

Dylana

To what do I owe this pleasure,
I ask myself as we lie
bodies and souls all but one.
Like the singing ocean not so far away,
waves of our passion, never ending.

Gradually, the warm morning sun arrives,
pushing its rays of joy,
into the dark world of the unknown.
Briefly, the two worlds merge as the sun
gives birth,
to a new day.

The night has passed,
and is now but another memory,
to be called forth and relived,
if the sun should fail to shine.

A new day, a new page to be written,
as we travel on side by side.
Your blue eyes greet me with a smile
hinting at your soul's contentment.

Warm emotions arise,
as I continue to gaze,
realizing chance introduced us as two,
and love bound us as one.

It is to this I owe my pleasure.
—Bobby MacNevin

Lust

He lusted her,
But was forbidden.
She'd submit,
If he was willing.

She was another's,
But didn't comprehend.
He was aware of it,
and of course resisted.

He was his friend,
and was therefore hesitant.
He tried to reason,
But couldn't.

He tried to talk to him,
But wouldn't get a response.
They argued loudly,
and supposedly resolved it.

She calls him,
and he feels awkward.
He tries to be casual,
But finds it difficult.

He is his friend,
and can't.
He tries to reason,
but is confused.
—Marco Scappa

This is a poem

This is a poem
just for me
Full of fear...
and anger...
and joy...
and glee.

this is a poem
just for you
full of lies...
and tales...
and stories...
and truth.

This is a poem
to end a song
Life is good...
life is sweet...
life is short...
and gone.
—Janette Calbeck

I see the sun
I feel the rain
I hear the birds
I feel the pain

I see the flowers
I hear a meadowlark
I feel the velvet grass
I can see the dark

I see a rainbow
I feel the cold
I hear the wind
I know I grow old

I see the trees
I hear the wind chime
I feel the heat
I know it's time

I see the people
I feel the cry
I hear the Lord
I say good-bye
—Tanya Birt

Good-bye

As you lie there
Looking finer than before
I can't help but think
Of all we've been through

You were so cheery
And so full of life
So animated
So full of pride

Now I've lost you
I wander around
Trying to cope
Reaching for your hand

I didn't get a chance
To say good-bye
You've always been there for me
Time and time again

they laid you out
Like a king on a throne
Now I will say good-bye
And let you go home
—Tanya Birt

HITCHHIKER AND HAPPY BONES

My father lay, recovering
The hurt was all inside
Sometimes the wounds that
never heal

Are easiest to hide.
(John Gorka, Windham Hill
Records, 1991)

I took a long walk by myself on the cliffs over Carrickfergus. I sat for half an afternoon just thinking what all this might mean. Suddenly, amidst my coming of age in this brave new moral world, university became educated. All this time logging reports strengthening prejudices by denying their existence, and developing some modest illusions of myself, this little piebald school became the hottest thing since the knee-slapping, feather-bedding episode at the Olympics. But, as university enrollees (UEs), we must devote the light of thy mind to find the use of this infiltrating education imprinted upon us at UPEI.

First an overview of university will direct us: we study logic, the formation of logic, and the logical means for a logical hypothesis. Ummm. So, being educated a type of logic? sounds simple but hold that Harding-wee-wee-I-broke-my-skate-lace routine—your naked leg draped over the boards just won't win over these judges. We need to investigate the underlying issues of this infectious education phenomenon. In our education care unit, we have experimented on straight bones and happy bones. Our findings were most subduing. The happy bones were thought to be full of anger, confusion, and questions about their identity while our highly-sensitive experiment proved it was, in fact, the straight bones who were vamped with anger and confusion because they have to question their own logic, their own identity, and their own boneity now in ways never before. One might question this study, but no one questions (they might harass, but no questioning) another published work in this area by Neurobiologist Simon LeVay. LeVay explains himself "as a happy bone man" and this gave him "...the motivation

to do this work. If I didn't, nobody else was in a hurry to do it. And as a scientist, I knew it was research I was qualified to do." This August, 1991 study (reviewed in Discover, March, 1994) proved that a part of the brain (to be precise, a tiny cell cluster known as the third interstitial nucleus of the anterior hypothalamus) in the happy bone was twice as small as that in the straight bone. He adds how this research does not mean bones were born this way - but we ask logically, how, or what, changes the brain's make-up after birth to constitute this formative alteration? Logic alone should end prejudice.

