

SNOW

You want snow'  
 well I've got lots of it  
 up here, in my mind.  
 It isn't the snow  
 that covers the ground,  
 or catches on the limbs of trees,  
 for the moon to shine on.  
 It isn't the snow  
 that soundproofs houses,  
 and makes you warm with its coldness.  
 My snow keeps you  
 from doing things you want to do,  
 and keeps you from seeing  
 things you want to see.  
 So I must stay,  
 safe within myself,  
 making presents of my thoughts,  
 wrapping them up with pages of poetry  
 to give to anyone who wants them.  
 Stretch

CHORDS

Chords from the sky  
 Chords in the city  
 Chords for a laugh  
 Chords full of pity

Feed us-  
 We are the involved  
 We lie at your affluent  
 feet

Help us-  
 We are the disillusioned  
 Whose eyes you cannot meet

Or spurn us-  
 We are the unwanted  
 Turn your head as we weep

Chords coming off  
 Chords coming on  
 Chords that are here  
 Chords that are gone.

Bruce Ogilvie

# IMAGES OF MAN

He is  
 the tie that binds my  
 strength

He gives me love  
 and  
 respect

He gives me his dreams.  
 I give him myself

Without reservation.

My world is in her eyes  
 Her smile reflects my thoughts  
 She changes my past  
 Colours my present  
 And forms my future  
 There is no time  
 without her  
 Only a void  
 That is me -  
 an empty space.

Neville Bawes



A wood nymph gathers yarrow clusters  
 of pink and white,  
 Each blossom a dimpled smile,  
 Yet her bouquet is not complete  
 For onward she slips  
 And seeks the aconite of blue.

Softly now must she glide,  
 For she nears the land of the mannikin  
 In her pilgrimage for the blue buttercup.

Tony Scullion