

NO ROADS OF GOLD AND ROSES

You should have been with me and Moses
The sights you would have seen.
No roads of gold and roses,
No hope for a human being.

You should have came with me and Moses
To that stupid bloody land.
No roads of gold and roses
No flags or honor bands.

You should have fought with me and Moses
In that right/wrong time.
No roads of gold and roses,
No drugs to fog the mind."

You should have stayed with me and Moses
The last to hold the hill
No roads of gold and roses
No-one left to kill.

You should have prayed with me and Moses
When we soaked the ground with blood.
No roads of gold and roses,
No-where to fall but the mud.

You should have died with me and Moses
And all the guys of the company.
No roads of gold and roses
No, I doubt there'll ever be.

K.K. Narof
2 Aug. 80

Poem

The following poem is dedicated to Faculty, Staff and Students of UNB accompanying with the wish, to this University "LET MUSES DONATE WISDOM". I wrote the poem coming back to Fredericton in the train this summer.

I arrived at Fredericton, lunch time, when the majestic web of noon is spun by its twelve maidens, through the crimson haze.

NEW BRUNSWICK HARVEST TIME

When vines go prancing hand in hand
Down sunny slopes of Eastern land,
When reeling hops with tangled tresses
Splash crimson stains across their dresses,
And flaunting yellow dahlias try
To woo the Sun's enamoured eye.

When lately loll'd the drunken sheaves
In stooks as broad as browsing leaves,
I hear a hymn of harvest born
From New Brunswick fields, all nearly shorn,
Now sleek and smooth, they clearly feel
That Emptiness is more genteel.

Fred Klidas

LITTLE OLD LADIES AND LITTLE OLD MEN

Little old ladies and little old men
Heads fallen low on papery necks
Eyes paled with the watery glaze of age,
Hands laid limp on plump, permanent laps,
Their crumpled fingers stiffened from disease.

Faces are shadowed gray, the structure of fine bone
Lost in folds of palloured skin
The little old ladies wear lipstick that runs
In tiny rivulets through wrinkled etchings surrounding
The mouth. The men wear hats that hide the baldness,
Freckled with ugly spots of age.

A tongue occasionally licks a weathered lip
Or slides across a toothless gum. Instinctive habit now.
A hand frequently kneads the arm of a chair.
A foot may shuffle. A head may nod
In a cough, coarse and stuttered.

The ladies sit with feet planted flat under
Swollen ankles; the men with swollen bellies under ribs
They suck on pipes; the tobacco no longer burns
Breath is sifted through ragged cracks
Between the tarnished teeth that yet remain,
And whistles an irritating note.

Joints ache distorted from arthritis, but the pain
Is oblivious to minds soaked in neglect,
Loneliness blankets the body in a thick, stifling weight
It does not hover, but attacks. It clenches the body,
Squeezing out the sustenance of anger, joy, pain
Depression and love.

Their tears are only water pressured from the wind,
Their cries are only gutless babies in sleep
Their smiles have been set in place from
Practiced reactions of youth. They are not real.

Their reality exists not in human turbulence
And confusion, but in a placid world,
Drained of time, decisions, blood lusty energy.
Their forced function is to sit. To sit in a
Noiseless, deafening trauma, that they cannot
Know to be traumatic. They have been shoved
With quick relief into this world to perform their duty,
They do not falter. They cannot falter
They are perfect old folks. Lumps of flesh molded into
Little old ladies and little old men.



Scottish Country
Hall, Room 143.
welcome.
Movie: "Shaft I
at the gate. Me

Dr. John Hanso
position for Yo
Soprano Glor
lecture-recital
d'Avray Hall at

Opening tea fo
Club will be h
Waterloo Row.

Movie: Brian D
Michael Caine

CANTERBURY
at 7:30 p.m. R
MOVIE: Chee
prizes and mu

Political Scien
Tilley Hall; 3:3
Biological So
membership o
p.m.
Business Socie

Meeting of A

Prints for Stud
per UNB Stud
RETREAT WEE
Monte Peters
tunities for po
further inform

WELC

made of th
plus a 'jum
New Bruns

tough wea
thermo-lin
with 'Univ

We also h
We have
a complet

1
C
362 C