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NEW MITRE

LITTLE ALBERT GOES TO BISHOP'S

Young Albert, fresh from Lancashire
To Lennoxville did come.
Other boys liked college life,
So he thought he'd have some.

Bishop's suited him — he thought,
With gowns, an girls, an' all;
From what he'd heard about the place
It wasn't bad a-t'all!

All coeds here are glamour girls,
Some pretty, coy, and meek,
And most are very popular
(In Sadie Hawkins week!)

"All rooms," they said, "are clean and warm,
All food delicious, too,
The chapels, labs, and lectures
Are far between and few."

Alas, when Albert learned the truth,
The most that he could say
Was: "Bishop's such a super place?
Ay, that will be the day!"

The football coach some men did need,
And little pipsqueak All must yield,
For, as a freshman, he must play
Or stay, — and line the field!

Albert liked beer, like all the lads;
A frothblower was he.
Said All: "We're doomed to gloom, by gum,
If prin has banned the 'G!'"

First frosty Friday morning
About nine-twenty-two,
He shuffled into History class
And shivered out with flu.

"Christmas come but once a year";
Albert had heard that rhyme,
It brings exams with much to learn
And very little time.

So Albert learned at Bishop's,
To cut four years to three,
One simply must combine one's fun
With work and O.T.C.

From *The Mitre*, February, 1941.

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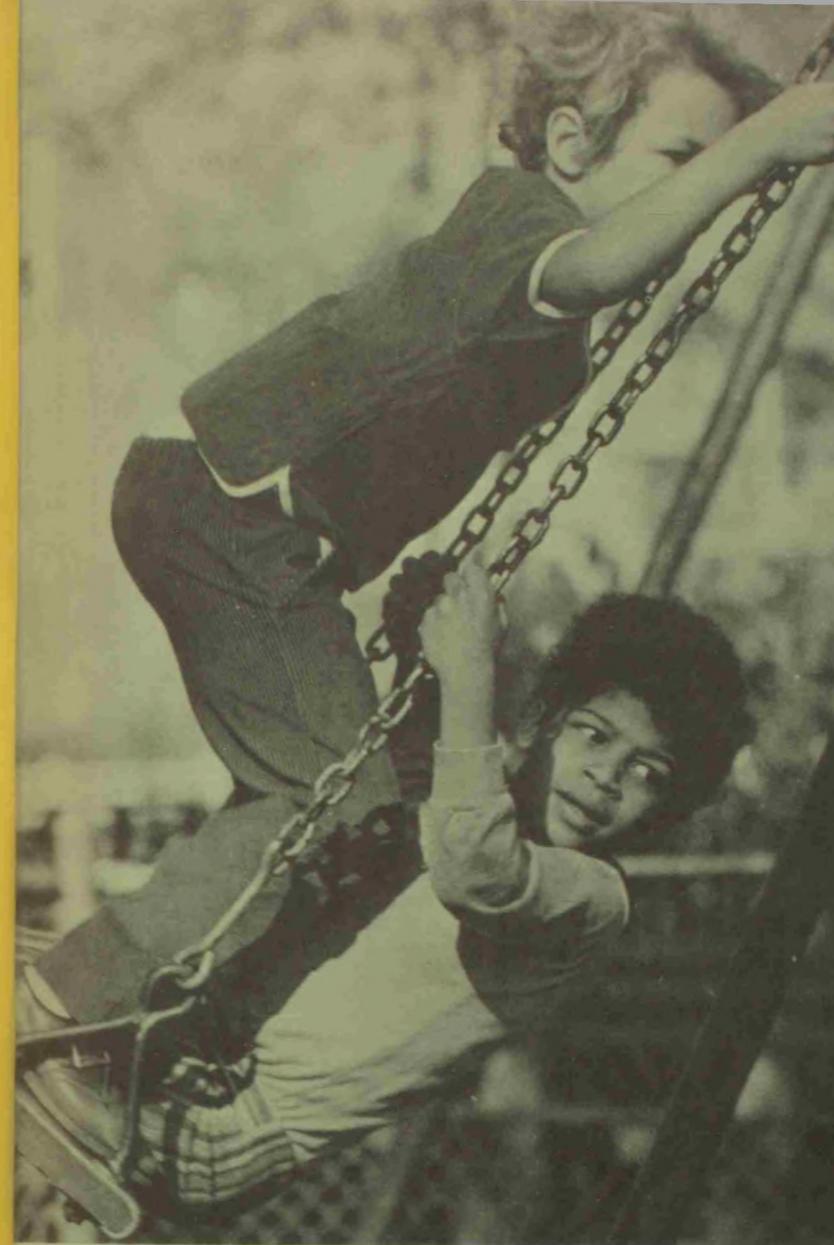
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Robert Dunkley

Laurie Gruer

ABSURD TRIO

A.

Think of this:

Six children
at play
in the back
of a junkyard hearse.
One child
lies prostrate
feigning childbirth
among a thousand rose-pink
wildflowers.

B.

Look at this:

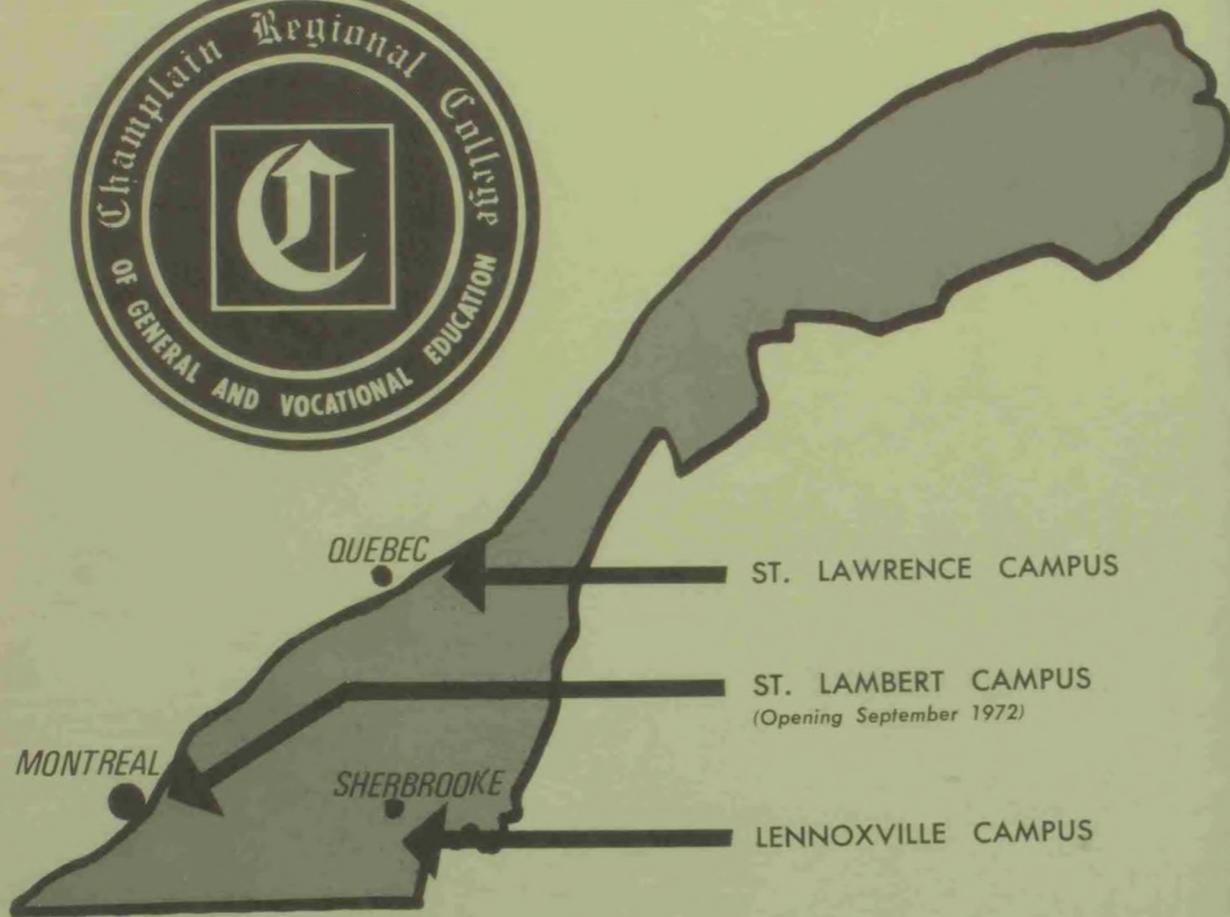
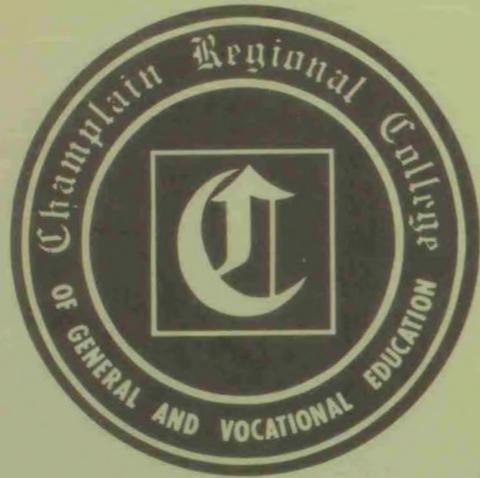
a black couple
on a street,
a study in yellow
and white
and navy-blue linen
intermittently alive
under each new
streetlight.
Her face is covered with
bleaching cream
to make
him love
her more.

