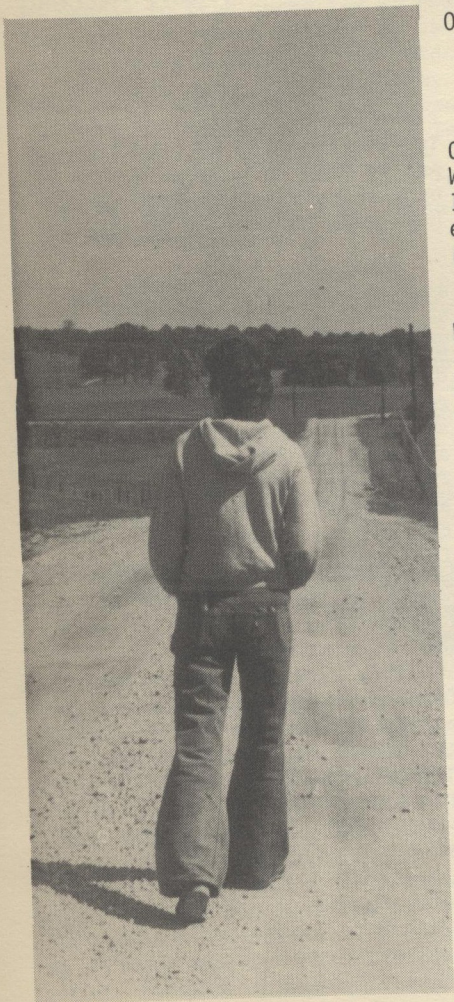


photo by Lynn Miller



Ode To A Long Lost Love

(or: They Asked Me to Write About Community-
But All I Can Do Is Cry.)

Community?

What Community?

I see no community, I feel no community,
except that of duke

(and what is duke
but a stopping point in my life?)

What is a community anyhow?

--a group of people?

Well, I've seen these groups,
but take no comfort in them;
they haven't seen me.

Who brings me comfort

When I know not a soul

With whom to share and communicate?

Where is the community for me, anyhow?

In all of the regular places

I'm called an outsider.

I've met many people
but know none.

I'm an incidental in the lives
of those around me;

I haven't shared long years with them.

Is it thus with all new ones:

The friends within my mind are fading;
I no longer take much comfort in myself.
And Boston is so far away.

Carol Mortimer 2/3/78