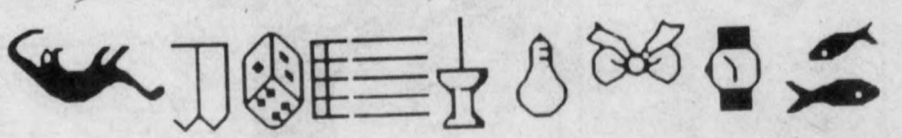


# Literary Page



## "Waiting For The Renaissance"

(the clan of Kennedy will gather at the moon and read all the sheafs of paper to the mourning of the loon). Sighs were heard in Paradise on a heart of Arctic ice to begin the trigger dance. Foaming green miles were bursting from the clouds, covering the fallen faces with those jungle shrouds. Harps were shattered like the souls of mice, and the pieces sold, to have the gambling dice. Convents became brothels on a gaudy tray, serving up the morsels from the dawning day. The planet's opinion revealed too much haste, sucking up the wells and leaving only waste. Mothers became mothers, and then murderous, awry codes were there for moments, as when the righteous die. Mirth became amusement that spun a sickly tune, of hollow habitation where barking bottles croon. Some found, regained the diamonds from the lust but in the vicious season the lovers turned to dust.

Stirling Lyons

Eternal life of terrible sleep  
nudge nudge and away she flies  
tripped off from the handle  
on microwave vortex vocabulary  
energizing on fast food talk  
big fast hot  
taken in the yap  
it's no drug then

G. L. Waite

## AFRICAN STUDENTS UNION

Presents

## "NELSON MANDELA"

A movie on the Politics

of South Africa  
Venue: Room 103 S.U.B.

Time : 7:00pm

Date: Friday 27th November 1987

## ENTRANCE FREE!!

All are invited

We are still looking for sub-missions for the literary page. Remember: you don't have to be an English student. So please send poetry, short stories, and book reviews to our hard-pressed Literary Editor. Go on! Impress your friends and write that poem or story that's inside us all. You know it makes sense!

## The Hitchhiker

Alone again, I stand  
alongside this long, black strip.  
Stand waiting, hoping,  
Praying the next one's for me

The wind is frigid  
the air damp, cold.  
This jacket gives no warmth  
As I peer down the road, seeing nothing

Wait, here comes something.  
My mind pictures home  
And my body feels heat  
But my hopes shatter, as it speeds by

Alone, on the highway  
As another car goes by  
I think of home, and my family  
Worrying, wondering if I'll make it.

BILL McCARDLE

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