

Library Corner

professor asked for their opinion of the poem.

One student prompted, "It's about the best written poem that's been read in this class yet."

Alvin's head grew even bigger.

The professor nodded.

"I was impressed with the form and structure of the poem," offered another student.

Alvin's head continued to balloon. His eyes were the size of oranges. His hair rivalled the thickness of an uncut lawn. No one had yet noticed this, however.

"I'd say," concluded one student, "that this poem should be published." The boy's eyes swept the class to assure himself that this was the general consensus. Even Professor Wheeler seemed to agree. Everyone turned again to look at Alvin. It was then that they noticed his head.

"My God," whispered one girl, "I never realized his head was so big...."

The class watched in amazement and awe as Alvin's head continued to expand. It was about five feet across, and seemed to be stretching to the limit.

"He's always been a little weird you know," said one girl knowingly to the professor. Wheeler sat motionless with his eyes bulging and his mouth open.

"Is he on drugs or something?" asked Horton.

With considerable effort, Alvin turned his head to survey the class. When he spoke, his voice seemed to echo forever inside the cavernous sphere. The sound which finally escaped was weak and distant.

"I'd like to thank....like to thank...everyone here...everyone here....for their criticisms...."

One boy said a little too loudly, "Oh yeah, Alvin, it was a great poem!"

Alvin's eyes widened fearfully.

"Oh no," he said.

His head grew and stretched a little bit more, but it had reached its limit.

"Great poem, Alvin...."

Alvin's head could take no more and it exploded all over the room.

REFLEXIONS OF AUTUMN

by Ed Orlowski

When I look out the window, the sun is lazily embracing those sugar maples. I then perceive what and why the poets get so excited about these glorious days when all nature seems to be in full magnificence. So much so, that we are almost forced to notice her lovely panorama of exquisite colours.

All of our senses seem to be heightened to what nature really has to offer. Our eyes seem to fall in love with mother nature's gifts.

Rainy leaves are fluttering down to kiss mother earth and as I look down at the little red sodden maple, from my window in 3rd Duffy, it seems to me that the tree has dropped a beautiful rosette of leaves so brilliant a red

that it contrasts vividly with the Irish green grass. If I were having a picnic, that's where I would want to have it, right there in the midst of that apron of leaves! It looks so soft, and I like sitting on soft leaves.

Oh! I see the fingers of the hands of the branches which have begun to point as the wind blows them. They seem to say, "I'm getting ready for winter, are you?"

The rain has stopped, the wind has dried everything off, the leaves have lost their "wet" look, and there is that beautiful, beautiful, red-headed maple creature, as ravishing and as full of life as the eyes looking at her. And yet she has a silent beauty beyond this pen's comprehension. I believe we are riding the crest of the wave of

fall these days. Looking out my window, I can't help but bubble over inside at the priceless calculator of leaves. At the same time the sun tingles the leaves and a sweet nectar draws fall bees for their last kiss of mother nature's bountiful sweetness.

Now a jet wails overhead and seems so man-made and tinny in contrast to the soft, soft, downy thoughts which have carpeted my surroundings. A great floodlight of colours

leads my emotions to the gentle, gentle thought of just being here, alone, barely hearing the ticking of my watch, yet grasping frantically mentally to drink in all nature's storehouse and showroom. A gentle breeze comes and the whole stage changes completely. It reminds me of our thoughts. As the wind blows so our opinions, beliefs, and thoughts of love, constantly change like beautiful leaves and a few words can influence a nation.

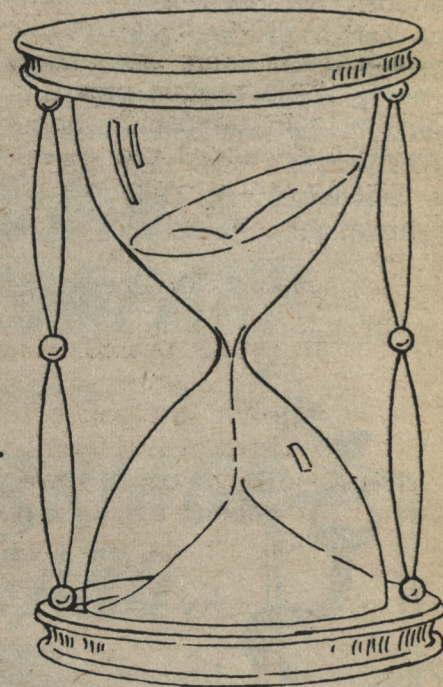
2 Poems
by
Debra LaFrance

Time
- like tiny cobwebs of the dew:
each day a scintillating sparkle

only
to
melt
into oblivion
at
dusk.

The casual meeting of windows to yourself-
One open and glowing,
the other shuttered and dark.

The hesitant smile hovering on my lips-
receives a cold stare and
stern unmoved mouth.
So my timid venture fades through
the closing
window
to shut out the frost.



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