

ISLAND OF DREAMS

I live on an Island.
The island of dreams,
more to me than mounds of sand,
more than to the eye it seems.

I've lived on this island all of my life.
I've learned to love it and not to hate it.
Outside winds which cause much strife,
I've learned to ignore as a matter of habit.

There are lapses in dreamland
When I do think
Seeing tides of reality wash way the sand
Which makes me fear my island will sink.

When my island sinks what comes of me,
A dreamer alone in the sea of reality.

B. D. Fitz

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

To hell with your history!
To hell with your creed!
To hell with your race for we're all human beings!
I am a citizen of the world!
The world is my country.
I know no color, race, or creed.
I know only human beings.
There is no boundary to my nation.
People who rule, they make us different.
Lines are drawn on paper,
Criss-cross, criss-cross,
Lines through mountains,
Lines through valleys,
"This," they say, "is X-land",
And this is Y-land,
And here the Utopians,
And here the Goodmanians,
And here the Badmanians."
Making countries large and small,
Dividing people, segregating the human race.
They forget—
We are citizens of the world.

Mordo



the podium is latin cast in bronze and dull
Cicero's brown coat is on the chair hanking there
next to the fellow in the red jacket that's good
could a coat be make of wood
i wonder if it should if it could
should the construction workers be allowed to
remove their shirts when working in the city
the fancy ladies walking by wouldn't stop and cry
they'd tell a lie and say goodbye
an deven the construction bosses count their losses
when the men start staring sometimes stupidly
with their shirts off in the city where
the coat is almost organe 'cause faded by the sun
none of the workers brought a gun
they're out of jail and not on the run
this lecture hasn't ended yet thinking of some bet
at the track haven't been to mass in a long
long time about two months never been so long

after the play i want to say to Ophelia
come and play life for a time or so and
then we can go and watch some workers and
some baseball games. (i'll tell how i did it once)
and all the rest will be bumble bee see
I'd like to leave it's not too long sing a song
see a movie like King Kong think of
cities where Susie Wong combs her hair and
goes along nobody's wrong everyone's wrong
nobody's right nobody's right i think
they're right we all must fight and kill
what we don't like it's the only way to like
listen Ophelia answer me now will you get fat
and look like a cow
right now they all say—wow!
none of the indians run around the campfire
almost no squaws worthwhile—no more pow wow
and all the buffalo want somewhere to go

Leon

A small log cabin that I built myself
Beside a curve in a beautiful brook
That runs through the deepest green forest
You could ever hope to be alone in;
And perhaps a wolf howling to the moon-god
And me, lying on the thick spongy moss
That keeps the meadow warm at night
And thinking that wolf is a bit like me
Except that he's not quite so happily alone.

Mike

