December

THE LANCE

Renga" Part 1

Renga, renga sounds like reggae, feels like fun. renga, renga never really done I love having someone read aloud to me yet I cannot speak The leaves of my plants are deep green, and they are taking over my bed I do not believe in suicide Why do my friends????? Lux et veritas? What the hell??? I am too stubborn Walt Disney was a genius Walter is still waiting for me, I just whistle Two hundred words to go. AARGH! The boy has a crush on me, little boy Let's go see a movie, a gory movie! Only ending with my pen-the curiosity is killing me Aching all over- I should moan aloud The container contains my everything Punchy-Giddy-silly little lamb Bullshit Traveling is the only education Now he's finishing my coke, and I get the backwash. Charming! I do not hate-but I dislike stupid Today I'm in a stripy mood I whistled in the rain today Colors are invading my mind Beauty, beautiful colors How-could I, or rather i, make loveno, have sex-withone I do not love?? Exams are calling. Time to stop. Ingrid Sholz & Connie Newell

Quill & Ink

Winter Term

As the miles run east the banks of scraped snow grow thinner on the roadside. Back on campus youcan hear the melting as the slabs of ice sink heavy like bathing women at the edge of the lake. Careful on the slick sidewalks, I study the footprints two for each person and I wish that you were here to thaw me out hold my numb feet gently in calloused hands and run your hot chocolate tongue over my reddened ears.

Pam Whitfield

The silver balls and bright fish Of your melancholy scores pass by Leaving their webs to tickle and taunt Where did you find the moon?

In the bullrings of the oceans Or in the memory of Pachylbel? Perhaps it was in the forgotten places of your childhood.

Mark Young



