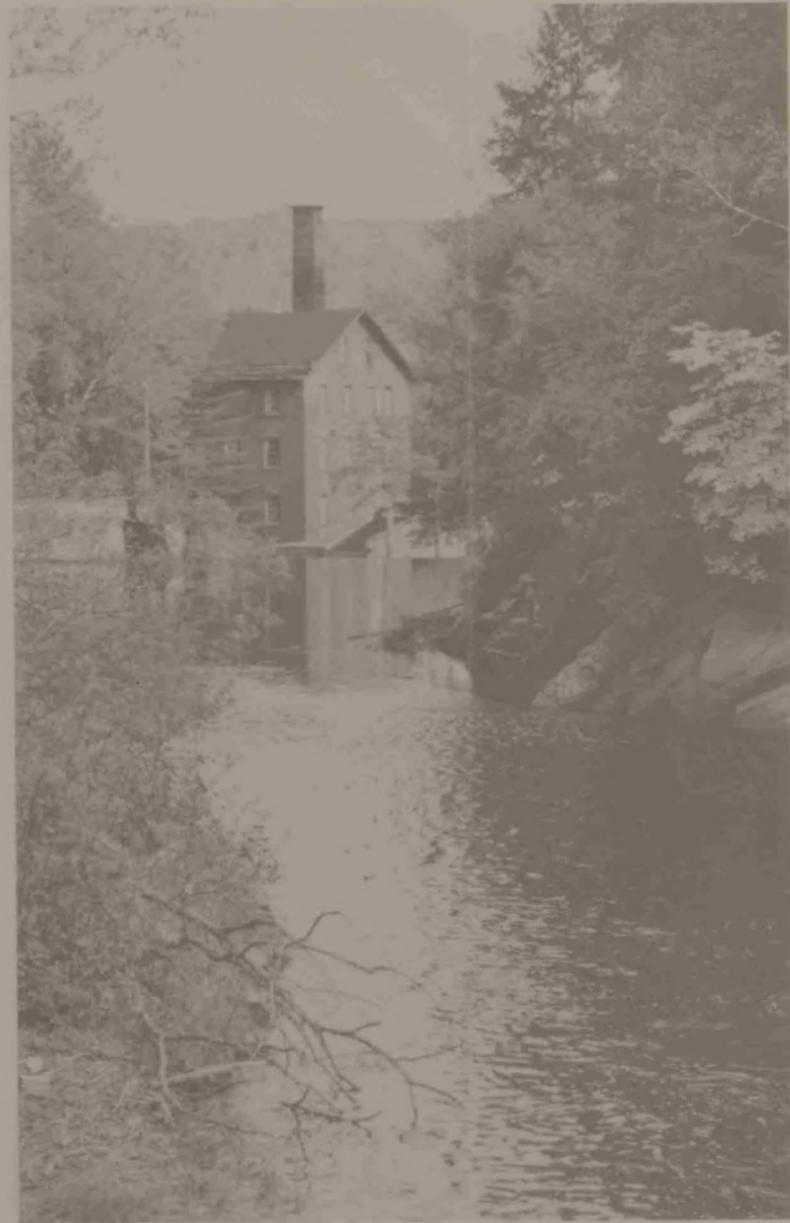


Mycena alcalina

The Mitre.... Since 1893
1991 Edition



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* * *



Tall blades of green surround my limbs
My ends delve into the earth searching.
As I lie, my eyes clamp shut leaving behind
An exhausted world.
But my mind remains constant with this gift
A loyal sensation of a rare, unadorned creation.

Slowly the gift allows me to absorb and feel
A new world.

The eye in my heart opens, wakes
The view is blinding first with a pure glow
Then my spirit engulfs the glory
Grasps for love.

Just as the tall blades surround my limbs
And just as my ends delve deep.
But no longer are they rendering search
A single desire of life.

To be at one.

Founded in 1843, Bishop's College received its Royal Charter to grant degrees in 1853. According to the attention of its founders, Bishop's was to have two functions: "to offer to the country at large the blessing of a sound and liberal education and to provide training for the clergy." The administration of Bishop's remained under the aegis of the Church of England until 1847, when the Corporation of the University was reconstituted as a non-denominational body. The University of Bishop's College finally became "Bishop's University" in 1958.

lisa guenther

Night Wind

Arrowhead clouds
in silver slivers
Are slicing their sky
with the flame of a vapour
Licking at moonrocks
grey-blue and freckled
Sprinting with waves
deep green and grassy
The night's in the wind
for a slack-jawed night-gazer
And the shudder and tremble
of plastic bags
caught on the fence

cindy finn

Driftwood

Melancholia washes over me
Gentle waves which lap at my soul
Erosion over the course of time

Memory distorts time
Or is it time that distorts memory?
No escape from life
No escape from time
Alone to battle the enemy
That robs me of mine

Time - what a fickle friend
false security
impatient friend
lurking at my door
snatching pieces of my life
until there is no more

I watch the waves fade and recede
The crashing, pounding, breaking waves
which stealthily steal upon the shore
Only to leave in silence



After a while you learn the subtle
difference between holding a
hand and chaining a soul,
And you learn that love doesn't
mean leaning and company
doesn't mean security,
And you begin to learn that kisses
aren't contracts and presents
aren't promises,
And you begin to accept your defeats
with your head up and your
eyes open, with the grace of an
adult, not the grief of a child,
And you learn to build all your
roads on today because tomorrow's
ground is too uncertain
for plans.
After a while you learn that even
sunshine burns if you get too
much.
So plant your own garden and
decorate your own soul, instead of
waiting for someone to bring you
flowers.
And you learn that you really can
endure...that you really are
strong,
And you really do have worth.

