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Celebrating 130 Years in Print

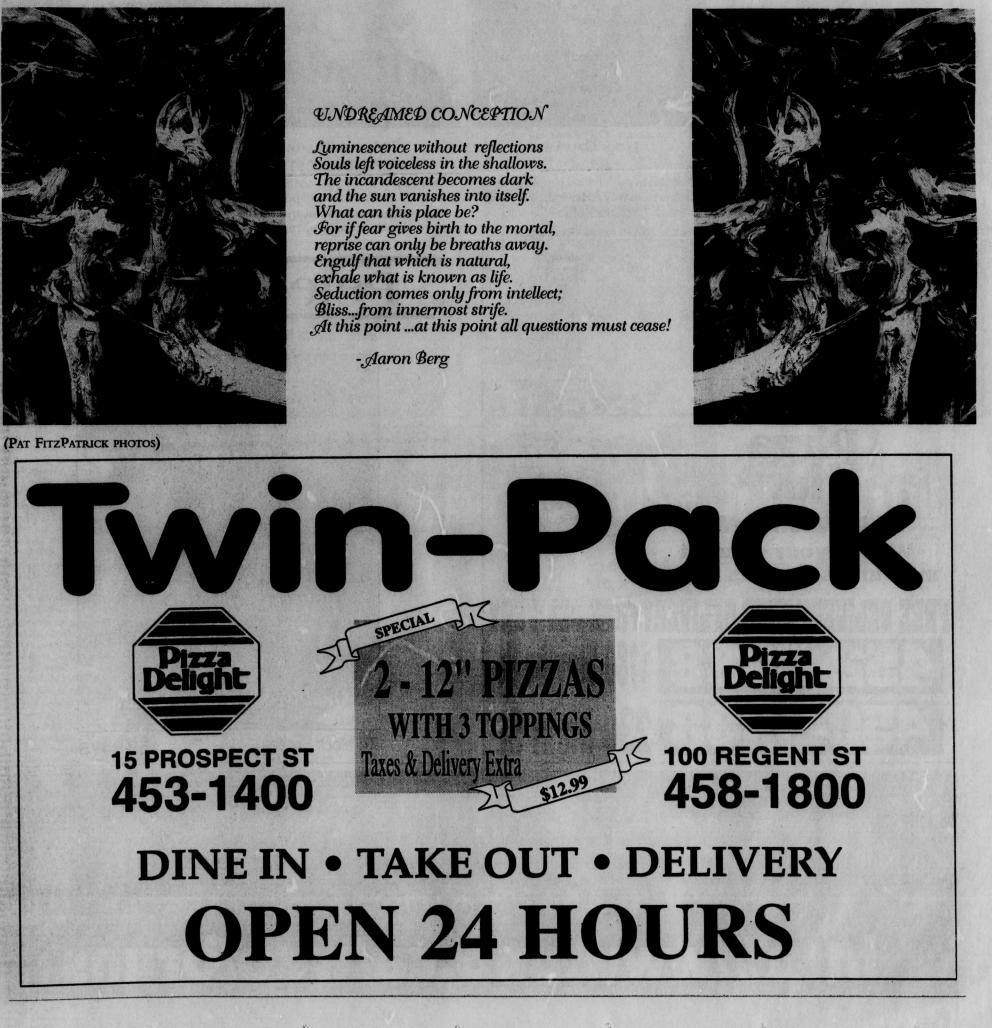
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Distractions it's something else

REFLECTJONS ON A RAJNY DAY JN MY MJND

Troubled waters As black as my soul Crash and flow Over the banks Jn my stream of thought Life's peril Manifestation of fears Coalesces in my conciousness Thunder Claps The lightning flash Silhouettes a man Standing Dressed in black Knee deep in malicious ponderings Staring at nothing Cold rage pelts down Soaking him though He gathers his cloak about him Jn a vain effort To keep out The wind's icy fingers He lights a cigarette And grins Another day.

- Matthew A. Roherty



THE BED:

Jt's absurd, the way you smile, About the way we lose our sight, Of Minerva in the dark, When she says that we've missed, The point, the point of all that's been, Sublime beyond our gaze, that, Rested on the bed, Or pains within our heads

When it's all within the reach, Of stewburns and their wine, Who stutter all the time, About the ideas that we steal, And the way that J feel, When you set upon my eyes, And look right through my head, And sit upon my bed,

- Craig Foye

FALL POEM

Walking downtown in the rain, through leaves that have fallen on the sidewalk. Red, orange, brown and yellow leak into the concrete like a soggy watercolour or a child's picture.

Rain falls on me, a drop of water hangs suspended on the rim of my hood. I hold my tongue out to catch it but I think of pollution and the wonder of the moment is lost.

A tree's branches hover over my path. Leaves reach down to touch me as I pass, or is the tree crying to see her leaves' rot on the ground, her limbs bare against the chill of winter?

The smell of decaying leaves, the humidity of the rain, the shine of the water on the street; these ignite my senses. Then a stranger passes and nods a greeting, Halloween pumpkins smile and wink from a porch and I feel happy.

- Elise Craft



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