



"So, tell me, Mr. Taylor, has the fact that you've seen 'The Rocky Horror Picture Show' 1,069 times affected your wife and two teenagers...?"

Ptale of the Pterodactyls

The early pterodactyl was a lizard, of a sort,
 And small, and insignificant, and slow, and rather short.
 Extinction threatened every day,
 In every kind of nasty way,
 Like being squashed beneath the paw
 Of any passing dinosaur,
 But terminal compaction was avoided just in time:
 A pterosaur of genius discovered how to climb.

Though climbing up was difficult, descents were made with ease;
 The wails of falling pterosaurs would echo through the trees.
 Till steady evolution,
 Developed a solution,
 Creating wings
 From skin and things
 And causing air pollution.

The slender flew above the rocks, and glided round all day.
 The portly flew like concrete blocks, and soon became passe.
 They saured around above the ground, their rows of ptiny pteeth
 Instilling pterror in the hearts of all who dwelt beneath.

Consider now the story of a pterodactyl maid,
 Who met an Archaeopteryx above the forest glade.

(The pterosaurs refused to mix
 With trendy Archaeopteryx;
 They never, ever,
 Flocked together,
 Pseudobirds of different feather).
 She fell for him, quite literally:
 She tumbled from the family tree.

Her parents disapproved the match (they did it for the best;
 They weren't about to let her hatch an egg in Archie's nest).
 They said it would be scandalous, they said it was absurd.
 The children wouldn't know if they were lizard, bat or bird.
 The upstart Archaeopteryx, a chicken, got the message,
 The shining bird of Paradise became a bird of passage.
 His pterodactyl maiden sighed,
 She wasted, faded, pined and died.

The lady pterodactyls were romantically inclined,
 And as the tragic story spread, with one accord they pined.
 The nubile maidens perished on the forest's ferny floor.
 I find it sad there are no pterodactyls any more.

Richard Miller

Another Day Gone

Another day gone
 Another day spent
 Trying so hard
 Don't know where it went

Maybe tomorrow
 We'll all be released
 Our labors will end
 and our troubles will cease
 This clamoring planet
 finally
 will settle in peace

Another day gone
 Another day less
 Another breath drawn
 In vain, I guess

Shamus New



Third World Blues

It makes de white man strong
 It makes de black man wrong
 It makes de babies die
 It makes de mothers cry
 It makes men of our sons
 It makes me sick, these guns

Joseph P. Radwanski

Peace Aker

study the world
 is it at all of our thirst
 nay, but so you're presented,
 nay but do you lead you/
 nay

Please imagine
 ideas conflicting
 yes, — although ...
 granted, (good) and Evil
 yet, more would you say
 physical, enclaves
 definition — self governing district
 around the state)

eslaves — i.e. Alaska
 definition — (outside state, district)
 religion, problem of defence? yay-nay-
 Pakistan — (ethics)
 I hear you George Harrison

Indonesia and the Natives

Global thought
 segregating land

Oh! Canada.
 Independent state
 between the hemispheres
 a dry cake, being cut
 Happy Birthday

"identity" this student, prof. suggests
 is the goal.
 However, let's talk
 capital cities
 you oiler you
 after the break.

water! cold as winter.

David McNally