

Poem Written the Day We Landed on the Moon

When at last the earth has overgrown the sky
And Time itself has lost count,
Then shall the Anvil lie on its side
Marking the spot where its creator died.

When the night flips onto its back
And the morning kicks helplessly,
Then shall the painted line where eyelashes meet
Blur and run down Love's cheek.

When the cellars of the Gothic House
Vomit on the white table linen
And the shore is covered
With broken glass,

Then shall the white picket fence warp
The surface of the earth
And no man shall gasp
At the sight of the moon.
Adrienne Harris

Every House is an Ark

Every house is an ark
Dragging anchor
Along the bumps of the spine of Earth.
It is the sound of stone against stone
And the question is
Which is harder.

The bow sinks low
Heavy with that drunken old sailor Time
Who points his crooked cane East
And leaves His shadow
Upon the water.

Love has licked its lips raw
Upon the look-out
For the light of a guiding star.

By Adrienne Harris

Judgement Day

In the far flung corners of apathetic mystery
we sit here in the hour-glass of captivity
Staring out the fish bowl staring at humanity
leering at our image in a mirror of false humility
Casting the fish hook of self esteemed paradise
running from the Jonah's whale with ivory eyes
Taking the pie from Tom Thumb's greedy hand
smashing it in the face of a tortured land
Making love to the 5 & 10 cent whore
the one whose very ethics you deplore
Catching the green-eyed monster who can hypnotize
he's got you in his power with his plastic eye
Rubbing the suede to see it change its shade
like the little Wall St. Chameleon you've got it made
Writhing in the sweat of your enslaved poor
ecstasy is yours you set your ogre-lure
Playing show and tell with the unicorn
your plastic Jesus proves to be your only horn
Telling once a truth that now's a thousand lies
you can't sell out to the one whose soul he buys
Images which once were only things you shared
now turn out to be the very truths you bared
Now the double barrel makes a single sound
all your strength is now a red trail on the ground.
Michael Steiner

She sat silently in the shadows.
Her old face shrunken from age.
Her shriveled hands resting quietly on her lap.
And as she sat a single tear fell from her half-shut eye.
And she continued to sway back and forth and back and forth on her rocking chair.
(And then,
The family):
They had all come to visit, how happy she was-
Superficial hello's
Non-committal how are you's
Silly conversation continuing for hours
and finally loving farewells.
She stood up and walked to the door,
Her stooped body managed its way to the bathroom.
She swallowed the pills and sat down once more-
Realizing her uselessness she went to sleep.
Sue Reznick

To Raggedy Ann:

We are children of parents
young-feeling-willing
We are ourselves
grasping-learning-experiencing
We are prophets of god many ages abused
Our minds are torn with tradition
Our hearts are filled with love
Our parents are old
old is inhibited
young is inhibited?
We are not old nor old is not young
some will change
We will begin at least.
At least will we begin?
"Truth is beauty"
You are beautiful
I am confused
searching and finding
unafraid to love
sharing and growing older
keeping up with time.
My dreams are elusive
dreams and hopes
dreams and mysteries
up down all
and and around.

Holden Caulfield I love you.
On a make believe trip into fantasy,
innocent children on carosels never
grow up never-ever
not
ever...
Sue Reznick

A SMALL MAN IN WHITE

the vendor lifts his candied smile
over hot and tired faces below the cart...
while sun-scorched skin strains to reach
the shade of his brightly painted carousel
but it remains an exclusive umbrella,
gaudy guardian of the hot dog microcosm
and only the money-filled hands are saved...
in a fleeting instant of cool relief,
he interrupts the raging burns of life's exposure
and the mask of his smile lights our false oasis.

A. Baxter

IMPORTANT
Final Exam Petition

This is a petition protesting the administration's decision
to have final examinations immediately following Christmas
recess. We feel that finals should be given before Christmas.
This will enable us to have a vacation without interruption.
All support needed.

Sign coupon and submit it in box at Information Desk at
Gengras Campus Center immediately.

Name .....
School ..... Class .....
Address .....

Student
Association
Election

Representatives are
needed from:

JR. CLASS-ART SCHOOL
SR. CLASS-MUSIC SCHOOL
FRESHMEN FROM ALL SCHOOLS

Interested full-time day students fill out applications and return to S.A.
office - second floor - G.C.C. - by October 24. Elections will be held Oct.
30 and 31.
Name.....
Year .....
School .....

ALL CANDIDATES ARE WELCOME TO have their platforms printed in
the U.H. News Liberated Press, pictures will be taken of candidates on
Friday Oct. 24, from 10:00 to 1:00 at the newspaper office