LITERARY

My Son, The Student

Where is your son, someone asked me today
He's off to the city, to make his own way
It doesn't seem possible, this man so young
Off to university, to learn the world to run.

His aunt wanted to know, what grade is he in
She says that he did, always cause her to grin
The years have passed quickly, for certain too fast
And he has graduated, in the June that just passed.

Now out in the fringe, first steps he must take
To do his own thing, and dependency break
So now from a distance, I hold out my hand
And hope he will hold it, for help in his plan.

I know he can do it, if it is his will
Overcome the worst, as he climbs up life's hill
For he is honest, ready to meet any test
I ask only one thing, that he does his best.

Ready to help, if by chance he should fall
Because no-one is perfect, no-one at all
To not make a mistake, means not to try
And if one doesn't try, one never can fly.

Good luck to you son, I miss you it's true
No day goes by, that I don't think of you
Remembered in prayer, may He keep you near
Let Him be with you, and have nothing to fear.

I am confident in you, as you are away
You'll make the right choices, not go astray
For as you mature, each day I see proof
That you haven't forgotten, the lessons of youth.

Your doing well son, in you I have trust
In the tough going, you will do as you must
You know you are loved, and always will be
No matter what happens, you can count on me.

Now here at home, as I do up the chores
I oft think of you, and the path that is yours
I just wish to help you, and not hold you back
The sometimes you think, I am slightly off track.

You're wished the best, with decisions you make
From all of us here, even Sheena and Jake
If a place you do need, this is always your home
We're here and waiting, whenever you may come.

The 'Old Man' in Kilburn

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"No one can make you feel inferior without your consent."
–Eleanor Roosevelt

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Spirit of the Wind

Spirit of the wind,
How long have you,
Swept across these plains,
Run through the forest,
And softly skimmed,
The surface of our lakes?
Forever perhaps?
And what have you seen,
As you traveled,
Through time and space?
Birth, beauty and growth,
The flowering of new eons,
And the death of things past?
No longer do you smell,
Only of the mountain pines,
And the fields of daisies.
The stench of industry,
Of destruction,
The death of a planet,
Is now the burden,
You carry with sorrow.
Your tears of joy,
That once nurtured life,
As it began,
Fall with sadness,
Poisoned,
They kill our forests,
And pollute our lakes.
But you travel on,
And do as you must,
But, for how much longer?

DUKE



FOR A FRIEND
(on the death of her father)

play for him the gadfly
fix upon
what he knew to tell you
in his imperfect way:

freedom lies in words
teased, beaten, shaped
for love of them

glorify
your accidental Socrates,
lost not to hemlock
but to spruce,
who sought to quell a silence
loud with pain

Diane Reid

Philosophy 1000

"I see" said the blind man
"I know" said the fool,
"And he with the gold
Makes his own golden rule"

"And you" said the blind man
"A deek is a coy
And are you the man
That you saw as a boy?"

"I am not" said the fool
"And the blind man knows best
He knows what he sees
And the fool knows the rest"

"And what" asked the blind man
"Is meant by all that?
I'm dead as a doornail?
I'm blind as a bat?"

"A law" said the blind man
"Is only a rule
It's made to be broken"
"I know" said the fool.

"I see" said the blind man
"That black can be white"
"I know" said the fool
"That a wrong is a right"

"So why" asked the fool
With his typical grin
"When the pen fights the sword
It's the pen that'll win?"

"It is" said the blind man
"A sword cannot write,
And taken alone
It needs two for a fight."

"My friend" said the fool
"You're as sharp as a knife,
You're as quick as a whip
On the meaning of life"

"To be" said the blind man
"Or not to be, too
Now that is the question
For one such as you"

"I think" said the fool
"And so therefore I am
I live for today
And I don't give a damn."

"We speak" said the blind man
"like birds of a feather"
"We do" said the fool
"We could work well together"

"And we" he continued
"Are from the same school"
"I see" said the blind man
"I know" said the fool.

Pat Hamilton