

Literary Page **ACTION**

THE FINAL CHAPTER: FEAR OF DEATH

If we do deeds which, in our hearts,
we feel to be truly beautiful, we will find happiness. It is not
what life can do for us, it is what we can do for life. You
don't hurt the ones you love, the ones you love hurt
themselves. Shed tears for the ones you love.

Signed,

One who knows nothing.

Why Are We Here?

The great river of being
Finds its fast flowing birth
In a lofty mountainous spring,
And from there it sets out upon the earth.

At first narrowly it races towards its aim
and the answers to lifes many questions
Thus in youth it is that men gain
A desire for depth of perception.

Indeed as the stream of life flows down hill
New depth and breath of insight
Are added to aging rill,
As may tributaries dump the burden of wisdoms
weight.

The more aged and knowledgeable the river
becomes;
The more apparent is the insignificance of its questions
And soon the old river meanders and succumbs
To a loss of momentum and the final realization.

The only way to solve life's riddle
Is to go to meet the sea
Where its journey will prove little,
If death is all it sees.

Michael Finnemore

"Understanding"

When the final shot is fired
and man has breathed his last.
Death shall wrap its wings
around this naked earth.
And we will cry no more.
Then, and only then,
shall we understand life.
The essence of which,
we have wasted.

Jay Elbee



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"Wonder in the Night"

I sit and wonder in the night.
Of sleep, oh yes I've tried.
But from within a cry does ring
And so...
I sit and wonder in the night.

I sit and slowly do I write.
My mind reels: why must I try?
But from within my thoughts break
And so
I sit and slowly do I write.

The songs of life fly from my pen.
Their chimes, a world to mend.
My mind; to soothe its tired
and broken rhyme.
My hand; I look to it for rest.
But in the ink,
questions do I find,
and soon am lost in flight
and so...
I sit...
And wonder in the night.

Jay Elbec

Way down under
where the grass grows green
the cat sat on the sewing machine
the sewing machine
was going so fast
that 49 stitches
sewed up the cats ass



In the deepest dark of the night
I dream of arms that hold me tight
Love abound, Truth prevails
The shining knight of fairy tales.

Try as I might, he has no face
Nor any features I can place
But grey-green eyes that sparkle and shine
A better friend I'll never find.

Things once wished that could be had
Too much laughter to be sad
Time is too short to live in regret
He's definately someone I'll never forget.

Perhaps one day, my feelings I'll share
Gather the "nerve" to tell him I care
If that day never comes and he is gone
The comfort of friendship forever lives on.

LaVonna Lawrence

DEAR LOVER....

A morning blooms.
There is something forgotten
in the dream of a night passed away.
I thought that I saw
a realized nightmare
hiding far away in the shadows.

There used to be love,
a love so well concealed
that is now so frighteningly obvious.
Questions fill me while
fear takes over my life
I'm asking why you torment me so.

Screaming cries fill night,
day is no longer tolerable,
give me a chance at something new
Nightmares aren't ever substitutes
for what will happen every long day
Somebody give it a name!

Place my troubled life
in some other's hands,
I never planned to give it all away.
Biting my tongue hard
until comes bitter blood,
There's nothing left to speak of.

All that I want is a tombstone.

Jessica

"The Dread"

The sting of light
and colors through the night.
Our shadows fade
and our fear dies.
While the dread lives
And cries anew.
We are the light
And the truth is found
in our direction.
Don't be frightened
I am real...
Bless you, my children.

Jay Elbee

