# A SONNET ON SONNETEERS

A

B

A sonnet writer finds a lot of work In placing words in certain lines and rows; And subjects - maybe use the local kirk Or homes, or hills of flowers in their rows. Sir Phillip Sidney was the sonnet king, For lines of beauty tiptoed from his mind, And left a legacy, much like a ring Of potent thought to circle all mankind. Of sonneteers who wrote those lines serene It should be noted that the one most known Was Shakespeare, who, before the Virgin Queen, Was wont to give his plays, much better known. But sonneteers can never be the same Once they have joined into this wond'rous game.

The writing of a poem or a song Brings out an urge primeval in us all And lovely thoughts within our hearts belong As from the time before great Adam's fall. When inspiration floods into the mind And takes a grip upon the senses fine, The writer wants to leave this world behind And seek the realms of sentiments divine. Those realms in Heaven have their lowest base And reach up to the heights as yet unseen And let the common man see God's own face In all that now abounds alive and clean. The music of the lines makes firm the text And once the piece is done, none ask 'What next?'

# Poetry Section

# BEAUTY

The evening sky was clear As was the gentle breeze The trees were losing their colour Growing darker as the sun set. And the stream was alive With the constant bubbling of water. We were alone.

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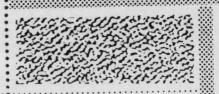
I prefer to stop now, But you may go on, With the thought of love, Which we can never escape.

# Colin L

### MISSING PERSON

I remember her eyes were brown - or blue Her face, anyway, was sweet-O Her right tit was labelled MT ALLISON U Her left one was incognito.

Simon Leigh



Perhaps our paths will cross On the afterfall of snow We won't know Just empty feet; Impressions.

R.B **Closet** Poet

## IN PRAISE OF THE MAGGIE-JEAN COOKS

The Capital City of Fredericton Is known for fresh air and trees Also known by everyone Is its large university.

This city is known for its famous men, Bonar-Laws and Beaverbrooks. But what wally puts this place on the map Are the Magnificent Maggie-Jean Cooks.

The Maggie-Jean cooks, yes, these very cooks, Though mortal they seem to be-From the mighty gods above Do receive their luscious recipes.

Every morning, fresh eggs, made just the way

Dennis likes his eggs prepared;

Aren't content to just stop there.

But these cooks, divine agents,

I glanced up from a book and saw Her smile, which beamed in kindest attitude. My heart leapt high as she beside me sat And pearls of beauty from her lips did pour, I only had a single hope, and that Was that she should be mine forevermore. I asked, in fear which turned to joy divine For there she promised to be ever mine!

MY LOVE DOTH BLOOM

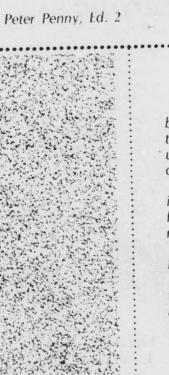
My love doth bloom in colors extra clear

And cherisheth each time I saw her face, For she my heart hath filled so fuil of cheer

And in my soul hath she a timeless place.

And coldly did I sit in solitude:

She came to me when Frost had nipped the air



Corn, bran, spice, raisin, sometimes banana, Are some of the breakfast cakes That taste so fine I'm convinced You add ambrosia when you bake.

Maggie-Jean breakfasts are only surpassed By eating dinner here too. No matter how bad things go, Sweet consolation is the food.

When in Georgia I did try Famous Southern-fried chicken. But it could never compare With the delicacies from this kitchen.

Describing how remarkable is this food Could go on for many days. But instead let the praise stop And take the occasion to say:

To all of you Season's Greetings For the holiday's so near I sincerely hope that you enjoy A Healthy, Prosperous New Year!

Dennis Schneider

Did you see him?

Who? That old man sitting on the park bench; the one with the ragged overcoat, the unmatching socks, the tired eyes, the unshaven face, the bottle of booze ... the one who was alone.

What's that ... you saw him! Did you look into his eyes ... did you speak with ... befriend him ... comfort him ... stay with him ... did you really see him?

Oh, I see...you were late for Sunday Mass ... and were hurrying.

If you could not recognize HIM, in that face; would you fare better in a church ... or anywhere else ... How many masses have you missed without even realizing ... without knowing.

an observer

