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A collection of poetry,
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throughout the Spring Term
of the academic year
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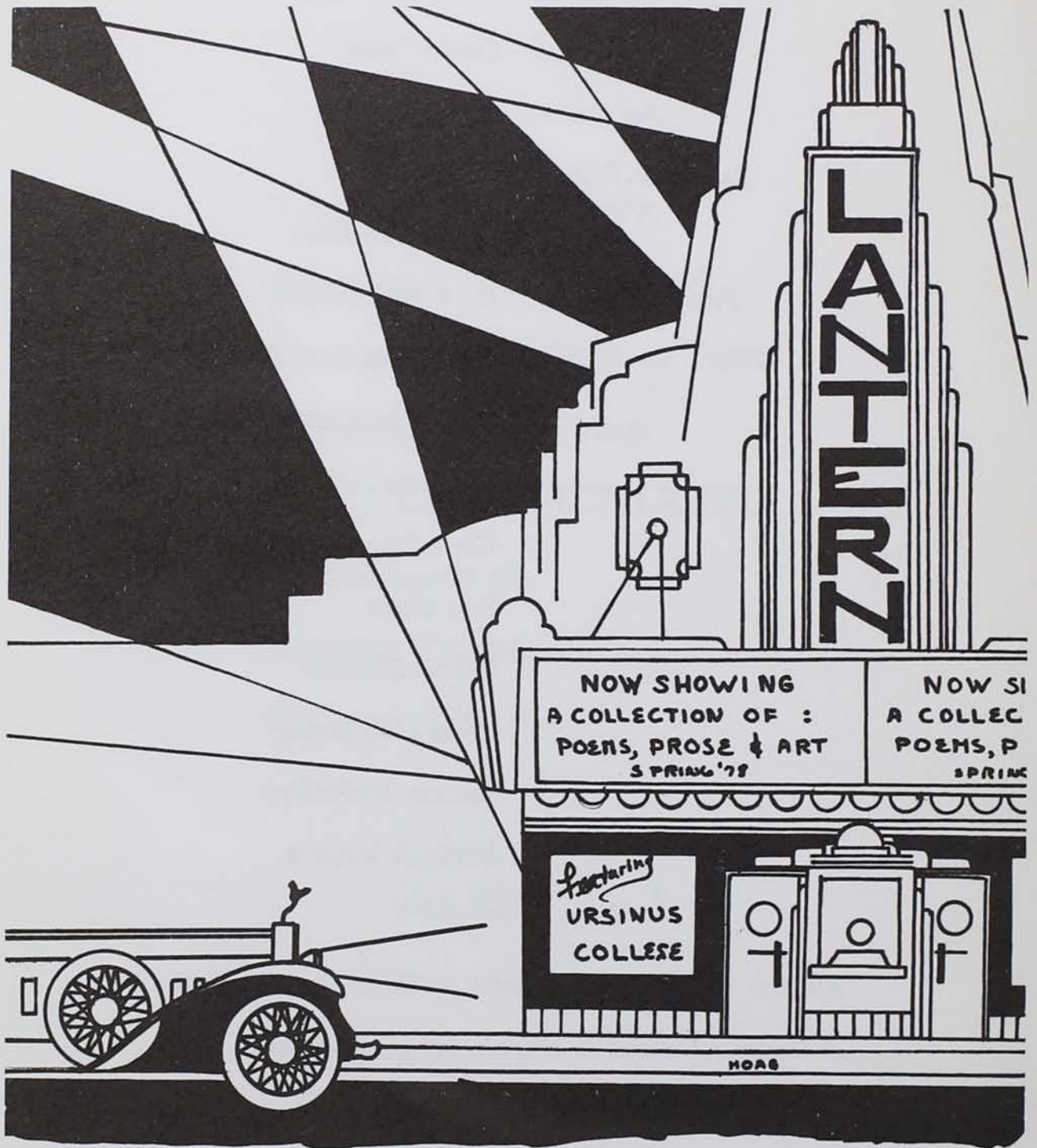
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ODE

To the Death of a Patient

Your eyes opened cautiously
To look around the room.
Shadows from the hall
Were waltzing up and down the wall,
And solemn voices started to loom.

Your fingers felt searchingly
For the oxygen mask above.
The cool air raced through your lungs,
Warming your blood, chilling your tongue,
With frozen words, in a burning love.

Your ears fought desperately
To grasp some vital message.
Was your life going to end?
You could trust neither doctor, nor friend,
For death hasn't any presage.

Your heart beat wearily
Within your body, worn and crippled,
But you tried to remain defiant,
Like the front-line commandant,
Every second, a life or death battle.

The light of the moon
Focused on your frightened face.
And you stared at the stars
Wondering about the years and the scars
That you could never erase.

And your voice cried out faintly
For someone to comfort you.
But no one ever came,
For they could not feel the pain
Of knowing tomorrow may never come anew.

Then, slowly the light vanished
As the nurse pulled down the shade
You prayed for her to stay,
But she checked the IV and went away,
And on your face a life of tears were laid.

The hospital was silent,
Except for a cough, a sneeze, and a sigh.
The doctors wrote confidently,
Nurses ran swiftly, aides smiled brightly,
Unaware, you were crying your last cry.

