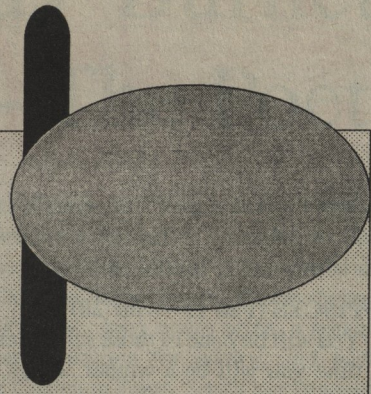


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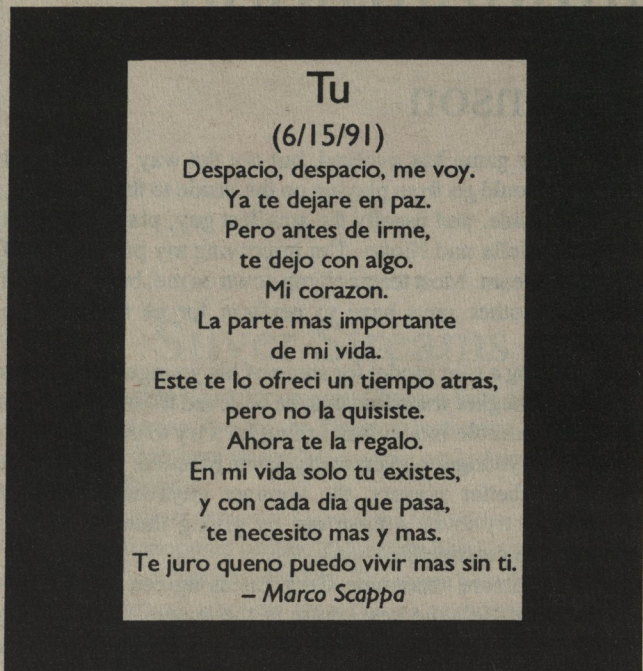
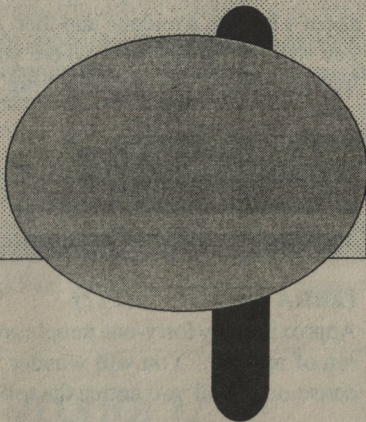
Extranandote

(9/15/93)

Caminando por las calles del centro,
te veo en todos lugares.
Lo se que no puede ser,
pero te extraño.

Extrano tus ojos,
que me confundian.
El sonar de tu voz,
que me captivaba.
Pero mas que todo, tu belleza,
con que me enamore.

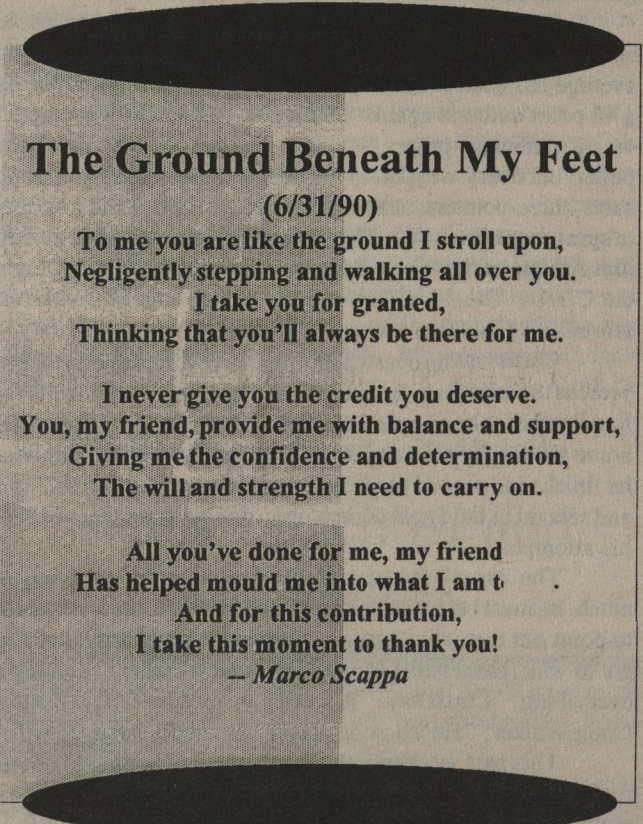
Puede ser que en realidad
estes lejo.
Pero en mis pensamientos,
estas siempre cerca.
- Marco Scappa



