

THE MITRE

1983-84

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THE
MITRE 83-84

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The Mitre – a literary arts magazine

83-84

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The Mitre — 83-84

The Mitre is more than a tarnished tradition or keepsake of the past: to be kept alive in the back pages of a year book. It is the voice and expression of writers, artists and photographers. It is with great pleasure that the staff assembled this year's re-vitalized, independent publication. The Mitre is a literary and art magazine whose purpose is to showcase the accomplishments of students, ex-alumni and members of the community. I would like to thank all of the staff, writers, artists and supporters of the Mitre for making this year's independent publication possible.

Steve Balkou

The Mitre — Staff

Editor -	Steve Balkou
Assistant Editor -	Elizabeth Bouchard
Committee members -	Liz Arnot Jim Blevin and everyone from the Unfinished Poetry Workshop
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A poem by Wendi Hadd

FOR CODY

For you who watched the sun go down standing by my side smiling
into the blinding light that was the sun and already planning to
dance beneath the moon – this is all for you.

I asked you if you believed in God and you answered I must believe
in someone so I'll believe in you and falling stars » both blaze quickly
across my life.

You tossed a dime into the murky waters our forefathers had polluted
beyond recognition and wished for me to find your way. Why
wouldn't you believe I followed you always?

I'm sorry if I disappointed you by stopping alongside the undesirables
of my generation when you thought I would be/could be/ should be
going places. I'm sorry for myself because I didn't know the way.

I never did dance beneath the moon with you and now it's too late
If you can hear me as I watch the sun go down now I know you
wanted to believe I believed in myself. It was you who blazed too
quickly across my life, lighting up the world for a moment till I could
see the beauty in the black earth. The beauty that turns the ponds
into a wishing well.

Two poems by Karen Hornby

LOVE?

Once I stood trying to get a suntan through the window.
Our bodies now lie stretched on the beach soaking in oil.
You measure pleasure with your form fitting ruler.
It contains big inches instead of little ones.

We are each other's merchandise
I'm your comfort, with warm milk to help you sleep at night;
You are my entertainment, by memorizing the week-end paper's
guts.
We will stay this way until we no longer burn each other as we do

MOTHER

I now feel like more of an extension,
Than a worldly individual.
Doesn't the saying go – as you grow older
You become your own self, an individual – ?
But as I grow and learn,
I realize I am simply a part of you.

We don't need small talk, you set no rules,
And I abide by everyone of them.
You've read my diary without even putting on your glasses.
I've played it out for you everyday of my life
You knew me before I recognized my reflection.
I'm behind by seventeen years, you've had quite a head start.

But I will learn, live out your years,
And soon we will be able to talk,
Replacing what we now send through our eyes.
You nurtured me, it's my turn to feed you,
With my life

FOR JAIME AND HEIDI

Of kites
the better beauty
is the union of
kite and string –

for even a kite needs a mooring

JOPLIN BLUE

well they are gone now sitting pretty
in vancouver island new jerusalem.

Gillian of the Garden
I remember her walking on
her fields of magicMagic,
footsteps springing flowers

and Laurie's smile
white august day-like
making the sun dance white.
out west, talking to and laughing with Gill

(and has anybody seen Janis.
Joan or Joann?)