JACK ROSENFELD



TRACY DEWEES

The Bloody Brand of Honor

I own a trunk from the past
Containing various once fashionable garments
All since outcast —
Shining robes of purple silk;
Green velvet pantaloons; a smart waistcoat,
Flashing red
With shiny brass buttons lined down each double breast,
And down both sleeves dangled golden tassels
To each black embroidered cuff.
And in the trunk lies a sword —
Its handle of so natural a mold as
Fits snugly to my hand.
The blade blazed with my candle's light,
And in a flash I knew a creature
Deserving to bear its bloody brand.

So frail my honor when
I wore those cloaks
That 'twas so easily offended.

SCOTT WATSON

The grandfather clock stands in deserved silence
a feeling silence,
that is loud and lonely.
It speaks though it is quiet,
of dreams and plans and tragedy.
When it ticked and bonged
it observed many human dramas,
in silence it sits
contemplating the time
it saw and announced
minutes and hours — hurrying
through into years.
Now it has run down
no one left to notice.
Deserved silence
Deserved rest
To feel the eternity in a moment.

GRACIE

Deserted Trail

A lonely figure ambles onward,
Conscious of misery from within,
The changing seasons offer nothing,
The deserted trail is a forever thing.

Exhausted—miles—panting—rain,
Thinking—thudding—sweating—pain,
Why?
Fatigue—exhaustion—shin-splints—heat,
Stop . . . Quit . . . gotta finish it.
Grueling—endless roadway—mirages—hills,
Traffic—dogs—cramps at will.
Wind—stumps—sore knees, shit.
Why? What for? Why am I doing it?

A day of warmth, sun—culmination.
Warmed-up—at the line—tense—nervous—bathroom,
The gun sounds—confident, quick pace, follow race plan,
Leading, roaring crowd, adrenalin flowing,
Last 110, kicking, crossing the tape, First Place.
All over—feel great—five points—I won!

A lonely figure ambles onward,
Shadow from the highways beam,
The mighty rays of sunshine mean,
Panting—sweating . . . a forever thing.
I know why!

RORY M. WADE



LEONARD ULAN

The Apple Revisited

By GEORGE YOUNG

Why had they come? What possible good could they do? Adam had tried everything he could think of to solve the problem, but he had failed . . . and he was the expert. What else could these new workers, these "specialists" as Jonathon called them, do, that he could not.

Adam watched them work for a little while longer, then wiping the sweat from his cheek, he strode back inside the lab.

Adam Wit-cher was the world's foremost authority on Astral-Planes. He had done undergraduate studies at M.I.T., and graduate work at Oxford and Princeton receiving his doctorate in astrophysics at the latter. He was tabbed as brilliant upon entering the schools for his graduate studies, and was looked up to even by his superiors. It came as no surprise, despite its being an outstanding accomplishment, when he discovered how to tabulate and coordinate the proper points that connected one dimension to another. He was, in short, well ahead of a time that was impossible to get ahead of.

And now he had failed.

He sat down and sighed. He decided to recheck his data. No, that would not do any good. Computer analysis had verified it. It was correct. So why didn't the two Astral-Planes hook up? Adam inwardly swore at himself for having been so cocky when he received the assignment. Not so much for being chosen from among so many highly qualified individuals older and more experienced than himself, but for having figured out the calculations so quickly and easily, and for having been so proud and haughty of his expertise. Adam took the unsuccessful hook-up as a personal affront to his reputation. His pride, stung by the project's failure and also, and maybe even more importantly, stung by the calling in of the "specialists", forced him to get up from his seat.

It walked him down to Jonathon's office. It even knocked on the door for him.

"Come."

Adam entered.

"Yes, Adam?" said Dr. Jonathon Doles.

Adam looked him over as he had done a thousand times before. Now here was a man that Adam should have respected and yet Adam hated Jonathon. He was a tall, majestic gentleman. An aura of superiority swept along with him as he walked, it stayed with him as he sat, it flowed from him as he talked. Adam felt that it was because of this mystique that he hated Jonathon. He hated him also because he was so successful in everything he did. While he was at Oxford College with Adam, which was where they first became acquainted, Jonathon was a superb student, and an athletic star. His prowess with the ladies was also well known to Adam and Adam, excelling only in the academic department, felt the poison of jealousy flow over him as he surveyed him for the one thousandth-and-first time. Adam felt the anger well up inside of him as he suddenly realized that it was Jonathon who had overruled his decision to keep trying to secure the hook-up by his proven methods. Adam felt that he needed no help in connecting the two Astral-Planes and Jonathon felt that he did. Jonathon was trying to beat Adam at the only thing that Adam had ever done better than him.

"Yes, Adam", repeated Dr. Doles.

"I should like to know why you overruled my decision."

"Because you could not accomplish what I asked."

"I tabulated the coordinates for the hook-up. Perhaps your dimension doesn't exist."

"Impossible, everyone knows it does."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Just what I said. Every God-fearing person and myself knows that that other world exists."

"Then why can't you identify it. If you could I'm sure I could track it down on the Astral-Plane chart."

"I could identify it right down to the name of it, but I'm sure it won't be on one of your charts. It's never been hooked up before. It's a brand new dimension. It will all become so clear to you when the hook-up is complete."

"And what makes you think your 'specialists' can do more than I?"

"Because they have been working on the hook-up for a millenium."

"And what's that supposed to mean?"

"Oh, Adam it will all become so clear to you when . . ."

Adam slammed the door behind him as he walked out of the office. He tromped out to his car, started it, and left. He would hand in his resignation the next day. He would not work for a boss who could tell him nothing. That God-damned Jonathon, he thought. Why does he have to be so intensely self-involved when it comes to anything he does? Adam recalled him at Oxford, the vain egotistical 4.0 student, the cocky self-assured track runner, and the aggressive woman chaser. He always succeeded. But he attacked things in such a fervor that it left himself and the others involved breathless. Now he was pursuing this hook-up as if he was a man possessed.

