

Untitled

I couldn't draw you  
If I drank you in  
For another thousand days  
Never understood you  
The world never saw  
Such a thing as you  
There's a steady beat  
Through this city  
Flow of blind cruelty  
A key to my isolation  
I see one nexus  
Open a path  
Golden in darkness  
A flicker of images  
In my dreams  
Illustrate my desire

Watching your motion  
You are clothed  
In the Beauty of Wisdom  
Feel my blood  
Pulsing between us  
I demand the right  
To be with you  
So I can discover  
Just something  
Calm as a silence

In a house like no other  
The voice of the translator  
Is the quietest of all

— Vince Tinguely

*A Study in Black*

*Churches falling  
People calling  
I feel black  
Too full of emotion  
But they  
Like I  
Don't care  
Society sickens me*

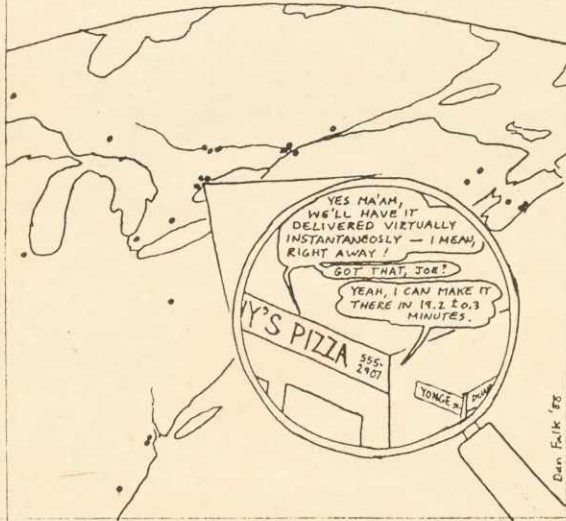
— Andrew M. Duke



Soonya Quon

PORTRAIT OF A  
DOCILE MAN

WITH A DEGREE FROM  
DAL, YOU CAN GO  
ANYWHERE!



Thanks to everyone who contributed to the Arts Supplement '88. Don't worry if you don't see your creations this week. We are going to try a weekly Creative Arts page. Keep it coming!

continued from page 10



nest. Kim did this not because she loved Bird. She did it because she hated Bird, and she didn't give a damn who saw her breasts. Kim knew that Bird was a Pig, and she knew that Bird was driven simply wild when he had a chance to see down her shirt. She liked the thought that Bird would never touch her breasts, though he might see them. Kim never guessed what Bird did with her breasts in the shower. She probably would have stopped showing them to Bird had she known.

A few moments later, Kim was cold and pale. She joined a cold and pale group far from where she had met Bird earlier. It was a cold and pale group talking distractedly. Many in the group loved Kim, but none of them noticed her arrival. She had gone to pee in the bushes earlier, and no one had missed her. When she returned, no one noticed her arrival except the Owner, who thought "That shameless girl, running around these men in such scanty clothing." She had noticed the way that the men looked at Kim, and she wished that some of the men would look at her the way they looked at Kim. Yet, she complained and wore her black, baggy shapeless dresses, and no one looked at her, except in loathing.

Bird was as dead as a door-knob, a door-nail and the door all together. His neck had snapped like a dry twig in his fall from the top of the skeleton roof to the hard ground some 45ft. below. His arm was twisted under his back, and he was just all too

obviously dead. Nobody bothered to check his pulse, let alone touch him. His head was at a 160 degrees angle to his left shoulder and his eyes had rolled back in his head. A little blood which had trickled out of his mouth had coagulated upon his cheek and already a few flies buzzed around his corpse. The flies loved Bird, for if he would only stay put long enough, he would be the bearer of the flies infants. The flies knew and loved all things such as Bird had now become.



The Boss, Chiefy, cursed Bird for being so stupid. Bird's death meant many things to him. It meant that all of his workers would not work while they could stand around, viewing the corpse and looking pale and afraid while they smoked cigarettes. It meant that an Evil Safety Inspector would come and question him about Safety on the Job Site. He would want to know all sorts of details that Chiefy was at that moment trying to remember where in the space behind the seat of his new Dodge Dakota those details were. He

wondered if those details were written on a piece of paper anywhere in the world. He hoped that his Partner had them, and expected not. He expected nothing but grief in the next few days. He silently cursed Bird again for his stupidity and carelessness. It was going to cause him a lot of trouble.

Kim started to cry, and allowed herself to be comforted by another worker who incidentally loved Kim almost as much as Bird did. He put an arm around her shoulders and pulled her close. While she wept, he took the opportunity to look down her shirt at her breasts. He thought to himself "Wow! This must be my lucky day!"

The Owner continued to complain, although no one paid any attention to her. She had seen Bird fall and was pleased that at least it wasn't one of the men that she was in love with. She had hated Bird because he had always said "Cunt" around her. She was almost glad that he was dead.

Bird's cousin, who happened to work there as well, wondered how he would get home from work that evening, and then began to daydream about how his uncle would give him Bird's car, because they had been so close. He was younger, and only imagined himself driving Kim around town in Bird's flashy muscle-car.

Meanwhile, Bird was having some difficulty. His shoes now matched, but they were both now dancing slippers. The fairy who had come to take Bird away strolled up to him and asked him if he was ready to go. Bird looked at her, and because he was mostly stupid, he didn't even notice her wings. In fact, he was so stupid he hadn't even noticed that he was dead. When she told him, he didn't believe her. He then

looked at her for the first time, really. They were whisked to the top of the skeleton roof again. Bird knelt gingerly on the top of the ridge again, as if it mattered. He couldn't have fallen this time even if he had tried. The fairy just hovered. she was waiting very patiently.



Bird inspected the rafter by his hand. Someone had nailed it to the ridge very poorly, in such a way that if anyone stepped on it, it would twist and spill whomever had the bad fortune. He examined the board, to look for the indent of the hammer. All hammers that they had used had tiny pyramid teeth on the heads of them, and depending on the age of the hammer (and therefore the wear in the teeth) the owner of the hammer could be discovered. If nothing, Bird knew how long it took to wear down the teeth on the head of a hammer, and he knew how long each person had been working with each hammer. He was going to curse someone, but good. The fairy waited. Bird looked over at her, and with her hand, she indicated that he was to look down.

"Oh," said Bird.