



Distractions

it's something e

Used

Do you know I use you?
as we sit here, alone.
I use your body like a mold.

Smearing the plasticene ideas
around the curves of your jeans
and wears out tee-shirt.

You hold your guitar like a wound
rocking back and forth,
nursing the angst of a generation.

A self-taught pain,
your fingers move along the strings
speaking of what you won't

And I listen for the emotion
that you say is there,
but your fingers fumble in the dark.

Swear and start again,
you blame your strings,
but I blame the plasticene.

-Catherine Ahern

The Lineage by Dan Lukiv

Assyrian jaw-hooks:
For prisoners,
To take them "home,"
As if reeling in fish.

This was a march of joy,
Shared by heirs of
Egypt, Babylon,
And Christian - burning
Romans.

This was the victory -
march
The slave - parade,
The image of Nimrod - -

A day for wine
And roasted flesh
and laughter.

This was the day that
Samson lost his eyes,
And the Waldenses
Lost their blood.

This was the day that
Someone shot an arrow
Through some man's liver.

Cratered Mind

In silent pain
no longer felt
but seen
appalling scenes
perverted cruelties
revolting crimes
flesh
rotting beasts
feasting eyes
on helpless
victims

Though this not solely confined
to cratered fields
or barren towns
but in broken minds
distorted in thought
and vision

seeing death
feeling hate
crying

haunted thoughts
vicious longing
for obscene
vulgarity
Victims of this world's
warped

Peterson-
-by
Shiloh

K.U.

I want to walk like the man you let beat you,
mentally abuse, bruise and defeat you.
Maybe then you'd let me fuck you,
Because he's the one fucking you now.

I cut your nails and burned them with mine
Collected your blood and venom in my navel.
Climbed a Cathedral and challenged Christ by your
side,
Swam in a river with an eel as my guide.

I wouldn't fight, strike or retaliate,
Couldn't harm, disarm or violate.
If I had, you'd have let me fuck you,
Because he's the one fucking with you now!

-MURM.

OOPS

So much depends
upon

little brown foot
prints

oozing of squishy
mud

beside the refrigerator.

-by Shiloh Peterson

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EST. 1994
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field

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Men's side college Field risty Men's air contest

4:45pm

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lines

for ICE noon. All own their ult deposit ment entry am wishing elimination

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hired for all, touch ice hockey: s from the e L.B. Gym A.P.

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by the McGill UAA's in St. o cap off the

h finding out hould contact e at 472-9455. e. This year's he following: Mark Bonham, sta Phillips, treasurer; and Relations.

Club

course ill be a at the

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