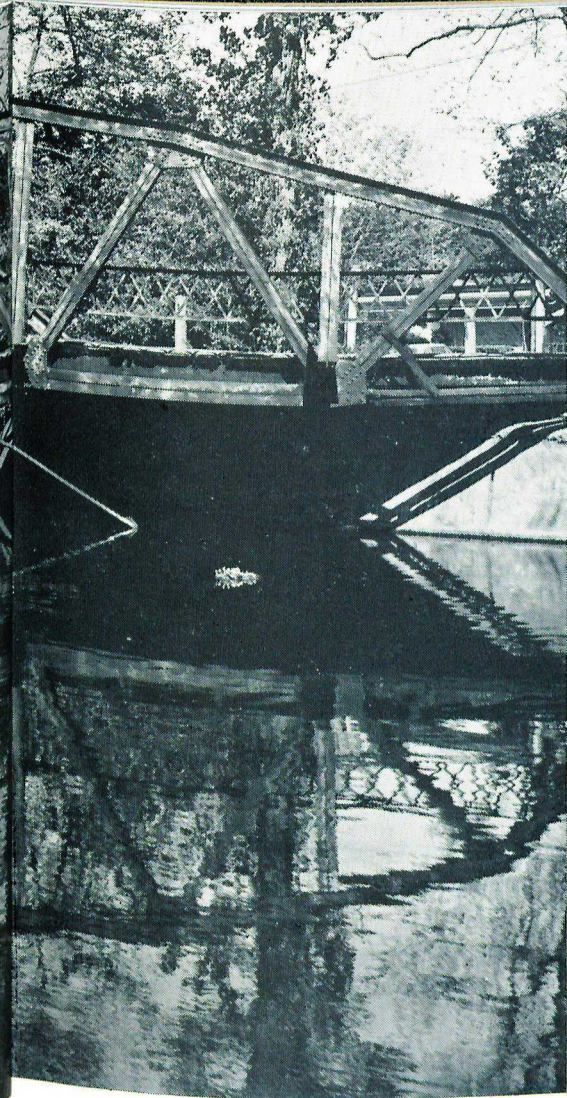


E. L. Williams, III

SHAPED BY WHAT WE LOVE

Sometimes life is boring. It becomes a game of monotony, a fixed pattern of thoughts and actions, and Friday is no different than Wednesday or Monday. When my boredom reaches a limit, when my mind cries from the endless cycle of sleep, eat, study, I do something marvelous. Sometimes it happens in the middle of the night. Sometimes it happens during school, sometimes in the summer. Days start



looking grey, people start becoming numbers, statues seem to say more than poets. When I become weary you will most likely see me walking out of Ross Hall, walking away from work, any hour of the day, my suitcase swinging at my side. I call my friend and ask her if she wants to go window-shopping. I'm off for the world, away from monotony, away from the indifference, numbers, lectures, money. I'm away beside some river, some pond, looking up at the stars, leaning on an elm tree, kicking stones if I'm walking, throwing them if I'm sitting: window shopping for the world. Times like these belong to me. When

my friend laughs at the wind or tosses a flower into it, I realize how delicately shaped and fashioned we all are by what we love.

We all are traveling like nomads towards what we love. One way or another it is our constant migration. We're window-shopping for ideals, buying goals, looking in on all sorts of gifts, pledging our lives to whatever it is that makes us love to love our ideals. We're like two lovers wearing clothes to please each other, buying records to please each other, going places to please each other. Only we are in love with ideals such as democracy, peace, freedom, God. Whatever it is, we cling to ideals because they are the reincarnation of people loving. We are not only shaped by what we love, but we also shape what we love, add ourselves to it. We bend every thought towards it, turn every free thought unto it, and live with the vision imbedded in our minds. For me, love is traveling away, away from the indifference of the crowd, into the night, picking up my friend. I become anxious with the thought of freedom, with the utter simplicity of two people together. I am wooed by freedom. You can be free, shaped by the ideals you love, loved by the shape of your ideals, lost in them. And you go your way; I go mine. Sometimes it may be towards opposite goals. But if our dominant ideals are identical, then I'll meet you just around the corner of today, my suitcase pregnant with gifts, my friend's arms full with souvenirs. I'll meet you 'round the bend, window-shopping.

Jody Neff

Darts

Love, so close to hate and yet so far,
Why must you tear at hearts and cause such pain?
I cannot love, but that it turns to war,
And all misunderstandings come again.
Sometimes I feel as though I stand alone,
And life goes by and does not see my soul;
Each person leaves, and hurts like darts are thrown;
They hit my heart, the love from which they stole.