



### THE SMILE, THE TALK, THE MASK

Sometimes I wonder,  
at the way things really are  
seeing between the lines, as  
I'm driving in my car.  
The cover up injustice, when  
the truth is hid away  
There will be pain and sorrow,  
when the balance must be paid.

Give it consideration, for  
soon you will have to know,  
your concessions to illusion, in  
going with the flow.

For those who understand it,  
check it for what it's worth,  
what you only know for sure,  
is that you're here on earth.

On the opposite edge, just behind time  
is where I am sure, that you will find  
a key to wisdom and one for soul, one  
for compassion and peace untold.  
Give it your best,  
and you will see,  
Clarity is the Blessing, of reality.

By CHRISTOPHER

SPEND SOME TIME IN  
MONTREAL  
TORONTO  
NEW YORK  
PARIS  
at

*La Vie en Rose*

LICENSED RESTAURANT

CASUAL  
SOPHISTICATED  
INCREDIBLE FOOD & DESSERTS

10% UNB-STU STUDENT DISCOUNT  
WITH ID

455-1319

594 QUEEN ST

### ONE HAS STOLEN

On a brittle winter morning,  
A crackling radio screams.  
A voice hidden by the darkness  
Calls out.  
"Mr. Lennon?"

On the edge of a dream, I hang-glide,  
suspended.  
Reaching for a surface,  
Chill waves rip body  
Tearing tears pause stop all motion.

The bullet cracks.  
Accelerates towards a conclusion.  
Mindless, senseless, precise.  
All too predictable.

Too much noise in this empty room.  
I feel cold. I shrink below.  
I can not IMAGINE.  
One has stolen  
Your dreams,  
Your mind,  
Your loves,  
Your life  
Away.

W. EGGERS



### THINKING OF YOU

I can't help thinking of you,  
My mind drifts leisurely like  
the ancient brook water.  
Birds sing a love song only  
they and I can understand.  
Yellow trout lily flowers shine  
their golden hope.  
I sit on a log which makes a  
bridge across the water  
to the fresh green shore.  
I wish my thoughts could meet  
yours someday.  
I touch the sparkling wet-kiss water  
and splash the gift to my face.  
I gather the rocks of many colors  
and feel their smoothness run along  
my loving fingers.  
I am at peace with nature and nature  
communicates with me in a special way  
I can understand and in a way  
which fills my needs.  
I must lay my head down near the  
muddy surface and try not to look  
at the empty grey sky.

DEBORAH RUTH WILTON  
DAWN

Daylight's golden threads float over mountains  
And blanket the landscape  
Warming its frost-chilled bones.

The first shadow darts from under a rock  
A primitive shape with its black feet trapped  
As it stretches to escape.

ERIC HILL

The Following Positions are Available  
on the **BRUNSWICKAN** Editorial Board  
Next Term

EDITOR - IN - CHIEF  
MANAGING EDITOR  
FEATURES EDITOR

All Interested should Apply in Writing  
Before January 8  
To The **BRUNSWICKAN** Editorial Board  
Room 35,SUB