Young Woman, Wait On Love

Who am I?
What can I be?
How does my path shape my need?
Do I search for a myth-perfection of dreams?
Or accept the paradox-reality?
Who am I?
What can I be?

Who is he?
What can he be?
How does his path shape his need?
Do I wait for change-perfection of dreams?
Or build on what's present-reality?
Who is he?
What can he be?
Would he be stronger with other than me?

Who are we?
What can we be?
How should our path express our needs?
Do we risk it all - forsaking our pride?
Or guard our hearts - alone inside?
Do we listen first and argue later?
Or build up walls of hurt, then hatred?
To nurture love demands a price:
Committed hearts that melt the ice,
Mouths that speak what's in the heart,
Choosing to stay, not moving apart.

The paths which lie ahead of us,
A virgin tract of land.
Which routes we take
Not up to us:
Such things cannot be planned.

'Tis sad, alas, but 'tis also true.
Yet already we've journeyed
Through soft green meadows under skies so blue
And also we've endured
A tempest or two
And we have always made it through,
Thus far.

Closest companions, lovers and friends,
Hoping our passion will never end
During our sojourn in this foreign land,
Walking quietly together,
Hand in hand.

andrea jones

This Woman's Pride

Look at me.
Look and see a woman battered, colored every color of the rainbow
inside.
But I am still a woman.
I still have pride.

This body is condemned by the people surrounding me.
This heart
discarded as if nothing more than a piece of rotting flesh.
Condemned, discarded, used up, cast away, that's me.

But I am still here,
I still exist.
I am still a woman.

Look at me.
Look into my face.
Look behind the piercing eyes that will haunt you, long after my death.

Acknowledge what you refuse to see.
Stop the uncontrolled rage that shakes my body.
My clenched fists ward off the words that you throw.

Just as you, I am scared, but I admit it.
Tears of frustration well up in my eyes refusing to fall,
just as I try to refuse defeat.

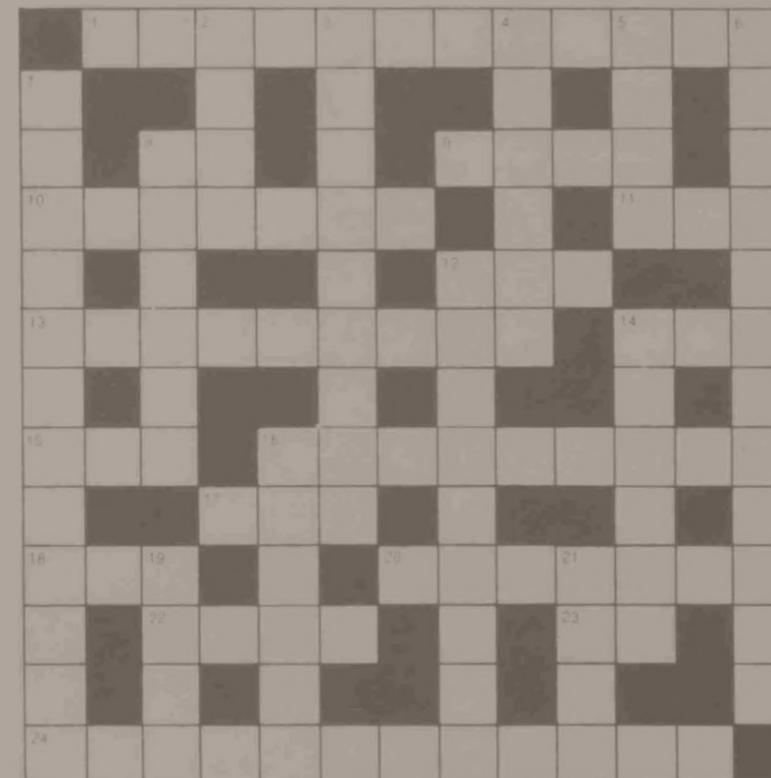
Know that I have tried.
Know that I have failed.
And with each failure a piece of me is lost.

Gone to a private place,
I continue to hope that deep within that place the sun
will rise again.

So look at me.
Look and see.
For I am still a woman.

CHAUCERIAN CROSSWORD PUZZLE

by
Richard Green



Solution on page 51

ACROSS

- 1 Did he write *Troilus & Criseyde*? (4,8)
- 8 & 23 "Nothing so swift — — she is!" (2,2)
- 9 But how the widowed Alys wept! (4)
- 10 No seedy epic! (7)
- 11 To do this with weak oxen takes time (3)
- 12 Alas! How complicated! (3)
- 13 Dire route out of the cloister (9)
- 14 The French one hears in a story from Brittany (3)
- 15 Favour from a heart of iron? (3)
- 16 John's mixed gin for Chet (5,4)
- 17 Did the Knight take a short one to Canterbury? (3)
- 18 Patron saint of the mealy-mouthed? (3)
- 20 Spot Miss Peep, a flatterer! (7)
- 22 Make a quick move for the prize? (4)
- 23 See 8 Across
- 24 A sleepy heir (12)

