I ALWAYS WONDERED

by Jodi Hardy Journalism Senior

I always wondered why mother got up so early the "time to herself" she said until one morning, after I had been up all night with a term paper— I caught her sitting on the back porch

dreaming dreams

in front of a fiery sunrise until her coffee

was ready

THE DINER

by Susan Morrison Communications Sophomore

Sitting at the counter surviving another night of filmy coffee. it's here or a flat on South Clark it doesn't matter which apartment they all have mice and dirty-beige walls.

so it's here

and the girl

of blue eyelids and weary strawberry curls and the empty-faced man in an ancient suit pulling a cigarette from his yellowed sock.

it's here, or nothing.