

P O E T R Y

POWER WIPE-OUT

I had Tull on the player
And the phones on my head.

Feeling light but empty
Electric Kool-Aid caught my eye
and I separated it from the others.
Three times read
But seeming less remembered.
I opened at random?
And from one chapter did read.

Of a story
about a story
about a happening,
And this is what was happening;
About a boy early from school
with a stick sticking fence sticks
Until he reached the end
And a utility pole
which he stuck with his stick
— and the lights went out.
A powe black-out
over the entire city,
for the first time.
— They remember —

The boy cried all the way home
and told his mom.
And that would have been that
but for the papers
who printed the story
Which the Merry Pranksters read
and really grokked over.

And that would have been that
— Except for Kesey
Who was of great interest to T. Wolfe (a writer)
Because he was a writer;
An exile in Mexico;
One of the Merry Pranksters;
and a great story for the Wolfe.

But Kesey was bigger than Mexico
— A bigger story, that is —
And deserved more than an article.
So he wrote a book;
"Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test"—
with a sugar cube
on front.
Which caught my eye,
— being what I was
— when I was
— what I am?
And I bought it.
And read it
(Three times over,
because it is truly
"A Good Book")
And brought it here
To put on my shelf,
or reference and all to see.

And that would have been that
Except I couldn't find Homer
— The Iliad, that is —
And not being one
to waste time
on trifles;
I put Tull on the player,
And phones on my head,
And picked out Electric Kool-Aid,
And opened to that one page,
And read the story
About a story
About a happening,
And really grokked over it,
And even,
Wrote a poem about it.

JOHN P. PHILLIPS
Oct. 17, 1978

At the present moment in time
our relationship is just what
every girl ever dreamed of —
But for me, I'm the loner
who can't settle down for long,
be around same people day in
and day out — I seem to feel
this gnawing for change, to
move to new and wider scopes
beyond my reach but shiney,
on the horizon.
All the meanwhile, I do care
but the separate spirit within
won't let me contain my searching.
It's not fair for me to expect you
to wait around for me, I don't
want you to, but ending a dream —
reality will splice an inner thread.
Remember the beauty and good-times\$
and what we learnt together.
There'll be someone esle —
who won't run away; to take care
of you, to do little things for
you, be there, to listen and
understand you — soon I'll
become a figment and memory in
your imagination and you
of mine.

Natachia

THE GRAHAM AVE. SKID MARKS

Chris the musician,
Is on top of the latest.
Thinks Donna Summers,
Is simply the greatest.

Andrew the ribcage,
He's such a pir.
If he cut a fart,
He probably Rip.

Rossy Rossy,
You're too much.
Home every week,
To the rabbit hutch.

Jed the cat,
A complete fool.
Would risk ais ass,
With Clyde the cruel,

And last but not least,
We come to Bruce.
Look out world,
He's on the loose.

Blackjack Bruce,
That venomous punk.
His burnt lungs are oozing,
With all kinds of gunk.
With all kinds of gunk,
five minutes alone,
With our sisters, the skunks and,
He'll have their viens,
Just a poppin with junk.

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