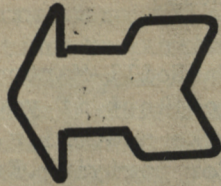




Poetry



FOR SPECIAL FRIENDS

On a tree
Each branch is a friendship

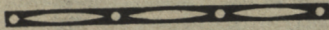
Some are short and fragile
Some are long and sturdy

There are some
You can hang unto

There are others
Easily broken


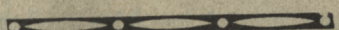
Then, there are the few
Which, together
Form a trunk

MARGARET COMEAU
Nov. 78



Life is like a fine gold chain
A precious gift of the earth
Raw & crude in origin
But if treated with care
by a master craftsman
it is turned into a thing
of beauty
Just as that fine gold chain
is delicate — simple
so is life.
But there are other chains
complicated ones
full of life's tangles
Some which are never released
but tortured forever.
As that gold chain
encircles my throat
life encircles me
Tightening by unseen hands
Cutting off my last breath
of life.

DEBBIE BRINE



ODE TO MY FRIEND

Hi Pal
You no longer depend on me.
My food, shelter, and love for you, no more!
And the companionship I received from you,
Well, . . . there can be no encore.

I watched you grow up
As you did me.
But you grew the quicker
Because of your society.

We'd go fishing, exploring and played hide-n-seek
I was always the master, but you, never weak
You were conditioned; some vocabulary you knew.
You could never speak it, but I could understand you.


They say my world must go on, onward bound!
But the love I have had for you, will never be found.
Just 16 years old, then my world you did part.
And all you were, was my dog, my rex, my heart.

As it has been confirmed by most men
You truly are man's best friend!

Good-bye . . . Pal

Here it is, the dawn of a new day
I can hear the wind
as it blows through the trees
It has a mournful sound
It's lonely out there
all on its own
looking for someone
to listen to it
to want it
to need it
to love it
I am like the wind
on the dawn of this new day

DEBBIE BRINE
6:00 a.m.



TODO Y NADA

I walked in a trance of cold crispness, sun and noise,
When it jumped into my eye —
A dead cat, stretched out stiff and frozen.

My heart stumbled,
But my feet passed by before it could fall:

I recall;
A walk home.
I passed her by in silence,
Afraid to say hello,
For fear it was someone I didn't know:

Death is a mirror,
That reflects the hole in us.

The whole in us,
Is life unchained.

When may we love,
If not in the all and nothing of right now?

GERRY LASKEY
18 November 1978

Here it is, the dawn of a new day
I can hear the wind
as it blows through the trees
It has a mournful sound

How peaceful it is now
The air is crisp and fresh
The wind moans through the trees
Birds are just waking up now
I hear their first awakening songs
The crickets sing too
but they soon will be silent
For they talk through the night
Soon they will be silent
As I will be

DEBBIE BRINE
6:30 a.m.

