

Deluged by ministrations of madness, i cautiously peer from funnels of cigarette smoke, scratching at pieces of conversation with well-bitten fingernails. Our phrases float into chasms of nothingness until i finally disengage myself from our wall of misbegotten words. you've heard the things i haven't said.

by Howard Rosenberg

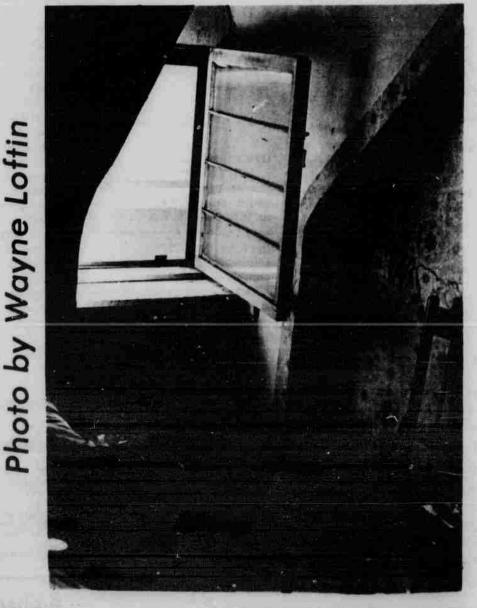
Autumn you clothe your sleepy trees and trails in golden mist Then you fill the air with the mellow scent of leaves afire You give your drowsy fields a taste of snow the sun will melt To diamonds glittering that only wet my boot a dew You're an Indian painted face and a summer of the same You're children's weather now and in their ecstacy they smile When you say good night they trod home late again for supper Oh Autumn we watch you getting tired now and lazy You're sleeping later every morn and dozing sonner dusk Your great coat falls loose now and winter lonely now steals in You will one night to sleep to sleep in a world of white And you've become a memory your song is in our hearts I long to touch your lips alone this chilly winter's night . . .

by Mich Zeman

one by one falling into subservience of the powerful ruling force the awful white oblivion destroying

Snow drifts

by Doug Beckwith



Build a better rat trap And people will beat you up

On the path to your door Saying that it was really their trap Anyway and that you would need their Help in proceeding to make it bigger

And better and dirtier and more expensive Than Heavens you had ever dreamed of

In a million years until Finally it doesn't make that much Gross net income minus expenses To warrant their helping you

mainly because they broke it into several pieces

which they suppose could be glued or taped or something Then of course you can have it back Almost free

Because actually it wasn't such a neat trap in the first place.

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by Doug Beckwith

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