

Distractions

it's something else

Untitled

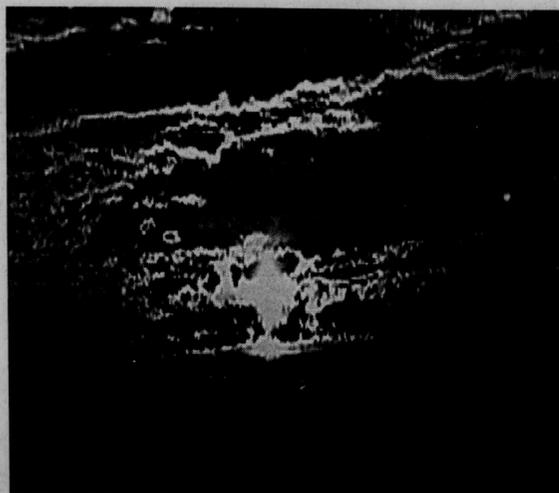
When we meet
We take away part of each other,
Leaving some of ourselves behind
And taking something that will last a life time.

We have the memories
Which link us
No matter how we fight to forge,
But there is happiness
After the tears.

The hurt never really goes away,
But it dulls
And we guard it as a gift
Holding onto the pain
Which is more of a comfort
For the tears soothe the hurt
And we loose ourselves in it.

We are given a gift,
A precious one,
Which we will hold through the years
Calling upon and sharing,
So we are never separated
For we will always hold part of the other
And they will always have part of us.

S.W.



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Sonnet, if you call it

I walk on the wet snow in warm winter
Remembering childhood days in Beijing
Dripping ice from low roofs in early spring
Feed last year's seeds of grass with clear water
Often is earth clad in a biting cold
In winter when ice mounds form on the ground
Around the water source is a compound
Of many houses that are shabby'nd old
Grandma blows air to thaw the window ice
White flakes melt into streams of riverlets
Covering the glass with criss-crossing nets
And she wonders about the baikchoi's price

Those are the days of simple subsistence
Yet much I miss the happy innocence

Alan Yu

The Fifth Beatle

It's too bad we never hear about the people who almost made it. At what point did they realize, 'Hey, I'm never going to be great at anything.' What led them to almost achieving eternal greatness? Did they always aspire to greatness at something they were never designed to do, or were they following their parents dreams, then realized that these dreams weren't their own? What was the fifth Beatle thinking when he saw his band rising to eternal fame without him? And what did the people do afterwards? Did they kill themselves or use drugs until they died, or were they able to accept their fate with grace and move on? There should be more notice taken of those who didn't quite make it. Notice of those who try and try but fail with tragic beauty like Hamlet as he tried to save his family, or the Bonnie Prince, who came so close to victory, losing only to chance. What is it like to struggle all your life for something and then fail?

I am wondering this because I am realizing that I will never be a great writer. Actually, I doubt I will ever amount to much of a writer at all, let alone one who will be remembered. Not that my position is exactly like these people. I haven't spent my whole life, mostly because I have lived less than a third of it, working to write the Great Novel, or poetry that will be quoted for all eternity. Nor have I worked like these people did before they failed. I have been writing all of my life, but never with the drive or intention to become a writer. Even when I decided I had enough talent and urge to write and to take writing more seriously, I doubt that I ever believed I could make anything out of it. After all, I'm going into Biology. While I think there are many very human impacts on important issues in biology, and many of them worth writing about, were I to try and become a writer, learning details about DNA would not necessarily be the best path.

Nonetheless, I am now actually thinking about not becoming a writer of any meagre importance, let alone great. So now I wonder what to do. The Bonnie Prince became an abusive, repulsive drunkard. I don't think this is exactly the road I am thinking of following. The fifth Beatle died of a brain hemorrhage as a result of a bar brawl and speed so he didn't have much of a choice. The only other thing to do is accept this with grace. Does that mean I give up writing all together? I don't think I could do that if I tried. Even if I never put my hands to a keyboard again, I can't help thinking up elegant ways of putting things and contemplating the intricacies of human relationships which would make good writing material.

Since I don't know what to do about it, it seems that this revelation isn't going to have any impact on my life. Maybe I shouldn't have this epiphany after all, and just give myself some time before I give up on myself. Or I'll have a double whammy, deciding that I am never going to amount to something as a writer, but that I should keep on trying, nonetheless.

Catherine Ahern



AARON MACEACHERN PHOTO

Looking for poems, stories, jokes, comics, pictures, etc. for Distractions. Submit to Room 35 of the SUB or e-mail Bruns@UNB.ca.



University Club

Valentines Day Buffet Lunch

MENU

Caesar Shrimp Salad
Vegetable Pasta Salad
Tossed Garden Salad
Marinated Mushroom Salad
Carved Roast of Beef Au Jus
Chicken in Apple Brandy Sauce
Potatoes and Vegetables
Dessert Table
Coffee or Tea

\$8.00 per person plus tax
Reservations Recommended
call 453-5175



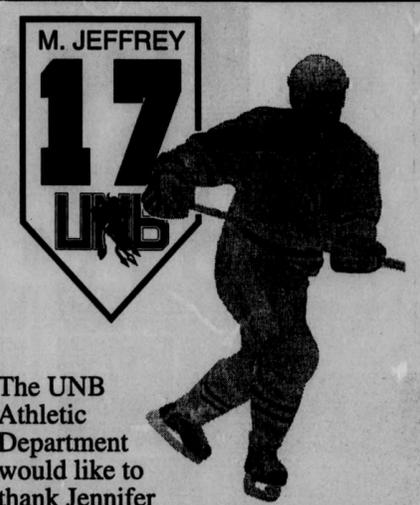
The University of New Brunswick
presents

the 1996-97
**W. C. Desmond Pacey
Memorial Lecture**

*Catastrophe Survived: The Alcestis plays of
Euripides, T. S. Eliot, and Thornton Wilder*
by
Dr. Alexander McKay
Professor Emeritus of Classics and Art History
McMaster University
Hamilton, Ontario

Wednesday, February 12, at 8 p.m.
J. Harper Kent Auditorium
Wu Conference Centre
Fredericton Campus of UNB

Admission is free ~ Reception to follow



The UNB
Athletic
Department
would like to
thank Jennifer
MacDonald, the Varsity Mania committee,
the Residences, and the University and
Fredericton communities for taking part
in the "Mark Jeffrey Memorial Game."
— Thank you for your support. —