

GRADUATION

Spring once again is here, And the seniors will drink a beer. For their time has come, To grab their diploma and run.

Jobs may come their way, Some may get a weekly pay. Others will stand in line, Unemployment checks better be on time.

No I am not one, Who will be able to run. I'll be here next year, This to me is very dear.

Ross Dieffenbacher

Ain't Gonna Walk That Road

No More

a song by Romeo Trajanus

Ain't gonna walk that road no more I done already tripped down that flight of stairs; Ain't gonna walk that road no more Gotta find some new pages to tear.

All my life I been running down streets, Don't care to look ahead, afraid to look behind All my life looking for help, But no one care, and no one's kind.

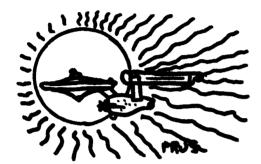
So I already skirted that blind alley, Ain't gonna go there with you again You tell me not to worry, let my cares go by But this rat wants to join the race of men.

Ain't gonna walk that road no more I wore that cast too goddamn long ago; Ain't gonna walk that road no more... Just face the sun alone, and go.....

Moon Poem #3

An evening such as this one was made only for sharing the soft mist of the moon, seemed to have asked us to spend an hour together. And I walked to the corner, knowing it was late, but still hoping you somehow understood this night. And I waited. Every few moments, with the haloed moon being clouded and then bright, I would turn to look for you until you came to share the night. And I waited.

> Hymie McCrab Humanities



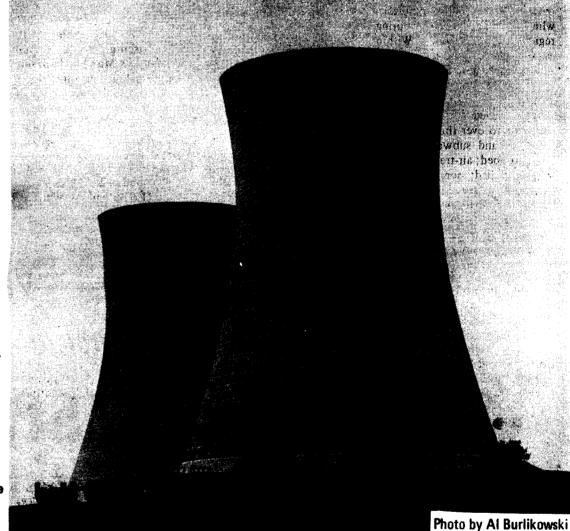
SATURDAY

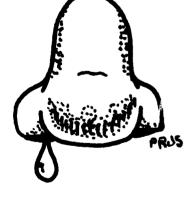
by bf

Thinking Thoughts a word a phrase Click! On goes my brain - thinking thinking of a past happening Shift! my thoughts drift slip into depression

> a depression which changes my thoughtsthoughts which make me think thinking which makes me depressed Now of loneliness empty not whole a being which is incomplete incomplete of someone else someone else is missing a part

a part of someone else a part which someone is willing to share willing to share



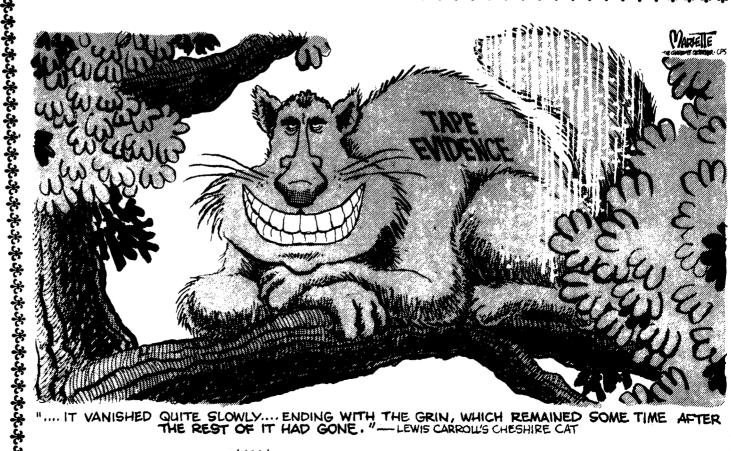


Tender Drips the Rain

Tender drips the rain from grey overhanging wires shadowing the porous walk.

It is night again, and we walk its length.

> Hymie McCrab Humanities



VANISHED QUITE SLOWLY ... ENDING WITH THE GRIN, WHICH REMAINED SOME TIME THE REST OF IT HAD GONE. "-LEWIS CARROLL'S CHESHIRE CAT