Signature

Volume 1 | Issue 1 Article 6

1976

3 untitled poems

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Recommended Citation

Roberts, Bill C. (1976) "3 untitled poems," *Signature*: Vol. 1: Iss. 1, Article 6. Available at: https://scholarworks.uni.edu/signature/vol1/iss1/6

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S. C. ROBERTS

I'm fenced in; About to be crushed, The frustrations, The pain, The panic . . . And always, . . . Always afraid To remain passive.

> A house on solitude hill — Just for me (when I need it) . . . I want so badly to take you there. Not to show you the house, Rather to burn it.

3 untitled poems

My life is made up of many roads; Small, insignificant roads. Traveling is slow, Dreadfully tiring . . . Painful. I wish — Hope — After traveling one of those roads, I will have gotten where I'm going So I might lie down And rest. God, I'm so tired.

Bill Roberts is a senior in Industrial Art Ed. He has written seriously five or six years. "Usually it's just to appease myself ... everything I've written has a story behind it."

I've been told And I believed To have a friend You have only to be one ... Well then, would someone Please Tell me ... What is a friend? If I show interest. Why am I turned away? If I'm forced to stay away, Why am I now a snob? ... Why do I hurt? I'm a loser, But I don't know why. Could it be this awkward. Damnable position I'm in? Or merely my observation Of no winning ways?