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Poetry Corner

"The Friend Who Just Stands By"

When troubles come your soul to try, You love the friend who "just stands by." Perhaps there's nothing he can do --The thing is strickly up to you; For there are troubles all your own, And paths the soul must tread alone; Times when love cannot smooth the road Nor friendship lift the heavy load, But just to know you have a friend Who will "stand by" until the end, Whose sympathy through all endures, Whose warm handclasp is always yours --It helps, someway, to pull you through, Although there's nothing he can do. And so with fervent heart you cry, "God bless the friend who just 'stands by'!"

B.Y. Williams

"Egotism"

The sudden reprieve from certain death understandably pushed me toward mysticism. "But understand, life is a gift." Life is happiness, every minute can be an eternity of happiness. One often reads that, after a certain point the distinction between right and wrong begin to blur impetuously.

Larry Jackson

"Death"

Death crept and stole while we slept. we're broken into a thousand pieces. A piece of our puzzle is missing. Good-bye my love See you in Heaven's Tomorrow.







Jayne Penne'

"Versatile Person"

Prison life meant bitterly cold winters, the loss of all written contact with relatives and friends, the abolition of privacy in these cramped sleeping quarters, and the constant threat of violence from both guards and inmates. This regimen did not break Larry; it inspired him in a strange new light.

Larry Jackson

"The Struggle"

Are you my father? Am I your child? There's something within me that wants to run wild.

I've tried very hard to keep in control for I love you lord and desire to stay whole. I've heard of your goodness, your mercy and grace please help me lord to stay in the race. I'm counting on you to calm this great storm. Fill me up with your spirit, that I may go on.

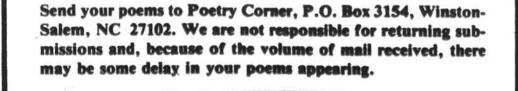
Jayne Penne'

"What Is Love?"

What is love? Where does it start? Inside your mind or within your heart? What is love? How long does it last? Is it a thing of the present, or a thing of the past? Is love jsut for the rich, or is it even for the poor? Does it cost less for them, and for us a little more? I've often heard love spoken of, that it brings joy and peace of mind.

But this love that's so much needed, and yet this love I cannot find.

Javne Penne'



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