

# THE MITRE

1996-1997



BISHOP'S  
UNIVERSITY

Town  
PS  
8001  
.M57

# *The Mitre*

1996-1997  
*103rd Edition*

*Editor: Kirsty Robertson*

## *Bishop's University*

*A literary tradition since 1893*



A special word of thanks...

As the 1996-1997 editor of The Mitre, I would like to express my thanks to Dr. Noni Howard for both her poetic and financial contributions. Although Dr. Howard graduated in 1971, she has continued to support Bishop's University, most particularly through her creative contributions to this book.

Secondly, I would like to recognize Ralph Gustafson, one of Bishop's most famous alumni, who unfortunately passed away in May 1995. Gustafson, during his productive life, received numerous awards, including the Governor General's Award for poetry, and membership in the Order of Canada.

I would also like to mention all those people who helped me put The Mitre together, in particular Aaron Doucette and Jeremy Gruman, who were there to sort out numerous computer problems, as well as everyone else who helped to possibly make The Mitre a publication that will be sent to universities across the nation. In addition, I would like to thank The Campus and The Township Sun for the use of their facilities.

Finally I would like to thank all the creative and talented minds who made contributions to this year's publication. There are some remarkably gifted people at this school, and perhaps some of that is demonstrated here. So sit back and enjoy...

Kirsty Robertson  
Editor 1996-1997

# Table Of Contents

Frank Willdig	Figure Under A	9
	Bedsheet in Moonlight	
Matthew T. Meanchoff	Lines Written in	10-11
	Remembrance	
J.C. Raymond	lone Wolf	12
Annelise Ogle	Dad	13
L.G. Mitchell	As Cold As Words	14
Scott Doherty	I Wake Though Not	15
	From A Sleep	
Olivier Bouffard	L'Ami Blanc	16
Margaret Stuart	Broken Box	17
Elizabeth Henson	Untitled	18-20
Aaron Doucette	September	21-23
Noni Howard	She Was Thirty Eight	24-25
Megan Carter	Roads	26
Kirsty Robertson	Fireflies	27
Tim Pearson	Untitled	28
Drew White	2000, A Generation	29
	Misguided	
Scott Baker	Untitled	30-31
Caroline Cunningham	Uninvited	32
L.G. Mitchell	Dark Day In October	33
Krista Tilley	Bakery Supernova	34
Karine A.F. Bibeau	Chained	35
Kendra Thayer	Untitled	36
Kirsty Robertson	The Achiltibuie House	37
Noni Howard	To Ralph Gustafson #1	38
Noni Howard	To Ralph Gustafson #2	39
Vada	Hallucination	40
Lara St. Onge	Untitled	41

# Table Of Contents

J.C. Raymond	Driving Alone	42
Kim Lane	Flicker of a Shadow	43
anna p. castillo	twisted reality	44-45
Krista Tilley	Ode To Toes	46
Michael R. McCormick	Runaway	47
Karl C. Dancause	Truth Box	48
Margaret Stuart	Photograph	49
Lara St. Onge	Ocean	50
Scott Baker	A Final Remembrance	51
Tim Pearson	Victor and Vanquished	52
Janine Berger	The Paper People Planet	53
Noni Howard	My Country Is a Word	54-55
	In a Foreign Language	
Karine A. F. Bibeau	No Time of Day	56-57
Elizabeth-Anne Stec	Two Mysterious Shadows	58
anna p. castillo	anxiety	59
Vanessa Liston	to escape the confusion	60-61
Heather Coutts	I Laugh	62
Kirsty Robertson	Shrine	63
Vada	Showcase: The Kingdom	64
Greg Stirling	In Face	65
Caroline Cunningham	H.M.C.	66-67
Karl C. Dancause	The Stars WANT YOU!	68
Heather Coutts	Woman #1	69
Olivier Bouffard	Third World Generation	70
Matthew T. Meanchoff	Ode On Inertia	71
Scott Doherty	One Track Mind	72
Anonymous	Burmese	73-75
Margaret Stuart	Home	76
Heather Coutts	Home By Twelve	77

# Table Of Contents

Margaret Stuart	Photograph	78
Tim Pearson	A Picture On a Wall	79
Kendra Thayer	Untitled	80
Anonymous	...Vel Mori	81
Adrian Greenlaw	Poem On An Open Pasture	82
L.G. Mitchell	Live From The Soul	83
Scott Baker	Untitled	84
Heather Coutts	entwined snakes	85
Noni Howard	Summer Cottage	86-87
Scott Doherty	Futile Ambiguity	88
Meghan Sullivan	Sheltered	89-91
L.G. Mitchell	If Only	92
Kirsty Robertson	This Night	93
Matthew T. Meanchoff	Thoughts On Cosmic Cognition	94
anna p. castillo	disintegration	95
Elizabeth Henson	Between the Lines	96-97
Megan Carter	Standing at the Cliff	98
Frank Willdig	The Coast	99
Michael R. McCormick	Tears... And All I Ask is Why, No Answer, Simply Why?	100
Tomoko Kawasumi	Photograph	101
Heather Coutts	Shatter	102-103
Olivier Bouffard	The End of Rhyme	104
Caroline Cunningham	Salt Stained	105
Greg Stirling	(out face) To Keep No Truth Is Wrong	106
Duane R. Liverpool	Burning (rewrite)	107

Lara St. Onge	Play It Mean, Keep Him Keen	108
Kent Mercer	Minted Minds	109
Karl. C. Dancause	A Tribute Forgotten On a Hill of Rain (J.H. Rails)	110
Vada	Burial Gown	111
Jeffrey Parker;	Indoor Picnic	112
Elizabeth-Anne Stec,		
Krista Tilley		
J.C. Raymond	Soon I'll Leave Forever	113
Toge Heersink	Intaglio	114
Craig Taylor	Shooting Stars	115-117

cover art by Toge Heersink  
illustrations by Kirsty Robertson



*Sleeping Figure under a Bedsheet in Moonlight*

*She Brings to mind coastlines,  
Dissolving gently to a moonlit expanse of sea,*

*I follow her curves, my hands,  
Are clouds caressing the breathing slopes,*

*The folds of white become  
Waves murmuring to a lover,  
And the shadows, rises and descents  
Swirl into a night dreamscape  
Of memory and desire.*

*Here are the warm bays and coves, welcoming,  
Where night birds sleep and ships seek rest,  
Here is my sweet haven,  
angels dwell on the higher peaks,  
And the starry sky serenades this soul in wonder.*

*A placid surface, a surreal sea,  
Where with this scene grows a sense of calm,  
And the knowledge that life is joy  
And beauty is found everywhere.*

Frank Willdig

*Lines Written in Remembrance*

*An embrace that once loved me  
In silk arm and satin cheek  
Has silently slipped between  
The depraving crack  
Of a memory unaccounted for  
And the need to have it back*

*An embrace that once held me  
In diamond eye and crystal smile  
Vexed me to vainly decree  
The consecrating act  
Of a desire unaccounted for  
And the want to hold it back.*

*An embrace that once touched me  
In effacing mind and ether heart  
Corrupted me with plastic key-  
The hollowed past  
Of a friend unaccounted for  
And the eclipse that holds her back*

*An embrace that once seized me  
In turbid breast and tidal kiss-  
Sham liberty turned violent tyranny.  
Love's polaroid plaqued  
By a vision unaccounted for  
And the spite that held it back.*

*An embrace that once forged me  
In hollow promise and vacuous excuse  
Left me alone to solemnly bleed  
Into the debasing black  
Of a self unaccounted for  
And the need to take me back.*

*Matthew T. Meanchoff*

**Lone Wolf**

*There's a dance that Indians do,  
It is for the spirit of the bear.  
There are other times when spirits pass  
without notice.*

*A dance, a seance, a rainstorm  
All patterns, pitter-patter prayers.  
An animal is eye to eye with mortality.  
I and I, and by and by, in time we all pass on.*

*A wolf is trustworthy, a wolf is true.  
On the hills surrounding the mine,  
One would pass over snow with padded paws.  
A lone wolf has genetic disposition to depression.*

*Survivors file in and dance ~  
A ritual movement of desire.  
Stiff legs from frozen fatigue  
And it hasn't rained in months.*

*There's a hand on a lever,  
The rain is pounding on a tine roof.  
A wolf finds its final resting place  
Beside a disemboweled black bear*

*And a spirit goes unnoticed...*

**J.C. Raymond**

**Dad...**

*My Dad died in a car crash, June 28th, 1992.*

*It was Sunday night; one of those relaxing, I'm-gonna-pamper-myself nights, and after climbing out of the bath, around midnight, I was applying a green face mask when I heard a knock on the door.*

*Soon after, a man's voice drifted up to me mentioning something about a T.V., and then my Mom's, "Oh no, Keira!"*

*Being naive as I am, I trooped down the stairs, cheerfully, in my P.J.s, green face and all to see what was going on.*

*There in the living room stood two police officers, and quickly, my often silly mind put two and two together.*

*"Keira stole a T.V.?"*

*Then I saw Mom. She was collapsed in a chair, and my stomach sank.*

*"What is it?"*

*As Mom burst into a fit of sobbing, the police woman answered, "Your father died in a car crash today, on the way home from the cottage. He died instantly." I felt my body grow hollow, as further details of the crash were mumbled, somewhere in the background of the space around me.*

*All of a sudden my green face was horribly inappropriate, my pyjamas too revealing. I felt naked, exposed.*

*"Dad?..." the question repeated itself over and over in my mind, in my body, as I emptied the dishwasher, cleaned the kitchen, hugged my little sister.*

*Over and over again, as my numbed legs and mind relentlessly wandered the house, this somehow meaningless word echoed inside of me.*

*"Dad..."*

**Annelise Ogle**

### *As Cold As Words*

*Is there no colder Gift at times  
Than a simple Phrase  
Well-chosen Words  
Sharp as a Surgeon's Blade  
Slicing and creating Deep Wounds  
That are slow to Mend  
But they Heal nevertheless  
And Patience is essential  
Because Time may pass slowly  
Yet, Cuts never heal completely do they?  
If they did, they would leave no Scar*

L.G. Mitchell

### *I Wake, Though Not From A Sleep*

*I wake, though not from a sleep  
Darkness gives way to light  
Unfamiliar shapes turn back  
into familiar faces,  
and psychedelic distractions  
revert into their separate colours.*

*Perplexed eyes, fixed and glossy  
stare down on me, through me.  
They show concern, but for  
who, me or themselves?  
Questions asked are left unanswered,  
maybe it's for the best.*

*Time passes in rearranged order,  
jumping from one moment to the next  
following the tangled and twisted  
patterns of balled up string.  
Like a puzzle without pieces,  
I remain, unfinished in a world of unsleep.*

Scott Doherty

*L'Ami blanc*

*J'ai un ami tout blanc  
Qui chante une mélodie triste  
Au milieu de mon cœur.*

*Loin de toutes mes peurs  
Il voit dans le noir et insiste  
Pour moduler sa complainte éternellement.*

*Il se gorge de mon sang,  
Se gonfle comme un kyste;  
Il me rend ange de noirceur.*

*Si bien que rien ne secoue ma torpeur;  
Qu'on le laisse sans risque  
De ses chimères lacerer mes flancs.*

Olivier Bouffard

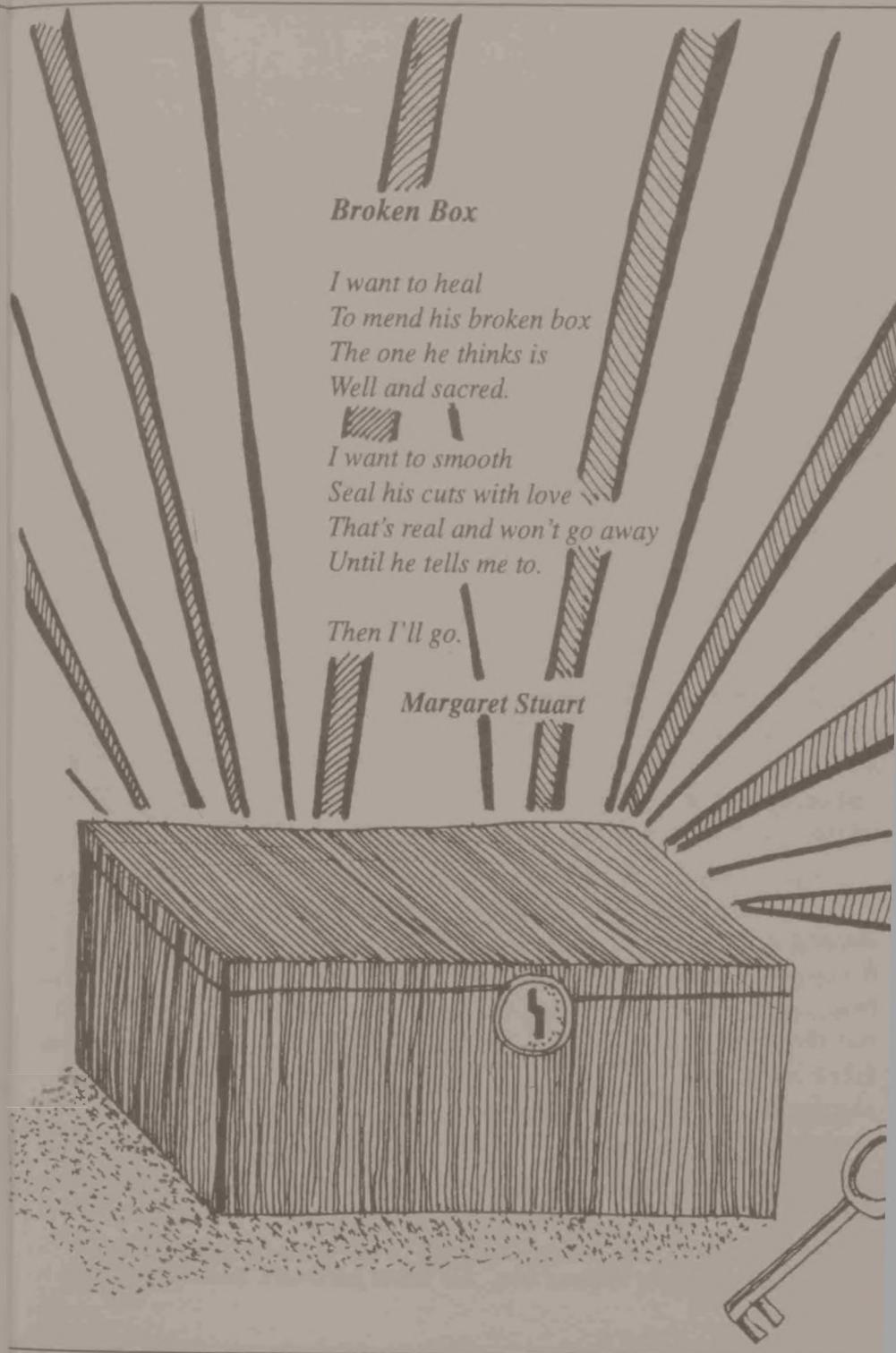
*Broken Box*

*I want to heal  
To mend his broken box  
The one he thinks is  
Well and sacred.*

