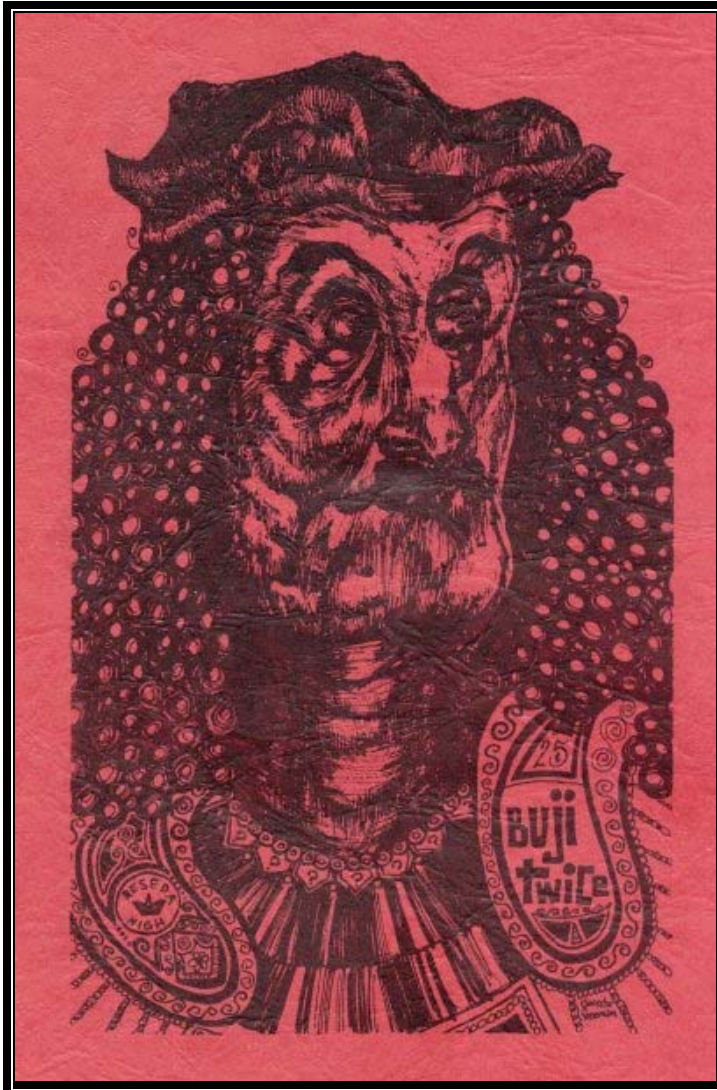


Reseda High Memories

BUJI

The Buji was the annual creative writing journal published by the English Department. It contained the about 100 pages of the collected poems from all the Robert Frost wannabes on campus. Below are some examples.



editorial board

editor.....sue shapiro
assistant editor...linda blackwell
editor of art...daveda freeman
financial affairs...patrick fleurets
sales chairman...sheila rish
production manager...lillian singer
supervisor of publicity...leanne schy
art...mrs.boukas' design and
advertising classes
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sarah kinsman
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bud gutierrez
joyce kosman
jim gray
ellen wandra
mike stamp
nancy woolsey
beth warden
carolyn mathisen
patti mcsherry
peggy besenbacher
martha cook

staff



TRANSCENDENTALISM

Emerson, plodding cheerfully
Up the road
To happy infinity,
Came up to a large muddy
(And contaminated)
Watering hole.

And a little glowing sign,
Pointing downward, read:
"This way to infinity"
Whereby he
Took his shoes off
And jumped in
Without one glance
Farther up the road.

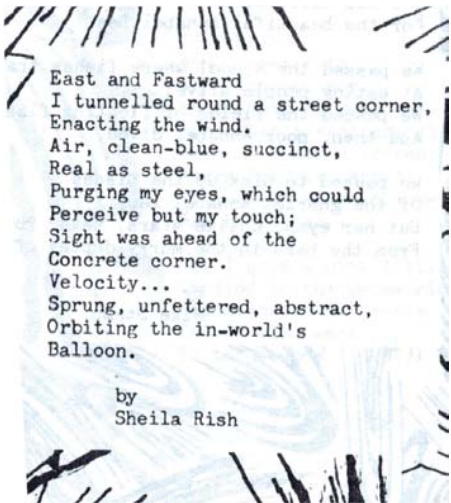
God smiled.

