

"The Semiharian" welcomes any and all contributions from students, faculty, and the lay world. Please drop it by our office (first floor library next to the audio visual room) by Friday noon. Poetry or prose, heated issues or trial sermons, jokes or anecdotes, official or personal announcements, whatever your pen can put down on paper, we can print.

I have heard in the wind several issues being batted around; a day-care center for married students with children and the seminar abroad. We encourage you to use us to voice your ideas on these issues as well as any others that may singe your imagination; from the predicted cold winter a-coming to Jimmy Carter's fading smile. We welcome your ideas with eager (though often inaccurate) fingers. Let's make it a good year for "The Seminarian".

By the way, has anyone seen our artist? We have noticed that we are missing several things. One is an artist. If anyone sees Todd around, tell him to find his pen. As well, the tray for the silk-screen ink is missing. If anyone knows where that is, we would appreciate its return.

Thanks and have
a good year.

The Poet's Corner

Fall Comes To L.T.S.

Fall comes again to L.T.S.
autumn leaves, the brunette curls of a
mistress
waving goodbye to her lover:
the summer,
falling to the ground, ever trembling
as familiar smiles, assembling
feel the absence of change-
still unarranged.
Autumn wind, the pied piper of leaves
and torn parking tickets. Deleaved
of penalty, F & M
ignores them.
Autumn storm, clouds descending
thunder blending, rending
communications between all-
days crawl.
The storm comes from abroad
as if it were sent by God
announcing the future, just rain again
no pennies in heaven
Autumn sunset, an artist's dream
a collage of purples, pinked, ambers, like
ice-cream
melting into the night, leftover
are the stars, the rovers:
Of a barren sky.
One wonders why
Fall comes to L.T.S.