



Womb

Again, I wake in twilight's womb,
Wait bedside for patient dawn,
As a swirling wash of fire and blood
Spreads as semen over beasts and trees.
With idly dripping eyes, I watch
Night labour, molding colors, forms,
Until another fresh, new sky
Is birthed, and crawls all over me.

Last night's dream was the strangest. Nietzsche
Stood on a mountain, laughing at me,
As Camus stood beside, with a sign that read, "Wise,"
Selling boulders for rolling, "To make you all happy!"
Below them the Pope had just struck my doctor,
Who curled up in fluid, and floated off, dripping,
Smacked! - into the face of my very best friend,
Who choked, stopped, cried, and said nothing,
But gave me a hug and the unfeeling zygote -
It must be unfeeling, it said so itself.
And I screamed and I dropped it. A nurse ran by, took it,
Flashed a stone smile, cast it on a shelf.
And I punched her to her obscenely bright whites,
Hit her again, and broke her stone smile,
Grabbed the dripping little doctor,
Bought my own boulder, and started to climb.
From left and from right came words shot from rifles,
The left adding "s" to the other side's "right".
The shots hit the buyers, pushing their boulders,
And few of them made it to the other side.

The night before, I also dreamt -
A simpler dream than I'd had in days:
On the floor of my bedroom, Pluto the dog
And my sock-money broke from their many-years gaze,
Tore the greats of the ages into scraps on the carpet,
Ripped their clear blacks and whites into piles of greys,
Severed the discourse conceived by the Greeks.
"They all know it all and all of it reeks,"
I muttered in waking, resigned not to think.

She tells me to smile, that I shouldn't be bothered,
But each day, I wake to a sky like no other.
This entire past month has flowed like thick liquid-
I'd try to crawl out, but I'm drowning inside it.
"It's not your decision," she said, smiled a bit;
But Christ, if it were, I know I'd do the same.
So I cry every morning, give hugs when she needs them.
I multiply scars where no one can see them.
I watch from my bedside, as night floats away -
There's another new sky, that will die with the day.

Mike Fralic

Reign the Flood

Rain,
It reigned
For far too long.
Claws in uniform
Roam school halls
Kicking little boys
In the balls.
"Blood, blood everywhere
And all our minds did shrink,
Blood, blood everywhere
Nor any thought to drink."
I thought,
But I was not a king
So they were not,
And burned at the stake.
Instead they chose
Ramea and Socrates
To guide them;
Then killed themselves.
So our Madonna took over,
Got pregnant, and naked,
Ignoring the flood.
Jason Meldrum

Charlie's Return

Well Charlie is still dreaming
trying to foresee his fate.
As the little Red-haired girl
has her birthday on the eighth.

So he went to the library
looking for some insight
On the month of April
to get a gift just right.

The flower of the month is the daisy
so it's off to the mall for lunch.
I'll drop into the florist's
and I'll order up a bunch.

But Charlie has this problem
it's childlike innocence.
United with an overwhelming
lack of confidence.

"She loves me, she loves me not"
Strolling in the noonday sun.
Searching for the right result
'till all the petals were gone.

Well, so much for that idea
the flowers are kaput.
But have no fear, Charlie
There is something else a foot.

The red-haired proctor's birthday
falls at a perfect time.
Since it's also "Last class bash"
the parties should be prime.

The entire student body
will see that your not blue
'cause they'll be celebrating
your big day with you.

I'm sure you'll party hearty
and I wish you a great time.
I know you and the parties
will surely be sublime!

So have a Happy Birthday
Since Charlie thinks your cool
and see this bit of poetry
as my creative gift to you!

distractions

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