

Lit Page

Clio's Summer

Poor Clio! After receiving an average of 82.4% in his spring semester marks, the famous UPEI freshman decided to work during the summer. Clio wanted to earn some money for his second year at college at UPEI. Clio went to work for a neighboring farmer called Euterpe. Poor Clio did not know what he was getting into.

The first day, Clio raked the farmyard. He raked and raked and raked. He gathered the debris into piles. Suddenly a storm brewed up and scattered the leaves all over the yard! Clio had to start all over again.

One day Clio began working in the barn. He went up into the loft to put hay down for the cows. Poor Clio grabbed a bale of hay near the bottom of the loft and fifty bales of hay fell on top of him! Later on Clio helped Euterpe milk the cows. Poor Clio was kicked twice that evening and was attacked by three wild cats and two dogs.

Two weeks later Clio prepared

the drive-on mower and started to ~~now~~ mow the farmyard. Euterpe and his men were letting their cows out into the pastures for the first time that year. A bull jumped the fence, spotted Clio, and charged. Poor Clio shoved the mower into high gear and yelled for help.

In early July Clio was ordered to haul wagonloads of hay from the fields to Euterpe's barns. One time Clio was driving into the yard when he lost control of the tractor. The tractor smashed through the wall of one of Euterpe's barns! Euterpe patiently explained to Clio that the escalator was designed to transport the bales of hay into the barns; it was not necessary for Clio to drive right in!

Fall finally came. Clio, after a long hard summer, went back to college. Farmer Euterpe recalled all of Clio's mishaps and vowed this would be one summer he would never forget. And UPEI greeted its most famous sophomore student - Clio. ■

False Dawn

Kerry Lafferty

In the light of false dawn
he checks his watch already
knowing what he'll see.

Too late to go home, too early
to go anywhere else.

He lifts his head and plods to
the coffee shop.

Too soon, he's surrounded
by the clamoring throngs of
caffeine addicts.

Like a dentist's dill, the buzz
of conversation bores into his
mind.

In the numbness that follows
the pain,

Time becomes meaningless.

Released from the confines of
Time and Space,

his mind roams unhindered.

Through the eyes of people
long dead and those not yet born,

he views his world,

and is shocked back to reality
by what he sees.

Only a few minutes have
passed

but he's experienced the lives
of a multitude.

With furtive glances left and
right,

he dashes out the door into
the morning sun. ■

Friend

by Brian Cormier

I am glad that you are here.
Without you, I am a body with-
out a mind, a mind without soul,
a soul without direction. I can
reach out and touch you if I need
to - you offer your shoulder to
cry on, your voice to comfort, you
logic to counsel.

Through you, my outlook im-
proves. I can confide in you, and
you help me to see errors in my
ways. You prop me up, and you
help me to get ready to face the
world. You do not command, you
do not order; you advise on pos-
sible choices, and give your opin-
ion. You are my friend.

Now, I ask of but one favor:
do not leave me. Do not let me
be your enemy, for I shall per-
ish without you at my side. You
are the buffer between reality and
fantasy, despair and happiness,
sanity and asylum. And when we
must eventually part to carry on
with our own lives, do not say
goodbye, but say farewell, I'll be
seeing you. Neither distance nor
time can lessen the special bond
that is shared by two friends. You
will always be with me, in my
heart. You are my friend. ■

rain

and the rain won't stop
and it just pours down
and it creeps and it crawls
through the cracks in the walls
and it grips and it grabs
at my screaming mind
and it tears it apart
with sharpened claws

some say that life has beauty
some say that life is good
but all that i've known
are the hardships
all that i've seen
is the blood

as it falls
in streams around me
the others
run and hide
i can find
no where to run to
the rain follows me inside

- O.M.

**IF
YOU
WOULD
LIKE TO
SUBMIT
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CONTACT
THE
GEM
STAFF**