

DISTRACTIONS

Deadline : Tuesday noon

MIND INHABITANTS

mind inhabitants survive
yet i wonder why
i tell the truth to myself
taking it from the shelf
facing realities in lament
sometimes i fell the need to repent
strangely i admire your beauty
looking at you entirely sanely
mind inhabitants survive
trying to tell me lies

mind inhabitants survive
i dream of future life
truly white lies proceed from me
i'm still not sure of what i see
i am concerned for us
yet much less so than Jesus
mind inhabitants survive
taking me by surprise

mind inhabitants survive
i dream of future life
i hope never to fall victim
yet i seem to follow the system
i fall as dead upon the floor
as soon as i close my room's door
all alone, crying, but alive
mind inhabitants survive

mind inhabitants survive
continuing telling me lies
i listen in surprise
as mind inhabitants survive

Jason Richard

By the rushing stream
the answers don't come
From the birds in the trees
consolations don't hum

The whispering leaves
speak not of advise
nor the trees as they heave
So I turn to the skies

In their clouded dance
I see wind move the sky
Fusion in trance
as dusk is burnt by

"But the flames are illusions
figments of mind
biased conclusions"
spoke a voice from inside

When our doubts guide our eyes
When we see what we feel
They very fears we deny
make our doubts become real

P.J.

Spike

Twisting, Yearning,
About to Explode.
A Slap, A Caress,
Something, Anything.
Every Nerve Vibrating,
Pulsating with
Crystalline Sensation.
A Single Stroke
Into Waves of
Miraculous Ecstasy.

Scenes of Life (II)

Older now, you stagger down the sand
Under bones that seem too weak to stand
Tramping out a path at your command

Tremble in the ever-haunting fear
Hoping that they never find you here
Ever-groping for your battle-spear

Old is stone that overhangs the sea
Casting off its broken flakes of skin
Elder men are old to you or me
All things, though, have more antiquity
Never showing, holding age within
Sherry A. Morin

A Moonlight Dream

by Mark Ireland

I, wistful on the moon
Impaled upon its dimlit glare
Am silent
And you
Listless beneath the sun
Like golden statue sit
In time's distant recluse of elsewhere

Ojåla
That you were on the moon
Crazed sun a lucid dream
And I
Entwined with the robe of night
intrigued
Receiving of your gift.
Your lover's sacrifice!

She Loves Me...**To Her, my unbelieving cryptographer**

Unlike myself,
I loved you.
The daisy's last petal
Fell to feathered earth
And such a lust
Sprang from its hidden seed
That my love grew
In its breath.
You will love me
In some tomorrow,
When the rainbow's died colors
Run in rivulets
Across a raw sky,
Pulsating,
Like a lamb's heart,
Or a numbed Petrarchan mind
Finding the unfounded reasons
That glue my madness
To your passion,
I love you,
And the petals telling me
That you will love me too.

Jason Meldrum

Awake

Awake my child for the day has begun
The Sun gleams upon the morning dew
There is much to be said
there is much to be done
Oh how can I live in a world
without pity, forgiveness and remorse?
So the story goes...
Tuhin Pal

South & Central American Computer Language

PROCEDURE SouthCentralNorthAmerica (VENEZUELA, JAMAICA, UNB) ;

CONSTANTS

Went , Should , Stay , Campus ;

VARIABLES

Jaime , VENEZUELA ;

Joslyn , JAMAICA ;

Both , UNB ;

BEGIN

If Jaime Went TO VENEZUELA

THEN

BEGIN

Joslyn Should GOTO JAMAICA ;

PRINTS ("BUY TICKET TO :", JAMAICA) ;

END ;

ELSE

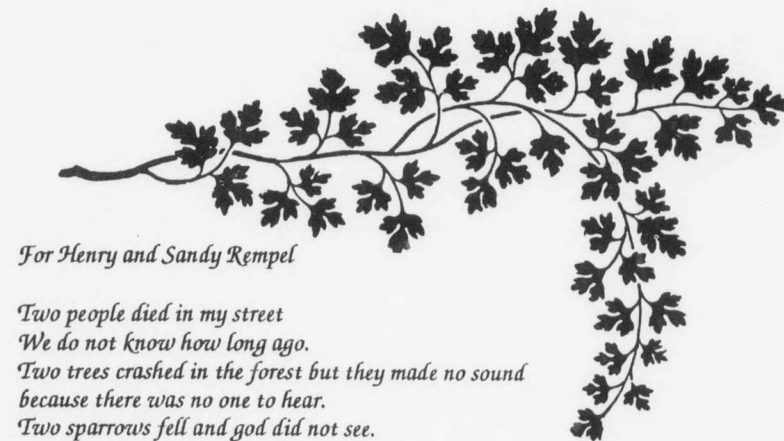
BEGIN

Both Stay ON Campus ;

PRINT ("NEVER GET OUT OF : ", UNB) ;

END ;

END .

*For Henry and Sandy Rempel*

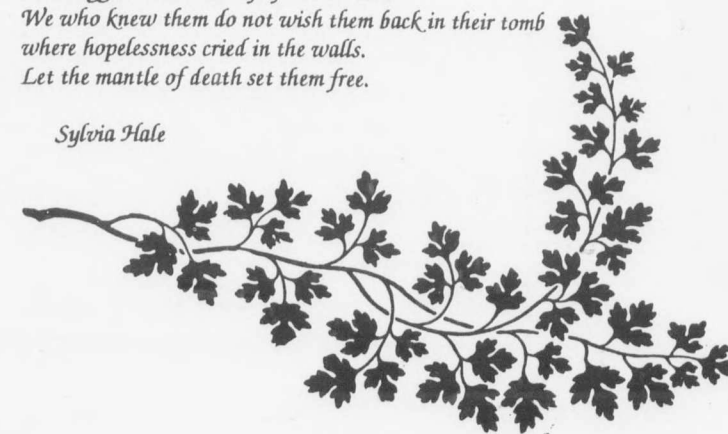
Two people died in my street
We do not know how long ago.
Two trees crashed in the forest but they made no sound
because there was no one to hear.
Two sparrows fell and god did not see.

They were two fragile people
for whom the crushing mundaneness
of everyday life had become too much to bear.
They chose to withdraw to themselves, closed their curtains to hide from the pain.

We knew them in better times
as Henry and Sandy Rempel:
Sandy who wrote poetry and planned children's books;
Henry, the cynic, loved music
and chose stereo systems for me.

Two who cared for each other,
who hugged their cats safe from the cold.
We who knew them do not wish them back in their tomb
where hopelessness cried in the walls.
Let the mantle of death set them free.

Sylvia Hale

Georges KARAM
Dept. of CS