



LITERARY

Night Light

All lights went off like the flick of a switch
Like the switch of a stick, the darkness stung us
hard.

Our first instinct was to get more light
For we are human and fear the dark.
For we are human and must see to com -
prehend.

Catch a passing image and hold it long
And when the darkness comes you'll feel it
strong

In a flash of light our life passes by.
"Let me die in light", the dying man cries
A child is born in the dark of the storm
You know not his looks but, his soul is warm.

In the dark of day you judge him not
You just feel his soul, what it has to say.
But the light will come and corrupt us all.

Hold dark images true, the feeling evoked
Cast off those visible physical burdens
Find out they are the things that has kept
mankind hunting

Surrender is foolish understanding heroic
Can you see me now, though your eyes are
closed?

The lights are on but, your eyes are closed.
Tears stream down, the lightened face
Do you hate to admit your part of the race?
The race that judges in light but, still judges
blind.

In the twentieth century we act two hundred
years behind

Only machines run us now, they know not life.
They feel nothing at all; their emotions stark.
But these metal mechanical servants of leaders.
On the soul of the nation are perpetual feeders
Sucking us dry, making us cry, telling us lies.
Leaving us lost, scared like children in the night
Oh please dear brother turn on the night light.

Greg Garden

Today

What did you do today?
Did you go out to play
With the dead children?
Mom says don't go near them;
You should fear them.
Their parents don't care about them.
They don't say prayers.
Their prayers would do no good now.
Their mothers tuck them into the ground
At night.
Don't be frightened.
They feel no cold.
Do what they're told.
They are older than old.
They sold their souls.
Into the world of eternal heat.
You can't beat them at a game.
They cheat on their wives,
Their lives,
And their taxes.
Don't play their game.
They love to shame
And give you the blame for what they did.
Can you get rid of them?
They are the slaves.
To the graves,
And want to be your master.

I

The Breeze: In My Life

A now Autumns breeze has blown
I have entangled myself fully as it goes
This breeze is full of love and compa
This breeze, I can call my own.

This breeze gives me a fresh breath
As it blows, it gives me a warm sen
This breeze is full of love and compa
This breeze has beauty to make one
stare

This breeze is so very magical indee
It has control over me wherever I am
This breeze, I try to treat and make
I can
This breeze, I love - I do concede

My loved one is this breeze I talk of
With a happy heart I do say
Her soft hands caress me with love
I will love, until I die, I will love, 'til

Ch

Any person interested in submitting literature (poetry, short stories, etc.) for the literary page, please feel free to do so. Lit page deadline is Tuesday noon. Interested persons can drop off their work at The Brunswickan, Room 35 in the SUB. Your input is greatly appreciated.

URGENT

To: All UNB clubs
organizations

RE : Refugee Week Jan

If interested in particip
Refugee week, especially o
the blue lounge on Jan

Please Contact

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