

I Should Be Making Points

All my days slide down to nothing.
 I should be making points or
 something--
 Watching the time with miser's
 eyes,
 Counting the penny minutes
 Through red slits of worry
 But I watch the hours drift and die
 Without the thought of profit,
 Without the slightest hurry,

Or worry to beat the minutes
 breathless
 And suck them till they drop dry and
 bloodless,
 Like some merciless landlord
 Counting his life in cold, metered
 rhyme,
 Waving his petty mortgage
 In the laughing face of time.

Kevin Atkinson

Slow Death on a Merry-Go-Round

Not knowing,
 Not knowing.
 Slow death on a merry-go-
 round.
 Did I come for the ride-
 Is that all?
 Can I even decide
 When to let the colored
 lights fade
 And vanish in the night's
 parade,
 And fall,

Silent under the still
 canopy,
 staring down at me,
 And finish,
 Finish finally knowing,
 Or do I just keep on
 forever
 going
 going
 going.

Kevin Atkinson

Untitled

Play me a song, cowboy,
 You might as well--
 All the heavy metal in the world
 couldn't drown out your acoustic
 in my head...

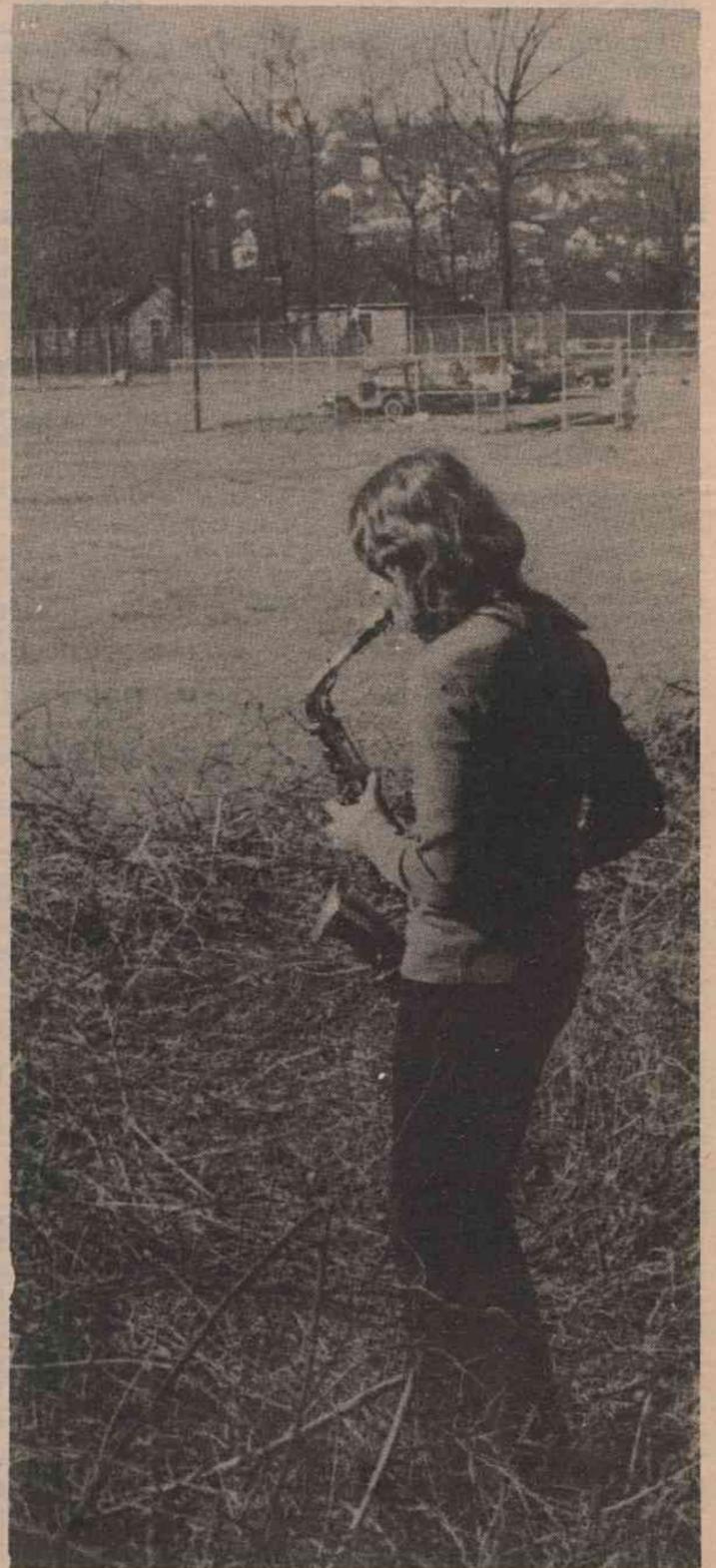
And what do you call those funny
 shoes?

It must be like walking
 through life laid-back;
 I want to borrow them--
 Learn your rhythm--
 Play me a song, cowboy.

Jeffrey Burchfield

N. C. ESSAY

Editor - Kay Crutcher
 Managing Editor - Kurt Hotelling
 Reporters - Garry Wasserman, James Rochelle,
 Kevin Atkinson, Robin Smith, Kurt Eslick
 Special Thanx to - Craig Weindling, Mark
 Wagenfeld
 Staff Artist - Ken Ballard



Untitled

snow in the soft and early morning;
 fire comes, for a fiercely angry day.
 if I know not I am, then am I not indeed --
 knowing not and being not the same?

am I but a girl, but a child, but a fool,
 might I be a woman, grandly mad --
 blisters on my flesh, reminders of a night of
 pain--
 if this be such a night, will I be glad?

Kay Crutcher