

LITERARY

Anticipation

Through the light-filled blocks of pane
 The wind drifts silent crystal rain.
 The pale-awakened rug of spring
 Chased fleetingly its icy sting,
 But now a whiteness covers wide
 What prematurely was untied.
 Just yesterday I heard my feet
 Splash diamonds spilling through the street;
 Today I trudge through powdered paths
 And blink wet down from blackened lash,
 Sun - sparkling joy now fast asleep
 Beneath a blanket cold and deep.
 Unshaken branches laden high,
 Where woven cradles yearn to lie
 Dream secret dreams of peacock sky
 And cotton creatures sailing by.
 They wait for mud-stained youths to climb
 On sweet-spent days divorced from time
 When daylight lingers into dusk
 And dormant things regain their lust.
 Such dreams are built on hopeful trust
 That nature soon will bare her dust.

Leslie Robertson

Threshold

The offerings of the essence
 Of eternity

On the altar of your
 Being.

'Found Wanting'
 "Territorial Priest"

Threshold of the Pantheon
 -- No footprints --

Yasmin Khan

La fleur
 de mon coeur
 est tres blanche
 avec la grippe
 de nuit
 pour jamais

Valerie Secours

Social Club

Concert

With the Student Union

APRIL 12th

A BALLROOM EVENT

members and
 guests

Kradle

Light Rock n Roll

