

# POETRY

MARGUERITE

(read this 'cus it's NOT typical)

I saw her across the hazy room,  
The neon lights shone like the moon  
Radiating her beauty, her elegance and her style.  
I looked inside myself to find  
A piece of courage, some piece of mind  
To walk that distance, seeming longer than a mile.

I advanced across the crowded floor  
And asked the keep to fill one more,  
While forcing her to never leave my sight.  
I could not believe my reddened eyes,  
She contained the beauty of the skies  
On a brisk and clear September night.

I stared, I cleaned my glass  
And ordered another, just like the last,  
Wondering just who this was who graced my air.  
I looked once more at my love,  
My heart took flight like a turtle dove,  
Longing to touch her long and flowing hair.

I must make my move, ask her to dance,  
If I did not, I would lose my chance  
To tell this girl I admired and adored her.  
to make things smooth, lacking toil or trouble,  
I quickly ordered up a double,  
Then finished it, and made a move towards her.

When I reached her in this crowded room,  
So close I could smell her sweet perfume  
Which clearly showed her refinement and her taste,  
I opened my mouth as if to talk  
But let out something like a chicken squawk,  
Then threw-up and fell flat upon my face.

Damn!

Paul Wesson

YOU DON'T KNOW ME

If you can see me,  
What are you seeing.  
If you see nothing but a person who  
is happy ...  
You're wrong.  
I am unhappy with what you see.

FALLING

If you can hear me,  
What am I saying.  
If you think that I'm saying that  
life is grand ...  
You're wrong.  
I talk but there's a terrible meaning  
beneath my words.

Gold leaves  
Fall on passers-by  
Like blessings  
Downtown  
At this time of year  
And you can't walk  
Except for trampling on them  
Counting as you go

Pamela Fulton

If you can touch me,  
What do I feel like.  
If you touch me and say I feel  
great ...  
You would be wrong.  
You may touch and feel but never  
know of my pain.

Traci

## From the Litterbox



It was a dark and stormy night, and I was hopelessly lost. However, all things considered I was not so bad off. I had a full tank of gas, an open road and to the best of my recollection I am not wanted in Mexico. The only problem is, I do not know if fermented goat's milk will run my car. Oh well, all the more for me I guess.

Well, around an hour later, as the rank was screaming empty and I was relaxing and enjoying a smoke ( I always smoke after a tank load of chitty chitty barbarians, sort of like Russian Roulette but I don't like guns, especially those pointed at me), an incredible idea came upon me. It was the "\_\_\_\_\_ " annual kick the ego of " CHSR FM music for shutins". The Media Bowl is almost upon us. I have never made it to one, and my new editor Jennifer wanted to see me anyway, so what the hell, "north!" I screamed. With that, I was off for \_\_\_\_\_ , what the hell is it again? Oh shit! I remember UNB and those really stupid R.C.M.P. Tac. Squad guys. You now there might be a story in that.

GREEN HORNETS RETIRE AND JOIN TAC. SQUAD  
"then die in blaze of stupidity"

I was always told that this was the other way around. So much for UNB scare tactics.

Let's see...if I get out of Mexico, then I will be fine. Hell, if there is any problem I'll just show him my Super pass card to all places (George Bush's NRA membership). He loaned it to me to keep the CIA off my ass. Those dolfs have no sense of humor.

The U.S. border was a joke, nothing like last week. Have you ever spent a week in a Central American prison? Well it sucks! They would not let me send in last week's story. If there are faithful readers out there in newspaper land who missed me, I am really sorry but blame it on outdated laws and Rambo films.

It was a dark and stormy night, no I said that already. It's too bad I had to dump the Hornet Mobile, but I was sick to death of that damn voice always telling me I had to be someplace. I sold it and picked up a couple of crates of dented pepsi cans. A nice non descript FORD and a now empty tank of my Life Blood and that's it, Really!!

Stephen Marks

\*Desk of Jen

Where the hell is that son of a bitch Marks. He has not called in two weeks. If he is not at the game he's out a god damn job.

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