



Literary Page

The UNB Forestry Association Executive would like to take this opportunity to thank all those kind souls who helped out at this year's Woodsmen's Competition. First of all, we'd like to thank Duane Chadwick of Moosehead. Without him, there might not have been anyone else to thank!

Gizz & Doug, thanks for your time;
Judges & timers, you did just fine!
To Rick Wightman, who stayed through the night;
and Security, who didn't put up a fight.
With Phil on the skidder, & Kevin with timers,
the whole competition couldn't have been finer.
There were t-shirts to buy, thanks to Sheila & them
And hotdogs & hamburgs from Tom & his men
(& Chantelle)
Rose helped a lot; the class reps were keen;
And a lot of work was done by the
Woodsmen's Team.
Here's to the chief computer-man, Blair,
Who crunched numbers all day in an uncomfor-
table chair.
Sheellaugh compiled, while John Deal proofed,
And through the day not one person goofed.
The set-up & clean-up crews worked into the
night,
having to finish the job using headlights.
Thanks to Arnold Dunphy & Fred for their ex-
pertise;
their porter & skidder really put things at ease.
Dave & Laura helped out all day,
While Spiker bucked wood in a marvelous way.
Thanks to Carol and Marsha for their great P.R.;
and to Chris & Gilbert who handled the bar.
Brenda, we thank you with all of our heart;
you kept the "Chez Joe's" tradition from falling
apart.
Thanks to the secretaries, who typed through
the day,
& to the F.E.'s, for their equipment display.
Last but not least, thanks to the chairman and
acting Dean,
your cooperation was much appreciated by the
F.A. & Woodmen's Team.

PAUL, NEIL, KRISTA

Just jump in with fever cracked
grangey alley cat puss lips of fever swept
big surf big fever surf and dizzy
swell big big swell and dizzy
would like to catch it oh net it
haul er in lay er out on paper
like good weed stone it flashes then goes
but don't go fast enough
and nothin really come of it but
feelin better

that's a good way to know you're living
when you have trouble breathing
drop sinutab and sleep better
know you're livin by the quality
of your sleep

G. L. Waite

Smoked

So hard to forget those bloody days;
not the causes, not the reasons,
just the awful blinding haze
just the gunsmoke and the screaming.

In this bar
smoke thickens on my skin
I feel death in my throat
out bawling the din of guitars
and thumping bass and drum
dizzying the dancers who whirl
indiscernible from the flashing colour
of the video scream.

In the city smoke hides the sun;
I scream above the boom of guns.
Chemical poisoning crawls on our skins
peeling thin layers leaving sores.
Tear gas rips across our lungs, then begins
to soften our souls because we asked for more
Screaming voices dart through the white
fog of stinging heat pleading for the night.

In this bar
I think of tomorrow's clear day
thoughts forgotten in sober sour dawn,
but the smell of smoke still clings
tight fingers on my throat;
the haze covering all
as I dream a beer induced holocaust.

Kwame Dawes

Fat Bennet O'Brian Explores the Inter- tidal Zone

Bennet by the water's edge watched
a great black-backed gull,
big as an eagle,
pluck a sea urchin from the rocks
and winging madly race the angry flock
to a grassy knoll.

When, wheezing fatly, at last he
lurched and stumbled up,
he found the hilltop
(after the seagulls, wrathfully,
had left) strewn with signs of their butchery,
glistening and wet.

O who has plumbed the depths of death
deeper than Bennett,
solemn fat Hamlet
hunkered down with a broken test
held pensively in his paw like the head
of his poor Yorick?

RANDY CAMPBELL