March 30, 199

LITERARY

Alone In the darkness Quiet Warm Peaceful A door opens A stilletto of light spears the darkness Cool air curls into the room A figure stands in the opening Silence The door widens My face is split by light and dark My figure speaks Words float through the air They land on my ears Society calls I answer Dumbly, I rise Blindly, I follow Alone, as always

Pseudo Nym

Dedication

Soft pastel shadows
Blue on forest snows
And I love you
They say I love you.

Fields wave hello
By a country road
Stir thoughts about you
I think about you.

Wash of salt-kissed breeze
Blown off restless seas
I want to touch you
I want to touch you.

A world you hide Behind laughing eyes I yearn to know it I yearn to know it.

Fill these empty days
Chase away the grey
Always I will love you,
I will love you.

Geoffrey Brown

To Recognize a Need

An Introduction To Introspection

Broken dreams crash
Against a shore of hungry souls
We can't hear them anymore
They can't hear us anymore
In fact. . .

Welcome to the nineties
We're searching
Longing for a reason
To press on
Two new worlds
Collide
And merge

Heard a sad story

Of a land where love is scarce

And human beings choose to kill

Instead of love each other

Even their own sons and daughters

But anyone who is angry with another
Has murdered
In his heart
And so I am guilty
In fact. . .

All Empires Must Fall

It is strange how things change, How lands once bound by communism, Have been set free, And a place where the domination, Of a simple people, By a more populous region, Once was the rule, yet no more, But not all men celebrate, For in other lands, The powerful regions still dictate, To the simple people. They care not for the culture, And ignore their traditional ways, For money and power are, More their main concern. The lands in the east, Were once prosperous, But once linked by iron, To the inland empire, They were slowly destroyed. However, now even that iron link, Is being withdrawn, So that no true bond exists. Yet the empire of the north, Holds its vassals tightly, Even as the empire of the east, Allows its to be free. Faced with the tragic circumstances, The oppressed sometimes flee, To the wealth of the west, But many of us will remain, In the eastern lands, And build once again, Refusing to sell out, The dreams of our fathers, And striving to maintain, The lifestyle we prefer.

Duke

Reuben

BOOKS WANTED

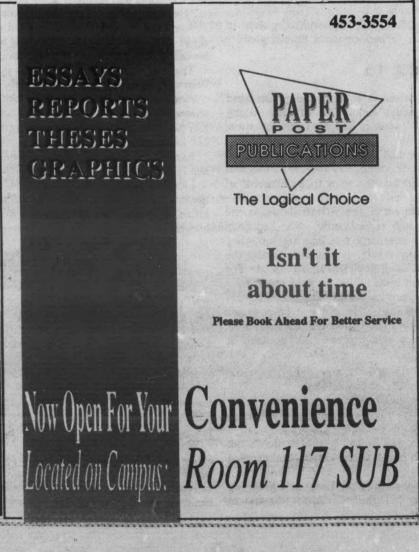
Fredericton University Women's Club Annual Book Fair.

Donations may be left at:

RESIDENCE OFFICE &

BANK OF MONTREAL

Proceeds for University Scholarships



The men, we remind Seeing

the joy

AIDS, whose and end

as pand Quilt v vidual of 242 8, 1990

the epi