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# Untitled

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#### Haven't Found It Yet

#### The Doctor

When I remember Edward sick in bed,
I hear our mother shouting in anger.
"The doctor's seven minutes late!" she said.
I saw the doctor come in, no stranger
To our household. Another dinner cold
Lost its warmth on his table. No sleep
He took that night until he could unfold
The regimen for Edward's burden deep.

How I envied the doctor's healing hands. His art expels disease and renders whole Our stricken bodies sore as he stands Between God and Man. Can he cure our soul?

I wish I could reach his medicine shelf.

And find the proper drug to cure myself.

Francis Patrick Murphy

## Writers' Workshop or A Poem By The Non-Poet In Class

For weeks I've sat and listened To the poems being read. I've even made some comments, Some better left unsaid.

For I'm sure they've shown my ignorance And shallowness of mind By missing the true quality Of the ones that haven't rhymed.

And lately there've been moments When I think I almost see The elusive wisps of meaning Behind the imagery.

I've learned to try and feel The words, and not the pace. It adds a new dimension Of freedom, open space.

And so I'm going to try it. And in the weeks to come, I hope my poems will lose this damned Da DUM, de DUM, de Dum!

Patricia R. Wolff

Anything before me just didn't exist and after, what I leave behind; a mark or a shell or a rippleless pool, is whatever I finally decide.

Thoughtless endeavors and hopeless whims are the lesson we all learn in school, and the person who thinks they are all they can be is a lackluster shortsighted fool.

Age is a number, such meaningless wealth; a harbor for ships still unmade, painless adventure for riskless sport, and undealt hands never played.

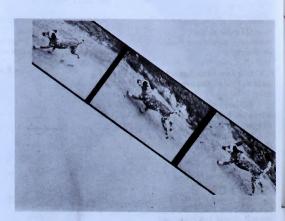
I gather my numbers and lay down my hand I've so little to show for the years but deep in my soul is a yearning unearned — just one more prevailing fear.

He who's at one with is intermost thoughts lay down all the rules of the game, but he who has not reached into himself—the game has yet to be played.

I step through a frame of pictureless glass it's a face in reverse that I see; he stares at my eyes with knowing surprise and I stare back at him who is me.

If it's a staredown that you want from me then it's a staredown you're gonna get cuz if you can't stand to look in the mirror, man — you just haven't found it yet.

Tom Catalano Chris Catalano



Joe Oliver