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COMMENT

The job of editing a review is never an easy one. There will always be a certain amount of frustration and uneasiness on the part of the editor and editorial members because each individual works with the pressure of critical differences, under the pressure of deadlines, under the strain of long layout stretches and, especially, under the strain of believing everyone is working at cross purposes with each other.

The editor must be an ambassador of sorts, his collar starched and creased but his manners sensitive to the ideas and suggestions of his co-editors who, strangely enough, remain his friends. To my friends, then, who coerced, needled and cajoled, laughed and scowled but stayed to see the successful completion of our magazine, I thank you with all the enormous generosity an ambassador has smiling beneath the mask of his stiff diplomacy.

I would like to thank Dr. Garry Retzleff for funding our review with dollars and cents, a detail the printers found exceedingly important. Hustling for advertising is a grim enterprise. It's even more grim when found between the pages of an art magazine. The Cultural Affairs Committee deserves special mention for its insight in sparing us all from advertising pages.

The MITRE Staff would also like to thank its contributors for lending their talents and enabling us to work with considerably fine material.

Finally, this review is lovingly dedicated to our poet-in-residence, Dr. Ralph Gustafson, who is retiring as Professor of English this year. Dear Professor, the review has an abundance of material, all chosen with care and deliberation. For those who are music lovers like Dr. Gustafson, a fine music score was chosen to complement the poetry and pictures and is far from being a frivolous six-page bore. Art is gift and gift is song. Music takes its place beside poetic creation because it moves with the same delicate sensitivity and acute precision of craftsmanship common to the alphabet of good poetry. We don't have to understand but surely, we can appreciate.

With this in mind, then, I hope Ralph Gustafson will enjoy the review of Bishop's talent and I hope all of you will share in our enthusiasm. The MITRE has no other purpose but to be enjoyed. Like music, like poetry, like artwork and photography, the creative individual gives us his spirit, not so much to instruct and inform, but because he wants to share himself with others. He needs, primarily, to give.

DAMIEN PETTIGREW
Poetry is not only a way of happening; it is a way of concluding.
Poetry has craft, delight, and wisdom — in just that order.
Time cannot escape a poem.
Poetry is a verbal rite, if it is right.
Poetry can’t wind clocks — but it tells the time.
One does not prefer in poetry.
Poetry enlarges life; of course, if you are not alive the result
will be in the negative.
Science tries hard; poetry understands.
A bevy of larks, a covey of partridges, an eye of pheasants,
a hope of poets.
Poetry lies in the intensity of the fusion of instinct and the present,
the inherited and the attainable, sex and the soul.
Present poets? Too much I am in their iamb.
Today Pegasus pulls a hack.
Poetry won’t tell you how to invest your life-savings, just your life.
Poetry aims for the social conscience rather than the social system.
Poetry is exalted pragmatism.
Poetry faces truth without make-up.
The poet may not count, but he does not add; his world is singular.
Music and poetry? The greater? Music. In music thought itself
is sensuous.
I am constantly recovering from my earlier poems.
It’s the quarrel in the poem that leaves the illumination, not the
text that leaves the moral.
Grace is in much disrepute among those who know nothing
about it.
Ironic comedy is the only mode possible.
I recover. Dying will get me nowhere.
It is getting later every minute.
Music is to be preferred to poetry; it is free of comment.
To hate mankind is but to judge Achilles by his heel.
The meticulous is funny because it has no fun.
Humour is a serious business.
Style is the aesthetic of action.
In my judgment — which I respect —
A fettle of kisch: our world.

WORDS FOR A RESURRECTION

And unicorns broke cover
and all the copse was covered with crocus.
This was in autumn when finches munch gravel
and satyrs acorns
which make them mad.
A queer time, and odd pendule
A queer time, an odd pendulum
and waggle of pendulum.
But I thought of the crisis of Pan
and the tone of F minor when
someone yelled: Great Pan is dead!
...moss stuffed his ears as he rolled
as he came and he didn’t hear.
Sex was more.
Unicorns grazed unafraid of the coming
and all the sunsets blazed in an uprising.
CANTO

Out of his coming paeans ring.
In a circle the snowdrops, already
Under the snow a wheeling of witness
Working for sun. Sun! Buds stiffen
And branches are sticky with sheathing
On petals that thrust and will colour spring!
Still muddy the soil, but crimson
Tipping the shove of peony at top of
The garden steps. Bells swing sound
And pendulums wring round scales off the
Male-hung fir. Wind senses
Lapsing of snow-smell now unravelled
As time unravels all things borne.

