

Sun Spots

Howl on a lower note...

I saw the brother minds of my generation, destroyed by scarecrow nothings, starving hysterical tattered, pushing themselves through the workman streets at dawn, vomiting beer and piss and blood, throbbing headed, Christ hearted tokesters, dreaming in a Camus cluttered world of perfect journeys, who, red-eyed and hole-toe-poked socks, greeted the morning with T.S. Eliot metaphysicals and misplaced farts, who, saw the Grand Inquisitor : one yellow workboot raised, a confused sob, into their fist clutched stomachs, who, mouth open, lean and intent, pored over the Ode to a Grecian Urn in a T.V. screaming and family seething room, who, rode the pop psychology vision of their plaid-shirted girls in graffiti scribbled in drafty washrooms, who, expelled from high schools for lolling-headed hatings, re-enlisted in universities, anger sty-blinded failing, with dreams, with drugs, pussy, cunt, pinball battles, hip swagger, and endless humping, Coyote soldiers of sympathetic, thin-lipped and safety pin-hipped social service workers, who, dreaming of Saturday afternoon liberators, in white overalls butcher meat at Canada Packers, who, feeling the Brady Bunch smile instinctively vibrate against their teeth, watch sister scream at sister, father great rolling oath crumple like tin foil the cow face of his mother, who, lips foaming, drunk, spills his broken impotent dreams and semen over the pregnant women (open like the street) who, in Sunday morning apocalypse sees the world contract a Sartre tree.

D.M.

Who am I? You know not who,
But what I say will bother you.

I try each day to shoot you down,
But come the dawn you're still around.

You swim not sink, oh what a bummer,
If you don't sink I'll tell your mother.

I hate to see you out like this,
Out on a limb without your mother,
But then again if I'd had my druthers,
I'd like to see you getting murdered.

I hope this little tale helps you,
To go on out and find your mother,
I hope she keeps you safe and warm,
So I can Ahhhh!!!

c 1981 Humanitarians Anonymous



Treasure

For such distance, a word of emptiness -
a wrenching pain.

There are your eyes
here are mine.

Do you see? Do you feel?
Could you ever need the warmth herein
Or be drawn to the spark herein?

Oh kindle -
Before the precious flicker is lost
in the infinite vacuum.

But what of such?
A Freedom in a way...
Yet, needed are the eyes
the hearts
the cues;
such precious chains
such guiding prisons.
Touch with your lock and key.

Eyes
Heart
There is the treasure
Guide me
Draw me

Light the fire and save from...empty freedom?
Your need is the beauty,
the warmth,
the precious link -
the kindling prison.

N.C.

Ice cicles

By John MacLean
ice cicles that hang from the frost laden rim
Have no appeal to the eye because of light
that's too dim
To bring out the rainbow that hides there within
Those daggers of ice that hide their wet drops
of sin.

Tradition

by T. Franks

The clock is sliding out the window, off a pile
of battered books. Someone says this could be
serious, but I know it's better than it looks.

Rumor Hath It...

- that Jayne Hickey might become a golf widow!
(Parloo's going to tell her what it's about).
- that the Atlantic Canada Extravaganza is this weekend and so is the party at Mon's.
- that Clyde Bell is finally back.
- that Fan Vans are leaving tomorrow for UNB.
Check the Barn for any available seats.
- that Vince doesn't look any older, does he?
Oh, by the way, whoever ordered the case of Geritol from the Athletic department, it will be 2 weeks late.
- that Marlene M. has started a new church season.
- that Palmer was rumoured to have been missing off the oil rig but he arrived home safely.
- that a lot of girls have discovered that "Once you go black, you'll never go back".
- that Chris Jones won the CIAU - CP award this year. We're still trying to figure out who's on the selection board.
- that Mickey Place got a new picture. Oh boy!
- that Palmer has decided to represent the Zimbabwe at the mock UN in New York.
- that the engineers can't handle it when people say nice things about them.
- that the SUN amazed themselves at their bowling ability.

- that Ruth M. likes to take showers in the halls.
- that Debbie D's gone to pot.
- that Cricket is now switched from business to recording "Amazing Grace".
- that Exador's school of King-Fu starts next week.
- that Pauline W. went out and got so drunk on her 20th birthday, that she fell down the stairs (spiked pizza will do it every time).
- - that a certain "roomie" gets slightly "aggravated."
- that a 24 is a good way to spend Saturday night. Right Marvie and Howie?
- that Bev G. is now initiated into first floor Bernadine.
- that the Newfie's out for revenge on Cricket for spilling his soap. If Newfie down't get his soap back, Cricket's all washed up.
- that there's a water damage sale in room 118, Bernadine.
- that the house president of Bernadine has lost all hope, so now she spreads her own confetti.
- that you have to be aware of 202 - it scratches.
- that Tracy got quite a shock getting her braces off - look at her hair.
- that March break is finally here. Only 2 more days of classes to go.