29 January, 1988

THE BRUNSWICKAN-11

LITERARY

Reality

As I walk through the wind I think of how it could have been. With money and love, it was all planned. As you get older, it is not that easy, You'll understand.

I thought my life was done. My heart broken; my dreams none. Though those days and dreams have disappeared My life was not quite as I feared.

But now as I'm gray, old and aged Many people have come, but few have stayed. Most dreams have come true but previous ones not Still though, inside me, a broken heart will rot.

- Chris Cassidy

Moonlit Walk

The moon like a flat wafer glides big through black houses set like hills over the jagged graveyard. Your head is saintly in its glow. It glows soft against our faces as silently, we pat our way home; shadows crawling through old tombstones. Distant as bones buried seas apart, we merge only in spirit, for the flesh interred unioined burns in the moon's heart.

- Kwame Dawes



Wandering Soul

Sadness fills the eerie air As the moonlight follows a lonely soul Meandering with aimless ability Unable to consume her heart's desire Holding onto dreams of eternity Forever embraced in passion's fires Fierce Flaring amber in her hair Emerald sparkles dancing in her eyes Soft smooth skin bronzed and fair A true beauty of her own demise Caught between hope and reality Fighting to let go of fantasies Will she ever face the truth or will she dwell in the past Time will tell what choice she'll choose One can only hope for her, time will last.

- Kathy Dines

The Guiding Light

The Future, Stretches, So far ahead. So many bends in the road. Choices, Which way to go. Then, l see you A shining light, Guiding me, Safely home

- Susan Nelson

SCHOONER CAMPUS COMEDY

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Saturday Jan. 30th, 8:00 pm at The Social Club

The Night Is Young!

He Arrives A bit flustered, lts windy outside, The class starts Formulas: Methods Roll around my head. Line It at east Time stretches. l pray for the end ... Slowly his voice, Penetrates my fuzzy brain. l wake up. To see his eyes, Looking at me, Not understanding, How, in all the excitement, l could fall asleep. itse tale born yn belad. real subtraction the Ray

Susan Nelson