THE EXACT WORTH OF TRUSTING SUNLIGHT

The sun is hot, the sofa
By the window the place to be,
One lid closed against it while
You read so razzle-dazzle
Is it. But don't depend on it.
One moment now I shut
My eyes, blind gold and promising
Patches gilt-edged crawling
Genetics on the sobersides
Like Darwin on the Beagle
Finding apes. The next
(Moment) dark fell down,
The page of poems of dazzle-razzle
Done in, the sun gone in.
If seeking injunction, turned-over
Stone and old tin cans filled
With coins, washed-up gems and offhand
Goldbricks, move across the room
There in umbrageous alcove safe
From revocable sun and shades snapped up
On April mornings, pails of worms
For pastel fish and other
Horrendous fizzle.
IN SIGHT OF ETNA

Etna, cone of snow. And oleander.
Paths of oleander, pink and sweet-smelling.
Fields of wheat, copper-gold and windblown
Bronze, bronze against green, the green of olive,
Silver-green the Mediterranean; over the island,
Cone of snow. We stand on ashy
Desolation, crust beneath our feet.
Harsh contrast! gods demolished, great Zeus
His temple down that Agrigento built,
The green valley shaken. Empedocles
Leaps in, incinerates himself to show
Himself a god. Lava in Etna winked.
This is greatness. Taormina the pretty,
The unfinished earth molten where Etna shrugs.

NELSON GONYER

TARGETS

Ejected shells / empty bombs
summersault down through
the obtuse angle of the boy's
inner thighs
They scatter haphazardly
among the acute splinters
of the step under his crotch
Then a robin
floats her rubescence out of
the blue of the day
down to a gray post
As she alights upon this
death perch
beneath an inspiriting sun
her life supercedes
every bottle target
of the fence
Like the bull leveling its horns
at a matador's cape
the boy sinks the sight bead
of his .22
till it is hearted
in her copper bosom
She does not limp into flight
as the searing slug
rips through her plumage
She falls at once to echoes
of a rifle blast
that accords her the throttling
dust of a ditch beyond the gateway
The boy spread-eagles
his trophy against the sky
to admire the marksmanship in her wound
like a hot spring of clotting blood
This robin
is his maiden kill
but soon the thrill
of her execution
will waver and drop
to the indifference of shattered glass

GOD SAVE THE DIESEL QUEEN

I
She would be born a glimmering blond moon
and wax till snowflakes would writhe in her beam.
I thought of those snared in her wake, with wounds
so ragged, on the rails their blood formed streams.

II
Never was there a night on that platform
that did not instill the impulse to keel
downward into the vacuum of her storm:
to a meeting with her wheels and her steel.

III
The C. P. R. conspires to dethrone her;
strand subjects from Montreal to Saint John.
Their concern is freight, not the traveller:
they wish to see noble Forty-two gone.

IV
But there's power in the thrust of the train
that hammers over that ribbon of track.
Of dominion miles, the Diesel Queen reigns;
and I am loyal. She's taking me back.
UNTITLED

They
laid
the homemade
bloodbath device
at a pivotal station
where it would decidedly
fracture the most concrete
and tear into the most flesh
They were never to establish
the motive behind their deed
Many lives were sacrificed
in obscure hemic revenge
I sense there exists
no basis beneath
the appetite
of killers

FACIAL PREJUDICE

It's the way your eyes
unloose criminal tears
while your lips still hold captive
an innocent smile
My mouth will transmute
to bounty hunter
kissing those saline escapees
across the northland of your cheeks
I will bring them back to your eyes
DRY or MOIST
and your lids will seal shut
with the white bonds of sleep
The task then
will be the emancipation
of a black smile
from your southern lips
ON SHAVING