DOWN

- 2 " — — — —, smert, drede, fury, and ek siknesse" (4)
- 3 Thopas convulsed again? (6,3)
- 4 Win emu? It's probably moulting! (2,4)
- 5 Glee mixed and low! (4)
- 6 A wet Christmas? (7,5)
- 7 "How greet a lord is he!" (3,3,2,4)
- 8 "A" was the first one in Chaucer's day (6)
- 12 Young Boethius was one of them (9)
- 14 Assorted needles — e lost under Alison's apron! (6)
- 16 Strange sheep alliterates (3,3)
- 19 Such thoughts are caused by "defaute of slep" (4)
- 21 Cloak to make you stare? (4)

william duncan

Rage Before The Wolves

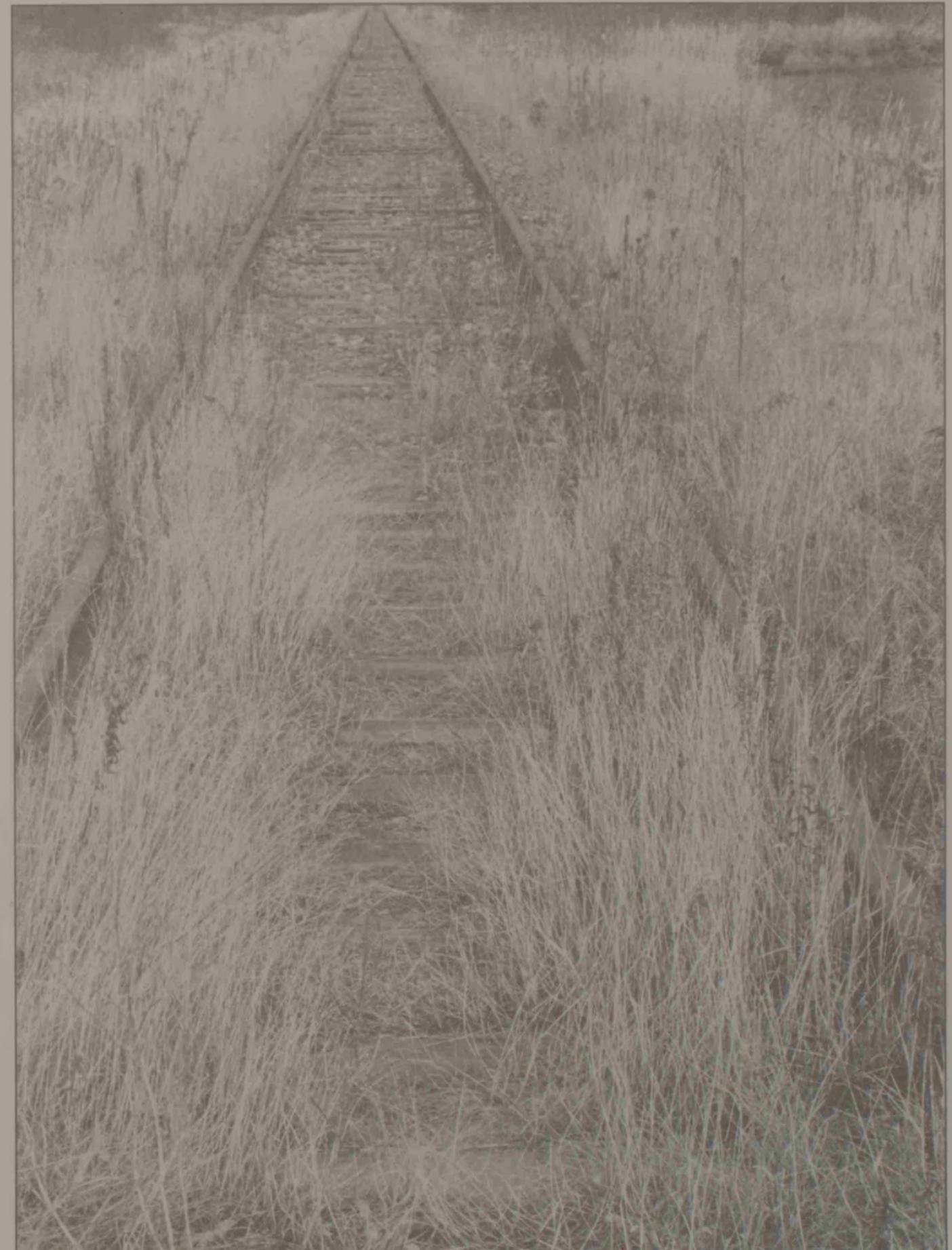
Time stirs, and the cool-quiet moon is still
Punctuated only by the howling of wolves.
We are vulnerable prey for their special hunger,
And though we are blinded, bound by darkness,
We run on, heading through the violent night,
Through forests of men, the wolves fast at our heels.

In those forests the trees do whisper,
"Be still, be silent, play at deed,
And pray the wolves will pass you by.
Cling tightly to those clots of earth
And make your bed this shallow grave.
Play at dead, pray play pretend."

"Better to rage," the wind kicks up,
"Than to be consumed. The end,
So much the sweeter if we run,
To brave these hungry traps, to court
That night, rent by gnashing teeth
And glittering claws-tiny crescent moons."

Some I've seen fall prone, pretend to die,
Easy victims for a slaving appetite,
Savored piece by quivering piece-
Mind and body gnawed to the bone.
A hand, a foot, an eye, an ear,
Tender portions for the devourer of men.
Others I've seen do rage and run
Their doom quite fast approaching
And in those few thin moments, that
Separate predator from prey,
As the blood quickens, heart nears bursting,
There is more life than can be in lifetimes.

