

Sonnet

By Nienke van Lieshout

Caught by the awfully strong hands of time
I feel myself growing too soon too old
My speech now turns into a strange mime
As my body slowly starts to feel cold

No longer am I able to breathe
But I fear the everlasting sleep
So I fight, while I shiver and seethe
And still, I go into a shock very deep

The breath of the Grim Reaper I smell
Ever further do I lose time to the clock
How I woke up again I cannot tell
But it felt like such a painful shock

My life is over, no time left to mend
I hope that to my body you will tend

Amidst Horizons

By Sander van der Winden

Day's darkest grey to brightest blue
Closing barrier
Aircraft carrier
Sending lightning
Flying fighting
Birds against
Gravity
Provides a blanket against the
Universal
Night provides the blackest hue

Cloud-
Troubled air
Should be fair
But we pollute
Make mountains pair
With towers breathing
An earth laid bare
To your fingers breezing
Across a face about to sigh

Ophelia's Dream

By Margu rite Corporaal

Embarking on this softly speaking meandering stream
I let my ship go
slowly rendering my splotted sail to the amazing wind
soothingly splashing
flowing down afloat on this rudderless cargo
Heavy weights dropped down into robed river beds
and gliding, drowsily gliding into the eternal gospel
of carolling currents
Between my eyelashes the shining whiteness
of balanced prima ballerinas seducing the surface
until circles come into the water
As I lie with sodden feet sunk
Indefinite inches deep dotingly drowning
dozy, asleep feeling the caressing movements
of the stream beneath my soaked dress
keeping my head below the washing flux
like a budding flower
freed from Hogmanay's pain and with my brain
fever softened by cooled clearness and peaceful purity
And memories washed away
leaving me like a pink nihilistic elephant
with no name
heavy with healing happiness
floating floating down the lotus stream
raising my dreamy eyes
unto the loving moon and fishes



The future, a fairytale

By Nadia van Pelt

When I am lying on my back in the high grass, pretending not to notice the grass blades that prick my ears - When I inhale the briny air, and listen to the flapping sails in the harbour behind the dyke - Sails that are dancing in the air as thin ghosts and make noises that are even more frightening than their appearances - When I feel the ants crawling over my leg, and I'm too lazy to wipe them off, permitting them to march over me as an army of small, strong men with more legs than appropriate - I imagine hearing steps. There are bushes on the bird's island, masking it as a green veil. Therefore the secret remains unimpaired. Before I go there, I carefully watch the other pedestrians because I cherish the sanctuary of my Avalon. I listen carefully if I hear footsteps STEP...STEP...STEP... and when people are passing by, I say: "Good morning! Nice weather to walk about and to exercise isn't it?" And I pretend to be calling my dog: "Here, Rambo! ...Aren't dogs just like kids? You always have to watch them!" After an apologising smile I wait until they are out of sight, so that I can wade to my miniature paradise. I just lie there, enjoying the sultry air, my

big toe touching the water every now and then. To me, it seems like living a fairytale. The only thing that could be more idyllic would be the touchdown of a butterfly on my knee.

The best of it all is that I don't have to go anywhere else but here. Walking along the harbour and beyond the dyke is enough, to reach the spot where you can kick out your shoes and ford towards happiness, my private paradise. There, I consider. I watch the clouds changing shapes, into a rabbit, into a tree. Unfortunately this isn't everlasting. Next month, I'm going to move houses, to another city. Alone between all those people, so very different from here and now. Visions of impersonal lectures and cold pizzas. That's what they call the future. Life has just started. But I'll stay here for a while. Lying between the elements, and I will only go back when the tide changes and the wind juggles the smells of food to my nose. A butterfly passes my knee. Looks along his imaginary shoulder and I can see him hesitate. Then off he goes. Maybe he understands that too much idyll would make my story improbable.

Agenda

11 May	Albion Spring Fling Party at Catena
29 May – 9 June	Exams
16 June	Exam results
16 – 20 June	Albion Scotland Trip
29 June	Propedeuse uitreiking
29 June	Bachelor uitreiking
14 – 19 August	El-Cid week
21 – 25 August	English re-sits
4 September	Start Academic Year
6 September	Openingscollege
11 September	Start of classes