1970-1990) Geoffrey Brown

PHILOSOPHY 1000

"I SEE" SAID THE BLIND MAN
"I KNOW" SAID THE FOOL,
"AND HE WITH THE GOLD
MAKES HIS OWN GOLDEN RULE"

"AND YOU" SAID THE BLIND MAN
"A DEEK IS A COY
AND ARE YOU THE MAN
THAT YOU SAW AS A BOY?"

"AM NOT" SAID THE FOOL

"AND THE BLIND MAN KNOWS BEST
HE KNOWS WHAT HE SEES
AND THE FOOL KNOWS THE REST"

"AND WHAT" ASKED THE BLIND MAN
"IS MEANT BY ALL THAT?
I'M DEAD AS A DOORNAIL?
I'M BLIND AS A BAT?"

"A LAW" SAID THE BLIND MAN
"IS ONLY A RULE
IT'S MADE TO BE BROKEN"
"I KNOW" SAID THE FOOL.

"I SEE" SAID THE BLIND MAN "THAT BLACK CAN BE WHITE" "I KNOW" SAID THE FOOL "THAT A WRONG IS A RIGHT"

"SO WHY" ASKED THE FOOL WITH HIS TYPICAL GRIN "WHEN THE PEN FIGHTS THE SWORD IT'S THE PEN THAT'LL WIN?"

"IT IS" SAID THE BLIND MAN
"A SWORD CANNOT WRITE,
AND TAKEN ALONE
IT NEEDS TWO FOR A FIGHT."

Dream Poem #1 \*

WONDER \*

Where do I go when I'm dreaming?

How do I know when I'm there?

Where have I been if I 'snap right back'?

And what are these webs in my hair?

How do I know if I'm screaming
When I'm caught in my dreams in the night?
Why must I fret in this terrified sweat?
And what is the cause of my fright?

Do I go back to the starting of time
Or of lives I have lived in the past?
Or maybe I roam
In search of my home
To seek me and free me at last?

When will I know where I go when I'm dreaming?

How will I know when I'm there?

Am I alone, or are millions of others

Wandering around in this plasma that smothers

Reality? Dreamers: beware!

immeasurable intangible imaginative minu

Pamela J. Fulton

"MY FRIEND" SAID THE FOOL
"YOU'RE AS SHARP AS A KNIFE,
YOU'RE AS QUICK AS A WHIP
ON THE MEANING OF LIFE"

ITT CONCE

Field of color combined with joy.

Painted fool with heart as toy.

Running wild, strong and free.

Blue Robin's egg has captured me.

Secure in the crafted nest it lay.

Protection wall warms its soul each day.

Music of life reaches within ears deep.

Shell is broken and I hear soft spoken: "Peep".

Sunlight pierces innocent eyes.

Losing balance as howling wind dies.

Trembling fear faces round cold earth.

Taking part in another type of birth.

Learning to fly is a necessary game.

Flying, falling, joy, pain - each one to boldly claim

Sky is empty but not for long.

Ready to take part in another life song.

Deborah Ruth Wilton

"TO BE" SAID THE BLIND MAN
"OR NOT TO BE, TOO
NOW THAT IS THE QUESTION
FOR ONE SUCH AS YOU"

"I THINK" SAID THE FOOL

"AND SO THEREFORE I AM

I LIVE FOR TODAY

AND I DON'T GIVE A DAMN."

"WE SPEAK" SAID THE BLIND MAN
"LIKE BIRDS OF A FEATHER"
"WE DO" SAID THE FOOL
"WE COULD WORK WELL TOGETHER"

"AND WE" HE CONTINUED

"ARE FROM THE SAME SCHOOL"

"I SEE" SAID THE BLIND MAN
"I KNOW" SAID THE FOOL.

PAT HAMILTON

SWILL OF THE WISP
Grease tickles my nose
It was the turkey and I am the scrubber
Dangerous, dangerous scrubber!

For there are bits on the pad...
I purge the cosmic sifter bits spiral off into infinity.
Are we a bit disturbed?

by Spicman and Davey Fran

Hookon ca Now yo conven - and t

Watch display You ge servic sign u

Loca

Thui 11:3 Lady

> 11:3 Lady