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## My Hero:

### My hero,

He does not need to slay dragons, He does not need to embark on any perilous quests, Nor does he need to save this damsel in distress!

#### My hero,

He does not need to offer me treasure chests, He does not need to entertain me with sumptuous fests, Nor does he need to build me an enchanted castle-fortress!

#### My hero,

He does not need to parade around in richly woven clothes, He does not need to perfume his speech with the essence of a red rose,

Nor does he need to impress me with fancy manners elaborated in prosel

#### My hero,

He does not need to do death defying acts to show me that he is courageous,

He does not need to do a daily requirement of good deeds to show me his righteousness,

Nor does he need to give the shirt off his back to someone needy to show me his kindness!

#### My hero,

Kisses away my tears, Chases away my fears, While protecting me tenderly in his arms.

My hero,

He does not even need to do all of this, Because all the love in my heart is his, Jn my eyes, he is better than any valiant princel

by the Danster

# Words To Live By - VI

Appreciate what you have Count your blessings often Express your love for others Be honest with your emotions.

**By Darren Elliott** 

## **Sand Made** Castles

Do you remember the way it felt to be a child? To have so much ... summers for playing hills for sliding sand for making castles And once in long whiles, in breases cool or warm, the feelings of being young, triggered ... when childhood comes rushing back to your senses.

You remember to come back to yours ... and not take life so seriously ...

## They Were Stoned, **Then So Were We**

If we suddenly caught on fire, The Gods, drunk as they are, Would not even piss on our faces To save usi human pyre,

because, drunk as we are, we would use the time to rebuild and use the stupid knowledge to kill them: feathers and tar,

Then, We'd piss on their heads 'cause We really like to smell the flowers that grow on dead God's graves, We worship them scented beds.



# Le Brunswickan • 17

# In Her World, She Alone

She stood all alone, in a room full of people, With friends on either side, she still stood alone. Smiles and laughter and clinking of glasses, Hugs and handshakes, waves and fond glances, But she still stood alone.

She stood all alone, in a house full of people, With family around her, she still stood alone. The talked, they played, they watched movies together, Sang Christmas carols, said "We're birds of a feather", But she still stood alone.

She stood all along, in a club full of people, Dancing with friends, she still stood alone. They drank and they danced the evening away, Met other friends who wanted to stay, But she still stood alone.

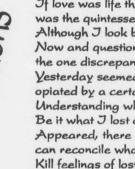
She stood all alone, when talking to others, "You have so many friends!" they said, she still stood alone. "You've accomplished so much and everyone likes you, You do many things you can do." But she still stood alone.

She stood all alone, with those who did love her, But to her this meant nothing, she still stood alone. Afraid to let others through her thick walls, Afraid of rejection, if they only knew, She stood alone.

**By Darren** 

distraction

## The Evolution of Love to M.S.



Jf love was life then she was the quintessence of my existence Although J look back on it Now and question the concept, the one discrepancy J have is no regrets. Vesterday seemed mildly opiated by a certain lack of Understanding which has now evolved. Be it what J lost or what Appeared, there must be some entity which can reconcile what is irreconcilable and Kill feelings of lost life.

**By Aaron Berg** 

