

Poetry

FOR SUSIE

the undying friendship
that we promised
on parting
is gone
or changed at least.
now your letters
come sporadically
as mine do in return,
reassuring phone calls
have dwindled

however,
seeing your writing
scrawled cross
the envelope in my box
brings a warm feeling
and when occasionally
we meet
after absences
of a few months
or even
a year or two
the smiles are still as warm,
the laughter as quick
as the last day we met.
I guess
that's what friendship is

CARMEN MCMORRAN

REFLECTION

The ancient ones did not deny,
just said it was done by magic.
But they claimed the sun
revolved around the earth,
so perhaps they were wrong
about you as well,
my brother Jesus.

E.O.R.

returning home
from fun and games away
late at night,
your letter waited
lying on the table top.
I ignored it's urgings,
or tried,
bold black figures
followed me
until I took it up
at last
and read the many pages
of your life
for three weeks past
closing with
"I love you".
I cried
and wished I loved you too.

CARMEN MCMORRAN

sifting sand,
the wayward wind
scatters particles of time
a shifting veil of blackness
hides silent tears,
whose grief is this?
I know not
nor do I care.
the wayward wind blows,
tomorrow it will die.

CARMEN MCMORRAN

NEW YEAR'S EVE

The night steals on, softly, cloaked in
Flurried stars, passing on hesitant step
Over last moments. The year's ending, the
Final pieces swept through with cheap
Laughter and crystal goblets - yet -
Reality is quiet - grave remembrances,
Cheerful dreams, desperate hopes, their
Urgency hurried, whispered.

Promises, furtive resolutions broken in
Days, These - substance of a dying
Year. Memories of an age, gone wine-sour
Or apple-sweet, a year in which
Souls grew, and ripened - joyously, or in
Agony. A time of working, of learning,
Brightening with blissful plans, or
Darkening in sadness - eras of thought.

But, still - these, though the fabric of
Seasons, lie, gathering dust in lonely
Corners of careless minds. While, in the
Reaches of the night, laughter goes on, witty,
Glittering - but empty, soulless smiles, songs
Without meaning - distorted things for this
Dawning of fresh starts. Yet, thus it is decreed
As always - the eve of the New Year.

MILENA STOJANAC

Chvw

By C.J. HUTCHINSON

Hi there. I just want to say a few words on
our new programming schedule. From now
on, on Mondays, programming will start
with CHVW Campus Update. This way we
hope not only to give you a news
production, but also a schedule for
upcoming events on campus. Right after
the news will be a feature presentation. This
will be every Monday from now on, and will
start either at 7:00 or 7:30, depending
whether or not there is a city counsel
meeting being aired by Ch. 10. Sports will
remain in the same time slot on
Wednesdays. So, here is the schedule for
the week of the 19th.
Monday, Ch. 10 - 7:30 - CHVW Campus
Update
7:30 - Rock Concert - featuring various
artists
Wednesday - Ch. 10 - CHVW Sports at 7:00,
men's basketball, St. Marys at UNB.
Well there it is. Oh yeah, before I go I
would like to thank all the people who
requested the 8 by 10 glossies of our
program director (in the nude). We're trying
to fill the orders. Keep those cards and
letters coming.

REFUGEES

Learn more about the World Refugee Situation
Saturday, February 17 at the Y.M.C.A.-Y.W.C.A.-10:00
to 11:30 a.m.

Special guests from Costa Rica and the World Y.M.C.A. Refugee
program will examine work with Nicaraguan refugees and
rehabilitation around the world.

The refugee problem isn't hopeless
if you do your share.

Y.M.C.A.-Y.W.C.A.
28 Saunders St.
455-8879

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