

from page 15

Lost At Sea

out." His second speech was more confident than the first, "Never fear, bad weeds are hard to kill."

They went home and cleared the table of coffee cups and had breakfast. George told the story and concluded, "I couldn't sleep worrying about you people worrying about us."

Tom contradicted, "I slept though and so did he. I heard

him snore."

"Well, we didn't sleep," said Tom's mother. "But we're all together again, that's what matters."

So they went to bed.

The sun shone in the window and warmed the empty table. The hummingbird was back flashing about outside the window. It was quiet again. The two fronts of the storm had collided, fought their battle of hot and cold, electricity and thunder, and had merged peacefully into one through natural compromise.

But the tulips in the garden were broken forever.

The Fields Are Green

The fields are green
And gently roll
Down from the bleak
And heathered moors.
The roads are narrow
And hedged
And wind
Past the white-washed cottage small.
They also pass the gardens by —
The gardens that are gems.
Nearby
The seas are blue and calm
And full of fishing boats and yachts,
Or
Grey and rough
Fash is the change
And many's the time a ship's been wrecked
And many's the time a wife has wept.
Their waves roll in
And pound
As surf
On many a long, gold beach.
The crescent sands
Stretch
'Round the coast
Under the high and rugged
Cliffs.
Caves of these cliffs
Are deep and dark
And hoarded smugglers
Long ago.
Up on the cliffs, a few fields in
A grey and square-towered
Church stands
As it had stood since Norman times,
And in its churchyard
Gently rustles
A dracaena tree.
Where is this land of enchantment
This jewel of the sea?
It is the Duchy of Cornwall
And home, always, to me.

by GRAHAM PEARCE

from page 17 OMEGA

and getting hard to breathe so I'll sit on that rock I wonder how many years it's been here probably left by some glacier millions of years ago before man ever was and those narrow minded teachers back in school talking about the first men and how they were like animals and they're bigger animals than the first men ever were and this rock has seen so much if it can see-feel-think then it knows some of man's stupidity and what an ugly rock but there's some strawberry blossoms beside it and I'll have to remember that when they come out there's probably more down there and that little creek will soon be nothing more than a ditch and all the mud and rocks will show and look like a hideous scar across the field but it's still full now and from here all I can see when I look up is the sky and it's separate from the rest of the world and there's no one else but I still know that people are there because I can see the damn dirty grey smoke over the city spoiling the sky and beneath it people are sweating to MAKE IT and they can only enjoy themselves after slaving all week but they go home and do the same plain things and go on in their dirty existence and always thinking how good everything is especially themselves and talking of brotherhood and in the next breath killing maiming lusting scaring and hating anyone who is different and stabbing their neighbour in the back and I wish one of them would stab me. . ."

STROLLING BY A RIVER IN SUMMER he speculated, "It's beautiful here away from everyone else with no one to bother me or get in the way and shout and yell and push like a bunch of foolish idiots but out here it's so quiet and peaceful I wish I could stay forever it's a little world of it's own and I wish I could paint that flock of birds against the sunset but I can't even draw anyway and it's so quiet except for those little waves the water makes against the riverbank and I wonder what it's like to drown would it hurt? probably but not for long it would all be over in a few sec-