Now a little culture. . .

Park in Autumn

How mournful seems the park in all this rain its pallid flowers wounded and bent low, its statues washed and cleansed as round each base in heaps rot withered leaves the wind has brought. Under the dry horizon's ash-gray hue the roads now seem deserted, endless, cold, with their tall trees stripped to the bone as though they led to the mute kingdoms of the dead.

And by the shadowed ponds the ancient urns cast no reflections as in the summertime when the white pigeons flutter down to drink. Only the fountains musical lament in the thin rain and the cold air in vain is scattered through the nude and anguish day.

F.K. (For Angela, Faculty of Forestry/85)

PURINA PEOPLE CHOW

Our stomachs growl in defiance while digging another never ending hole.

Finally, in the distance the coffee truck sounds its horn.

Some of us laugh, knowing Pavlov's dogs couldn't react any faster.

Tom Clement Toronto

ASSISTANT

Applications will be received for the position of Assistant Comptroller of the UNB Student Union until Friday, January 15, 1982.

Applications should be addressed to:

The Comptroller
UNB Student Union Business Office
Room 126
Student Union Building

I MAKE MY HOME

I make my home on rocky hills in a stone tower in the works of old cars left in fields. I make my home in a haystack beneath an afgam where I indulge in slow long rich men's dreams. I take my residence in a stray cat who scratches fenceposts I take my residence in a herd of tired cattle bothered by sun and flies. I own my life like a laid bet like a dived kite, I spend my days in broken pencils and ninny rhymes and hide-and-seek with the shadows of the furniture.

Only in the night do I live light as moon, rippled as water. I stay awake at the gate watching my dirty white sheep watching for fire in the pasture, a bucket of water at my side.

A.B. october/78

MICRO-ODE TO HARRIET (IRVING LIBRARY)

Harriet, oh Harriet how could this be?
My time has been spent with the likes of thee:
A building, a structure, a tomb of thought
In a prison cubical without key or lock.

Harriet, oh Harriet how could you see? My heart seeks freedom from the halls of thee: An island, a nightmare, grafitti-crazed thought. Speaking in gibberish of truth that is not.

Harriet, oh Harriet where will you be?

Not in my will or degree shall I have thee:

A lab'rinth, a book maze, a tragic affair.

Leading oneself to fantasy and thoughts that aren't there.

Harriet, oh Harriet this is my decree: Your hallways and stairwells will not be safe to be When zombies and lovers, collectively there, End up in unison pulling out each others hair.

Peter Wood-1976

Perceived Problems Regarding S.U.B.

Written submissions of perceived need of renevations, if any, should be submitted to the S.R.C. Office, Room 126 of the Student Union Building by January 21, 1982.

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