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his year's Media

## POETRO



My Chere Deesee

The night so full of anticipation Now in quick decceleration I do care, ever so deeply...

Don't dismiss me so quickly, I am begging that of you For Athena never let her worshippers down... My Demeter, My Artemis...

My God!!

sweet lady behind the mask

Her words of flippancy a simple sonnet As she fills the room with her sweet lyrical voice, I am overcome with admiration and deepest devotion Oh, she smiles, (we've made her laugh) but she knows and remembers and does not look down

And the words in writing, my one page bible, she knows she's written me and I have carved a place inside her heart I think

It's not so easy to "pull yourself together" after all this time.

Maria Molyneaux

## **BOOKBINDING**

Old books sewn, repaired and made usable again; new softcovers can be made into hardcovers. Extend the life and protect the resale value of those expensive textbooks, dictionaries, reference books, etc. 25 years experience in all aspects of bookbinding. Work handled speedily and economically.

Call and leave a message for prompt service.

**DUNCAN FRASER-455-4909** 

I WANT TO SMILE

Show me how you get rid of pain

That word makes me sick and I wish . . .

I wish it would stop hurting me so ...

So maybe I may someday be able to smile . . .

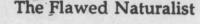
To smile . . .

It's just a dream . . .

And will, like all dreams . . .

Come true.

Traci



Beside the babbling brook so blue Beside the great oak tree Betwixt the soft green grass below And the open sky above me.

The beautious sight I do behold That stands so still and calm A great brown doe majestically eating shrubbery with her fawn.

As I stood so silently watching nature in it's splendor I wondered how she lived her life This beast so wild yet tender.

In the summer her cares were free When food was all around But autumn was close and she'd have to hunt For nourishment on the ground.

Then winter came and it was harder still To survive in this russed land But she is strong and perseveres Even though her death could be at hand

But she lives on to see the spring Which brings on gentle rains And with this thought, I picked up my gun And blew out all her brains

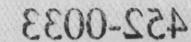
Paul Wesson

## PORTRAIT OF A VAMPIRE

I walk down the rain slicked sidewalks, The street lights reflected in the pools of water. Silently I follow you, stalk you, But you remain totally unaware. For centuries I have hunted in the city streets, And every night I have taken a victim. If you are lucky I will pass you by tonight, But the next night you may not be so fortunate. You lead me towards something I cannot foresee. Ah, it is your lover. Seeing your arms wrapped so tightly around one another Strikes a chord of loneliness. Immortality has its price, And one of its payments is eternal isolation. How I envy you. Jealousy does not make me ruthless; I will leave you to your lover. You move away, swallowed by the darkness of the street. Others appear to take your place And I move among the newcomers As their sound and smell envelop me. They pay no heed to the young man with translucent skin And full red lips. But it they could see the white teeth, Carefully concealed, Would they realize what beast was among them? No, time has made them ignorant. They no longer need to believe in me. their fear lies elsewhere, as it should.

I am but one horror in a world of many.

Angela





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