He spent a long, sleepless night and in the end, drove his wife from the bedroom. He thought of trying to stop Jonathon, of shutting down the operation. No, that wouldn't work. Jonathon was in complete control. The best he could do was to wash his hands of the affair. Still there was this nagging voice in the back of his head that told him to stop Jonathon before it was too late. Too late

for what Adam could not tell, but there was something unearthly, no, un-Godly about this hook-up. What it was, Adam could not fathom, but he started having the worst feeling about the job when the dark mysterious "specialists" arrived. They never took off their uniform body suit, not even their helmets. Adam hadn't ever seen one of their faces, and they never labored in just their work-clothes, not even on the hottest days. They were always secured in those head-to-toe body suits. They were there when Adam arrived in the morning, and when he left at night. They never went to lunch or took a break. They were like Jonathon, possessed in what seemed a life or death struggle. How silly, thought Adam, Astral-Planes are usually empty affairs, devoid of anything useful.

Adam strolled into work the next day with his resignation in his hand. He would soon be rid of his terrible burden. He carried his burden down the hall and carried it into Jonathon's office. He slapped it down on his desk, and turned to walk out.

"What's this, Adam?"

"My resignation."

"It does not matter, I guess."

Adam turned angrily to retort, but found himself horror-stricken at what he saw. There was a fire in Jonathon's eyes, not a brilliance or a shimmer, but what appeared to be a lit match behind each pupil. His mouth was twisted into a sick sadistic smile. Adam repulsed in fear.

"You see Adam, the hook-up is almost complete. Come, let me show you, then it will all become so clear."

Adam, though completely terrified, allowed himself to be led down the hall and out to the work area. There was now only one "specialist" at the astral wall, and all the others were back at the hook up controls awaiting the lock-in signal. The "specialist" at the wall fidgeted a bit more, then waved his arm. The lock-in was made.

All at once the room was filled with a radiant brilliance. The "specialists" streamed toward the entrance. After they entered, a terrible commotion was heard. The ground beneath Adam shook. And now it was all quite clear to him. Lucifer and the fallen angels had discovered the doorway to their old home. The battle for the control of heaven had begun again.



JONATHAN ZAP

Consciousness in Awares

All thoughts point blank,

no pretense,

no misconceptions to fumble over.

Ideas and ideals intermingle

in a warming friction,

conflict arises,

A face-off of priorities

(having decided to decide).

Staring alone inside myself,

expressionless, the words lie

barren to themselves.

Entwined in maze-like fascination,

a pattern rises from the intrigue.

A painful understanding of a dedication

to life,

births praises in all forms,

in commitment to actual participation.

Turning toward the crashing sound
of facades
overthrown in their reign,
Stepping through the rubble
of faltering words,
walls of knowledge and conformity
stand firm.

AMY ROWLAND

Middle Class

Worn out carpet and rusty cars
Long lonely nights and smoky leather bars.
Mid-week money matters
Rushing ever forward amidst the tatters
of middle class.
Seeking to arrive.
Yet, always arriving too late.

STEPHEN J. SAYLOR

Clock

we could not stop it
the timepiece began moaning
and on and on
cabbage faced, we frowned with explitives
clouds raced across far and distant sky
where councils, deputies et. al.
counseled and deputized on squelching clocks
with problems
months passed, screaming continued
animals cowered in nearby forests
shrinking at the sound of the number-faced beast
and soon the clock exorcist arrived complete with somber bag
prayed and prayed, even tried turning the hands backwards
to no avail
it was a demonic Clock
it railed wrong times, confused sensation seekers
with temptations of other time zones
society grew entranced
swept under the vile wing of Clock
time flies you know
they threw digitals out to please Clock
but more was demanded
crowds lined streets
waiting to make offers, pay Clock homage
all conversation began and ended with Clock
and on and on
Clock did all untimely things now
good had been de-triumphed by Clock

anarchism ruled under influence of Clock
yet for no one noticed
for it was Clock
and only Clock
Clock
Clock
in Clock we trust
sneeze
Clock bless you
Clock damn you

DAVID HOAG

Snow

Dunes drifty soft,
Pearly white, with a crystalline glow
Ebb and flow, a swirling song.
Form a clefting crest, an icy trough
A street light, glows like a firefly in the snowy night
The patterns unique hurtle to earth.
Like a Russian sable bleached white,
It transcends the heart and transforms the earth.
Lonely people walk, making a solemn track:
A compromise and then a sigh for this snowy art.

STEPHEN J. SAYLOR

the case

little do they know

the games we've learned to play.

they think they are the conqueror,

when they're really just the prey.

these boys they act so confident,

and make their moves so sure—

that they will win, it's evident,

they think they know the score.

but countless times we've planned ahead,

and have come home with the prize.

to the empty room, and the scented bed—

our lusty goals so well disguised.