C.

Imagine this:

The light in a
Pentagon corridor
fails.
A janitor's
feels his way
toward the coke machine,
presses a button hopefully
and ends
the world.

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STATUES

Rocks have such comfortable
shoulders . . .
Even when reclining.

Rodin's lovers
Also know
That flowers grow
Under snow.

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SONNET

James Gray

To think one thought a hundred hundred ways,
Before indifferent eyes your soul to bare,
To drink the bitter dregs of deep despair,
And eat the pounded ash of shattered days.

To feel the end of youth in heart and mind,
To die of pain, but swear no pain exists,
To know, the more you give, she more resists,
Yet take as law her every wish divined —

When anger fades and faith finds no reward,
To love the unresponsive unaware,
To build a thousand castles in the air,
To seek but not to touch the hidden chord —

In these, the signs of love, our hope is found,
As hope of Spring lies buried in the ground.

(After Ronsard, *Les Arrows de Cassandre*)

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THE DROWNING A MEMOIR

Yesterday I saw him at play in the schoolyard, his thin, white legs waving out of baggy gym shorts, his arms a study in action, his white youngness there in motion, in yelling, in a delightful laugh. I saw his winter-pale back bared to taste the sun of mid-June, his blond hair, thick and straight, catching and throwing off slivers of sunlight. For some reason, I watched him intently. In hindsight, I wonder why I was so fascinated for I have often seen him playing-jumping and dancing at dodgeball, chasing a friend, studying the mechanics of bouncing a ball. Once, when the dismissal bell had rung and he lingered with a few friends, I crossed the fence and joined them at "champ" — we were the remnants of some screaming, teeming recess. I tickled him playfully, my twenty-year old fingers hard against his eleven-year old ribs.

With his new bicycle he was alive, criss-crossed by chartreuse and silver bars, indicated by twinkling spokes from two directions. His arms high to hold the handlebars that soared above his shoulders, he was almost in flight, pedalling along the blue of the air, laughing into the wind.

Yet I wonder if he didn't always seem doomed, marked, for some tragic, regretful end. His eyes were-what? — sad apprehensive, intelligent. If they knew at all, did they or any part of him know yesterday that by early evening he would be dead?

I have seen him stand, watchful, for a moment before joining his friends at play. They would shout: Kenny, come be on our team. But he always waited. He took stock. He counted the minutes left.

This morning in a roaring, headfilling moment, I was told that Kenny and a friend had drowned last night behind the Presbyterian Church. The news has left me with a tenacious emptiness, a mind full of nothing but Kenny. I thought first of him at the river with his friends, dumbly innocent, unaware of endings, or of life or of breathing, peeling off his shirt as the others did, wading in, giggling as he tried to catch up to them after his moment of thought.

Mostly I have thought of him at that first moment when he realized the river had control of him, when he felt the power transfer from his arms and legs into the curling current-hair of the river. I see him there, dancing with an armful of water that turns him round and round, over and over in moments of stupendous force, pedalling down the gold waters, his feet missing the pedals, reaching instead, the sucking undercurrent. I hear him. I hear the voice making the sounds of a deafman, the vibrations of a noise but the lack of tone; the flat, meaningless yell, dead before it arrives. Do tears come? Or do tears — though they carried him unscathed through every other dilemma — become trivia in the face of such terror, such awe, such hopelessness? I know what his sad eyes are like. They stare, unbelieving, at this goldness that taking him, they look for Thomas and the others, they dart frenetically for more light but lose it when it comes down to smash his face in a crescendo of power and fear. He grasps again before he is on another drilling, gyrating journey downward but he gasps only gold suffocation, its taste putrid and stale in his mouth which tries to cough out another yell.

I think, too, of his family when the news breaks like a tide on the household. The sister's tears, their disbelief. Numbness and phone calls. Sedation and aching.

I think of his body, the half of him that shows there was a Kenny. The rest is where? — down the river: his flat yell, the frantic motion of his limbs, the tears, God damn it all, the life.



THE DROWNING (CONTINUED)

I think of funerals, of flowers, of good, black hungry earth and the smell of pinewood, the rasp of sliding slate. It is all unreal, unwanted, unfair.

Thinking of him, I walked today by the river till I stood across from and behind the Presbyterian Church. The bank was a tangle of green vines, of willows, of logs on summer sabbatical from the trip downstream. It was as hot as yesterday. The birds were there as I know they were yesterday. There were reeds at my shoreline, beckoning green fingers that were as healthy yesterday as they remain today. I wanted, craved, cried out for yesterday and could have had it.

Then I heard the cry of a young boy, a cry held captive by a silent surface of water. I heard it being released in a sparkling instant, rush upward, its river-blown flatness enlivened by a real voice that breathed air. I heard Kenny call: "Zero".

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THE FUNNIEST THING I KNOW

Peter Bond

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho—Ho—Ho!
What a laugh; a riot, a show!
Dismal, dreary,
Sloppy, smearing
lovely little lackeys of it all!
Creepy, crawling
Kissing mauling,
Shirkey smirkey skirting, flirting farts.

Alone, O.K.; Together — No!
Pushey, crowdly,
Crowding in a crowd
MUST WE BE SO LOUD?

Such nausea!
To watch us sit 'en masse' and eat,
is a laugh — sure!
But such nausea

"Dirty little kid! Get out of those clothes
and into the tub (you grub),"
said the motherly mother,
As she lit another cigarette.
"I'll make you a clean kid inside and out."
She said between spluttery coughs from her
choked throat.

"The whisperers" laugh at the poor, old lady,
"Dumb bird."
Of course they do! after all,
She is mentally disturbed,
Is she not?
She does not cheat through this 'hard' life
So she must have something loose upstairs.

Dear Son of God,
What is this world that thou hast saved?
What paradox is it that causes man to race
at 25, 952 miles per hour towards another
world,
When we run at twice that speed in the opposite
direction from
understanding —

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Darkness.

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Cooling sweat.

Gloom.
Darkness.

Do you love me?
— It's nice out.

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Ian Tate

SONORA DESERT DREAM

Slept

Or almost slept

Last night in a dry oroyo

Five hundred feet or so

Back from the road.

Black

Primordial peace-silence

Except for my crackling campfire.

Laying back watching

The billion white-light

Stars.

Half dozing-dreaming

Of Mexican plumed serpent

Forms

Quetzalquatl

Serpent-man

Bringer of peace in the night

Beautiful peace forms

in the night.

Mousy mustached Federale

As big as his gun (eyes me)

As I shift in my seat

nervously

Mistaken for a Gringo bum

In San Juan De Dios

Market Place

Fat women

Scream their wares

As dirty urchins pick pockets

Everywhere

The stink of tamales

And tacos fills the air

In San Juan de Dios

Market Place

Indian mothers

Suckle brown babies

In the shadows of stalls

While one old hag

Sells peyote buttons

On the Cathedral steps

And the pulque

Tastes strong.

In San Juan de Dios

Market Place.

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SONG

What I Am

Ain't it great just hangin' around
Let your spirits soar, get your feet off the ground
Take in the sunshine and the joys of our land
While you can
Do it while you can, enjoy life while you can.

Smile at everyone you see and it'shue
That people gonna wonder what you've been up to
People only smile when they've got a good cause
What a loss
What a loss, what a loss.

