

NO GREY MATTER

Bradleigh Walters

Drifting Shifters
We be listless
Members of society.

Members?
Outcasts be more right
Trapped in Hapless
Fly-by-night

Jobs in fuzzy, scummy towns
That harbor dirt
Like open wounds.

Powdered ladies
Not found here;
Glist'ning,
Ritzy
Clothes to wear-

Elsewhere.
Not here.

Don't seem to me
No change in sight.
Black be black-
And White still White.

• Bradleigh Walters, 20, a junior education major from Plano.
"It kind of just came to me. I heard about the contest and it got me motivated to write about what was already in my head. It's basically about the lower classes of society in America that don't really have a chance."

Dents

Julianne Parsons

Everytime I see a blue '78 Impala
It takes me back
to that hot June night
When we dropped my father
off at the Ramada Inn
And then made love on the hood
of your car
in the field behind the motel.
You leaned over me and picked
a blade of grass to tickle
my stomach.
We left three dents on the hood
To remind us as we were driving
that we were in love.

• Julianne Parsons, 21, senior English major from Houston.
"It's a love poem to my fiance. It was just something I had in my head that I had to write down. It was written about a year and a half ago. It came out of a creative writing class I was taking."

A Dead Man With a Pumping Heart

Nguyen Cong Thanh

Since the Redtide flew over the South,
He learned the uselessness of the five senses.

Thus, he stopped eating.
His bread would save a babe,
The hope for the liberation;
His potato would save an old man,
The bridge of cultural traditions
Between the ancestors and the liberators.

Thus, he stopped breathing.
His breath, a shameful breath
Of a defeated, useless person,
Filled him with feebleness which
Further stained the children's fresh air.

Thus, he stopped seeing.
His eyes would no longer
Look upon the cruelty of the
Fierce beast that killed innocent
People. Vision stopped, because
Tears for those who died in
"Re-education Camps" and battle
Fields, had shrouded his vision.

Thus, he stopped hearing.
His ears refused the sounds of
Women crying for their lost husbands,
Mothers for their children,
Brothers for their sisters,
Children for their parents, and
The cry of death on the execution ground.

Thus, he stopped feeling.
His emotion — overwhelmingly
Dedicated to the innocents who
Had lain down — had turned him
Numb, no more feelings, no more
Pain, no more nothing...

But he couldn't die. He had
To live to be an example of hope,
A mournful hope, a testimony to his
People's dreams for peace and happiness.

Thus, he had to live, live in the life of a
Yellow skin, a dead man with a pumping heart.

• Nguyen Cong Thanh, 19, a freshman petroleum engineering major who escaped from the communists in Vietnam five years ago.
"I wrote that poem because it has to do something with my country. I wanted to share something with the people over here."

Song

R. Paul Stewart

No one watches as the ambulance pulls away,
No one turns to see
No one knows what to say
In a flash of red and blue
The wheels go their merry way
Fading with the Argo's passing.

They sing so loud,
They sing so clear.

A red shoe lies on the pavement
The dancing taps worn thin,
And all around it the glass shards glisten;
Stolen street light through prisms, and
Venus glimmers in Apollo's wake.

They sing so loud
and clear.

In three-four time the flockering lights
Mark the waltz of a question:
Come with me, Dance with me,
Be shattered And torn with
Me, rest, rest, Rest your eyes
While i tell You stories
Of capt'n hoodand Crockadile
Crock.

So loud,
So clear,

The headlights flash past
Bright white then red,
Their wind fades gently to a breeze.
The crickets chirp in the grass
As Mercury races from the hospital ward.

The sing so loud
And they sing so clear.

The subject is played again,
The bridge to sorrow 'builds with rage;
No will sufficient to change the key.
A second theme predicts
The terrible void of finale.

Coda: a gasp.

Then a minuet.

• Paul Stewart, 20, a junior English major from Dallas.
"I wanted to capture the magnetic quality of an accident on the highway. I found the best way to do that was through the classical images of the sirens, and also the images from my childhood."



Dream Color

JoAnn P. Cain

My doubts are blurred and shifting
low pieces break and
feel pain and wisps
break comes from
Queen Anne's lace
While from nowhere
into black again.

Blue washes clear
renegade. Orange fire
are pillars of gratitu
not until tissue pink
like paper butterfly
but someone takes
and I am here with l

Cannot really for
real reason just a b
Nothing is ever blui
that never saw frail
mingle with grey an
a layer of the whole

• JoAnn P. Cain, 23, a poet.
"The poem means it means to them. Art else."