Logic is a Being whom we must first know about before we can know anything for certain about the world around us, but passion causes a separation in this world: one we are living in, and the other, one we want to live in. Logic tries (and succeeds if without inhibitors) to explain the world; Logic tells us we must have an education to find work, we must find work to live, we must live to find life, and we must act in any manner beneficial to us as individuals. Though Logic explains the world, on the reverse side, passion tries to mystify it. This is done by spending hours looking at the beauty of it all, not really looking for anything; exploring it forever, never exhausting the beauty that is out there. a misuse of education. A misuse of being called human. for decades, there has been logic without compassion, without its separateness, its greed, and its misgivings, so now what do we do about LeVay's logic that sounds so much like compassion? Do we translate it into plain language? Who would read it if it were translated? Do we cluster "compassion" as a type of logic and channel it through textbooks? Because we are basic logical people, we report passion itself to be an illogical affirmation, as it should be, of fundamental vision. By no means do I suggest that we are quiet enrollees, attracted by immediate attention, and incapable of having compassion. In our logical world, having the Logic to know what would be done (knowing that we can care, not should care) is enough because showing actual care is unreasonable. Furthermore, this passion of caring is a voluntary action which requires too much Labour to sustain it (not to mention, the negative consequences of caring); Logic, of course, is an involuntary action, occurring almost

as naturally in civilized persons, and is respected as a Learning process. Thus, logic tends to resolve dilemmas when passion contributes to them by adding such senseless issues as feeling into a discrimination society. We are enrollees to this discrimination world we have produced - not a world they have produced - and one of a discriminatory logical necessity that breathes and breeds because there is no passion. Passion (commonly coined as com-compassion) leads to the separation of our society by fogging every issue to a debate of unbecoming illogical expressionism where logic gives our society a stable base for unity. A society's welfare depends on its stability and its unity. This unity is based on the simple premise of body and mind. Logic gives the mind the ability to resist temptations while passion abhorrently encourages the body to accept temptation. Thus, because passion leads to unstable controversy, indulgence and transgression, Logic is in a continual race to depassionize the body (which never succeeds until passion is recognized as a disease). It is awfully hypocritical that we hear how our actions speak loudest (by passionate confederalists), when it is our Logic that speaks longest.

We are not passionate people, nor should we proclaim to be when we haphazardly say in very logical reasoning how 'we cannot do anything, we are just one person.' We, the Logic, know we cannot change anything in this world. Perhaps this is something passionate people can not recognize or even comprehend: being able to be logical and honest to our fellow Man. It is damn time those people stop trying, or stop pretending to be passionate. Logical people conceive to be only Logic, and nothing more, and have enough education not to claim that with Logic comes compassion. It makes no sense to be passionate anyway - these people are dreamers who need trappings like feelings, love, and happiness to prove that their life has dignity and worth, then use these feeling to avoid whatever they deem destructive. Passionate confederalists offer a loving and life-giving realization by demanding their followers step down in social platforms (the destructive agent - success) in order to truly fulfill the mission of being passionate. The people hide in a smile of such restricted ideas and forsaken morals where practical people ride with this smile of absolute ideas and unabandoning

morals. Aristotle once said, "human happiness is to be found by doing well what humans are best able to do: live their lives with reason." So, human happiness, sought by passionate people to be the highest end explaining why we humans do what we do, is nothing more than reason - simple, unfiltered Logic. Therefore, there is no happiness then, only a reasoning to be happy. Passionate people, other than just being plain uncouth, clearly lack the education to reach for logical and approachable goals and never comprehend the specific purpose of humanity being logical. They cry "swimmer" while we cry "shore." They drown while we build sand castles.

Unfortunately, some passionate people still refuse to live in our world of Logic (the real world); they try to persuade themselves that there might be a passionate world out there for happy-boned people. One final hurrah we of logic can give them is, as Lord Miller did, advice: "you will encounter those whose lack of knowledge or failure of understanding would [sic] break up our heritage. Lose no chance to reveal to them their error and to counteract their mistaken activities." we are UEs. UEs are skilled at counteraction. We must be logical, educated, and reasonable -- and especially proud to be tolerant of minorities, especially those happy-boned people. Proud. Yes, we are proud that as parents we do not want teachers telling our children to value boned diversity for fear they might "turn into" one of those. An honest appeal. We are proud that we might consider the general social influence of happy-boneity as a negative one, and often a sin in the eyes of the Creator. A logical testimony. Ahh, yes, we are so proud to use logic over passion.

I took a long walk by myself on the cliffs over Carrickfergus. I sat for half an afternoon just thinking what this might mean. I should feel free watching these insidious frolicking silhouettes, gasping. Did the enlightened path cause this? I wish I had an answer. I wish I could be poetic about it... If this must continue to prevail, do not mind me at carrickfergus walking near the cliffs, and for damn curiosity's sake, do not bother ask when all of this soon dies. Forgive me, sick of caring, tired of logic,

your son, ken