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.