She bares to me
the sensible* blush
my three-day stubble
is leaving on her skin
Now I must irritate my own
by abrading the whiskers
from my face in that
washroom ritual that
basin sacrifice of jaw hair
with tin-canned
push-buttoned
orange-scented
soap
the whiskers must soften
for the cut
(I would look hallowed
in a pure white beard)
Lift my chin at a tilt
to scratch at
little black quills
sprouting from my throat
If this hadn’t been
a safety razor
I might have been enticed
to slice
As it is
the blood trickles
through nicks
on the upward swipe
of double-edge stainless
The artistry of the sculptor
who with stropped implement
carves away the overplus
leaving two roughly measured
and angled sideburns
I must rinse
then blot with tissue
the running red testimony
of tension
My jaw is now smooth

*French for sensitive
and will glide across
her cosmetics without snagging
But just beneath the surface
pushes the dark ends
of Sunday morning’s
bloodletting ceremony
of soap & blade

RENE LEGER

THE PAINTER AND HIS MODEL

The Spaniard trapped you with his brush and box of oils. He know how you felt and for an artist to press it into paint, nothing could be harder.

The line of the nose and your arms —
well, no one could have done it better at the time.
He always liked classic features. But tell me,
What were you to him? I’m asking because I’m curious and maybe, yes, a bit jealous of his talents.
I know you must have been quite special to this Brown Spaniard. Lusty’s more the word, no doubt.
Hell, traced even in the sad bend of your shoulders, is a kind of love mixed in pigments and oil.
I say you must have done it well:
without possession, how else could he have captured your enormous grief? But that’s foolish, presumptuous, I know.
Just tell me this, will you? What made you want him, need him to paint you, here, on this cloth canvas?
You say loneliness.
I don’t believe you. You knew he would be there and stood waiting for him, with your iron and your clothes, the smile just below the lips, the shoulders bent.
The weight of your misery behind the setting and a bowl of water. I know you, I can tell these things. Besides, it’s in the eyes and the color of your brow.
The Spaniard’s in Paris now, making friends and boozing. Braque knew all the time, though. He said it would always be this way and I believe him. He said, “Your the lover and whore a painter needs.” Give yourself, then, and continue to smile. After all, he’s caught you in his frame, everyone knows that. Just remember to do the same.
To haunted countries belong the greatest silences, to
haunted regions filled with locusts at noon.

I march, you march in a country of high and balmy
slopes where the linen of the Great is strewn to dry.

We step over the robe of the Queen, all in a soft lace
with two stripes the color of a cold wind. (ah! how the acid body
of a woman will stain the armpit of a robe!)

We step over the robe of the Queen, all in a soft lace
with two brilliant stripes (ah! how adept is the lizard’s tongue,
devouring ants at the armpit!)

And perhaps the day never pales but the passions of the
same man ache and burn for a woman and her daughter.

Magical laughter of the dead, allow us the simple peeling
of these fruits! And why, tell us, is there no more worldly grace
beneath the savage splendour of the rose?

It breathes, from a corner of this world, a wild and purple
destiny from across the waters. The wind rises. Wind of the sea.
And the dry linen
breaks! like a priest broken in pieces....
WAR / Arthur Rimbaud

As a child, peculiar skies polished my vision; all their folds were marked and shaded on my features. Flurried were the Phenomena. Presently, eternal inflexions of moments and infinite mathematics are hounded by me in this world where I endure every civil honor, revered for a strange childhood and enormous affections.

— I dream of a War where force is right and logic unpredictable.
It is as simple as a musical phrase.

ON A NIGHT NAKED AND THIN / René Char

To look at night beaten to death. To proceed moving towards ourselves inside it.

Events, the poet and nature are one inside the night, but always stirring and aspiring.

The night brings food. The fragment is nourished, glazed by the sun.

Always, there is the night where our learning is laid for others to profit from. Pregnant with innocence is the guardian of night.

Infinity bleeds, but a cloud preserves.

Night is the friend of any life moving to make an end in spring, to sail naked before the storm.

Night poisons itself with rust, bursting its doors to the garden as it chooses.

Dreams are pale moss in the eyes of night.

Never spark the heart of night, burning. Where the morning dew gathers its glimmer, darkness must be emperor.