*I want to smooth  
Seal his cuts with love  
That's real and won't go away  
Until he tells me to.*

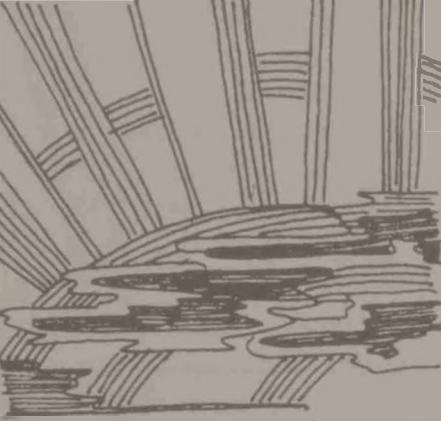
*Then I'll go.*

*Margaret Stuart*



*untitled*

In the dim, inky light of the morning, coloured purple and perfumed with ex-dawn still across the horizon the night hours struggle val-sweetness of light heating tiny roadside aching to open faces to the sun-ness of the of the day's approach, slowing its usual pace and hushing its song to allow the night its last breath as the day makes her way closer.



The night is pulling away. He searches for deep shadows to hide himself from the day's harsh beauty. The pine trees whisper their softness to the night and welcome him as he slips into their sweet smelling embrace. There are mingled sighs from the boughs of trees as they whisper with the night and settle themselves together, like old lovers.

The sun stretches her graceful arms across the surface of the lake, leaving a trail of golden silk in her wake. The night flees from this aching out the murky depths of the lake's belly. He stretches him-self luxuriantly, rolling and darkened re-gathering the shadowy in-folds of his darkness around him. He waits patiently, quietly enduring



the hours of heart stopping brilliance that the day inflicts upon him. He feels the stab of her rays filtering through the weighty coolness of the water. She is teasing him, trying to reach him - to draw him to her. He curls himself closer and burrows deeper into the lake's haven, burying his face from the day's inquisitive golden fingers, closing his ears to her softly whispered invitation.

She sighs and begins to pull away; her light, and strength, facing. She leaves the sand that hugs pulls herself from collects her from the lake. tain her bril- she begins to the horizon's As the last of her pull away from feels himself powerless to resist the temptation to feel the sweet pain of her warmth.



He gathers himself on the surface of the lake for a brief moment, feels the weakening warmth of the day as she kisses him goodbye. He surges upward to capture her and his purple breath mingles with her golden one. They embrace and struggle painfully, hurting as their light and dark touch. Their bittersweet dance throws ribbons of colours across the sky, slashes of vibrant pink and spirited bursts of orange blend into smoky amethyst and desperate blue, leaving a tale of heart-break across the horizon for the world to read.

The day feels night's darkness taking her over and she rages against the inevitable even as her golden frailty fuses with his sombre richness. For a few, brief moments of joy, they paint their story across the sky.

The day has succumbed to the night once again. Sighing softly,

*she blends into the night, accepting her destiny. He stretches to cover his domain with the heavy mantle of shadow he wears so effortlessly. Reaching across the darkness of the lake, he cools the fevered brow of the sandy tan beach and settles the crackling of the sunburnt birch trees. The night revels in his glory and strength even as he feels the pain of day, always beyond his grasp. But she soothes him, steadying his deepest edges with the delicacy of her fire.*



## September

### I.

*There have been times  
There have been warm and troubled times  
Times whose grim obscenity  
still speaks in low whispers*

*And I wake amongst the leaves  
I recall them with anxiety  
And fright*

*(at their thought I run back  
around corners and up the streets  
that brought us back here to this autumn  
looking back to the nights of daze)*

*The merriments which make us tremble  
The pleasures which yet make us tremble  
Their eyes watch us still  
Looking for an entry  
The skin of arms  
The backs of knees  
And we turn away in shame  
Aware of our nudity  
And without a leaf or a twig to spare*

2.

*There have been times of love  
Times of tenderness and frailty  
When names meant nothing  
When a glance across the room  
Was all it took  
To send us reeling  
How our minds played tricks upon us  
How our minds flail still  
At mere mention of those rooms  
Which hold the lies forevermore  
Of those nights of circumstance*

3.

*No knight of yore or Holy Strangeness  
No spring of life could save us now  
From the cool night air which floats around us  
As we walk along these lamplit streets  
To find our homes  
To find retreat  
From lies in rooms  
From times of fear  
From which we gain  
Utmost serenity  
In looking over the shoulder  
To find them far behind  
And out of breath*

*At least I have you  
To pluck the dry leaves from my hair  
To lift me from the mire  
Of those warm and troubled times  
Whose laughter haunts us still  
In lowlit rooms where wonders never cease  
In blackened rooms where whispers never cease*

Aaron Doucette

### *She Was Thirty Eight*

*before she had her first responsible relationship, as she called it.*

*they were polite to each other:  
civilized. Respectful even.  
They thanked each other for things  
and when wrong said I'm sorry.*

*hardly a raised voice in the nine years  
not a single knock down drag out  
which had been such an endearing  
feature of her other loves.*

*Love.  
that was the word she wanted,  
was looking for.  
It was as if she had been in a dream  
these healing years  
a serene unbroken  
horizon beyond the cliffs.*

*the waves, the shipwrecks  
were beyond  
the rim of the house  
perched on bedrock, naturally.*

*What she really wants  
on this gray opaque day is a  
tsunami of the blood  
the heart  
rushing over the sides  
of the boat capsizing  
the emotion spilling in all directions  
and needing an impossible  
rescue  
by helicopters over the  
black white water.*

*From her safe window  
on the rim of the earth  
she sits and strains  
for the sounds of flying metal  
birds  
that will come crashing  
through the surf  
and make her whole again.*

*She can almost hear them  
in the silent dawn of the wet light  
so quiet  
still so far away.*

*Noni Howard*

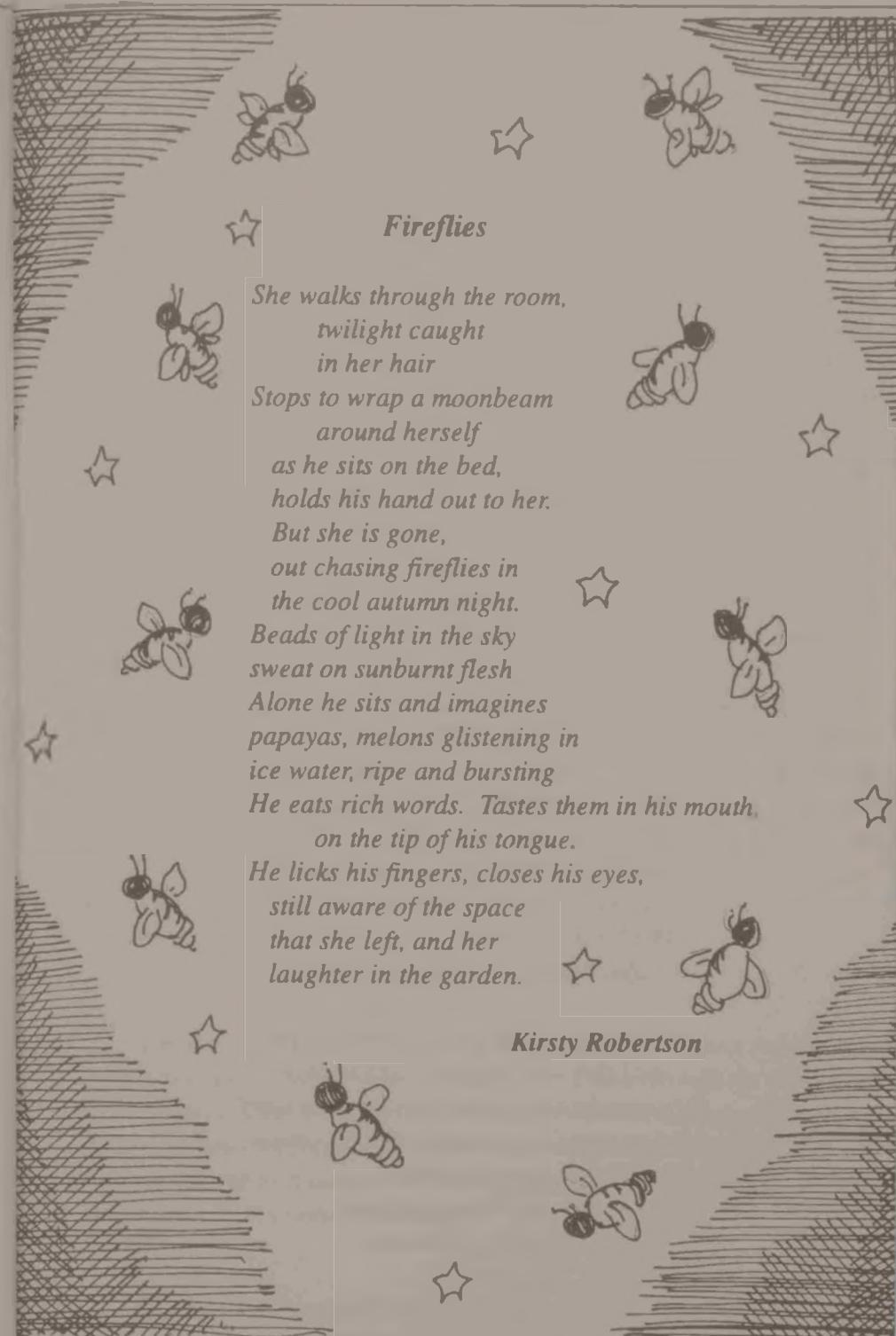
**Roads**

*Long roads covered with the light morning dew  
Ancient trees dancing with the melody of the ocean breeze.  
Unsuspecting cliffs lose their souls to the crashing of the waves.*

*The unforgiving sea reaches up to shake the grass' hands and  
retreats sharply when faced with the threat of being trapped.  
Oh, how you would love to be a creature of its life.  
Creating life with one touch and taking life in one hand,  
Washing the sins of His people.  
Could you live for all eternity, never holding that of the flesh  
for more than an instant as she passes through you?  
Could you live feared, hated and resented, without companionship?*

*If ever you disappear into the rolling waves, losing your soul  
and human form, remember that I will always love you, and I will  
hold you for as long as I can, until I lose my flesh and soul to you.  
Entering with you into the eternity that shall give and take life  
until the sun and moon no longer set.*

*Megan Carter*

**Fireflies**

*She walks through the room,  
twilight caught  
in her hair  
Stops to wrap a moonbeam  
around herself  
as he sits on the bed,  
holds his hand out to her.  
But she is gone,  
out chasing fireflies in  
the cool autumn night.  
Beads of light in the sky  
sweat on sunburnt flesh  
Alone he sits and imagines  
papayas, melons glistening in  
ice water, ripe and bursting  
He eats rich words. Tastes them in his mouth,  
on the tip of his tongue.*

*He licks his fingers, closes his eyes,  
still aware of the space  
that she left, and her  
laughter in the garden.*

*Kirsty Robertson*

*Untitled*

D

D susC

*I want my name on the wall of quotes*

A

A sus 2

*I want my face in the hall of folks  
and this is not my only wish  
I, I also want a midnight kiss.**When is Uncle Pierre gonna rescue us,**I think Brian was a man of lust.**J.F.K., he was an egotist**I hope that you remember this.**No one ever really changed my mind**Caesar met his end through crime.**Napoleon tried and tried again,  
but St. Helena was his end.*

D

*I am doubtful*

C

*You are wonderful and*

G ^ C

*I am full of wonder.*

F

G

F

G

*I think computers rule your life and  
cellular phones cause me strife**I think John Lennon was a communist  
he was tops on Reagan's list.**And some say this song is just for spite  
and they say the lyrics are so trite  
they may be wrong and they may be right  
but you and I, we're out of sight cause**I am doubtful**You are wonderful and**I am full of wonder.*

Tim Pearson

2000...

