

Going to university is like climbing a mountain:
People always slip and fall,
But they start over again
And eventually make it to the top.
Maybe not all in one piece—
But they fet there.
Either that, or they die in the process:
In body, soul and mind.

-S.T.

P O E T P Y

Rose . .
A sweet red
The blossom of
And you shall see
In the mirror
And look now
My love
So dry your eyes
In vain —
Were not shed
Your tears

YOUR TEARS

Slippery
Sliding,

ICE!

I didn't see.

One leg out
One leg under,

I tripped on my cigarette.

Adrenalin
and
fear

Rush to heart and brain.

Get my footing

Adrenalin
and
fear
easing
out,

so relieved
so calm
so smooth
so stoned.

-J.M.

DEATH

The maiden of darkness
Who sees iike an owl,
The mistress of misery
Whose joy is pain.

The Queen of ugliness
Whose beauty is shame,
The prostitute of emptiness
Whose fortune is fame.

The heart of a rock
Whose mind is of clay,
The soul of an intellect
Who thought he was free.

-John Quigley

Thoughts, After

Yeah, you did it again.
Took that stuff. * So
A few hours of crazy patterns, time
Slowed down so that you can almost
Step outside your body and watch yourself;
Then, speeded up so that everything seems
Rushing past you at crazy angles, people
Talking in blurbs, your head
Swimming in a whirlpool of sensory
Fragments. . .spinning so fast that
You instinctively grip the arms of your chair, hoping
That after this rush, you'll feel that gentle leveling, that
Relieving awareness of normality restoring itself.

It levels.

You can feel it. Almost
Like gliding slowly down into the world,
Back to familiar surroundings that were
There all the time. . .but, different, somehow.
You breath easier, talk a bit wearily, but
In longer, more confident, sentences.
You know what you're saying, now. You're
Not sidetracked as easily. A flicking cigarette
Doesn't distract you, now. That same flick that,
An hour earlier, would have turned into
A somersaulting ball of flame.
Not now. You're levelling.
Coming down.

You can feel it in your gut.
That pain is sure, now. (But, hell,
Nothing's pure.) Maybe
It's that pain, nagging, that makes you think.
Your head is still a bit fuzzy, your bowels sore,
Your eyes ache from the light filtering
Through the windows. They're still a bit big.
Sensitive. Your nerves jangle easily.
And you think.

What happened?

Nothing, really. But,
A couple of times, you
Nearly lost your mind, nearly got sucked into that
Whirlpool. But, you knew that
Before you took it. Maybe
That's what you're trying to think about. And
What you might think about
Next time.
After.

-Thomas

