



Our government has stepped up the U. S. war effort in response to increasing destruction by Communist forces. While war daily destroys human beings and man's desire to live, everyday life tends to obscure everyone's insight into the destruction called the Vietnam War. We urge every reader to write her Congressman stating individual views concerning the War policies. TODAY. Listings of each state's Representatives may be found in the Student Center and in the Salemite office... WRITE NOW.



THE WAR MAY CONTINUE INDEFINITELY.

THE DIVIDE

The ball I threw while playing in the park
Has not yet reached the ground.

—Dylan Thomas.

1.

Again
The cord is snapped.
When play is interrupted by new laws
Of motion, you are pulled unawares
From a near-perfect world into the orbit
Of an impossible one; fail to realize
For a time
When you run out of Wonder, your drift.
Onwards from the intersection
You wonder why the winds bypass you—
Until you lift your stare
And find your masts bare.

2.

Things moved around you and held fast
Your center. Eventually
Balance was disturbed by elements
Unknown and understood,
And you revolved. You revolved
Forever moving away.

Swings and boats move
In another world. You are fixed by
Multiplicity of cells hardening into trunk;

Fixed
By body's refusal to reassume
Lost pliancy. Fixed,
Until your motion loses all sense
Of movement.

You are stranded with
Your metamorphosis.

3.

Consciousness flowed
Early. As sudden and obtrusive as
The menstrual blood. As bewildering as
The sprout of secret hair.

When
The protective peel of innocence fell apart
Under pressure
Of knowing
And layer upon layer of
Awareness shook and settled in the light
You longed
Like a tree full of fruit
To lose your burden.

But
No sound mouths your protest . . .
You are in the middle of the story.

4.

There must be some mistake,
There must be, you remark every morning
To yourself: You have come to
The wrong mirror.
Every night
In the dark you resolve: Try
And face the loss
Though you are certain
You'll ever seek the hidden players.
If only, if
You could hold and keep the changing face
Of a town in your grasp,
You could maybe plead
No! no, this is not it:
You have come to the wrong street.

In a corner
This side of the divide then,
You prepare to face the final
Humiliation of being taken for
A man.

—Saleem Peeradina

NOTE: Mr. Peeradina is a poet who came to the States from India. He currently is doing graduate work in English at Wake Forest University.