

Through the Eyes of a Stranger



Eyes like a wolf
a grey sky
staring back into your eye
a smile
so perfect and cruel
the perfect trap for a perfect fool



and yet the lure is too much to bear
and nothing can keep you from struggling there
locked in her steel eyes

Surprise, you don't die right away
but lie there tangled in her black hair
and feel somehow salvaged from danger
in the jaws of a stranger

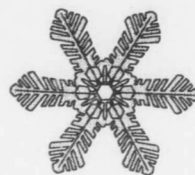


she loves you, although she might let you die
the struggle's part of life
and it's all in your eye
it passes through your mind as you pass in the hall
and she stares, her eye a crystal ball
and then she's gone and the fantasy's done
you never even met at all.

Sherry A. Morin



The Window



I'm looking through a window
from a very tiny crack

The former being of what I was
is narrowly shadowed with who I am.

The scars that were there,
are concealed but not healed.

No matter how I try
the shadow from the vision still cries to see
What I could or can be.

Hardened by what has been seen
the former being conceals the hurt, the anger.

The crack from my sight is very small
but it sees many things

A window is the only shelter forsaken by the world.

Jane Kidney




Distractions would like to
wish its readers a very
merry Festive season.



THE CELLAR
EST. 1994

The Flying Scotsman

Tonight



Last Class Bash
Wednesday, Dec 7
FOR MEMBERS AND GUESTS ONLY

This is the last issue
of The Brunswickan
for the year

**Good luck
on exams**

Merry Christmas

NEXT ISSUE WILL BE JANUARY 13, 1995

Attention all staff, party at Steves
see map in office for details
Remember, its pot luck