INSIDE OCTOBER 30, 1970 PAGE 8

## as was the world

here, now, i wish to engrave upon us here no less than the words: "here, while in love we walked, beneath and above the trees, the clouds, beside and in the brooks, through angry fields of hungry eyed flowers that reached out with small bony hands at our loving, at our breathing, which was as ephemeral, anyway, as was the world. as were the flowers that shaded that world"

bernell macdonald

The Undone Door of Life (a poem to Dylan Thomas)

Do not go, gentle Dylan Away from the safety of my hand Into that good night where rainbow chances are the ticking stars Do not die, innocent Dylan Running after the revolving top Being at the bottom where the cage world turns. Do not cry, quiet Dylan As the end, the weary end, draws near For the pleasure of closing the undone door of life, You and I my easy Dylan Shall laughing to our angry music Slam it shut on our way out. Kevin R. Bruce

"Let's talk about the princes," she said,

"You know I love them so."

I didn't really believe her then, for

I had never seen her thoughts.

## if my desires are not your desires

if my desires are not your desires to love as swallows love to fly then bid me bye

hand han the memory o softly holding s the twilight slip ay, eyond our reach s in the parting of that day.

more warmly

here on that aut mid the silence st embrace, ith one sweet ki ur lives went sep nd naught was lo hadows 'gainst the sky

Shadows 'gain'

othing comes be

wilight still leave stumn still brings unset to the grou wander near the n the late night w nd watch for sign s the end of one nd the barren the hadows 'gainst the tumn

are

Kevin R. Bruce

But they spoke to me that very day

And made it very clear.

You see the mole she killed with her

Skulptured smile

Was very nearly me.

"P.J.M."

and if i should cry because of it remind me then to take you to a world. where swallows plunder and destroy the nests of men

bernell macdonald