

Exam

Thur Dec 13
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Distractions

Distractions Deadline: Tues noon, Rm. 35, SUB
 Editor: Jayde Mockler

Who was Juan Fernandez Anyway?

Robinson Crusoe
 didn't mean to do so
 but found himself stranded
 on a tropical isle;
 he fought isolation
 and fought off the weather
 and when he was reaching
 the end of his tether
 he saw Man Friday
 and cried "It's my day!"
 and followed his steps
 in the shimmering sand

Friday was friendly
 and knew all the ropes;
 he was company for Robinson
 and buoyed up his hopes
 but while Crusoe's talk
 he could not understand,
 he was willing and eager
 to lend him a hand

They hunted wild goats
 for their meat and their coats
 which is fine for the desperate
 but quite out of style.
 As they learned how to cope
 there was plenty of scope
 so they both settled in
 for a very long while

when life is elastic
 and plans are fantastic
 you have to get by
 on your wit and your guile.
 Chance may enhance you
 and fortune advance if
 you stick to your goal
 with a confident smile

Today and tomorrow
 roll onward for ever;
 your rescue may come -
 or your rescue may never.
 This moment is yours;
 You have nothing to lose, so
 follow the footsteps
 of Robinson Crusoe

Pamela J. Fulton

Poor Souls are alright
 Rich Assholes Burn Bright
 people are Funny
 Almost like honey
 It's because of the money
 Birds are free
 So are you and me
 Faces carry it all
 Maybe it's in your belly
 It's sure not in shopping malls

Jimpy

Sad September

*A billion hearts beating
 Trumpet roar of life in flight
 An overwhelming thing
 A beautiful thing
 A dangerous thing
 Walking restless demons*

*Who shoot the darkening sky
 And bleed our mothers dry
 Bringing down her red rain*

*Until they find another war
 On some foreign shore
 But here the battle's ended*

*With a dying echo
 In a tiny prison cell
 One last flutter
 Begins September
 And it's over
 it's so over*

*Here in latter days
 Staring at a dusty case
 No flapping sound save for pages*

*This silence is an obscene thing
 This silence lasts forever
 Dangling in the air
 Like a dead man
 On the gallows
 Memory of sad September*

*Loathsome power untamed
 which leaves us only names
 And lifeless words on pages*

*Call it blood-lust
 Call it thamatos
 Call it something clever
 It is no god's decree
 It's a greed-spawned madness
 Cursing all we ever do
 Time isn't making sense
 Add up the evidence
 These days September comes too often*

Much too often...

Geoffrey Brown

Coming of Age

The kitten fritters away her time
 chases leaves and shadows,
 skitters after her own tail,
 but when the shadows shriek
 and the leaf screams for its life
 then we know that
 the skittering and frittering are over
 - childhood has ended

Ann Passmore

Things they Never Taught us

They never taught us how to throw
 Our weight around in school:
 To dole detentions out, be tough
 And not be made the fool.

They never told us what to do
 To make the room look bright:
 To buy our tape and potted plants;
 (To bill would not be right)

To take the flak on parent night;
 And how to break up fights;
 To stay aloof when union's strike
 And stand up for our rights;

To operate the Xerox
 When the auto-feed is blinking
 And take wide berth of certain staff
 Not of our way of thinking;

To follow up on paper work
 and get the numbers right;
 To plan each unit step by step
 By staying up half the night;

And how to deal with students
 Who keep rocking on their chairs
 or drum the desk or hum in class
 or never keep in pairs

Or how to deal with punching
 Or calling out of turn
 Or throwing spitballs distances
 That fame is sure to earn

They never taught alacrity
 In spotting top ring-leaders
 or those who cheat or pass the notes
 Or are the secret feeders.

No. They taught us how to lecture
 And how to be deductive
 In getting what they didn't know
 From them. Now that's instructive!

They taught the way it should be done
 As in a model world;
 But we are in the Nineties
 And to teenagers are hurled.

We're sent as well prepared
 As it is possible to be
 With theory and with wisdom
 And with winks of "Wait and See!"

But nothing can prepare us
 For our practicum as well
 As leap into the Lion's Den
 Of those we've come to quell

Pamela J. Fulton

No diet will remove all the fat from your body because the brain is entirely fat. Without a brain you might look good but all you could do is run for public office.

Covert Bailey