(No Title)

Michael Firth*
(No Title)

Michael Firth

Abstract

The Jesus Machine, a human collage Of wounds and cuts and good words said, And, now remembered, his cross and nails; While all the words lie dead...
For old times' sake, I peeked into the student lounge. Dismayed, I stared at the strange room. In the corner where my favorite overstuffed chair had been, a conglomeration of metal, and chartreuse and yellow cushions now stood. Wooden benches dotted with orange throw pillows ran the length of the walls. I scanned the far wall for the place where we had once painted and scribbled, "Rah, rah '66", and "Beat Lyons". Our artwork had been neatly covered with fresh beige paint. The pictures of our football coach and athletic teams had been replaced by paintings with bold black lines and blobs of green, pink, and orange.

Ash trays overflowed on polished tables. We hadn't been allowed to smoke. . . . a coke machine winked at me from a corner. They had finally won that battle against the school dietician.

As I wandered aimlessly among stiff chairs and tables, my heels clicked on the tile, echoing in the silence. The worn carpet, which had once covered the floor, had been rolled up and stood in a corner.

I shivered. The new air conditioning system was overworking.

I turned to leave but saw a pile of framed pictures on a high shelf. I hurried over and stretched to take them down. 1968 . . . 67 . . . 66! There we were, all smiling, excited, young . . . scattered now.

I put them back on their shelf, 1966 on top, and walked quietly out of the room.

I hurried down the corridor, anxious now to leave. A monitor stopped me.

"Pass, please!"

"I'm not a student here anymore."

---

The Jesus Machine, a human collage
Of wounds and cuts and good words said,
And, now remembered, his cross and nails;
While all the words lie dead.

*Michael Firth*