Given the choice I run.



jessica hyman

Pleasures of the Mind

we sit
engaged
in intellectual masturbation
caressing our egos
with words
and allusions of grandeur
our bodies
drenched
in the sweat of inspiration
our minds
expanding
yet becoming more narrow
changing nothing
helping no one
but ourselves
opinions
ideas
theories
building up within us
taking us higher
and higher
into the realm of superiority
only to be released
in a useless frenzy
of pomposity.



January Thaw

I'm drowning!
Words swishing past
flowing in my ears
gushing out my mouth
giving no time
to breathe.
Papers rushing
cascading down a
waterfall of word,
words and papers.
I'm flailing,
careening past
verbs and nouns,
adjectives and adverbs,
desperately clinging
to my pen
hoping that in time
I'll be able to stay afloat.

Revelation

The words floated
like feathers upon the wind
And
struck
like waves crashing upon the rocks.
But they were words from the soul,
the heart.
Playful words,
Painful words.
With each one spoken,
A little piece of the person was revealed.
They showed that the person loved,
laughed,
and lost.

The Answer

The water pounds
Upon the rocks,
As I watch
From my perch high above.
Thoughts evade me,
As the water
As grey as my soul
Churns.
Why?
I scream
As seagulls take flight.
The clouds begin to cry,
As my own tears
Make a pool of water in my heart.
The clouds disappear,
And my question is answered.

The Many Faces of Love

I always thought of you as a
Knight in shining armour,
Protector from evil and
Outsiders perils;
The eternal fountain
Returning my love;
Soul to soul, we would
Glide forever.....

But no -

You appear as a
Beacon of light;
A sheltered port
In a storm
- of my tears.

Or, sometimes
You serve as my Mentor,
And I, your apprentice
Willingly watch your every move.

You've served as my
Sounding board and
Personal Psychologist
When other would have
Abandoned my cause and
Proclaimed me, insane.

Your angel wings
Have also unfolded and
returned to me
What had been lost
Or simply forgotten.

I treasure these faces,
For they are rarer
Than the one true face
Who has yet to make an appearance.
A gentle reminder for such one as you, or I,
Love's many faces cannot
Be contained within the
Souls of one person -
Only as a people can
Love be truly appreciated
And reflected like the sun.



The Old Moscow Woman

The woman this morning sweeps the pavement
Of Kuibysheva Street,
Branches of spring tied to an old stick,
Brushing along last night's bits
Of paper, cigarette ends, dirt,
Keeping the city clean for this morning's
Traffic. By night it will have to be done
All over again. She looks happy.
What is this happiness? Grandchildren,
Soup on the stove, an hour's relief
From pain, Lenin sleeping nearby?
The street will always be dirty.
Mankind is imperfect.
Politics and bad manners
Leave his detritus
On the perfect peace. We
Do not understand one another.
The street will have to be swept again.
New York, Moscow, Montreal,
It is the same. Man is careless,
He drops the warnings from his hands,
The torn paper, even the newspaper
With the news of the world
He leaves behind him to be picked up
By someone else. The wind is cold.
This is September. Soon the snow
Will cover the shivering gutter
And the plough will supersede the broom.
We all feel it. No matter the labour.
Snow and death come.
Do they not?
And yet this woman sweeps,
For a few kopeks,
Lentils for her soup,
And is happy.
What is this Moscow?
This humanity?

