Literary Page

THAT WAS THAT 'COS THAT WAS THAT (LIFE IN TORONTO)

On Friday Pat was nowhere where it's at He was cold and damp and hungry, that was that 'cos that was that He was tired from the weekend from the night the week before And he sorta kinda figured life was kinda sorta sore

That morning Pat went looking for a place
A place to lay his head or wash his grubby little face
A place to catch a second wind or rest a rack of
bones
But he hadn't had a penny to his name to call his
own

At noon he came upon a city vent
A vent where many wino's had their final winter
spent
A vent without a shelter if there chanced to be a
storm
A vent! A bloody vent! But oh, that vent was bloody
warm!

But Pat had not begun to do his best His best was what was needed 'cos his best deserved a rest A rest in warmth and shelter with a luxury or two So he found accomodation in a vacant public loo

A public loo just wouldn't do at all
To spend the night just sitting by yourself inside a
stall
Inside a stall about the size of Tutankhamen's tomb
That Pat would pull his teeth if he in turn could get
a room

That Pat had had to think an awful lot
He thought the kinda thoughts I sorta think he
shoulda thought
He thought, as readers read the rhyming rhymes
that rhymers do
He think he thank he thunk he thought, I think he
thought it through

He thought until his brain began to pain
To think of spending hours in a smelly salle de bain
A salle de bain was not where Pat was bound to lay
his hat
He hadn't had a hat to lay and that was just a fact

He thought about a stairwell with a floor
A stairwell that he knew yet never knew he knew
before
That is, he never knew he knew because he had
forgot
Now when he weighed his options out, he knew he
had a lot

He scoffed at reading write-ups in the Star
Of beggars, bums and beaurocrats asleep in someones car
A car! And Pat, an amateur had so much more than
that
And lay there in the stairwell, that was that 'cos that
was that.

Pat Hamilton

WHEN

When I met him
I liked him
When I liked him
I loved him
When I loved him
I let him
When I let him
I lost him.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

A SONG FOR SARAH

Five years ago on Saturday I promised to be true And I want you to know, my friend The love I have for you. Deeper than the snow in winter Fresher than the rains of spring Hotter than the sun of summer My love wants to make me sing. The music for it is my soul The tune both new and old At times it leaves me craven, wild, And other times quite bold. Remember with a rose and wine I said my love would never end? l entreat you to read this - please -My dearest, bestest friend.

PLEASE - REMEMBER RANDY.

OF MUSICIANS AND MATH

Smoothly curved, a planar fate
The music reaches, and breaches, the gate
The rill and rift beyond the ken
Of all of us - the mortal men.
We, in desperation, seek
The strong of limb - the swift and sleek
And gently, oh so gently lay
Our souls within the strings we play.
The quest for immortality
The rule of our inequity
Pondering a massive weight
Wiping clean our selfless slate
And drawing, in its stead, the swerve
Of planar fate from a smooth curve.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

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