

Shields

There she sits and frowns,
Studying books with expression intent;
There she hides within her shell,
Holding emotions locked inside.

There she talks with her friends,
Suppressing words of true meaning;
There she broods on life itself,
Wondering why she is alone.

There she withdraws from another's advance,
Running away from taking a chance;
There she shuns a gentle approach,
Biting off friendly words.

There she ponders life's pitfalls,
Hiding within her solid walls;
There she waits for someone,
Sending away all the rest.

Steve Boyko

On a Window

2:14...37, 38, 39...
My heart beats. Monotonous.
It keeps step with the rain.
Tears stain my pale face.
Your name, etched in stone,
Disappears.
A warm breath uncovers what was lost.
Only to become hidden among nothing.
The rain still falls...silence.
2:16...42, 43, 44...
The world seems motionless.
Alas, a shooting star...forever now lost.
The stars still burn.
Hoping one day we will find our way.

'C'

Why does the dog look out of the window?

Why does the dog look out of the window
long and expectantly?
Why does he look at the snow?
How can that garden of blankness
have meaning for dog?
Can he remember the spring
and the summer
and know of their coming again
(keep in his memory
the sniff of the earth and the leaves)?
Why does he start
at that blanket of whiteness
and quiver from ears to his tail?
Is he aware of dog future and past
or only the sight from his window
vacant and empty as Arctic at midnight?
In the day of the dog
does he remember think or
anticipate or only exist for the now?

Why? Why does he stare?
What does he see?
No creatures for pouncing
no friend to go wild with
no trespassers marking his trees:
nothing but whiteness
more whiteness falling
and still he continues to stare
transfixed at the window
(the great picture window)
and shivers with what's on his mind.

He moves ever nearer
with nostrils pushed up on the glass
snoofing two circles like great foggy eyes
staring and staring
trembling (with what?)
ready to spring
when the red flag is lowered:

till then he watches
and fills all his waiting time
barking and barking and barking.

Pamela J. Fulton

True

The deep tingle of warm
comes in like a storm.
Only the void can feel,
if it is real.

It's just. No hate.
It's just. No lust.
It's just the extreme,
balanced in between.
Being aware
and bewildered.

The getting and the giving,
the conscious state of living.

The mind floats so softly, so high;
drifting like pillowy clouds in the sky.
But the feet are on earth,
and what's felt is self worth.
I like who I see; you.
I like what I feel; true.

Kevin Kincaid

A Mona Lisa

The lights now go up on Main Street
As the characters that their places,
Awaiting the cue for the night production to begin.
The red dress women take their bottles are now front and center.
Down a narrow alley filled with debris
A small child suppresses her tears with a low sob.
Her blackened face becomes smeared as a tear streaks
Down her fragile cheeks and onto the dim alley ground.
Her cardboard walls protect her fro the night.

'C'

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NEW TALENT '92

UNB/STU Creative Arts is pleased to announce **NEW TALENT '92**, the annual competition for original works of art by students at UNB(F) and STU. Prizes will be awarded in the following categories:

- I Visual Arts painting, drawing, prints, sculpture, photography, fabric arts
- II Poetry poem or group of poems (max. 150 lines)
- III Music score or recorded cassette (max. 5 min.)
- IV Short Fiction short story (max. 2500 words)

Full-time students at UNB(F) and STU are eligible to enter. Entries must be submitted to Marie Maltais at the Art Centre, Memorial Hall, by **5:00 p.m. on Friday, February 28, 1992**. Visual entries must be ready for display; poems and short fiction must be typed.

A reception will be held at **4 p.m. on Friday, March 13, 1992** in Memorial Hall, at which time prizes will be awarded and winning entries exhibited/read/performed. These entries will be on display in Memorial Hall from March 13 to April 1, 1992.

For more information, contact Prof. Joseph McKenzie (453-4584) or Marie Maltais (453-4623)

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