*A generation misguided*

*Faces of confusion, desires of faulty ambitions, eyes of estrangement, allegiance in the artificial lifestyle of sugarcoated happiness for a quick fix, a swift hit, a fast paced society where joy is seized off the shelf and purchased in a robust attempt to satisfy a need, the dime a dozen strategies to fulfil contemporary hungers, pleasures explored not in the carousal of life but in the carnival of soap box derbies, cotton candy, racing wheels, snorting powder, and rides upon rides coated in glamorising gold, souls of anger, souls of wastelands, embraces of surface driven relations, majestically alluring to tantalize, happiness assured in a mirage filled vault of a splurging pool of millions, secured by the promise of the American dream but the fantasy is tarnished by the factory emissions polluting our dreams, rising capitalism, struggling proletarians driven by the face of a fat man in a smoking jacket pursuing tangible materialism and laughing as the ashes of his cigar dangle and drop into the cesspool of lakes unfit for fish and a contaminating green toxic burps and gargles as it rises through the purity of water and spreads along the surface, governing and muffling the acts of nature as a gull drops from the smoke ridden sky and dies in the acidic water and the trees shrivel and wilt on the shore and the tribes no longer dance, stationary and stoned by threats of industrialism, kinship suppressed by the gloat of the fat man and the eyes of Third world cultures saturated and bursting with the dreams of a simpler tomorrow, relishing in the paradise of protection in production, security in billboards, coke-bottles, computers, and Cadillacs.*

*"Am I a puppet bound to the hands of the fat man?"*

*I swim inside myself attempting to escape the emerging twister of a direction-less generation. Deeper and deeper I dive through the brain and proceed through the to the throat, lungs and diaphragm, through the veins of red enclosed by tainted flesh. I poke to get out from inside, screaming for air but stopping to relish in the serenity of silence - exquisite. I have become numbed, a prisoner of 2000...*

Drew White

*Untitled*

*I saw a river the other day  
I went to feel its breath  
It filled me up whole  
Water fills me so cold*

*I found a way out of that park  
And must have walked a thousand feet  
Never stopping to touch or talk  
My hands holding my heart*

*I'm watching all these eyes  
A thousand per two feet  
Why are they all staring at me?  
How are they all seeing through me?*

*I don't have the strength  
To fight them off  
Someone please help me  
Before I lose myself*

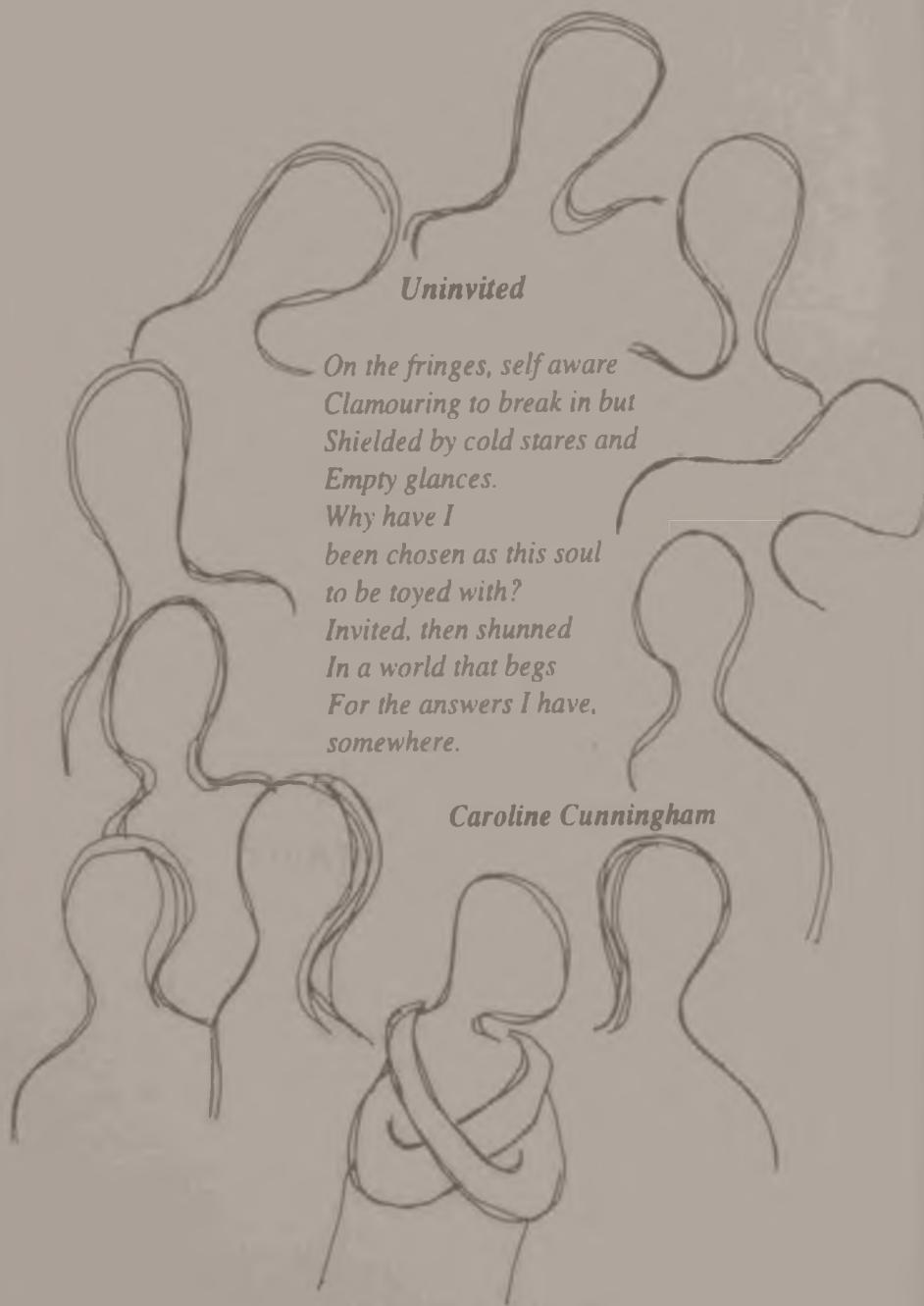
*I find myself naked and cold  
Sitting by the river  
The trees are laughing at me  
I can hear their voice*

*The trees are laughing at me  
The trees are laughing at me  
Go away—  
Go away—*

*Now I see myself bleeding  
But the colour ain't red  
I'm hunched over crying  
I think I wish I was dead*

*Now I'm bleeding  
My colour ain't red  
How many times do I have to scream  
Before I lose my voice*

*Scott Baker*



**Uninvited**

*On the fringes, self aware  
Clamouring to break in but  
Shielded by cold stares and  
Empty glances.*

*Why have I  
been chosen as this soul  
to be toyed with?  
Invited, then shunned  
In a world that begs  
For the answers I have,  
somewhere.*

*Caroline Cunningham*

**Dark Day in October**

*Why should I remember?  
Yet, how can I forget  
That Dark day in October  
That hasn't finished yet*

*Can Time relieve the Suffering  
That lives within the Mind  
Surely it is possible  
For Life's not that Unkind*

*The Pain now never ending  
In Time may fade away  
But the Memories and Emotions  
Forever they're Engrained*

*When will the Bright Light shine again  
The darkness leave the Soul  
Or will it just continue on  
Until I grow too Cold*

*The coldness that surrounds Me  
Is so hard to understand  
For I know that there is Warmth  
Inside the Heart of every Man*

*So "focus on the good things"  
That's all that I can say  
To help banish all the Black Clouds  
Of that Dark October Day*

*L.G. Mitchell*



## *Bakery Supernova, Krista Tilley*

### *Chained*

*Eyes glittering with sadness  
Looking behind them  
Their past  
Their deadly secret*

*Even the word future  
To them seems vague and uncertain  
A long, narrow, difficult path  
They slip and fall  
At any instant*

*But can they really start walking towards it?*

*Eyes glittering in sadness  
In silence*

*A black chain doesn't permit them to move  
They are trapped in the past*

*Chained to their lost lives  
Forever prisoners of the untold truth  
No escape*

*No future promise of liberty  
Chained to themselves*

*Chained to the ones they were and the ones they will ever be*

People of the world

## *People you meet everyday*

*But you never learn to appreciate...*

Karine A.F. Bibeau

*Untitled*

*Empty houses on a lonely road  
dust from dawn is painted on an  
endless agony of lost love in a  
wilderness of grasses.*

*Darkened sunlight warms*

*worn wood wrapped in musty memories.*

*Memories of long lost life*

*which gave this all some meaning...*

*(emptiness of abandonment echoes across this evening)*

*Kendra Thayer*



*The Achiltibuie House  
Kirsty Robertson*

*To Ralph Gustafson #1*

I'm looking at you now  
as you were young once  
black hair all shiny  
and poems of wonder  
not pedantic  
as you clutch the book  
you are again  
the traveller and the seer  
talking your urban sadness  
with anti-climax  
of a whisper

*Noni Howard*

*To Ralph Gustafson #2*

Your eyes are greying now  
as your former counterpart  
an accomplice  
who has left us.  
his hands were too heavy with care.

I love the way you are returning  
silver gray flowing  
the woman perceives  
the child in man  
the child becoming  
the Man  
the myth maker  
as darkness falls  
light to darkness  
falls  
like words  
the heavy after  
glow of love.

Sullen with destiny  
their are no lines  
to enclose your face.

*Noni Howard*

**Hallucination**

*Like the crow who passed over my shoulder  
I drowned into madness.  
My soul, my soul it took away.*

*I fell, empty as a hole  
Unexplained. The black wings of death,  
So dark, so dark secrets surround, unholy.*

*I swam into deep, cold oceans.  
Like a howling ghost of an old mermaid,  
Lost on an ancient, ancient, sunken ship.*

*I lost my sight in his glazing eyes  
Trapped in a crystal shouting iron cage,  
Pure ice bars surrounding.  
I weep, I cry, I cry.*

*I'm the white queen in a palace of snow,  
Where the courtiers are carved marble statues.  
Whispering, whispering at the wind.*

*As a dream, I floated through the walls,  
I flew away from absurdity,  
As a bat, I felt your breath on my neck,  
Death, so death I became...*

*I Am.*

*Vada*

**Untitled**

*he looked at me, then i looked up  
our eyes met across the room  
we danced, closer and closer  
our hands joined, his head came down  
and then he kissed me*

*we sat opposite each other  
his table with a deck of cards between us  
he smiled, i smiled, he went to the kitchen  
i followed, we stood by the fridge  
and then he kissed me*

*i drove him home and stopped in front of his house  
he asked for my address and i for his  
i kissed him on the cheek  
sparks flew, like i've never felt before  
he leaned forward, very gently  
i leaned forward  
and then we kissed*

*Lara St. Onge*

**Driving Alone**

Rounding, winding. Two-lane highway curves,  
Funnel me through towering pine tree tunnels.  
That summer evening sun shines strong  
On the side of my face;  
Like camera flashes as I blast past  
Each open window column.

Carving, curving, spindle roadways.  
Travel me through a yet to be captured time.  
Those whistling winds will move along  
Over spinning wheels;  
Like phantom gowns, caressing existence  
In the plight of an autumn night.

J.C. Raymond

**Flicker of a Shadow**

The candle flickers softly on the mantle and I catch a glimpse of my pages. There is a story written where it had once been blank and the pen had changed from blood to ink. I had once believed the cover was painted black and now light reveals the true colours. There is nothing but richness and wonder. I am reading a new story and will burn the past. I watch the ashes as they twirl about my body. The wind grabs a hold of the evil past and carries them off to their place of rest... to my place of peace. I can visit if I so choose, but they will no longer be chained to my ankle. I can step forward now without the guilt I so strongly held in my fingers. My hands are free to hold happiness and now it no longer runs from me, but sits quietly in my pocket. I have reached the end of this dark and evil journey. I reached the end... the moral... and as I look by I realize it was a tale, not truth. The purpose was to teach and I had always lost hope in the midst of pain, not reading the last line that put pain in its place and peace in the heart. The moral reads... we must never lose hope for the truth falls close behind.

Kim Lane

### *twisted reality*

*somewhere, sometime within my life  
i think i may have fallen in love  
but may have just been too scared to see  
that it could actually be possible  
for someone in this great big world  
to fall in love with me.*

*sometime, somewhere within my life  
i may have done something right  
there may even have been a time  
i might have, subconsciously, instead of feeling heavy inside  
actually felt light.*

*sometime in my life  
there might have been a time  
when things did not seem so stark  
there might actually have been a time  
when i didn't view life  
as something so very dark*

*sometime in my life  
i think i saw the truth  
somewhere in time, i have a feeling  
i did not hide behind the lies,  
somewhere, sometime within my life  
i genuinely did try.*

*sometime, somewhere within my life  
i allowed myself to cry  
somewhere, sometime within this life,  
i stopped for a second to be human,  
pausing long enough to let others get by*

*somewhere, sometime within my life  
i looked in instead of out  
somewhere, sometime while on earth  
i took a moment to figure out precisely  
what life was all about.*

*anna p. castillo*

*Ode to Toes*

*Way far away from the top of  
your head*

*Ten little friends stay warm  
in your bed*

*They are essential in  
maintaining your balance*

*Without them you'd fall  
when attempting to dance*

*Toes are fun, cute little guys  
And Travis MacLeod's are  
hairy.*

*Krista Tilley*

*Runaway*

*"Show me how you do that trick" she said,  
"The one that goes straight to my head.  
Make me scream and I'll make you dream,  
Of running streams, splitting seams, and a sky so blue,  
I'm trying to tell you, I want to run away with you."*

*When I awoke I was all alone,  
Alone in a raging sea, no one around but me.  
Island bound, yet in chains wrapped round.  
In the tempest fury, she gave her soul for me.  
So in the arms of time, I'd give my soul for thee.*

*Should thy city bell, be a ringing in the night,  
Think not of life, yet flee with candle flame burning bright.  
Should I die, before I reach the gate,  
Take my sword and drown it in the lake.  
Save it from the wrath, or shattered on the rock,  
For when I return from Heaven, it shall be to life unlock.*

*Running wild, with fire in her eyes.  
Devil's child, or demons thrall and twisted lies.  
One whisper, or perhaps some imagery sublime.  
Lost in the crowd, or sleeping in the arms of time.  
But now no trace of a sound,  
For she's far away and runaway bound.*

*Michael R. McCormick*

### Truth Box

*Knowledge of visions old  
At rest, never to be told.  
Sleeping, awaiting for thee  
To be pried open for all to see.*

*Through mourning hands of ambitious heads  
May loose the grasp of visions spread,  
Shall steal the shadows of salient trees  
And cover thee with questions free.*

