

Please direct all
submissions of prose,
poetry, drama or literary
reviews to:

Karen Braun,
Literary Editor
The Brunswickan
or drop off at Room
35, SUB.

**Lit page
Deadline
Noon Tuesday**

Dissident

Windswept courtyard,
barren mind,
Denounce, denounce.
Silent march, simple routine.
Liquidate.
All see the devil,
but not the same one.
Who is the devil?
Denounce, denounce,
Terrorist,
Freedom Fighter.
Dissident.
Hero.
They are all the same,
depends on who you listen to.
Bang.
Dead.

Miss You Mum

Sunk in the gloom
Of the darkened room
Curtains drawn
Like before I was born
Wish I could stay
Just like this,
Miss you, Mum.

Thirty-six degrees in here
It's bloody cold outside
Turn out the lights
In my space I will hide
And if the phone rings
I won't answer.
Miss you, Mum.

Richard Thornley

The Model

I am sitting absolutely still
1:43, my foot is falling asleep
Seconds stretch into minutes
of countless hours of still sitting
but, in my imagination

I am treading water in an elevator
making love to a strobe light
hanging in the closet, smothering
in whipping cream, falling to the
ceiling, my flesh dripping from
the ceiling

Breasts exploding psychedelic acrylic
paint on you who paint me. Still life
goes on in deafening silence
echo, echo, echo, 1:48
I am in the desert alone.

Your father is seducing me while
you shave. I am shaving your father
while who is seducing me now and then
and why are you asking me not to smile?

I am turning into photograph, into memory
into, out of you, i am dying like a
firework.

Pink shouldered and arrogant, swallowing pearls
pissing on the street, jumping through a hula
hoop backwards, killing time with a machine gun
eating hard boiled eggs and
waiting

I am cubing myself, saving us from
the pope, the bomb and ourselves
I am a benevolent dictator, a sad
cliche. I am, will, be, what will
I am be, now, never, tomorrow, forever,
now 1:53

Still, I am sitting, absolutely, almost.

Karen Skinner

"August Sixth, 1945"

One day after the dawn of the nuclear age
mankind was haunted and locked in a cage
a sudden shining from a window glass
and Little Boy bursting came to pass
in the maelstrom they fled to the water tanks
with all people now in the warrior's ranks
(with the devil behind on scorching flanks)
the maggots in and the maggots out
curling down where the dying shout
a survivor climbs the noontday heat
the bodies flowing at his feet
and beneath his tattered parasol
the flies seek refuge from the fall.

Stirling Lyons

O.D.

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