

LIVING

You
smell of sunshine and engine grease
dirty clean sweat
and honest work

Drops
of salt sweet dampness
trail slowly
down your hot
flushed face
cool caressing fingers of comfort
in the afternoon sun
Eyes narrowed to slits
forehead darkly frowning

as you struggle
just a dirty hot man
fixing a broken car

Although Jennifer Curington says she's been writing poetry on her own for years, her poem "Living," accepted in Brazos, was written for a creative writing class.

"I wrote it because I had to," she says. "We had to try and

write a picture, I think the assignment was."

But Curington, a senior English major from Houston, says she has to write poetry for herself, too.

"It just comes out and and I write it," she says. "It's a way of expressing myself."

Children

When you are taller than something,
you must look down to see it.
Even if one is not actually taller,
but only thinks so,
looking down can become a comfortable habit.
One may look up, only briefly, only to become more comforted
in the correctness of looking down.
What a joy to be but three feet tall once more,
a child never looks down.
Walking is a recent skill, one that should cause concern,
yet on they plod blithely ahead looking up all the time.
If told to watch their step they only disobey more,
talking to themselves,
playing in the rain,
looking, living, and wondering while rarely noticing,
their feet slowly turning into clay.

Bradford Williams submitted three poems to the contest, "Shadow Boxing," "At Home Alone" and "Children."

Most of his poems reflect his travels to Third World coun-

tries, including "Children," which reminded him of the impoverished children he'd seen in other countries. He says seeing these children helped him realize how spoiled he is and gave him a topic to write about.

The Answer Involved

Several ladies
Sat about
In several chairs
Sharing their several
doubts.
'It is as if,' one said.
She meant every word
With all her heart
And all her soul.
She meant what she
said,
And having said it
She was gratified
To know that 'as if'
Was the point of conten-
tion.
'Several times in the last
weeks
I have wondered. Having
done so
All I could imagine be-
came as if
It were real,' replied her
friend.
'Several times,' she said
again.
And the first with 'As if?'
Foremost on her tongue,
Held to her discretion
Bracing her tea with
brandy.
'Could it be,' the first
said at last,
'That everything that is
real is
As if you imagined it?'
The other wondered
For a pausing lifetime,
Then looked up
With sadness
And said,
'Yes, I'm sure it is.'

Paul Stewart submitted the poem "The Answer Involved."

The poem is about whether what you see and feel is real and whether it matters, he says. The idea for the poem came from a book he was reading.

In the book, the author put the idea forward that no matter if there's a God or not, a religious person will always see beauty in life because they believe God created it.