

test yesterday. If I don't buckle down pretty soon, I may be forced to join you.

There was another demonstration on campus last week. Things got a little hot and some of the guys got carted off to jail. You'd think we were criminals or something, the way the cops treated us.

The way you just up and left, it still bothers me. But I guess it's your life. . ."

And the young soldier lay in a canvas bag, not knowing, not caring that his friends were safe at home, that his dreams to open the eyes of the world were dead with him in the mud.

## REFLECTIONS

Teresa Zodorozny

Motions of the soul stir in the old man's mind—

Tokens of years past are buried in his dreams.

Sleep is a hint of tomorrow.

His tired eyes gaze at the world renewed.

He watches his once stately body wrinkle and show the signs  
of his fading dignity.

Nobody knows his name, and no one cares.

He is laughed at by youth, and misunderstood by his  
children.

Solitary.

Abandoned by the world, lost in a vacuum of time

He waits.