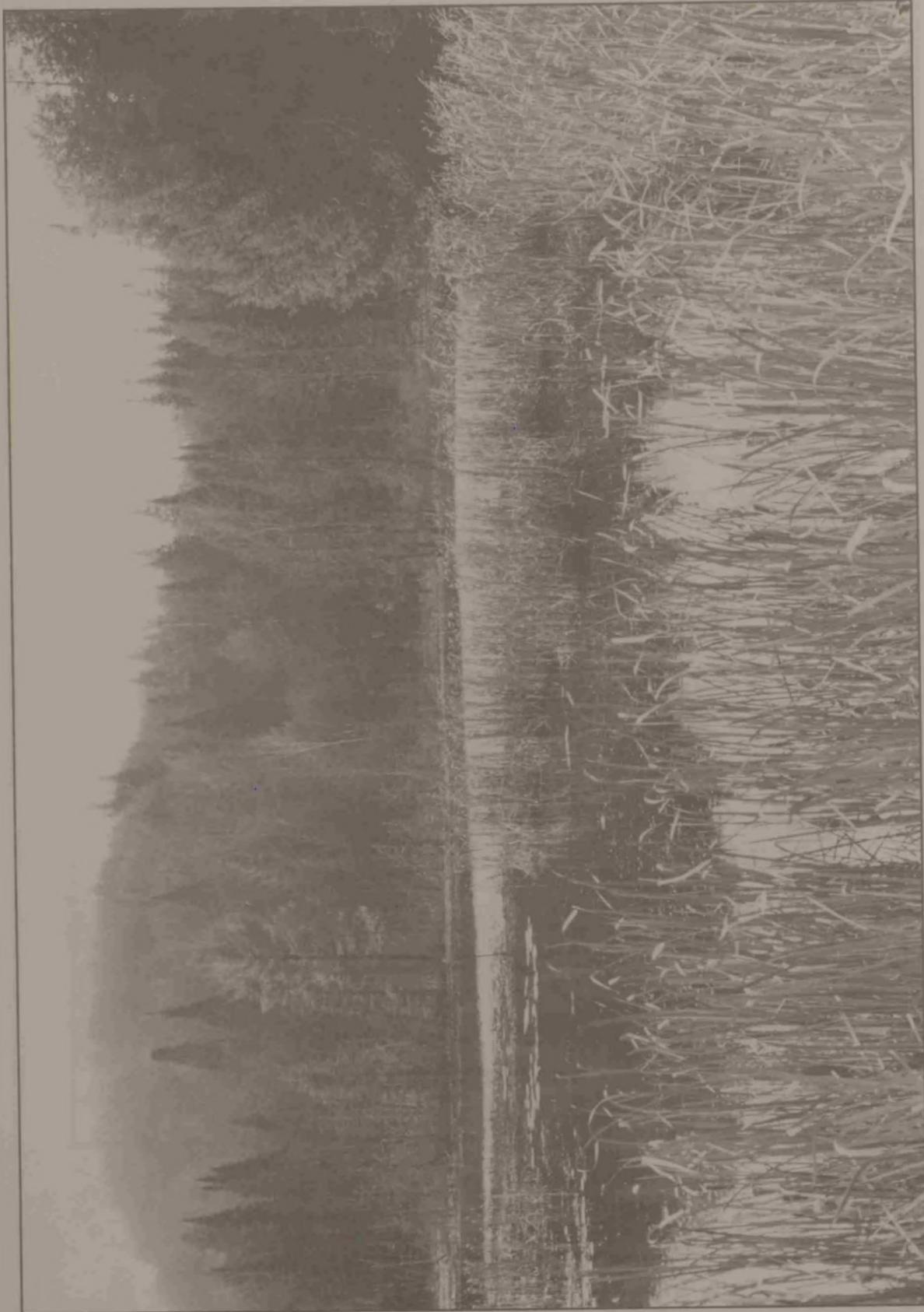
Cabbages and Pianos: Impromptu

Degas wanted Pissarro to draw
A cabbage. Such beauty in the world,
Such enormity, such cancellations!
The common ground by common
Consent to be tread on, outlines
Of colors, crystals undergone!
The placing of a bowl bought in Greece
On a coffee table, she in a blouse
From Edinburgh kneeled down
To do it in the winter sunlight
Through the window. Challenges, senses
To be devoted to, high metaphysics
To accept or deny God's done for!
Summation simple enough: to have life,
Domesticities, her centering
A kylix brought from Olympia; with love
Dusting under the lid of the grand
Piano that winter-sun across her,
Gluck's "Melodie" from *Orpheus* transcribed
By Sgambati on the music rack
Before her silent.
We have heard
Cicadas transcribed by moon, and other
Many memoirs, the breath of Athena
Left in her flute found by Marsyas
Flayed and classical commitments to cabbages
Made. All complications of simple
Summation, the worst and best of these:
Death thought of, Degas dead;
And the world to be praised in resultant cabbage.

Tammy

Tammy, what do you see,
When your fingers flutter in front
Of your vacant, empty eyes?
Do you hear any of the songs we sing?
Do you understand any of the games?
It hurts me when you don't recognize me
After a short day's absence.
It frustrates me when you don't react
To any emotion I present to you.
"Wake up Tammy! Listen to me!"
But you don't understand.
Your fingers are more fascinating than me.
Aren't they Tammy?
I know you can hear
When voices call your name.
Perhaps you only hear muffled sounds,
Coming from long distant places;
For you only look up for a moment
And then you're gone.





andrew kohnen

'Tween Flesh and Soul

As Death doth ride into the morn,
With sheaves of souls stacked high he's shorn
The stars give way to gentle skies,
And darkness sheds its cloak of lies.

A child's cry doth pierce the night,
Weak and frail, not yet of sight.

His task cut short, Death turns about,
To claim that babe that dares to shout.
His sythe was poised to cleave and shear,
'Tween mortal flesh and soul so near.

Down it screamed to match its preys
But caught-mid arc-in sun's first rays.

This light, refracted in's keen blade,
Shone Truth 'neath hood, where dim eyes lay.
This suckling babe so small, so meek,
Was love so pure, the one we seek.

From deep within his dark deaths veil,
Recognition glints, a flame so pale.

Eine Kleine Nachtmusik

I thought of you today (again),
And wondered if I still loved you.
Your music sings of words that I can neither pronounce
Nor define.
Limiting me to only hearing or dreaming.
"If only" seems to epitomize
You and I.
If only you and I were us or we could be,
You and I.
What if I told you that I was remembering
A deja vu of a deja vu?
My room is wet with memories of you,
My feet are cold without you.
I miss your warm bed with soft candles and
Blue Pink Floyd, the hot jazz and dry Wagner,
Blowing through the window like the chinook.

I still have clothes that smell like you...