by
Davida Freeman

SNAIL

In gentle, airy silence,
The snail glides across my window.
Rushing, in slow-motion,
Leaving good-byes in silvery trails.

by
Steve Sandifer



East and Fastward
I tunnelled round a street corner,
Enacting the wind.
Air, clean-blue, succinct,
Real as steel,
Purging my eyes, which could
Perceive but my touch;
Sight was ahead of the
Concrete corner.
Velocity...
Sprung, unfettered, abstract,
Orbiting the in-world's
Balloon.

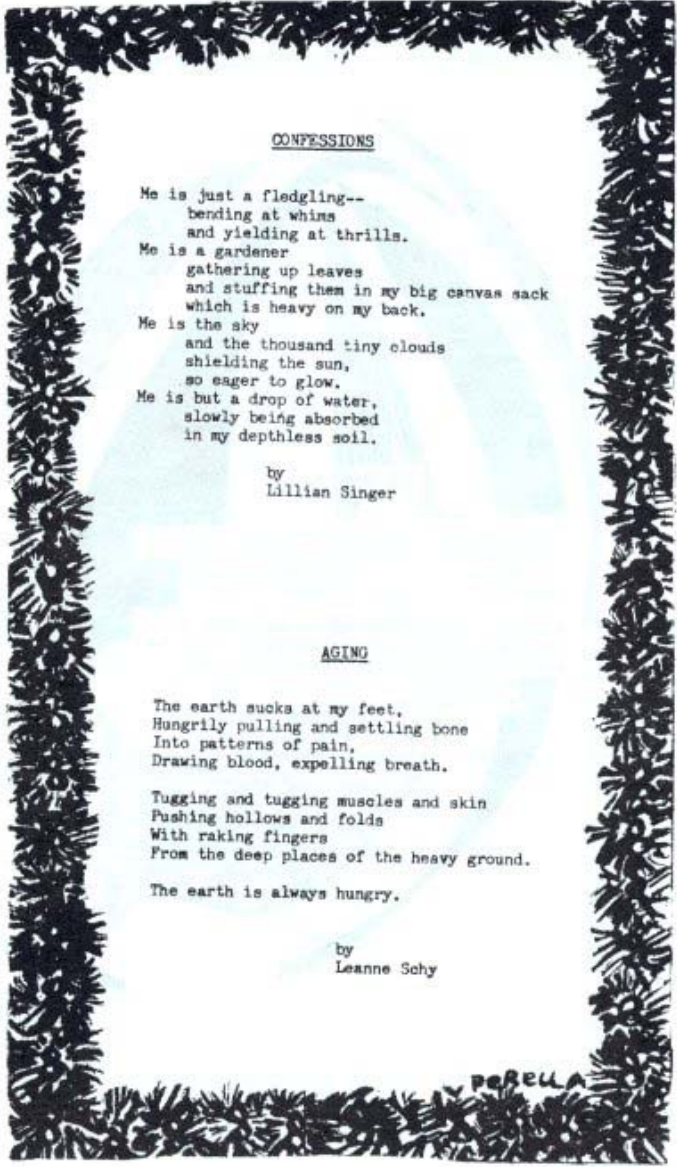
by
Sheila Rish

2
PREDESTINATION

Bow-minded on these tracks I coast along,
In passive pain I breathe my pre-pared air,
And every turn is right and none is wrong,
So go break a machine for breakfast.

by
Barry Kahn

CONFESSIONS



Me is just a fledgling--
bending at whims
and yielding at thrills.
Me is a gardener
gathering up leaves
and stuffing them in my big canvas sack
which is heavy on my back.
Me is the sky
and the thousand tiny clouds
shielding the sun,
so eager to glow.
Me is but a drop of water,
slowly being absorbed
in my depthless soil.

by
Lillian Singer

AGING

The earth sucks at my feet,
Hungrily pulling and settling bone
Into patterns of pain,
Drawing blood, expelling breath.

Tugging and tugging muscles and skin
Pushing hollows and folds
With raking fingers
From the deep places of the heavy ground.

The earth is always hungry.

by
Leanne Schy

PERILLA