

attention!!

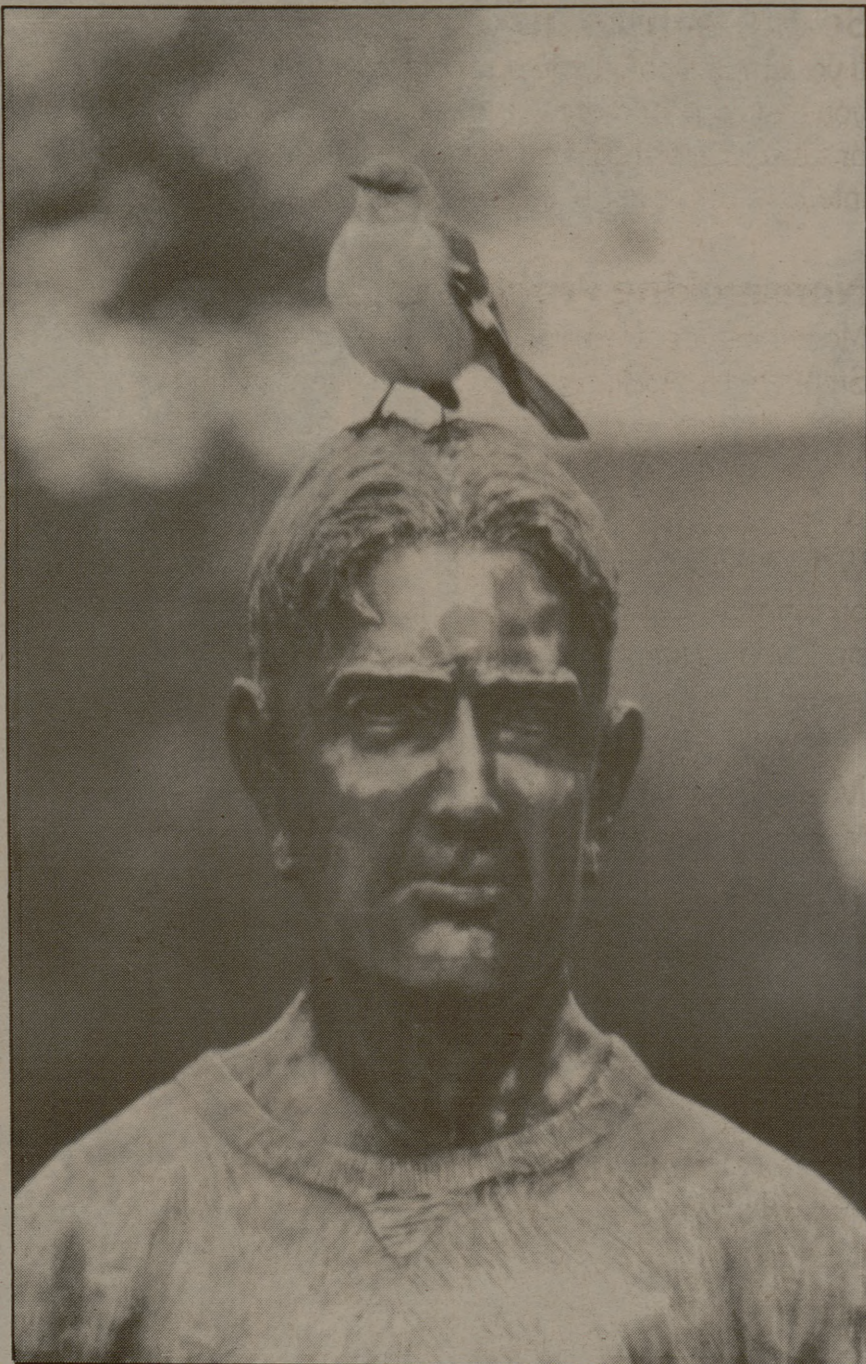
Last week's attention!! column was not clearly labeled as a guest column, and could have been construed to be the opinion of the editors of this publication. The columns printed on this page only reflect the opinions of the author. *At Ease* regrets any misunderstandings or misgivings this oversight may have caused.

Editor's Note: This attention!! page will be used each week as a forum for you, our readers. We encourage you to submit any original work that would be suitable for publication in At Ease.

Opinions expressed on the attention!! page are those of the author, and do not necessarily represent the opinions of The Battalion, Texas A&M administrators, faculty or the Board of Regents.

Pictures for the attention!! page should be black-and-white shots that are unique either in content, angle or technique. Columns, essays or poems should be no longer than 500 words. Please don't send us your gripes, complaints, or sermons on heavy-duty issues — send those to the Battalion's Opinion Page.

Don't forget to put your name and phone number on anything you send us. Then just drop it off at the Battalion, Room 216 of the Reed McDonald Building. Be sure to specify that it is for At Ease.



This week's attention!! photo was taken by Jay Janner, a freshman journalism major.

More Tears Than Bombs

Everyone's talking about Nuclear Disarmament
And what they're going to wear
On the Judgement Day.
We're so worried about Arms to Iran
And Killing Radiation
That the little girl crying in the corner
Is being ignored by all.
Now I've heard it from a good source
(a master of useless trivia)
That the average person cries thousands
Of tears in his lifetime.
Maybe we should pay more attention
To the boys and girls,
Men and women,
Crying in their corners and their cars.
After all, there will always be
More tears than bombs
And we don't want to drown.

This weeks attention!! poems are written by Rob Kotera, a freshman general studies major.

The Silent Ones

See the silent man there in the corner?
The one with a drink in his hand
And a strained smile on his face
Hiding the pain in his heart?

Everyone knows him.
The person so sensitive to the woes of the world.
The one who listens to everyone's problem
And helps them through the rough times.

Sometimes the people can't speak the words at first.
And other times they don't seem to stop.
"Thanks for listening," they always say.
"I'm glad I could talk to you."

Family and strangers, lovers and friends.
All tell him about their sins
Or those of others.
But who helps him with his pain?

To whom can the confessor turn
And tell of the pain in his heart?
Who can the silent one trust
With the secrets of others?

So he keeps the secrets, and his pain,
And deals with them the best he can.
"You're so wise," they say.
"Not so wise as you think," he replies.

Perhaps one day he'll break
And end his listening chores.
But till then, he'll go on
Listening, learning, living, loving.