

Some poems by Barbara Spruin

Illusion

Light gives the illusion
Of people being there
Of warmth (lamp-light, sun-light,
Moon-light, your-light) though I
Often wonder if you
Really are there behind
Your light or if you've gone
But left the light on
To scare away the thieves.

Friends

Do you think
We could be friends
If I put
Away my dreams
And followed
Up my laughter

Today

Today the world is mine
So keep your fingers
Off the sunshine.
You can't stop
The sun from shining
Down on me because
Today the world is mine.

Up My Way

Back off world —
Leave me alone.
Don't try and
Tell me soft soap
Washes clean,
I want to grow.
Up my way.

Shooting Stars

Rain all you want,
You can't put out
The shooting stars
And when the clouds
Have blown away,
The puddles you
Have made will still
Remain, mirroring
The grace with
Which they cross
The starry skies.

In the Country of The Sun

It is snowing in the clouds.
In the country of the sun
The trees are wearing ivory.

It is snowing in the clouds —
In the country of the sun.
But it's falling here as rain.

Being Rose

The quality of
Being rose belongs
To roses in the
Days of summer.
Droning on, the bees
Are singing love songs
And you blush red
For lover after
Lover; being rose.

My Star

Shine, my star,
On other worlds
Be the sun
That burns away
Fog and mist
Making flowers
Bloom. Be a
Sun for other
Worlds but be
A star for me.



SEA SHELLS

I look at a seashell
Gathered from any beach, anywhere
In the world
And I see God.
I see his eyes
In the wondrous colors of the shell.
I feel His hands
In the smoothness of it's contours.
I hear His breathing
When I hold it to my ear.
I sense His eternity
In the different layers of its body
molded by the sea for so many years;
Only He alone knows how many.
I sense His closeness
And His caring for each one of us,
Little as we may be
When I smell the raw natural smell
Of the salt sea.
Lastly, I see His love,
His sand
His shells
Small,
large,
pink,
blue,
Smooth,
or bumpy,
For we are His shells,
we,
The inhabitants of His earth.

Sharon Findlay

SOUL TAX

Women must not be aggressive.
They must sit and wait.
They cannot initiate anything;
That would be too bold,
Or brazen.

Men must do all the asking,
When they feel it's right to ask.
They decide who, when, what
And all the other ponderous little things
That the female must try to keep out of
her mind.
But she knows it's futile.

Women must enjoy children.
They must want to give birth.
They must think of husbands and homes
And families till they're blue in the face
And black in the mind.

Men must run to open doors,
Stand aside when the bus stops in front of
them
Turn their gaze from a revealed navel...
Oh, how we tax each other!
The government taxes the poor
And we tax our souls
Until we are Ken and Barbie dolls
In mass produced, plastic moulds,
And nothing else.

Sharon Findlay