

"Sweet Wishes and Gentle Thoughts"

Silently she crosses through
my bedroom door, Her silky
gown of white falling to the
floor, Her eyes glow like
a full October moon, Silently
filling the emptiness of my
room.

For four years and a day,
I have waited for this night,
Now my body is filled with
fright, Quietly she whispers
my name and tenderly eases
the pain.

On this such a simple night
I now taste an unexperienced
delight, Outside the trees rustle,
as if to say that "This night,
will end, "Why? When the
dawn comes, I know we'll
say good-bye.

Her gentle tender skin and mine,
Are one the same now,
As we enter this everlasting
game, Since time did begin
It has been played, Now
at last it is mine to win.

Outside the birds begin to sing,
And with it the early sun they
do bring, No longer will I be
able to stroke her hair, No more
will I see her tiny soft breasts
bare, No one else will I care for
as much as you, You who will
disappear with the morning dew.

Now she begins to leave my bed,
Leaving me with empty heart and
spinning head, Before I can say
how much I care, she gives me
one last kiss, and is gone
in the early summer mist.

Now alone, here I lie,
Watching the clouds roll by,
Thinking of her, Who gave me
something no one else would
dare, The will to live
and the right to give of myself.

Scott Powers

SNOWFLAKE BALLET

Whirling, twirling flake of snow,
What propels your fragile form,
In the frenzied blackness of a winter storm?
Is it the winds that blow...
Or is it another force,
From a more mysterious source?
-- A longing to go...to see...to be...
After all, a flake lives only,
-- For the hour...for the dance...for the storm...
Then all is silent!
All is ice...all is slush...
-- All is green.

Basil

A mysterious man of magical way,
Came into my life one day,
Taking away the things I knew,
Bringing me something strong and true.

Saying things, so plain and clear,
Whispering my name as he held me near,
Smiling as only he could do,
To remind me so much of you.

Laughing and loving we spent the time,
Singing or writing poems without rhyme,
Running and chasing dreams in the sky,
Passing the time without needing to try.

Silence was perfect for we knew,
The love shared between us two,
Thinking no words need be spoken,
Hoping no hearts would be broken.

Suddenly, it stopped so fast,
This wonderful love we thought would last
With a loud and piercing ring,
The alarm clock spoiled everything.-

Nancy Cooper

EARLY MORNING, EARLY NOVEMBER

Their black turns brown, their brown to brighter black,
As trees warm to the late year's honey hue.
The sky spreads over all its' frosty gold,
While aging, frigid houses slip years back
And, grateful, feel new blood that soon will chill.
Little care they the new morn's freezing air,
The intermittent incense collar white
That cloaks and guards each frowning, speeding face.
For diamond sky and city's rising heights
Are washed in gleaming light; It is the Fall.

John Timmins

A BRUNSWICKAN POEM
OR
MY CAREER AS A POET

Throw some words
Together.
Sew them up with a thread,
And, having luck, a meaning may appear.

But if not, no matter.
It's only a Brunswickan poem.

The words are me
When they fall apart,
Or run away into the night.

The darkness outside these lines is frightening,
But the darkness inside is worse.

I want to be saved,
Oh, please, save me.

But no matter.
It's only a Brunswickan poem.

Rick Hatt