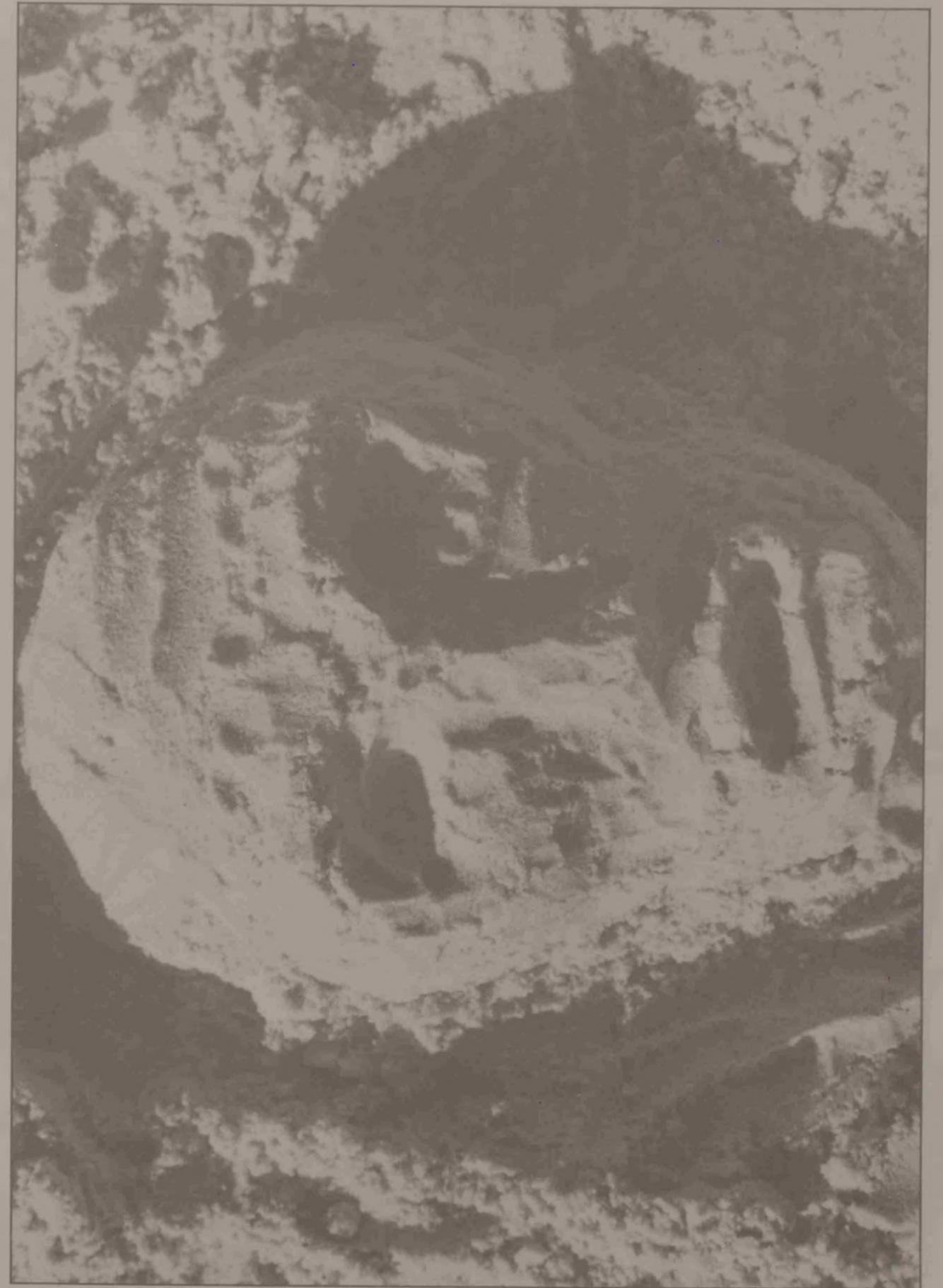
And Mozart lulls me sweetly through the night.

Lifeless feathers cursed by the
Foul stench of a neighboring river.
Reflecting in the ripples is the
Expression of a melancholy nymph
Whose once immortal beauty is now
Only a mere glimpse in the soiled currents
Of nature's veins.
A predator's victim left in the soil.
It gazes confounded...blood trickles.
A tear exists in the last dream that
Blessed the soul of the angelic entity.

The seething nymph retreats
Frustrated, helpless.
Its decrepit image fades into nothingness,
As the ripple infinite motion exceeds
The bounds of perfection.

jessica hyman

As I examine your face in the mirror, I try to look past the surface into the mind. In order to discover the naked truth, I decide to peel away the skin. With the help of a scapel, it is easily removed to reveal an insinuating layer of pulpy flesh. I could stop here, as most do, but I continue. With an extra tug (and a spatula) this protective barrier is eliminated exposing sinuating muscles which pretend to be strong. But I am not fooled. I know that they are only used to hold up the face. I continue on my quest. I touch the muscles and they fall, all their might nothing but words and pretensions. Suddenly I am blinded by a white flash of bone. An impenetrable wall has risen before me. The gleaming skull dares me to venture further. A small axe quickly counters the dare. Finally, it is over. Nothing is left but a rough and tangled mass of emotion and intellect. But I haven't learned anything I didn't already know. Nothing has changed. I am left looking in, at myself looking out.





A Collection

My life is a closed chamber
I know not what it yields
I walk in the dark,
trying hard not to stumble,
But I do....many times.

Amongst a crowd
I am but one of many
 But alone!
Alone I am great
Greater than the Best
.....I've never been alone.

Of another time and place
which bears no reflection on now,
our today is determined.
I have been given a chance
and I will make this grow,
 unlit finally
 you forget the past,
 accept the future,
 and me.



David Darwin

A Lost Love

May my thoughts not hinder yours
And my fears dissipate anew.
Can that yonder bird soar
Far above the clouds of dew.

Why is it thus we go,
What use is it for me to say.
Our hearts are caught asunder to
So go back to yonder bay.

We are here but for a while
And then alone again.
We will remain to file
Along that endless road ahead.

If you were to die right now
In the arms of a restless breeze
Where would that bird be, and how
Could I come back to thee.

The Offering

I am having a nightmare. I know this because at present I am no longer the twelve-year old boy holding aloft a quivering, vulnerable life as two predators attack. I am older now, far from that place most days.

