". . .and many, many more of the same."

A dried bird
shored up with pillows
she slumps
fourscore years and twenty-nine again
securely lashed round the waist
to a corner of her huge rocking chair
(gift of far-off nephews who never did know her size)
and waits
and waits
to die
suffering little setbacks
on a daily basis:
a broken arm
a series of slight strokes
a persistent recurring urinary tract infection
waiting
and waiting
feebly
choking a little
spitting a little
everything out of control
everything slowed
save those sharp blue eyes
and incomprehensible mind
behind
Distant relatives
paying duty calls ("the poor thing")
pop in at intervals
bringing the chocolates
she loves to melt
slowly
under her tongue
a tongue so active once
it nearly wagged right off its stalk
but now can barely mumble
being numb
and she slowly turns the sweetness
sucks the darkness
tasting only half of it
with only half her tongue
and half the memory
It trickles warm luxurious from her mouth corner
as she quivers to staunch it
with that crumpled linen handkerchief
she always clutches
with a grasp
light as a frozen insect's wing:
a linen link with her girlhood past
long gone long gone
remembered only in dreams
when she strides out strongly across the fields
doing woman's work
her own way
at her own pace
forgetting
this endless room
with its potted plant wilting on the sill in dry earth
its faded greeting cards taped to the walls
its brown-ness
its antiseptic smells
and that she on her birthday
is diapered in green plastic
like a baby
under this dress of magenta hearts
The worst of it is
the worst of it is
having to say "Good-bye" to privacy:
nurses searching your pockets
"for your own good" But you still don't understand;
aides going through your carefully-layered drawers
when you're turned to the window
with your back to the door:
Little things you love just
disappearing
and smuggled treats
bad for your body
but O! So great for your soul
like old friends
gone for ever
erased from the world
entirely
Bye gone
Good-bye
good-bye
good
. . .
They carved up my birthday cake today
and dished it out to my enemies:
now there is nothing to look forward to
tomorrow

Pamela J. Fulton

Student Union VS. Social Club
(if it ain't broke; fix it)

It is pleasing to see
That the members agree
That a takeover isn't the answer
That Bourque and the boys
Are creating a noise
That the members regard as a cancer

Your readers are full
Of proverbial bull
In the form of deceptive attacks
The timing is right
In this frivolous fight
To inform everyone of the facts.

A few years ago
When the business was slow
And the Social Club asked for a hand
The Union of Students
Were chalked full of prudence
And somewhere the notion got canned.

The next point to mention
Devoid of contention;
The Social Club's now making money
They haven't in years
And it strengthens my fears
That the timing is selfish and funny.

While all this is pending
The "students" are spending
In excess of twelve thousand G's
On a silly campaign
In which no one will gain
Though it's one way to spend student fees.

So perhaps I'll ask Matt
(Upon hearing of that)
For a thousand or two for this verse
I need only say
Student council would pay
A lot more for a campaign that's worse.

Now the council insists
On a membership list
Though it's none of their business or right
If they want to revamp us
To serve the whole campus
Have they only the members to fight?

"Elitists" they say
Yet as students we pay
Fifteen dollars to be called "elite"
Maybe Braithwaite or Bourque
Could find some form of work
So that socially they could compete.

If you think I'm alone
With my cynical tone
Count the letters in last Friday's Bruns
And the outcome is sore-
Those "against" and those "for"
And the Social Club leads six to one.

It is pleasing to see
That the members agree
That a takeover isn't the answer
That Bourque and the boys
Are creating a noise
That the members regard as a cancer.

Pat Hamilton

Leave Them Alone!

Here's a little rhyme for all the <u>rapers</u> to read
because I'm sick and tired of watching women bleed.

I know life's a bitch and times are tough
but that is no excuse for playing rough.

Women are people too just like you and me
so why can't you people live in harmony?

Stuff like this is scary shit
how would you lie it if women gave you the "hit"?

You may be confused in life or hurt, I don't know
but I can tell one thing, this isn't the way to go.

Rape is a crime which has no class
so you better watch our or someone's gong to put a foot in your ass!

So leave them alone and let them be,
We were all put on this Earth to live in unity.

Tuhin Pal

Kisses in the Wind

Kisses in the wind
are all I have.
They are the dreams
I dream to catch.

Pictures on a mirror
are all that remain.
From a lover
I'd love to hold.

Kisses in the wind
are all I have
They are the dreams
I dream to catch.

Ali

I want the bad,
I get the pure,
A darker hue,
of black and grey.
The light shines through.
I turn away.
To shade my eyes
from the agents of light.
To find a new place
for me to play.
In the caves and crevice
of my mind.
A place so dark
it bleeds.
A river full
of powder ash

Hiep Vu

November 9

MR. J



I.C.U

by Chri
Kane

By: Etio

THE STICK FOLKS

THE HA

604 A

UNB CAMPUS

WINDSOR STREET