Stand on your head, jump for the stars
Shout so loud they're gonna hear you on Mars
People may wonder but I don't give a damn
I am what I am
I am what I am, and I like what I am.

Ain't it great just hangin' around
Let your spirits soar, get your feet off the ground
Take in the sunshine and the joys of our land
While you can
Do it while you can, enjoy life while you can
Enjoy life while you can.

WORDS FOR BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

A. FOR DIANA

Like your great aunt, The Flagmaker,
 You are working in fabric,
 Weaving your taut, tense beauty
 With cords of a foundry-blast beat
 And threads of your silken stuff.
 You are dyeing rhythmic blue
 What you have made on the
 wailing
 flailing
 sailing
 Loom of yourself, made from
 gold trumpets
 red sequins
 white teeth
 and blackness.
 You are making stripes of music
 And a star of yourself.

B. FOR SCOTT AND ZELDA

I saw you. You were my Hearts and
 Fire people; you were two hearts
 Forged by the fire of your passion
 Into one.
 But, Scott, busy at your image-making,
 You forgot that fire consumes, that a
 Heart aflame with mutual passion that
 Drove you (like a chauffeur) around the
 World, out of your mind (forgive me, Z.),
 Must be burned up, someday.
 Now, Scott, do you see why you should die
 Of a heart that stopped,
 Why Zelda should end as an ember?

C. FOR MARILYN

Irving Layton loved you, he told me that.
 He said that he fell in love with you,
 Like a whole generation of men.

He said I couldn't understand
 Why, that I was born too late
 To have loved you, that I couldn't
 See why he and his brothers, even
 Men of iron, fell for you, a lady
 Of plastic and wax.

The paper said they buried you
 In your pale green chiffon dress, pearls
 At your ears, a simple line of pearls
 About your neck.
 I think I could learn to understand.

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on the pop art poster. Golly-gce!
it's all changing.
in and out
up and down
like the occupants of a bed
in a grotesque Swedish movie.

Jack Scott

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RESURRECTION

The music was guttural. Forcing movement from within the body to flow, in wild expressive gestures of the hips and head. Virginia could feel the music straining and pulling her insides. But only her fingers tapping on the cool glass revealed any external motion. She wanted to get up and swing her body to extremes with the sweating mass of International-part-time Cretins on the dancing desk. But she sat, tapping her glass with chipped finger nails, watching. Watching strobe lights and vague movements.

Watching James dance. Stretch. A lean frame. A tight-muscled body moving with the rhythm that possessed him. His body was beyond his drugged mind now. And both parts of him beyond Virginia. She was still within herself.

Virginia sat within reality, toying with drunkenness. Self-awareness had plugged the freedom exit of instinctive action. The energy that knotted her guts would not explode in expressive motion. Her thick arms and thunder thighs were incapable of anything except heavy conscious movements. She would not let the energy be released onto a moment — of air and time and awkward movement.

The ragged nails tapped once, then clung to the glass. Virginia drank deeply, feeling the cold beer soothing the heat within and without. But the liquid brought words, poetic words of a one-eyed man she had known and still loved. He did not know that she had not YET relinquished her hopes . . . beer hopes . . . beer words . . .

a bubble rose
from out of a beer bottle
like a moon shrouded
in clouds rises
from the ocean's depths.

but she broke it
signing her fate
relinquishing hopes
adhering to blind destiny.

like a mist-hidden moon
she rose out of her beer bottle
clouded
and all hopes burst
on the horizon.

RNB

She thought of crying. But the music stopped. The people it had hung up in the air with movement now collapsed, like string-broken puppets. Obliterated mounds. Physical exhaustion. Wet people prostrate, breathing heavy.

The exorcism was over. The music had died and only ashes of sound remained in the convoluted mass scattered on the floor. The light had been betrayed by the simple flick switch, its electrical colored potency lay stifled in black rubberized wires. Instant mental incubation . . . sleep.

But out of the black mass danced James, his energy still activating his appendages; his head nodding with insane delight; his face creased with rubbery expressions of smiles and grimaces.

With a silence enfolding their black presence; James took Virginia gently from the dim white-lit bar and her beer words, and persuaded their bodies through a silent waltz with the remnants of his energy. Together they slowed movement to a swaying and then to stillness. The only motion between them was the alternation of heartbeats. They stood, being, together.

Silence is only an interval in life; music but a numbing of the senses; and words the only reality. Words exploded. Emotions which flailed at the skin found a means of release.

"James . . . JAMES? Virginia screamed shaking his body.

He laughed an ugly grotesque laugh that left spittle at the corners of his mouth. She stared at him, screaming silently. Her screams contained the energy of the music but the music was gone-dead in the air. Loud empty shrieks of pained emotional energy filled a soundless air.

"James", she panted, "let's play a game, You remember it — the Plastic Suicide one". And she turned to the bar and took the red water pistol, and within a moment of dramatic frenzy blew her brains out.

With a waterpistol.

The shot shattered the heartbeat, and words replaced the vacuum within the mindless James.

"How does it feel? How does it feel?" he repeated,

"My temples are wet." She stated with a simplicity previously unknown to her.

"My temples are wet with the blood of my soul.

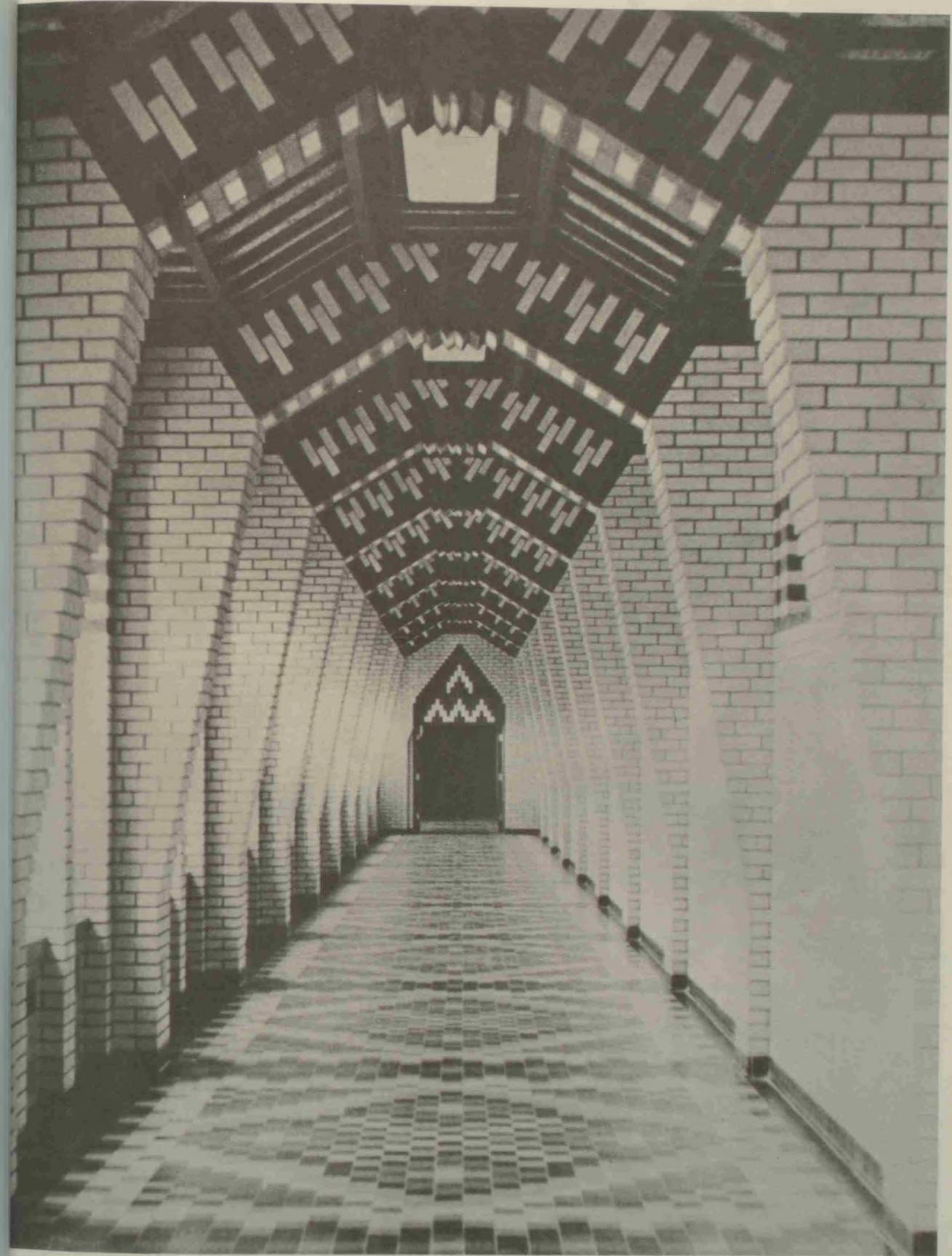
My soul is dripping down . . . down my face.

