



An Unaccepted Joy

Adjoined in hand, adjoined in heart
Strolling down the endless corridor
Whispers, chit-chat, gossip vomit from mouths
Then the "hick stares from hell"
Walking with a smile engulfing my face
while others cringe and frown upon the sight of us
I think to myself " CAN WE SURVIVE IT ALL?"

Will the tension ever secede?
Will ignorance be lost?
Will bigotry ever end?

Hoping for the best
yet expecting the worst
one day, I think, one day

For now, constant glaring
ever-so-popular questions like
"Why is he wit hurt?"
or the continuous slurs
"Porch Monkey" or "Sell Out."

For what?
Why?

Will it always be an unaccepted joy?

Daphne Hartt



A bulb in a box shaped room

When a gray
box-shaped room
is pitch black
you can
reach
from a
mattress,
pull on a chain
and turn on
the light
from a bulb
in a
box-shaped
room.

and
you can argue
that bulb
is as good
as its
creator's
intent
or that
light
is good
only as long
as it lasts.

but light
turns
razor-blades
into mirrors
where you
can see
the other side
screaming through
light
from box-shaped
rooms.

standing
on the mattress
looking down
on your
box-shaped room
you label
all the items
in your room
so as to more easily
identify their
usages
for further
up-coming
purposes.

a mattress
a blade
a bulb
a box-shaped room

survival
is a competition
of take and take,
so you make
everything count
taking it all
for
all its worth.

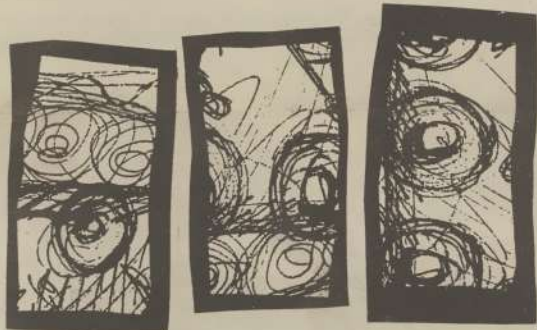
so you took
your mirror
from on top
of the sink
and sank
yourself further,
committing
your final
shred of dignity.
with a stroke
of an edge
into your wrist.

I sat in awe
as you slipped
on through to the other side
of life,
floated away the parameters
I watched you
work so hard
to build.

and I knew
I had been willed
that box-shaped room
as I sat and saw
blood seep
down
from a
freshly-cut
razor-sharp
wound.

I turned
off the light
that night
by twisting the bulb
from its socket.
and laid next to you
at the foot
of the bed.
gently caressing
you swollen head.
and remembered
how you had laughed
when I said
that
this box-shaped room
could
sometime
soon become
a world
of never ending
rooms.

Robert A. Hibberd



poem, a.
i regret to leave, you ,but where i am:
i can't bring anything like
you,
not for your looks or of some rule but
for what is inside always grabbing: that LARGE,
soft hand that fits in
my throat
and waves

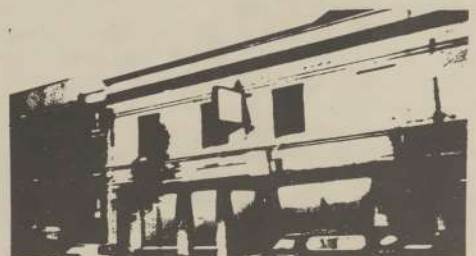
i will see more so pity me not now
that the lid has been opened
and
i can
step out,
look up,
and walk to a tree and sit against its rough body

because what i took from (you) before it took more
of it to fill me was, for a time, good
at whatever makes smiling,
yet held blows of deeper silence

when i see
your arms i'll
think about
spreading them
but now i am at a place you cannot come
and where
at the middle
Much plays with Less and loses

Eric Day

Community Reading
Poetry and Fiction
Nov. 20 12-1 p.m.
Pauling 103



Writing competitions announced

Gary I. Beck Memorial Award
Short Stories Competition
Fiction
The top three winning stories will
be awarded cash prizes and
certificates.
Please mark entries for Gary I.
Beck Award and leave them in
the Streeter Hall Computer Lab
for Bee Bee Tan-Beck.
Deadline: December 1
Call ext. 2378 for details.

Writers' Club Contest
Fiction (one entry per contestant)
Creative Non-Fiction (one entry
per contestant)
Poetry (a maximum of six poems
per contestant)
Cash prizes and certificates will
be awarded for first and second
place in each category.
Please leave submission with Al-
len Widerburg in room S124. Call
ext. 2359 for details.

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