

UNTITLED

It's funny, I claim to be a conser-
vationist
And yet here I am wasting paper
Sitting in this chair for hours at a
time
Trying to catch those elusive words
deep within the mist
of my mind

Maybe I'm fooling myself, per-
haps I'm not meant for this
maybe I should write only forms
or figures
But it's either this, or I head off
to bed
To try and sleep off this muddled
swish
inside my head

Is writing down these lines even
helping me at all?
Is it clearing my head of the
confusion?
Or is it just mixing more ideas
around inside my brain
Building an even more unsur-
passable wall
Driving me insane

But oh how I do love paper and
ink
So I'll continue to write down
words
For my artistic abilities are far
too limited
And one must have some drain
to the sink
Or a straight-jacket will surely
need to be fitted

-by Elys Carr

LOVEBLOOD

Like a diamond that cuts the
window
Or a knife that stabs the back
We all know some kind of
loveblood
Like a mother that leaves her
child
Or a father that dies at war
We all some form of loveblood
Some people beg for more.
-by Michelle Walton



Photo by Julie Church

HUGS

How many hugs do I need in a day?
How many hugs can I get by on?
Two a day can't be relied on
to keep the tears away.
Ideally, I would think
one an hour
would keep me from drink
or letting my sweet life
go sour.

-by L. Baker

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Oh that I might find someone
to touch, to have, to hold.
Someone to tell my troubles to
to make the nights seem not so cold.
Many a friend I now do have
and lust has had its chance
but tell her how I really feel
and the heart shall get the lance.
Love me, still yet, love me not
or love me as a friend
but fancy thoughts to blend the two
and the relationship shall end.
So onward I plod, with empty arms,
must I wait till I am old?
To find someone, anyone
to touch, to have to hold.

-by Andy Bruce

TWO

Coffee cups on a littered table,
Cigarette smoke meeting and
drifting,
Words flashing, clashing, rising,
blending,
Ideas formed deep inside-
Finally, to share- to tell- to know,
A friend? One to confide?
Perhaps more? Who knows? Not
I.

-by Leah Howard

HOW TO CLEAN A TEENAGER'S BEDROOM

Have you ever had the op-
portunity of walking into a typi-
cal teenager's (female) bedroom?
It's something every person ought
to experience in his or her life-
time. My purpose today is to
describe that bedroom and then
offer three separate sets of direc-
tions pertaining to the cleaning
of said bedroom.

At first glance, as you care-
fully and ever so slowly open the
door of a typical teenager's bed-
room, you notice that there seems
to be no carpet. Clothes, shoes,
books, and nail polish adorn the
floor, walls, light fixtures and
furniture. In one part of the room,
bath towels lie flat all over the
carpet, looking like a patchwork
quilt. A spoonful of dried cot-
tage cheese shares a spot with
capless hairspray, handlotion and
makeup. Six pair of assorted
shoes lie scattered around the
room as if dropped like bombs
from a plane. Underwear, draped
over the ghetto blaster and jew-
elry, thoughtfully purchased a
month ago, dangles from half open
dresser drawers. A month old
half-moldy sandwich, wrapped in
plastic, lays beside an empty glass
in the corner of the room. This is
a bedroom begging to be cleaned.

Here are three methods of-
fered to help you clean a typical
teenager's room: the madcap
teenage method, the meticulous
mother method, and the matured
mother method.

Madcap Teenager Cleaning Directions

First, enter the bedroom
and tune into Z100, turning
volume knob to the far right.
Second, as you're rocking out,
pick up all clothes (doesn't
matter if they're clean or dirty),
put them in a laundry basket
and take the basket to the
laundry room. Third, whatever
else is out of place in the
bedroom, toss in the closet and
close the door.

Meticulous Mother Directions

A warning, the following
method will take considerably
longer than the madcap
teenager method.

The meticulous mother
method begins early in the
morning with a hearty break-
fast (and a valium). After,
breakfast, put on your grubby
clothes and approach said
bedroom. Open the door. A
word of caution at this point -
be sure to clear a path through
the room just in case you have
to make a quick exit. Now that
you are in the room, adjust
your blinders so you're not
overwhelmed by all the bare-
cheested models. Second,
separate clothes into three
classifications: dirty, cleaned
four months ago but still in
laundry basket, and repeats-
clothed never worn but always
washed and dried over and
over. Take the dirty clothes to

the laundry room and hang the
clean clothes in the closet.

Third, remove all trash from
behind the bed and take it
outside to be burned. Fourth,
replace all uncapped conatiners
with their proper lids. Fifth,
make the bed being very careful
not to arouse the sleeping cat
under the covers. Sixth, pick
up all notes and read only the
ones that are open. And
finally, gaze about the clean
bedroom knowing in the back
of your mind it will remain
clean for only a brief moment.

Matured Mother Directions

This method only applies
to the mother who has reached
the end of her rope. First,
open the back door and walk
out to the tool shed. Second,
find a sturdy metal garden rake
and bring it into the house.
Third, enter the teenager's
room and proceed to rake
every item into a pile. Fourth
and last, exchange all the soft
tubular hangers for wire
hangers and then reverse every
other one.

Each of the aforementioned
room cleaning directions has
its own obvious advantages and
disadvantages. As a last-ditch
suggestion one might just close
the bedroom door, wait for
four or five years, and pray for
a miracle.

-by Carol Soderberg-Pienovi



Photo by Julie Church

