1987

Sector

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Cover Page Footnote

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Our Big Oak Tree

The seeds were planted by a past generation,
But it is us who allow their continued germination.
It springs from the earth,
And like a weed, has no worth.
Its only purpose is to set people apart,
Instilling hate and alienating the heart.
Today it grows at an accelerated pace,
Preventing us from recognizing our brother’s true face.
Nations encourage us to let it breed,
But I say we must kill the seed.
Around society’s neck comes another vine,
Cutting off our breath as it starts to bind.
If the plant ever does mature,
Our world’s lost, there is no cure.

Kenneth P. Kula

Sector

One special trait that each possess to share
Construct the notes that flow as harmony
Their perfect style and a fabulous flair
Combine to emanate an energy.

Rehearse the image they must all reflect
Blending each other’s talents, strengths and flaws
Over, over, again, once more, perfect
Release the sound, the lights, extract applause.

The air disturbed does shake with their delight
Upon their lips the feelings they outpour
Now lost inside a gaze without respite
Senses become reality no more.

The twilight leaves the stage a silent peace
Within our hearts the melody shan’t cease.

Kim Tomczak