

WHOOOPS!

Ed. Note: Last issue, the following poem appeared in THE CAPITOLIST, but it had the wrong title. This poem actually is untitled. The poem following this untitled creation is the one which is WORMS. We apologize to Cheryl Boyes for the slip-up. We hope to have it together this week.

cheryl boyes
can you see the we in me?

faster and faster it rotates
a spiral shooting speedily into space
my mind twirls itself in curls
and the planets change their hues
--there's different views.

the spider spun his veins
along the counter kitchen
i opened the door
and he danced a ballet
descending to the table
and then he sat still.
i walked the floor
and burnt my thermal underwear
in the oven.

the stars, the spider and me.
we.

worms

by cheryl boyes

sliding soundless thru the night
along labyrinthes of cement
blindly groping for a moist muddy home
to feed yourselves and sift the soil
you travel strong distances many times your length
in a quiet struggle for the life of earth
none can hear your silent scream of fright
but i saw you tonight shining many shades of red
against a hard and dissonant
pale world
of man

Let's go to amerika Daddy!

Yes I woke up this morning,
the sun crekin' through my
window eyes, and cars honk on
their way. There's the pain
inside, and I must hussle myself
to the street to find some bread.
There's an achin' yearnin' to be
free, but here's some friends, but
I owe them bread from
yesterday's. The pain inside, I
just want to hide, good lord I
jus' wanna' die. Crawled back to
my crib to lay in my bed an die,
and Mr. Jones only gives me pain
while I cry. In comes Johnny,
he's got a bag for me and one for
him, so we got over another day.
Now I jus' wanna' say, the pain
is gone, but it won't go away
long. Jesus Christ I ain't sayin'
I'm free, there'd only be another
jones to be.

Footnote: In my wasted
room, the tear-walls sweat. They
bleed for me, they spin, spinnin'
oh lord! There's my face a
solemn peace, there's wisdom in
my brain, liquid Utopia in my
veins. Sweat beads break out
from my forehead, with honesty
and reality hand in hand.

"Hey man! You know
everything looks right down
here!"

"Yeah!" you know your
potentiality to life has died,
man you know it ain't right, but
help me pull this nylon stocking
over my head, and have you got
your piece, "Yeah, I'll meet you
in the alleyway." I know, and
god I know what it has done to
me, "BUT you know, that
someone is passing that way and
he's got bread."

"Yeah and we're just goin' to
run 'em over, let him live, don't
let 'em see who you are." Man
the train is ridin' high, the pain
says hello. Man you sit in that
stinkin' alley tastin' your
stinkin' breathe, as you grip a
little tighter on your club and,
"Hey man someone's comin'!"
whispered Christly.

"Yeah, ssshhh!" The silence
of the city night cars groaning,

people's voices hombling, the
grip is tighter, he's closer, he's
just walked by, my cat sleazes
up behind out of sight, the slow
motion-silent raising of the club,
"Whop!" as a crumpled being
lays heaping, motionless. The
search, the search, man its never
over, it goes on forever, "Look
here! this dude has seventy
bucks on 'em, let's split." Yeah,
and that dude is broke, poor
bastard--battered skull, he's still
alive though; Mr. Jones leaves a
merciless stipulation clause,
you'll always live, waking up
honking cars tellin' you you got
a pain inside. Does anybody
have any works? The garbage
can coughs and wheezes from
used points and blood stains.

"Git one of those old ones
outta' the trash, we can
straightin it out, though it'll be
like a nail."

--Michael Chew



"YOU KNOW IT AND I KNOW IT, BUT DOES HE KNOW IT?!"

TRUTH

We search for it and find it we say
But then somehow, the very next day
We forget all the things we should remember,
Love everyone in May -- hate in December!

We look for it, and claim to see it,
Looking is for not, if we cannot be it
Truth for one is not truth for another,
Love the fat rich man -- hate your Black brother.

Kindness, love -- many things truth can be
Truth is God -- Truth is you and me.
You and I -- the way we chose to live
Our errors, our debts -- what of ourselves we give.

But only in truth -- will we be free
Truth -- of life -- of death -- there lies the key.

LOVE

The world sits with evil enthroned
Her beginning -- her end as yet unknown.
Dressed in the black robe of hate
Not knowing or caring that the time is late.

Must evil reign as the power supreme?
Is love for humanity a hopeless dream?
Can we survive on hate and greed?
No, love is the answer -- it is love we need.

Love for one another or love for God
Both is the answer -- but truly odd.
When one loves God -- he also loves his brother
For God is our master -- but also our brother.

For in each of us there's a part of Him
Though Gods presence in some of us is dim.
So love one another from sinner to pope
For in love only ---- lies our hope.

WAR

Brother, dear brother -- Why are you here?
Brother, my brother -- what do you fear?
My country has sent me -- they say I must fight
But my heart and my soul -- they fear its not right.

Brother, dear brother -- why do you sigh?
Brother, oh brother -- why do you cry?

I sigh for peace -- but it cannot be
I cry for the children -- killed here by me.

Brother, oh brother -- why do you pray?
Brother, kind brother -- what do you say?

I pray for forgiveness -- for thou shalt not kill
I say that I'm sorry -- for this is not my will.

Brother, dear brother -- where did it begin?
Brother, my brother -- where is the end?

I do not know -- no -- I cannot tell
End?? soon I pray -- for this war is Hell!

Lencioni Elected GOP Head

John S. Lencioni, 21, of 6230
Elaine Avenue, in Linglestown,
was elected President of the
College Republican Club at
Capitol Campus, at the group's
organizational meeting.
Lencioni, who is also Treasurer
of the Dauphin County Young
Republicans, was the founder of
the new organization.

"We intend to work actively
to register students at Capitol,"
Lencioni said. "And we plan on
providing a great deal of support
to all Republican candidates in
next year's election."

Also elected to offices were
Aaron Spicher, Vice Chairman;

Debbie Verdier, Secretary; and
Mark Pesce, Treasurer. The
college GOP unit was recognized
by both the Capitol Campus
Student Government
Association and became
affiliated with the Pennsylvania
Republican College Council last
week.

Other business at the
organizational meeting included
the formation of committees
and the inauguration of a
membership drive. The group is
open to all Capitol Campus
students who are registered
Republican.

Republican Club Announces Trip

John S. Lencioni, newly
elected President of the College
Republican Club, announced
that the HACC Republican Club
is sponsoring an educational trip
to New York City on June 9, 10,
11th.

Greyhound bus lines will
provide transportation and the
Summet Hotel will provide
accommodations for the three
day trip. The HACC club invites
any interested Capitol Campus
students to call Bob at 939-7737
or John at 545-9822 before May
28th. The cost for the trip is
\$25.00.



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