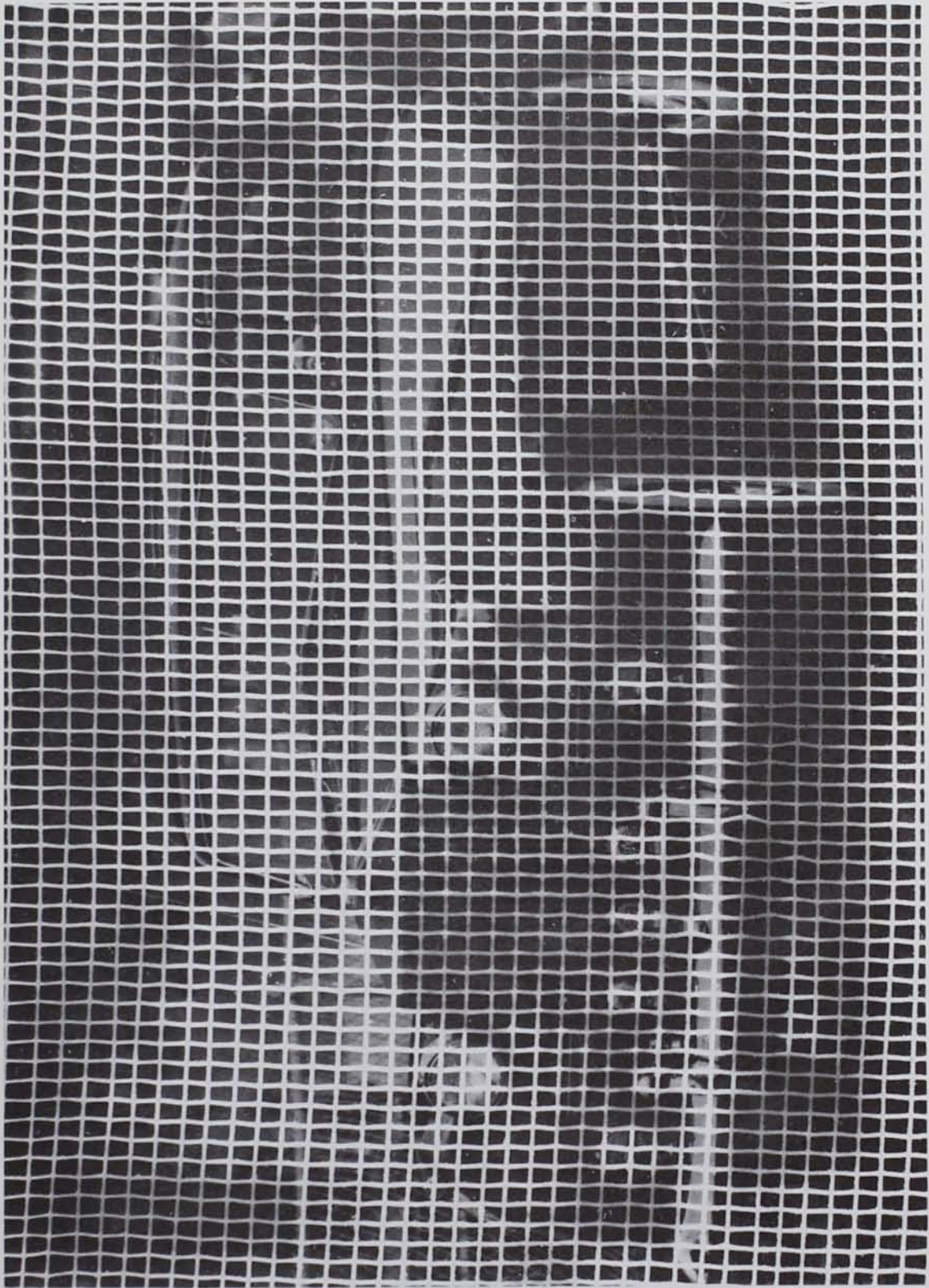
so they shouldn't feel that they're in control

when we play along—cause we'll end up right.

these boys are scared when we break the mold,

but they'll like our rules, yeh they'll spend the night.

j. b.



GARY AARONSON

Your Eyes Speak Falsely

Your eyes speak falsely when you say
To take my leave you understand,
For there are ports at sea
with deeper eyes, whose lush lands
May tempt the will with while away,
And hide with stealth the coming day
When love shall fade and not command
The stirring it once strove to bay
Within a harbor young and tame,
As sinking ships 'mid surging waves.
Such things blind the sightless lover:
We are more, we are each other.

ROBERT BRANCATELLI



JONATHAN ZAP

Finding A Place

By THOMAS A. REILLY

It was no different than any other night, but Frank Williams found it very hard to fall asleep. He had already been in the Navy for a very grueling four and a half months, and only a few times before had he met with this midnight restlessness.

The wake pounded against the nearby hull of the ship, but Frank had accepted this disturbance as a familiar part of the environment. Why should this night be different? He recounted the several diagnoses his mother would have given him as a child during his boyhood at his Kentucky home. "Did you eat something you shouldn't have?" or "Is there some noise keeping you awake?" and "Is there something on your mind?" Frank could still remember all of the times his mother would riddle these questions at him. He knew what the problem was though. He was very preoccupied about something quite serious.

Unlike all of his shipmates, Frank wasn't one of those who dashed out to enlist during the second World War. "How can they all be so anxious to sign their death warrants?" he had thought. It was inevitable that Frank would eventually be drafted; and when he had received his notice in the mail, all color drained from his face, and he was horror-stricken. However, he was now on board a United States battleship, and like it or not, he would probably spend at least three and a half more years in the same place.

Frank had not met up with the reality of war yet, though. He had spent most of his time in training, and every day it proved to be more agonizing since he realized that actual battle was not too far in the distant future. Every newspaper around carried articles on how "fearlessly paranoid" the enemy was. "I wonder what would ever happen if the United States had to meet up with those crazy Japanese?" Frank thought.

