

LITERARY PAGE

Take off on "Spirit in the Sky"

When a politician retires and they lay him to rest.
 They always send him to the senate.
 When there is no use for him left in Ottawa.
 They will just set him up to the Senate in the hill.
 Going on up to the senate on the hill.
 That's where a politician goes when they retire.
 When they die a political death they send them to the place that's best.
 Well you know it's a must gotta have a friend in Sussex drive.
 So that when you retire he is going to recommend you to the senate on the hill.
 Going on up to the senate on the hill
 That's where they send the politician when they're through, to the senate
 on the hill
 Never been a lawyer, or a doctor.
 But I got a friend in Sussex.
 So you know that when a politician chokes they will send him to the
 Senate on the hill.
 And go to the place where they rest.
 Go to the Place where they rest.
 Go to the place where they
 rest.

"In the Pit"

By Wendell Blackett.

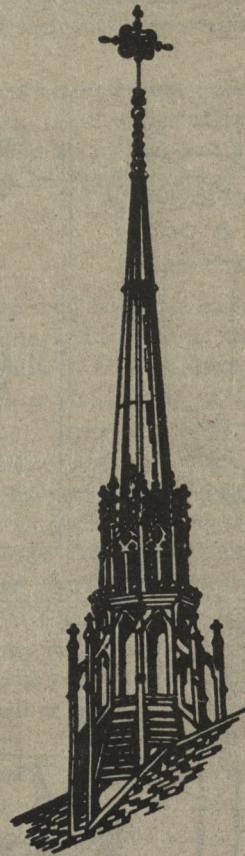
Lately, I seem to walk down lonely streets,
 Seems to me there are people here I would like to meet.
 They don't seem to recognize what is here today.
 Down in the pit I look for something new this day.
 People are sitting and talking to each other.
 One seems content, while another looks for a lover.
 It has been said that only a lonely heart sees.
 In the pit I see all that envelops me.
 Will there be love for some lonely fool.
 Who thinks day and night of a lost crown jewel?
 If a broken heart can always be mended.
 It must be in the pit where life is unbended.
 I laugh and I cry; others live and lie.
 Still I find hope in faces that try
 to see beyond the emptiness locked deep inside.
 Some are still in the pit looking for a guide.
 One last moment that seems lost in time.
 Some day I will get away with the perfect crime.
 I will steal her heart and take her away.
 Maybe down in the pit I'll find her some day.



Life's a Virgin.
 If it was a Bitch, it would be
 Easy.
 Anonymous.

Exam

Panic cuts me
 like a knife through the heart,
 and my nerve slips through the hole,
 as I'm lead into the Arena,
 and exposed to the cold, cold, cold,
 Crowd.
 the Crowd screams for blood—
 they have all been killed before; one by one.
 they laugh a drunken laugh,
 now that it's my turn to run, run, run.
 their roar cracks the Earth,
 and i wonder what it's worth,
 as the cage door goes up in the air,
 and i see what they all have seen,
 and i become what they all have been;
 scared.
 i have to run
 as you come snarling— but my feet freeze with fright.
 as i fall to the ground,
 as you come snarling— the Crowd screams its delight.
 you get closer, **CLOSER, CLOSER**
 the Crowd gets louder, **LOUDER, LOUDER**
 but i dodge just in time,
 and all i do is run, run, run,
 'cause there's nowhere to hide.
 (i should have prepared)
 for you.
 (i'm so damn scared)
 of you.
 i run, run, run,
 but it's no use— your hot breath chills my spine.
 the Crowd screams, screams, screams,
 for my death (and more wine).
 then
 i feel the pain,
 of a thousand hells,
 rip through my back,
 and I kiss sweet sanity good-bye,
 as it slips through the crack.
 i bleed.
 (i should have prepared)
 the Crowd screams.
 (i'm so scared)
 i turn to face certain death,
 but you stop for the Crowd's approval.
 i try to catch ny breath,
 as you wait for the climax—my removal.
 my mind screams for the answer— a hidden clause of escape.
 the Crowd screams for the inevitable— my destiny, my fate.
 then
 i look in your eyes,
 and i see you laughing— with humor black as night.
 when the answer comes crashing sown and fills
 my world with light.
 the Crowd grows hungry, screaming for the Kill,
 my mind goes numb, and everything is still:
 i stand there broken, bloody— barely breathing
 the Crowd tears the place apart,
 when i pull out the knife (of reason),
 and plunge it through your heart.
 Micheal Easter



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 GEM is now located in the Basement of
 Main building.