

Signature

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Reflections on Me

Linda Waite
University of Northern Iowa

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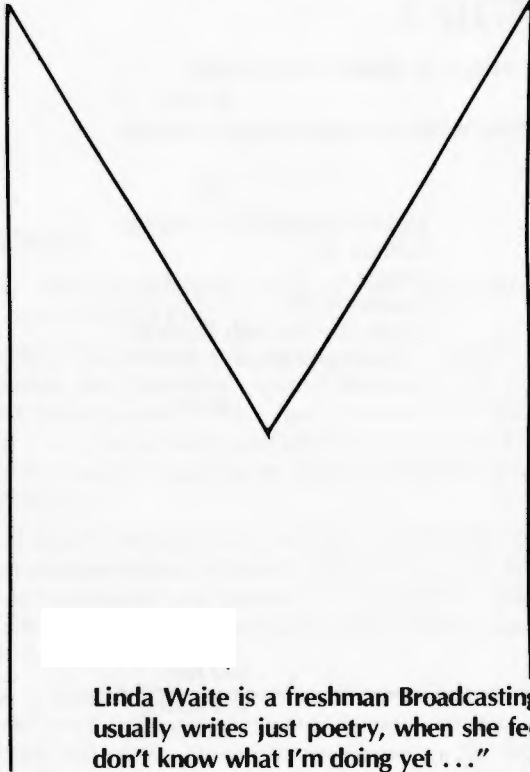
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REFLECTIONS ON



Linda Waite is a freshman Broadcasting major. She usually writes just poetry, when she feels like it. "I don't know what I'm doing yet ..."

Sometimes, not often enough,
I realize that I neglect a very important person—
Myself.
Too often I become caught up in
The lives of others,
Forgetting that in order to please them,
I too must be pleased.
That is when I surround myself with
An unpenetrable shield
And I take time out to rediscover
The one I should know best!

Untitled

by Linda Ireland

Ink-stained flower on canvas knapsack,
Standing neglected on dusty closet shelf,
Fades slowly- yearning for moistness of birth
Among dry cob-web skins of memory and fear.

They laid her in a box of graying roses.
Rain helped bury her beneath the stone,
Packing the earth hard round about
The white chapel where I could not pray.

Dusty roads are trampled underfoot.
Ink-stained flowers smear beneath my tears.
Memory fades, canvases dry and wither-
Gray stone monuments to cob-web fears.

Linda Ireland is a junior English major. "Writing is a kind of therapy — it's a way of getting things organized." She has been in school at UNI since 1972.