Night proceeds only from itself. The belfry of the sun remains merely because the night is selfish.

Night renews and preserves the lease of our mystery. The night watches over those who are marked by it.

Night blasts away all human innocence. The present is decided upon by the mirror image bent towards the night. The future remains in doubt.

I shall pour myself a paradise.

Absolute night, to which the formless dream has unshuttered its eyes, possess for me the things I love.
My love was yours
And I had yours
Heart for heart
Joy for joy.
Your love is gone
I have no other
Your love is gone
My love is done.

The leaf and the flower
The fruit itself
Incense, colour
Where did you take them
You, my Lord and Master?
Where did you take
This soothing sweetness?

As a lost child
Whose mother is gone
As a lost child
Helpless and forlorn
You leave me alone
In this bitter life
You leave me alone
In the gaze of God.

Do you know that one day
Man is alone in the world?
Do you know that one day
He sees love again?
You will call then
And no one will answer
You will call then
And you will think...
Hopeful, you will come 
Knocking at my door 
A friend as before 
Hopeful, you will come. 
And they will tell you 
"No one...she is dead" 
So they will tell you 
And no one will help you.

MALCOLM CURTIS

SCRAPS

A friend writes: 
With November Joe after emptiness 
And epiphanies without food or sleep 
Drinking Twinings Darjeeling 
And wringing albas from the deep.

Membering inside Louis's 
Blown and warm fries 
Consuming in a greasy womb.

With friends in chambers 
Steoroyl steeds coursing through blood 
As we lap up chocolate puddings 
Dogs at the corporate court.

Our scribbled brains 
Swimming in aspec 
Written from deep wells 
Of canned confusion.

Membering citroli splifs 
And the world awash 
With liqueur and mixes. 
From our coated insides 
Threnodies re the Duck Club affair 
Foul thing after the shoot.

Shoeing through snow 
We're faithful hounds to November Joe 
Sniffing out the northern creed: 
Wonderful topsy-turvy, Joe said 
Of life's uneven stir. Around 
The restless pulse of things stirring.
In 1632 Urbain Grandier, a cure accused of being one of Lucifer's disciples, was burned at the stake in Loudun, France. His death brought to a close a bizarre story fully enlarged by Aldous Huxley in The Devils of Loudun.

A girl once unsprung his moustache
Drawing the question marks
Stiff as horns.
Then he devoured the soughing creature
A bulldozer spooning soufflé.
A black leathery incubus
Reputation, his enemy, tagged him.
Priapism at odds with gentle calling.
He became a cynosure for foul mouths
And was licked.
Thick in fire tongues lapped
Urbain Grandier, his body collapsing
In grail bright death.
Surging forward for relics
The polloi came to life.
A singed disembodied moustache
Bird skirts the pyre's lip
Wings tracing pyromancies.
CECIL ABRAHAMS

OPEN LETTER

We say what is lost
Into the depths of a hole
We cannot reach by a rod
It is not retrievable
Only the compulsive arrogant
Will want to follow it
Once we were brothers
But that is no commitment.
Relatives are not weapons: you
Cannot choose not to be born
With one who has eyes
But practices no habit of sight
What is gone is gone
Remember how it all started
when you like a nightmare
Screamed cognition and prosody at us
As if we knew nothing of perception and order
You scream in your nightmare now
Or jump from dreams even hard liquor
Could not drown. You will turn on
Whatever light only to find your face
Wet and wonder if home is perhaps
Where the tears come from
The next time
You call me petty or communist
Remember your mother was raped —
Another way of defining relationships

SOWETO 1976

On the morning of the 16th day of June, 1976, several thousand black schoolchildren in Johannesburg, South Africa, marched in protest against the inhumane racist regime of South Africa. The fascist white police of South Africa replied to this protest by killing 350 children on the first day, and 1,000 in the first week. Their deaths for the liberation of their people will be remembered long after their blood have faded and their bones have dried.

