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Sarah Binks, 'the woman and the poet', that humanist, naturalist and fundamentalist, that lady of the earth, rooted to Saskatchewan's soil by threads deeper than those attached to that vegetable so often associated with her name. That Sweet Songstress of Saskatchewan, winner of the coveted Wheat Pool Medal, recognized, revered and respected as a poetess who wrote in the Western Canadian Style; Sarah Binks fathomed the quagmire of North Willows ("her last resting place") in living the lives or playing the roles of those characters about whom she wrote. Evidence of this sincerity in "getting to know my subject" is witnessed by the titles to many of Sarah's poems. I refer to:

‘Pigs, Song of the Cow, Steeds,  
The Bug, The Farm Skunk, and  
This Makes me Scratch Myself and Ask.’

One may ask whether or not Sarah had any dealings with Homo Sapiens. The answer is that Sarah in fact was not only spiritually and emotionally involved with people but she also revealed a romantic and sexual inclination as well. Her famous love poem written for Stem Grizzlykick (who gave it to Mathilda Schwartzhacker), entitled Hi Sooky Ho Sooky embodies the innocence and charm of a lonely relationship; however, it becomes apparent to the keen observer that Sarah's "innocence and charm" were in no way any deterrent to her sexual fulfillment, as expressed in

"Now is the Last Spike Driven  
and in The Man whose Tile has  
Almost reached its Ending."

In closing, it can be said that there is a definite degree of difficulty in determining the exact period to which Sarah's poetry belongs. However, whether Pre Regina or Post Regina, poetry written in the P.R. period had to be good.

HERE LIES SARAH BINKS  
and so do I

Ron Perowne  
President of the S.P.M.S.B.  
(Society for the Preservation of the Memory of Sarah Binks)
FANTASIA ON FOUR DEATHS
—Kent State University, May 4, 1970

ralph gustafson

Four impudent snobs
Fall. I was standing beside
One, blood on her blouse
(Prague on her blouse,
Vietnam on her blouse).
It was killing. But then, we can't
Have a sniveling, hand-wringing
Power structure. Something
Must be done. I,
For one, will not lower
My voice.

They were standing
On a hill watching
The forces of law and order
For no apparent reason.

There seemed to be screams around me,
Though with the burst of rifles
And the stunned unbelief
It is hard to tell. Most likely
There was silence, the instinctive hush
Before the gentle press of
Flesh on the trigger
Prolonged into fact though no one
Knows whose is the motive
Nor where it is pointed nor even
The direction it is coming from . . .
A metaphor for all
Self-propagated violence.

But back to the business at hand . . .
Silence or screams, the students,
Intellectually effete,
Dived to the ground in terror.
They were lucky. Tomentose
Exhibitionists,
Only ten were wounded.

Four died. Where
I stood, one can be vouched
For. She fell against me.
Krause, Allison Krause
Her name was. She placed
A flower in a rifle,
"Flowers are better than bullets,"
She's supposed to have said.

Another
Kneit beside another . . .
Funny, violence never
Shows, much, until
You turn them over. Even
Grief is under suspicion.
People trust life.
Too bad.

So.

Where emotion
And muscle replace reason,
As in this girl dead
As mutton at my feet,
You must expect violence.
You can't expect blanks
All the time. The Guardsmen
Were tired. They undergo
Relatively little discipline.
The main weapons at their
Command— rifles and bayonets—
Are obsolete. "One set
Of kids against another,"
The father said. They did
What they could. It was inevitable.

Nor can one communicate
Much with rocks and bottles . . .

O, isn't it tragic?
We thought to build peace,
Peace. The floating dead
On the Mekong River are
This nearer campus. I slip
From parable, sarcastic wit,
Didactics O to plain
Statement ! These four are dead,
This blood coagulates,
This waste, so vastly huge
The human heart must harden
Lest the loss, compassion
For a history, forget
The hour I sit where life
Renews itself: this lake,
This territory green and lovely,
Claimed by song, by bird
Provoking now this air,
You'd know the name of it,
I'm not very good at birds
The turn is mordent.

Lake Massawippi,
May 27, 1970.

Note : 6 phrases in this poem weren't written by me.
They were written by Spiro Agnew.
I apologize.
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lesley hogan
I hear your voice
my body stretches long and thin
uncoils itself
squirms through miles of narrow line
and slivers into your ear.

graeme hunter

AMAZEMENT
I was amazed
the first time
I encountered
a woman:
How preciously
I clung to
My boyhood.

warwick j. farquar III

ENCLOSED
dedicated to the john memorial library bathroom
man locks himself in—
inside four walled rooms
(with ceilings and tiled floors)
hoping no one will knock
or use the master key
to catch him . . . sitting on the john.

richard price

VISION
Alone at dawn
I see you
In my hand
But you're breaking my fingers
CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL, SOUTHERN ENGLAND

What a bloody great structure!  
Let me see now... page thirty-six:  
"So much beauty and interest...  
Only after long acquaintance  
Can one claim to be familiar with it."  
Cautions my guide book  
Seriously but politely,  
Typically and tiringly.  
Both book and cathedral  
Were no doubt erected together,  
William himself placing a word here  
And a stone there.  
Ahh history...  
Look at that nave!  
This south transept is really outasight!  
The glorious lavatory is to your right.  
There are a lot of people here today.  
The lady standing in front of me  
Has a rising volcano on her neck.  
She is staring in religious rapture  
At the cracked angels that vault the ceiling,  
And now at the stained glass window  
Before me — such beauty.  
She has no time for eruptions and things.  
Some of us, though, can't quite concentrate  
On all these English visions.  
Some of us are nervously bored  
Like a young boy standing in the choir aisle  
Energetically picking his nose,  
Ignoring His presence.  
I have had enough; I am leaving.  
Anyway, today it's raining  
Inside this cathedral.

susan entwistle

INTRODUCTION TO LIFE

An insidious plot  
Achieved its aim  
For unknown to me  
I was born  
And three-quarters of a candle  
Burnt in my honour  
But my doctor frowned  
And punished me  
With a spank.  
Guilty I was  
He said  
Of original sin.  
Had I time  
To be evil?  
Damnation.  
The idea of me  
Wasn't mine  
In the first place.

