

## As in a dream. . .

As in a dream  
an after thought of the mind

America reminds me of  
concrete building liberty  
motion picture equality  
automobile freedom

With justice in words  
written by dead men  
two hundred years past

Fought for by the young  
who loved it and left it;  
pregnant with crime  
gun in hand  
bullet in head

But I can't help but feel that all this  
is Walter Cronkite's fault

by W.L.K.



Photo by Gail Folda

## Suntanned face. . .

Sun-tanned face beaming with a toothless smile,  
the decrepit one man band  
churns nostalgic schmaltz for a nickel.  
Spitting his brown saliva at the curb,  
he misses and it dribbles  
down his chin like maple syrup.  
The gnomish monkeys sorrowfully  
extend their pygmy hands,  
apprehensively waiting for a coin.  
Melodies wheeze from the cranked box  
until the idle crowd ambles away.  
Mechanically, the whiskered conductor  
drags the music box  
to its next streetcorner concert;  
while the monkeys obediently hobble behind,  
resilient for a springy tune.

by Bob Clemmer

Submit your creative endeavors c/o Literary Editor,  
The Daily Nebraskan, Nebraska Union.

## Industry

The electro-magnetic grip of the 20 ton crane  
hoists bulks of iron with jackhammer alertness.  
The production line monotony renders worker's senses  
immune to outside stimuli;  
leaving hard hat regularity just another precision  
bearing mechanism.

Time clock accuracy clicks the shift  
along with metallic geared harmony,  
with the tools seeming to emit pneumatic moans  
when the day's whistle sounds.  
The workers punch out with worn-sprocket fatigue;  
while the grating scream of whining machine wizardry  
drones endlessly in the background

by Bob Clemmer

## Compiling miles. . .

Compiling miles  
Measured by pitched poles,  
Decked in errie pitched wires.  
Endless gravel hills---  
Each top chill blast  
Each valley disillusion  
Cradling no respite.

by Blythe Ann Erickson

## Conversion

"You know, introversion  
is like being  
in a many caverned cave

(sometimes dark and gloomy,  
sometimes colorfully bright)

and saying something out loud  
only to hear it resound

in harmonious echoes  
or discordant reflections  
all alone,"

he said to himself.

by Doug Beckwith

