

Poetry Corner

Please Respect the Worms

Why do they venture into the unknown?
 Or do they know?
 When the rain pours
 They struggle and drown.
 Do they fight?
 Or do they give in to their destiny?
 The rain continues unaware of its effects.
 Hundreds of them lying on the wet cement.
 No one even really seems to care.
 They might squirm - or stomp - but no one really cares.
 The rain is the only deterrent - not the worms.
 I care. When the rain stops
 And the sun dries the cement, a few remain.
 Where do the rest go?
 The ones that did not fry?
 The ones that weren't snatched up by the birds.
 The rain makes it seem so simple -
 yet can we know?
 It is still raining.
 Good luck little worms.

By Tammy Furiesz

to you,

love
 it escapes me
 no matter how hard i try
 i cannot seem 2 find it
 you attract me
 so i get 2 know you
 and if you interest me further
 well then that is 2 bad
 because you will not love me
 you may love another
 you may not want 2 love
 you may not know how 2 love
 is it me
 is it you
 is it life
 do i really need love
 i think i do
 can i do without love
 my heart says no
 so what do i do
 where do i go
 that is my problem
 i do not know

, from me

to those:

are u serious

do u hate me because i wear red shoes
 can it be possible that u dislike me
 because i wear the color pink
 is it reasonable that u despise me
 because i am good friends with girls
 do u resent me
 because i am against racism
 is it fair
 i upset u because i dance differently
 no i do not try 2 be macho
 but that does not make me a homosexual
 and even if i were
 would that be any concern of yours
 this is America
 the so-called land of the free
 u can be whatever u want 2 be
 u can be whoever u chose 2 be
 i only ask the same 4 me
 do u hate me 4 asking
 are u serious

, from me

Terminal Fate

by Steve Aller

She taunts me. With her blank expression and lopsided smirk, blinking...she taunts me and everything that I strive so hard to be.

She's always there, facing me, following my actions as I move about the room.

She knows everything about me and never fails to remind me of it every time we exchange glances. She does more harm to my ego by just looking... never speaking...always thinking. Perfect logical thinking. It's disgusting and I'm jealous because she can be silent and learn everything and I babble and gain nothing but more unanswered questions. She always listens and never answers, just blinks. I should be thankful, for if it wasn't for her blinking I'd have to wonder if she was alive at all.

She drives me crazy. She wants to know my deepest thoughts, and yet on the same token she gives me that look that erases all hopes of meaningful accomplishment. I wonder if she has any idea what she does to me...how the pressure she puts on me can destroy any promising thoughts that I happen to be thinking at the time.

She watches me now...watching her...as I take another drink. It's her fault, the drinking, I mean. She leaves me little choice: All she does is watch, and wait. Wait for me to make my move. She wants me to touch her, to tell her more of what I'm thinking, to drain me of my most private emotions. She knows too much...that just by waiting and watching she can learn more and more about me until, until...she knows it all. And when she does...ahh, who am I kidding. It's too late. She does know it all. And yet she's not satisfied...she needs to know more. She has to know more. It's the only thing she cares about. She won't stop watching and waiting, waiting and watching, until she's drained every last imaginative fiber out of my racing mind. She won't be content until she uses me up.

And yet I love her nonetheless, in a certain way. She sits at the kitchen table, guiltless and unknowing of the troubles she causes me. For you see, it's not her fault...that she's a computer.

Bookstore Construction

Photos by Carol Eck



Construction worker gets a lift



One of Several open "lounge" areas



The interior of the new Behrend Bookstore

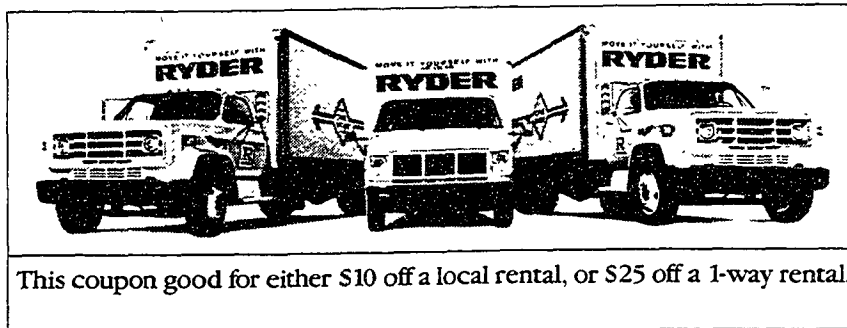


Marybeth Zawistoski tries out the newly completed spiral stairway

Leaving school has never been so easy.

It's not surprising that so many students move with Ryder. We've got sturdy, dependable trucks in all sizes. Many are automatics, with power steering, air conditioning, and FM on top of the AM. Plus, Ryder can help out with boxes, hand trucks, even moving tips. And we're easy on the wallet, too.

So call Ryder. Because while college may not always be a breeze, getting out of it can be.



This coupon good for either \$10 off a local rental, or \$25 off a 1-way rental.

RYDER.
 We're there at every turn.™