

Now a little culture. . .

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

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

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

ASSISTANT COMPTROLLER

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

Perceived Problems Regarding S.U.B.

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