## **Spice of Life**

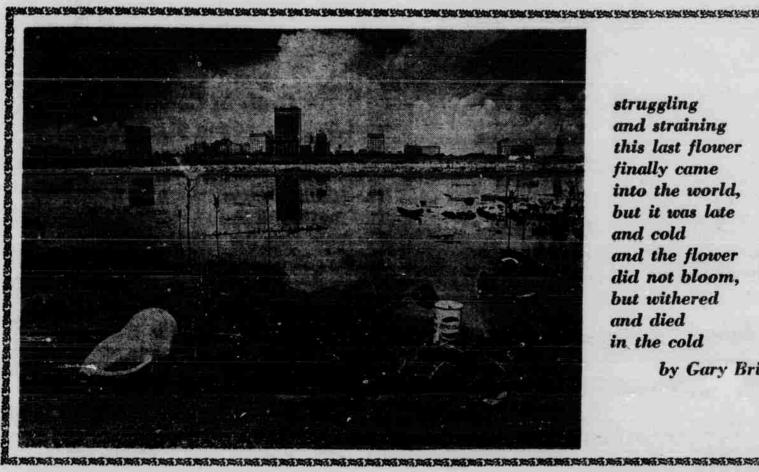
With the blue water around curled, And fringed by the greeneries in its ardent splendor; With the sun from above lighting the lake into glittering diamonds making life anew. Dotted by sailing boats And darting motor launches. I swear this little house peering into the lake; **Inspires me I confess** more of life to take. Be it sunny be it funny, This beautiful spot makes life worth the while for me. You thought well! You thought well!

by H. Bahar

To make like a swell. From your sleeping chair, you can see the blue sea Ay! And smell the fresh air.

**Sleepy haps** Autumn Running saps a Naked tree **Icely** stream Frail and weak All of these Makes three.

by Blythe Ann Erikson



struggling and straining this last flower finally came into the world, but it was late and cold and the flower did not bloom, but withered and died in the cold

by Gary Bring

-Zen riddle

You and I on a drop Together through space we drift. The faucet drips. He cleans the spot,

Call a plumber dear, What a waste of time, And get that thing to

Stop. Street man Shuffles past the mansion Shrugs his shoulders, Wraps up the sky. Fifty cent cigar smoke floats by. by Marcis Upeslacis

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1970

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PAGE 13