



What simple conceit rules the mind,
 which believes to be so great as to wind
 the wreath of thought?

An endeavour of importance
 born out of reluctance to keep within.
 Free to be attacked by tongues,
 mystified by the air of polluted lungs
 it stands undefended.

Rhyme and rhythm but no reason
 for the thought which is but treason
 to the image of the mind.

A.O.



They didn't see me

So, I did go
 to an SWO meeting

While everybody
 was so busy
 with sports
 crochet
 tea parties
 bake sale
 bridge and
 fashion show
 They forgot to see me.

And then;
 We drank coffee
 I looked as people
 discussed their
 various projects-
 Still, they didn't see me

Consequently-
 I joined the bridge club
 There, they saw me
 They said:
 "At meetings
 you don't meet anybody".

I said:
 Why is that?
 THE EXECUTIVE criticizes
 the lack of attendance
 To feel welcome would
 multiply those present

Then:
 They didn't see me.

-Helene Thibodeau



Dead and charred they lay.
 Sorrow at home. Yet he in THE
 BIG WHITE HOUSE looks blind.

Long, hot and sweetly
 Kissed we in the night so long.
 We knew the end came.

Dead man on the plain
 Frozen, black and smiling sad-
 Hear her cruel roar.

Happily they play.
 Children laughing, smiling, bright.
 Yet what must they learn?

-Marsha Firth

