

THE SANDWICH MAN

Wakes without warning. Watches
The dawning of a new day.
He goes down stairs. No hope that
Today might be a good day.
He starts work at nine. Sitting in,
In the street unseen by
Passing people. Advertising
WOOLWORTH — The Better Shop.
Sits all day unseen in the scuffling crowd.
When the day ends he walks slowly home
No hope that
To-morrow Will Be a Better Day.

P. JACKSON, 1X

THE STUDENT

My brother is doing his homework,
His head bent over his book,
His eyes just showing,
Under the fringe of the black cap of hair.
He seems to be intent on his studies,
Really, he's making 'thumb pictures',
By inking his thumb and printing on the paper,
And adding legs and arms and faces.
I can always tell when he is working —
His tongue comes out to assist him,
Or, he absent mindedly sucks his pen,
And his teeth turn blue.
If I want to borrow a rubber,
I am questioned, and have to prove
I really need one.
Sometimes, he'll spend hours,
Drawing squiggles on a rough book,
And be 'just finishing' until eleven o'clock.

P. A. LAZZERI, 3A

ASSASSINATED

It happened on a sunny day
The man was still and dead.
He lay down in the courtyard,
And blood ran from his head.
The killers drove off in a car
And came from far away.
A note signed "Black September"
Is all they had to say.
The dead man fought for Palestine,
Who wants to be set free.
But he got killed for his beliefs
And for his own country.

M. SKINNER, 3A

SHOPPING IN LONDON

I move from one element to the other,
The noisy sound of Traffic,
The polluted atmosphere in exchange for
Blaring sounds, pop surges from
Stereophonic pillars,
Onto unprotected ears.
Flashing spotlights, hypnotic effects,
Illuminated models in trendy clothes,
Watching, unmoving,
Feet wallow in thick luxurious carpets,
Small counters, irritated assistants with fixed smiles,
Behind screens clothes descend to the accumulating sea of clothes,
Everlasting searches through jungles of loaded coathangers,
Persons finding treasures, moulding them to their bodies,
Full length mirrors reflecting expressions
Like artists who wonder where to put the last cloud.
Exit. The outside world, leaving my type of fantasia.

K. MILLAR, 3A

GHOSTLY FIGURES—A BALLAD

There's a modern home in Hampshire,
Of which strange tales are told,
For the ghostly folks that walk there
Belong to days of old.
There's a nun in her black habit
A lady dressed in white
And in dark cloak with brass buttons,
An old man walks at night.
To stand smiling on the stairway
And then just disappear,
But his presence brings the warning
Of death for someone near.
Remaining when the old man leaves
Is just a musty smell,
Strange voices call the owner's name,
And objects move as well.
So a plea for some assistance
Was sent out to the Rector,
Who said that he would bless the house
And exorcise the spectre.
But the ghostly forms still linger,
Although the house was blessed,
And no-one knows the reason why
The spirits find no rest.
Among the strange tales to be found
About the city's history,
No clue exists that can suggest
An answer to the mystery.

K. HIGGINS, 3A