#### **JANUARY 19 1979**

## PHYS ED WEEK JUST AROUND THE CORNER

A few years ago, Some students with good heads, Decided they would start, A faculty called Phys-Ed.

This bunch was really keen, They knew how to party and rock, Of course others got jealous, And gave them the name jock.

But being very humble, And determined to be the best, Along with books and work, Some events they decided to test.

Like the unreal and annual excursion, To the destiny of the unknown, With refreshments and lots of music, Its popularity has really grown.

The formal and the pub, Of course are good times too, Not forgetting the Chestnut Inn, Trying to chug a yard of brew????

For those who like to ski, And for those who like to skate, It wouldn't be a complete week, Without Mactaquac for a date.

With all the talent awaiting, For the spiffy Variety show, Many games will be played, In the gym or in the snow.

So why not come and join us, Some fun you can seek, All it takes is to participate In the upcoming Phys-Ed week

> burnt again, never ceases to amaze me, but the closer you get to people the more you find out about them.

# PERCEPTION OF LINDA RONSTADT

i climbed a tree like a kid today

counted clouds and monitored shapes

and realized it was too cold and foolish

(i skinned my knee on the way down).

on the border

watched the river, but missed its movement

talked to the last leaves and wished them well

and sat and enjoyed the view.

on their journey earthward

like a kid – grow up! . . .

to dream in a tree,

g.b. 8.11.78.

Poetry Thirty-two and running free, Down by the Malibu shore, The heroine of rock and rock, Plays and sings, and wonders there Of many things. How does her soul patrol, The personal difference which generates her innocence, And comes from deep within? Music is hers, from the channel of her voice come tales of woe and wonderful hope For the bright tomorrow. So does she disregard this day of implied sorrow, For flaws of life that time may heal, All on that sun-kissed morrow? And do I care what fate she carves, By actions won or lost, at whatever cost, But by her hand now tossed? Or do I see, A potential me?

### 'TIME?

Do you have a minute? Oh . . . I understand.

You go away. I pretend not to mind. You don't want to stay? I see . . . you don't have the time

THE BRUNSWICKAN - 17

I am sure If it were the former, You would not let me know.

Friend, Anyone can 'always' take time. (At least for a 'small' hello.)

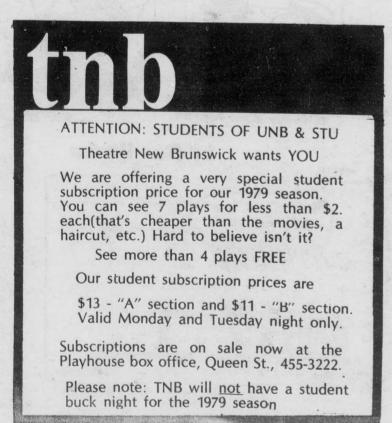
I wonder . . . If you had to give a dollar For each hour of the day,

I wonder How much time you'd spend away.

MARGARET COMEAU January 10, 1979

the more they hurt you. squander my existence but I can't stay away, I'm a sucker for punishment as it goes, but I need people, but this time, like the other times I went too far, someday I'll learn.

NATACHIA



gloats the shelf apease your mind please yourself five fingers, far from corpus realitus mono-substitution, a di-hard. M. & B. enthralling, hardly. History's a sheltered right. one to reek havoc on snowy slopes to run an engine while overhead the silver wings streak the skies into shattered directions. one who dreams to find release from steel and stirrups far alone among the crowds death a necessity relearning to cope . . . can imagination merge the satanic? is ground too low for sky to touch? can malt meet fry? two's an even number. easily divisible. but one stands omnipotent. let down your barriers, i'll transcend mine, it just might work peace work from piece work; two worn souls patched together. Why not? Try not? The eight ball moves to check the self-asserted King, and wherein lies the fault? Entangle me, I dare your offensive. Sharing space while future howls Amid the sounds . . . around your walls.

**REFLECTIONS AFTER CONJUNCTION 1** 

### FOUR HAIKUS

Laughing grown girls, echoes in the pool of summer shade.

Faces of children bob up and down - like corks by a river's edge.

Dusk over the camp. In Toronto city lights burn, ah! the pity of it.

Sunset fires, fell amid the winter sky, above a cold white land.