

# LITERARY

## My Little One

My little one,  
 You are so precious to me,  
 As you are the newest gift,  
 And the greatest joy,  
 Of my life so far.  
 The miracle of birth,  
 Is still too wonderful,  
 For me to fully grasp,  
 But I will hold with me forever,  
 The moment in which,  
 You came into my world.  
 So tiny and so perfect,  
 I stand in awe of all that you are,  
 And the joy that I feel when I hold you,  
 Is exceeded only by my love.  
 As I stand here alone,  
 And watch you as you sleep,  
 My mind is filled with visions,  
 Of the life that awaits you,  
 The joys and sorrows,  
 The triumphs and the tragedies,  
 All of which you must face,  
 But I hope that you shall face none alone.  
 I know that I will not be able,  
 To stand over you,  
 And protect you as I do now,  
 But I will always be at your side,  
 Ready to give what help I can,  
 For no matter where you go,  
 Or what you do,  
 You shall always be,  
 My little one to me.

"For Stephen"

Duke

## SPELL

O! ye that liveth in the heart  
 serene  
 in thy dwelling place  
 unleash  
 thy splendid scented oil!  
 spread thyself  
 upon the tongue  
 sweet in thy bounty  
 lips' delight  
 eyes' glorious sight  
 consort in the night  
 as,  
 la peanut butter sandwiches!

Diane Reid

## In the Boboli Gardens

Above Florence  
 in these square gardens  
 young men young women  
 play leap frog  
 rolling in the grass over  
 laughing  
 and over

The hills beyond  
 still dark  
 push off the storm;  
 and evening sunlight  
 slants through clouds  
 and picks out yellow  
 in the walls  
 and terra cotta domes and roofs

Up here  
 between the terraced lawns  
 scattered with blossom blown sideways from the trees  
 are walks  
 pebbled with rain-clean stones  
 and shrubs trimmed to be balls and boxes.  
 Here in a hedge corner  
 fair hair curls around dark  
 pulling her down under wisteria  
 down to her knees in the sweet grass  
 in the wind  
 in the song of birds  
 down -  
 to the deep boom of bells  
 rising

Pamela J. Fulton



## TO A FRIEND

Every day has its pain  
 Every week has its sorrow  
 Every year has its regret  
 Every world has its dark

Every day has a sunrise  
 Every week has a joy  
 Every year has a hope  
 Every world has a light

Every life has ups and downs  
 May I share them all with you

To Duke  
 From Pseudo, a Friend

## One More Day

Twilight Frames on tower maze  
 Casting shadows of regret  
 Truck horn jerks reluctant world  
 From this day into the next.

Three piece figures starting out  
 Remembering they were alive  
 Vision dies in urban haze  
 Desk invites slow suicide

Life becomes a daily battle  
 To get all they can  
 Trying to clothe a naked greed  
 That has no end or plan

Like trying to fill a desert  
 From an empty bag of sand  
 If they could catch a raindrop  
 They'd hold forever in their hand

The wind is chiming  
 They do not hear it  
 A bell is tolling  
 They do not fear it  
 Love is there  
 They do not reveal it  
 At the end of one more day.

Geoffrey Brown