Tu

(6/15/91)

Despacio, despacio, me voy.
Ya te dejare en paz.
Pero antes de irme,
te dejo con algo.
Mi corazon.
La parte mas importante
de mi vida.
Este te lo ofreci un tiempo atras,
pero no la quisiste.
Ahora te la regalo.
En mi vida solo tu existes,
y con cada dia que pasa,
te necesito mas y mas.
Te juro queno puedo vivir mas sin ti.
- Marco Scappa



The Ground Beneath My Feet

(6/31/90)

To me you are like the ground I stroll upon,
Negligently stepping and walking all over you.
I take you for granted,
Thinking that you'll always be there for me.

I never give you the credit you deserve.
You, my friend, provide me with balance and support,
Giving me the confidence and determination,
The will and strength I need to carry on.

All you've done for me, my friend
Has helped mould me into what I am to be.
And for this contribution,
I take this moment to thank you!
- Marco Scappa

From English 241B
To the dot on the wall:

I see the dot upon the wall and wonder if it perhaps represents my small seemingly insignificant life as compared to the whole universe.

It is close but not within the physical realms of matter
The longer I stare the closer it gets and in the next passing of time it will be close enough for me to physically touch.

I wonder what it will feel like, this dot on the wall
Will it be rough or smooth
Perhaps it will have no dimension at all, or a dimension so small and invisible to my eye so that up close it is not even visible

If I look close enough in my minds eye, the dot becomes several dots like the printed matter that makes up a newspaper filled with violence, sadness and hate

So, now the dot represents a target for an attack by a greedy money hungry war lord who will strike out and use the earth around him to destroy his enemy when actually his enemy is within himself though, he possesses not the ability to see in that direction

After the dot has been destroyed by this madman a simple woman with few means and possessions comes along and stitches the fabric of life back together and forms the dot once more, only its not a dot any more for this dot has taken on new life, dimension and meaning

The dot is teaming with life and is now full of colour. It is no longer just a one dimensional spherical shaped mark on a large blank wall, it is me and all that is around me

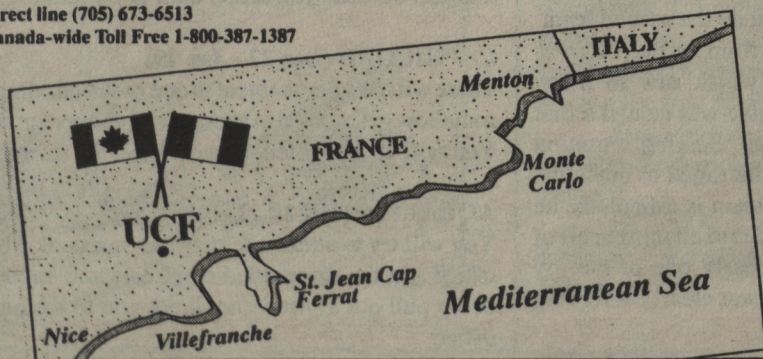
The dot has become the world.

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If power and fame is what you want, then you had better try to win a billion-dollar lotto. If, on the other-hand you desire sex at a cheap price, you should go to New York City and pick up someone for \$10.00/hour. What we can give you is not fortune and fame, nor is it sex, rather it is an experience unlike any other. All you will have to do is come to the X-Press office at 6:00 Tuesday evening to find out what it is. If you are curious, come and find out! Hope to see you there!