(rob gordon)

OLD MAN'S SONG

A sad old man  
Haggard and drunk  
Slumped on a tavern's steps  
And examined a locket —  
A relic  
Of a happy past.  
A relic himself  
Surveying his story  
In his sole source  
Of pain and pleasure —  
His memory —  
And tears,  
They too rolled quickly  
Between the wrinkles  
As swift as his life  
Had fled by him,  
And he rose and turned  
As I passed  
To hide the tale  
Told in his face  
But even the gray tavern walls  
Couldn't hide  
His swollen eyes  
Or the tales  
Of many others —  
All sad old men.
FOUR ETERNITIES

—I—
I write you poetry
in the hollow of my hand
so that my palm radiates
the peace of my mind.

—II—
I shall always be a child —
ever will I wholly
give up my confessions
to myself, to those
that read them.

—III—
Because I am a child
I need to love.
I need to heal
the scratches on the surface
of my life
with tears that cry
for anyone
that cries sometimes

—IV—
I feel my freedom
breathing
outside my city,
my casket
my door.
Never the estrangement
my heart makes of it.

And so to touch the secret of
myself,
I write you poetry
in the hollow of my hand.
October was the best time to hunt grouse. The work at school was not demanding, most of the trees had lost their leaves, and the roads were still free of snow.

Allen and Bruce needed little time to get ready. The encased shotguns were fastened to their bicycle frames with string. Ammunition, string and compass were placed in the pockets of the red and black checkered coats. Skinning knife sheaths were threaded on belts, the keen edged knives were inserted and the handle thongs were snapped shut. The boys knew each other well. They had hunted often together.

The road which led to the best section of bush lay in a southeasterly direction. Neither boy spoke as they drove along the side of the boulevard which connected on to the bush road. At the turn off, the boys stopped for a red traffic light.

"Have you got your licence?" asked Allen. The noise of the traffic swallowed his voice. He pointed to the plastic holder fastened to his coat and repeated the question. "Have you got your licence?" Bruce patted the breast pocket of his coat and nodded.

Allen and Bruce always felt uneasy when they were not moving. Passers-by seemed to stare at the canvas cases attached to the crossbars. "Mind your own God-damn business. We aren't going to rob a bank," muttered Allen. The traffic light, once in their favor, was quickly acted on. The young hunters lost little time in leaving the corner behind.

They kept to the center of the road. It was higher than either side and contained fewer pot-holes. Allen and Bruce now peddled abreast of each other. The traffic was light and there was no danger. It seemed to shorten the trip.

The boys drove on in unison past a sprawling junk yard and auto repair shop. An oily, metallic smell seemed to permeate the air in the area no matter what the season. Only the occasional clump of crab grass growing among the derelict pieces of machinery gave any evidence of life.

The land began to level out. Hedgerows of aspen, birch and hawthorn trees, acting as fences between farm lots, stretched to the horizon on both sides of the road. The stone farmhouses could now be seen in the middle of islands of bare trees. They seemed stranded and, bathed in the bright autumn sun, defenseless and vulnerable.

The alternate succession of fields and wooded ditches gave way to tracts of scrub bush. The forest loomed beyond that. Its great stands of hard wood stretched for many miles to the south.

The main road curved sharply to the left. Only a grassy foot-path continued on toward the bush. The boys followed the path on their bikes but soon had to stop because of the thick growth of grass. They were forced to walk the remainder of the path to the margin of the forest.

The shotguns were removed from their cases and the bicycles were left in the ditch which followed the trail. The barrels of the guns shone silvery blue in the sunlight as each boy attended to the loading of his weapon. One shot in the chamber and two in the magazine.
The boys walked together and spoke loudly. The best hunting area was some distance away and there was little chance that their voices would carry that far. They pulled at their crotches to rearrange themselves. Bicycle seats always proved themselves to be inadequate on a long run. They would carry that far. They pulled at their crotches to rearrange themselves.

“Yeah,” said Bruce, “It looks like a scene that Andrew Wyeth would paint.”

“I wonder who owns all this?” continued Allen.

“I don’t know, maybe it’s the government,” suggested Bruce.

“Man, as soon as I get finished school and start working, I’m going to buy some land. Not around here. It’s too built up around here. Up North maybe, or out West,” said Allen.

“Yeah, I think the government pays you to go up North and start a farm and if you make it, then the land is yours,” replied Bruce.

“Maybe we could try it eh? It can’t be that hard,” said Allen.

“Yeah, maybe,” Bruce replied.

With the safety catches on, the boys attempted to pick up and properly lead the thrushes and wrens as they darted in and among the trees. The footing was good. The forest floor was covered with damp, dull leaves. Only the round cedar thickets offered visual relief from the thin, straight, vertical lines of the birch and aspen trees. Allen and Bruce walked quickly.

The orchard was the best place to hunt grouse. It was a small place. No more than four or five acres. Only the occasional post, rotten and at a crazy angle, remained of the barrier between the once tilled land and the forest. The apple trees were few in number. The fruit they bore was small and blighted. A profusion of sucker branches and dense crab grass made penetration of the area very difficult. Walking around the perimeter however, was usually all that was needed to flush the birds.

“Wait a minute, I have to have a leak,” whispered Allen.

“Yeah, so do I,” said Bruce.

They both cast about over the leaves until the streams hit some moss on a rock. They were close now and too much noise would warn the game of their presence.

“I wonder why the guy who owned this let it go to pot?” said Allen.

“Maybe he was sick or got too old to do the work,” offered Bruce.

“It’s a bloody shame to let a place just go like that.”

“Yeah, well maybe he died and there was no one to take over.”

“Christ, wouldn’t that be a pisser. Work your ass off trying to build something and then have it fall apart when you do.”

“Yeah. A real waste of time,” said Bruce reflectively.

“Come on. Our talking about it isn’t going to change anything and we’re wasting time standing here like this. Let’s get started.”

“O.K. Hey, doesn’t this remind you of that part in the book, Battle Cry,” where the sargeant has all the recruits pull out their joints and says, “Men, you are now going to learn the difference between a rifle and a gun. This is a rifle and this is a gun. This one’s for shooting and this one’s for fun,” said Bruce, gesturing with his finger as he quoted the verse.

“Ha ha. Yeah, that was funny as hell,” replied Allen. “The part about the rotten smell being like the north end of a skunk walking south was really funny too.”

“Yeah, it’s too bad more guys don’t write like that,” said Bruce.

“Yeah, Come on, let’s go,” reiterated Allen.

The boys squirmed until everything was in place. Then they picked up the shotguns.

“I’ll take the outside and you move in about fifteen or twenty yards,” said Allen. “The area in front of me looks better than where you are but anything that we flush will probably fly over to that really thick stuff just past you.”

