

MISSING YOU MY WAY

Wrinkles in the bed
remind me.
A few moments back
you were here
this whole place was full of fragrance
paintings in this room
had suddenly
come to life
curtains were fluttering
to the rhythms of your movements
flowers in the pot
were nodding yes to your words
ripples of smiles
were cascading
a dream of life
a strange divinity
had come true

But you left.
And the fragrance
vanished
the flowers dropped their heads
in despair
the waves froze
the dreams froze
it's wooden stillness
as if the spirit is blown
out of every bit of this place

I ask myself
why everything
moves with you, Barb.

JAS

A GIRL

Met, I; Kissed,
Loved, Left,
Miss.
Joe [Hi Shelley]

LOCKED IN [FUN]

Went to CHSR,
Stayed half an hour,
Got locked in SUB,
Jumped out window.
Fun!
Rev. J. O'Boogie

FIRST STATEMENT

I love you, Louise;
not in the fury
of disjointed dreams
nor the crimsoned cry
through fast erupting worlds
but so, precious girl:
in the honeyed warmth
from your blossom smile
and the blessed glow
of your virgin beauty.

Maurice Spiro

FAUX PAS

The necessity at times to be alone
in a set place to be the solitary crow
is not a leg of vanity
to stand on strong

All, we are mastered by others
and are expected to be faithful
to their intuitions
Some are sensitive to those expectations

Mostly, I can override that sensitivity
and ignore the expectations of others
without offending their self faith

In the ever wintered affairs of people
expectations can be molded to the man
rather than attempting to mold the man
to the gathered expectations of hope

But sometimes weakened
I find myself oppressed by good intentions
then overshadowed by that self expecting
the necessity at times to be alone

- John Dempsey

CHAINS

Starlight is softer still than streetlight
has no fluorescent voice shouting
so is more passive in its revelations,

so is more passive in its revelations
than sunlight vigorous through sparse clouds
trembling the world with its confident aura

Trembling the world with its confident aura
mad nature rushes religiously to its duties
ignorant of the wars that rage without it

Ignorant of the wars that rage without it
the unminded machine eats away the hot day
to lie restless through the coming cool night,

to lie restless through the coming cool night
counting on thin revealing clouds to be sure
starlight is softer still than streetlight

- John Dempsey

THE ENCOUNTER

Why are your eyes so blue?
Were they not always gray?
This is not the way
I remember you.

Why have the clouds
Darkened your smile?
Why has that light
Abandoned your face?
Fear not the pain
The future may bring.
She can give you all,
All, you could not see in me.

I have no regrets for the love
Whose roots reached not the soil;
I have no words to speak,
To reawaken the past.
I wonder, as I search your face,
You, who seem not to remember my name,
Are you the man I loved
So many winters ago?

Idil Ozerdem
March 12, 1976

YOUR CHOICE

There comes a time in each one's life;
when you choose the path of your figure
It may be a good choice
or it might be a bad one

whatever you decide, make the best of what you receive and you
shall have a very happy and fulfilling
life

Trent Morrisey

**Many thanks to all contributors and
regrets to those whose poems could not be fit
in this year due to the quantity of poetry submitted**