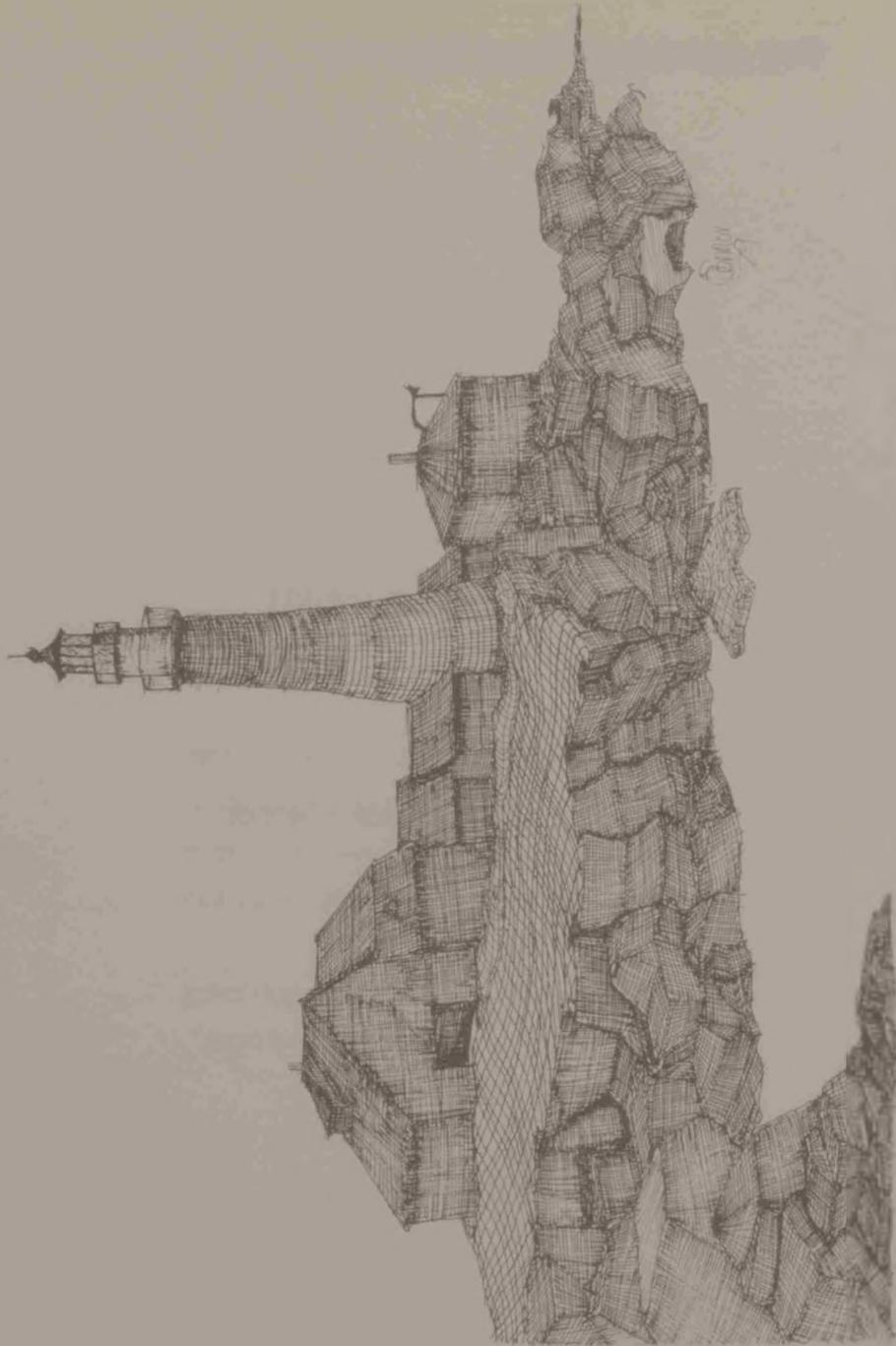
these were my friends and
while vancouver's song is white,

mine is fucking blue

LONELY LAKE HAIKU

Listen! like loons
laugh cry a wild call echos
sighing silent lake

Four poems by John Olsthoorn



TAKING PICTURES

taking pictures

taking pictures
of beautiful lady
"mais bela rosa"
she blushes
her tint
shows on prints
 where
 film develops
 and becomes
only another
 memory

One poem by Andrew Hewitt

BAG

At Spadina and Queen, ruminatin
 on the fate of such persons like myself
 clingin to subway grates for warmth
 when here comes an old bag h^op^drⁿ along
 admonishin us with her beady eyes
 to know our place, when up starts Jimmy Gimme
 and snags her bah right from the crook of her elbow!
 He's off and she's yellin and people are
 starin when some klutz, looks like her son,
 starts chasin our Jim so he da

cars are hittin their brakes!

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he's away! slide Jimmy sl i d e! he makes it!

Three poems by Daniel Roy

EAST ANGUS

Grand tenant
 Distingué
 Distingusse
 Je suphoque
 en écoutant cracher
 fa cheminez puante
 Dumb-tare
 te laisse crever à petit feu
 Hein Guess?



