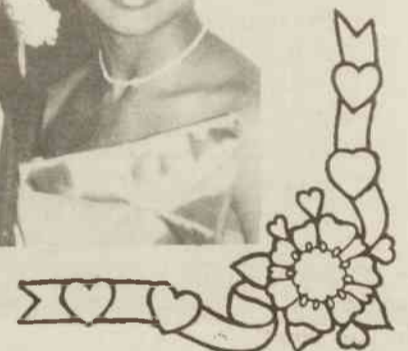
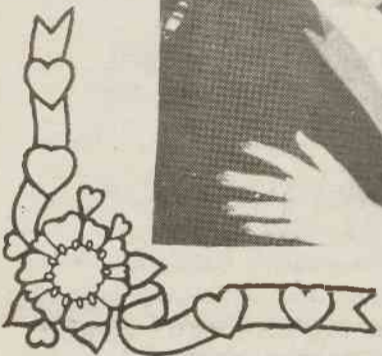
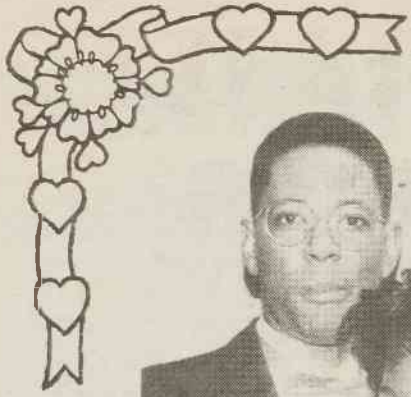


The Cabaret



Photos by Kenneth Pugh

POETRY CORNER

A cherishable item

by DIANE LOWERY
Associate Editor

One of the most valued gifts in the world is friendship. It begins when a bond is formed existing invisibly between those that share your most embarrassing moment and laugh with you. Honestly is shared and held sacred. To be without this would be to destroy the bond. Hugs and a shoulder to cry on are provided.

Friendship breeds the most remarkable of people. A forgiver of faults and angers, A sharer of dreams and nightmares, a giver of favors but not just there to use and abuse. Ears and a heart are provided unselfishly. The only selfish act that may be performed would be a request to return all that was given. But you need only return what you are able to give of yourself.

coolin', man, just coolin'

by CHRIS FOSTER
BSA President, Duke University

Listen to the sirens bleat symphony. And these bricks hold out, like humans. These pyramid buildings are doled out.

An example lopes down the cement, going nowhere, waltzing almost. This is the neighborhood waltz, a dirge. A small fire boils here. His eyes flicker, his tight stomach flinches. He holds his groin, his jewel. He is a hip, him, dying millionaire. 5 or more years familiarity grips a neck tightly here, still he manages to squirm. Through his marijuanaed teeth, a rhythm eeks:

???

It has the same touch as a crass man singing sitting on the bayou, or as an African musing chanting in his head on the way over. The Atlantic waves lapping at the decaying ship's side: background. He thought it was one long river.

Now, he stops and looks over his shoulder, almost stumbles.

Discovering

by DIANA LOWERY
Associate Editor

Ever since I've known you your little secrets and your dreams, never have I cried so many tears — tears of pain and confusion because the discoveries were so overwhelming.

But I know that I can't leave because the love is so great, so I stay and endure.

Never have I known such love: a love that fills my heart full like a pitcher, a love that pains as well as pleasures, a love so much a part of me that leaves me no longer able to distinguish how I existed before.

Never have I longed for a life of commitment that I want now. A life together based on trust. A life inseparable from one another but independent.