Children of the crisis
Sons of sirens knuckles and boots
Tongues pronounce judgment yes
And so do guns and grenades
Armed peace is an act of love
We now know. We now know
—Somewhere a mother will rejoice—

These voices gather
Like rainclouds over the land
We must reclaim. Under any sky
They gather as they whisper in your eye
Or where the smile could have been
Somewhere a mother must rejoice

Wanderer with embers on your tongue
These voices gather to same
Or fuel the furnace in your eye
On the long road that will nourish soul
And purpose with a simple
THIS LAND IS MINE
Because we now know
— To know our sorrow
Is to know our joy —
HERE WE ARE LIKE THE PRESENT

We met blindly
Like twins in a womb
When you moved to embrace me
I ran. And that is precise
And brutally true. But fear
Has been known to make people
More strange than
Belief in Jehovah or Allan or Buddha or Krishna

Loneliness you say
Leads this parade
So I probe this landscape

This landscape I walk
Is inside like sadness or joy
Though I am the son of NOW
The time that has always been here
But danger, don’t I say,
Is no stranger to any time or place

I probe this landscape
Because I come from every place
I have been I know I love you
Is as strange as My mother is a woman
And here we are
We met blindly
Like twins in a womb
We are here now like dawn or dusk
But where o where is the midwife
To deliver our day or night
When, as a lady lying on
A cold ceramic floor, when
You shook the sheathed sword
And foundations of a soul,
You didn’t see past starlight,
Through the slight crack
Slightly to the left of winter,
You didn’t see his years.
Rolling across the roof of his mouth
The tipped tongue of love and laughter,
The odour of bodies smelling like yesterday,
Smelling like chestnust and fire
Resolved an ancient god in him
That held the hand of Christ!
He wants your love and laughter,
And laugh him back to Paradise.
Right now,
Varied flakes fall from an in-sky river,
Colder than the sun is warm.
Under winter he sits, bleeding the givers,
Trying not to enjoy the pitch of the storm.
DEAR JESUS AND MARY

I'm out social working,
Aiding a buddy in love and distress.
His journey will have to be wearisome, tiring;
Relax dear buddy, try smiling.
The campaign is over:
Come back a soldier, or hero at best.
Lovers are heroes at best.
Better than rest is smiling.

Jesus and Mary, you brought about Joseph;
Christ was a child,
Hence, mothers with breasts.
Joseph made tender the swollen breast;
twined like a bird the carpenter’s nest.
Tender the breast, dear Joseph.
Tender the sheep, dear Shepherd.

Buddy was born a child of God.
God gave him the nod,
Told him to ‘do it’ and split.

So surround and impound God’s crucifying cross,
Stay away from the markets and don’t buy His war;
Don’t believe what they say, that it’s Mary defended,
For Mary is Joseph, and Joseph’s a nun now
With two breasts of his own
(tender your breasts, dear Joseph).
Dear Buddy: God’s war is for lovers
Of countries, not breasts;
Lands too vast to conquer with passion alone,
Yet passion is best,
It touches the heart
And makes tremble the rest.
Make tender your heart, dear Buddy,
When passion is best.

GODS MANIFEST THEMSELVES...

Gods manifest themselves in many forms, bring
many matters to surprising ends. The things we thought
would happen do not happen. Things unexpected God
makes possible.

Euripides, prance-dancing in the line with
chorus girls, will caress the golden breast of
Aphrodite. I have seen them dance, tumble-loving in
the leaves.

Leaves bled red and falling in their season, fall
falling go the seeds to their own growth. Aghast,
the blushing trees watch wind seduce them.

Capricious is the life he lives; forever is the
day his action ends. Come time, come ’morrow, let
this moment be.
ROBIN HEILIG

FREE AS THE FIELD

Free, as the field she knew,
she was a child, is a child
restless, unrestrained
running absently through
growing grasses, wildflowers
who stumble, as she does,
at her touch.
Again, a child of five
standing in the center of her universe
her field
field of lovers
weeds stretching upwards
to kiss her fingertips
caressing her daisy-palms,
Only the quiet breezes of summer’s stillness
hold her
amuse her
whisper silly secrets
to the ears of her imagination
sending her
wild
across the meadow
snatching up lovers
as she goes.

