

# IMAGINATIONS

## A Piano Softly Plays

I hear a soft melody as we whisper little nothings,  
Like the sound of ivory keys pressing together.  
Darkly lit tables, cups of black coffee,  
And tales of loves lost forever.

How to say I love you, while I stutter simple verse.  
How to bear my anguish, when I mutter gentle words.

Your scent reminds me of a night long since past.  
Of lusty passion when I was not so lost.  
Your lips tease my tongue as you drink your wine,  
As the piano softly plays a song I once knew.

'Shall we dance?' you ask me.  
I meekly reply, 'Of course.'

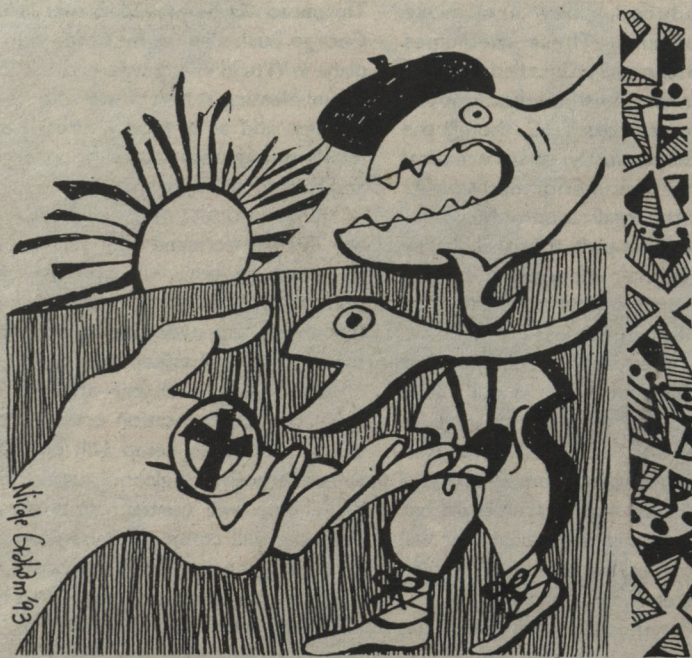
Your velvet gown crushes against my wanting body.  
I feel the sweat bead in your delicate hand.  
Your head rests against my shoulder.  
My hand across your thigh, as ebony faintly sounds.

From the floor we wander, and dangle hand in hand.  
The piano plays a simple tune, a prelude to a band.

The candle at our table burns and flickers out.  
We still sit and talk of times long since past.  
We have been left alone as the others have before us gone.  
But before I, too, should share their fate I must have yet another song.

The ivory presses together, the ebony faintly sounds.  
And the piano softly plays a song we once knew.

—Anthony N. Chandler



Cup Graphics: Nicole Graham/Varely

## Nature's Call

A humming bird comes to my door  
And hovers just outside,  
Drinking nectar from its feeder  
While humming with such pride.

A pretty pink pine grosbeak  
Comes next to eat some seeds,  
While finches cling to dandelions  
Even though they are just weeds.

The robins sing among the trees  
While blue jays give their call.  
They seem to say to all their friends,  
"Come over one and all."

Overhead the cowbirds come  
In numbers too vast to count.  
They flitter among the treetops  
Till skyward do they mount.

The air is quiet once again,  
A hush in nature's hall.  
A moment only does it last,  
Then a sparrow gives its call.

—Alice L. Gallant

## My Final Request

All I ask  
Is that you remember the truth  
Never believe I was cheated by life  
Or say "What a shame to die so early".

True, I struggled  
But I had some good times, too.  
And I saw life through the eyes of the young  
As well as through the old and the tired.  
All I ask is that you do not blame yourself  
Every act that angered me in life  
I grant forgiveness, in my death.

Please do not pretend  
To know what was wrong  
It was not one loss, but the loss of hope itself,  
Which led to my eventual destruction.

All I ask is that you remember my pain  
Reach out your hands to the children  
So that not one more need feel alone.  
If you loved me  
Take the time to cry  
But remember to learn from this  
Life is hard but filled with lessons

All I ask is that you hold fast to life  
Hold no anger in your heart for me.  
My final request?  
Let me go.  
—Janette Callbeck

Dear  
John

advice from  
a slightly  
different  
perspective

Dear John:

I think you are the hottest, sexiest, smartest guy on campus. How would a single girl get in touch for some "one-on-one" personal counselling? - S.Y.

Dear S.Y.:

Who the hell do you think you are? Hands off, girl! This is Jane, John's girlfriend. I think it's time for me to introduce myself. I am here to answer what John can't and to give helpful hints and advice. [She wants to stick her nose in everyone else's business. - John]

Dear John,

I've only been in classes for a week and I'm already failing. What should I do? - Not on the Dean's List

Dear Dumb,

John: Go home, give up, get a life. Jane: Wait a minute! It can't be that bad. Go talk to your prof for advice- a little sucking up never hurts.

Dear John,

My boyfriend is a devout Catholic and I am a Protestant. We've been going out for years and both want to have sex. The problem is he refuses to let us use birth control. What should I do? -P.D.

Dear P.D.:

Jane: Take the pill and don't tell him. John: Have you ever heard of the "mucus method"? And if he is such a devout catholic, why does he want sex before marriage anyway?

Dear John,

I bought my boyfriend a nice set of handcuffs for Xmas, but he won't use them. He thinks it's kinky and disgusting, while I think it's sexy. How can I convince him otherwise? -Kinky and loving it

Dear Kinky:

The first time Jane brought them out, I was intimidated too. Break him in gently with a silk scarf (Basic Instinct without the ice pick).