

# Literary Literary Lit. Page

**Lit. Page Deadline  
Noon Wednesday**

## Sad, but true

By BARRY PARKINSON

once upon a time, in a land far across the sea, there lived a young man named mark. mark lived on an island which was always green, since it was also always raining. whenever it rained, mark went to the pub and drank good warm beer. always.

one day, mark decided to do as so many others had done before him and leave the island. packing his bag and kissing his mum good-bye, mark took off across the sea to a really big island, where it was always green or white or brown, because it always rained, snowed or was dry. whenever it rained, snowed or was dry, mark went to the tavern and drank weak cold beer. always.

during one of these drinking sessions, mark had an idea. "i have had an idea", said mark to his friend who was also given to downing beer, either warm or cold, good or weak. "i will start a literary page in the university journal and people from all over the campus will submit their writings to me and i will facilitate the communication of concepts throughout this new land which i have adopted." mark's friend, who had been at the tavern rather too long, stood up and went to the loo.

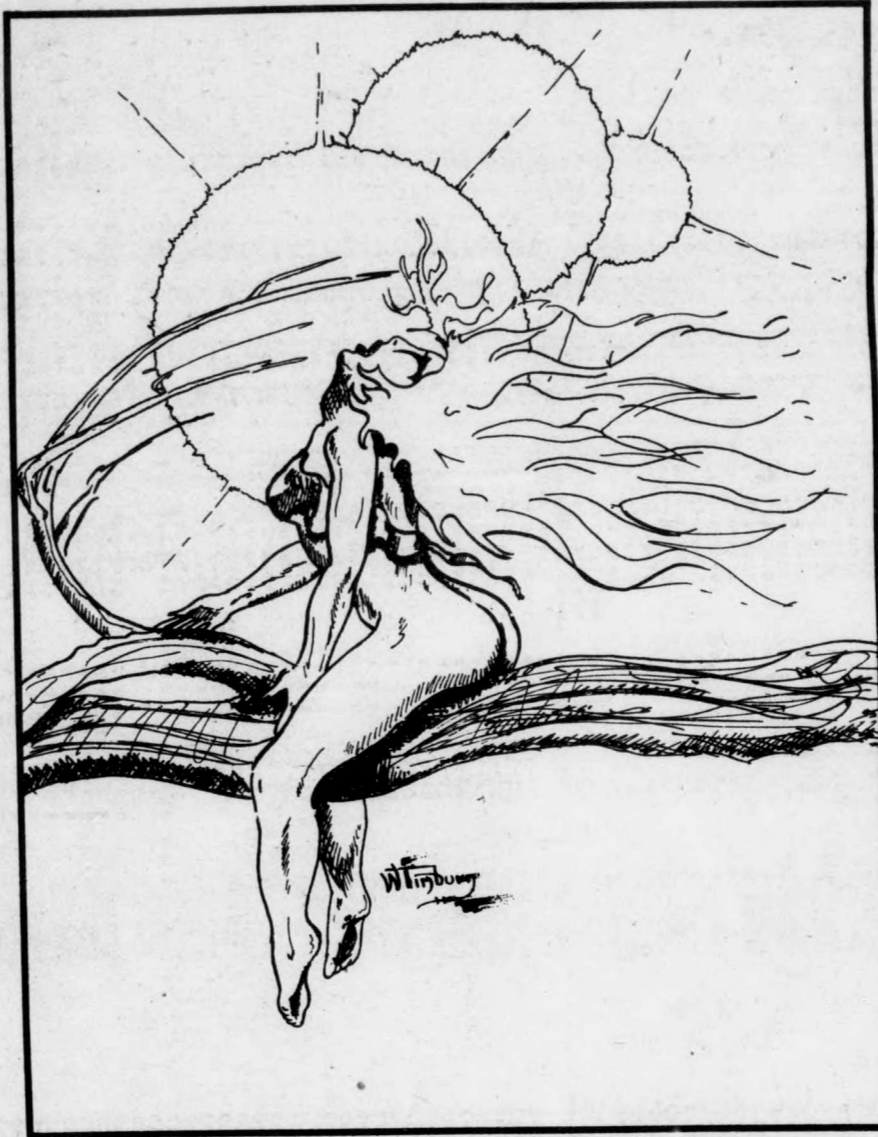
the fact is that people haven't been submitting their poetry and stories and book reviews and whatever else the guy's been asking for. poor mark has taken to hard drugs, hanging out at the arms and eating cafeteria food. mark's friends are diminishing in number and the few that are still putting up with his unbecoming behavior are getting increasingly worried.

the point of all this? YOU should send in material to the lit page of this paper and save the woe-begotten brit. do the right thing.  
thanks.

Elongated Thoughts Blues

Scott A. Dunham (1986)

So short  
So short  
The feeling is so short  
A wave which misses the beach  
and the port  
Uniting with the water  
that will run  
away to sea  
and swim in joy as one  
As one  
As one  
Can we ever be one  
And be together  
underneath the sun  
I think it is true...  
I see us in sorts  
But when you speak  
The idea falls short



Dear Editor,

I've been reading your new lit. Section and I find it quite enjoyable, however, I think that you should try and get your writers to submit poems, etc. with a particular theme in mind. I know there are a lot of "artists" on campus who would like a forum for their work in The Bruns, but not all of us can draw cartoons.

My suggestion is to ask campus "artists" to submit a drawing (as I have done), and then challenge the writers in the Student Body to write on the impressions, emotions, insights... etc. it conveys to them.

I hope this suggestion prompts a good response.

Thanks,

Wayne Timbury  
BSc For II

A SURVEY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE  
Paul Payne

'To say or not to say', that was my question,  
'In poetry or prose, or verse of mine own invention?'  
But since I'm no poet, but a simple reader,  
Of the stuff they give us to decipher;  
I borrowed from John Donne, who borrowed from the Greek,  
And they as you well know, were not the first to speak.

Now saying what I've just said, yet nothing said,  
So in reading all we've read, yet nothing read;  
Of devils, nuns, and clerks, and a bunch of clowns,  
With kings and their knights, and a parson who made his rounds.  
Of lovers' loving lost, and how hot love cools the heart,  
How learned men in life, in play, make love and fart.

Those are the things we read, 'cause they're the things they wrote,  
Those sophisticated writers, Bah! I think they dote.  
We read, and write, and criticize, what these jokers said,  
But these interpretations we give, it's a good think they're long dead.  
We're like Gulliver in Lilliput, he was a giant in the land;  
These ancient writers' writings, the midgets we command.

It's no illusion, I'm finally coming to the end,  
Of my simple verbal exercise, my charade of learned men.  
So you can have your laugh, now that I'm done  
'Cause poetry is for poets, and as you see I am now none;  
But maybe I'll make it in a hundred years, if I live that long,  
If not, like those whose bones we resurrect, my poet-tree will live on.