OF POETRY PROFANE

Inspired by what was,
I attempt to write poetry
In soothing, pleasing tones
So as to become renown
On this poem alone.
Knowing nothing of poetry
Nothing of form, rhyme, or scheme
I grovel for exotic words
Mind-Blowing double meanings
So that a wisdom-wife I’ll seem.
HIS SHADOW

a nightbird
fell from the moon’s cradle
and hid from earth’s light
behind
the man
who had no shadow
so as to become his

ROBERT EDWARDS

A COLD HAND

a cold hand
falls upon
your warm
and sleeping
thigh
it startles you
but not to waking
the hand
the thigh
they are too familiar
‘old friends’
many times
the hand
passed slowly
over thigh
like wind
soft
warm wind
over miniature field
of golden bending wheat
now the hand is cold
and they
‘old friends’
are too familiar
DAVID EWENS

TO R. GUSTAFSON AT SHAKESPEARE’S GRAVE

You have brought me
Uncomfortably close
Unprepared
To Will Shakespeare’s grave.
Three times we’ve come
To look at these bones,
Hamlet’s doubt,
Macbeth’s ambition,
Gentle Portia’s passion.
Through you
I have seen
His eyeless skull
Wink,
And have known
A restitution:
Even in its fear,
Great poetry
Surpasses great Death.

AT THE MEETING PLACE

At the meeting place
Of muddy Massawippi
And clean St. Francis
Of the many birds,
Sits on the bank
Educating people.
One, slow to rise,
Filled with murky passion.
Lectures to the spirit
In high Anglican fashion.
The source of his grudge
Is unknown. Back, deep
In the swamps, the anger
Begins, creeps slowly,
Brown, opaque, unreasoned,
Swells to revolt.
The other,
Bird-talking St. Francis,
Clear, noisy, swift water.
Trout live in his reason.
Comes of a season,
Sure of himself, proud,
Casting aside confines,
Destroying without malice,
Then laughs, and quick,
Clean shaven, takes
Children by the hand.
Gives them trout logic.
Between the brown and the blue,
It intrudes on the mind:
Duality is ordained
At this junction of rivers.
Returning to a bed I hardly knew
I pretend to sleep,
but am deceived by hands
who turn outwards towards
the vacant spaces
nearest my body
grasping air
that was once your bones,
smoothing a sheet
that was once your skin,
fondling a strand of hair
that once laid so entangled with your own
that it was,
my nostrils admit the coolness of the night
yet grow hungry
for the smells of our hot bodies
as we became one
with but puddles of sweet sweat
separating us,
my ears
tuned to the rhythm
of your slow, even breaths
are now confused, deafened
by the stillness of the room,
my body
lies fallow
waiting to be molded
into the curves of
your body
your hips
the bend of your legs
folds of your chest,
to be enveloped by your arms
into all that you are
as you sleep
quietly

soundly
undisturbed by the storm of my
tears
that rages outside
your bed
into my own.
This is to you, love,
Who knows not of this title,
Nor ever will.
Sheltered and content
I know you to be in this ignorance,
Warm and alive,
And traversing your own little spheres.
Sheltered and content
I know myself to be
In this, your ignorance,
Warm and alive,
Traversing my own little spheres,
And tracing yours as I do so.
At this time,
When it is not night,
And not yet day —
While my eyelids struggle
Under the heavy weight of the watch,
You have succumbed, and have allowed
The soft curtains of somnolence to be lowered.
At this time,
You in your ignorance, lie
Sheltered and content,
Warm and alive,
Peaceful and passionate,
Encircled by the arms of another,
not mine.
And yet I, in this knowledge,
In this, your ignorance, am
Sheltered and content,
Warm and alive,
Peaceful and passionate,
Encircled by the arms of imagination,
and safe.
2 a.m. sleeping
drowsily with the
drunks and bums sleeping.
A bloody footed boy
laughs scorns and taunts
something not there.
Workmen loners
shuffle slowly
dreadfully.
They clean the place,
I clutter it with my body
and dead spirit.
Drowsily
at 2 a.m.
sleeping.

Gerald Ford
(president idiot)
Warren Commission
(fools)

one bullet they cry;
one man they say;
but of course, they’re pals
of the C.I.A.

It.
clean cold shining
a tool of man.
He,
the report said,
shot by a loner;
A crazy; sexually deprived,
who only could
have done it alone.

a conspiracy? probably.
a coverup? yes!

