

POETRY

Fifty Years in the Life of a Journal

By **Brian Thorne**

Those were days of hope and youthful promise,
Days for daring and entering terrain
As yet unknown but redolent with bliss,
For risking pilgrimage to joy through pain.
At such a time hearts were opened, wounds bound,
Groups offered intimacy, lights shone out,
Unchained intellects ploughed neglected ground,
Dull convention yielded to faith with doubt.
A journal was born in such a springtime
Smiling witness to humanity's emerging glory.
It lives on today but no longer sign
Of passionate youth's visionary story.
Now Love's bulwark against the fearsome tide
Of global madness, bent on suicide.

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