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T port cere at 3 T May eric

writer contemplates the mystery of the universe." LuChi



Pasar Burung (Bird Market)

Eric J. Polzer

Enter the twilight aisles, swimming in exotic perfume. Gaily dressed dancers dash in flurried choreography, twirling orange, green, red blurs moving to an orchestra of high pitched cheeping, razor sharp whistles, each raised to drown the others, but the white, yellow crowned fat lady squawks her opera above all, a still majesty amongst the madness. Then look into the black-hole eyes of the white owl, silent sanity sucking everything through his pupils and suddenly the air smells like shit, the cages are filled with panic and the songs are anguished pleas for freedom and light.

• Eric J. Polzer, 23, senior English major from Jakarta, Indonesia. "We used to go down to the bird market and it was kind of a different thing to see. I really like Indonesia and it just felt like I had to put some impressions down."

moving in stereo

Richard V. McLamore

God...?
 speak to me...!
 as I lap across the floor,
 impulsing in time,
 after time across deepened gulfs,
 my calls flow softly into a Jungelland
 I see caught in transparent oblivion,
 folding gently, a wake up call to a friend
 and acquaintance creeping into Seeing —
 I can't speak of truffles
 or trifles on an empty stomach —
 indwell, speak, counsel,
 what blue light flashes from my window on the world?
 outside a lightstream I wait,
 I see reds and I look
 somewhere in the night I look for soft dreams
 she's left her doorway, I'm still in the
 room,
 singing aimlessly groaning silently::
 ...as the pen scriffs by...
 marking paper's flesh
 transmuting soul onto pulp,
 washing adagio across my mind,
 legato outlook, unison fifth minor seventh harmony,
 vague consoling clashing conversation
 vapors through my mind,
 an eternal visitor unnameable
 love, spirit, always by the chair at the floor lie I
 winds sigh outside friction noise currents
 clacking leaves pastel overtures of wind
 ink on page ink on page
 blueflashing mindpicture
 friend snoring, girl now sleeping
 accidental
 a speaker of peace vibrator of spirit
 lucent signs melt to a bluewhite glow
 a message from somewhere?
 a message.....an answer
 vainly searching after time
 for a watch in the dark so I can go home.
 bittersweet harmony, joy in minor
 washing pastel across me;
 heart through body,
 watch always with me, ticking time rubato,
 ostinato murmuring unconscious vibrations
 not mechanical
 a speaker of peace.

• Richard V. McLamore, 21, a junior English major from Ft. Worth. "It means what it says it means. It's about watching MTV at 3 o'clock in the morning with your best friend and seeing a Cindy Lauper video. It said, 'Write me.' It became a little plaything. I spent about a year on it."

Color

P. Cain

doubts are green sometimes as if fields of clover
 d and shifting past. Red shoots bury through until yel-
 eces break and fall into a black velvet when they hurt,
 in and wisps of lavender moan. Purple thunder. A grey
 comes from the center edges fraying, reminding of
 Anne's lace and then seeps back into and disappears.
 from nowhere silver edges not unlike and gold that curls
 ack again.
 ie washes clean and over and under bringing back the
 ide. Orange from a sunset comes open wide. The friends
 llars of gratitude dressed with those sharp peieces but
 til tissue pink is trampled into the rain sadly too much
 per butterflies. Mention that they were all once brothers
 meone takes them inside each time. A round entrance
 am here with black again.
 nnot really forget about a white bear not thought of. No
 eason is just a bear. Over and over bright cold and clear.
 ng is ever bluish or reddish. Just like the younger things
 ever saw frail yellow. That miserable yellow that begs to
 e with grey and grey bleeding and ruining the softness of
 r of the whole of everything of all thought of velvet black.

P. Cain, 23, a graduate English student from "several conti-

he poem means a lot to me and I'll let everyone else decide what
 ns to them. Art is more for the sake of beauty than for anything

Untitled

Marc A. Sommer

**Our moon
 sings such lush electro
 :balloon
 rub, shards of rainbow**

**so soon
 intimate innerglow
 in ruin:
 sunrise paints a painbow**

• Marc Sommer, 19, a fresh-
 man biological engineering
 major from Minnesota.

"I was alone in my room
 one night and imagined my-
 self outside walking around
 in the dark — what it really
 feels like emotionally, not
 just physically."