

CAMPUS POETS

Waves

Black as the ocean,
Nomad ocean, gypsying between rock and white shore,
And grave of the restless dead.

On the crest of the lace-lipped waves,
The late-winged sun
Floats with the sea-birds over a waste of shells,
Drawing the dawn about his eyes
Like downy wings.
His birth is slow, stirring
His brittle life, and breaking into flight
Above the edge of night
Black as the ocean, and his eyes are
Green as the sea.

Sheelagh Russell

Every-time
I think sometime
That I'm right
But you say "No, later."
And I believe you.

"P.J.M."

It's been a long time since I've smiled
Right from the inside out
Somebody said I was saving it
Or holding, it, like a bandage, against an old wound

I think instead I lost it
And it was blown across a void
And I've been waiting ever since
For you to open me
And put it back inside

Anonymous



At night I peer into the sky
To ask what I should do
I see the twinkling of the stars
But answers there are few.

Philip David Peterson

How do you do, Mr. ShepherdDog,
Lying in your house.
No one to love you,
No one to feed you,
No one to play with you.
You don't bark at me,
You don't even look at me.
Where is your spirit,
Mr. Shepherd dog,
alone,
in your house.

DDH

In humble gratitude

Lord, what a miracle is Woman!
stardust in her eyes,
honey in her breasts,
fire in her thighs
and nothing in her head!

Maurice Spiro

The Third Prophet

Spoke the old verse-worker on the last day
Of his voyage back from the grave,
"I write for the worm-hungry,
"Words for the empty spirit,
"And from my eyes flow milk
"For old men. My hands carve
"Snow-chests for the death-yearning
"And a gate for the wolves of despair."

Sang the never-born that night
From his rest on the lid of a toad,
"My tunes are wings for the earth-heavy
"And rain for the dry in sorrow.
"From my hands fly thrushes of wild wisdom
"To nest in new-formed limbs. I cry for
"The virtue-living and throw my joy
"To the grave for the prophets of tears."

And the maids in the wood gave birth to mushrooms,
Save one, who cradled a wart.

Sheelagh Russell

7 UP

With any poem I ever wrote
(Which someday you may want to quote)
I try to write most every time
To end my rhymes in seven lines
But you can see that there are some
In six short lines are completely done
But I can always manageto fill in one more line if I have to.

Dean Steeves

A dream is:
a snowflake
that you can hold in your hand
for a full moment.

Reality is colder.

Renee

did you know that i talked to the angels?
they told me that if i didn't stop,
it might be deemed necessary to take up vigilance
on my shoulders, and the weight might be too great.

did you know that i spoke to the pope?
HE told me to keep it up and i'd probably make
it to the Vatican HE'S got laid out on a cloud.

did you know that i talked to the wind?
it told me to run.

"P.J.M."



Sorrowing at the loss of some dear friend
Sitting by the lonely stream forlorn
Dew drops falling in the sun like tears

And a spreading dance of light escapes and dies
Upon the rocky shore.

Philip David Peterson

Love? Yes, but...

Speakest thou of love?
Knowing of the word,
Yet knowing it not,
I fail to understand
how such a deep emotion
could mature in such
a fleeting space of time.
Such depth I do not care to grasp
For, from where I am,
it seems to be a tangled net,
a suppression of all liberty.
So speakest not of love,
Unless it be for all mankind,
in which I verily believe.

Cathy Baker