Two poems by Steve Balkou

MUNICIPAL PARK

Slick grass
curling,
the protruding ears
eyes move
in pale cycles
brush hair along the nape,
long fingers.

Abandoned
crutch
remind tissue explosion
that they are feet.

Only movement,
picks the skull
with delicate rodent consistency,
bone thought becoming hungry
on a park bench,
in the rain.

DISCIPLE

So often
i've felt
the cross near
to hand,
cast
eyes

upward,

spread scan for light amongst the glass

it's cold and the snow is
through night as endless

stain pool bleeding silhouette

elusive
stardust,

plunging
across the
city, my eyes
bear a prayer,
a barren sword
whispering
the scalpel finess
of neon
skyline drenched
with cement

and
wire

so often
i've waited.

stood a tenement
on the earth of Dundas
street

abandoned

desperate
for the
foot of
heaven
nailed
above

Two poems by Lorie Curtis

THE BEGUILLED

Deep portrait of betrayal,
Inflated complexities of life,
Bitter taste of loving one so shallow,
the empty silhouette stands so close

The excruciating pain of ignorance,
Naive within my simple ways,
The object falls from its pedestal,
A thing that I now fear

Deep pungent odors arise to the surface,
Attracting turbulent, mindless recollections,
Protective heart and mind reject,
Alien thoughts of him so near.

The illusive shadow creeps closer,
Its massive frame pressed up against the wall,
Acceptance casts its paralyzing gaze,
As death beguiles the unexpected.

HAIKU

Fragile crocus bud,
Slowly pokes through crusty snow,
Life comes, then soon goes

DES PASSANTS

Salut à toi
Toi dont la démarche rapide et continue
Me rappelle
Qu'il me semble t'avoir vue hier déjà
Poursuivre le même mystère

Tu me salues, je te salue,
Nous nous saluons
Et nos yeux se croisent
Comme nos Etres,
En toute quiétude,
En toute stérilité.
Mais nos pensées aussi se croisent
Comme une forte encablure métallique
Et, malgré nos souvenirs qui se balancent
A l'autre bout d'un temps lointain et ténébreux,
Nous sommes liés pour l'éternité
Et jamais je ne te laisserai.

L'AUBE FÉMINISTE

Le sable est tombé,
Est tiède sous nos pieds,
La mer est morte en un sanglot
Les mouettes ailes s'élèvent derrière leurs cris.
Il n'y a que foi, saisie entre les crocs
De l'océan, du temps, de l'infini

Ne cherche pas la mer déchainée
Toi qui cours les plages dévastées
Car son ressac peut l'emporter
Là où se meurent les destinées
Loin d'ici
de mon coeur qui te cherche,
Loin
de mon coeur qui se cherche

PENSÉE POUR UN REBEL

Rappelez-vous du moment, du jour,
De l'année,
Un geste qui sûrement vous a marqué
Comme, sans doute, Satan lui-même l'eut été.
Le geste s'est posé
Sur des sourires d'agonies
Et des destins s'en virent changés

Rappelez-vous du moment de tristesse
Ou toute l'amertume de l'existence s'est échue sur le rebel
Comme l'écume d'une mer de tempête.
Rappelez-vous de ces cris qui forçaient les portes de l'âme
Et fornicquaient avec vos coeurs éprouvés

Ce jour-là, une longue dague pénétra
La gorge frele d'un agneau
Sur le highway silencieux de l'abattoir.

One poem by Ann Rose

VICTORY

June in an Eastern capital
The children are playing
in an empty garden where
cedars once grew many
echos of their crystal
laughter ringing soft
throughout the city.
Though the children
have their secrets
on the highroads
and the alleyway
They do not weep
for Palestine
why must it end this way?
Silence before destruction
A magenta sky darkening
The streets lay torn
by rivers of crimson

In June the soldiers came
from the southern borders
riding chariots of iron
across the desert sands
Though they bring fire
condemn not the blind
following their star
The blackbirds came
flying across the
southern borders
of a desert land
Angels of death
They descended