“Good enough,” said Bruce. “Just make sure you stay even with me so we don’t shoot each other heads off.”

“Right. Keep an eye on the trees,” returned Allen. “With the ground wet like this they may be in the trees.”

The boys worked well together. They always kept in sight of each other, stopping at regular intervals to motion a change in direction or speed. Their progress was slow but they covered the terrain thoroughly.

The land gradually sloped upward. Toward the back of the orchard, a sparse stand of elm and aspen replaced the dense growth of grass and apple trees which predominated in the lower section.

“Man, that’s the first time in a long time that we haven’t flushed something,” said Bruce. “This is always the best place. If you can’t find them here you can’t find them anywhere.

“I don’t know. Maybe it’s the water on the ground,” said Allen. “There are plenty of windfalls around and it’s getting close to their feeding time.”

“Maybe some other guys were here before us and scared them all off.”

“Yeah, I think the government pays you to go up North and start a farm and if you make it, then the land is yours,” replied Bruce. “This is always the best place. If you can’t find them here you can’t find them anywhere.

“I don’t know. Maybe it’s the water on the ground,” said Allen. “There are plenty of windfalls around and it’s getting close to their feeding time.”

“I don’t either. But we haven’t been here very long. They could have been here earlier this morning or even yesterday sometime.”

“Yeah. That’s true,” said Allen. “But I hope it’s just the water on the ground.”

“Yeah, so do I,” said Bruce. “Do you think it’s worthwhile working through that section up there?”

“I don’t think we have much choice. It’s too late to go much farther,” replied Allen.

“Hey! Is that a nest or a clump of leaves over there?”

“Where?” asked Allen, staring past Bruce’s outstretched forefinger.

“Over there, about three-quarters of the way up that elm. Do you see it? Just where the main branch on the left side joins the trunk.”

“No, where,” persisted Allen. “Oh there. Yeah. I don’t know. It must be a nest. It isn’t moving.”

The elm tree, larger and retaining more leaves than those around it was half way up the slope of land in line with the derelict fence which separated the orchard and the bush. As the boys approached the tree, they lessened their pace. The grey-black mass in the crotch of the tree remained motionless.

“It looks like a furry nest,” said Bruce.
"Yeah, its furry alright. It's a raccoon," said Allen as he raised his gun to his shoulder.

Both guns discharged at the same moment. The afternoon silence was broken again and again as the boys mechanically pumped their weapons. Then there was silence. The guns were empty.

The raccoon was jarred from his sleep by the sting of the bird-shot. The patterns of shot, choked to spread quickly for flying birds, were too thin by the time they reached the animal. Few pellets found their mark. But those that did penetrated deeply.

The raccoon started up the trunk of the tree but its back legs gave no support. The animal lost its balance and fell. It landed heavily on the ground. The animal, now on its back, thrashed wildly at the air like an enraged child. It righted itself and frantically worked its front paws like a dog digging at a gopher hole. Anxious grunts, like those of a sow in the throes of littering came from deep within its throat as it attempted to bury its nose in the shallow hole it had dug.

The boys gaped at the stricken animal, dead from the haunches back, as it scraped and tried to pull itself along. Allen grabbed at the pockets of his coat.

"Christ, I haven't got any shells left. Bruce give me one of yours." Allen grabbed at his friend's coat before Bruce had a chance to do so himself.

"Christ, don't you have any?"
"Yeah, one. Here."
"The bloody thing won't fit in the gun."
"You've got the God damn thing backwards."
"Shit."

The discharge of the gun at such close range was like a bomb exploding. The force of the blast drove the animal further into the hole it had started. It lay on its side. A large, animated hole appeared in the animal's neck and shoulder. The extremeties of the raccoon's body convulsed slightly as if the lifeless animal were experiencing a chill. Then everything was still. Only the spasmuslic ejaculations of urine down one leg gave the animal any semblance of life.

The boys kicked the dirt back into the hole. Once the hole had been filled, Allen stood on the mound to pack the dirt down.

"Christ, I hadn't thought of that. Well, what do we do then? We can't just leave him here."
"He's not a beautiful pelt. Why don't we skin him," said Allen.
"I haven't any place at home to cure it," said Bruce.
"Neither have I," said Allen. "Want to take his tail?"
"Kill the bloody thing just for its tail? If that's all we're going to take, we should have left him sleeping in the tree," replied Bruce.
"How about taking him to school. Maybe the biology class could dissect it or examine the bones."

"No, they already have animal parts that are pickled. Anyway, it will start to rot by tomorrow. Then he'll smell like a blue cheese."

"Yeah, I hadn't thought of that. Well, what do we do then? We can't just leave him here."

"No, we can't do that ... I guess we'll just have to bury him."
"Well, at least that's something. But what a waste."

The boys moved the animal from the small hole it had started. Leaves were kicked away from the trunk of the elm tree to provide a larger working area. Both boys, on hands and knees, stabbed at the earth. But the ground around the tree yielded little to the thrusts of the hunting knives.

"This is no good, said Allen. It's going to take us until dark to dig a hole here at this rate. Let's try under one of those aspens."

"No, they already have animal parts that are pickled. Anyway, it will start to rot by tomorrow. Then he'll smell like a blue cheese."

"Yeah, I hadn't thought of that. Well, what do we do then? We can't just leave him here."

"No, we can't do that ... I guess we'll just have to bury him."
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"This is no good, said Allen. It's going to take us until dark to dig a hole here at this rate. Let's try under one of those aspens."

"O.K. But if the ground is too hard there, then to hell with it. We'll just cover him with leaves.

Under the aspens, the jabs of the knives were more successful. The ground had not been packed down and there were fewer roots.

"Alright, said Allen, "that's deep enough. We must have gone down close to two feet anyway."

The animal was placed in the hole on its back. The hind feet rested against its abdomen at a crazy angle. The front feet, now rigid, pressed against the jaw. The pads of the feet, facing upward, were worn and cracked.

The boys kicked the dirt back into the hole. Once the hole had been filled, Allen stood on the mound to pack the dirt down.
“Bruce you take a turn. This gives me the creeps. It feels like I'm stepping on half hardened cement.”

Once the ground had been packed down, leaves were kicked up against the tree.

“There, no one could tell anything was buried here,” said Allen as he stood back and gazed at the foot of the tree.

“Probably not,” said Bruce, “but I bet another animal could.”

“Well if one does, it won’t be our fault. We did all we could. Most guys would have just left it.”

“I suppose. But don’t you feel kind of rotten shooting an animal like that and then just getting rid of him.”

