

## Waiting for Dawn

Alone in the mist.  
Waste deep in sea water.  
A roost for the able gull.  
Waiting for Dawn.  
Sudden, unexpected, longed-for,  
Sunshine wrapped around  
crying.  
A little part of me  
dying.  
As Sunshine bleeds me,  
then leaves me.  
Water level higher.  
Chill in my bones.  
Salt seeping in.  
Alone in the mist,  
waiting for Dawn.

—Paul John Pearson

## September

In the valley the trees have burst into sunset,  
Emblazoned across the silver air,  
Surging flame into the deep sky—  
And I, a solitary wondering cyclist,  
A breath of wind, purring over the pavement,  
Whispering the dead leaves aside.

What have I given that I should be poised,  
In a still swiftness, upon the pure moment,  
Clean-cleaving the well of afternoon,  
Swept through the whirl of a shower of gold?  
Leaves of aspen like flakes of sunlight  
Stir with my passage, and dogwood flares  
On the hillcrests, and the day parts before  
me.

Although the stolid shadow of the pines  
Is edged with white, and the brittle drifts  
Rust secretly into the cold beneath,  
The leaving is hurled upwards like a beacon:  
It smites the sky, and rings, and burns  
Like the lifting of some ancient story,  
Fire-music, or a streak of steel —

Even in dying there may be glory.

—Yin Liu 1989

## Chalk Lines of Snow

We are those  
who ponder and moan  
the grey and drizzle from the sky  
and wonder why  
wonder why  
the drops keep crashing

Where is a smile  
to splash through the sidewalk slush  
this autumn morning  
mourning  
upon the cement and scream of boots

Let us walk from the bus stop  
strolling through the wet to class  
then sit depressed  
staring at the professor's notes  
the chalk lines we need to know  
the chalk lines written like snow  
descending on the blackboard wall

A cold wind blows upon the intellect  
the winter soon to come  
blinding the sun  
blinding the sun  
eyes that close  
sleeping the class away

Dreams must endure  
the fall of midterm tests  
then winter distress  
the arctic cold of approaching exams

But after that frost and icy sleep  
chalk lines shall resolve into livingroom fires  
we shall share the holiday warmth  
the joy of Christmas

—Michael Shane Lambert

## Answering Nietzsche

"What is love? What is creation? What is a  
star?" thus asks the last man, and he blinks."

blink,  
and you'll miss the last man  
let him love thy neighbour  
create a neighbour  
to rub against (rub thy neighbour)  
the wrong way  
blink,  
and you'll kiss him star-crossed lovers  
can you create a loving star  
(without blinking?)  
(without winking?)  
you should always wear a rubber  
could a star dance with your  
lover  
or is it loving a star  
dancing  
that makes you think rubs you wrong  
makes me  
miss you  
already my star  
miss my neighbours dancing  
unless you ask first  
do you create your chances?  
what's the blinking question?  
answer me man  
at l(e)ast!

—Jonathan Wiseman

## Pissonet

### (Not A Sonnet)

All night my study lamp has burned bright,  
As in the great Bard's pages have I went.  
And out of my own era I have got,  
to that place where—ameters are all pent.

But glad I am, for in this fabled land  
Grey death and time o'er man can hold no  
sway,  
For Shakespeare's works, as he had rightly  
planned,  
Forever live, and bring eternal day.

So when, to my own world I come again,  
Where Poetry is less in vogue than Spam,  
In verse I'll strive to glean my teeming brain;  
My creed will be: I think, therefore iamb.

—Tom Wharton

## MAJOR

important

## READ OR READING

to read someone is to  
tell them off; to give someone a reading  
session means to tell them  
off in a major way.

## DOPE

fresh

## OVERDONE

beyond done

## TIRED

old news; been done before  
(That magazine is tired)

## BLINDING

overdone (i.e. Liberace)

## HYPE

another word for fresh  
(Those shoes are hype)



DEWEY'S

Mon.-Sat. Deli 7:30-7:30  
HUB Mall Bar 3:00-1:00