

POETRY

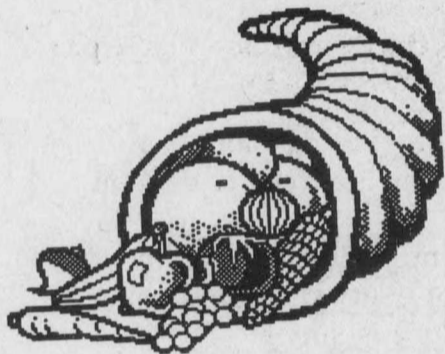
A Dark Night

The yellow gleam of his eyes watches the winding path. Lesser creatures flee before him, trembling at his very sound, knowing his deadly might. The beast has journeyed far today, and profited much, but now he yearns for home. He is tired; his members are numb, his mind is weary. Still he forces himself to press on at his proud pace, though his sense of caution is failing.

Fatigue is his bane. He does not see the eyes that glare back at him, he cannot alter his path. Their encounter is brief, their battle is furious. Both lie maimed, but it is the tired beast who suffers the gravest loss. Torn and battered, one of its members lies dead amongst the carnage.

Far away, a teardrop falls for the girl who was that member.

Michel Royer



Time and Time Again

Isn't it strange
what feelings
can arise from
a simple glance
across
a crowded room through
smokey haze and
bright lights
when you
feel your stomach
flip in the old
familiar way and
sense your
heart beating faster
and faster
and by the time
you get
the nerve to
glance up again
his gaze is
shifted the other way
and he
speaks to her and you
feel your stomach
sink in the old
familiar way and
sense your
heart breaking more
and more 'til
finally you leave but
you know you shall
continue this futile charade
next time and forever...

S.

bird of Paradise,
I hold you in my hand
as I stand
only on one mind.
your voice,
the cry for love
is smothered
beneath
a falling star
screaming
into the night.

Veronica Smith



RAINBOW GLASS PRINT

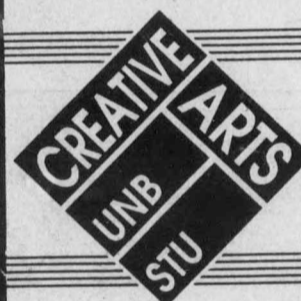
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While Fate Laughs

Like fools we wait
standing in the smokey haze
among the crowds
the waitress passes
but we decline
we must be in control
In control! It makes fate laugh!
at these mindless bodies
to waste such time
in such a charade
is ridiculous
so fate laughs
he tricks us
and in the end
he hurts us
but we continue to disillusion ourselves
with restraint and control
while fate plays with our minds
and we wait
standing in the smokey haze
like fools.

S.



PRESENTS

PETER ARNOTT

CLASSICAL MARIONETTE THEATRE

THE BACCHAE

BY EURIPIDES

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1989

8:00 P.M.

MEMORIAL HALL

Adults /\$8 Seniors /\$6 Students /\$2

Tickets: Art Centre, Memorial Hall 453-4623