

A SONNET ON SONNETEERS

A

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.

B

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?'

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 full of cheer
And in my soul hath she a timeless place.
She came to me when Frost had nipped the air
And coldly did I sit in solitude:
I glanced up from a book and saw, so fair,
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!

Peter Penny, Ed. 2

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

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.

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



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 really 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;
But these cooks, divine agents,
Aren't content to just stop there.

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



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

R.B
Closet Poet