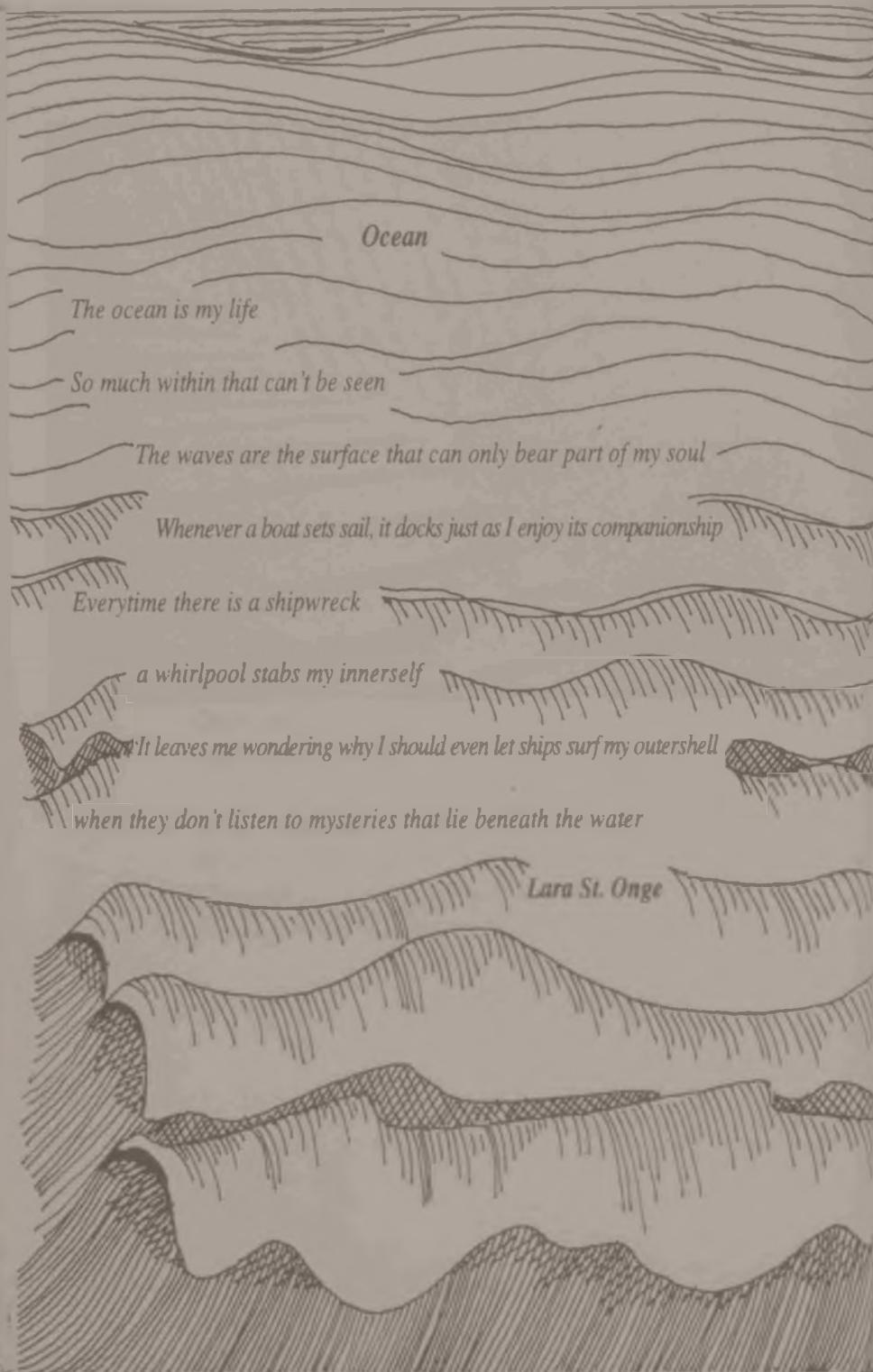
*All, to whom the world unknown  
Feel the taste of visions shown,  
Own opportunity to soothe the strains  
And breathe the knowledge of shrinking brains.*

*At dawn, the world will applaud the smell  
Of a fetal thought which tried and fell.  
Through embracing visions thy dusky bed  
Broke free on thee it touched and fed.*

*Karl C. Dancause*



*photograph by Margaret Stuart*



The ocean is my life

So much within that can't be seen

The waves are the surface that can only bear part of my soul

Whenever a boat sets sail, it docks just as I enjoy its companionship

Everytime there is a shipwreck

a whirlpool stabs my innerself

It leaves me wondering why I should even let ships surf my outershell

when they don't listen to mysteries that lie beneath the water

Lara St. Onge

### A Final Remembrance

And so I've gone  
So what, so long  
You never asked about me then  
I don't expect you'll ask again

Was it so hard to say goodbye?  
Blow a kiss, wink an eye?  
It must have been, for you never did  
I find that sad, that you never did

Now listen, the wind blows my thoughts  
It's cold, the feeling of my heart  
To match the vacant stares from your eyes,  
Never having the chance to say goodbye.

And I wish I could wish you dead too  
But that's too hard, 'cause I still love you

Scott Baker

*Victor and Vanquished Lie Side by Side  
In Glorious Mortality!*

*cast your eyes from the valley to the copse  
mark the fields where wild flowers grow  
soon to be trampled and stained crimson red  
so pure today, but tomorrow destroyed.*

*cast your eyes to the crest of the hill  
spears bristle, a thousand points of death  
the dawning sun glint on knights' sword  
as though the stars had fallen to earth.*

*two armies meet amid the morning dew  
come to kill and to die, to run and to cry  
secure in their trust of the one who says "fight"  
glory to country, honour, and might.*

*trumpets sound the charge, clear in the crisp air  
part of the hill begins to move as one  
the day we've gained is one filled with loss  
a victor chosen, the vanquished revealed.*

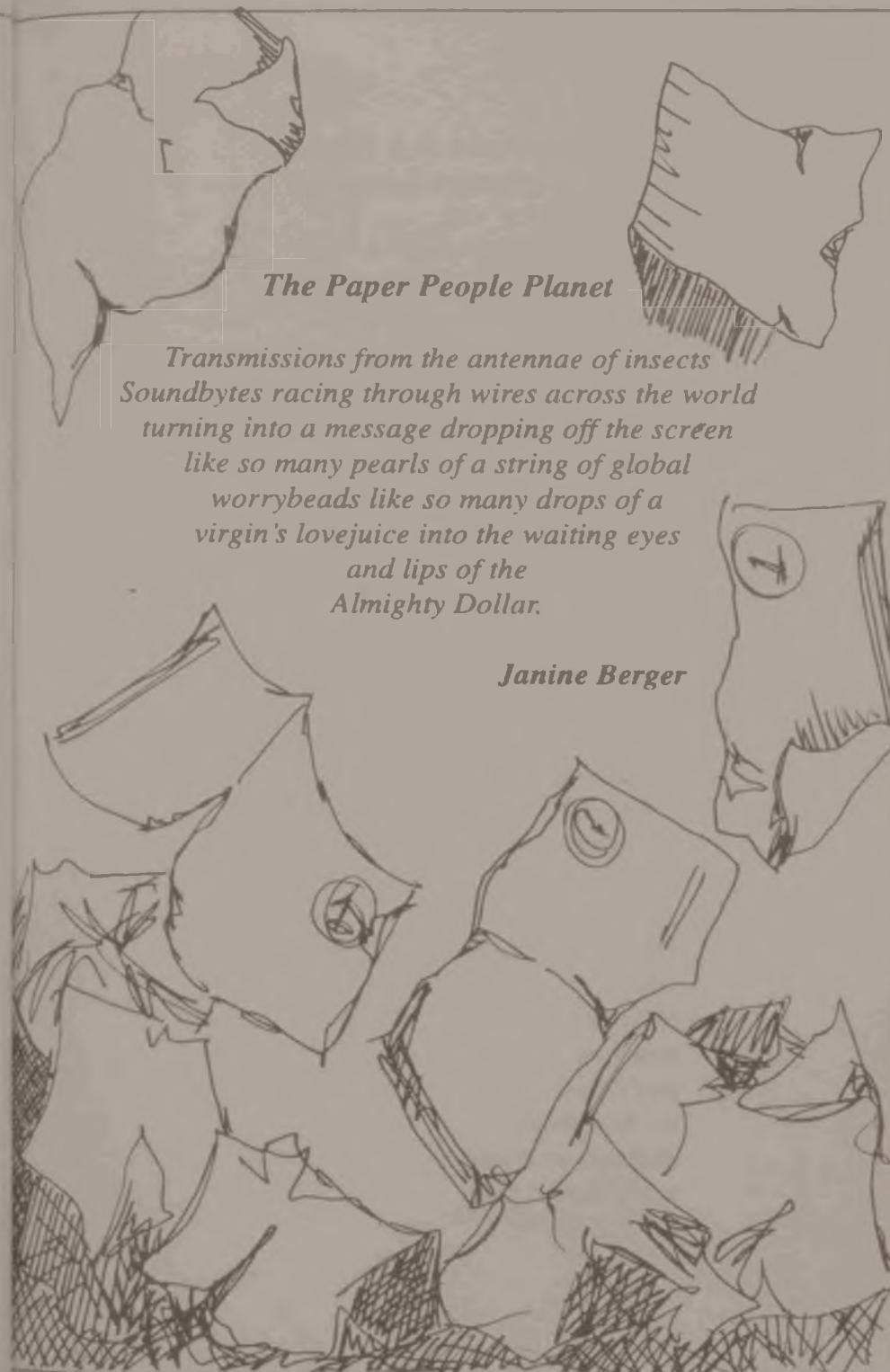
*victor and vanquished lie side by side  
mortality knows not the difference.  
blood stains all standards the same shade  
mothers search for their fallen sons.*

*Tim Pearson*

**The Paper People Planet**

*Transmissions from the antennae of insects  
Soundbytes racing through wires across the world  
turning into a message dropping off the screen  
like so many pearls of a string of global  
worrybeads like so many drops of a  
virgin's lovejuice into the waiting eyes  
and lips of the  
Almighty Dollar.*

*Janine Berger*



### *My Country Is A Word In A Foreign Language*

*a woven bandage  
from my infancy  
a still cry  
when a whole house had moved my bed  
all by itself  
to face a dead eyed window*

*when cantering to sleep  
meant awaiting the spring midnight  
of a frog chorus;*

*you  
have removed yourself  
from the accessibility  
of time  
you are time  
are land  
and old dirt  
rising*

*my brown hilled green splitting land  
where once snow fell  
like cotton candy  
under the bar room light  
and i took  
my first death  
and kept on drinking  
you away*

*there is no close to this diary  
cracking my skin  
with ancient memory.  
I will sputter your wordless  
songs  
in my bad french  
still go back  
to see that only I have changed:*

*that love is stronger  
than the cheap unininstinctual  
marrow in my bones  
and that above it all  
my direction is north  
where the pencil head  
of reason  
is sharpened to  
a point only a laser  
eye can see*

*and in that cold  
my single  
cascading autumn fire  
sizzles  
crying  
to go out*

*circa 1979  
Dr Noni Howard*

*No time of day**Tic*

*The clock shows 4:10  
Another minute has passed  
There are days when you don't know where to go  
A Labyrinth in front of you  
There are days when you don't want to leave  
Too scared to continue  
There a day when you want to do nothing*

*Tic*

*The clock shows 4:11  
Another minute has passed  
I sometimes wish I could stop time  
Enjoy every minute and feel the instant  
Sense the importance of life itself and not just let it  
go by unnoticed  
Every minute counts... truly counts*

*Tic*

*The clock shows 4:12  
Another minute has passed  
I sometimes wonder if it would be possible  
To make time flow and avoid bad moments  
No time for cries and worries  
No time for pain*

*Still*

*Time is time  
I hold your skinny fingers  
And wish for the best*

*If it were in 2001, there would maybe be a cure  
You would not be there, in this white room,  
awaiting...*

*If it were in 1970, you would be in a box  
And there I would be, flowers in my hand  
Crying over you*

*If it were in 1986, I would enjoy every minute  
Being able to escape responsibilities and  
spend time with you  
But  
We are in 1996...*

*Karine A.F. Bibeau*



*Two Mysterious Shadows*  
Elizabeth-Anne Stec

*anxiety*

*lust,  
violation,  
complication, contemplation  
of  
the soul  
the self, the animal  
breeding  
everything is reason  
all existence flawed  
a  
hard thrust from inside  
hands reaching out in desperation  
urgent, pulsating need  
life is death  
destruction in creation  
in side of me  
outside of you*

*rising up from beneath you  
i ascend only to fall  
rapid crescendo,  
sudden death*

*anna p. castillo*

*to escape the confusion...*

*a sharp shiver  
is all i feel -  
pain scraping relentlessly  
at my spine.  
the brisk night wind  
laughs hauntingly -  
taunting my bare flesh,  
freezing my tears.  
starved for heat,  
my fingers clench my arms -  
grasping...*

*i stand alone,  
beneath the flickering streetlamp -  
the metropolitan buzz  
surrounding me,  
mocking me.  
there i wait in desperation -  
my arms extended,  
reaching...*

*they pass me blindly  
like ships at twilight -  
dark narrow paths  
impair their vision.  
eyes stare blankly  
from all directions -  
void of emotion  
like tinted windows.  
the mirrors hide the secrets,  
countless experiences revealed,  
concealed...*

*a cloud of angry gravel  
attacks me,  
blinding me.  
rough gritty shards  
digging blood  
from my swollen cheeks -  
as if in vengeance...*

*i lie alone  
helpless,  
i will not fight.  
unnoticed  
by faceless spirits,  
unworthy...*

*above me,  
the wind howls in fury.  
i close my eyes -  
to forget.*

*Vanessa Liston*

*I Laugh*

'I live for your smile  
and I'd die for your kiss.'

