

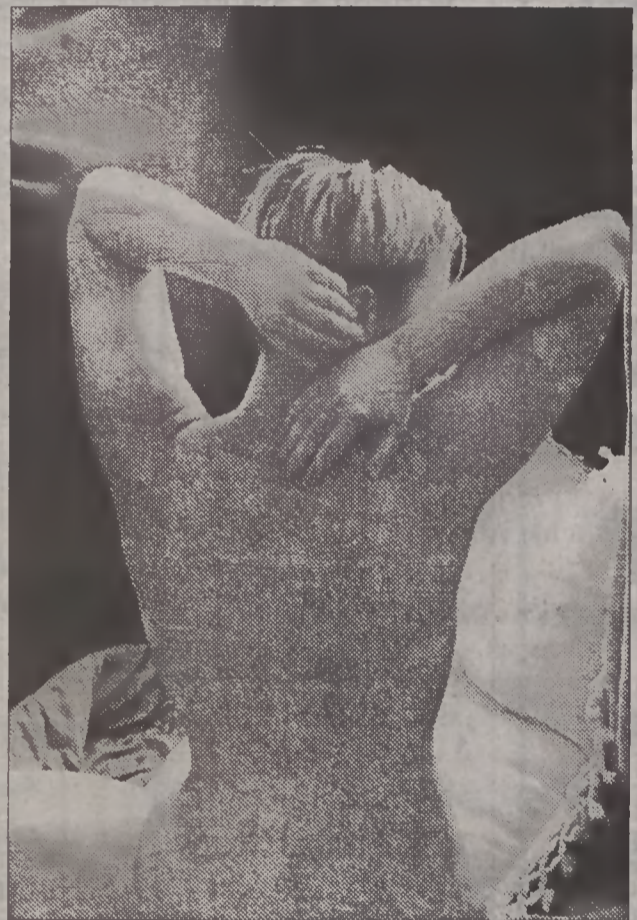
POETRY

Sing a song unto me;
 Tell me of life's great joys.
 Help me see all that I lost;
 and understand what is to gain.
 Life is a wasteland to me.
 Hope fades and soon dies away.
 No one strong enough and will survive;
 for fear of being alone.

— Anonymous

As I walk fires behind me burn;
 whatever I touch fades and dies.
 I am the disrupter,
 the lover of Death.
 This is who I am and what I do.
 You smile now but look closer;
 and wish that you were dying.

— Anonymous



Sarah Levin-Richardson

Time again

I have a secret that I lock inside.
 It eats away at me,
 at night when I cry myself to sleep;
 and in the day when all my masks are on.
 I am afraid to trusts and confine.
 I fear love and the pains that abides.
 What can I say...

where can I run to...

when can I cry...?

I am tried of running from things;
 even the secrets that can destroy.
 Ruin my oh so perfect world.
 It is time for the ground to take back;
 pull this body back down.
 Show no signs of mercy,
 and disappear forevermore.

— Anonymous

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they're anonymous!