18 -THE BRUNSWICKAN

Poetry.

WALL OF MIRRORS

I stick my finger in the socket, I'm going all out for the shocks, I think I'm going deaf, But I can hear you all the same, I'm just a living paradox.

I face today's dilemmas (nine), I store them in my file, I want to go heaven, But I've not spoken well enough, Oh what a lovely icy smile.

A dusty vignette stirs a memory, I pretend I'm not that ill, I see a wall of mirrors, With faded faces that laugh, And a scream that haunts me still. T.A.X.

Frame my icy smile,

And then wait awhile.

Capture my feelings,

Tax me and my shadow,

Keep my feet on the ground.

Re-echo my sound,

Film the twitches,

Keep hypnosis in line,

Tax my flickering eyes,

And then give me time.

Photograph my glazed expression,

Tax my thoughts of loving evil,

SOLUTION B.

Ways of thinking, Ways to die, Ways of looking, For myself tonight.

Ways of dreaming, Ways to listen, Ways of dressing, My clown in disguise.

Ways of loving, Ways to forget, The things you promised, We know are dead.

Ways of revenge, Ways to mock, Ways to cope, And reduce the shock.

By TOMO

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In the morning I sleep, Tired eyes moving silent, In deep and cloudless skies, Then I wake, Forget my dreams, And prepare to make new lies.

PROFESSIONAL HUMAN

And in the day I work, Because work is the filler, I listen to what he says, But in coffee breaks I dream of leisure, And think of other days.

And in the afternoon, I wind up my task, Then walk home in the showers, A strange enjoyment, Of this stuff called freedom, That lasts for sixteen hours.

In the evening I watch TV, Mind lost in visions, And whipped by whizzing ads, That promote those bloody products, I make all day, Whilst talking to the lads.

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And in the night I turn, And cry into my pillow, No telephone calls, Just haunting winds, An empty bed, A baby's cry and walls.

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