



Happy Secretaries Day
 Happy Receptionists Day
 Happy Assistants Day
 Happy Easter Day
 Happy Typists Day
 Happy Clerical Day
Happy Cookie Day!



120 N. 14th St. • 474-6158
 1434 South St. • 474-7444

Mark Baldrige is a Daily Nebraskan Arts & Entertainment senior reporter.

They Return to the Roller Rink in Dreams

The laser hit that mirrored ball cutting the room to constellations.
 We took the same step forward every time and I said
 Real life should always be like this;
 in these imperfect circles and with music to go round to.
 You laughed, and shook back hair I had forgotten
 it was so long

Terry Oberst is a graduate student at UNL. His poems have appeared in a number of journals.

Justin:

A tiny weal
 of flesh
 still wailing
 for your mother's womb.

You are stunned
 by the strangeness of it all;
 you cry in a code
 you may never decipher.

I claim
 your body's dark hunger.

I can almost understand.

And I imagine you,
 years from now,
 clutching this garland
 of words,
 wondering
 how a man could have loved
 the bright emeralds
 of your eyes
 without having first
 seen them.

But for now,
 Justin,
 sleep tight.

May this poem
 ripen
 when you harvest your dreams
 before the scythe of oncoming
 night.

Gentle Blossomer
For my father

The cold stars
 of Colorado,
 memory,
 a rumpled sleeping bag;

In the half-dance
 of those embers,
 I watched you kneel and pray.

Years later,
 past your prime,
 you are still, at heart,
 an unemployed scout master.

By days,
 you practice the physician's art.

But at night,
 you dream the plainness
 of Nebraska
 into flannel shirts and ankle boots,
 the starless gasp
 of a mountain dawn.

And I, some ripe cocoon,
 hung between your love
 and your prayers,
 could burst into butterfly.

Father,
 Gentle Blossomer,
 let us kneel and pray.

Cinnamon Dokken graduated last December from UNL.
A Prostitute Models for Lautrec

The apples in the blue bowl
 sit on my wooden table
 unaware of changing seasons.
 Their shines light up

the wall behind them
 that holds my painting
 of the sky-blue woman
 with the sea-green hair raining
 down her back.

She looks at the apples as if they
 are companions whose songs or
 conversation
 she appreciates
 but does not depend upon.

She is aware
 that time passes as the daylight
 dies,
 that in the wind,
 even the oaks scratch their way
 up the side of the house, clawing
 for the sky.

In the brushstrokes, she
 is a beauty free
 of hunger

A beauty
 whose teeth will never crush
 the taut, fresh skin
 of the fruit.

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here
 lived in
 Westphalia
 in the
 castle of
 the Baron
 of Thunder - Ten - Tronck,
 four young people. They were
 very happy because they knew
 they were living in the best of
 all possible castles in the best
 of all possible countries in the
 best of all possible worlds. The
 happiest of them all was the
 noble youth **CANDIDE**

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CANDIDE

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 Lyrics by Richard Wilbur
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 on nights of performance