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

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

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

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

MOLLY

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

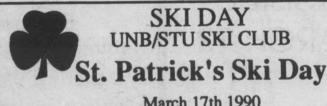
If I had a dog she'd be just like Molly -All soft and curly and warm. I'd take her for runs in the spring and summer and hug her tight in the storms; I'd feed her the best from the bowl and table and buns she'd nudge off the bench; I'd bath her and brush her like silk - by the fire and love her in English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



March 17th 1990

Contact Greg Harquail 459-0496

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