It's soft and warm . . . James? was my life like that?

Oh, no. Don't wipe it off, James,
that's the last of me."

"No." Said James soberly, "No, it is the beginning again. Your life shall be like Buddha's only with spring willows wrapped about your fingers . . ."

The sun rose with another morning, its sacrifice having been made before the dawn. It's light sparkled on the wet skin of two children playing in the sea. Their laughter was floating to the rhythm of the ocean's eternal motion.





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bone and blood
broken and spilled
so you, man, could have
bread and wine
in dark services dedicated to light.

but beyond Golgotha
the Jordan River flows cancerous brown
from miracles' shore
to a saline death.
you, man, escaped Golgotha

but your falsehood touched my hand by the altar.
rumours told me of your youthful eyes.
but when I beheld them,
they had lost their innocent fire
to burning sanctuaries
beneath a desert moon.

broken body cracked
by a scythe,
the holy stalks, blessed,
haunt us in every house.

from purple vineyards
the blood flows in communal streams
to waiting lips
and humbled hearts.
man, your eyeballs lie upon the altar.

Marilyn Findla

I never really liked
The situation
As the rain ran down
My feelings
Stood in puddles
Round my soul
So I asked the man
At Macy's
For directions to the graveyard
And he told me
You're the signpost
Told me you're the goal



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You, man; not —
Or both,
You were caught in your crow's nest
As you knew you'd be
Surrounded by thieves,
Soldiers, priests and the blind
Sailing through a sinful storm
That rent decks and portals
Exposing corruption; decay
As a week-old corpse
Rotting in the grave.
And through it all occurred
But three deaths —
Two forgotten through their own doubt —
One not through his confidence.
It was your death, man; not —
Or both.
Confidence: for you knew you'd return
And you told us so —
With that same confidence
That carried our sins
To your grave.
All we can do is hope,
If we've the faith,
That you were right
In your confidence
You, man; not —
Or both,
Caught in your crow's nest.

NWdecor

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Marilyn Findlay

CHAINS I

You are so free
No strings
No slipknots round
The mainstays
Of your soul

You say
"I came from"

And
"I used to live"

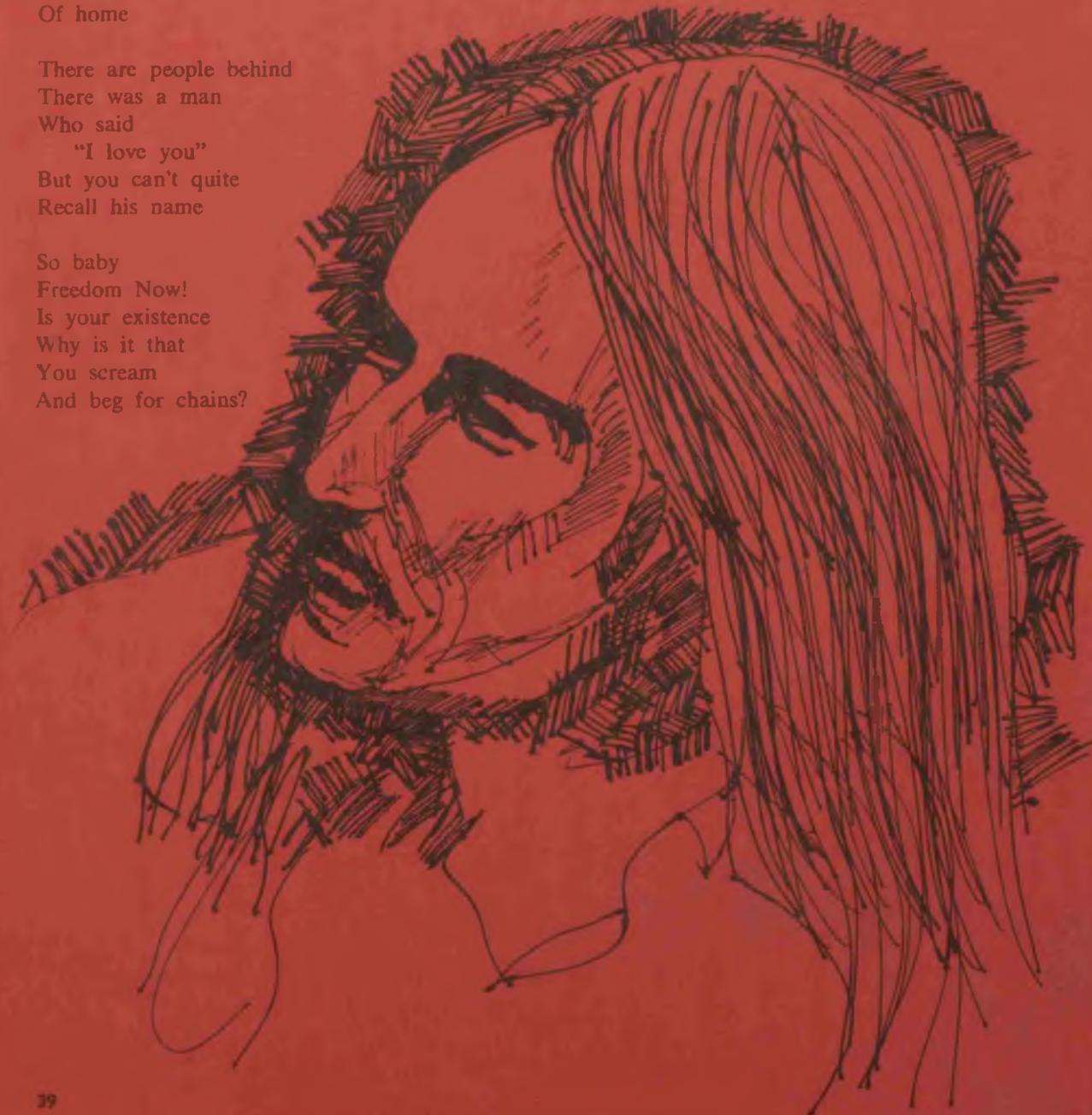
That grey mirage
Is all that's left
Of home

There are people behind
There was a man
Who said

"I love you"
But you can't quite
Recall his name

So baby
Freedom Now!
Is your existence
Why is it that
You scream
And beg for chains?