These committees determining facts,
close their; eyes, ears
nose, mouth, then,
guess.
Once
Faced with pain,
Unreasoned doubts,
Heart-numbed despair,
She fled to trees.
With downcast eyes
And hurried step
Through fallen leaves,
Over mossy humps,
Around wayward rocks
Until the grassy pasture road was left behind.
Once safe within the cool, still woods
Releasing tears could bring their peace.
Now, shrieks of Sunday hunters' shots
And snowmobiles rip through the air.
Such peaceful woods are hard to find,
Yet, still the need is there.
To touch and feel a sense of nature's pulse
There seems no road but inward,
To landscapes once alive,
But now in mind alone.
JOHN PLANT

COMING DOWN
and she was and she was she was the best kind.

Phil May 1913
EZEKIEL

FATHER AND SON INC.

-one-
the father sits in HIS chair
smoking HIS pipe
thinking HIS thoughts.

-two-
when the son walks in
thinking his own thoughts
smoking his own brand.

-three-
and at first
they stare
so near
yet so far
the two of them.

-four-
the father waits patiently
for despite
the separation
he wants to know
all the things
HIS son has done.

-epilogue-
there is a brief and sudden cry of
completion
as the son
dies in the father’s arms
oh
there was no time
he died
so
quickly.

GOD HELP US
he cries out;
“oh god help me!”
and is met
with incredibly rude silence
so overwhelming
in its quietness
that he sighs
his last betrayal, away.
SUSAN MORROW is a student at Bishop's. She's originally from Alberta and enjoys taking photographs and writing in her spare time.

NICOLE BENOIT is a gifted Montreal artist studying at Concordia University.

RALPH GUSTAFSON is Bishop's University's poet-in-residence and has a long list of achievements to his name. He won the 1975 Governor General's Award for poetry for his book, FIRE ON STONE. His latest 'work-in-progress' will appear some time in the near future.

NELSON GONYER is a student at Bishop's and a promising young poet.

DOMINIQUE MAMMOLA is originally from Pennsylvania. He's reading theology at Bishop's and has travelled extensively.

GRETCHEN HATFIELD is a former Bishop's student now living in Boston and attending Fine Art classes.

RENE LEGER is a poet from La Rochelle, France, who has recently published a volume of verse, CRIQUETS A MIDI.

DAMIEN PETTIGREW is an English student who plans to study literature in Scotland this summer.

CLAUDE TREIL is Professor of French at Bishop's. He enjoys fine music, the arts, and French literature.

CECIL ABRAHAMS is Professor of English at Bishop's and Chairman of the Anti-Apartheid Movement of Canada. He has worked tirelessly for the freedom of his people and all those oppressed in South Africa.

CHRIS SHIPTON attends English classes at Bishop's and writes poetry and short stories.

ROBIN HEILIG is a theology student who enjoys writing poetry in her spare time.

ROBERT EDWARDS is a Bishop's student.

DAVID EWENS is a former English student from Bishop's. He now lives in Montreal and writes that his main passion is poetry.

TANA PAULSON is originally from Boston. Her talents are many, two of them being poetry and wonderfully grotesque drawings.

CAMPBELL STEWART is a psychology student as well as a promising photographer.

MARCUS X. OUIMET is an English student here at Bishop's. He's also a co-ordinator for the ARTS and LETTERS SOCIETY.

EVELYN PILLE is a talented artist attending classes at Champlain's Fine Arts Dept.

JOHN PLANT is a former Bishop's student. At present, he's living and working in Montreal, writing music for the CBC, the Centaur Theatre and Le Groupe de La Place Royale.

EZEKIEL is a political science student who writes poetry and regards the process of writing as "emetic wounds."

RITCHIE BRAUN is an artist living and working in the Eastern Townships.

RICHARD HOREY is a Bishop's student.

MALCOLM CURTIS is former editor of Campus and a free-lance writer.

MARK POTTER has done numerous drawings and cartoons for the Campus and plans to take commercial drawing in Toronto next fall.

JAMES NAPIER teaches art history and philosophy at Champlain College.
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