Frank Williams leaned out of his bunk to the shelf on the wall, and was amazed that four hours had passed on his wristwatch; yet he hadn't fallen asleep. However, the thought of his noontime guard patrol in the morning made him very drowsy.

Awakening from a very deep slumber, Frank could faintly hear showers running, men talking and laughing, but most of all, his pal, Bud Carlson, insisting that he get up. "Come on, Frank. Get up! You're on watch today." Frantically, Frank realized where he was, and practically fell out of his bunk in panic. He couldn't believe that everyone else was already up, despite his confrontation with insomnia all night.

Breakfast was routine, all of the sailors laughing, telling inappropriate jokes for breakfast, and boasting about how gorgeous each other's girl was. Frank sat in a daze and unwillingly forced down the chow, thinking about his first watch on board ship. He knew that this procedure had been drilled into him time and time again, but the thought that there had not yet been any sightings made him think that he could be the first. "Frank, are you all right?" asked Bud, who had been very puzzled as he sat next to him and watched him eat. "Come on, pal, you've got work to do."

Noon watch was unique from other watches in that it required the most concentration. The Japanese had been known to make their air attacks at high noon, because they always dove from out of the sun when visibility is the worst. So Frank, lying back on his back, scanned the sky, afraid that he may really spot something during his two hour shift.

Frank had always loved to stare up into the sky. As a boy, he would spend hours at a time lying in a big, green Kentucky field with his father. They would just talk and talk, about nothing important, and would pick out an occasional strangely shaped cloud in the sky. But those happy times ended suddenly when Frank's father died of a heart attack while Frank was thirteen. Oh, but how he wanted to be a boy again, and relive those happy days. He was convinced that life tends to get worse as it goes on, since Frank couldn't remember the last time he was really happy.

Suddenly, Frank caught sight of something out of the corner of his eye. He fixed his eyes on the brilliant glare of the sun, but could see nothing. Rubbing his eyes, he looked again, and could clearly see the aircraft. "Unknown aircraft at 11 o'clock!" he yelled as loudly as he could. "Unknown aircraft!" The alarm immediately sounded from the bridge, and before he knew it, there was commotion everywhere.

Crewmen poured out from every hole of the ship, grabbing helmets, gear, and manning their stations. Standing almost in shock, Frank suddenly realized that he was supposed to be at a station. Before he knew it, he was feeding the rounds into the anti-aircraft guns, and making ready for battle.

All eyes were fixed on the target, anxiously awaiting the "Commence firing" command from the captain. Much to their surprise, the captain came across the public address and stated "All hands at ease". The ship had received radio transmission from the aircraft, and confirmed that it was of American origin. "All crewmen should resume their scheduled routines at this time. I would like to see the man responsible for this alarm on the bridge in fifteen

minutes. That is all." Never before had Frank Williams felt more sick than he did at that moment.

Frank and Bud walked side-by-side down the narrow hall leading to the showers. "Now, Frank, don't worry about it. Anyone could have made the same mistake. You were just doing what you thought was the best thing to do!" insisted Bud. "And I goofed, like the inexperienced, immature idiot that I am. Look at me and tell me that I'm not the biggest jack-ass you've ever met! Go ahead! I dare you."

Frank showered quickly, and made the finishing touches on his uniform as he dressed, wanting to look his best for the captain. "You should always look your best when going to your own court martial," he said to Bud while departing through the hatch.

Frank's tall, lean stature didn't make much noise as he walked toward the bridge. The lump in his throat felt as big as a bowling ball, and never before had he wanted to cry as badly as he did right now. He kept a stiff upper lip, and continued to walk this seemingly endless venture to the captain.

Frank tapped on the hard steel of the bridge door. It was opened, and he said "Seaman Francis Williams, Junior, reporting as ordered, Sir!" The officer returned a salute and showed him in. "Request permission to see the captain, Sir!" As he stiffly awaited a reply from the officer, he was shocked to hear a familiar voice say "You needn't request permission, I'm already here." Frank whirled around at lightning speed and shouted "Yes, Sir!"

"Seaman Williams, I don't mean to embarrass you in front of these officers, but this is as good a place as any to tell you exactly what is on my mind." At this point, Frank's heart felt as though it was breaking through his ribcage, and his eyes were starting to fill up in fear. "I just wanted to commend you on sighting that aircraft. We hadn't even picked it up on radar, yet, and it was one of our guys. It was one of those drill planes to test the readiness of all the ships. You have a pretty keen sense of sight. I intend to congratulate you over the P.A. in front of all the men tonight at chow. Again, Seaman Williams, that was a job well done! You're dismissed."

"Yes, Sir!" Frank was in shock. He could not even remember leaving the bridge, despite the fact that his mouth had hung open the entire time. Now, after months of torture, something seemed right, and for the first time in years, he was happy.

Frank wasn't able to eat any of his dinner. He was still too excited, and all night long was shaking hands and getting pats on the back from men he didn't

even know. But they all seemed so close to him now, and really seemed thrilled with Frank Williams' achievement. Frank was, for the moment, the topic of everyone's conversation. Now, for the first time, Frank wasn't afraid to look at the future, and an entirely new life opened up to him.

Inasmuch as it was one of the most crucial times in our nation's history, Frank had found a place for himself, as well as a sense of belonging. While the United States was on the verge of war with Japan, Frank Williams enjoyed the routine of Navy life.