Noel Salmond



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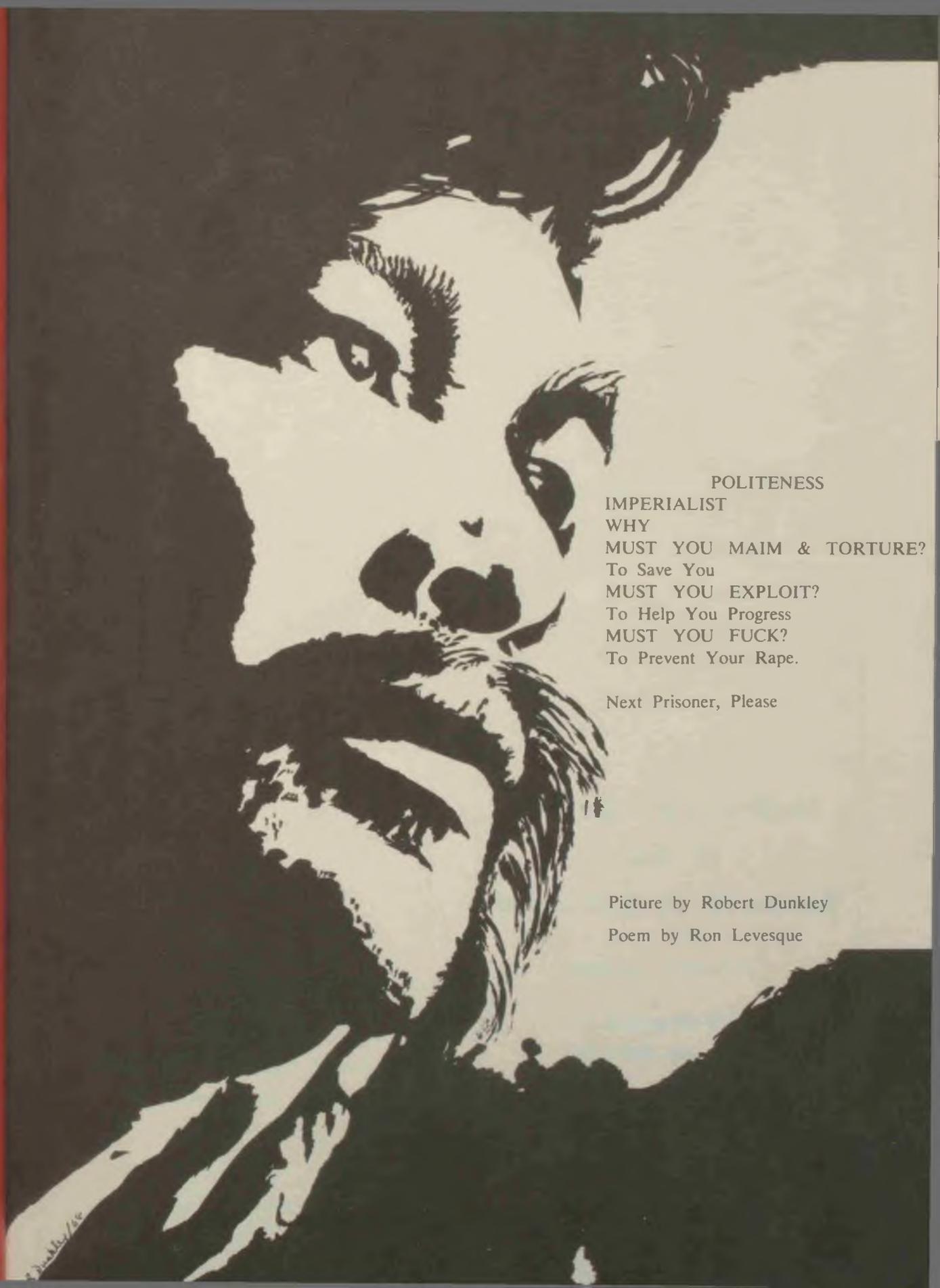
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Poem by Ron Levesque

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Peter Lidington

Peter Bond

"SO"

Some select superciliousness;
Superannuate superfluous senescence:
Suggest sudorific sickness.

Sullen, sully, suicidal stupidity.

ON GREAT MEN
A simple blue petal
Slipped from its stem
And floated to the floor
Then pardoned itself
For not being great.
Beside it I rested
And felt unashamed —
I too was not great
For I had no stains
On my tie.
The petal and I know
All great men
Are slobs.

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Rainbows — all frowning —
Until I stood on my head
To see the arches smiling.
And a tourist chastised me
For loving nature in
That strange manner
So I offered him a drink, too.

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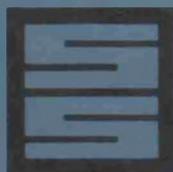
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Lynn Scott

POEM NO. 1.

When I must think of the end,
I always imagine nature
 Undying
and eternally fascinating.
Never growing old
 and ugly
 as we do.
And if I find pleasure in the thought
that spring's blossom of daffodils
 green and gold in the playful sunlight
And the lush serenity
 of a summer's green hillside,
Dotted with daises
 dancing
to the rhythm of the wind...
And the glistening crackle
 of ice-clad rivers
deceiving, mysterious,
 not letting on
that deep waters lurk
 below the cardboard whiteness.
And the night's comforting shadows
Where only you know you're there
 Will live on
 When I die.
For death itself is nature's final touch.

Christianne Fokken

Even you, ocean,
who seems so endless to us,
even you are trapped between your shores
and your abandoned desire
to embrace the whole
becomes a parody in your vain efforts
— flow and ebb:
Trying to gain one, you lose the other.
You meet us
in your rythm of the changing tides.

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Ken Schachner

A BUS RIDE

The roar of the powerful diesel engine was as constant as the white cotton fields that lay vast on both sides of the endless highway. The bus I was on was cruising at about 70 on a road travelled by many for many years. Seams, folds, cracks, bumps, and oil stains covered the pavement. As the white dashes on the road quietly sped under the bus I saw images of elderly immigrant women, their faces witness of the obvious toils of their lives, painfully carved into their wrinkled and roughly textured skin. I looked up again and now I could see rays of yellow light spread across the slowly approaching distance. The person sitting next to me tossed sideways and placed his head against the window. I could see the vibration of the bus shaking this seemingly tired body. Another toss; then another. Suddenly the eyes struggled to open and the reddened slits fought the harsh awakening light. Soon the transition from uneasy sleep to consciousness occurred. The black face turned to me and just managed a light smile.

Within one hour after a twenty minute breakfast stop at the Junction Diner, I was still on the bus now gazing at the passengers around me. I then continued conversation with the fellow beside me whom I formally met over the toast and coffee. From that moment on, my mood had changed. Joey had just returned from Vietnam after being there almost two years. He was twenty years old and a resident of Florida. He had lost his left foot in combat about sixty days prior to our meeting and was now on route home.

Joey told me he could not sleep comfortably and I assured him that all the passengers were experiencing the same difficulty. Apparently, I was wrong. The diesel's steady rumble nor the vibrations kept Joey from sleeping. Nightmares of nights in trenches crawling with ugly multi-legged insects, perspiration saturated clothes, one's own feces under the spongy boots; the hot, sticky, breezeless nights, noiseless, but sure rounds of potential bullets for those who dared oppose the senseless steel. This is why Joey could not sleep.

Joey was a black American. He was one of approximately twenty two million blacks in the United States. What he faced in the States because he was black he faced to a greater extreme in Vietnam. Joey spent six months in a jail for refusing to kill civilians upon order. Perhaps just by coincidence, all except for four of those jailed were black. Later Joey was informed that if he maintained his stand of not following orders he would spend still more time behind bars. However some friends he had made insisted he take "combat pills" and in no time Joey became a real soldier. Joey killed. He killed so often and so many he knows not even an estimate of how many hundreds he gunned down. Joey, the boy who was constantly reminded that to kill was wrong and the ultimate in sin. For eighteen years Joey never offended anybody physically. Now Joey, an adolescent, turned violent man in seven months. Joey was afraid. He had a taste of murder, a complete view of destruction, terror, and torture. He had witnessed countless executions and bypassed mutilated bodies, bloodied and ripped, decaying and decomposing in the brown wormy mud.

A BUS RIDE (CONTINUED)

He was now aware of how easy it was to overcome another being — and kill. This knowledge terrified him. Joey was totally familiar with the drugs being used by the soldiers and that many killings amongst American troops were the result of drugs and hatred for a superior, subordinate or because of racial differences. I was told of houses of prostitution operated by the United States and “staffed” with Vietnamese women. Partially white Vietnamese children roamed the streets of the cities, hundreds starving and wounded, and with no destination.

Soon Joey would be home. His best friends will be there but not to greet him. They too have returned from Vietnam. Joey just stared through the panoramic window. This troubled man viewed the cotton, the frequent white pillared houses, the entire countryside. Without turning to me Joey muttered, “This beautiful country is so fuckin’crazy!”

And here was I travelling to a resort on the open Atlantic. A student on vacation from the hustle and bustle of Montreal and from a fast growing and demanding university. I was tired and in need of a good rest. I looked up to Joey and said to myself how trivial it is for me to complain about Montreal and school and my “sufferings” of tension and distress, that widespread social syndrome.

Jack Scott



Leah Bradshaw

REALISM VERSUS REALITY

I am told: life is born of misery and birth is born of suffering
and suffering is born of man and I am man and
must therefore bear my misery with suffering

Why is it, then, that
flowers
grow in vegetable gardens?

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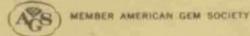
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THE SPLENDOR OF THE SUN

I remember, once
When I was very young,
There existed in the sky
A large burning sphere,
The Sun.

But man grew cold and hateful
And the heat from the Sun
Was no longer
Able to warm his heart
Or melt his bitterness.

So, the Sun
Sadly and silently
Slipped into the ocean,
Believing that she had failed.

In the ocean
The Sun's fires did not dissolve,
But continued to burn
Endlessly.
Bringing a new joy into the lives
Of the creatures of the sea.

