LITERARY

A long time ago
In a land far away
where knights would
go
And elves would play,

A valley stood,
A river flowed,
And in a thickening
wood
where weeds did
grow;

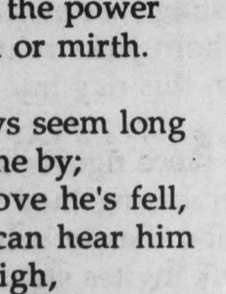
was a tall tower;
That reached to the
sky,
A symbol of sentinel
power
That all could spy.

Now residing in that
lonely place,
Was a young sage
whose stern face
Had not then cracked
age.

From his lofty tower
He scrutinized life and
earth
Outside the power
Of pain or mirth.

Those days seem long
gone by;
since in love he's fell,
And one can hear him
sigh,
When he thinks of his
beauty belle.

Now as he looks upon
the land
He's keenly aware
When she's at hand
For the air is fair



With that sweet smell
Of her perfume
That rings like a bell
Throughout his dark
room

Around he turns
And there she stands;
And again he learns
Where beauty's grand.

It took some time
For his heart to ease,
And to think of a line
That would her
please.

Alas he thought to
question
If she would stay
A short duration
And lighten his lonely
day

But she answers in
Her polite but ritual
way
That she must begin
And could not stay.

From his window he
watches her go,
Though the thicket
As one who knows,
The path to pick it.

That day must long
gone by,
When she was lost in
the darkness
And he heard her
little cry,
And went to aid in all
smartness

For then he felt it was
his chore,
To lead the lesser
creatures
Through lifes little
doors,
And tough features

She however was
different;
Not a lesser being at
all
But from the creator
sent,
To make the smug
sage small.

Frederick Saint
Bernard

Reading St. Park, January 23/90

World narrows to the milk-soft path
I follow through the woods
In this winter scene I alone am king
Falling diamonds crown my hair
Trees bow in lacy arches
As if to welcome me here.

My crunching feet sound like invasion
So I pause to sue for peace
Highway engines is a muted rear
Ten million miles away
It cannot break the sound of silence
Like it turns my soul to grey.

Deathly stillness alive with the Creator
Speaks to me in a voice for everyone
Pregnant with the promise of renewal
Like sweet wind sliding of rippling bay
The energy sends shivers through me
Upwelling warmth rushes my cares away

Heartbeat quickens in time with the rhythm
Iceberg memories detach and soil free
Of days past and days yet forgiven
In this one, place everywhere I stand
Time freezing into a crystal
Clear as the bond of two lover's hands.

Geoffrey Brown

What will cause a man to write
To put his thoughts in words for sight?
It is not intellect alone
By which a sentence or stanza is sown.
Indeed emotion plays its part:
A hand is directed by head and heart.
Emotions range from love to rage
And either way they fill a page.
But it is a wound from Cupid's unkind bow
That causes ink for blood to flow.
This kind of writing though often sublime
Is written to ease the writer's mind.
His thoughts are to his paper frankly told
And in this way his soul's consoled.

Frederick Saint Bernard.

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