

IN GHOST'S COMPANY

There is a ghost that walks St. Andrews
 (ghosts walk everywhere)
 You know
 You have seen him standing
 Where a leaf stands in mid-air
 Before he lets it fall
 Yes, you have heard
 Him, also,
 Running past
 A bush to catch up with
 Nothing
 No thing waits for him
 Feel him,
 Also,
 Walking through you
 He pushes up goose-bumps on your arm
 While he mingles with
 Your soul

JAMES KRISTIAN DEAL

UNTITLED

I think of her often,
 [Blue stars tonight dance behind the
 cover of rain] looking away
 (from whatever could have been there)
 into the other direction.
 The course changed & the pools became
 part of the stream that took away the
 banks. (While)
 Summer passed by in the forgotten
 that stirs (us) in our sleep.
 A languid song from the background
 spirals into the distant.
 [The hot rain fell] & as
 the jazz fell through,
 it broke right back,
 (leaving behind whole shapes
 of color)

PAUL BULLARD

I dance the dance I call attraction
 twist and turn towards satisfaction
 girls they shimmy and they shake
 unaware of hearts they break

Now I dance the dance of death
 no one to share this feeling with
 unspent motion flowing free
 still they will not dance with me

Here you see the dance of life
 full of pain and grief and strife
 I dance this dance in the public's eyes
 safe inside my heart's disguise

The dance you see is Poetry
 it flows from deep inside of me
 and if I dance my poem for you
 I hope you feel it flowing through

--Jon Pargas

Harry

*He sat quietly in a second
 class railroad car.
 I thumbed through a book
 purchased at Dachau that
 very day.
 Dachau: the first Nazi
 concentration camp,
 a paragon of torture,
 dehumanization and
 death
 The beginning of a dark page
 in man's history.
 An aged hand politely reached
 for the book
 I gave it to the man
 Such friendly eyes
 He looked at it quietly
 not needing to turn a
 single page
 Memory was his book
 He handed it back to me
 Then steadily he pulled up
 his sleeve to reveal the
 branded numbers
 They were his copyright.
 He spoke no English
 and I no Polish
 but the word he spoke
 told all
 "Auschwitz"*

---Heidi Jernigan
Reflections from Abroad



A.M.
 sunrise Sunday
 sky-grey
 i look out my window
 like i always do
 and rain keeps falling
 likes ashes from the end
 of a cigarette
 that burns
 cloud-high frustrations
 burning the moments apart

--Mel Allen, Jr.

*SCOTCH TAPE

Why not Dutch tape
 with a sea salty glue?
 Or French tape
 with risqué pictures on it, too?
 Or West German tape
 stained barley yellow like beer?
 Or Soviet tape
 printed with propaganda to cause
 fear?
 Why not South African tape
 naming who lies and who cries,
 Or even American tape
 decorated with closed eyes?

But no, it's
 Scotch tape with a cute
 little plaid tab on the
 beginning of every roll.

LAURA ROSE

UNTITLED

A meagre mortal
 by a meagre sea
 among meagre planets
 of a system
 in a meagre galaxy
 But in life
 knowing not nearly anything
 within a speck of substance
 Oh, my Universe
 how I rule over you

TANUJ

A Poem should not mean... but be
 A Poet should not say... but do
 -the campus wall

Even Now, The Butterflies
 by Mel Allen Jr.
 first
 dreams floating

*burst into glorious color
 fluttering delicately
 on silver-soft wings*

*inevitably
 snatched down and pinned down
 and mounted under glass
 for inspection
 in a love poem.*