

Rhapsody

"Basketball Playoff"

Tom was ready to watch his favorite sport
 From his favorite place on the davenport.
 Coffee on, all set to go,
 Sandwiches and crackers, a six pack and so
 With the T.V. Guide handy
 Looking around all seemed dandy.
 T.V. announcing the players on line,
 The sounds of the crowd echoing all's fine.
 The ball is passed quickly back and forth,
 Each player making points for all he's worth.
 As the ball falls forward, the home team to win,
 Out go the lights, and it's darker than sin.

by Della Stuelpnagel



"Passing Friend"

Just how much you've given me, you'll never know
 That friendly nod, a cheery word
 So rarely said but always heard.
 A smile, a generous gift in passing
 Sends my troubles fleeting
 If only for this brief meeting.
 Each day I retrace my routine
 From class to class I walk
 With eyes weighted down with thought.
 To see you passing, my heart lightens
 So many pass with a distant gaze
 Glad to find a friendly face.
 I know you only by your first name
 And you only mine
 But between us that is fine.
 Close enough to share a laugh
 Yet not too close to smother
 Passing friend, I wish I had another.

by Julia Singer

"Zenith"

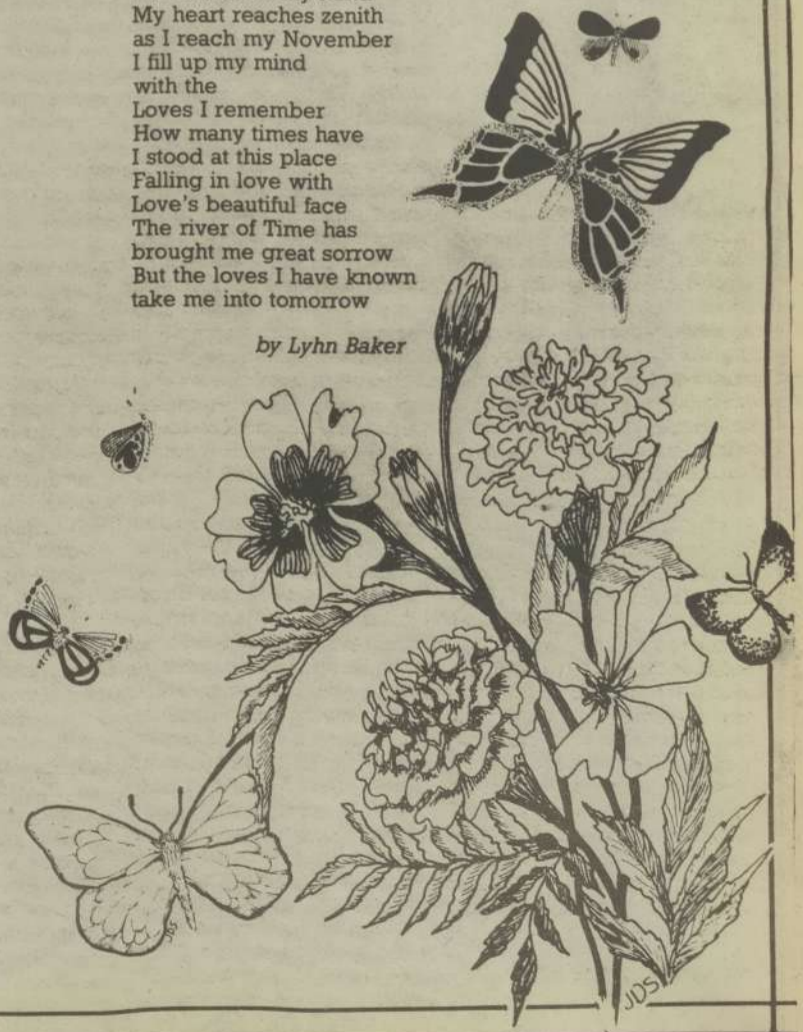
In-laws and out-laws
 Sisters and brothers
 Ex-husbands
 and boyfriends
 and significant others
 The faces have changed
 the places
 the times
 But the feelings flow on
 like a river in my mind
 My heart reaches zenith
 as I reach my November
 I fill up my mind
 with the
 Loves I remember
 How many times have
 I stood at this place
 Falling in love with
 Love's beautiful face
 The river of Time has
 brought me great sorrow
 But the loves I have known
 take me into tomorrow

by Lyhn Baker

"Dear Lady"

Good day, dear lady,
 I'm glad you could join me for lunch.
 Such a quaint place to meet,
 A side walk cafe, cafe au lait, and watercress
 tidbits to munch.
 Good evening, dear lady. How nice that you join me for
 dinner.
 To dine among these hedonistic, sybaritic,
 voluptuaries is a winner.
 Such a lovely, moonlit night, my dear. Let's take this
 honey-suckled path and enjoy the view.
 Would you like a night-cap, my dear? My place or
 your place, as the youngsters say. I leave it up to you.
 Your digs are your statement, dear lady. Quiet,
 tasteful, hospitable, charming.
 Would I like a drink you ask? Yes, creme
 de menthe on the rocks with a brandy float, an
 aphrodisiac most disarming.
 Good morning, dear lady. How lovely you look in the
 dawn's honest light, framed by your hair on the pillow.
 As Gilbert and Sullivan would say, tit willow, tit
 willow, tit willow.
 Goodbye, dear lady. Now I must go. Your omelette will
 achieve great fame.
 By the bye, my dear, I really must know. Pray
 tell, dear lady, what is your name?

by Joseph Patrick Lee



A Potpourri of the Arts

Supplement to The Print