Two poems by Michael Benazen

JUNE 1967

We watch like excited extras in someone else's war;
A motorbike explode the peace of early morn,
Soon, over the Golan hills, tiny planes swoop like hornets,
Puff balls of black smoke burst above the grey-green slopes,
Mechanized columns move slowly forward,
And we become a part of history

Later, the fighting over, we passed
Two youths forever sprawled beside their gutted half-track,
An empty village, straddling a cool swift stream,
Charred bunkers, disabled tanks, disordered contents of
abandoned suitcases,
And then, Syrian headquarters, a colossal wreck, squatting
above the dusty plain,
Thus came victory -- unexpected, sudden, sweet

But wait, other sights still oppress the mind:
In a house a red tricycle kicked aside,
A soldier swings a radio like a lasso above his head,
A Persian carpet blooms suddenly beneath an officer's desk
Banias village bulldozed, no stone on stone, silent,
Just six days to change a nation's soul?

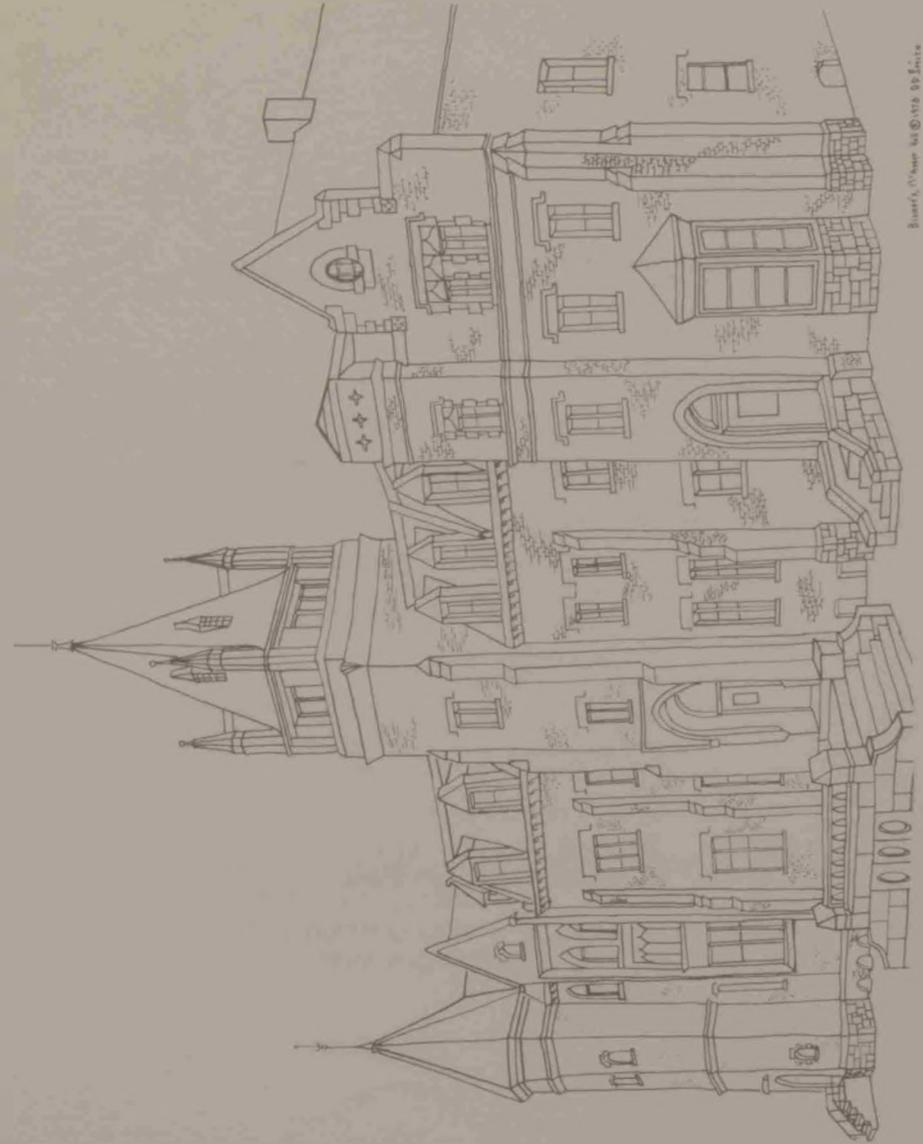
MAY DAY

Outside
trees quivering
river running high
adolescents sport with ball
revealing their firm pale flesh to spring sun
furtively scouting the acquiescent other sex.