*Those words you  
whisper,  
out of some song.*

*I laugh.*

*Softly, gently.  
But not at you.  
The words are  
romantic, sweet.  
No one else has  
ever tried to  
be that way,*

*I like it, that's  
why I laugh.*

*'One love, one life'  
our song.*

*I wonder what  
you will whisper  
to me when we're  
in bed.*

*If I laugh, don't  
be hurt, don't be  
intimidated.*

*I laugh because  
I'm in love. Love  
makes me happy.  
When I'm happy  
I laugh.*

*Heather Coutts*

*Shrine*

*It still says April on the wall.  
Cold black boxes filled with writing,  
frail writing, hardly writing  
at all. Meet with Alice April  
16th, 4 o'clock. Where are they? out  
side on the back porch  
sipping mint julep, cake crumbs  
and tea falling to their laps like tears.*

*The room just sits and grows  
colder and colder and*

*Hello, I'm sorry there is no one  
here right now. The elevator  
doesn't reach the top floor.  
The lights are on but nobody's  
home. Ever was home. Ever  
will be home. Cold draughts*

*blow dust, grown thick and, and...*

*It's May, it's June, it's July  
anytime but the present  
time to tick, tick, tick, stop.  
A spiderweb of blue ballpoint pen.  
April 4th, Jack's birthday.*

*Jack who? Jack when? Jack  
where? Jack why? Jack, change  
April to May. Present to past,*

*thought to feeling. Draw  
pictures in your cold impersonal  
boxes. Make them real, make them  
continue, make them the future,  
make them come back to  
life.*

*Kirsty Robertson*

*Showcase: The Kingdom*

*Precious moment of life  
The last beat is going away,  
Fading in the air  
Crumbling under bare thought.*

*Spreading ashes toward the land  
Although the fury ghost  
Whispering to the sculpted trees  
Enchanted forest of the pestifered.*

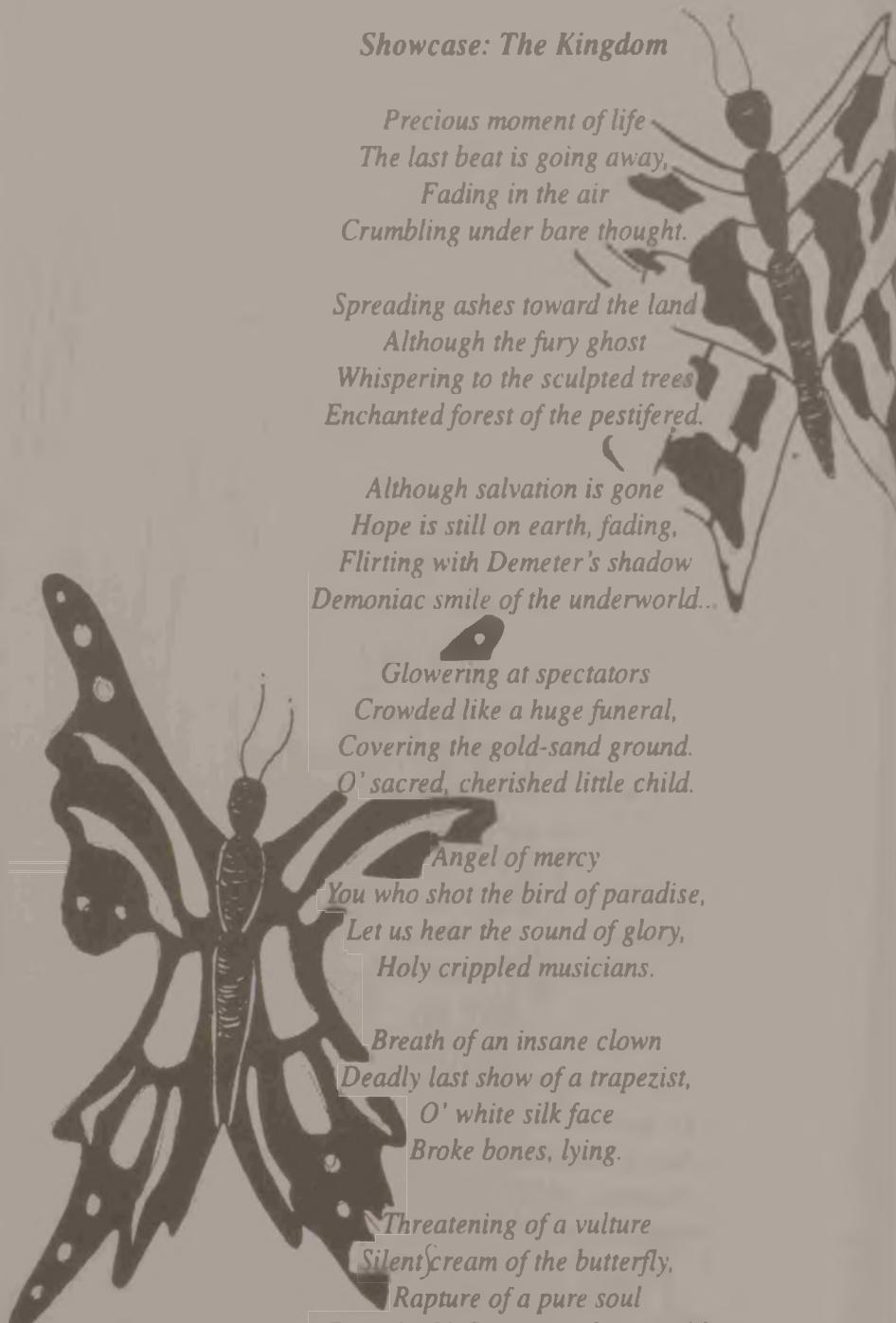
*Although salvation is gone  
Hope is still on earth, fading,  
Flirting with Demeter's shadow  
Demonic smile of the underworld...*

*Glowering at spectators  
Crowded like a huge funeral,  
Covering the gold-sand ground.  
O' sacred, cherished little child.*

*Angel of mercy  
You who shot the bird of paradise,  
Let us hear the sound of glory,  
Holy crippled musicians.*

*Breath of an insane clown  
Deadly last show of a trapezist,  
O' white silk face  
Broke bones, lying.*

*Threatening of a vulture  
Silent scream of the butterfly,  
Rapture of a pure soul  
Cherish, O' Cherish, unborn child.*

*In Face*

*"I" - shatters your illusions  
forgive me if you may  
for I am grieved by the long dark day.*

*We are no more - no less - no way  
Goodbye - good rest  
gentle sweet - good friend.*

*Take care along the path you choose,  
Be cautious what you keep and lose.  
Know where it comes, for who and why,  
Many were led and many more did die.*

*Who bought the pleasures of the lie?  
"I" knows well, why the children cry.  
A lack of light keeps from them the sky.  
And when in darkness tears you weep*

*Trust, true love is yours to seek  
Goodbye, good rest, gentle sweet good friend.  
Good speed, good conscience, no less  
To send.*

*Greg Stirling*

### H.M.C.

*The old man is there  
in his chair  
Visitors beckoning in  
him a recall of the past  
that seems like a  
dream.  
He cannot  
satisfy their caring  
(give them what they want).*

*We know him,  
He knows us not,  
We love him,  
He knows not love*

*he strikes his own flesh,  
his own blood, the  
surface sanguine, but this  
cuts deeper.*

*Hollow and cruel  
and unbeknownst is he. No -  
is the parasite who's host cannot  
recall the party, the laughter,  
the children,  
the love.*

*they are faces,  
faded photographs in negative.  
They come, but cannot get in  
He is not there.  
In their eyes a great King who  
no longer knows the rule.  
His subjects faded photographs.*

*In a flash, they are gone.  
he only knows that she is gone  
he waits  
for her.  
but she waits for him  
in eternity.*

**Caroline Cunningham**

### ***The Stars WANT YOU!***

*Come see your final day  
Approaching, flying away  
Shining through the gun  
Of another man's son  
Hurting your head  
The bullet hits your deathbed.*

*Remember her?  
Remember how she seemed?*

*Now everywhere silence  
Your sight goes blind.  
Miss her forever  
But see, will never.*

*All for a war, but the battle was not won.  
One man's death, caused by another man's gun.*

*For territory, for land.  
Fair, perhaps unjust.  
Life has become death  
And Hear they were wrong.*

*Karl C. Dancause*



*Woman #1  
Heather Coutts*

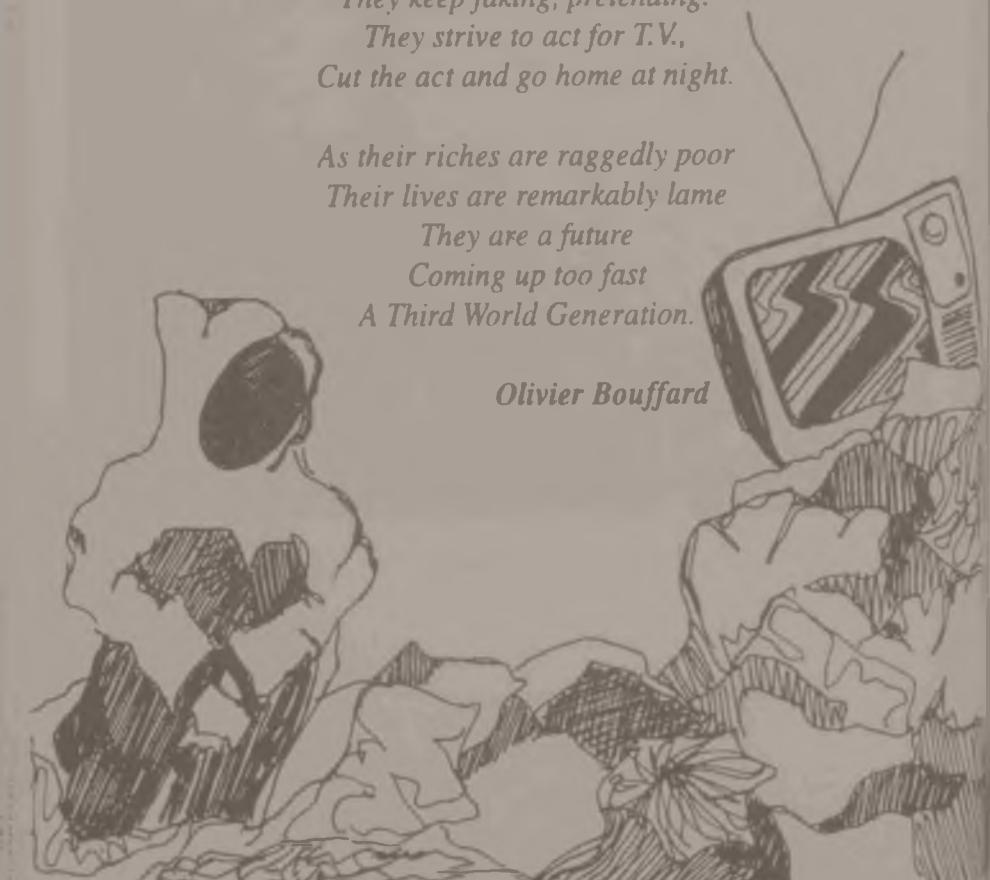
*Third World Generation*

*As they walk around here  
Hoping, faking to be rich  
All they'll ever own  
Is their own show;  
Self-made, ready for T.V.*

*As they hurt so much  
That their brains go nuts;  
They keep faking, pretending.  
They strive to act for T.V.,  
Cut the act and go home at night.*

*As their riches are raggedly poor  
Their lives are remarkably lame  
They are a future  
Coming up too fast  
A Third World Generation.*

*Olivier Bouffard*

*Ode on Inertia*

*Three golden manes hang proudly  
in front of his waxing eyes-  
proud in the tragically inert sense of fear  
and poppied ecstasy  
that they instill in his hopeless heart.  
He hates them for their saucy ponytails  
and sultry neck-napes-  
for to them he cannot relate;  
nor is he allowed to relate;  
nor does he wish to relate.  
(he lies.)*

*Do these dolls have humanities  
that exist beyond the jiffy-pop  
antechamber of their collective presence?  
Or, better yet (and perhaps more prospectively),  
does he deflate his dinghy-  
a self proclaimed pedestal of awareness-  
and float downwards in the mire  
and murky depths of  
automatonic  
sleeping  
wakefulness?*

*Matthew T. Meanchoff*

### One Track Mind

We arrive here at the station  
knowing exactly where to go.  
The trains' engines were all ready,  
our trip would start out slow.

All the pistons soon were pumping,  
and the engines began to race.  
We started on our journey,  
and quickly picked up pace.

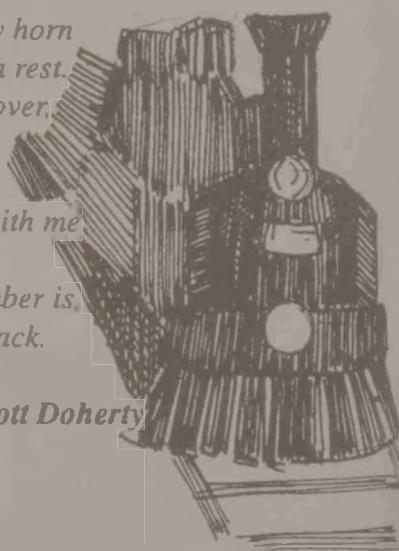
Towards our distant destination  
Faster, Faster, Please,  
pulling in and out of stations  
with power and with ease.

Metal striking against wood  
were the sounds we heard that night.  
We pumped through hill and valley,  
until reaching our destination's height.

The engine blew its mighty horn  
as we came screaming to a rest.  
Our journey seemed now over,  
but, by far it was our best.

I am glad that you came with me  
upon this old train track.  
Now, what we must remember is  
the fun we'll have going back.

Scott Doherty



### Burmese

My friend Riggs is crazy. He sends me messages encrypted in code, some real easy alphabet cyphers, others spelled out using enzyme, protein, and DNA structuring. Bits and pieces of various animals mailed to me, and I've got to put the time and effort into translating? Pshaw. Got a human eye sent to me at the office the other day (Riggs is convinced my computer at home watches me and takes notes, sending the info to some memory cache at High Command or something.) and the letter, a really long document actually, was nano-sized and etched into the cornea with what I'm assuming is a laser. The document went into lengthy detail about how Riggs was feeling just at that moment. It was difficult to read, not just because of the print, but the grammar was terrible, run on sentences, spelling errors, words made up and old words used in ways never tried before. Another time, Riggs sent me a series of postcards where the eighteenth letter in each post card went to form words and eventually a sentence. After 56 postcards over a span of three years I had one complete sentence - a rather trivial one at that. "I want to know how you are getting along and how your life is being run..."

He called me the other day, which is strange considering his obvious affection for paranoia, and had this to say:

Hey Jack.

-Riggs?

I think I'm in Myanmar.

-Oh yeah?

What am I doing in Myanmar Jack?

-I don't know, you tell me.

