The BRUNSWICKAN -- 21



Snap! Crackle! and Pop! Large bowl of toasted rice, I'll brave your sweeten'd seas of milk no matter what the price.

You'll stand no chance with me around I'll eat you up Crunch! Crunch!

And then for spite again at noon I'll have you for my lunch. Oh yes; for breakfast every morning with strawberrys and cream

I'll sit down and devour the American Dream.

Jerry Breau

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Remember: appen more a want it to. l can't get my ceiling fixed;

BALANCE

FEBRUARY 15, 1974

I don't have time

to do my laundry;

and I can't find a way

to be introduced

to the girl I keep seeing

in the library,

but last night a friend of mine

was depressed

and wanted to talk,

and when she found me

she smiled and said, "I've been looking for you."

Forrest Orser

*

Memories and memories laced with dreams and opium crystal stoned laughter and fucked-up conversations

i hold onto my sanity with long white threads dancing slowly through mirror images of days and nights and people coming and going leaving traces like doodles on a re-cycled life wishing i could put everything in neat mindless categories

while the simplest images defy me with their complexity afraid i am not understanding i wait and lie and hope in the prison of my reality.

Adrienne

LOOKING EAST NO. 2

Eye presses velvet eye Lovers, alone in all the world Stars exchange winking confidences: Sur s!

Glenn Murray



TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Black tires press On the black hot car It pulls to the curb With asphalt oozing Under bare black feet Press towards the store Press towards the liquor store Black hot fist On a white smooth face Pounded Pounded Pounded on the race Black hot barrel In a black hot hand Spits black hot balls Retching grey smoke Spitting hot hate Spitting races' fate

Allan Bonner



The peacock, who other breeds disdains, struts in all his splendor and owner's chains; while the eagle, with naught to show but scars, flies in drab attire to the burning stars.

Maurice Spiro

SUN

Curious sunrise -- sleepy, speculating Drifting into your unplanned day Just a lazy eastern glowing of pink Sometimes misted by clouds.

Sunsets are definite Cloud-punctuated statements on the day.

Shirley Mellish