constructed to accentuate his moods. The reader need only look at Snoopy in one of his poses—a vulture, or the World War I flying ace behind enemy lines—to find himself chuckling at the warm reality of so unreal a character as a dog who plays shortstop. Snoopy seems to speak for some underlying part of each one of us, the secret cache of our mischief and imagination.

Whatever bit of magic has made “Peanuts” the nation’s best-loved comic strip is undoubtedly a trade secret. That bit of magic makes nearly everyone an addict of the strip after only one or two exposures, and I often wonder whether the charm of “Peanuts” may be akin to the charm of a cheery companion outfitted with a sympathetic ear and a kind compliment!

Jim Kurtz

My friend the night

Walking alone going nowhere,  
with my friend the night.  
We have a lot of secrets together,  
that I can slip behind its veil of darkness.  
My footsteps are unguided,  
I can lose myself better alone,  
The paths I have crossed are meaningless,  
no one will ever follow after.

What I have done many have done better,  
so I just hide again.  
An hourglass and a teaspoon,  
can measure me.  
Caught in a stream of indecision,  
don’t speak out you may be wrong.  
In the darkness the world can drift by,  
I will pretend.
Prufrock and I see life curled,  
in dark window panes.  
Dust collecting upon my every thought,  
and the clock is striking twelve.  
I feel my next step is where,  
the fool has lost his way.  
Look out for the harsh wind,  
it may be stronger than you.  

So wonder only until always,  
I am what hinders me.  
Small footsteps are quickly blown away,  
by winds echoing deep within my mind.  
There are many lights in the night,  
but I won’t look at them.  
They may lead to my street,  
but like the star it’s out of my reach.  

No hope for the future,  
all I have is the present,  
and I know it shall never last.  
Eternal silence of the infinite terrifies me.  
Gather all I have and construct a hope,  
a citadel to guard my fears.  
But it shall be open before my soul,  
and crumble before my eyes.  

My unsteady pace may cause me to stumble,  
and fall to which I came.  
But I will be helped up again,  
and dust off the pain of my faults.  
It covers all my anguish,  
and the lonely tears that no one shall ever see.  
It is my shield,  
My friend the night.