

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,
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

tnb

ATTENTION: STUDENTS OF UNB & STU

Theatre New Brunswick wants YOU

We are offering a very special student
subscription price for our 1979 season.
You can see 7 plays for less than \$2.
each(that's cheaper than the movies, a
haircut, etc.) Hard to believe isn't it?

See more than 4 plays FREE

Our student subscription prices are

\$13 - "A" section and \$11 - "B" section.
Valid Monday and Tuesday night only.

Subscriptions are on sale now at the
Playhouse box office, Queen St., 455-3222.

Please note: TNB will not have a student
buck night for the 1979 season

PERCEPTION OF LINDA RONSTADT

Thirty-two and running free,
Down by the Majibu 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?

Poetry

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!

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

i climbed a tree like a kid today
and sat and enjoyed the view.
watched the river, but missed its movement
talked to the last leaves and wished them well
on their journey earthward
counted clouds and monitored shapes
and realized it was too cold and foolish
to dream in a tree,
like a kid — grow up! . . .
(i skinned my knee on the way down).

g.b. 8.11.78.

REFLECTIONS AFTER CONJUNCTION I

on the border
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.

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.