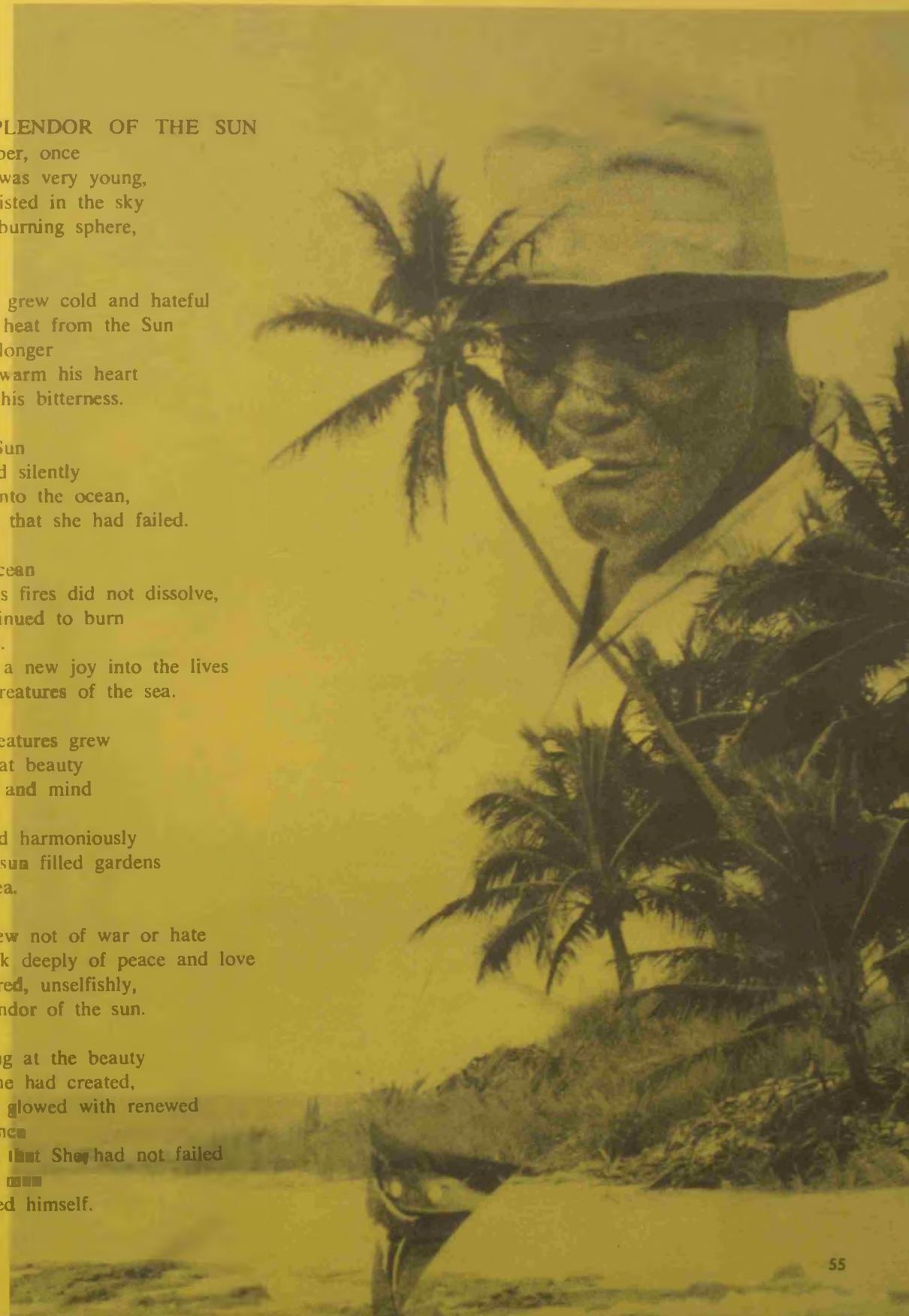
These creatures grew
With great beauty
Of body and mind

And lived harmoniously
In their sun filled gardens
In the sea.

They knew not of war or hate
But drank deeply of peace and love
And shared, unselfishly,
The splendor of the sun.

Marvelling at the beauty
Which she had created,
The Sun glowed with renewed
radiance

Knowing that She had not failed
But that ~~that~~ ~~She~~ had failed
Had failed himself.



(1) for Barra
you are as free
as the blown seed
far beyond your reach,
bound
as the sown earth
resting in your palms.

(2) to the beasts of toil of Montreal
to all those cold and lonely horses
wretched beneath their lousy blankets
my heart goes out
in all those old and tired horses
fettered and fated to toil
I feel a broken spirit
I sense in their aimless pawing
passions that man effaced
to avoid his own freedom.

(3) to a very lonely girl
the cast has come
passing out her candy coins
a costume face
betraying the currency
of mute exchanges
wrought from a heart's sorrow.

Bob Woolgar

babies aren't without
knowledge when they're born
/are just perfect people who
know everything
get such a rush out of
being born
that they go simply insane and don't
recover until late childhood.
/who start learning
how to think learn everything
to perfection can learn to die,
again:

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Sue Stapells

I strolled along the snow-covered road
Tears heavy in my eyes
Stinging cold to match my cold heart
Encircled my body in the form of a hostile blast.

Children laughed
I stopped to watch their innocence
They asked me to join them
For a moment I relived those carefree days
of happiness.

Again I strolled along the road
My heart still heavy
But no longer filled
With the emptiness of before.

For in their innocence I had found
A love for life;
Too easy to forget
Hard to regain
But, never lost, forever.

Gil Ross



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Celaire

LIBRARY WINTER

When the snow first fell on this green bound earth
It was the shroud that covered the corpse
All that was left of a wind shattered world
Was buried in a widow's white veil
And the skeleton trees with their bony tips clacking
Were stiffened and lost to the frost
Nature dissolved to a white crystal desert
The universe shivered and waited.

Gil Ross



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Leah Bradshaw

FROM CHILDHOOD

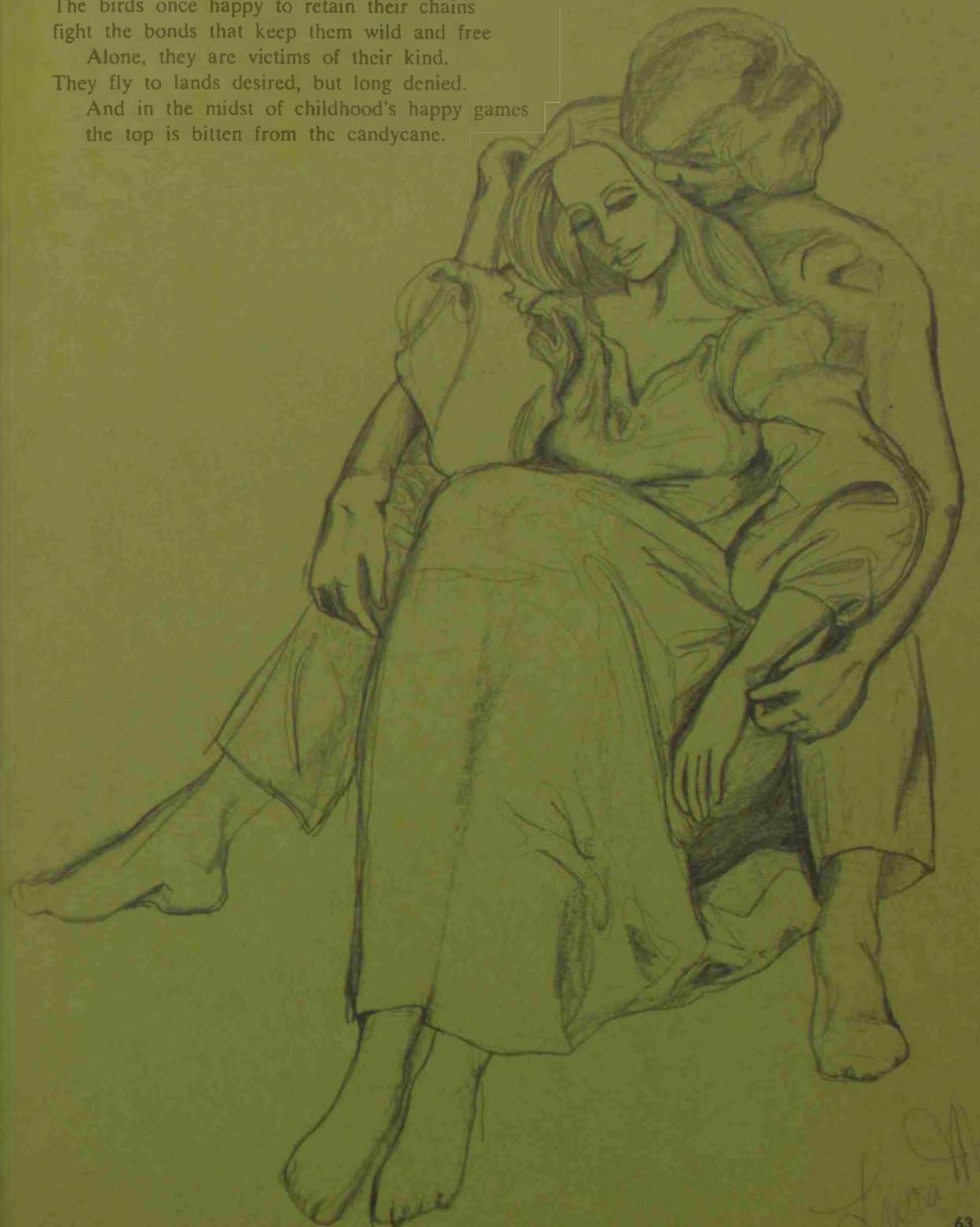
Autumn shows its mellowing agents fast
upon the ground that once was lush with green.
Winds begin, with passion to excite
the air that once was sweet with passive breeze.

