

LITERARY



And Still She Walks

Your lifestyle splashes
Across the evening
news
We speak your name
We don't want to be
like you
So why do we tune in
to view?
While still she walks

Resting easy
On a burning bed
A cult of numbers
Spinning around in
your head
Better dead than in
the red
And still she walks

Signing bits of paper
Their purpose never
clear
Getting richer in an
hour
Than she could in a
year
Can't we face the
problem here?
And still she walks

Building crystal castles
Diamond towers and
golden greed
Sickening
extravagance
Brings me to my
knees

Do you think that this
can fill her need?
While still she walks

You ask, "where's her
15 minutes?"

I say, "She'll get it;
wait and see"
When she dies before
your eyes
On national TV
Then can you ignore
her pleas?
While still she walks

This may seem kind
of scary
With that I wouldn't
fight
But the scary thing
about it
Is how we can sleep at
night
Is the answer black
and white?
When still she walks

Geoffrey Brown

Hamburger Hill II

The men set out that night,
Like they had on any other,
It was a routine patrol,
Search and destroy.

Much searching was done,
But for once little destruction,
However, they were unaware,
Of the terrible ordeal that lay ahead.
As they made their way home,
Suddenly an impassible obstacle arose,
A great mountain of ice,
None could get past it,
Try as they might.

The forces of nature were too mighty,
The men charged valiantly,
But all was for naught,
Every valiant onslaught,
Was relentlessly beaten back,
And one by one they fell,
Struggled injured to their feet,
And fell again.

A terrible sight it must have been,
So intense was the battle,
That they appeared almost intoxicated -
By the adrenaline.

The vanquished finally admitted defeat,
And were thrown back mercilessly,
Further and further down the hill.

The next day,
One remembered nothing but the raging torrent,
That had carried him away,
While others had only vague recall,
But they had all survived,
And vowed together,
To fight again another day.

L.W., Tango and Duke

THINGS THAT CREEP AND CRAWL.

Avoiding things that creep and crawl
That slide along on some ambition,
Searching for their long lost hearts
But finding only slime.

They seem so distant somehow
And appear to be quite mad,
As they battle their unwilling entropy
With their razor sharp eyes.

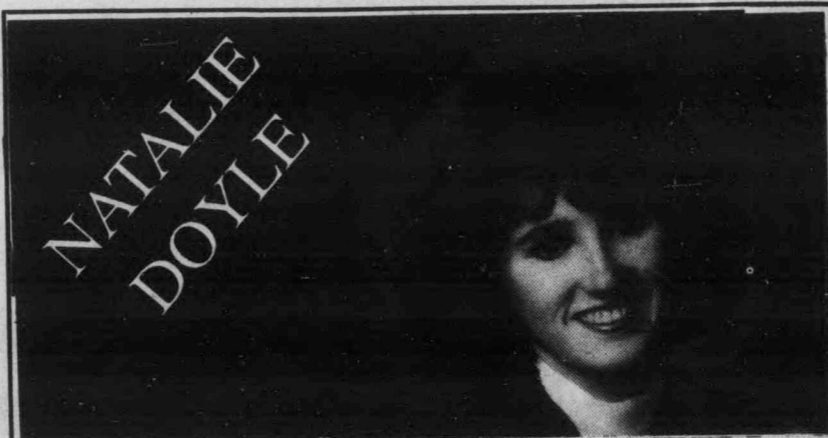
And Destiny cries out for
Blood, as it seeps from
Under the glowing dust.

These beings that creep and crawl
Fling themselves upon their future,
Searching for the energy
To free their tortured past.

And they force me to draw the line
In my search for some lost motivation,
Hidden in the stagnant pool
Of displaced curing time.

And Destiny cries out for
Blood, as it seeps from
Under the glowing dust.

NAROF



VOTE
CHRIS
BORDEN
FOR
SENATE

v
a
n
R
a
d
a
i
t
e

for
SENATE