

Sometimes my life is like a Sailing Ship,
Riding to the crest of a wave
Oh, but it's not long
Before I slip to the next hollow.

Then as I look up I see some
sea gulls flying overhead
I pray and hope they will come
down and sit on my bow and keep me
company
But no, they just fly on to the next ship.

As another ship passes by, I wave
and give a cheerful smile.
But no response do I receive, no
friendly wave from its crew or horn blow
from its captain

No, nothing
For I am but a hull of a ship
With no mast, or sails, or rudder
to steer me
For I am but the ghost of a ship
Something that was
Or could have been
Or will be.

Cooky

THE STAR

There once was a star;
That looked oh so far.
But I took a drink of beer;
It looked very near.

Then I captured the star;
In a very large jar.
Oh how clear;
Looked my little dear.

Darrel D. Forsyth

This garden universe vibrates complete,
Some, we get a sound so sweet.
Vibration reach on up to become light,
And then Gamma and out of sight.
Between the eyes and ears there lie
The sounds of colour, and the light of a sigh.
And to hear the sun, what a thing to believe
But it's all around if could but perceive.
To know ultraviolet, infrared and x-rays,
A beauty to find in so many ways.
With thoughts of within, To exclude without,
Two notes of the cord, that's our fourscope.
The ghost for a chord, Will expel all doubt
And to name the chord is important is important to some
And they give it a word
and the word is....

Nelson

STRANDED IN THE WIND

One Windy day as I was walking;
To the school bus stop;
My umbrella was pulling me towards the sky.
That's not a lie;
I thought I'd die;
For I cannot fly.
When I came down
I fell on the ground
My feet turned brown
I looked a mess
I didn't feel the best
But I kept on walking
I didn't hear anyone talking
Then I remembered it was Sunday

Darrel D. Forsyth

A NIGHT NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN

It is a beautiful evening, calm and free.
The holy time is quiet as a Nun,
Breathless with adoration, the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity
The gentleness of heaven broods over the sea.

David M. Ogden



P
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Y

A WINTER NIGHT

On a cool winter night,
When the moon is glowing,
And the stars shining bright,
The Northern Lights slowly lower.
Into the once-dim atmosphere
These colourful, awesome sights,
Beaming over the gleaming silent evening,
Give the night its unforgettable heights.

David M. Ogden

people talk

people talk about worldly things
when they are afraid to answer
that which hasn't been asked

people talk a lot
when they have very little
to talk about

people talk about
other people
when they are afraid
to be seen

people talk behind their hands
when they are hiding a smile
they talk through a smile of teeth
when they are lying
or playing sales clerk

i talk like a child
when i'm defenceless
and broken

i talk with a pen
when theres no other way
without playing the games
that people play
when people talk.

jayne

1, 6, 12.

Eighteen;
Nineteen;
Twenty-one!

THIRTY . . .

FIFTY,
65

Reginald O. Hayes

sing hare krishna
praise hare rama
hail mary
and the saints

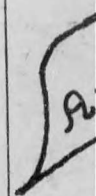
keep your hair long
keep your hair clean
stay slim
wear jeans
drink schooner
roll your own

sooner or later
[if all else fails]
you can go to california

but remember

THERE IS NO PLACE
FURTHER WEST
FOR YOU TO RUN
YOUNG MAN

jayne



BILL

2/3 CU
1/3 CU
1/2 TS
1 EGG
1 CUP
1 2/3
1/2 TS
1/2 CU
1/2 CU
1/2 CU
1/2 TS
1/2 TS

BLEND
ADD
W

BAKE
OVER

FROST

BLEND
CUPS
FOR

By A

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