The birds once happy to retain their chains
fight the bonds that keep them wild and free

Alone, they are victims of their kind.

They fly to lands desired, but long denied.

And in the midst of childhood's happy games
the top is bitten from the candycane.





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FOUR HORATIAN ODES

I

The Innocent

You avoid me, Chloe
 Just like a young deer
 Lost on the pathless hills
 Without its faint-hearted mama,
 Scared silly by the rustling of trees,
 And shaking all over
 If the briar stirs in the breeze
 Or the leaves do a tremulous dance
 When green lizards slither past the bramble.
 I have no intention
 Of pouncing on you
 Like a roaring tiger
 Or a Gactulian lion.
 Pull yourself together, Chloë,
 And for goodness' sake
 Stop running after mother
 Now that you're ripe for a man.

(I, xxiii).

II

The Flirt

What skinny-shinned hipster
 Drenched in after-shave lotion
 Presses his pants on your thighs, Pyrrha,
 In the shady corner
 Where the roses bloom?

Who has the sensual privilege now
 Of sifting the precious gold-dust of your hair
 Through his exploring fingers?

Little does he know
 What a fickle-minded bitch you are
 Or how many times you have changed
 Your place of worship,
 And altered your vows to the virile idols.

Wait till the tempest rises
 And the roaring seas engulf him
 And his pasty-faced incompetence.

Poor, unsuspecting bastard,
 He thinks you are made of solid gold;
 He believes you are free to love like this
 All the day-dream days of your fierce, fly-bursting life.

Obviously

He has not dipped his prow in the whirlpool yet
 Or rammed his keel against the treacherous rocks.

But I could tell him
 How I learned my lesson
 From the shipwreck of my hopes
 And left a message on the temple walls,
 Beside my dripping garments:

"Thank Heaven

I

Was the one
 Who got away!"

(I, v).

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A

FRIEND

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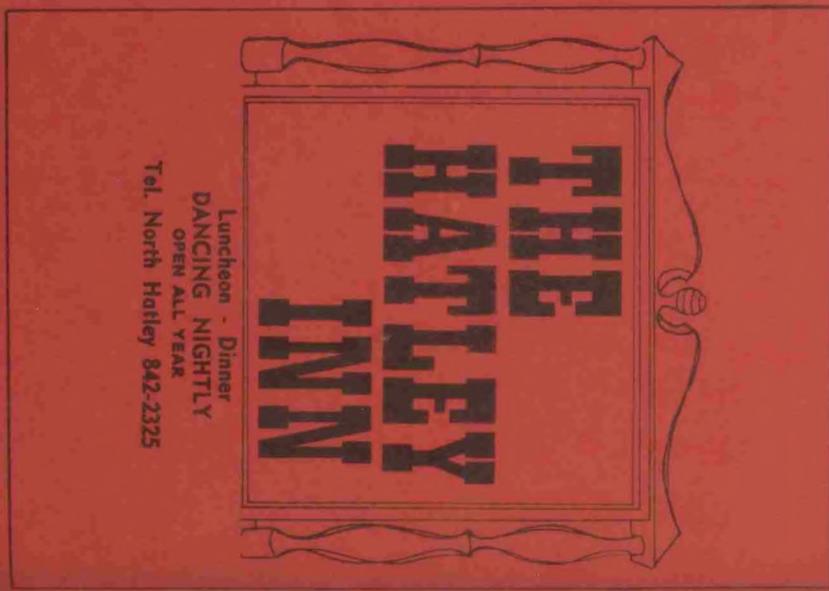
Ellwood & Henderson

ARCHITECTS

* ❖ *

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116 Albert Street — Ottawa



III

The Vampire

Lydia!

In the name of all the gods above
 Tell me, please,
 Why are you hell-bent on unmanning
 Sybaris
 With your love, love, loving?

He used to enjoy facing up to the dust and the heat
 On the sun-drenched plain;
 Why can't he stand it now?

He has stopped going to stag parties with his soldier pals;
 Why?

He used to ride the devil out of that French mare of his;
 No more.

Why is he scared to wet his toes in the golden Tiber?
 Why does he avoid the grease of the wrestling-ring
 As if it were viper's blood?

Why has he stopped showing off his bruised and calloused arms,
 This man
 Who so often in the past would hurl, and throw the discus,
 And the javelin,
 Shattering every record?

Why does he skulk behind the scenes,
 As they say the son of sea-born Thetis did,
 Just on the eve of the tragic fall of Troy,
 As if manly attire and manly bearing
 Might make him prey to the Lycian hordes
 And rush him
 To his death?

(I, viii).

IV

The Discarded Mistress

Less often they come, with their blood at the boil,
 To rap late at night on your front window pane;
 Those roistering rakes turning sleep into toil,
 Through quivering loins their passion to drain.

No wonder your door, once so glad to swing out,
 Sticks fast to the jamb by a threshold quite still,
 Or so seldom your senses are stirred by the shout,
 "Wake up, dearest Lydia! Say that you will!"

Continue this way, and you'll end on the streets
 Like a pitiful strumpet, abandoned in scorn,
 Your triumphs succeeded by sullen defeats
 On cold moonless nights wind-battered and torn.

Yet your blood will course fiercely around your sad heart;
 As you think of those lovers you'll murmur and groan —
 A benighted, frustrated, demented old tart,
 Swept on by the storm, like a leaf, all alone.

(I, xxv).



Noni Howard

when you have crept
 to all the darkest corners of your tears
 i am waiting,
 and when you have choked
 on the last raising of desire
 i am waiting
 and when you have seen
 full-face the incredible chasm
 i am waiting
 and the strength of the earth is mine
 and the salty vulnerability of my eyes
 will heal your wounds,
 and the shaking bridge of my open arms
 will plunge you to the sea where
 i am waiting.

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ANONYMOUS

A GRANDMOTHER

Once
full, fresh, soft
with fire in her body —

Now
petite, wilted, unhappy
with a light burning for desire
to burst into youth
—touching youth—
and so far
so old-almost finished
with eyes that cry
for yesterday

Laura McGee



A marvellous building
of ingenuity
it focus our attention
it forces acknowledgement.
A complete construction
in itself
but only in itself
and for itself
for there is no place
for its foundation
One of thousands
Towers of Babel —

They gave me treasures of silver, gold and sparkling diamonds —
But when I reached out my hand
they decayed
to ashes.

They gave me splendorous castles in beautiful parks —
But when I put my foot there
they turned
into ruins and deserts.

They gave me hopefully budding blooming roses and orchids —
But when I wanted to drink their odour
they became
withered and mouldered.

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Bob Woolgar

Open your eyes
just in time to see
a woman
crying
just about to jump
just in time to see her
jump
into
your life.

Look again
it's gone
and so are you
waiting
for just a little more
time
to look again for her
and see yourself
falling . . .

