

# perchance to dreammmmm?

a smoky web wraps my soul in liquid magic-  
crystal rainbows

hovering above my window  
will shatter if the wind blows too strong:

so take it easy  
go slow  
be content to know  
I'm here

and dreaming of you

be content to know  
the gulls are soaring someplace silver-blue  
the sun is millions of miles from dying at sea—  
I'm here

and dreaming of you

be content to know  
that butterflies lie somewhere sleeping  
and the wind is yet a spirit song  
waiting for the moment to rise in cadence  
to the loving dance—

so take it easy  
go slow  
be content to know  
I'm here

and dreaming of you.

Dawn

Michael

Again he watches the city sleep  
before the yellow dawn  
can probe menacing fingers  
into hollow corners.  
He wonders if the darkness hides  
as many other nameless fears  
that thrive in blackness and confusion  
dreading the morning light.  
You once handed him  
a portion of yourself  
tied up in rainbow ribbons  
amassed in symmetry  
but somehow even that  
was not enough  
to check each creeping dawn.

Nancy

## WALK SOFTLY, NEW LOVE

You've walked into my life  
of peanut butter sandwiches and mouldy beer.  
You are no stranger to me  
but your style is becoming more and more familiar now  
Throughout the days, you peek into my mind  
and I can't keep but smile  
...you are from the happy side of my life.

I can feel that you are getting closer now  
to the threshold of my soul  
[but maybe it's only my vivid imagination]  
and I can't help but warn you  
of what you'll be faced with, Inside

My body is often soft and yielding  
yet my mind is much perturbed  
by past pains, loves and indifferences  
and the joy-pain duality of life  
has often seen me climbing the walls  
of pseudo-sanity.

So walk in, new love, but walk softly  
lest you stumble and trip over my past.  
Hold my hand and comfort me in my need  
for my friends are few and far between.  
And love, if you must, this ricepaper heart of mine.  
But walk softly, new love, walk ever so softly  
...to me.

J. B.

## IN MY HANDS

I carry my life in my hands  
and when I see you, I tremble.  
I tremble and shake all over  
but my hands are steady  
cause I know how you see me  
and I don't have to play a role.

I carry my love in my hands  
and when you kiss me, I melt.  
I melt and go weak all over  
but my hands are strong  
cause I know how you feel for me—  
and loving you makes me whole.

I carry you in my hands  
and when I look in your eyes, I know.  
I know that I am part of you  
and my hands are warm  
cause that is where you lay  
so gentle and close to my soul.

J. B.

I could have removed you  
long ago  
but some Magus unknown to me  
held my hand  
while I slept.  
He showed me the space after Time  
stops.  
I remembered it now  
to gather you unto me—  
come,  
hold my hand  
while I sleep.

Dawn

My brother's keeper.

He walked unnaturally  
as if he longed to run  
on four sturdy limbs  
to some private world  
of belonging.  
The small square head  
was out of place  
on blunt misshapen shoulders.  
Suddenly  
he turned to peer at me  
and in the fraction of a lifetime  
I saw or thought I saw  
a hint of some long-buried knowledge.  
Perhaps it was laughter  
directed at me  
secure in my world  
of well-placed geometrics.  
Was he so different?  
...or am I?

Nancy

from "PreLude and Fugue"

for H [M] H

I knelt on stones  
to tend a weed;  
I nourished it with tears  
and hoped to see an orchid  
greet the sun.

Maurice Spiro

for X

Hurry, Time,  
make hours fly  
and let me be in a moment  
with my precious, little girl;  
but after we have spoken  
look elsewhere, Time,  
and leave untouched  
her honeyed youth.

Maurice Spiro

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