

## The Janitor just left

The freshly washed  
institutional floor  
smells like  
the underside of a green sea turtle,  
that almost human  
stretch of white skin  
tender like the skin  
that rarely sees the light of day.  
I walk across the wet  
Carefully, so as not to slip  
I'd probably break my back  
my neck  
tailbone if I did.

by Susan Anderson

## Cell

We'll save you for a different time,  
little growth,  
bloody shrimp,  
stuck on my warm wall.

The moon is waning without me  
I am rising full.

We'll save you for another time  
little growth  
bloody shrimp  
stuck on my warm wall.

by Susan Anderson

## The beach

Their bodies litter the beach  
White grains dyed red.  
The Ocean laps at the beach, hungrily.

The guns lay scattered  
Jeeps and boats burn  
With a lusty fire.

A lone figure rises  
From the forgotten  
Life among the dead.

Blood encrusted face  
he struggles  
to his feet.  
Blood covered fingers  
wrap around his rifle  
he holds himself up.

The silence is shattered  
By a far-off boom.  
He looks toward the sound  
Tears run down his face.

He staggers to the edge  
Of the sea  
He tosses his rifle into the air  
Plunges into the Ocean.

by Shannon Ramos



Graphics by J.T. Gillette

## Cat

The telephone jangles  
and she pounces  
to answer purringly  
while playing  
with the dangling,  
curled cord.

by Leslie D. Clason

## Fragile

I am not rubber,  
a ball dropped  
which bounces back to you.

I am . . . glass,  
a crystal that  
reflects light,  
or lets light pass through;  
is colorless,  
or is of all colors;  
conducts heat,  
or transfers cold;  
can be liquid,  
or can feel solid;  
may look formless,  
or may have shape;  
is whole,  
or is broken.

I am glass.  
I am glass,  
a crystal dropped which  
shatters.

by Leslie D. Clason

## Dance of the Leper

Down in the jungle,  
I brush the steam-heat fringe,  
act in animal madness —  
taste the dancing tiger's sweat.  
Love incarnate is slow blood rhythm:  
Slink in —  
Turn around —  
lunge for your life —  
keep moving.

by David Mendenhall

## The death of I.C. Blue

In the early morning, fog shrouded hours of April 22, 1984. Authority figures Blake and Flake were called to a quiet, tree-lined *cul de sac* near Hendrick's Park in Eugene, Oregon. As they approached the impressive, lily white mansion that stood before them, glasses of half-filled Margaritas and black napkins laced the walkway serving as evidence that a grand party had only recently concluded. When they reached the front patio, Officer Blake pressed the doorbell while Officer Flake took note of a second floor window held open by a mayonnaise jar. Shortly thereafter, Howard the career Butler appeared at the door and with a sullen, ash covered look on his face, led the authority figures through the majestic interior of the mansion to the Smoke room where the body of America's hero, I.C. Blue, lay. The fact that I.C. had been murdered after having hosted a bash for Eugene's Beautiful People was obvious. But questions remained especially when it became apparent that the body had been moved to the Smoke room and a cigar with the words "I hate graveyards" printed on the side had been planted in Mr. Blue's mouth.

Who killed I.C. Blue? Where did the savage murder take place? Did it occur on the estate? Or did I.C. head down to Old Taylor's after the party? And what weapon was used to silence the mind of

America's hero?

Was it Atiyeh with the rug in the conservatory?  
Was it Frank Sinatra with the 8 ball in the Billiard room?

Was it Michael Jackson with flammable grease in the studio?

Was it Nancy Reagan with ox tails in the kitchen?  
Was it Jerry Falwell with the crucifix on the altar?

Was it Ronald Reagan with the big stick in the Dining room?

Was it Jerry Garcia with LSD in the ballroom?  
Was it the Supreme Soviet with milk and cookies in the bedroom?

Was it Sister Cindy with the broomstick in the telephone booth?

Or was it John DeLorean with the razor blade in the parking lot?

The first wayward soul with grease marks to correctly solve the mystery surrounding the death of I.C. Blue wins an expense paid trip to Albany, Oregon where the lucky winner will enjoy the sights, sounds and smells of the Save More Motel and the simple dishes of the U-Serve-U Restaurant across the street.

by S. Maher

Would you like to swing on a star?

The star shines over Eugene.  
Look for us at Sahalie,  
Sundance, McKay's, New  
Frontier, Kiva and other fine  
places.

You could be  
better off than you are.

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