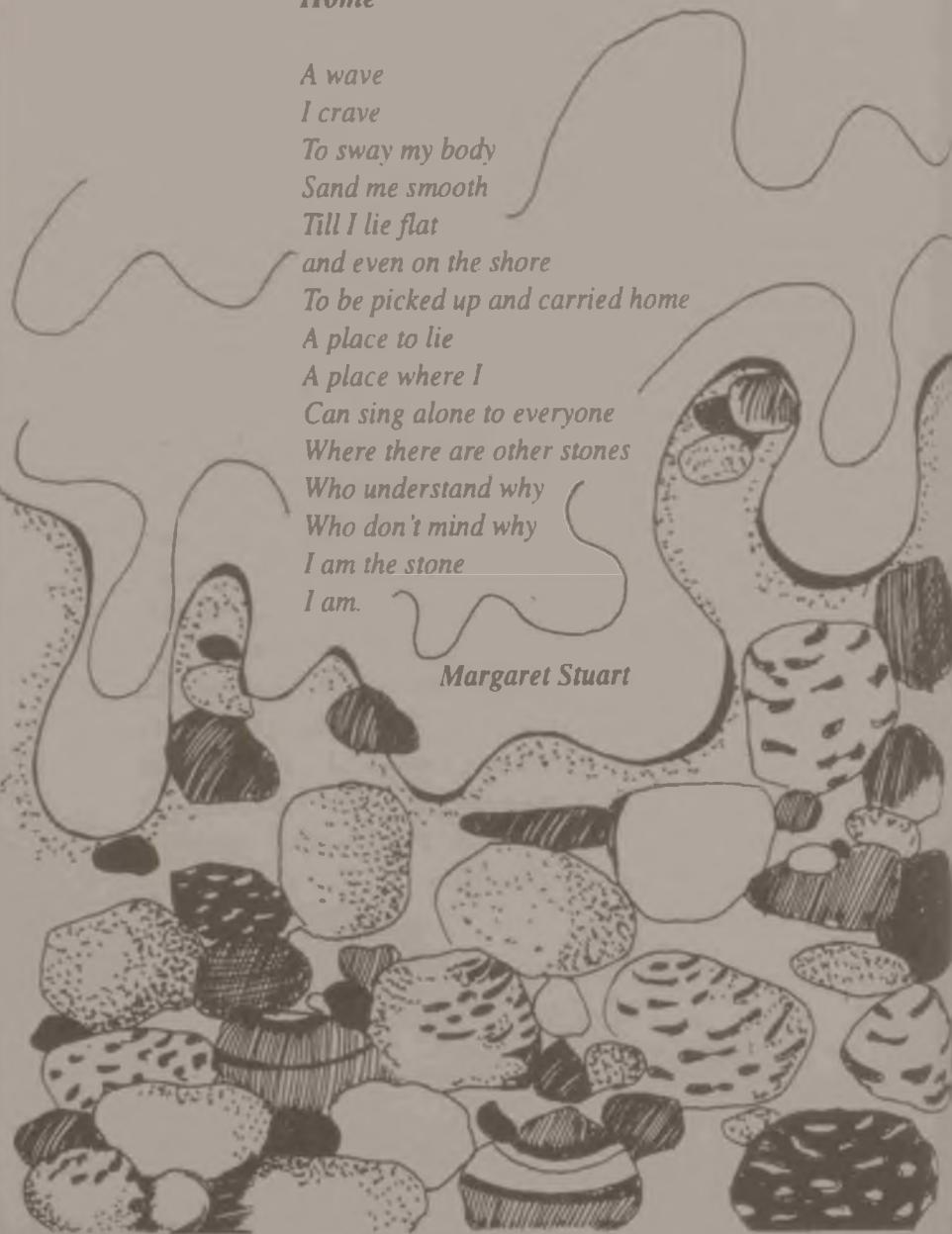
Hey we should get together sometime, hang out.



**Home**

A wave  
I crave  
To sway my body  
Sand me smooth  
Till I lie flat  
and even on the shore  
To be picked up and carried home  
A place to lie  
A place where I  
Can sing alone to everyone  
Where there are other stones  
Who understand why  
Who don't mind why  
I am the stone  
I am.

Margaret Stuart

**Home By Twelve**

We open the door  
and enter the room.  
Everything is dark.  
I turn on the light  
and you turn towards me.  
We embrace

You pull me close to  
your hard, lean body,  
and kiss me passionately.  
The room spins.  
I turn off the light,  
you lead me to your bed.

Later I lie in your arms,  
as the sensations subside.  
You gently draw me closer  
We talk of things in the air.  
Our future, our lives.  
Togetherness.

We leave the bed,  
and find our clothes.  
Everything is dark.  
You turn on the light  
and I turn towards you.  
We embrace.

You pull me close to  
your hard, lean body,  
I turn off the light  
and open the door,  
we leave the room.  
I'm home by twelve.

Heather Coutts



Photograph  
By Margaret Stuart

A Picture on a Wall

In every picture is a song  
where sky and land can still belong  
With the rhythm of the sea,  
as its story teaches me.  
land of green and sky of blue,  
It reaches out to me and you.  
I am sitting on a beach  
Heaven seems just out of reach  
In my picture on a wall  
in some old, forgotten hall,  
a boat sits up on the land  
ravaged by nature's jealous hand,  
while sea birds circle overhead,  
they come to take me to my bed,  
but I must leave my place of rest  
I understand it's for the best.  
For now I know that I belong,  
In my picture, and my song.

Tim Pearson

A stylized, line-drawn portrait of a man's face. The drawing uses wavy lines to represent features like the eyes, nose, and mouth. The style is abstract and artistic.

*Untitled*

*Time swims away  
at evening tide  
when we open our eyes*

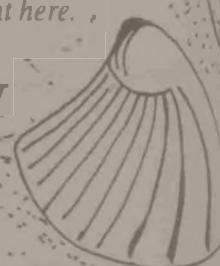
*Everything new carried out  
into the enormous blue  
In shining we never saw before*

*Gone. Gone away  
to be gone again  
to return someday*

*But sometimes when we finally see  
the water has taken  
the treasure inside  
never yours, never mine*

*And now as they go, we open up our eyes  
shed a salt water tear  
To the treasures which the ebbing tide brought here.*

*Kendra Thayer*



*...Vel Mori*

*If I give in now, I'll give up the fight.  
I'll give in to sin and the voices in the night.  
There is nowhere left to hide, so now I turn to suicide.  
Now death is the one in whom I confide.  
Maybe it could have been you and I,  
Yet now I turn to suicide and the voices in the night.*

*Is it my fate, to hate, all that be, good inside of me.  
To surrender to the light,  
To surrender to voices in the night.  
For only in a twisted view, could I ever see you.  
The one bride, by my side, is now called by the name suicide.  
I cannot be, that which thrives in me,  
That which you could never see,  
The darker side of insanity.  
Now my candles I light, my ashen face I hide,  
As you slowly watch me slip to the other side.*

*You knew my face, you saw a brighter side,  
Yet you never took the time, to see where I hide.  
Please reach out to me, please make me see, I beg of thee.  
I sit here tonight, and slowly drip from sight.  
I lay here tonight, and quietly do what isn't right.  
I needed someone to show me the way,  
It is too late, so I bid them pray.  
I've lived my life in sin, for I only pretend,  
When I say that I've got something to believe in.*

*Now the time is nigh, and I have to go.  
My master calls me, I can't say no...*

*...signed, the boy next door, you know who I am*

*Anonymous*

*Poem On An Open Pasture*

*Beauty is an open pasture  
Pastures are perfect.  
Perfect hides in Beauty  
Revealing the flowers.  
Beauty is a daydream  
Daydreams are love  
love hides in Beauty  
Revealing the truth.*

*Beauty is a colour  
Colours are imagination  
Imagination hides in Beauty  
Revealing the Honesty*

*Honesty Reveals imagination  
Imagination is colour  
Colour is a beauty  
Truth Reveals Love  
Love is a Daydream  
DAYDREAM is a Beauty  
FLOWERS Reveal Perfect  
PERFECT is pasture  
PASTURE is a beauty  
BEAUTY is an open pasture.*

*Adrian Greenlaw*

*Live from the Soul*

*The Mind fears dark caverns, yet the Soul knows no fear  
The Soul knows the light that keeps drawing it near  
Time is of the essence, that the Mind understands  
Not the Soul though, for time was created by man  
The Soul knows that Time is not what it seems  
And it won't allow Time to unravel its dreams  
For the Soul senses things the Mind can't understand  
The mind holds strange thoughts only common to man  
The Mind and the Soul are not one and the same  
For the logic of Mind to the Soul brings great pain  
The Soul is a pure thing, an all knowing light  
And the Mind cannot see what the heart knows is right  
So the struggle continues but the Mind must not win  
For to deny the Soul would be life's greatest Sin.*

*L.G. Mitchell*

*There's a wall... I can't move it  
 I can't go around it-  
 And I can't see it  
 And I can't feel it  
 ...But I know it's there*

*It's much larger  
 than me  
 And it'll never shrink in size. It will only  
 disappear or reappear  
 whenever a problem arises.*

*I'm afraid-*

*I'm afraid that if I try too hard,  
 the wall will surround me  
 If I remain still, it will fall on me*

*There's a forest on the other side  
 With a waterfall, and a river  
 This is where I wish to be,  
 but am unable to move  
 The wall remains where it is-as a force  
 It's seemingly endless  
 and I cannot understand it,  
 yet I am responsible for its creation.*

*The wall is a product of my mind  
 It exists to provide insight into my fears...*

*They can be sexual, physical, emotional.  
 They can be aggressive, social or personal.*

*It's a part of me...  
 and the reason why I can't see it  
 and the reason why I can't feel it-  
 is because it's inside me.*



*entwined snakes  
 Heather Coutts*

*Scott Baker*

*Summer Cottage*  
For Lonnie Hull DuPont

We are escaping  
if only for this moment  
out into the night air of stars  
and heavy breathing

We three  
pile into the car and drive  
through the one lane night  
under the canopy  
searchlights  
illuminating the thickening forest  
radiating the iridescence of the moon  
overhead  
in the quickening dark water.

the summer people are gone; the lawn  
chairs sit rusting on verandahs  
and screen doors are left unlatched,  
a scurry of mice and bats  
between the walls.

With flashlights, towels and beer  
we walk the dirt road towards  
the farthest cabin on the lake  
its pier a silver light  
a beckoning torch between the whoosh  
and sigh of the shoreline.

We are all in love,  
Some of us with each other.

The silence deafens us with its hum  
of sheer activity.

as we pass      pockets of silence  
then behind our backs  
they start up: crickets, frogs, loons  
the mating call of ducks.

## II

The porch swing screams with protest.  
Naked and dripping  
We entwine in a jumble against the  
chill.

I want to touch you  
through this thoughtless confusion  
reach out to you.  
it would be so easy  
it would be forgiven.

I am  
close to you, slipping sliding  
so close I want to fall down inside you

and make you speak.

Driving the long tongue of night back  
your arm touches mine  
in the cold car  
and I feel the softness of your skin  
as if  
for the first time.

Dr. Noni Howard

### Futile Ambiguity

*All alone, but with so many  
 Cold as stone, but warm as any  
 Nothing left, so much to give  
 Laying dead, with lust to live  
 Climbing out to fall right back  
 Pulling tight, but forever slacked  
 Looking for yet hiding from  
 Waiting for what can not come  
 All is lost, though never had  
 Our sanity has gone quite mad*

*Scott Doherty*

### *Sheltered*

*I know where I am when I arise from my slumber,  
 but I never really feel at home, even though I've been  
 rising to these familiar surroundings for months now.  
 Every morning I wake up on a twin mattress on the floor,  
 decorated with colours and flowers to make it look hap-  
 pier and more comfortable than the reality of the bed.  
 My roommate across the room sleeps on a futon, which is  
 slightly more elevated, but neither compares to my wide,  
 tall, dark wooden bedset at home.*

*Honestly, we couldn't have it any other way; the  
 abrupt ceilings of our loft intrude what little space we  
 have to begin with. Smoky grey shadows shade all cor-  
 ners and overstep their boundaries. A red brick chimney  
 with the strength of an ancient pillar protrudes from the  
 first floor of the house to invade the middle of our apart-  
 ment. This dwelling is a surreal hideaway like a cabin  
 set deep within the woods. One thing we do have, is char-  
 acter.*

*Sundays are the best because they begin when we  
 want them to begin, not when our mechanical buzzers tell  
 us it's time to start our weekday routines. If any negative  
 comment could be said about Sundays, it would be di-  
 rected at our two skylight windows, which are to blame  
 for their allowance of sunlight and hints of outside life  
 into our third floor apartment. The only thing routine  
 about Sundays is that they are the only days of escape  
 before tomorrow's dreaded wake-up into a tiresome Mon-  
 day.*

*Elizabeth is just beginning to stir in her cocoon of  
 blankets and quilts as I plug the teapot in. A collection of  
 our favourite mugs hang from the six branches of a metal  
 mug-tree sitting on a small, designated coffee/tea/dessert*

table. Bright yellows of little chicks on one of the mugs catch my eye. I smile as I gracefully reach for it, along with Elizabeth's favourite purple eggplant mug - something vibrant enough to wake her up this morning, yet simple enough to maintain the Sunday relaxedness.

Two levels of aromatic, fancy, palatial goodies arranged on the table are the only forms of entertaining our guests that we have, aside from the modern, black stereo that once occupied a large portion of my desk at home. This accessory is located on the glassstop, wooden tables which separates our two plush, tan living room chairs. Neither Elizabeth nor I wanted a television. Too false and intrusive.

Across the room Elizabeth is slipping on a black, white and yellow flowery robe over her slender figure. Her long brown hair is matted and straight from a solid sleep, while my short cut looks tousled and unkept. Her green eyes meet my sparkling blue ones and we smile brightly, affirming our mutually contented states.

As she passes the stereo, she suddenly stops and ponders. Leafing through her stack of seldomly-played cassettes, she decidedly chooses one and, smiling coyly, places it in the machine and pushes play.

"Sleep well," I ask, handing her a warm mug of Earl gray tea and honey.