“So, we won’t tell anyone. Nobody will ever know.”

“Well, but the point is that you and me, we’ll know.”

“What could we use that would last?”

“We could cut a piece of bark off this aspen and carve in the date and our initials.”

“No, that would take too long. I know, let’s girdle the tree. That way it will die and act like a sort of tombstone.”

“Alright. I’ll start on this side and meet you in the middle. It would have been so much easier if we had just left him alone. I wish we hadn’t come.”

The knife blades had lost their keen edge. Much effort was required to separate the thin bark of the aspen from the trunk. When the boys finished, only the freshly cut wood chips and the seven spent shells scattered among the leaves, could be seen clearly on the ground. The trees, looming but indistinct, were now grey-black shadows.

Walking back to the trail became difficult. The high grass of the orchard concealed the mounds of earth and dead wood which, during the daytime, were obvious. The path itself, which led back to the bikes could barely be distinguished from the brush which hemmed it in on both sides.

The boys, wishing to avoid the stinging slap of the hawberry trees, kept to the center of the path. They walked, one behind the other, with their guns held up in front of them as a protection against the brush. They walked slowly. They spoke only to curse at the ineffectualness of their weapons to act as shields.

The bikes were as they had left them. Allen and Bruce pulled them out of the ditch to the side of the road. The shotguns were slid into the canvas cases and the end flaps were secured. Nothing remained but the ride home.

“Man, that’s a rotten walk in the dark. Those bushes with the thorns scratched the hell out of my hands and face.”

“Don’t worry. You aren’t alone.”

“I’d hate like hell to ever get lost in there after dark.”

“Yeah, so would I. You’d never find your way out. Imagine sleeping in there all night.”

“No, I can’t. I wouldn’t try either. There are bears in there you know. They wouldn’t think twice about attacking you. There are reports every summer about bears attacking people. Not here. Out West. But it’s the same thing.”

“Yeah, well we’re out, so that’s one thing we don’t have to worry about,” said Bruce.

“I know something we do have to worry about,” replied Allen.

“What?”

“The road,” continued Allen. “It will be full of cars at this hour, so we’d better ride in single file. And watch for those potholes up near the intersection. If you catch one, it’ll send you arse over teakettle into the ditch.”

“Yeah, you watch too. Come on let’s go. I’m getting hungry.”

In a thicket, not far from the large elm tree, a red fox gorged himself on an easy meal.
A storm is upon them
The tide has changed
Uncertain waves no longer
Roll to shore.
They are far beyond the reef
In unknown waters
Tossing about
Unaware of where to go.

Graeme Hunter

IN ABSENTIA

From here I stare
through the flat afterthought
of a lens, into the faded colours
of a camera's dream. Again,
the picture is a plot. I am a theme
of strangers coming home.
A railroad threads
departments like beads.
From the caboose
of this Larousse
a single window serves my needs.

The languished mind
past empty eye and ears
may often find, in images
the lifeless hand may seize
of foreign field or copse,
the unhoused hopes
that make the senses willing refugees,
from so grotesque
an interdicted love
that dreams of lillies
by a maple blest, and sweats to spawn
a goose that might seem comely to the swan.

Eva Baldwin

THE DOCTOR

Gentle are the hands that feel the pulse,
Calm are the eyes that smile reassurance,
Careful are the fingers that write the prescription,
Swift is the bill in the next day's mail.
PROSTITUTE
The bright borrowed face of the moon must share herself with any curbside puddle.

(teri coburn)

RELEVANCE
There are words which will always be unsaid between us. For long ago I chose to be less relevant than you. Only slightly less but the world pays little heed to choices. And now it doesn't matter if things had been different.

An End and a Peace

The five o'clock bell sounded again and everyone was preparing to leave. Happy faces and good-byes were echoing in the corridors as everyone was departing. Walking along the corridor was Jemalee, a young girl of nineteen, who had a strange look on her face. As she reached the door good-byes were sailed at her from happy faces. Too busy with their own concerns, they did not notice her bizarre look or her failure to return their goodbyes.

Jemalee continued walking till she reached her bus stop. There she stood silent and stared at the people surrounding her. Through the crowds she could catch occasional glimpses of radiant faces. The bus finally arrived, Jemalee mounted it and sat motionless on the seat which she had located. She turned to the window and again continued to stare at the people walking down the street. She caught sight of a couple holding hands and laughing gaily.

Suddenly she could no longer stand this and she turned her head to stare into space. The thoughts which she had been holding back till now began flowing in her head. So she could no longer keep on living the way she did. She felt like a zombie who was moving through time in complete loneliness. Oh, there were the hellos and good-byes of the people from the office but this they did only out of politeness. She was nothing to them except a face which they saw everyday. Her thoughts were interrupted when the bus driver cried “Van Horne”. She then got up and disembarked the bus. From there she proceeded to walk to her dingy little apartment.

She was walking mechanically for her lonely thoughts had once again returned. She asked herself how long it had been since she had been happy, since she had not felt this loneliness. To answer her question, she had to dig back to her younger days. Even those she did not remember clearly. Her parents had died when she had only been three years old. She did not remember what they had been like but she did remember that she had loved them and they had loved her. Those were the only happy memories which she had in her childhood. After that, she could only remember the countless number of homes she had entered for none of her relatives had wanted her. She remembered that the State home was always reminding them that they were nuisances and extra mouths to feed. Oh, that they could do excellently. She also remembered how happy the head mistress had been when she announced that she had acquired a job at Wilson’s Company. Yes, she could remember clearly the words of the mistress, “Well, Helen, you can mark Jemalee off the list from now on. She’ll be one less mouth to feed.” It had almost sounded unbelievable, something, somehow that you would see in movies and then go home and forget about it. Only she couldn’t forget for that had been her life.

When she had started working for Wilson’s Company, she thought things would change. On, how badly mistaken she had been. At the home everyone was unhappy and lonely so it did not make much difference. But in the office, the happy faces and giggles which floated around were becoming unbearable. No, she realized now that things had not changed for the better, they seemed to become worse.
She was now at the entrance of her apartment. The view of the apartment when she stepped inside only added to her uneasiness. It was barren and dingy. The furniture consisted of worn-wooden chairs, a table, a desk and an old bed which she slept on. She had tried to grow flowers, but even those could not live in this apartment. They had died at the end of a week from lack of fresh air and sunshine.

