

Rhapsody

Wednesday, December 7, 1988

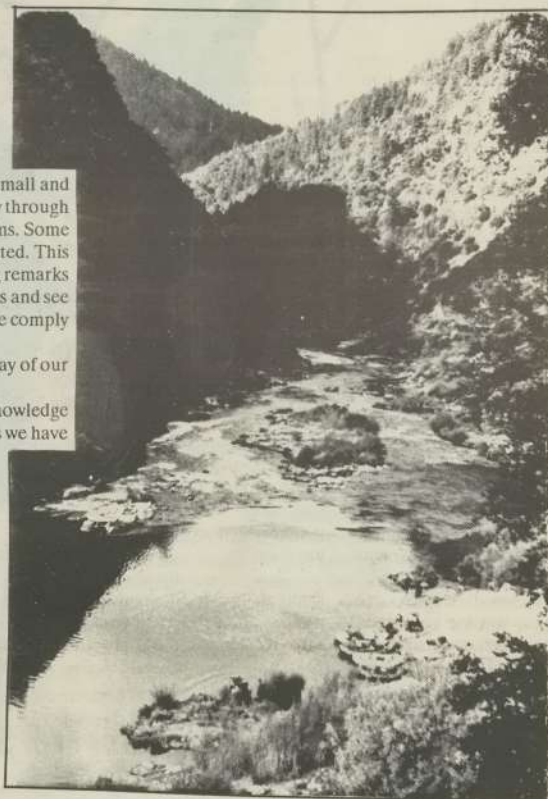
RIVER OF LIFE

One's lifetime can be symbolically compared with that of a river. Like a river we start life small and lacking in strength. At first we are totally dependent on outside help for our survival. As we journey through life we gather strength and support the same way a river grows with the additions of small streams. Some of these streams are crystal clear and add to the quality of the river's water while others are polluted. This is the same with life's experiences. As long as a river stays within its natural path it receives glowing remarks from those who reside along its banks. But let a far away storm cause the river to overflow its banks and see how the positive remarks change to negative. This is the same with human activities. As long as we comply with the mores of our social group we are an accepted member.

Like the river's continuing path towards its ultimate death in the sea we grow closer to the day of our demise with each morning's awakening.

Life in its essence in reality spans only three days ie; yesterday, today, and tomorrow. If we acknowledge we can do very little about yesterdays and really have no way of determining how many tomorrows we have been allotted, this only leaves today to live to its fullest.

- by Stan Johnson



FEAR OF THE FACT

He stares, and it is blue.
He knows that it is so.
Through the mirror, exact and true,
He watches and sees the foe.
The enemy of his body befriends the drain,
Where his hair does flow.
He touches the top of his head
And feels the smoothness of his skin
He dries himself and goes to bed.
Morning comes, and it is another day,
It could be any day if he were younger,
But as it is, it is a day after yesterday,
And yesterday he was already old enough.

-by Elys Carr

DREAMS

I begin my day by remembering
the dreams I dreamed last night
then I take a look
read a book
go out for a walk
The day goes by
too quickly
like my life
I started this day
a young woman
it seemed
Now tonight and old woman
crawls into my bed
creaking and moaning
and complaining
Last night
I dreamed I was dead

-by L. Baker

LUNA

Dark brown eyes
Shining bright
Little cherub hands
tiny fingers
Clutch my hair
On this magic night.
Little baby Luna
Treasure of my heart
So sweet and pretty
Angel face
This night
Your life does start

-by Brenda Cyrus

GLASS HOUSES

For does he see me looking in
Or is he looking out
Upon the bluest skies, or greenest grass
That lies beneath my feet
Or the purplest, pinkest roses
and orchids
That line the house
The house of glass
That I am looking in to find he looking out.

- by Michelle Walton

Rhapsody is the Print's art and literature supplement. Rhapsody welcomes poetry, essays, stories and art, including photography. If you have anything to contribute, please bring it to Trailer B, the journalism office.

-Mitch Walch, Editor
Linda Vogt, Adviser

