OSTRACTIONS Editor: Jayde Mockler Deadline: Tues. Noon Please include your name and student number with each submission

The Final Goodbye

Like star crossed lovers Why did we part? I have asked that question A thousand times Whatever reasons I thought I had Don't seem to mean very much anymore It was my choice One which I will always regret So much time has passed So many words gone unspoken Now you love him I'm truly glad for you I'm sad for what might have been Still, you are so much Your own person now I can't help but feel proud And hope that I played a little part In the woman you've become You'll always be in my heart That special little corner Made just for your memory I'm glad we finally had the chance To say our last goodbye To my dearest friend I wish you joy and happiness ... have a good life.

The Tea Man

With the rise of the sun

Man has created his barbaric art

Welding and wearing it into his precious toy

Stripping the great matter of her

Essence until no longer can she
bare her child.

Must containers of great compasity

constrive such necessities

Shall they ever conceive

Shall they ever comprehend

Only time shall ever

answer such a question

Kevin Davidson

Humankind

I cannot watch this war.

It's just too horrible for words
when little six year olds
the age of mine
get amputated in the cool stern dawn
without the kiss of sleep;
and others dangle there bomb-weary babes
in shivering fright because their mothers' arms
no longer hold them tight.

It's just too cruel. I cannot watch this war.

I cannot listen to their false reports
all magnified and who to fool?
It sickens me to think that our
blood-redded fighters in their laser jets
paid for by you and me
will journey north night after night
to drop destruction on the innocents
(and yet how innocent is he
who uses them to keep their conscience free?)

Where is the truth in what I hear, and how ironical is "friendly fire"?

I cannot learn it there nor yet from here;
it all adds up to nothing: a hero's halo in a pyrrhic cause; and we berated by the angry denizens all blood and bandages shouting at us in the close-up lens in English.

It's not my fault:

Can't they guess those blocks of rubble might be caused by self-defence?

No. No. I will not watch this war:

it makes me think too much

of my humanity.

I've always sighed in sympathy

for those who seem to suffer most

until my tears ran dry in movies

(where music cries in rhythm with the pain);
but in the Gulf this gulf this chasm spasm

music is there none:

just the sting of summer-coming winds

on restless clacking palms that flail their stony trunks
and brace against the howling the scowling disemboweling

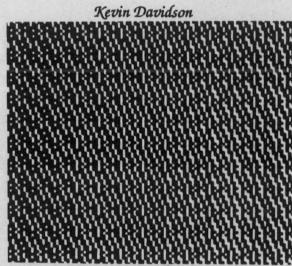
of the storm.

Things we see can never be erased.
Sounds we hear too loud
may send us deeply deaf
but sights we see too clear can never make us blind;
instead they live relentless
in our mind.
There's little kindness in our humankind.

Pamela J. Fulton



Such beauty it does passes this sweet red rose. From it's birth it grew by beginning with a seed from two. How it blossom and flourish into a jewel of such beauty capturing all who take breath upon it. And to their heats deep within you sink. Nurture you they do in their single way, but to some only to you offer your beauty and to you offer your beauty and to others only the pain of your thorns. And by this act quarrel and scorn they do. Who may this fault lie upon may be you or they. Never the less pray you share thine sweet fragrance every way.



Escape to Remembrance

Standing in a waterfall of colorless snow, Feeling the ever-so-cold wind blow, Isolated from blind and foolish thought, The prize my soul had bought.

Memories scream by,
Whirling above my head they cry,
Voices and faces escaping my mind,
Freedom from loneliness they seek to find.

Letters from a good-best friend,

Depression the would they hope to mend,

With the smiles, trust and love

Found inside the memories that circle above.

Jason Meldrum

With the rise of the sun man has created his barbaric art welding and weaving it into his precious toy stripping the great mother of her essence until no longer can she bare her child. Must minds of great capacity contrive & conceive such necessities. Shall we ever comprehend, shall we ever comprehend, only time shall ever answer, such à quivering question.

Kevin Davidson

Course and Section Instructor Enrollment Data-of-Essan

EDCI2414 28 SWALL.M. 30 9 AM Fri A.

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EDCI2415 18 SWALL.M. 24 7 PM Non A.