She drew a chair and sat down. The tears which she had held back till now came flowing out and completely blinded her vision. She finally decided she could no longer keep on living like this. She was tired of telling herself that tomorrow everything would be different. There had been too many tomorrows which had never changed. She now faced the truth that no one cared and no one would ever care. This resolved, she knew that there was only one answer to what she was seeking. She proceeded to write a departing letter, but stopped. She suddenly burst into a hideous laughter and shouted aloud, "Why bother, no one will read it, no one cares." She got up and shut the only window which the apartment owned, said a wordless good-bye to the world outside, opened the gas pipes, and laid down to prepare herself for the peace which would soon fill the ache and emptiness which had characterized her life. Her last thoughts were that now she had to find the answer for this war, the last solution. And slowly her loneliness was ended...

SANS RELIGION

There is no forever—
it dies with man:
and his worldly dreams
now lie rotting of disease — mocking him,
polluting the white sand that once held
his childhood, and now
encircles his grave.

There is no tomorrow—
it dies behind the dawn
and is made a sacrifice—
burnt by the sun's rising.
But man still worships
his charred future, and
tries for eternity.
It's a thing in his nature,
a thing called futility or hope
depending on where you stand
above the ground or beneath it.

To listen ;
To understand ;
And yet not know how to help.
To say what you feel in your heart,
And fear that the truth may not be enough.

To involve yourself so completely in someone
That your own welfare becomes a second thought—
This feeling is one of sincere love.
A love that few can share.
A relationship that exists far beyond the physical
And is content to rest as softly
As a fallen leaf
In the heart of the living soul.
east of the afternoon
i have heard your sun song
take it
as far as you can play it.
know it
can only bring you better things.

there is a newer day
beyond your mind
just east of the afternoon.

tu le verras si tu cherches
essaies-donc !

find it clinging
to the heat glazed horizon :
silently shimmering.

touch tomorrow.
windless lingers
will pass soft
soon to touch unnoticed.

aussi souvent
qu'on parle d'amour
on n'en trouve pas.
il faisait du soleil tantôt.

new things older
faces indistinct
with merging names
hanging
just east of the afternoon.

Patterns
The grey shears cut an erratic line
In the pattern of the sky.
Jagged yellow mountains appear
Above the round grey hills.

The silver needle sews the crazy pieces
Of sky and light together.
The yellow mountains slowly melt
Into the cloth of blue.

He stands up there
Alone
Speaking of nothing.

We sit en masse
Some listening,
Most not,
Thinking of everything.
LOVE SONG

It is not for you
that I write these poems.
The sea makes a ragged
swirl at all my edges
Yet the grass goes on forever
at your name.

Your darkness is analytic
In quiet mother of pearl
fact;
The timeless flux
I can hold in my hand and never have.

Yes — the flowers grow wherever I am,
even see them with my eyes
sprouting yellow and faded
from a letter I once received.

But it is also the pain
of non, of not, of my name
being spoken...
The want of each voice
with my magic word in their mouths

The want I have to make
many tongues my own

The music of a voice that sings alone.

A LOVE STORY

You have many victims
Sometimes we all get together
And over black wine and rotting wafers
We talk
Hollowly we laugh and joke
Nervously we compare scars
Some swear dark oaths
And mumble black verses
Others pray and look upwards
While trading confessions under the table
Nothing has ever helped...
Before we all leave
We each sip the wine
And eat a wafer
Then fall to our knees
In memory
Pretending
We are before you
For fast hours and painted love
With hooks that hold
The Quebec kidnappings have been carefully staged happenings, almost a new form of theatre. The wall between life and art has come tumbling down as groups such as the FLQ have initiated 'actions' designed to shock or ignite, to inspire fear or uncertainty. These happenings are far different from the tame theatre engaged in by actors that profess a social conscience. Rather than theatre moved out into the street, it is the street adopting theatrical modes. The anarchist or terrorist has clear motives: to collect a pile of cash, to obtain publicity, to fulfill fond dreams of liberation, to see the system squirm. Theatre has always tried to make money, garner public exposure, free man from his delusions, and offer social criticism. But traditional theatre pretends; the new street-theatre refuses to imitate life, and instead prefers to shape or alter actuality. Kidnappers, victims, police, and political figures are the actors. The media are the producers; they prepare the events for our eyes and ears. Theatrical space is the city, the province, the country. Casting is precise, with real people living their roles. Costuming is perfectly realistic. Suspense is genuine as the 'director' initiates the scenario with an abduction that leads actors, producers and audience through a series of acts and scenes. The streets do not belong to the people because they are home in front of their television sets, busy being the audience. And we are all caught up in this drama; it is nearly impossible to escape the news events of the day. It is all so convenient; if we miss the 6:00 episode, we catch the replay at 11:00. Profoundly dramatic as only life itself can be (this is the 'naturalistic style' with a vengeance), it is also profoundly disturbing. Disturbing for a number of reasons: because we are faced with fact not fiction, because no one can say when this event will finish and another begin, because there is always a chance that we will become actors rather than spectators. Above all, the happening is grotesque or becomes so as we note the contrast between terrible tragedy and bumbling comedy, both a part of the program. Strangulation and false walls are macabre and burlesque twists of plot. Perhaps it is this mixture of the macabre and burlesque that explains our ambivalent reaction, the fact that we are repelled yet fascinated, upset yet unable to ignore events. The temptation to watch life unfold on the evening news is difficult to resist, and there is an impact involved that Centennial Theatre can hardly match. And there is potential malaise in our forced attendance at this evening performance. As happening follows happening, the feeling of déja vu attacks our sensibility; we become either bored or outrageously indignant through the simple fact of repetition. As a result, such happenings become either tiresome, the fate of nearly all new theatrical forms, or violently suppressed, the alternate possibility. Both these possibilities suggest a growing insensitivity. But we may be sure that more of these planned and orchestrated confrontations will happen. In the United States, they call it Theatre of the Apocalypse.
sue stapells

Twinkling
Lights
will
not
S
T
O
P

STROBE

Flashing
Glimmering
Ready
Willing

TO CONQUER.

steve clarke

dorchester at 5:00

old
man
scratching
in between a place
only
fingers know
dirty
old
man
nobody sees.
scratch
in between a place
where only
fingers
go

mind,
crawling
antlike,
leaving mucous,
whispy trails
of thought
that wander
and seek...
one straight path,
and the mind recalls a moment —
thoughts flow
and emotion
drives the heart to a quickened pace —
a sense of warmth,
of pain,...
of love.