She sips slowly and responds, "The best rest all week."

"Me too", I say, and there is a mutual acknowledgement of the absence of time as a constraint - momentarily.

From the stereo comes a beautiful European sound. Magical stringed instruments and a single pianist create a melody from another time and place. The deep voice of a French man flows from the speakers, singing of l'amour and la jeunesse. Our furniture is transformed into small,

round tables draped with white tablecloths outlining pale yellow walls of a French café. I inhale deeply and can almost smell fresh baguettes and fine croissants of a patisserie française.

*Elizabeth and I are glowing.*

Without words, we both start to sway, taking a step back, one to the side, around we go, circling the apartment. Our nightclothes are dresses of simple elegance as we waltz, with no charming male partners except the mellow, intriguing Frenchman serenading us. His presence fills a gap deep inside us that social friends and parties did not reach this past week.

*The song ends.*

An hour of escape is all we are allowed as we must prepare to prepare for tomorrow's classes. It's amazing how short Sundays always seem.

Meghan Sullivan



*If Only...*

*If only you could see you  
 When you are being true to Yourself  
 For you shine like the brightest star.  
 It's a shame you can't always be 'who you are.'*

*What surrounds you; is what brings you down  
 You feel closed in, and wear a frown  
 It's not supposed to be that way  
 Be who you are; Fuck what they say  
 For who are They to be telling you,  
 Who to be or what to do  
 Remember Time it does not wait  
 No one, my friend, should hesitate  
 It's time for you to make a stand  
 You pass but once through this Land  
 So, now you see; It's up to you  
 Know who you are; Do what you do  
 Then you'll be happy, and you will see  
 The kind of life I want for Me.*

*L.G. Mitchell*

*This Night*

*We will always remember this night,  
 This warm impressionable night  
 When we softly melted,  
 softly became liquid gold,  
 liquid green  
 in this shadowed darkness.*

*These nights that have passed between us,  
 These ghosts that rise beneath us  
 mean nothing now  
 As this purple light  
 rakes us,  
 makes us  
 stand out against  
 these bitter promises*

*We will always remember these whispers  
 These mutterings that came to our lips  
 but died unspoken,  
 unsaid,  
 unneeded  
 in this soft embrace.*

*We will always remember this night,  
 This warm impressionable night  
 This nighttime touch,  
 This gentle touch  
 When darkness was broken  
 And tenderness woken  
 By this song fading away  
 Into velvet  
 darkness.*

*Kirsty Robertson*



### Thoughts on Cosmic Cognition



*Shooting star.  
Bursts a gaping hole  
Through the latex roof  
Of my universe.  
Comet.  
Absorbed and exhausted  
Recharges its fallow soul  
And excitedly - violently -  
Exits my bubble.*



*Into the abysmal mire  
Characterised by zero-gravity  
And asphyxiation -  
It dances  
A tango among the rings of Saturn  
A euphoric waltz through the gases of Pluto  
Some Upper-Martian small talk  
Over a coffee with  
Stout emerald dwarves.*



*Shooting star.  
Bursts a gaping tear  
Through the skin lampshade  
Of your universe.  
Comet.  
With the electricity  
Of an anxious nailbiter  
Tangos and waltzes atop  
Your fertile muck  
Until it gets sore feet  
And blisters.*



Matthew T. Meanchoff



### disintegration

*speak to me now  
for tomorrow is a river of bloody excuses  
everything - songs of never  
is IT love? is IT forever?  
the self is a constant journey  
mystery - an everlasting refuge  
converging molecules  
peace - without life  
life without tranquility  
manifestation of need, desire - DARKNESS  
stolen kisses - sudden separation of the  
impossible, unified entity  
leave, stay  
aNgel of gOd, cOme to me  
i mUst suffer  
the desire  
for there is no time  
the dawn weeps  
indifference is absorbed beneath the earth  
"what's in store?" asks the cHild  
indifference? insolence?  
false apologies, untrue prophecies  
wHat is knoWledge  
sep er a tion, unity  
the  
dancing of souls  
attached to an enigma  
a cOllision  
you and me and them  
all wrapped up in life's empty promises  
endless, futile waiting  
elation beneath wrinkled sheets  
loVe - a beautiful, uncertain face with no eyes.*

anna p. castillo

### *Between the Lines*

*There is a girl here who wears her beliefs on her clothing. Last Monday her sorrowfully blue t-shirt informed everyone: "It's not my reality". Her hair is muted, a soft brown, and she has the same cast to her eyes. Some days they are more golden than others. Some days they are almost green. She is tallish and slender. Her hands are soft, surprisingly so. One would imagine that someone with such expressive attire would have stronger, more aggressive hands. She has a secret smile most days, as though there are things going on in her head that she wishes she could share. Other days her face is unreadable, her smile absent.*

*I watch for her. And then she wears a sweater, I am disappointed. It has become a habit for me, reading her t-shirts. On Thursday she quoted Swift: "May you live all the days of your life" whereas on Friday the small print quietly informed those interested: "Your day will come" - I wasn't sure if that was a good thing or a bad thing, and the incongruity of it stayed with me throughout the day.*

*Some days I don't see her, and it makes me wonder if it is because she is ill or simply that she has run out of things to say. On those days I wonder if she is at home, with writer's block maybe, unable to draft her mood into a phrase that will fit on her medium sized t-shirt. On those days I try to imagine what her t-shirt would have said - what it would have told the rest of us about her mood, her imagination, her spirit - what it would have brought to our days.*

*On Saturday I saw her in the park. It was a clear hot day*

*- one of those June days that make you feel damn happy, for no reason at all. The sun was bright and warm and the grass was green and sweet, and she was wearing a deep purple t-shirt. For a moment all I saw were words; jumbled, jumping and weaving themselves together. She was sitting quietly, with her back against a tall tree and her hands folded in her lap, watching the people in the park. I was struck by her clam, even as my eyes flew to follow the revelations her t-shirt shared. The sun flitted across the words as the leaves overhead waltzed in the June breeze. Then she turned to look at me. She smiled, and all the words were gone. I returned her smile, and then my name being called from a distance broke the spell and she turned away again.*

*I saw her once more that day in the park. The sun had dipped below the trees, and the grass was getting cool. I had the feeling that comes at the end of a perfect summer day. The slight sting of sunburn on my cheeks made me nostalgic instead of irritable; dogs barking and children quarrelling made me smile; and the thought of walking home didn't seem so tedious. I walked across the empty expanse of the park, the setting sun at my back, and looking up I saw her walking toward me. Her t-shirt seemed a lighter colour than it had been earlier, and the gold-red of the sun was hard across the lone word that was written there in black print.*

*There was just one word where before I had seen dozens dancing across the folds of cotton - like notes in a symphony or butterflies across flowered fields. She was wearing her secret smile, and her eyes were golden in the fading light.*

*Elizabeth Henson*

## *Standing at the Cliff*

You could have everything that I ever possessed.  
 You could have my thoughts, my feelings, tears and smiles.  
 You could leave me with nothing, standing in the dark, invisible  
 like a shadow unseen without the light that I need to survive.  
 You could strip me naked, burning all of my clothes.  
 You could tear out my soul through my eyes that are motionless.  
 Please leave me... standing at the cliff,  
 don't try and change the things that can't be changed.  
 Don't try to love me if you can't.  
 Let me move on to another world.

Your fear scares me, it changes you, turns you inside out and  
 shows me everything - your heart, your soul, mind and blood.  
 I know everything about you, I can see things that you can't...

And then you cry out to me... pleading, blaming.  
 Guilt runs like a river below me.  
 I see it, and know in my heart that I won't really jump.  
 You can't see this in me and you break down and cry.  
 Lying on the ground, grasping the earth in your hands as if to  
 beg for God to take all of your pain away.

The sky breaks open and tears from Heaven beat down upon us.  
 I reach down to hold you like a child, and lift you up.  
 Once more we stand together, like pillars holding up a temple.  
 I raise my voice, turn away and as the sun comes up over the  
 mountains my dream fades into light.

*Megan Carter*

## *The Coast.*

Latin is the language of the coasts,  
 And we do not speak it very well,  
 The help received from ancient ghosts,  
 Is impossible to tell.

The winds roll over this barren land,  
 And mists turn everything to grey,  
 Here, it's hard to see God's hand,  
 In the twilight of the day.

No! It is all impossible to define,  
 The sense of darkness over me,  
 Being so in awe of this strange coastline,  
 And the persistence of the sea.

Let us make our way like the helpless blind,  
 Feel for the coast like an unknown face,  
 Create an image in each one's mind,  
 The map of the human race.

*Frank Willdig*

*Tears... And All I Ask Is Why, No Answer, Simply Why?*

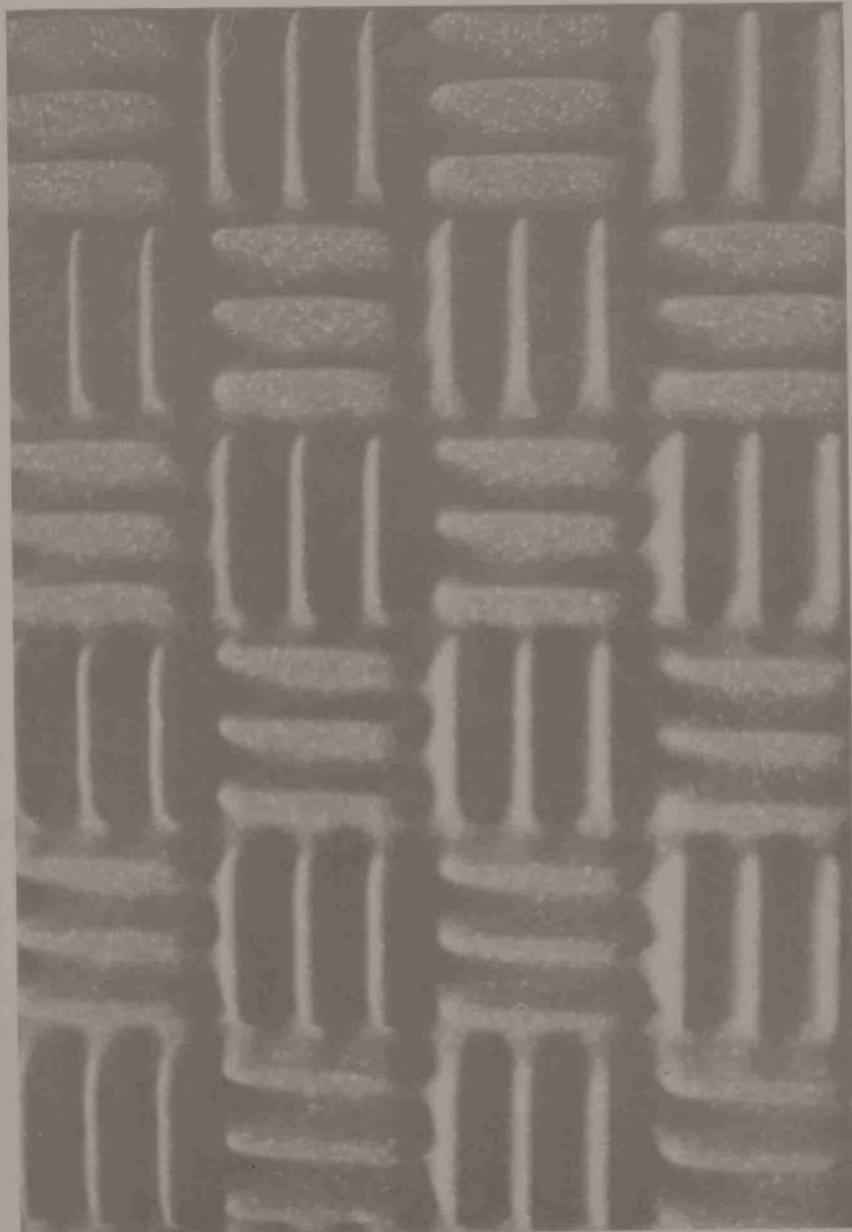
*dedicated to Glyndora A. Taylor,  
do you remember all...?*

*Young yet not so innocent, looking that which is Heaven sent.  
So beautiful and pure, quite the moulin rouge yet so demure.  
We were both playing the same game,  
Saw each other as a picture in a frame.  
You fell in love with perception and mystery,  
Until you saw the darker side of me.  
I guess my shine wore off as time wore on.*

*Now I am to be forgotten, like a broke toy  
Left lying on a shelf.  
Do you think that happiness can be boughten,  
I never twas any Vermeer of Delf.  
Can you see past my painted smile?  
Can't you see the pain in my eyes?  
Or is it just a game, tainted and beguiled.  
The Devil has no fears now for he is laughing at his own lies.  
I was never young, never just a little boy.*

*Just like another bullet in the chamber,  
Sharp shooter to the mark yet you don't remember.  
Every word you spoke, they're all playing in my head.  
Every stained glass you broke, I'm the unforgiven.  
Given up for dead.  
No matter how hard I try, you'll never understand.  
Even when you told me goodbye, I still tried to act a man.  
You never saw how hard I cried, and I never held your hand.  
Forever before - you are the one thing I yearned.  
Forever more - you never did see me burn.  
Is it too late for me?  
I, the Angel of Mercy, left in misery...*

*Michael R. McCormick*



*Photograph  
Tomoko Kawasumi*

### **Shatter**

*Sometimes I wish that I could look deep  
into your eyes and tell you how I feel.  
What would you do?  
How would you react?*

*Do I dare open up my heart and my soul,  
hoping to find the love  
attention, security that I seek?  
Or will I be destined  
for the pain, hurt and loneliness  
of unreturned love.*

*Sometimes I wish that I was the kind  
of girl I know you like:  
Beautiful, blond, dumb.  
But I can't, I'm me.*

*Do I dare tell you my secrets,  
my dreams, and hope you have  
the same ones?  
Or sit and let my dreams  
grow into obsessions which will  
slowly devour my soul.*

*Sometimes I wish that I could read your thoughts,  
know what you think,  
what you feel,  
how you truly are.*

*Do I dare let you read my thoughts,  
let you invade my mind,  
discover my secrets.  
Would you turn my dream into a reality  
or would you crush  
my very existence.*

