

A New Christmas

another season of again.
voices in songs that say what voices in song
say before.

dreams of a fantasy
frosted with snow,

crystals of a peace on earth
that many wonder about,
"well not this year,
but maybe next!"

an old christmas.
season of again.
voices in words that say what voices in words
say before.

crystals of a peace on earth
that many have forgotten about.
"well not this year,
but maybe next!"

(Bethlehem)
March of the candle mass.
lots of hope
playing around the stable.
bunch of kids come
to play turkey in the straw
but only found a King.

1970

Christmas march in harlem

little jack horner
must be older
for his wonder has evaporated.
today was christmas and he didn't
rise as early as he use to.
(flashes of a five o'clock time
when mom and dad came sleepily into the room
to watch as little jack's eyes outshone
the 7-11 tree.....
little jack horner
must be younger
for his wonder has grown.

If Shakespeare

attacked SAGA

Stephen Dreyfus

To eat, or not to eat: That is the question:
Whether tis nobler to the stomach to suffer
The pangs of complete starvation,
Or to submit to the cold sickening reality of
SAGA mastication. To wait, to eat- What then?
To buy Alka-Seltzer to end the heartburn,
The bitter aftertaste of greasy pork chops
That descended our esophagus?
Tis a constipation, Ex Lax to be wished.
To eat, to drink, to burp. Perchance to barf.
Ah, there's the grub. Where stomach lining proves
Weaker than our overburdened tastebuds
and rejects wholeheartedly the efforts of
Our swallows. Tell. Who knows what
Evils lurk in the depths of the salad bowl?
What strange mixtures concocted in the
Bowels of the kitchens? Ingredients from
Dishes we rejected days before.
The hideous surprises heaped upon
The plate of plastic; recipes of unknown elements
Casseroles with the beauty of Medusa's bad profile
And taste to match that beauty.
And what of those dark slabs called steaks?
For which one need present a curious half-ticket
Given by the girl who overwatches at the door.
Hark! Did they utter "steak"?
Why speaketh "steak"? A rock by any other
Name would taste as cheap.
Yet cry out in despair and choke as one will
What other alternative can the heavens provide?
The 7-day plan and the empty pocket offers
Little alternative.
Thus we cast aside the warnings of "Go back!" from
Those who make their exist in disgust and
Like fools we are prod on in vain antisipation
Of a wholesome repast unstained by indigestion.
Thus day after day we accept our fate
And stand endlessly in line waiting to
Receive the atrocities commonly known by the
Four letter equivalents.

May 5, 1970

And they took the bodies to funeral homes
and laid them out neat in nice coffins
and took them to God's Country in a hearse
and buried them in the cemeteries near home and school
and Old Glory was nearby flying
and buglers played taps

and the preacher prayed to God and the diplomats and
the generals and the admirals and the politicians
and the handsomely dressed ladies out of society
columns stood somewhere but not close enough

And the bodies were students and soldiers
and they were both young
and the old people helped kill them
indirectly
and the speeches rattle on and for the
soldier
where his chest ought to have been they pinned
a Purple Heart
and yet the students didn't get a medal or
citation or anything but death

by Mike McCulley

And the President of the United States held a press
conference and the rest of us watch merv griffin and
johnny carson and drink a lot of beer and wonder if the
weather tomorrow will be okay for golf

And I remember the words somebody wrote in 1926
"why talk of beauty what could be more beautiful
than these heroic happy dead
who rushed like lions to the roaring slaughter
they did not stop to think they died instead
then shall the voice of liberty be mute?"

---apologiesto
E.E. Cummings

A visit from Moore Hall: October 21, 1970

by Susie Sutton

(UNCC made strides in its path to becoming an established
university in 1970. One of the more novel additions to
campus life was the panty raid.)

'Twas the night before test time
And all through the hall,
Every body was studying,
There was no noise at all.
Some coeds were nestled
All snug in their beds,
Thoughts of Elliot Gould
Fairly danced through their heads.
When all of a sudden a loud noise appeared
That bore no resemblance to Santa's reindeer.
The album was Woodstock;
The hour was twelve,
And all of the books were put back on the shelf.
Grey mist just shrouded the mud down below,
And the night was so cloudy I feared it might snow.
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But some size 5 bikinis and a light pink brassiere!

The cries came from Moore so live and brave
I knew what was coming--what else--"Panty Raid!"
Surely enough, as quick as a wink,
They had us surrounded before I could think.

We sped to the rooms in the front of the dorm,
With so much excitement much more than the norm
We were glued to the windows, you know how it goes--
We all gazed at the shower of undies and hose.
Some water was splashed from floors 2 and 3
And I ducked as Dean Duncan snapped a photo of me.
We laughed and we chanted as for two hours it rained,
Asking guys to come up. All but Jody refrained.

The spotlight from Moore lit up frat men close by
There were Kappa Sigs in the blue, but I doubted my eyes
As I saw ambling up the redneck Chi Phis.
On the porch in green jerseys was perched Theta Psi
Looking up at a window marked Alpha Delta Pi.
Every body came out to visit our home
From the county police to Miss Bonnie Cone.

But, as all good things must come to an end
By 1:30 a.m. everybody was in bed.
And I heard them exclaim as they all left my sight--
"Let us thank all of you,
And Y'all have a good night."