penny smith

A
star
alone,
but in
the sky
surrounded —
A
part of
a wonder
which overwhelms me.
A world wonder.
A
tree
a blade
of grass
heavy with seed,
an animal,
belly round with
young to come...
the dirt—
the pristine
freshness of soft,
normal
the tattered look
of old...
a coil...
a cycle...
the wonder,
and
me.
steve clarke

une croix pesante . . .
(Laporte found 18/10/70)
life, forcing out of a man
more than he could give
alone.
hard words force
people
apart
to stand a brief moment
alone.

your tears cannot
be shed in vain.
a man apart cannot
understand
but then his understanding
has far surpassed our own.
life drained from a
now useless body
— so much that could have been
and now
can never be.

sad, sad saturday
now stands lonely.
—history has been well made
as a new bed.

it is all against the wall
light shines stronger,
eyes see a little more
we are no longer
alone
A BLINDWORM

A creature so light
so airy
so transparent
so broken
so musical
so tender
— One could kill it.
Waiting like Venetian glass —
Provocative
Exaggeration
‘: Death

THE GYPSY VINE

Last autumn
And a gypsy vine
Clung needlessly
To a trestle
Like a green
Paisley bikini
On some
Superb woman.
It hid nothing
That I knew
Wasn’t there
Save,
By chance,
A hideous scar
That I’d rather
Not see
Anyway.

james boast

john scott
And the old man — white bearded and wrinkled
saw from the seacliff's edge,
children playing
down on the beach.
They waved, and laughingly
climbed the rocks up to him
(for they knew he was the last living
lighthouse keeper in the West)
and they, with shy respect, asked
what he knew.

And the old man nodded to the children
with half-smiling eyes
and spoke with that quiet gentleness
that is a part of the Inner Peace.
He said:
Let the sun light your dreams
and show you their path.
Let the sea waves give meaningful motion
to your thoughts.
Let the seagulls' cry deepen your emotions
for others and not your self.
Let the salt wind blow hope into your spirit
and take away your fears.
Let the sea be your Master and
Life will be your god.

And the old man stood silently—
his half-smiling eyes on the coast
as the children clambered down to the sand,
to their carefree games with the sea.

And the old man knew one of them
had understood his words
for one child stood off from the games—
silently watching the sea waves.
Reflections of Sartre

It was a quiet morning, the first Tuesday in November, I had just missed the 9:05 bus. I stood by the yellow bus sign (number 75 in black) waiting for the next one. It was a strangely quiet morning. No other people were around, not even late students rushing to the school over on rue de Chateauguay, and only a few cars went by on the cross-street. The cars were filled with people anxious to get to work, but not really wanting to work at all. They would make it to the office in time, glad that they had not been late, yet sad that they had a whole day's work ahead. That bothered me. So few people seemed to enjoy their work, oh they would say 'it was a good living', but never that they ENJOYED it. Oh well, that was THEM and not me. I let the whole thought go. It was still quiet about, nothing loud or moving fast. Even the sun was dully bright as it yawned through the clouds. I was still too, my mind wasn't jagged or tight but loose. Missing the bus didn't upset me like usual and I had all the patience to wait for the next one. It was a low-key morning with time itself being valuable.

I was aware of life around me. Life in the winter-bare trees that stood on the frozen lawns, up and down the sides of the boulevard. They too, stood silent with their bare branches curving upwards from the main trunk-stretching out to scratch the cold sky. I thought of the statue of Shiva with all her arms in the air. 'Shiva-Indian goddess of destruction-destroys the finite to make way for the infinite.' A remnant of a religion class. My mind was wandering. It was on its own that morning. I couldn't find the desire or need to control it.

My feet were cold. I had not bothered with snowboots simply because there was no snow. The air was cold and dry but there wasn't any snow yet. My feet felt insulted by the cold. They complained to my mind independently of me. My body was alive on its own like my mind, and I had nothing to do with either except transmit ideas and execute actions on command.

Two sparrows flew by, and I hoped to watch them fly far into the distance, changing from birds to dots into nothingness, knowing they were there in the distance, and yet unable to see them there. But no. They just flew across the boulevard to a nest in the eaves of an apartment roof. The sparrows were filled with people anxious to get to work, but not really wanting to work at all. They would make it to the office in time, glad that they had not been late, yet sad that they had a whole day's work ahead. That bothered me. So few people seemed to enjoy their work, oh they would say 'it was a good living', but never that they ENJOYED it. Oh well, that was THEM and not me. I let the whole thought go. It was still quiet about, nothing loud or moving fast. Even the sun was dully bright as it yawned through the clouds. I was still too, my mind wasn't jagged or tight but loose. Missing the bus didn't upset me like usual and I had all the patience to wait for the next one. It was a low-key morning with time itself being valuable.

A mailman turned the corner and walked towards me, preoccupied with sorting some mail. His feet were warm. They were wrapped in gray socks then covered by black boots with a thick pyle lining. They were probably sweating in the warmth.

My feet had begun to annoy my mind, things lost their easy neutrality and became stupid or ugly.
The bus was so slow. The black wheels rolled on the asphalt, pushing down hard on the body, crushing the bones of the black dog. A little dog killed by a monstrous black-wheeled bus.

It was not fair. Life wasn't fair. There was no equality or a reason for anything. Meaningless... life was meaningless. I didn't like this world very much right then. I could have been at home now. I could have been in my warm bed and happy without any awareness of this cold raging in my feet, of that little black dog, of that bus-monster... why hadn't I stayed home?

The bus was closer, the wheels were black — that was all. Black and smooth with nothing else on them, no bits of fur or flesh on them from the dog. He was gone. He had come from nowhere, run across the street, and had melted into the wheels, and was gone. Only the black wheels remained.

I stared at them as they moved toward me and stopped. I hated them — I feared them.

The bus was stopped, waiting for me.

Get on, I told myself but... the black wheels stared at me, threatening me. Fear. I didn't want to get on. I wanted to be at home, in my warm safe bed where nothing like this happened, where I was warm and happy. I didn't want my mind to know about these realities, these ugly things like dogs getting run over. But I saw it — I had seen it happen — and my head now knew this feeling of revulsion, the unfairness, the infinity within time. And yet there was no dog. No proof of what had happened.

"Hey lady, are you getting on or not? I can't wait all day," the driver was asking me.

Oh God, what was I to do? I couldn't get on and sit in that... that thing. I stared at the driver stupidly. He had killed a dog back there with this black-wheeled manevolent object under his control, and now he was asking me to get on it. I waited... my feet were freezing...

"Look lady, I can't wait, I've got a schedule to..."

