

- A Slice of Life

kinds of boring
despite dinner
LANCE

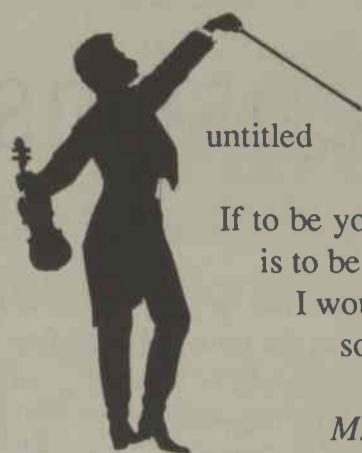
Amy's studying
biology
but not really

four girls
three are guys
lack of a guy

dark eye
standing there
no more close

if I gonna marry
tall n' thin
I don't know

abcdefg
hijklmnopqr
stuvwxyz by uni



untitled

If to be yourself
is to be like others
I would rather be
somebody else.

MAS.



untitled

i once saw a poppy stream
i followed it
along to an ocean of lillies
queen anne's lace
and daisies crashed
at my feet.

a bay of violets,
near the ocean
led me to a pool of carnations,
pink, white and red
at the edge
i saw a girl crying
tears
of roses and thorns

lcm



..let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the
death of kings.

-Shakespeare



Hermes

So there you sit on your MOUNTAIN top-
looking down over the pissants below
wondering whether to be nice

or nasty.

The world is your oyster from that mount of gods

You can plant whichever SEEDS you wish
and cultivate the minds below.

A wise man told me you are a Trickster,
a Court-jester, a mind-BoGgLeR
BEWARE!!!!

Sometimes when you whisper in
my ear

The seeds do not fit.

Keep on playing your pipe of CONFUSION
And lead us rats to

d
r
o
w
n

in the swimming chaos. Only your
breath can save us,

yet we are prisoners of your pompousness.

J. Barnett
November, 1990



I remember that game we played as kids
An imaginary castle, and an imaginary land
And I was a good guy and you were a bad guy.
But you said you were a good guy, too,
And we fought esach other anyway.
Actually, I think I was a good guy
With bad guy tendencies.
You were a bad guy all the way though to the bone
When you threw that dirt clod
And it hit me in the eye.
My dad spent a half an hour getting all the dirt
Out of my hot eyes.
The next day I was your friend, again, though.

And you know what?
We never once joined forces to kill the monster.
I suppose that wasn't reallistic enough
For seven-year-olds.

Matt Sutherland

Although the wind may sway us
from side to side,
We must never fall,
and we must never rest.
Every pause we take in life,
increases our risk of falling.
this is Walking on the Edge

Viento



untitled

if i could capture
the joy of licking
chocolate
off my fingertips
on a sticky summer day
in a squaree crystal bottle
the world
could treasure the simplicity
of our love--
in a market
of bargining,
only a select few
would recognise
the essence of purity
we create,
i share with you.

lcm

-UNI YUN



CHIPS DRIVE ME MAD
THE BIG CRUNCH
THICK CHIPS, THIN CHIPS
MUNCH, MUNCH, MUNCH

FROM WHERE THEY COME
I CAN'T TELL
GREEN BRUSSLE SPROUTS
STRAIGHT FROM HELL!!

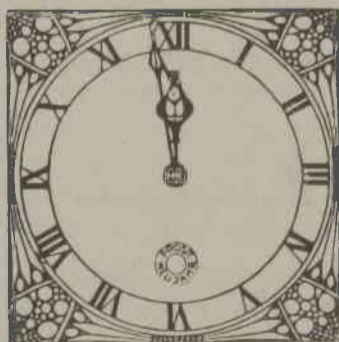
FOOD FROM SAGA.
I DON'T KNOW
JUST LIKE MOMS
HARDLY SO.

(FOOD)

Clearing

It's rest to time
instead of time to rest.
Time doesn't give
you a damn thing
besides its name.

Raylene Kaufman
Oct. 10



Monday Night in the Arts

On November 19th there will be
a faculty recital featuring Jon-
athan Maisonpierre. On Decem-
ber 3rd a Student Recital is planned
with student soloists and cham-
ber groups. Come out and see our
local SA talent. The performances
are scheduled for 8pm in the Hagan
Choral Room in Vardell.

Writer's Forum

Nov. 15th- Sam Ragan Awards
Night in Belk Main Lounge
Nov. 28th- Asian Conference Fo-
rum
Dec. 1st- no forum
Dec. 8th- Catharsis Night... Exam
week



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