

Of ice and snow

See the footprints in the snow!
An aimless line in search
of a higher learning.
A path of knowledge
I will follow today
when the daylight brings
with it an arrival
of freshness and misted breath.

They stand
omnipresent and overlooking,
guiding those that cross
onto the trail of light.
Timeless names that breathed
winter's presence thought pure
but only sickly so.
They shall not breath again
for in time the path shall take
a different route to nowhere.
-H.K. Douglas

"Understanding you is difficult,
understanding myself, is impossible"
-Bobby MacNevin

-?-

Study?
Of what?
Of me?
I don't think so.
What are you doing?
I've been violated!

A dream, I think.
Wait,
Isn't that me
Why am I in a 'Vette?
Life can be so confusing.
What's the menu in this place?
-Marcus Allen Marinovich

It rained today...
in this corner of my world
Fog rolled in.
That cleared my mind.
I saw her face-
it's haunting
but her name escapes me
Your promises and devotion
Your love- Your lies
false truths
Does she believe them
now
All that remains is
regret...
-Christine

Library

1.
We came here
to study but
snow melts on
your curls your
face flushes
warmaftercold
I think
we have never kissed.

2.
Bound by
technique and
morality, scars
and memory,
we sleep in
gateways, doors
unopened paths
closed to need.

3.
I want to
bruise your lips,
to sow your mouth
with salty seed,
steal you with
a kiss, bless you
with strokes.
-Glenn Saunders

When Thank You Just Isn't Enough

What do you say to someone who has helped you
So much, and in so many ways.
What can you give back to somebody
Who took the sadness out of your days.

Stores can provide you with cards
Saying "Thank-You" in fancy letters.
But they don't sell cards that say
"Thank-you-- you've made me feel better."

What can you say to the person
Who is everything you want to be.
Who helped you when you were locked in silence
By kindly shaking the key.

That person seems to believe in you
She saw courage where once there was fear.
How can you explain to her what it meant
To simply have her near.

Thinking of her made you smile
When all you could do was cry.
And her memory kept your Hope alive
Inspired you to live, not die.
She probably doesn't see how special she is
Or how she's cleaned the blood off of Past's knife.
And she'd never guess that she's your hero
The first role model of your life.

She convinced you to give LIFE one last chance
Even though it's complicated and tough.
So what do you (I) say to somebody
When "thank-you" just isn't enough.
-Viki Hope Gauchette
Dedicated to Vickie Johnston

Imaginations

Brown glass filled with water and hops
Bright cool labels and secure tight tops
Symmetrical and proud presented on the
With a clink and a smile there will be no

With racing mind and hockey and song
The future looks bright both short term and long
With new found confidence and a gleaming eye
No limit exists to what he might try

A chill in the air brings reminder of the day to come
Bodies pressed tightly and the lingering beat
Soft laughter and confident feet

Hacks abound cheap and not particular-
But charting shaky course they turn and proceed along pavement cold
The chariot awaits and will do as it's told

Eyes opened to a scene not real
He slumps in the back of a stranger's car
His hands to his face he can not feel
Confusion reigns she can't be far

Straining to see he peers through the glass
A crowd disperses for an ambulance to pass
Wondering is replaced by chilling hard fear
An unshackled wrist could wipe off the tear

Two strangers with cold eyes enter but nothing is said
One sits and smokes; the other slowly shakes his head
-Steve Hunter

Dear John and Jane!

advice from a slightly
different perspective

Dear John and Jane,
Hi, I'm a third year business student. I
lived in Blanchard my first two years and
enjoyed experimenting with hash, meth,
weed, blow, glue, gas, shrooms, acid,
peyote, and old spice.

Now, I live off campus in a basement
duplex and have begun to get into the hard
drugs. My roommate has grown a goatee
and is selling. I have a new girlfriend and we
love to get zoned and screw for hours. My
question is: should I get help? I love my
new lifestyle, but my grades are failing and
I punched my mother in the stomach last
week. The guys that live upstairs from me
will tease me if I stop getting wasted with
them, and my girlfriend gets so horny
when she's shooting up. What should I do?
F.B.

Dear F.B.,

It sounds like things are out of control. Do
you really care what your "friends" think
upstairs? Try being with your girlfriend without
the drugs, and chances are things will be much
better "au naturale". Head into Student
Services, and they can help you get things
straightened out. Also, please apologize to
your mom.

John and Jane

Dear John,

I have a problem. You see, I hate your
column. You are a freak and should
concentrate on educating yourself rather
than others. Your answers are low life
wastes of space. I get more joy reading the
church bulletin. So give it a rest, would
you?

Signed,
Get a life

Dear Complainer,

Fine. So why are you wasting your time writing
me, when you could be reading the church
bulletin?

John

Dear John and Jane:

I live in an apartment by myself. My
boyfriend wants to move in, rent-free. I
don't think it's a good idea. How can I tell
him without hurting his feelings?
Concerned

Dear Concerned,

Do you not want him to move in at all, or is it
just the rent-free part you don't like? Tell him
if he moves in he has to pay his share. If you
don't want him to move in at all, tell him that.
Be honest. Or at least lie plausibly and tell him
your parents wouldn't allow it.

John and Jane