

Lit

Page

**Lit. Page Deadline
Noon Wednesday**

U.N.B. Morning

By ROGER FARR

BSc I

The dream is broken,
the radio blaring,
your eyes snap open,
your nose flaring,
your mind awakens,
with your eyes peering,

The darkness lifts,
the body shifts,
the red figures glow,
on the clock-radio,

Your head still rings,
from the night before,
your body swings,
as your feet hit the floor,
an ice cold morning,
like so many before.

By MARK STEVENS

Dispensing with all the usual beginning of term felicitations as quickly as possible, I'd like to take this opportunity to thank all those writers who have contributed short stories, poems, and other unclassifiable material (thanks, Barry) to this embryonic section. I realize that I haven't published everything that has been submitted, but I simply haven't had the space. So please don't feel that your writing has been subject to some over-zealous editorial hatchet job. And please, keep your artistic outpourings pouring in or I'm out of a job!

BY SNAKE

it crept upon me sweekly
shundy spittoon-fart.
Ink orb it sounded vicious
(And it hit me very hart.)
So ig rushed into da bat-womb
and out it camb, dat funky flerg.
So round and long and zimbabwab,
I lookie berrie scardy-like.
To see if it be vlonder-poop
But "inga-shuling!" it scare me ven
Dat yelloo - sucka niblet be in da goop!!
I-be scream an also pick it out
of da icky-blicky sklall.
It be so bleutiflorgy Dat I
hang it on bmy vall!!

THE KOOTENAYS

By DUSAN JANKOVICS

In what land do I but stand
green grass, trees on hand.
Sweet air, perfumed from nature so
crystal clear water from glacier go.

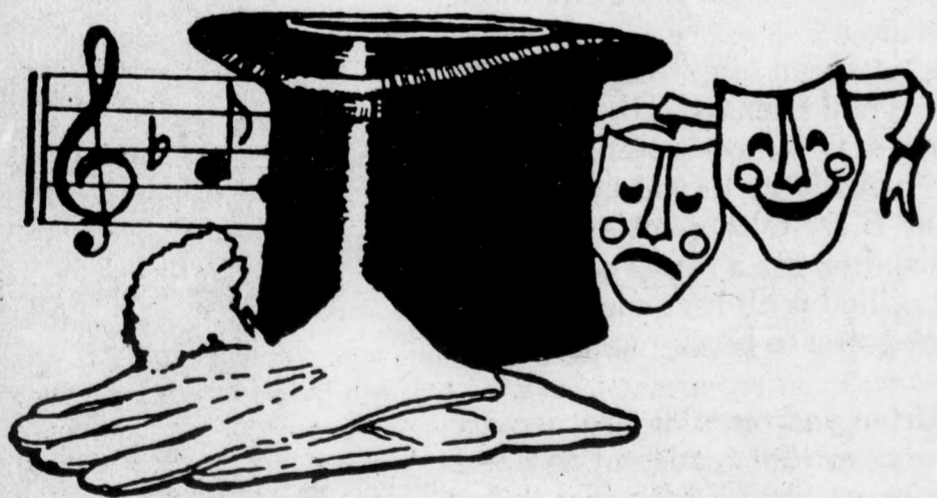
To the right the land does reach
to barren slopes and jagged peaks.
To the other, a valley forms
Sheer cliffs, trees to water foam.

In the valley at inhabitable sites
men have settled from quest or plight.
On fertile ground and rivers too
they gorge themselves on nature foods.

Humbled, wooed by mountains high
air of man of one been tried.
They partake of all that's good
and share with neighbour of what could.

This is the land that I but strode
a memory that will not go.

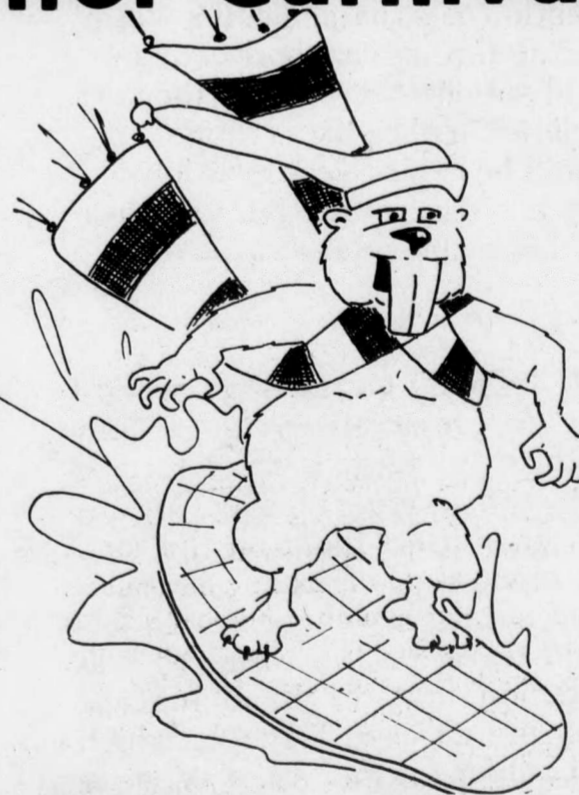
40th Annual Red 'n Black Revue



General Meeting

7 pm Tues. Jan. 13 Tilley 102

Winter Carnival '87



Feb. 12, 13, 14

Applications for the
Committee will be accepted at
the SU Office Rm. 126.