

Literary



November

A no coat evening
 A few minutes from
 November
 A wide full moon
 Your eyes I remember
 It's not trick-or-treat
 that my heart skips a
 beat
 Your warmth and your
 beauty is what makes
 You that Princess
 You touch the silent
 shores that moonbeams
 share
 This soft cloudless night
 in November.

By Ed. Orlowski.

When the SUN asked if I had
 any poems that could be
 used in the Remembrance
 Day issue, I dug a couple
 out of my collection of
 "high school days stuff".
 The following is a poem
 that I wrote on November 11,
 1976.

PITY THE SOLDIER 11/11/76.

Pity the soldier who went off to
 war
 Pity the girl he'd used as a
 whore
 Pity the child who was born
 before
 His mother could marry during
 the war.
 Pity the foe he had sworn to
 hate
 Pity the people who just had to
 wait
 Pity them all on that terrible
 date
 Who, most of all, died
 with their souls full of
 hate.
 Mourn the dead but mourn more for
 the living
 Mourn most for the ones who did
 the killing
 Mourn for the foe who died while
 serving
 As blindly as those under our
 king.
 Pity the soldier, he'd rather
 forget
 Pity the girl he took while she
 let
 Pity them all, sucked in by the
 war, yet
 Remember them all ...
 "Lest We Forget".

John O'Brien

BEFORE I CAME TO UNIVERSITY I WISH I HAD KNOWN ...

that it didn't matter how late I scheduled my
 first class, I'd still sleep through it.
 that I would change so much and barely
 realize it.
 that you can love a lot of different people
 in a lot of different ways.
 that university kids throw paper airplanes
 too
 that if you wear a skirt everyone asks you
 why you're so dressed up.
 that every clock on campus shows a different
 time.
 that you were smart in high school, so what!
 that I'd go to a party the night before a final.
 that Chem labs require more time than all
 my other 18 credits combined.
 that change is a very positive experience and
 shouldn't be avoided.
 that you can know everything and fail a test.
 that you can know nothing and pass a test.
 that I could get used to almost anything I
 I found out about my roommate.
 that home would be a great place to visit.
 that most of my education would be
 obtained outside my classes.
 that friendship is more than just getting
 stoned together.
 what I was getting into.
 that I would become one of those people
 my parents warned me about.
 that free food served at 10:00 is gone by 9:59.
 that Sunday is a figment of the world's
 imagination.
 that psychology is really biology, that
 biology is really chemistry, chemistry
 is really physics, physics is really
 math, math is really ...
 that it is possible to be lonely even when you
 are surrounded by friends.

FILM SOCIETY MOVIES

Nov.12 Atlantic City.
 Canada/France, 1981.
 Dir. Louis Malle.
 Starring Burt Lancaster
 and Susan Sarandon.
 Nominated for Best
 Picture Oscar of 1981.
 A witty, charming cinematic
 poem set amid the tawdry
 background of a gambling
 paradise.

November 19 - Knife
 In the Head. W. Germany,
 1978, Director Reinhard
 Hauff. Starring Bruno
 Ganz. A man is shot
 during an anti-ter-
 rorist raid and loses
 his memory, speech
 and ability to function.
 Is he a terrorist, or
 simply another "harmless
 citizen?"

SAPPHIRE

Sapphire (laughing) mes-
 sages to my mind, but
 she hides behind hurt-
 ing masque.
 Porcupine lies drive off
 love.
 Need her-I dream of what
 is never mine.
 Drugged eyes reach no
 one, as id-planted fear
 makes face go slack.
 None have spoken to her
 today. Life rolls off
 her armour, into my
 soul.
 Listen to her blank
 scream, as tomb-silence
 can be spherical mus-
 ic for the ears that
 hear. -IM



Quill and Scroll

