



photo Bill Inglee



Interested In Running Your Own Summer Business?

The EDMONTON HIRE-A-STUDENT SOCIETY offers information seminars from 7:30 to 10:00 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1983
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
CENTRAL ACADEMIC BUILDING
ROOM 265

AND THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1983
N.A.I.T.
11762 - 106 STREET
LITTLE THEATRE, H5

If you are interested in forming your own student business, feel free to attend one of these seminars. Topics discussed will include legal aspects of running a business, licensing, taxation and general "how-to's" provided by past student business operators. Guest speakers on these areas will be present to answer any questions.

Contact Person:

Monica Wegner
Student Business Officer
Hire-A-Student
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Edmonton, T5K 1H7
Phone: 420-2080



Employment and
Immigration Canada

Emploi et
Immigration Canada

Canada

A Good Thing

In one room two poets are found yelling;
The first with eyes vacant and mouth foaming
Is screaming, "Word, word, all I am is word!"
The second with malicious grin is heard
To shout, "Nothing, nothing, all is nothing!"

In the next room two parrots are speaking;
The first with knowing eyes and proud bearing
Is saying, "Rawk! Polly wants a cracker."
While the second in eloquent manner
Is stating, "Rawk! Polly wants a good thing."

Pierre Mencke

No Harvest This Year

The lines on my face
Are irrigation canals,
They come from cultivating anger,
And salting crops
With tears of self-pity.

Kit Edwards

Crayola,
that green and gold
box of chalk
sitting inconspicuously on the professor's desk.
My link to the past.
How could I have known
thirteen years ago
that I would see you again,
here?
and have an aching in my heart
and a longing for those old days again.
Memories of a more carefree time come
flooding back at the sight of one
green and gold box.
Where have the years gone?
Oh, I wish, I wish
I was young again.

Cindy Livingstone
Commerce I

Aerial Prayers

Streaking high breeze riders
moonlit & feathered
small song birds movin' south
night fliers high fliers
star guided
close to earth in fog
winging on a fast bird prayer

Metropolis autumn morning
dark blue & sunless
clinging night remnants

low cloud cover
full speed swooping
birds
skyscrapers
confusion
collision
drawn to great electric constellations
instinct into glass

Dead birds
broken dying birds
some eaten alive by cats rats or gulls
sewer morticians on patrol

And people rise in a dead bird dawn
climbing from warm subways
into warmer buildings

No one sees the tiny shattered bodies
scattered in the streets & rooftops
the cleaners are out at five-thirty
to pick them up

Garbage can burial
a fast bird prayer

The Bird Man
Nov. 17/82

Jesus in the Himalayas

Crawling through valleys of ice,
Craters filled with death and darkness;
Waltzing in ecstasy.
An aura of black, a grey nimbus,
Shuffling in sandals upon the rocks;
Sightless and deaf,
Staring into unseen worlds;
His tattered robes fly in the wind
And time is no more . . .

Kit Edwards