

The sun is shining, but for me its hidden,
 The wind's blowing, but the tree's are still,
 My memories are all I can see,
 And time stands still,
 As the minutes tick by.

My body is weak and lifeless,
 Yet I can walk and talk,
 I can laugh and shout,
 But theres no feeling, its not
 coming from me.

My mask is the color of autumn,
 with leaves holding fast,
 Then falling, leaving me uncovered
 for things to penetrate,
 And though I pretend they aren't there,
 that's all I'm doing.

You watched me joke and play,
 from the corner of your eye,
 My thoughts were of you,
 but no one knew.

I felt the pain of your smile,
 And the warmth of your gaze;
 Yet I could not acknowledge,
 For fear of the response.

You tried to make me feel,
 The pain that you felt,
 And as though through a breeze,
 I could feel it sweep over me,
 Enveloping me,
 Pounding like hail in a storm.

The room was a blur,
 Except for the image of you,
 The music portrayed you,
 In many ways,
 And all the faces were the same.

No longer can I give myself to you,
 And show the love we once shared,
 For now I live in memories,
 And you appear only in my dreams,
 Like a singer, whom you feel for,
 But know you will never really know.

Tinny

WEB OF EVIL

Judas had his Christmas,
 When all the leaves were grey,
 And sorrow turned upon him,
 He found his own way.

Strumming broken chords,
 And life does pass me by,
 Sorrow is my sickness,
 And hunger is my pride.

Give me life,
 I can't go on this way,
 Finding a new name,
 With every day.

And life is for the living,
 Not for the one who sees,
 And life is for the blind,
 To find their own harmony.

Edward Gates

softly the noises fall around me
 for I hear them not
 I'm deep in my own world
 thinking of your voice, your face
 your eyes, your hands.
 what are you to me
 and I to you

softly you come to me
 as I sit alone and confused
 wondering about
 unknown thoughts
 your voice, your presence
 filling the empty rooms
 of my mind.

lo

Be it in silent sounds,
 smells or touch,
 Inside, that we need so much
 The sight of the touch, or
 The scent of a sound,
 Or the strength of an oak with its
 roots well on the ground

The wonders of fire to be covered
 and then to burst up through
 Tarmac to the sun again,
 Or to fly to the sun
 without burning a wing,

to lie in a meadow
 and hear the grass sing.

Nelson

Minstrel of the restless river wind,
 don't disappear into that foggy night alone—
 falling rain hides your footsteps
 so I could never follow...
 Be for me
 more than sad smiles in a smoky room.
 Come to me
 where aged green and blacking mosses grow slow.
 I will give you soul secrets
 known only to those naked birches
 fingering the sky
 tinged with some alien blood.

Must all dreams crumble
 like these rusty leaves,
 waiting only for the incarnation of rain
 once again...

Dawn

poetry

to brian last april

can hear you coming
 through the lettuce
 crushing the leaves
 with your weight
 so i hide my tears
 behind an asparagus
 with my slip showing
 so you'll know i'm there
 but you stalk by with your leaves
 blowing in the breeze
 scattering your seeds
 in my direction
 your blooms in another

there's a turnip
 round my way
 who throws me
 flowers now and again
 and the wind
 carries them
 to where they stick
 to my feet
 and grow weeds
 that choke my roots
 until i pray for the gardener
 to relieve me.

jayne

To You

You make me feel so alive that I just want to die,
 Yet it is a death I would gladly live for.
 You know nothing of this feeling inside my heart,
 Yet to others it is quite obvious.
 Someday you will realize exactly how I feel,
 Then maybe it will be your turn to die.

M.B.

For Constance Soulikias

Every man holds forth
 A prism whose light shows
 The spectrum contained
 Inside a lone human soul.

White carries all his hopes
 So easy dimmed,
 Often extinguished by
 Various shades of
 And Anger, Black Deceit and
 Yellow Jealousy.

WISH I WAS PERFECT

Wish I was different
 from what I am.
 Maybe taller, maybe
 smarter, maybe
 a lot prettier.
 Certainly better than
 the ME [that] I don't
 always understand.

Then, just maybe . . .
 you'd learn to look
 at ME
 the way I always
 wished you would

Then, just maybe . . .
 the one I love would
 love me too
 and the one who hurts me
 would feel the pain
 I have to live with
 when he's gone.

I always wanted to smile
 a lot, for being happy.
 and yet I was born like ME.

Wish I was a little
 more perfect. . . .
 I don't even know
 why you stayed.

b.j.



ditty called Rickety-
 a, where she chopped up
 brother, amongst other

the little sketches in
 the curtain were very
 g, especially the con-
 cated Newfeckinlander,
 t with the body of one
 of the other behind him.
 lly well prepared.
 course, there was the
 g Specialty, who tan-
 ill with his quarter noon.
 t he hang a full one?

ttle Devils and the
 Angels were another
 of the show. The Angels
 zingly good kickers and
 d so angelic when they
 across the stage.

nd effects (called for or
 mes, lighting, and stage
 seemed to be done
 ally. The work that went
 really added alot to the
 nd the MC, Michael
 e, carried the show
 He couldn't have been

Black this year was an
 urish show. The acts
 l co-ordinated and the
 could tell that a lot of
 ad gone into them. The
 e cast certainly enjoyed
 es and so did we. The Red
 was intended to entertain,
 ing by the thunderous
 ovation it did.