

NOVICE

How can you expect me  
To put things on paper  
Things I do not know?

You speak of similes,  
metaphors, and how  
a pen can think!

I guess I'm just too slow.

but how I study and try to learn,  
I stay up late and how I yearn,  
To write like poets that surround me;  
And to please Mr. Chamlee.

Should my sentences rhyme  
At the end of every line?

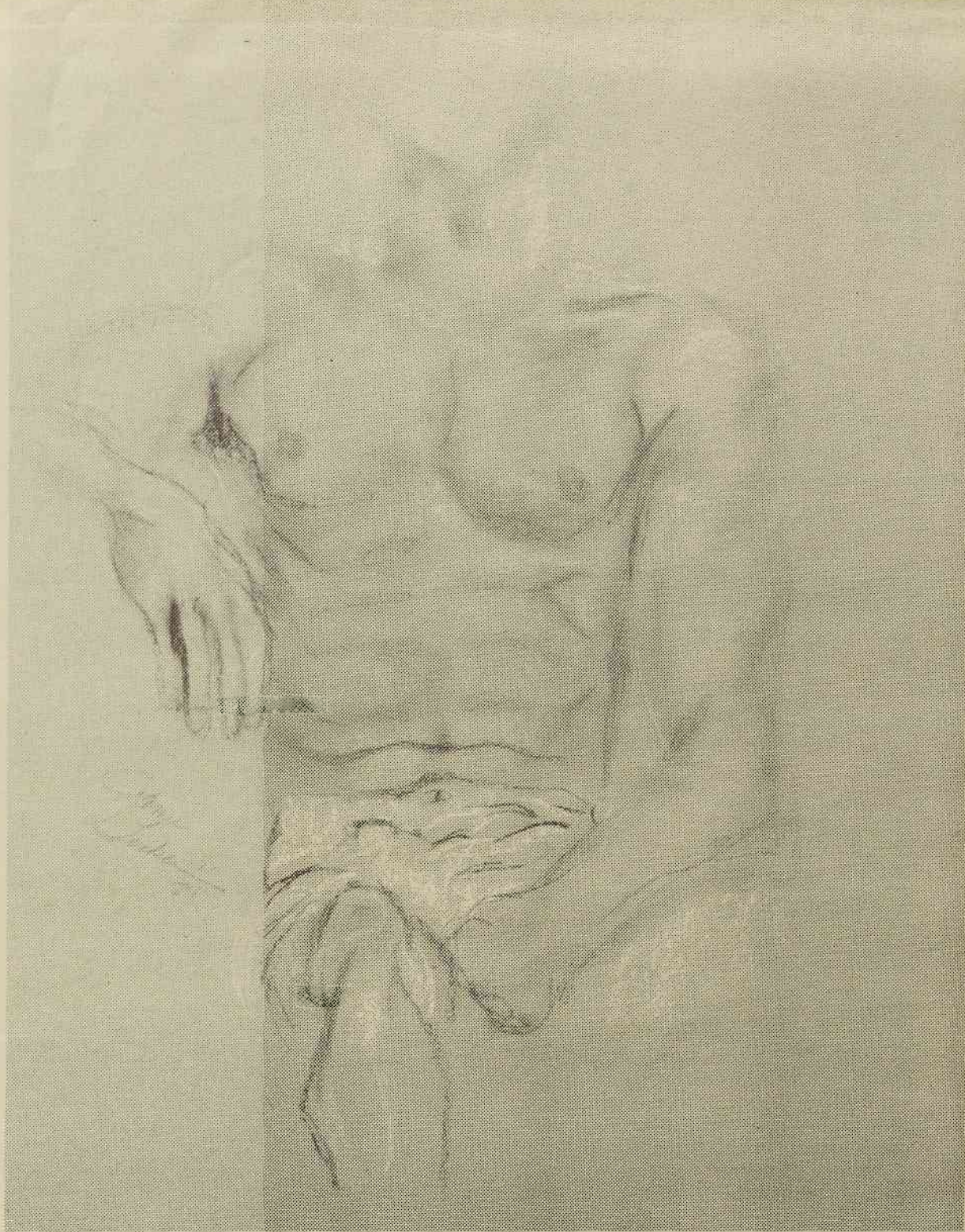
should i write like e.e. cummings  
and use no punctuation

I'm so CONFUSED at what to do!

Maybe a new pattern I'll try and set,  
Or maybe I'll just end with a rhymed couplet.

But even if it's the best I could,  
I'm sure I'll hear from Doc Wood:  
(Who has taught me 104),  
"What did you put that comma for?"

Diana Howard



Drawing by Jamie Tucker

*The Clarion Literary Supplement is the product of the Creative Writing Class, English 207, Mr. Ken Chamlee, instructor. Special thanks to Cheryl Harrison and Jane Roberts.*

PHOTO

There was a picture  
In my psychology text  
Of Sigmund Freud and his dog.  
The caption underneath read:  
"Sigmund Freud and his dog."

Old Sigmund has a bunch of glass trinkets on his desk  
And thick black spectacles on his face.  
There are shelves full of statues and books  
Behind and about his graying countenance.  
He stares blankly at his dog.  
It is a solemn photo.

His dog stands on a Persian rug  
And blankly examines the camera.  
It has a wet, black muzzle  
And dark, drooping eyes  
Which are lumps of coal set back into its furry face.  
It looks forlorn — like some kind of huskydog  
Who should be out pulling a sled in the Yukon,  
But, instead, is harnassed by Sigmund's rug, posing for an experiment.

I cut the picture out of the book  
And hung it on my wall.  
Now Sigmund stares at the dog  
And the Dog stares at me.

A picture is worth a thousand words.

Andy Valli



SIMON (Son of the Rock)

I sit and listen, never hearing why  
This God you know would be so harsh and cruel  
Pronounce his judgement, reigning from the sky,  
And pour my shameless blood into your pool.

Why would he make it evil just to feel  
The beating of another's heart with mine  
To know the passion Adam felt is real  
To feast upon the eldest of his wine?

Conclusions come, I know I know the truth  
Your bleeding heart can never drown my own  
Your tear-filled childhood days might earn my ruth  
But loveless nights would freeze me to the bone!

Though I'm no saint, grieve not my loss;  
Find someone else to bear your cross.

Bill Greene