My feet were traitors and climbed up the black steps. I stood glaring at the driver, hating him. I wanted to crush him, to see if his skin and bones and blood would mash together under my black hand. I turned my eyes from his face (which was now an ugly mess like the dog back there in the road should be), I watched my hand drop the ticket in the box.

I wanted to run. To run away from this stupid man and his bus. But I took the blue transfer from his black hand, in a quiet mechanical motion without looking at his face. With an exasperated sigh of impatience, he threw his cigarette stub out the door and closed it. I walked to the back of the bus and took a seat over the wheels. The black wheels where the dog had melted into death.
English and Canadian Poetry . . .

What makes the difference?

There is something unmistakable about the poetry being written on both sides of the Atlantic: it is poetry written to survive the cold war of the heart. The differences in English poetry are subtle yet often surprising. The English do not write with such a sense of isolation, northernness and coldness that so characterizes Canadian verse, yet the English love of the earth is profound.

When in England, I had a chance to talk to poets and writers and discovered something amazing about them: they are all self made. It seems to me that in Western life, society makes and determines its artists to a degree in which they are more than simply determined or asked for, they are fused and shaped to society. Yes, you're saying, that's true of every culture, but the English writers are different. Their backgrounds, although sometimes connected with universities, are not often formed by them.

This characterizes their free, loose, melodic, and flowing style and their sense of Rootedness which is real. Over here, rootedness is a thing of the mind, not of the body.

This real lack leads to outrageous cries from Westerners like Irving Layton who tries to put poetry back where it belongs — in the individual. Poetry, he would claim, has in Western society resulted in a sort of excuse for non-existent religious piety.

As he says: "Decent, right-thinking people, the WASPs in poetry, offered themselves in a secular age as replacements for the discredited clericals . . . Pleasingly formed shapes of air were a desirable substitute for a pulpitry that insulted the modern intelligence."

In England, poetry is not a religious excuse nor does it need the pretense of being anything but itself. There, the roots of poetry are never questioned and they have been free to transcend the society that practically contains them.

Sadly, to say, however, this is not to say that English poetry has completely transcended "English Tradition" which is quite another matter.

As Layton would say: "I entered Westminster Abbey and for the first time in my life I saw clearly what was meant by English tradition; — "How it is a slice taken out of Death and made homey and negotiable like currency."

Modern English poetry has made the decadent "English Tradition" much more interesting and much less boorish. Let's say it's acceptable.

Another thing of interest is that English poets seldom abstract their imaginary fantasies. They don't need to. In Canada we get the need to break away entirely from the face of the earth and want to swallow the world.

Our need to be free of ourselves is overpowering, as is suggested in Canadian, Alden Nowlan's poem, "The Mysterious Naked Man.": "A mysterious naked man has been reported on Cranston Avenue. The police are performing the usual ceremonies with coloured lights and sirens."
Almost everyone is outdoors and strangers are conversing excitedly as they do during disasters when their involvement is peripheral.

"What did he look like?" the lieutenant is asking.

"I don't know," says the witness. "He is naked."

...And the mysterious naked man is kneeling behind a garbage can or lying on his belly in somebody's garden...and by now he's probably done whatever it was he wanted to do and wishes he could go to sleep or die or take to the air like Superman."

But maybe our need to transcend the pavement, is greater as seen in Miriam Waddington's "The City's Life":

"She is a woman possessed by cities,
In love with imperfect faltering man,
Her time is taken with analysis of eyes screened off by glass, thinning hair,

Blood out of season, limbs that scan
With perfect measure to the count of Death.
These elements rise unsolved into the air or melt against the salt of road beneath,
And bring her to a strange inverted bliss."

and in "Looking For Strawberries In June":

"...I'm just standing here on the threshold of a different country, everything is made of plastic and silence; what month is it anyway? I'm knocking at the door but nobody answers...I don't know the password I only know it has nothing to do with being good and true nothing to do with being beautiful."

— Canadian poetry also asks what and why? Here is an example by Seymour Mayne:

"What is it important to do now in bewilderment, soft confusion? — Lie down by the stream, let your head slowly float out upon the water, neck aching at the edge..."

This kind of poetry has a hard time — just accepting life!

We are the mobile society. In England I was shocked to meet a young man who took seven months to decide if he would let himself take a four day vacation abroad to visit his girlfriend. People over there just don't go anywhere. You could almost say their sense of roots is pulling them into the ground!

In England, in this almost secluded and lost environment, writing soars and poetry is still written there in the Dylan Thomas fashion. You can smell the earth is this poetry. (Can you smell the ice in Canadian poetry?)

Seamus Heaney and Derek Mahon are the two Irish poets that are now writing some of the best poetry in Western Europe. Their poetry has all the earthy decadence that Canadian poetry hasn't.

Sometimes, but not too often, English poetry even has some humour mixed in with its affection, like in Seamus Heaney's "Shoreline":

"Turning a corner, taking a hill
In County Down, there's the sea
Sliding and settling to
The back of a hedge, or else
A grey bottom with puddles
Saying, "Back in ten minutes".

— English and Irish poets are readily accessible. One can just go and meet them. They are people. Needless to say that sort of situation doesn't really exist in the "New World", but to compensate for natural hospitality, the English remain critical of the North American critical arts. Here is the view as said by Louis Simpson:

"Whatever it is, it must have a stomach that can digest Rubber, coal, uranium, moons, poems.

like a shank, it contains, a shoe.
It must swim for miles through the desert uttering cries that are almost human."

The English couldn't say it better.

HOW TO DISTINGUISH A GREAT POET

I spend many hours searching for my poet And strangely I always find him. Seldom at a poetry reading Or at a Writers' Workshop. He's rarely grinning from a flyleaf Or crying from a rooftop. And never scratching with a pen Or asking friends to read his wisdom. I find him near a blade of grass Studying a raindrop. I find him running with the wind When no one else is looking. I see him watch a little girl From an open window. And always I can feel him loving, loving.
douglas hooper

ARCTIC SUNSET

The setting sun:
Gold and indigo
On a glassy-calm sea.
And tons of broken ice,
Drift aimlessly with the tide.

July 10, 1970.
Deception Bay

lesley hogan

You want to prove your manhood to me,
I who tormented you as a young boy,
I who laughed when you kissed me then.
Picking flowers in Westmount park,
Soaring above you on the swing
Higher and higher you pushed and pushed me,
Hoping the chains would crumble
Wishing me to fall down, down
Lay at your feet,
Staring into the fistful of stars
Haunting the warm night.