Inside
I sit darkly in my office
scanning their papers for thought --
O cruel May day in which
I make judgments on my fellow man
subduing present desire for future recompense.

So
I think of you
river lady, marooned in your house
above the tumultuous flow of spring --
I am not the one to rescue you in my canoe
Nor are you Rapunzel, who lowered her hair.

May-October 1982



One poem by Delwin Samuel

CHANT FOR SACRIFICIAL RATS

Laboratory rats
Have been raised since birth
To look forward to
The Ultimate.
They go willingly to death
Accepting any high priest
(Even me
Squeamishly,
Repugnantly,
Holding death
But wanting
Life)
Rats have religion
They will be born again
In published data tables.

But maybe
my rats
are atheists.

One poem by Tom Nugent

CROW

"Coal is not black."
— Zen koan

You're black as coal to me.
A darkened speck in drizzling winds

And yet, in sunlit closeness
you're a rainbow bird
With hungry reds and calm blues.
All the colors of the world's imagination
are resting in your greasy feathers.

I'd much rather see you from a distance —
a sooty, black bastard
with a stunning lack of
redeeming features.

SHADOWS

Wall bisected by
Shadow patterns.
Distorted by passing lights
They twist and dance
And then return
To calm geometry

THERE ARE NO MORE JEWELS

Who took my love?
It would not leave just on it's own

Did some gypsy steal our soul?
Did some vagabond leave with
our love under his sleeve?
Did we lose it in the tall grass
by the side of the road?
A shiny toy for a minah bird
Did the wind string our feathers in it's tail?

All I know is that there no more
jewels hiding in our flowers.

ONCE AGAIN WITH CLARITY

didn't anyone ever tell you
that dreams are for children
and imaginings are
as imaginings are
don't think otherwise, kid
you'll break your own heart

illusions are just dreams
you wished were real
you make your own, kid
no one to blame but yourself
by dropping out in the beginning
you never have to see the end
happy-endings are for children
you'll break your own heart

each time your smile fades quicker
and you vow not to be fooled again
dreams die hard, kid
you keep breathing life into them
hopeful expectant as a child
until the sad realization dawns in your eyes
You'll never give up
You'll break Your own heart

didn't anyone ever tell you
be tough, kid
trust only in yourself
don't let people play their games with you
they'll make you cry everytime
they'll break your heart





One poem by Steve Balkou

POLAND

They have emprisoned you
in bread lines
while bleeding the milk
from your cheeks
as colour from a rose
They offer you statues
and winter.

the frozen peace
of water cannons
as they encircle your parks
with machinery,
posts and wires

Now you must find other plaza's,
churches
to place your flowers,
and hide your flags
and cards,
like handkerchiefs,
white placards of solidarity
and sorrow

One poem by Ida Marynissen

THE BEAVER'S SKIN NAILED TO THE BOARD

I asked the trapper
If he thought it was cruel
To kill the beavers.
He said it wasn't.
They destroyed
That, he said, was a good reason
To kill them.

I asked the trapper
If he thought we should kill people.
They too destroy,
I found it strange
That he didn't have an answer
Because I had expected him to say
That people are not animals

Two poems by Ray Tyler

THESE WORDS

Always I have **used** words
attaching to them an almost sacred value!

I have shared them expecting something in return
depended upon them to ease the pain,
twisted them to suit my purpose

I have used them to define my-self-reality
only to watch disillusioned
as they grew dustydull and dead in time.

Words too often misunderstood
too often insensitive to the truth of silence
of quiet determined action, of love .

o o o

...like: These words: my moment's meaning
my soul's blood flow in time
bridging my need and your indifference

These words my sacrificial thought dream
This bastard child of ink and rhyme,
mine to cherish, yours to ignore

These words bear the only witness
left, Where once was love between us.

