

*laid blinking I awoke and wanted more,
blind at first could only see pain.
I grew more, to see more; till aware
I needed that Blind to keep me sane.*

*the Day waw yong I asked but What,
Morning innocence long the ray,
but why only the Afternoon brought,
as the Blind crept quickly away, away.*

*lay I again as Night falls round,
the Blind no more; I strain to See.
I know—yet today I've found,
my Morning meant the most to me.*

by Jim Ruse



Laurie

by Gail Folda

Two Poems

by Robert Clark

*When Walgreens is the world
We will sit on Astroturf
And watch a Spaulding ball,
Autographed by God,
Sinking slowly in the west.*

*"I am a peak on an iceberg."
"And what am I?" asked little Jill.
"You are another peak on the same iceberg."
"Doesn't it get cold?"
"Does it?"*

The Lowlands Reader considers any creative efforts. Send your creative paraphernalia to Alan Boye c / o Daily Nebraskan, Nebraskan Union.

**the
lowlands
reader...**

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