

## Liberation

First toke  
Burns the throat.  
Your lungs rebel against the smoke;  
As convention would have you be.

Yet you continue (push on),  
You wonder if could you be wrong  
Until you hear those Dylan songs.  
Then you know "everybody must get stoned."

Scorned by society  
That knows not liberty;  
Not wanting you to be free.  
Another toke, and you are your own.

Then the climb,  
Leaving the world far behind;  
Seeing it is them that are blind.  
You are Adam choosing knowledge, forbidden.

Society's grip on you is tight.  
You must take this liberating flight;  
The unchained mind escapes to delight (the light).  
Out of that choking grasp.  
Out of that choking grasp.

Mark A. Cunningham

## Evening Mists

Shrouding moist mist, fine sparkling spray,  
Blown by strong evening wind,  
Free as an infant's mind,  
Becomes my breath. I smoke and pay  
My soul to free my spirit in smoke breath,  
The mist, as I mourn my grandfather's death.

Baptized in fire, cleansed clear within,  
Yet winds move mists. For I  
See the way has went by.  
My soul communes with men. I begin  
As mist to speed over the face of the earth  
Asking if I should mourn my father's death.

But the mists rise to heaven's home,  
So I sink and inhale,  
In an idiot's tale  
Am caught. My spirit cannot roam,  
But I rest in peace. I had my Glory  
So none must mourn the end of my story.

Richard Floyd

## Cups and fountains

I've worn from the pilgrimage  
And choked upon the dry, floating earth.  
The pebbles tear at my feet  
Clawing to reduce and bring me to my knees.  
I thirst only to  
Drink from your cup  
And bathe in the fountains.

GARP

## Sincerely

Girl, where are you?  
I wonder.  
You left me groping in the dark  
Bringing me asunder.  
When I look up at the mountains,  
Look out in the valleys  
Look on the seas  
You are gone never to return.  
Wherever you may be  
Remember that someone cares  
Even for a hair strand on you.  
But wishes are not horses  
So my heart is moribund.  
Please come back to me!  
Sincerely, I want you back.

When I look into your eyes  
I see a whole world there.  
Those dark blue eyes of yours  
Conjures currents down my spine.  
Your long dark hair is an inspiration  
To continue this life of misery.  
Your deep soft voice  
Keeps me wondering  
Whether you are not an angel in disguise  
There are times I wish to cry  
For want of your love  
But how can I reach out for you?  
My very soul craves for your love.  
Sincerely, I want you back.

George Ato Eguakun

## The Simplicity of the Muse

How strange it seems  
That on a sunny afternoon, or Monday night  
When rain descends in ceaseless falls  
And seeps down the red brick wall...  
The muses are awake!  
They rove the place with such gall!  
Around the pensive youth  
Alone in the fields, or at the desk;  
Alone and blest!  
And in his head they plop  
A momentous suggestion  
To forsake the crops; forget the test.  
Such silent whispers he cannot tell  
From whence they come, whence they fell.  
So, he busies with ink  
And unto the paper spills  
The genius of a moment!  
But then from the nearby bush  
A sparrow, its wings a flutter;  
Or from the shelf a book must fall...  
And so lost to the world  
Another piece of beautiful art.

Mark Ireland

## The King

Bow with glee  
All of you in front of me,  
My naive jesters  
Herded in this soft-walled castle.  
It has taken much spilled blood  
To get this throne under my reign,  
Blood, innocent blinded blood,  
It washed off my hands so easily,  
Though not off my soul.  
Those outside call me insane  
And in their fear, ignorance is born.  
Ha! No one can understand  
The mind of the sane,  
So how can you judge my ideals?  
You clasped my hands in forced prayer,  
And I pleaded for mercy,  
But me words, seemingly, fell on deaf ears.

Mother,  
Make them see  
Through my own eyes,  
Hot needles knit  
What visions they wish.

Those three,  
They tempted me  
To take the road not taken,  
They pushed me,  
Taunted me,  
Claiming it was destiny.

I followed their prophesy  
Even though they were  
But shadows on the cave's wall;  
Their message was one of greed,  
Of treachery, of power,  
And of self-indulgence;  
But in it I found peace.

The rain has started,  
Its punishing drops will not stop,  
I again seek refuge in my cave,  
The Light at the end of the tunnel  
Is forgotten,  
I face the opposite way,  
I see only the invisibility made in darkness.  
Thank you for my ability to withstand reason,  
For that is the plague of humanity,  
And the cause of all calamity.

Jason Meldrum

## Silent Brotherhood

In the land of the dead  
Quietude is a virtue.  
Even in our world of absolute confusion  
Members of the silent majority  
Enjoy an unusual silence.  
Beneath those well laid tombs  
Can be found a world without barriers.  
Injustice is absent,  
Worries are no more.  
Aids is no more a scary issue.  
The philosophy of categorising  
Inferior and superior races is untenable.  
Members of this sect enjoy one world.  
There is nothing like a First World,  
A Second World, or A Third World.  
Nothing like developed, developing or underdeveloped nations.  
Missiles have no place in this world  
What a wonderful world  
This place will be!  
My ultimate aim is to join this Silent Brotherhood.

George Ato Eguakun



Theatre New Brunswick presents

DOUGLAS CAMPBELL AND INTRODUCING NICU BRANZEA AS JOHN DOLAN

# DRACULA

by Hamilton Deane and John L. Balderston

The Gothic Classic

**SNEAK PREVIEW AT THE PLAYHOUSE**  
NOVEMBER 27, 8:00pm  
Students With ID: \$5.00  
Others: \$7.50  
Tickets on sale now  
Playhouse Box Office  
458-8344

Co-sponsored by

MOOSEHEAD and

