

## Literary

## Page

Lit. Page Deadline  
Noon Wednesday

## NOD AND SMILE

By Lauchlin Murray

Comical hats could not be more serious. Black adaptations of cowboy hats, black shirts, black hair. Women being so dark when nothing but light shone from their eyes seemed sinful.

Men will never know women like these, boys will always try. They want the men to know them and only let the boys try.

Turning to talk every now and then. What they said was short, well spoken and definitely had to be meaningful; but most importantly went unheard by anyone.

Others spoke at them. They would nod and smile saying little in return. Side by side they stood, she taller by about an inch and a half than her.

Men stayed back and wondered if she would lay taller than her in bed with them. The boys who had just learned to men wondered if they would just nod and smile as they lay beside them in bed.

## THE WAR LORD

Restless in his perverse ambitions  
Opposed his spirit to all admonitions  
Never a care for the common good  
A will disposed to the wildest moods  
Loving himself deeply without reserve  
Demonstrative and selfish, oh such nerve

Wilful he speaks, the habitual lie  
Intent on distruction without a sigh  
Lavish his dreams, wicked his mind  
Savours he glories through he and his  
crime  
Outward sincerity with an inner guile  
No one suspects his mania so wild

Rabid the man who serves the dragon  
Ebullient the dreams that hell is built on  
Anxiety does rule the dwellers in hell  
Gang glorious war lords shall know this  
well  
Ambition so great, inevitably they fall  
Night-marish earthmen, oh how they  
appall

Carol Leach  
Vagabond, Greenwich Villiage

## ABOUT HER

By Lauchlin Murray

She was the friend of a friend. Everything about her was elegance except her hair. Tangled and thin it wiggled around her neck stopping nowhere in particular.

She cared for him very much. Their public display of physical affection was very tender yet erotic. He loved her with every part of his soul, but from experience he'd learned not to show it too strongly.

He knew she would leave him the instant he did. Women like that never would show affection in public with you again; even if they wanted to. They'd learned from their own experiences.

No, she would drift into her close friendship with her buddy. A friendship some people questioned as being unnatural. There wasn't anything unnatural.

She was elegance, except for her hair and so was her friend. Her friend had fine hair that if you touched, she'd not let you know anymore about her.

4<sup>th</sup> Annual Arts

CABARET

Thurs. & Fri.  
Feb. 12 & 13

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~ General Meeting ~

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