The nightmare is all the more terrible since it is a real event from my past. I lived it; the terror is not synthetic. The barking becomes louder and more desperate, the claws tear into my sides, my nostrils recoil at the rank, hot breath of the unrelenting brutes.

The scene shifts. I know that the moment will return; I know its evil resolution. But for now the nightmare becomes a pleasant remembrance. My mother and I are pulling up to a white house in our bright blue 1976 Mercury Montego and I am eagerly peering at the towering treelines to the left which promise a forest to explore. We have been living in a condominium complex in Mississauga for three years now but Mom says that we're going to rent a big place "in the country". This is it, a ranch-style house near Norval on the Credit River Valley. It reminds me of those great days in Rockwood when Brian, David and I explored the Conservation Area and had that neat fort on the cliff that you got to by walking across a narrow ledge. We'd made little fires by focussing the sun through a magnifying glass (rubbing sticks together took too long) and we'd gone swimming near the old abandoned mill.

And my brother had brought that pellet gun which we couldn't tell Mom about (otherwise she'd throw it out in the garbage Michael said) and I had shot pop cans from twenty paces.

But that first day with the pellet gun was a sad day too. Before we shot anything Michael asked me whether or not we should hunt live things. I thought it was a good idea, but he disagreed. Pointing the gun up through the branches of a tree, he squeezed the trigger and the gun made a little popping noise. A small bundle of feathers dropped to the ground, a pathetic little bird with its legs curled up tight against its body and a hole in its chest. "This is what killing is all about. Not very nice, is it?" he asked. I was nearly in tears but I couldn't let Michael see that; I nodded.

"Yes Mom, it is a neat place," I say, bobbing my head up and down. We get out of the car and two large dogs come bounding up to meet us. They are not like the German Sheppards I've seen before; they're dirty and one has a mangled ear. That one, Max, looks like a wolff; he's all sinew and muscle, with wrists bigger than my brother's and his face is ugly and mean looking. The female is docile, cowed by Max, and her eyes are kind. "Don't touch thoses dogs, Paul, they're dirty," Mom says. I shrink away from their sniffing noses.

The man who owns the place looks like kind of a pirate to me; "swarthy" I say to myself, using a word from the adventure novel that is tucked under my pillow at home. But he needs an eye patch and a wooden leg.

I am not even interested in the house but instead roam all over the huge yard, yearning to venture into the seemingly endless forest. Mom calls me over and says that the Pirate Man is going to give me the female dog, Tammy. Mom cringes when he refers to the dog as a "bitch."

I've wanted a dog forever and nothing can contain my delight; I throw my arms around the smelly animal and kiss it repeatedly. Tammy is understandably confused since I would not touch

her five minutes ago; I'm angry at Mom for not letting me do so. But I'll make it up to Tammy; I'll buy her Milkbones and take her for walks and give her baths (soon) and she'll be terrific for times when Mom cooks liver... she'll eat it for me like Spot does on *The Little Rascals*.

The pleasant part of the dream jumps forward a month. I have a house and a dog. Two dogs, actually, since Pirate Man hasn't finished building a fence around his new house in Mississauga. He is going to take Max along to scare off (or eat) burglars when the fence is complete. I don't know why Pirate Man wants to leave; this is the nicest house around. The rest are run-down and poor-looking. Mom says he has made a lot of money in Norval and now he's going back to the big city.

Anyway, I'm having the best times. The dogs are helping me to explore the wilderness but I'm not fast enough for Max and he won't wait for me. Usually Tammy stays with me for a while but finally Max gets her to desert me and sometimes they leave me quite lost.

Besides the woods there's also a little barn; Pirate Man has left behind some old, rusty machinery he used in his business. There are rabbits too in the barn; I've seen them. I've also seen Max chasing them and I found two dead. He doesn't kill them to eat them; he just kills them. I think that maybe Max's master, Pirate Man, must have been cruel to him - that's why he's so mean. The other day I went into the barn; I scratched a skull and crossbones on the wall.

And the nightmare is dark. In one hand, held up as high as I can reach, is a rabbit. Well, I don't know for sure this is the last one, but it's the only one I've seen for the last two weeks. The dogs nearly got the poor thing but I scooped it up just in time. I'm surprised at Tammy; she was after the rabbit too.

Incomprehensibly, the dogs do not stop their attack. They don't obey my commands. I don't recognize these barks, the barks of wild animals lusting after blood; they are very high-pitched and don't stop but turn into sharp whines for a second and then explode full force again. Their ears are flat against their skulls and they are jumping on me, scratching me, cutting me. My mouth tastes like blood.

And the rabbit is struggling. It is trying to escape my grasp, the only thing keeping it from the slaughtering jaws below. Foolish, stupid, helpless being. I should let the dogs have you. What's the use anyway? They will get you soon, like they got all of your brothers and sisters. And I am too weak, too little; Paul means small.

And they're hurting me, even Tammy, with their claws. Their jaws, which I've seen crush ham bones, are snapping shut only millimetres away from my outstretched arm. I realize that I am yelling at the top of my lungs, demanding that they stop.