The months of Frank's enlistment went quickly, and he held each of them as a fond memory. He no longer dreaded the routine aspects of the Navy, but took each in stride. All of the sailors, particularly Bud Carlson, were never able to figure the sudden change in Frank's personality. All they knew was that it was a change for the better, and Frank was a happy guy.

The forty-seven months that Frank had been in the service were ones of fulfillment. However, when Frank realized that only a month remained before he was to be discharged, he was very glad. Even though he would miss all of his buddies, the thought of civilian life was a welcome change.

It was a peculiar time to be leaving the Navy. In a way, Frank felt disloyal because foreign negotiations and relations with Japan were at their worst point, and if the United States were to meet with any combat in the Pacific, he would not be there. His final voyage would be after stopping off in the Hawaiian Islands. A brief shore leave was planned here, and then they would sail for the coast.

Frank Williams was as proud as the name "Arizona" which was boldly labeled across the side of the ship. It seemed as big as ever as the ship steamed through the small inlet to Hawaii's largest harbor.

"I'll be waiting for you on deck, Bud. I don't think there is anyone on board that is as glad as I am to be on home soil." Frank was ready to go ashore: dressed in his best with his duffel bag casually strapped over his shoulder. Taking a deep breath, Frank leaned back and looked up into the blue, Sunday morning sky. Just then, he could not comprehend what he was seeing. An entire swarm of small aircraft were far up in the sky. As they started a rapid descent on Pearl Harbor, Frank exclaimed a familiar cry, "Enemy aircraft! Enemy aircraft!"

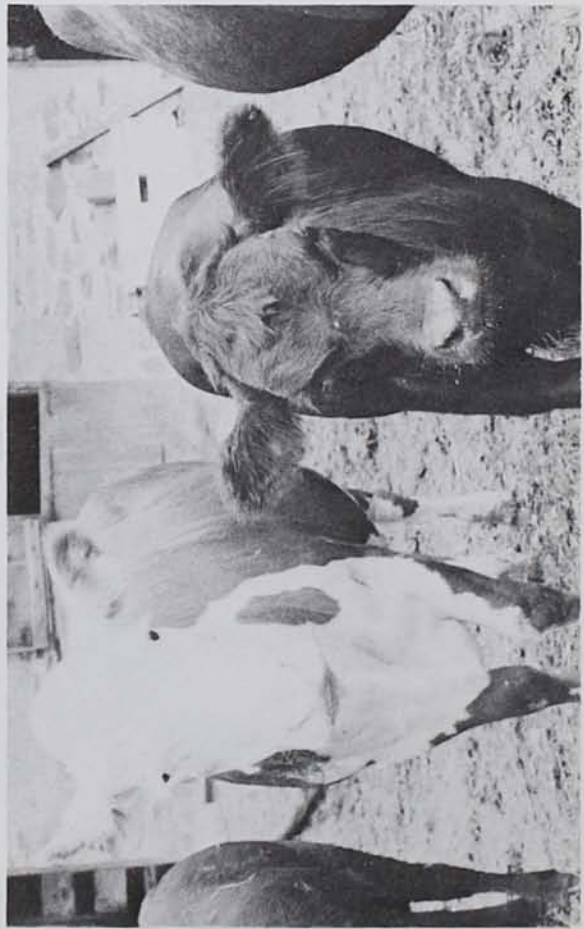
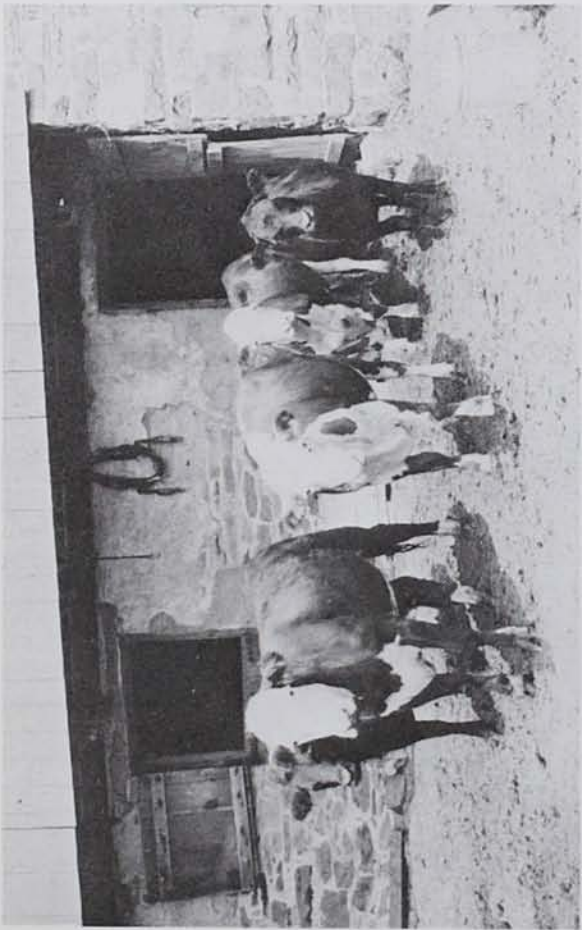
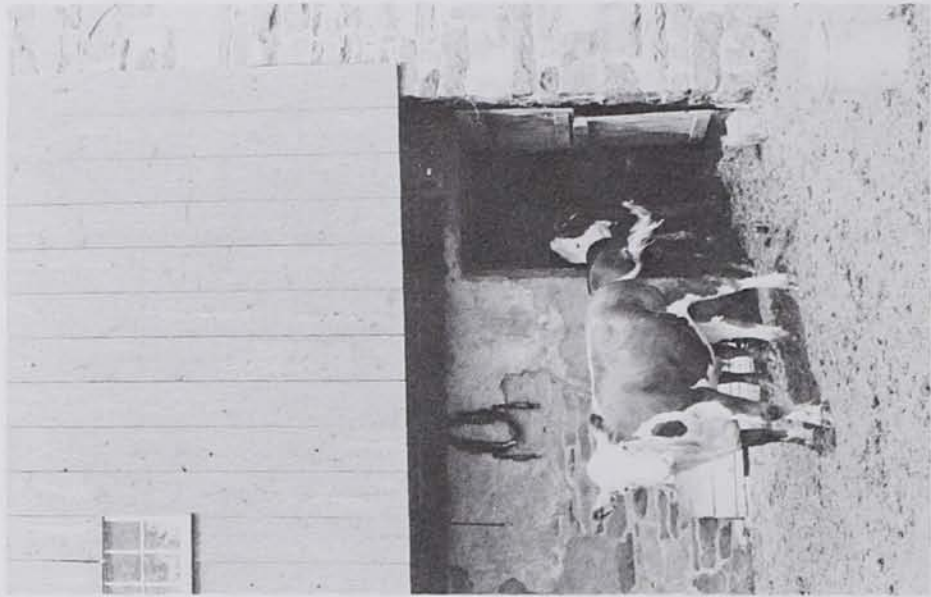
Frank's warning was in vain, and the only one on board to hear him was Bud Carlson. As he ran for the bridge, the first bomb was released, with the deck of the Arizona directly below.

The rose petals calmly drifted upon the gentle ripples of the surface of the water. Bud Carlson reassured Mrs. Williams, and kept her hand firmly in his. "He's happiest here, Mrs. Williams. Frank found a place . . . right here."



GARY AARONSON

Voices in the distance.
Two students at a table,
Discussing some minor point,
Looking into each other's eyes
Talking softly
A silver pen poised in the air.
Their voices soft and muted,
A two textured piece of music
Floating in the still air.
Pages of notebooks rustling,
White pages with blue lines.
They talk,
And I apart,
Listen.



TRACY DEWEES

Legacy of Ellis Island

Remember those immigrants we received
That longed forever to be freed?
But when they landed on these coasts,
They struggled, wandered and lost their coats.
The natives claimed supremacy
And sent them to the factory.
Wages low, housing poor.
They saw what was in store.
Their dreams were outward tossed;
Their paradise was cruelly lost.
In those days they could only hide
In the confines of ethnic pride.
They slowly seemed to dissimilate
But some said they would dominate.
Now, today, their descendents rise
To seize America; it's now our prize!

ROBERT BARZELLECA

John

The wind whistles as it
restlessly wanders through
the quiet softness.

A bird twitters, darts and
captures the worm,
making himself the momentary victor.

A great tree reaches to
the sky,

And almost touches Him
on high.

Strength through wear, and
wisdom through tear.

Always reaching yet
never touching.

The wind hits the reaching
branches, a harsh push,
the tree strains, pulls against
the tension, pulls, pulls, pulls . . .

A great crack pierces through
the peaceful silence.

The mighty giant plummets to

the earth,
crushing all below it as it
lands in its final resting place.
The wind drops a tear on its
adversary, sorry to be the
momentary victor.
As the worm crawls onto the
great carcass, the life of
the wise and gentle giant reaches
to the sky and touches Him
on high,
the ultimate victor.

KEITH STRUNK

Work

Blurry eyes from smoky nights
Struggle with the morning light.
I straggle restlessly into work.
All the while wishing I had not come.
Click to clock.
Push the paper.
Twirl the telephone dial.
Rhetoric and the runaround.
And don't forget the coffee!
Just one of the rats in the race.

STEPHEN J. SAYLOR

A Gift

Listen! I hear those silent voices calling.
Waiting. Calling to these fine, fine wrappings
That house this steaming heart, and they,
Like obedient little children
Flitter back to hang on their mother's skirt.
I stand there feeling guilty about
My little sphere of life, it having been
Given to me so kindly, painted so
Realistically with the earthy green rolling hills
Stretching to the western afternoon horizon, with
The ancient crispy railroad tracks
Baked almost gold in memory, with the sun-garbed
Dreamlike skyline haze of Manhattan, and with the
Cerulean salt air breezing from eternal childhood.
What shall I give back in return for this wonderfulness
That makes me who I am?

I stand alone, trying to find something
Of my very own to give,
Something to say thank you with.

We all must stand alone in darkest space
Like tiny satellite planets held
To life by a constant gift.
We all must stand apart.
The further away we stand, the more might we give.

SCOTT WATSON

Splintering porch boards
creak the groan
of puppies, tenants, overlords.
Weighty old women
converge, coo and pinch
each other's granny fat,
standing on the wooden slats.

BRIAN MALSBERGER

When She Is Gone

When she is gone he cannot say
desire limps by cooling drives,
or loosing eyes to gaze astray
toward other loves, for scheming crimes
give rise to mixing mortal clay
with evil's lure for love's demise.

She freshly springs in unborn days
while time, not long, he tries to bide,
for lovers yearn though none to praise,
but curse their fate when tongues deride
and nearness drives all love away;
yet absence mocks once swelling pride.
When she is gone his life grows long,
and recalls times when love was born.

