

Scared to Dance

The doors and windows are
all boarded up;
The neon sign is now light-
less.

I used to dance for 10 cents
a dance,
But now the dance hall is
gone .

Night after night , with an-
ticipation,
I would take one dollar,
I would dance nine dances ,
then stop,
Scared to spend my whole
dollar.

You caught me watching
you,
So you asked me to dance.
We stepped on the floor
together
One cold January night.
My dance was strange,
But you tried to follow.
You save me your hand,
Then you took the lead.
I danced with fear
That you struggled to
overcome;

But everytime you moved
forward,
I would gingerly step back.
My moves frusrtated you,
But I feared your dance;
Afraid that I would be lost,
Forever in my prison.
Night after night I waited
for you,

I was scared to take the
chance,
I would'nt dance the tenth
dance, yours,
So we could no longer
dance.
You left the dance hall long
ago,
Leaving me no reason to re-
turn;
But I went back time and
again,
Hoping to find you for one
more dance.
Still night after night I
wander by;
And night after night I
wonder.

What if I'd danced the tenth
dance?

What if I had spent my
whole dollar?

Quill and Ink

DO NOT SHOUT

Do not shout
those crippling lies
when walls collapse about
you
and your mind can't hold
its bitter thoughts
or memories anymore.

Do not speak
of evil once you've
turned a naughty stone
and your pride that once
was power
is conquered
by your shame.

that are open and recieving
and feel sorry
for your hardships
and your lonely, darkened
days-

for dwelling deep
inside you
in your heart
and blinded soul
is the antedote
to poison
that's possessed you all
along.

—Amy Cox

Do not whisper
cruel ideas
wihtin the noise of crowds
so your voice
will carry far into
unconscious minds of
virtue.

Do not say
you've seen the light
and ask me to befriend you
when all I see
is brewing hatred
lurking in your eyes.

Do not cry
on shoulders

BY THE LAKE

By the lake
I behold true fruit
she is picking flowers.
And as I gaze
the old man says to me
he says:
"Son,
I've learned that all there is
to life
is having big toys
and lots of green paper.
I've collected my fair share
of both,
so I believe it's time
you go and do likewise."
And I looked at the old man
and I looked
and I realized
that
I'd rather be picking fruit.

—David Southwood-Smith

Welcome to my painted
room

where acrylic eyes
tell shadowed lies and
surreal cobwebs veil
the modest clock.
Suspicious sighs hover
between doubt and
bridges and
(dali died today)
crutches crumble
beneath images of a
madman
Gala smiles as an atmos-
pheric
skull becomes the bust of
Voltaire,
becomes the last sup-
per,
the self-portrait of a
stranger,
then abstracts through
time
and space
and minds
and is gone.

—Georgia Goff