You try to show me now
Worldly wisdom in your caressing fingers,
The touch of a man who's touched many.
No tulips strewn at my feet this time
No shy wet kisses on my eyelids
No groping for my warmth.
You demand my body
As payment long overdue.
Fascination I felt for your childlikeness
Shatters in the stillness of the room
And I no longer want you.

meredyth kezar

LOST ART

Man is like a poem
Never precise, darting away,
Hinting at perfection.

Unfortunately he tries
To tear himself apart,
To fit his life on neatly written lines
of narrative . . .
A poem never sung

anonyme

LE REVE

La crête écumante d'une vague qui se heurte
contre le bord de la mer,
La feuille jaune qui tombe d'un arbre se
balançant au vent,
Les larmes touchantes d'un enfant pleurant,
La brise douce qui rafraîchit les rayons
brûlants du soleil,
La pluie qui donne la vie aux fleurs mourantes,
Le cri d'un nouveau-né,
La flamme aveuglante du soleil couchant,
Le baiser tendre de deux amants qui se
chuchotent dans l'obscurité de la nuit,

L'Amour . . .
L'Amour, l'Amour est toute la vie,
L'Amour est la vie.
Le plaisir d'aimer et d'être aimé.
Mes yeux cherchent les siens ;
Nos mains se joignent et nous somme unis pour
toujours,
Je lui appartiens . . . il m'appartient.

Je ferme mes yeux, cherchant à retenir cette
joie.
Je les ouvre — il n'est pas là,
je n'ai rien . . . rien qu'un rêve.
lesley hogan

BIRTH DAY GIFT

The red carnations perished first
the love heavy
blood bursting blooms.
That frightened me.
The flush pink flowers died next
healthy glow fading to
dried shrivelled cheeks.
The ice white ones
breaths of deadening frost
stood stark.
I threw them back to the long, narrow box.

noni howard

We take the drug of ourselves together,
smiling, sometimes hesitantly,
we pop each other into our mouths.

It was when you taught me how to sleep,
laid me down on your big bed
and touched me

I wanted to scream my peace,
vioent and incredible
in the night air
what understanding WAS.

And it WAS I that wanted you
to replace your vanity for poems
replace the not knowing with knowing.
substitute self love for love

No one had ever wanted you that way before.
But the body, the body, you said.
We are women.
The universe will not understand us.
The universe cannot understand our love

But I say
This is not poetry
There are different pills
in our mouths.
There is only one understanding.
(john scott)

WATERLILY WORLD

I'll praise the waterlily
When I can stand on it
And leave the surface
Unruffled;
When I can delight
In the pious simplicity
Of a loon
Like a passing white nun
In her holy world;
When I see a trout
Dart by
My waterlily
Hoping to catch a fisherman
And discovering it wasn't intended
That way;
When I see a crow
Greet a gull
And love him
Because neither know hate.
I'll praise my waterlily
When I can stand on it
In peace.

THE VICTIM

A fly-trap yawned
And caught a passing fly
In all its innocence
Of curiosity.
You stood in silence
Behind a plastron of greenery
Too captivated to help
And too sad to move.
A clear breeze
Whisked by
Ignoring the scene
And the marsh remained serene
Beside the pond,
Oblivious of the action.
None of them cared,
But you did
And yet,
You refused to help
And free the captured.

(peter lidington)

drawing by cheyanne lane)
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FROM DUSK TO DARKNESS

The turquoise tones of dusk dissolve
As the navy night
Advances.

The blur of salmon pink fades
Into shades of purple,
As the light is coaxed
Beneath the low horizon
Cradled in the hills.

A splinter of the moon
Stabs the water colour dome
Of endless space;
And Venus crackles as she blazes
In the heavens,
Her planetary fires aglow.

Drifting clouds like floating glaciers
Traverse the sky,
Pierced by swimming darts of phosphorescent light.

Until the moment
When the earth and sky
Are one.
In darkness.

BUTTERFLIES

Butterflies summer-saulting
on summer sunny days
like miniature kites
stringless
in a whirlwind
and wild
free
fall
fun
tossed
and
spinned

riding gusty air rapids
on painted paper thin
butterfly wings
little fast flying splashes
colour random
whirled
and twirled
and swirled

and dandelion drunk
CAUGHT
and FLUNG

and now resting calmly
on a clover runway.
sue stapells

a hush falls over all
soft voices murmur
a steady monotonity of sound
the light fades into the atmosphere
a strong but sensitive voice
echoes forth
lightfoot
dylan
    words
    music

of love
of pain
life
death


1—
Drunk on my birthday
And faces watch my happiness
Quietly thinking, "Now he is happy."

2—
Awakening in my empty bed
I remember better times
Times we had together,
But my tears fall on my own shoulder.

3—
Cold unknown faces
Turn and question my presence:

4—
"How is she?"
(trying to be diplomatic
but closely watching my reaction)
I reply "well" and "thank you".

5—
I lie:
She is not well and
I am not pleased at their asking.

6—
On my birthday.
THE MOUNTAIN

Time rushes eastward on St. Catherine's
Flowing silently, aimlessly, timelessly
Behind gaunt, streaked faces;
Extended and examined on the pavement
Measured by a thousand pacing souls
And a thousand piercing eyes that measure.

There are always these constant eyes
The eyes that you meet in dark halls
Eyes that glance furtively
Around dilapidated brick buildings
Behind counters; behind wickets
And a multitude of other dreary stalls
Lined like crosses at the gates of Rome.

Here is Time; Friday at five
When each hour promises respite
From the ceaseless unity of change.
Here is Time; Sunday at nine
When each hour threatens the next
And tomorrow brings endless rebirth.
On this bank, the river drifts slowly
And moments hinge on moments
To form the endless current that passes
Into the oily river's ebb and flow
Hoping to end time by death
In one timeless moment in time.
Sinking downward into the waters
To emerge on a farther shore.

The past and future are absent from dreams,
Time is the illusion of those who cannot dream.
For those who dream, time suffices
To regain all temporality in the Great Time
Of always and eternally now.
The womb re-entered, paradise regained;
This is the way up the mountain.
THE FINAL HOUR

You have at that final hour
Over against all which was sought
The potency, the pride, the power,
A certain solitude of thought.
Like the humble waters that wend
Among brooding forest giants
Knowing hot passions' end
And the futility of defiance.

Be like that acquiescent stream
That murmurs now over stone
Sing your song and be seen
Walking in the dawn, alone.