LOVE AFFAIRS

(short and sweet as a haiku)

moment of gold .

NOW THAT I'VE FOUND YOU
WILL EVER
EYE
DISCOVER THE OTHER
RAINBOW'S END?

say it with

PASSION'S CUT FLOWERS
QUICKLY DIE
LOVE
ROOTED IN FRIENDSHIP
BLOOMS AGAIN

perhaps no more

IN COMMON
FLAKES OF EACH OTHER'S
DEAD SKIN
BENEATH OUR FINGERNAILS.

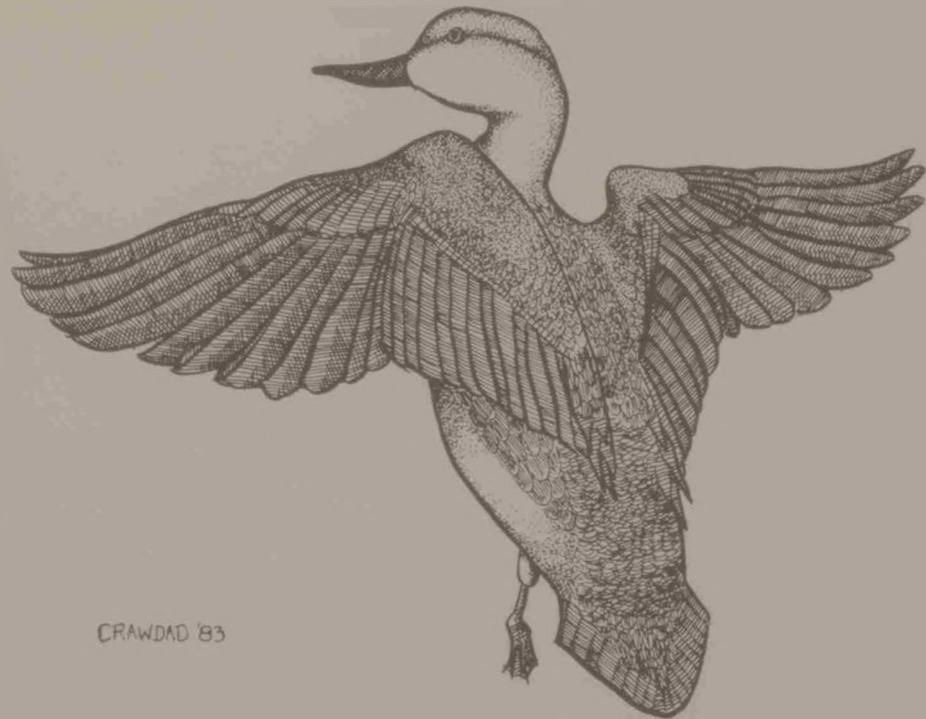
Two poems by J. L. P. May/78

YOUR CAR IS RUNNING

As I hug you
my thoughts jump you
and tumble you to the ground.
We've barely just met
and your car is running

SEPT/77

You're wrestling with your chain
all alone
on a white mat of snow
contently, I close the drapes.



CRAWDAD 83

UNTITLED

"They taught us to dissect a cat today"
he said,
opening the cupboard door
"They showed us platysma,
trapezoids, & glottis
white matter, gray matter,
dorsolateral sulcus..."
he reached for a pear
and proceeded to slice it
in quarters
"We fractured here,
severed there,
pushed ante & poste &
right out of nioly –
biting into the fruit,
little drops of juice
slithered down his chin.
" freed the eyeball
from the orbital rim,
turned it over & watched it spin.
he wiped his mouth,
cleaned his hands:
But once it was over,
and we'd had all our fun,
they wouldn't show how,
we could fix it, together.
he frowned
"Smudged-grey ash it was,
with pale green eyes.
It didn't flinch –
When we cut its flesh –
in fact, it wouldn't move at all."

THE GEORGIAN HOTEL

the georgian hotel

the crowds sing
as if death
didn't exist. sing
happy birthday to you
happy birthday to you
happy birthday dear . . .
mumble, mumble, sip, burp
happy birthday to who?



Bulfinch's, Old Ipswich © 1913 D.D. Smith

NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY

author

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