



Thanks to everyone who participated in *Aspects Live!* In the spring, there will be another edition of *Aspects Live!* and we will be putting together the Spring 1986 edition of *Aspects*. We hope you will submit poems, short stories, essays, and artwork to the *Decree/Aspects* office; to Box 365; or to Robert Spencer, Reggie Ponder, Denise Whitley, and Dr. Ferebee. We need your submission as soon as possible. Hope you enjoy this section.

— The *Aspects* Staff

There's a part of me that says
What am I doing with you
And there's a part of me that says
I don't know what to do

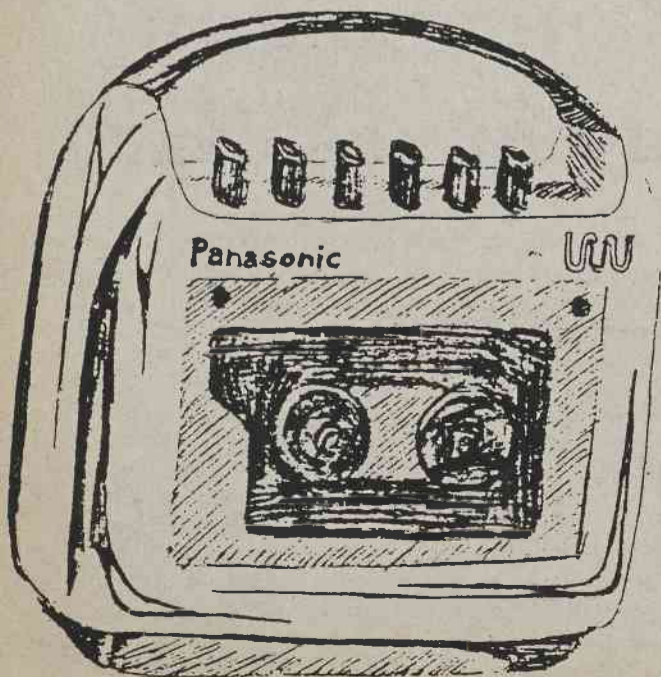
So many times I've never made it
Past the front door
But with you I thought things were different
From what they were before

So many times I got too serious
My signals were always wrong
And now I see a single me
Put back on a road so long

I know too well just how it feels
When she says don't even try
But I shall heal this broken heart
As time goes slowly by

As for now I want to know
Where we really stand
And if you ever need a friend or help
Ask and I'll give you a hand

— Mike Trubey



Tick

The swag-bellied parasite
hangs
like a tear
from a swollen eye.
Sucks the life-blood of
four per year in Carolina's
pine-sap dripping forests.
Feeds upon the young,
the innocent, the unsuspecting,
with a fever
that even now
infects,
hangs
like a tear edematous.
In the campgrounds of my mind;
The tumescent devil
grows on a wild dog's eye.

— Robert Spencer

Humbler

Of wherever I go
Be it lone walk through lumbering pines,
Dull ride through countryside,
or the cool recess of classroom,
Seems the human natural process
Finds time one step behind —

And so bids me back
From the recess of my mind,
Magnificent humbler of mankind,
to remind me the package of my body,
Thus for life we are trained
Lest mine wander before due time.

— Robert Spencer