*Sometimes I wish that my heart was not  
so delicate, that it was not cracked  
in so many places.  
One blow and it could shatter.*

*Do I dare open it up once more.  
Hoping, praying, longing  
for it to be mended?  
Is it a risk I can take? I'm not sure.  
It's very delicate, I don't think I could  
live without a heart.*

*Sometimes I wish that I knew your secrets,  
if you cared.  
Do I dare tell you my feelings  
or will you shatter my heart.*

**Heather Coutts**

*The end of rhyme*

*Numb  
Stiff  
Cold  
My blood froze*

*Dead  
Stale  
Void  
And my soul, it died*

*It died of immortality  
Od'd on morality  
Lost all fertility  
Can happy times  
Call upon the end of rhyme?*

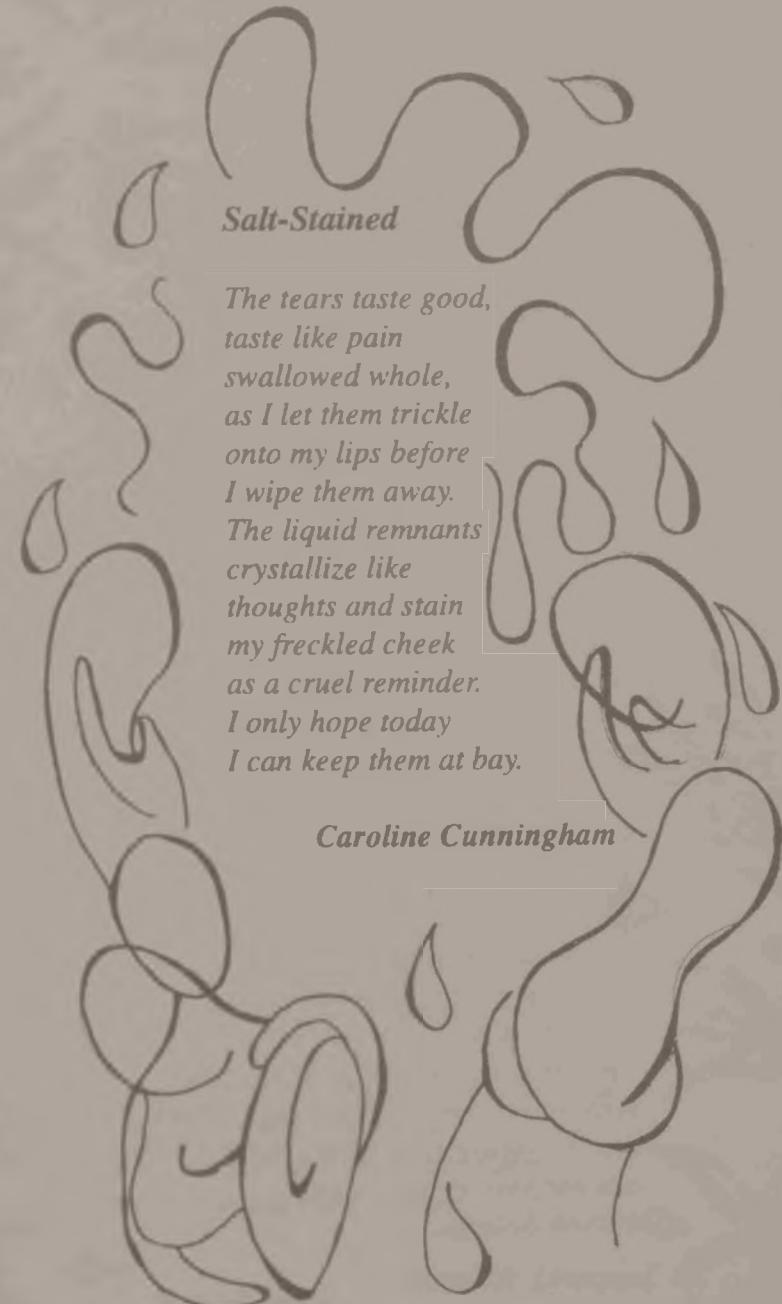
*I wrote on every wall  
And my words became so small  
To no avail after all  
I'd love to say I didn't love you  
But I'm afraid it'd never be true.*

*Olivier Bouffard*

*Salt-Stained*

*The tears taste good,  
taste like pain  
swallowed whole,  
as I let them trickle  
onto my lips before  
I wipe them away.  
The liquid remnants  
crystallize like  
thoughts and stain  
my freckled cheek  
as a cruel reminder.  
I only hope today  
I can keep them at bay.*

*Caroline Cunningham*



*(out face) To Keep No Truth is Wrong*

*In the whispering sweetness  
before memory's shadow's grey,  
words filter meaning,  
through an image of yesterday.  
Beneath the surface scarred and pale  
love lifts the taint from mystery's veil,  
revealing no cruel weakness there,  
exposed - acceptance gently goes,  
and recognition heals the throes,  
where doubt played out its bitter roles,  
and made the kindest heart grow cold,  
concealing wisdom's welcome fold -  
from true beauty's grace untold.  
innocence lost, for a time was sown  
the heart alone has grieved unknown,  
until anger's bitter tears of rage  
cracked the chains of sorrow's cage  
to keep the words from the empty page,  
and let some light come through again.  
no reason keeps true courage cold  
when vision enters there to hold,  
and evil sees itself grow weak,  
the gift, direction, from there may seek,  
and build a home on solid rock  
above the ticking of the clock  
an act to please - considerate touch.  
tomorrow's child does need this much,  
their voice compelling true and strong,  
love's courage knows for what they love,  
and the journey's fair day  
to them belongs.*

Greg Stirling

*Burning (re-write)*

*In their soul a small fire smoulders  
seeking strength as it sits  
fueled by ignorance it bursts into flame  
deep, deep inside.*

*Drenched with reason, this flame survives,  
refusing to die,  
still stronger and stronger and stronger it grows  
deeper and deeper inside.*

*It possesses no boundary and knows no limits,  
making it difficult for them to escape.  
escape its flame, a toxic flame that burns  
deeper and deeper inside.*

*Insatiable, this flame leaps outwards  
and still continues to burn.  
Now this fire burns cruciform  
as a battle flag of ignorance and hate*

*A hellish hatred that wages war,  
a war in which there is no winner  
constantly causing bloodshed  
as we senselessly kill one another.*

*This flame has left the depths of their souls,  
but still its emblem remains.  
Now I am forced to battle this flame  
both inside and out as it burns.*

Duane R. Liverpool

### *Play it Mean, Keep Him Keen*

*They say play it mean and keep him keen so  
He calls, I pretend I'm not there  
I call and don't leave a message.  
He's affectionate but I play it cool  
I restrain myself from running to his arms.  
He begs for attention, says I'm not fair  
Finally, I turn to him, but he's not there*

*Lara St.Onge*

### *Minted Minds*

*It absorbs the heat from the sun  
The earth so strong an attraction  
life blooms from it, the wind cleans  
In time we will realize the ignorance.*

*It gives us so much, all we do is take  
Put back in and the grass will grow  
With it, humanity will withdraw  
and the wild flowers will bloom again.*

*Soon earth and sun will end all  
No longer will rivers flow freely  
We will all be taken by it, life  
The two will work together to end their misery*

*In the past they were gods, envied  
Now our Gods are minted  
Nothing stands in the way of the green  
Other than the sun and earth.*

*Kent Mercer*

*A tribute forgotten on a hill of rain (J.H. Rails)*

*The sun is peeking through the stars attempting to see the rain-drops sliding down the petals of wild blonde flowers. A beautiful sight, a wonderful thought - perhaps now the fruits of roots are ready to be broken open with all their beauty for you to see.*

*A wolf howling in the background, a silhouette touching my shoulder. As i look back, i could see the virgin flame discovering the pale darkness of the night. With a jet of movement i turned to notice the sound of silence overpowering the cowardliness of my surroundings. I guess the roots of freedom are hidden too deep in the soft dirt; never to be dug by the lazy bones of ignorance.*

*For beauty is innocence, for silence is knowledge... so on and so forth. I scream: "Let yourself flow in the questions of the night!" there will you discover a cranium filled with flowers willing to be held upright.*

*A stream slipping through the grasp of burning rocks quickly let itself down by rope to a hidden cave. Roaming from tree to tree, from leaf to leaf, the hairy beast bearing a child buried the water beneath the heated dirt. Saved from death, attempting to find the crossroads of beauty, the liquid is losing time, losing itself in the draining worms of hate.*

*I remember being born in a bath of innocence. When years added themselves, one atop the other, i had the luck to find a great deal of knowledge. Until the day came when the beast told me about the roads of ultimate, infinite flowers - there i found that everything i learned was wrong and today i know...*

*nothing.*

*And today i come to a conclusion wrapped with questions.*

*Karl C. Dancause*

*Burial Gown*

*All flourished flowers  
Vivid water colour,  
Doomed to eternal sadness.*

*Sinister glazing eyes  
Endless madness,  
Killer thought, I felt.*

*Nuptial burial  
Of the white, faded Charlotte,  
Blue angelic features.*

*Slim painted waist  
Dancing slowly in the room  
The waltz of the insane scarecrow.*

*Pure silk skin  
Falling life of a broken leaf  
On the sacred marble floor.*

*The sarcastic smile  
Of the disturbed sister,  
The Underlying Alice in Chains.*

*Dreadful thought  
Of the North Witch,  
Burning tears drop of a newborn.*

*Fire in the heart  
Ice in the eyes  
Snowflakes growing on walls.*

*Vada*



Pale pink pools amidst oranges and Coffee and Blue  
skies. Ban Lee echoes HUNGER in STEREO. Ten Dr.  
weekend. Egg salad and bright flame. I don't know  
Sun flowered Iced tea SILVER finger brittle ENDS False colour  
sleep in Tomorrow. The uncertain search for Life AHEAD. For  
Now refuge from CHAOS. Indoor picnics warm content  
corridors. Silent drifts tired HEADS MALLEABILITY.

JKL

### Indoor Picnic

Jeffrey Parker

Elizabeth-Anne Stec

Krista Tilley

### Soon I'll Leave Forever

Within a roomy world,  
I've confined myself in one.  
Inside of which I've swirled,  
Inside of which I'd run.

The trials come in time,  
To pass judgement strong.  
In side a hurricane forms,  
Inside the winds belong.

The walls they fade away,  
A tempest strives to storm.  
Outside I will create,  
Outside I will reform.

Until foundations are uprooted,  
And a fortress returned to sand.  
Outside a force will charge,  
Outside I will command.

When the calm arrives,  
A fate does guide me home.  
Inside the solid walls,  
Inside the room I roam.

J.C. Raymond



*Intaglio*  
Toge Heersink

### *Shooting Stars*

*The first thing I do when I show up - I mean after unlocking the doors, counting the cash and sucking down a Tahiti Treat as fast as I can. The first thing that I do is lay out the lottery tickets. Takes ten minutes if you do it carefully. Wednesdays... the stock is alright... we always have a lot of Bingoes, Lucky Charms on Wednesday. Thursday is a big scratch and win day. BIG. One time, I swear to god I handed out a thousand dollars in winnings from my till. A thousand dollars! Small winnings... five bucks here... A hundred bucks there. But everytime there was that same look on people's faces. Doesn't matter how much money. No! These people were lookin' at me like I had given them cash from Heaven. And the funny thing is... they'd tip me. Wasn't like I was scratchin' the tickets? But I don't know... Thursdays. Count on it - it was magic. But if Thursday was magic then Friday was , like, crazy. I usually drank two Tahiti Treats that morning because that was the day two things happened. Number One - and this is the most important one because without it number two wouldn't have never ever happened. Number One - New tickets came in. Package gets delivered sometime in the middle of the night. Like thrown from a fast moving government car or something, and that morning I pick it up and see the new scratch and wins. Number two - Mr Paul Wragg. Fattest man in town. So fat he can't get up the stairs - he's gotta walk up this plank we got for the deliveries, right? Anyways, good ol' Mr paul Wragg shows up. BOOM BOOM - to see the new lottery tickets - of course after he's eaten his fill of Hot*

Lips and Fuzzy Peaches - fifty or sixty of 'em. So he walks up to the counter - leans on it. And I'm standing behind listening to it and his guts rollin' out on top and everyone else in the store is kinda lookin over because the damn guys breathin' so heavy and he says - annoying voice too - he says. "What's the new ticket Jimmy?" Know what else? Jimmy's not my name. That was the last guy who worked here. But he says, "What's the new ticket?" And so I kind of brush my hand across. I'm feeling pretty good. Feelin' suspenseful. And I say... SHOOTING STARS. Now I don't hate much in life, but I hate - I DESPISE the way this guy - lottery freak Mr. Paul Wragg - starts panting when he hears about new tickets. "SHOOTING STARS - SHOOTING STARS" he says kinda rockin' the counter with his gut. And so I take out the tickets - but slow like I'm working at Sterling Jewellers and this is a diamond ring. And he's poppin' those Hot Lip candies in his mouth and he says - and I hate this part too. He says... count me out every third SHOOTING STAR. Every third one! Like three is sacred. Like somehow the Holy Trinity is gonna help the fattest man in Lantzville win the lottery. But I shut my mouth. And I kind of dance my fingers across and pluck out every third shooting star stacking them carefully - elegantly - until there's about 30 bucks worth. And at that point - Mr. Paul Wragg - pushes himself away from the counter - and Jesus, I've seen Space Shuttles leave the atmosphere with less force. And he

cinches up his pants - I hate those pants - and he sticks out his fat hand. And I wait. Like I'm cursing the tickets. And then... I hand them over. And smile. I always smile. But secretly I'm sucking all the luck out of those shooting stars. And after he's waddles away, down the plank and into his mini van - that's got barbells in the back to weigh it down. After he's gone, I drink another Tahiti Treat - you know, in celebration - cause I know that Mr. Paul Wragg - the fattest man I know - will never win the lottery. Not as long as I work here.

Craig Taylor



NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY

# THE MITRE



UNIVERSITÉ  
BISHOP'S  
UNIVERSITY

1996-1997