

LITERARY

If Only

Oh, how I long for the days of yesterday
 When fears were petty
 Responsibilities few
 And the only time important, the now

 But as we grow, so everything else does
 Our fears
 Our responsibilities
 The importance of the future

Leaves Fall

A leaf
 Is never so beautiful
 As just before it falls
 Nor trees so alive
 With burning colour
 Before they're stripped
 To grey

Now dead leaves
 Skitter past me
 Wind-blown up busy streets
 They pause
 In a noon glare
 And I shiver
 At the speckless sky

Geoffrey Brown

As children we take people as we see them
 Not as others see them
 We take life for what it is
 Not what it could be
 And we take love with open arms
 Not a closed mind

We now live with the fear of hurting
 And being hurt
 Caring
 And not being cared for
 Loving and not having it returned

If we could only go back to those days
 Days when we were children at play
 Living only for the moment
 And loving forever

If only...

Christine Payne

MOLLY

(For Hannah, who was 8 when she met Molly)

If I had a dog she'd be just like Molly -
 All soft and curly and warm.
 I'd take her for runs in the spring and summer
 and hug her tight in the storms;
 I'd feed her the best from the bowl and table
 and buns she'd nudge off the bench;
 I'd bath her and brush her
 like silk - by the fire
 and love her in English and French.

We'd slip down the cliff in the misty mornings
 to race along the beach
 and use my sock for a ball and tussle
 and dive in the grass after things that rustle; and
 she'd bring back sticks - even though I threw them
 way beyond her reach.

When the tide goes low in the glinting sun
 and the water's ankle high
 we'd wade way out where the grey gulls stand
 with their red feet firm on the rippling sand
 and we'd splash like mad in the sea. . .

If I had a dog she'd be just like Molly
 and I'd love her more than me.

Pamela J. Fulton

The Runner in the Shadow (Berlin, 1936)

A runner in the shadow
 of a might-stroked hell
 Where Moses, his crook
 and Jesus Christ fell;
 (The thunder of those wings of night
 was caught a runner in his sight)

Overshining evil
 nodded in the stands
 the horn was down
 the runner dark
 with power in his hands;

The Death Cap and the air
 of black
 shone reclining at his back

A crowd had gathered,
 stones prepared
 but down on dying Hitler glared.

All his grinding armies
 could not stay the feet of God,
 the Runner in the Shadow
 was with Eden shod.

David S. Gorham



SKI DAY
 UNB/STU SKI CLUB

St. Patrick's Ski Day

March 17th 1990

Contact Greg Harquail 459-0496

\$32.00: transportation/lift ticket/rental

\$17.00: transportation & lift ticket

Ski from 9:30 - 4:30

Depart 8:30 a.m. from SUB (main entrance)

Door Prizes (raffle)

Tickets on sale at STUDENT UNION OFFICE