## Literary Page

POUND, POUND, POUND

Pound, pound, pound Stops my heart Breath is cut Stomach lifts and falls, falls, falls... Lifts and falls Lightheadedness, desperation Pound, pound, pound In my head Pound, pound, pound Against the wall Pound, pound, pound Feel the pain Pound, pound, pound Feel the hurt The pain, the hurt, O the pain O the hurt Feel the wall The hard, cold wall Feel the blood Drip down my corpse.

N. LETOURNEAU



To L.G. (SLOP SERVER)

It is time to be kind and unwind. I will give you a clue so don't be blue.

You might be sad and probably mad. You'll probably shout when you figure it out.

We once had tea you do know me. We've had lots of fun out in the sun.

Some once thought we often shared a lot. Well, we once did but who are we to kid.

NITE OF THE CAT
I saw a cat last nite,
an alley cat with nite-sight
He crossed my path as
I pondered reincarnation

Head over shoulder he released an eerie cry like the younger generation I ran home ...

B. MAN

## CAROUSEL, CAROUSEL

Drink to my windowrake
Sing praises to the mother of circles
Beat the drum
With no regard to timing
Shake the ridged ribcages
And dip your hand in.
Convert the loopholes
Into pockets of diseased armies,
Knights, deriding their silly foolboy cousins
Underneath the sheltering shrubs,
Sharpening their unfinished teeth
With woolen knives
And stocky jock clubs

Do not wake the neighbors/
The sun is coming up!
My position, my concern,
Is mandatoryI yearn for a smattering
Of shrubbery and glory
And random passion
And bloodshot lung illness

"Put that thing away
Before I decide to detain you,"
As you envisionI am wearing the black hat now,
Suffering the skin
To wait on thh carousel,
Elliptically snared
Like a planet, unaware

Where the moaning is snapped
To stuttered bewilderment,
And carted off
To the shrubbery sectionMy knights and I
Passive and pensive
Wearing bars on our faces,
Wearing boots on our laces
ANON

You and I both know the temperature there was really low. So side by side, to create that warmth, we slept these fond memories will always be kept.

Have you shouted yet you have I bet.
Hope you have enjoyed this little game If not, I accept all the blame.

So, smile and be merry and no, my name is not Harry.

Caringly; T)

Goodbye. . . a lonely word

ls said to soon to some

Two young hearts laughter in their eyes

Hoping that tomorrow
will never come
One who is dearly loved
forever always there

ls suddenly taken away leaving behind despair. Sad and empty

the emotions that we feel Lives are not the same facing all pain

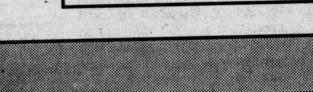
Goodbye. . .

so final so sad so long

JAMIE A. THROOY

Everything requires effort, the only thing you can acheive without it is failure.

There is nothing worse than a quitter, except the person who's afraid to begin.







Saturday
Nite: Valentines
Day Massacre
Happy Hour
5pm - CLOSE

Also on Feb 13th Residence Hockey
Tournament

Starts at 10 am

House Wars:

Feb 17th Wed

Mackenzie

Dunn

Feb 18th Thurs

Tibbits

LBR

Harrison Aitken
Neville Neill
Jones McLeod

Bridges

Happy Hours: Wed, Thurs, Fri, & Sat 5-Close