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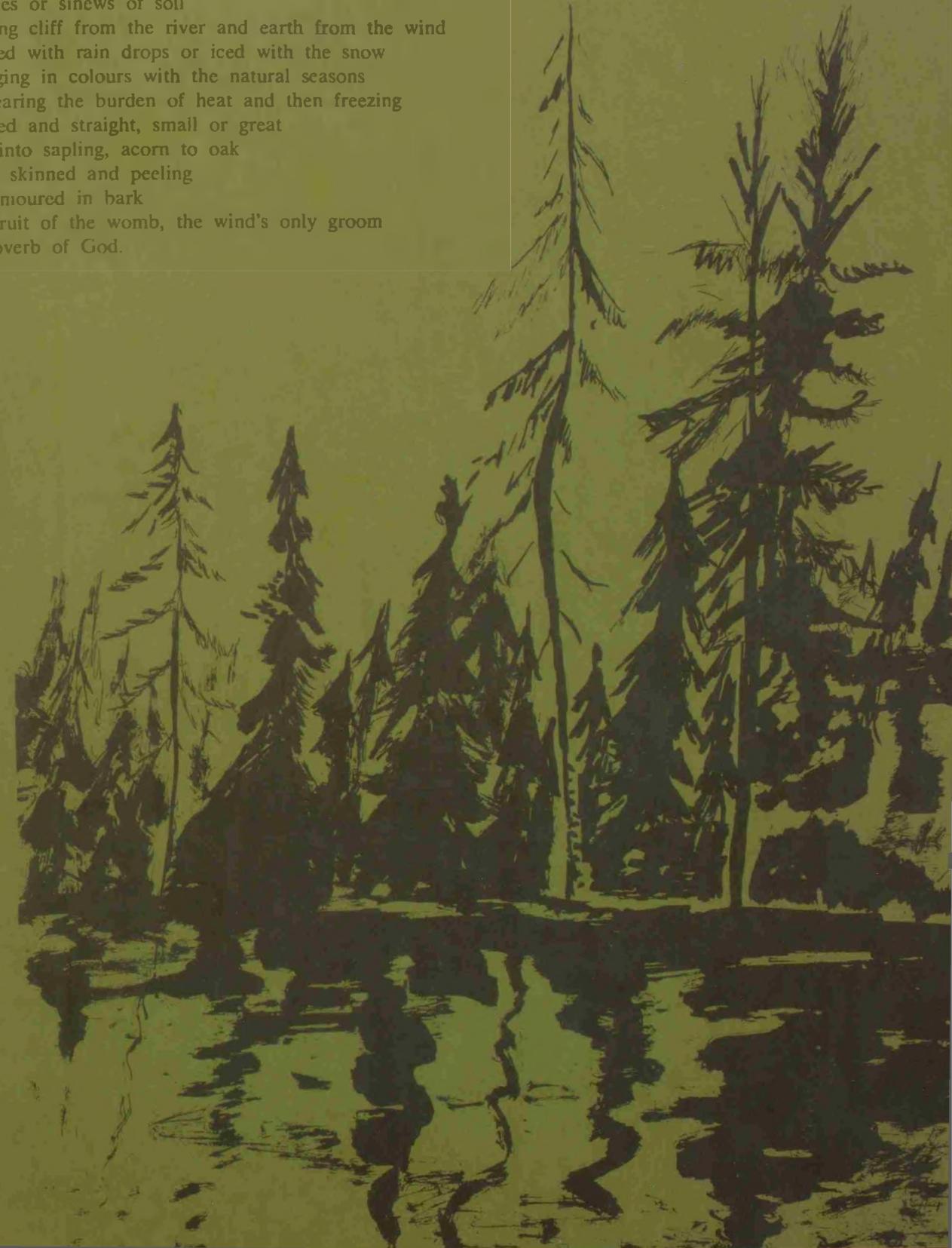
Exhibit Coordinator
JANE FULLER

Celaire

TREES

Tight tall or rippling in bows
Pulled from the earth or piped on by the wind
Muscles or sinews of soil
Holding cliff from the river and earth from the wind
Jeweled with rain drops or iced with the snow
Changing in colours with the natural seasons
Or bearing the burden of heat and then freezing
Stooped and straight, small or great
Seed into sapling, acorn to oak
White skinned and peeling
Or armoured in bark
The fruit of the womb, the wind's only groom
A proverb of God.

Donna Lansing



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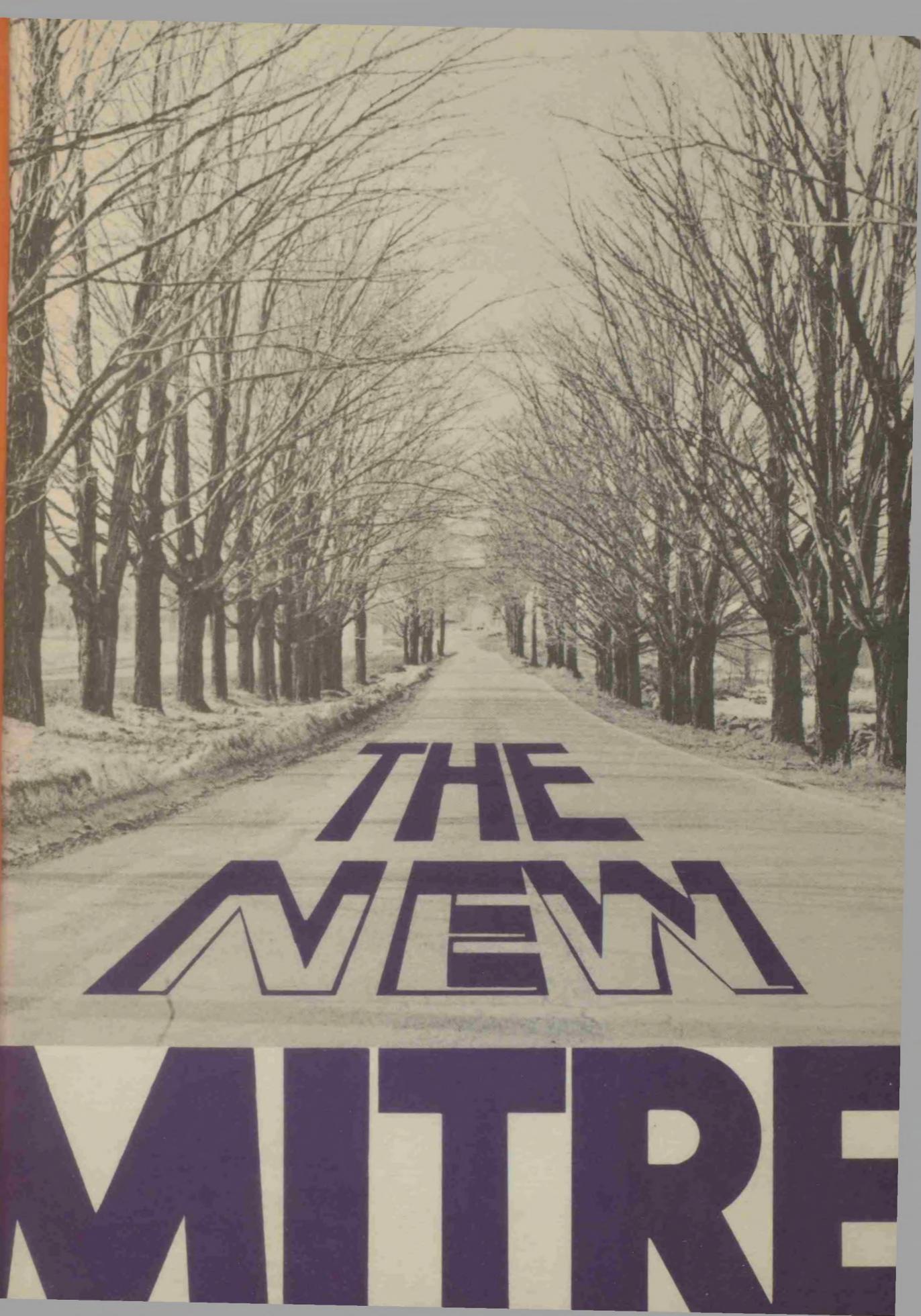
To Dr. James Gray,

The New Mitre Staff extends its appreciation for the strong support which he gave us throughout the year's work.

Traveller in the wilds, do not
Drink his soiled, muddy water,
But go on over the hill where
The cows are grazing, and by the
Shepherd's pine you will find a
Murmuring spring, flowing from the
Rock, cold as snow on the North Wind.

—Leonidas

(Translated by Kenneth Rexroth)



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