

Rhythmic memory beats

The drum of childhood dreams
Beats my memory like a rhythmic
Bass. Losing a tooth, playing
Duck . . . Duck . . . GOOSE! It all
Comes back, making me yearn
For those days of innocence.

The laughter, tears, and fears
Of the hideous monster in the
Closet. Those days of imagination
Gone. When people had no race
Just a friendly and honest face.

So young, so alive. Seeing new
Things that were old to some
And relishing it like your last

Piece of gum. But being a Black
Child wasn't all fun. There's
A flip side to this bass and that

Is the memory of being called
Nigger to my face. Childhood
Dreams turned to nightmares
and the bass sound of my
Memory becomes too loud to
Bear. So I turn off my

Memories and shut my eyes
Waiting for the sun to rise.

**Karla Dingle is a junior theater major
and a Diversions contributor.**

Final Acceptance

Reality ends candle's fire

getting rid of you is like blowing
out a candle in my heart
but the wick still cinders . . . softly
burning on
so i'm still trying to recover from the
pain of
reality tapping me on the shoulder
i'd put it behind me and tried to
ignore what was obvious
what words had never said, and
didn't have to
i tried to pretend, to create my fairy
tale around you
my personal fantasy . . . my love
story
only to realize that i was in love
with what could not be

time kept close quarters with my
soul
reminiscing your every move . . .
which all added up to nothing
i was like a horse running with
blinders on,
not seeing clearly what was in front
of me
because i pretended that what ex-
isted on the side was of no
importance

i let you escape with murder,
only because i wanted to believe in
actions that were
unexplained
i cared for you deeper than your
personal understanding
and i'll always believe that you took
it for a weakness
when the only weakness that truly
existed was your ability
to love and to become attached,
because you distanced
yourself from everyone in a subtle
effort to avoid the pain
the type of pain that comes with
truly caring for someone or
something but instead you walk
around with this superficial,
macho attitude that comes off as "I

DON'T GIVE A DAMN!
but you do, you really do
and i feel sorry for you because i
could sense the
sensitivity in your eyes
but yet . . . i could not touch it
it was like trying to tap a well that
was dry
it always remained aloof and dis-
tant
and it was as if the closer i came to
reaching it, the
further it would run away . . . almost
like a frightened child
i have always cared for you, and i
always will
i'd be a liar to say that i didn't
it's written in the way that i look at
you when they say
your name
but i'll no longer be calling out to
you
because i know that you will not
come
i always knew that if you weren't
perched on my post
that you were sitting at someone
else's window
and now . . . that window has a
name
a friend of yours . . . more being a
friend of mine
finally saw it fit to turn on the lights
for a girl who was
wandering blindly in the dark
and now i see the light . . . i feel the
pain
i had a taste of the sun . . . and now
i feel the rain
the clouds rolled in . . . but someday
they'll be gone
and alone again . . . i'll continue on
always shouting APRIL P!
hoping strong is what i'll be
to sow a seed, someday i'll reap
to find someone that i can keep
to call my own and never theirs
someone who loves . . . and really
cares
but until that day does come
i must accept that we are done
a fantasy brought to an end
forever lost . . . but forever-friends

**April Patrick is a sophomore interna-
tional affairs and broadcasting major
and a Diversions contributor.**

Dancer

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performed for five years with Scar-
let and Cream, competed and placed
in several talent shows, performed
in "Rain Some Fish, No Elephants,"
and the Lincoln Community Play-
house. He won the Alvin Ailey

award for performing arts at the
1993 Big Eight Conference on Black
Student Government in February.
Wicher will be working this sum-
mer singing and dancing at Kansas
City's World's of Fun. He hopes to
launch a singing career in the near
future.

— Kimberly Spurlock



**James Smith, a graphics artist in the Office for Student
Involvement, says he loves his work for his creativity.
"My greatest pleasure is to make what others have in their
minds a reality, and to see the expressions on their faces when
they see the work," he said. "I also like, for instance, using my own creativity to spruce up a
poster."**

Courtesy of James Smith

Smith said he had been "doodling" since he was four years old, but he didn't become
serious about art until his junior year in high school.

Smith said he made "logos, posters, pictures, brochures, flyers," for the Student Involvement
office, and he has even done projects for the University Program Council, the Culture
Center and other organizations. Smith said he hoped to go into the private sector one day.

The drawing feature on this page is for Smith's illustrations class, he said. It is a
hypothetical album cover for a musician friend of his, Redman, who is part of a rap group called
the "Hit Squad."

Cages

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comer Kyle Hotz.

The first issue, released last week,
is a pretty good read. In places, the
art is very good. In others, it is
cramped and the people just do not
look right. Still, it is a good effort.
"Cold Blooded" is the story of
vampire Tom Coker. The story starts
out with Tom traveling with his
friend Jerome T. Walsh. The details
of the story are taken from Jerome's
journal. Although interesting, too
much attention is given to Jerome,
and not enough to Tom.

In addition, violence seems to
have been added for violence's
sake. This should come as no sur-
prise, however, because Northstar
believes itself to be the new "Stan-
dard in Shock Horror."

**William J. Harms is a junior English
major, an arts and entertainment re-
porter, and a Diversions contributor.**

EXERCISE
Does Your Heart Good.
American Heart Association

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