ROBERT BRANCATELLI

Qual. Lament

Hey there, little unknown ion

Can't you see how hard I'm tryin'?

I've worked on you for three days straight

Now why won't you give me a break?

I'm about to blow a fuse

Can't you give me any clues?

Are you sulfate or sulfide?

Carbonate or iodide?

Are you cobalt, iron, or nickel?

Can't you see I'm in a pickle?

I've dissolved you, and I've stirred,

Precipitated and observed.

I wish you'd show yourself to me

So of this lab I could be free.

My grade depends on finding you

Before this period is through.

Little ion, make me glad,

Help me pass Chem 112 lab!

Dance your life.
Whatever the rhythm
Move your feet to it,
Or your hands,
Or eyes.
Better still
Put it all together and dance
With the whole of you.
Best of all
Dance with another—
Entirely.

Dance to life's tune.
As it changes
Find your way
To dance joy
Or grief.
Celebrate and fail
Gracefully.
Let your whole body laugh
Or weep.
Leap and fall down
With exquisite balance;
Even stumble
With the music.

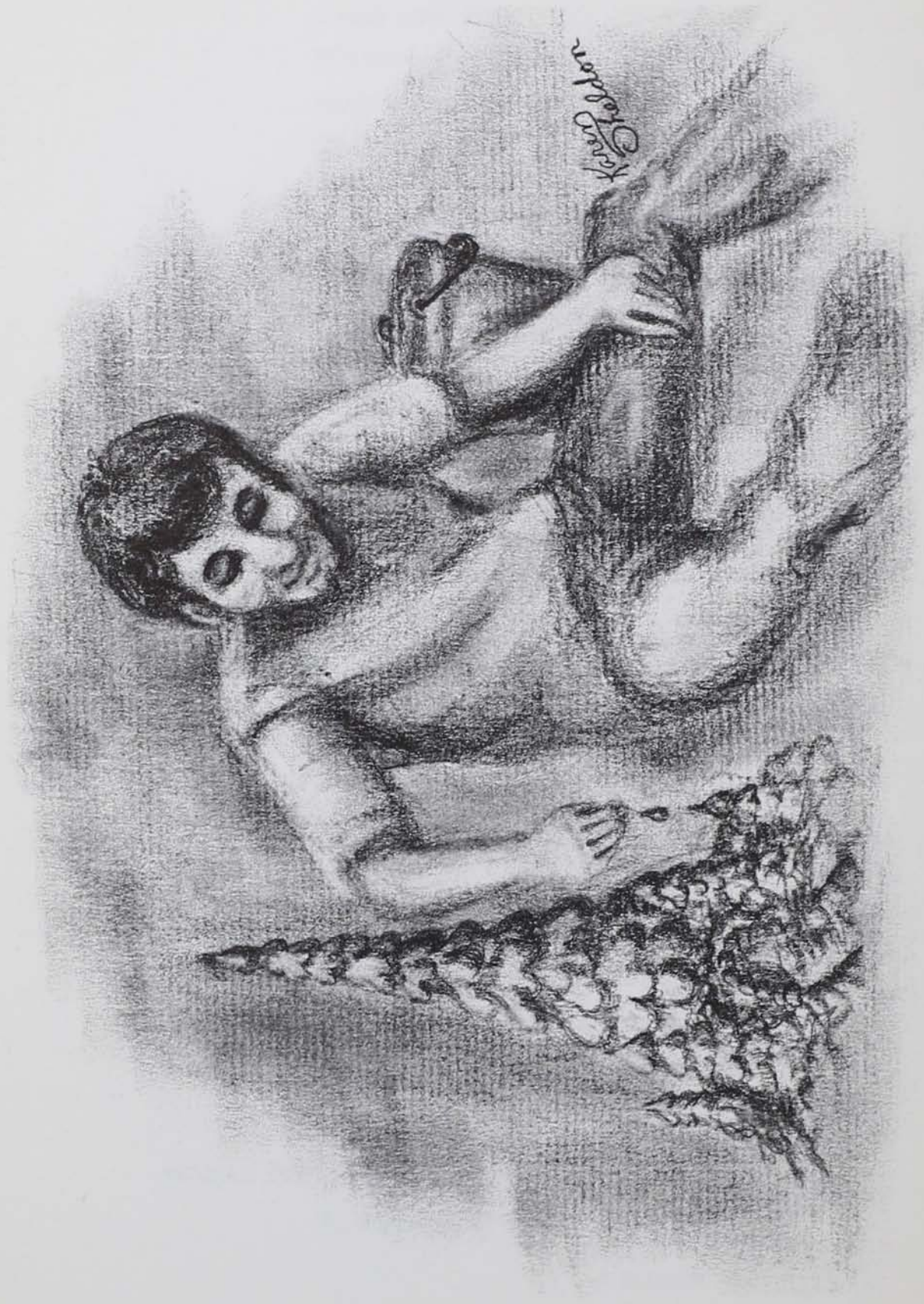
And, if you are given notice,
Move with dignity
When the time comes
To dance your death.

REDGER

remember how it used to be
the problems we could always see
the days when you and i were one
the days when all we had was fun
when love was easy and oh! so right
loving you all through the night
living life without a care
a love like ours so very rare

but those were days way back in time
gone those days of rhythm and rhyme
we lost the faith that made us one
that love of one time surely done
memories relive those happy days
and make me thankful in so many ways
because you taught me to love and live
but most of all i learned to give

JEFF CARLOW



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