Poem

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Poem
by Julia Corbett
Journalism, Freshman

the likeness of your laughter
sounding warm throughout the room
plays softly with my memory
but cruelly with my mood.

Poem
by Michele Trankina
Zoology, Senior

He knows immediate pleasure as his
fingers gently caress the lines
of her smooth, curving body.
And, as she moans and whines in
perfect time with his words—
They become one.
She—numb in vibration—patiently waits
then sighs and again they are one.

A man and his guitar.

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