TRAIN TIES AND SNOWY SKIES

A hand clutching tickets of marked destination Echoing footsteps through a sleeping station

The whining whistle screams off to the trees Entering its tune on the morning breeze. While the engine pulls out over snow hidden rails Like a huge iron ship with the wind in her sails

Funnels of smoke climb from the seat up ahead By the no-smoking sign painted boldly in red And a conductor with smiles, washed by the miles That he's come since he climbed from his bed.

A child that won't remember what she saw and heard today Still not quite old enough to put these things away A child that wonders why some people do not smile Standing there so solemnly along the empty aisle.

Poetry by Dennis J. Doherty

THE PROPHET

Birch-bark Halo about his head Fir boughs lay to make his bed In the Maritimes a prophet is born To a woodsman old and worn Young spotted deer view the sight Eyes of brown blink in delight A favored son to the eastern woods Bringing news of brotherhoods And how an end will come to time To meet a maker so sublime In a judgement of love so just All will cry at his name they cussed. Here to us this sign is sent To put in mind the love we spent On material gain so far from real Enclosed in worlds of brick and steel Tearing our environment to shreds And worrying on checks and overheads. To make us finally realize That heaven is here in our Eastern Skies. Were it not for Love A thousand poems could never be read Were it not for Love A man's emotion would soon be dead

Dying Love and Blind desire did many a poet's mind inspire On thoughts of love so well intended And tender feelings not easily mended

I for one must join this list Of passing chances and meanings missed

For as our lips met for a moment Tender and warm with the taste of Wine How I loved you in that instant Your face pressed so tight on mine.

Such a short plunge is ours In the ocean of time So much sense it makes To grab each wave and Ride until it breaks Amongst the woods and friends I have, within my cluttered mind, you are my favorite dream I am waiting, silent, like the owl awaits the dark, like the sea awaits the rain silent.

A

Waking time, aching time,

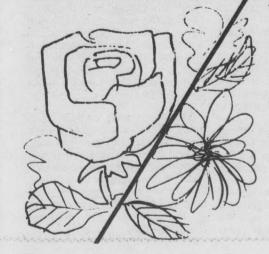
THE HEAD IS DEAD

I have been taken many times By lines quite prolific Covering over a layer of lies With reasoning so specific

Papers full of misquotes Telling stories turned around Murders, Mysteries, Magic and Mistakes all abound.

Many a talented tongued orator Full of ambiguous art Has tricked the trusting public And it's given me a start.

For ideas that show real promise May never gain respect Disillusioned once too often We've an inhibited intellect.





time for just a word to tell you that here you are helping me make it through another day. Holding me, moulding me, pressing me into the shape that may just turn this hour around today. I really thought I knew myself a year or more ago. I really thought that things were here to stay. Perhaps it was because I was afraid to let them go. But now I know if I'm afraid things won't slow down and stay. I had to say that yo. , OK; that phrase I've heard some place before. The day has come that I've begun to see the wonder of today. A lonely place to hand around is worn-out yesterdays. The holiness of living is just a jump away.

Gwyn Martin

VIRGINAL VESPERS

You, inching eve, his sweating sores had blessed; Involved was he in scented reparation. Your higher Love had lulled the separation And in your loosening arms had he had rest. Pewter peace. Now your diurnal dawn crest take, Most loyal whore--your kindness unforgiven! When may his calm in perfect pain be shriven, His swollen nerves their burthen to her make?

-- John Timmins

Shallow echoes across the river Cars and trucks and trains Cursing, howling, crying Voices in different strains. 'Move it man, get goin!' "What's the hold up there?" 'Back up you idiot!' "Don't you damn well dare!" Voices in different strains, Cursing, howling, crying. Cars and trucks and trains, Shallow echoes across the river.

Lynette Wilson