

THE FOREST QUEEN

A graceful silken golden creature danced,
Softly across the dew-strung river glades.
And I, upon a walk, stood there entranced
As the lovely creature rested in the shades.

It glanced from tree to tree and sniffed the breeze
That blew the smell of roses everywhere.
It jumped the thrashing brook with quiet ease,
And seemed at peace with life and free of care.

It wagged its tail and winked its ears in wonder,
While far away the clanging churchbells rang;
Two notes came then across the breeze like thunder
The deer paused briefly, much too late it sprang.

I left my peaceful trance, I gave a start -
Upon the ground that perfect creature lies -
Leaden slivers resting deep within its heart,
Its homeland fading from its frightened eyes.

Now through the forests echo joyful cries!

My trembling body gives a plaintive yell -
My sickened heart contains no words to say.
But they are much too pleased with death to tell,
So I just turn and slowly walk away.

"THE ROCK"

I sit here with my pen
Searching for words to express
The feelings I have within,
But wondering where to begin?
I want to say it differently
These feelings that I have
Wishing, Hoping, Praying that I can.

Like a rock always there
Never changing, a bit weary for the wear.
Always there if needed,
Me - she cared for, comforted, feeded.

Then one day she is gone.
And though you find your life full
Without her it is not the same
And I wish I were a boy again.

Where is that comforting hug?
That warm and soothing voice?
Where is that loving smile,
That lovely, sounding laugh?

Gone will be the rock
Now eroded into the sea
Slowly drifting to the bottom
And you feel so very lost.

You wish she could return
And things would be the same
You wish she could be here,
To feel that comforting hug again.

Most of all you wish to say
That deep within your heart
All that she asked or needed was an
I Love you Mom.

Rick Stewart

NAIVETY

By the oak upon the hill
I heard her say she loved me still
That her love was like the tree
And so would grow eternally.

I loved her then, her mystery,
Her softness and her whispering;
And how soft her words were said,
By the oak that now is dead.

OZONE

Our sun is eating us
heating down our blistery backs
We daily feel the tiny hurt
We daily fear

Our sun is hating us
scraping down sacrificial eyes
We lost our gods to a closer hell
We lost hours ago

Our sun is eating us
beating down our motley skins
Our sun is hating

After the melt
we are new selves in the sun's eye

Full in his face
we are weremen now, but lively

We will be daymen again, but nightly
the mother, a moody mistress
will turn away the sun's starved gaze
as we breathe the dark easily

- John Dempsey

LONELINESS?

Were I but truly lone the wind would cease to blow,
The sea would never swell, the river never flow,
The bees would never sip a scarlet flower's bloom,
The loon would never sing its melancholy tune.

The shade would turn to darkness, the sun would cease to rise,
And I would never think a kiss upon your distant eyes.
And though my loneliness is true, I am not as one,
For I have all these lovely things, and my love is never done.

Ferd

the

By NINA STEWART

Whenever chess players
in smoky clubrooms or
YMCA halls, the chess
flow as freely as the gamb
defenses. On any quiet tal
ing night one is apt to h
story of Ferd and The Dev
they call it, The Story of th
Player with The Fa
Memory.

That Ferd was a chess pla
fact of interest only to
players. What concerns us
he worked in a small book
San Francisco before The



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Art Centre

The Art Centre Gallery i
Memorial Hall has an exhibition
Gift Selections from the UN
Permanent Collection. The Colle
tion consists of about 400 works
art. Many of them were bough
from the Board of Governme
Acquisition Fund, many from th
Lucy Jarvis Fund, and others lik
official portraits, directly fro
University fund. But 189 wor
have been gifts from individual
student organizations, depart
ments, etc.

This selection of 24 works
painting, a drawing and a potte
sculpture - is a small indication
the nature of our collection. T
other may be seen in many plac
about both campuses.

The exhibition was opened
April to be the special Encaer
Exhibition, but since there were
few students to see it then, it h
been held over until Septemb
29th. The Art Centre is open fr
Monday to Friday from 10 to 5, a
on Sunday from 2 to 5.