



"Alone"
Hank

Alone and sad I sit
In my chair
And stare
At the tree that towers
High in the sky
Not alive
But dead

My loneliness is deeply rooted
In my mind
I find
I cannot shake the feeling
Why I'm this way
Today
So alone

My life is tramped all over
Like the floor
More and more
My depression is chronic
I'll never bend
Then it will end
I'll die.

"Sadness"
Hank

A sad heart at the break of day
An empty soul that wants to cry
I wish I knew why I'm this way
Oh, why?

My heart would like to soar and wing
in the ice-blue sky
My soul would like to shout and sing
Oh, why?

Life is so dreary, sad and blue
With conflicts mounting high
I never know what I should do
Oh, Why?

The following poem, written by John Wanyo, is an example of some of the fine pieces of poetry written by students at Highacres. We welcome contributions like this:

"Impression"
John Wanyo

A cellar is my pad,
With jazz in the mist.
A cellar is my pad
A picture of this:

Jazz being played
Progressive and wild.
Tea being smoked.
(And why not?)
Life is not, existence, that's all
Oblivion sought, no other call.

Time passes slow —
No !
Time is not there
Damn time. It is there.
Even our generation will pass.
Even we will adhere to the mass.
We cannot survive, our ways will fall
We cannot fight; exist, that is all.

I am alone in a crowd,
Mine is the lost generation
The sounds of life are about me,
I hear them not.
Audible are the beatniks,
Intangible items
Unaudible by the common thought.

Bird is my interperator
But he was not my God
But Bird no longer is:
The reed is dry, the valves are still,
The sound is dead, his name off the bill.
Why do you listen?
What do you want to hear?

Bop in the night;
The pitch of a junky;
Wails from a jazzman bearing a monkey.

Beatniks chanting, poets reciting
Negroes shuffling, always shuffling.
If not shuffling, always fighting.

These are the sounds of my generation.
I hear them, how about you?