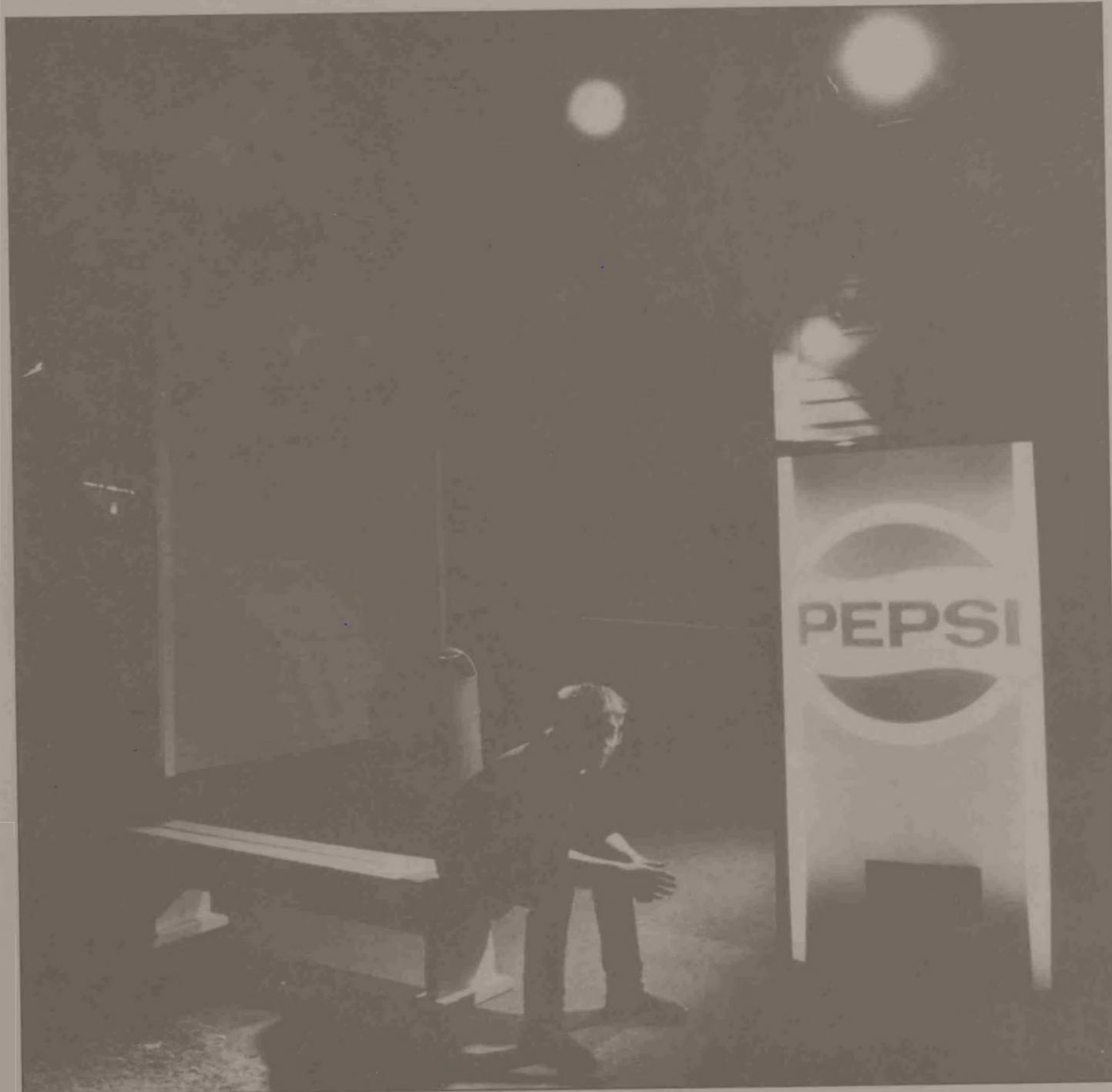
Suddenly I don't care; I let the victim drop.

I wish the nightmare would end right now. If I will myself to open my eyes, I won't have to watch.

They don't seize it by the back of the neck and kill it instantly as would the lions on *Wild Kingdom*. Max seizes the head and half crushes it in his jaws. The rabbit begins to scream. It is a wretched, pathetic noise, the noise a child makes in great pain. The cry is shocking, incredibly disturbing coming from a tiny animal which is normally so silent. Rabbits can't make noise, I think, but the shriek is piercing me and it's won't stop.

I am kicking Max in the head, in the ribs, but he won't relinquish his prize. And he won't kill it; he keeps biting down on it but not enough to kill it. I shout "I hate you," and I mean Max and Myself. Why did I drop it?

I wake up; "I hate you," I whisper.



Generations

I walk where they walked,
or are still walking.
Far off on a different land they once were,
or still are.
Step by step, meter by meter, I cover
The surface they covered,
or are still covering.
Their reality was here,
or is still here,
On this very spot where I stand,
or stood.

jeff reichheld

Postcards from the edge of my dreams
Are tumbling into my days
Tales of old and tales of new
Tell the stories of my desires,
My lives and my loves
A moment at a time
Wish you were here they say to me
Photos of great places
And great times
The postcards from the edge of my dreams
Show me what I was, am, and will be.

betty ann bryanton

On Guard to Peace Revisited

The war is over, but the battle is not;
Peace is spoken, but not felt.
I remain an immigrant
In a land I used to call my own
I survive with a meagre existence
Portraying as a stranger with a number
But lacking a name
Losing my meaning and identity
I hurt and pain inside
But use the little strength I possess
To hide my weakness,
To build a protective shell,
To cover my vulnerability
To any love that can decompose me
However, my fears are not warranted
For there is little hope for feeling,
Since no one bothers to dig deep
And only succeed
In burying me alive.

NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY

