

THE MITRE

1997-1998



BISHOP'S
UNIVERSITY

The Mitre

1997-1998

104th edition

Editor: Kirsty Robertson

Bishop's University

A literary tradition since 1893



Table of contents

Cori Klassen.....	Revival.....	7
Nikoh! Profound.....	Ancient, Change.....	8
Lauren Cruikshank.....	Sherbrooke.....	9
Stéphane Cardinal.....	Femme.....	10
Caroline Houde.....	Untitled, Little Flower.....	10-11
Scott Doherty.....	Words So Born.....	12
Raphael Van Lierop.....	In Response to Hardy's.....	13
Renée Robidoux.....	Child of Dreams.....	14-15
Tracey Millen.....	Cross the Dream Ocean.....	15
D. Vouliouris.....	Photograph.....	16
Tim Pearson.....	No Matter.....	17
Vanessa Liston.....	the roller coaster.....	18-19
Sara Brady.....	water water water.....	20
Kirsty Robertson.....	The Sweater.....	21
Lauren Cruikshank.....	Untitled.....	22
Greg Stirling.....	Drawn into conflict.....	23
Frank Willdig.....	Morning Star.....	24-25
Lee Kaizer.....	The Death of Romeo and Juliet.....	26-27
D. Vouliouris.....	Photograph.....	28
Matt McCarney.....	Alone.....	29
Victor Rodriguez.....	Yellow.....	30
J. Muir.....	Tomorrow.....	31
Sara Brady.....	Everyone in the World is a Genius.....	32
Brian Scott Kelley.....	the rampage sale.....	33-34
Gord Carter.....	Drawing.....	35
Nansy Jean-Baptiste.....	Le bal des mal-aimés.....	36-37
Steve Polley.....	I am not of matter.....	37
Caroline Cunningham.....	Serenade.....	38
Dee Buckle.....	Behind Me.....	39
Cheryl-Lynn Boeur.....	Squishy.....	40-43
Jeremy Prince.....	My Knees.....	44
Linda G. Mitchell.....	Standing.....	45
Heather Coutts.....	Pnson.....	46

Ancient

This ecstasy of the zorba
Forgotten worlds of Plato
Life is joy
The cradle of civilization
Ignites into a fiery bliss

Nikoh! Profound



Change

This feeling of conformity
Holds its presence
Like Pavarotti
The cellular solution
Becomes the elite
Among the aristotelian past

Nikoh! Profound

Sherbrooke, By Lauren Cruikshank

Femme

Souvenirs et solitudes a la pointe d'une bougie
 L'amour moite, qui respire
 Ton respire, là, qui déchire là-bas... dans moi
 Le plaisir, au risque de multiplier la cicatrice
 Une larme, qui te développe, qui m'enveloppe... viscéral
 Ta foi, ton cœur, ton sexe, c'est à toi, femme.

Stéphane Cardinal



Untitled

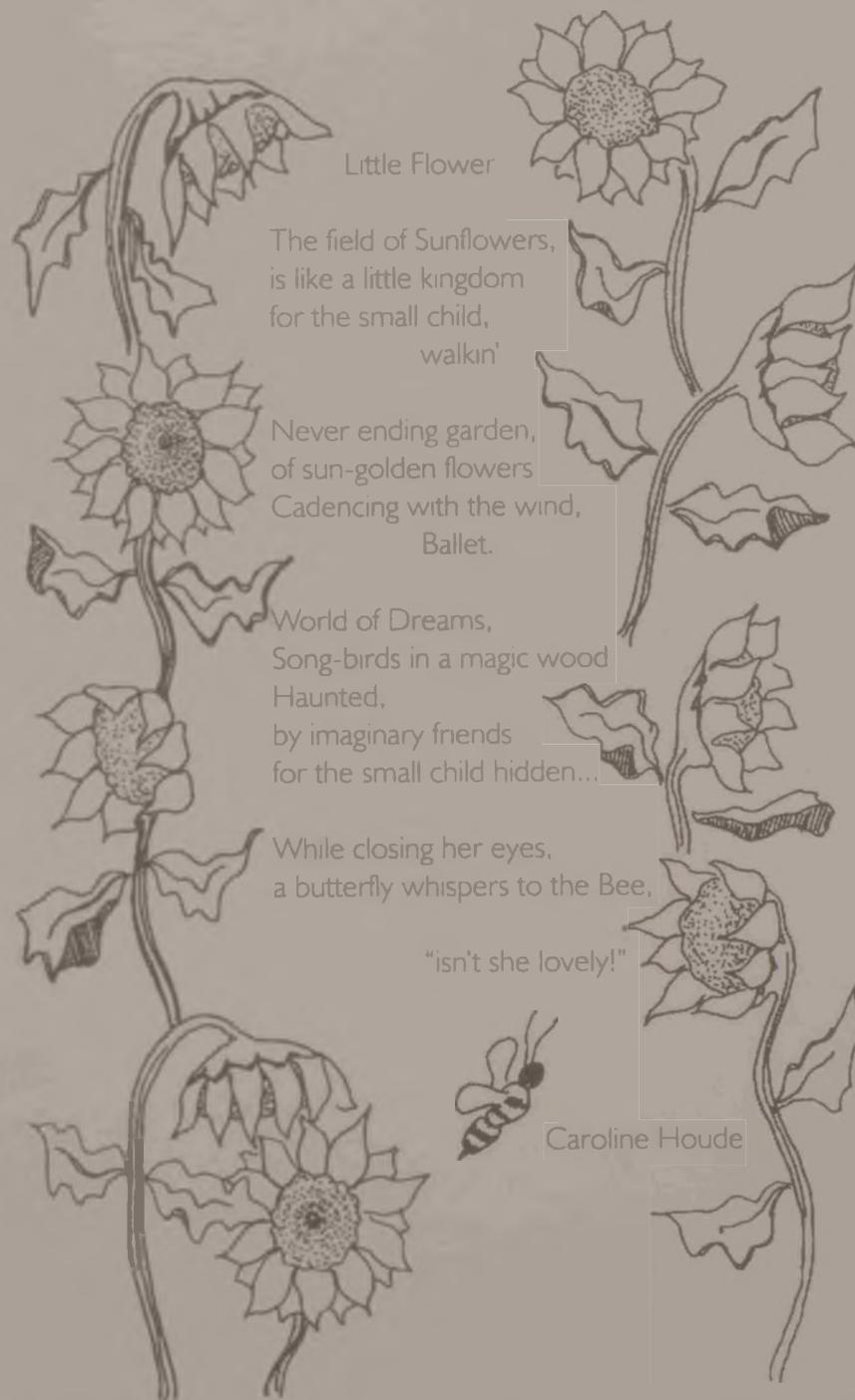
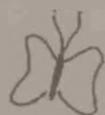


A fool, a fool,
 giggling at a butterfly



on a pink cup
 "Butter, Butter, Fly!"

Caroline Houde



Little Flower

The field of Sunflowers,
 is like a little kingdom
 for the small child,
 walkin'

Never ending garden,
 of sun-golden flowers
 Cadencing with the wind,
 Ballet.

World of Dreams,
 Song-birds in a magic wood
 Haunted,
 by imaginary friends
 for the small child hidden...

While closing her eyes,
 a butterfly whispers to the Bee,

"isn't she lovely!"

Caroline Houde

Words so Born

Oh, what bitter kiss is that
When sharpened tongues let fly,
For from the jilted lover spat
Such cutting words and sordid lie.

So hard it seems, but with such ease
A fruit so ripe, worms turn so green.
So quick to rot with such disease,
Forbidden fruit, repeated scene.

And from larvaed kiss comes no moth,
Nor winged beauty sees the skies.
Of late, this birth seems once too oft.
Should words so born mean life's demise.

Alas, tis left, for one's heart to choose
That one so chide, be hard to lose.

Scott Doherty

In Response to Hardy's 'The Oxen'

Go then! And see in yonder coomb
whether beasts of the burden there be;
with knees to the ground as in front of a tomb,
of awaiting expectantly.

For although Faith faded fast with Time
and eyes opened to Truth about Man,
at least you were able to buttress your mind
with a Hope, as we never can.

Our Age is a time beyond Bible or Cross
and your God just a thought from the past.
Yet at times I wonder at all of our loss,
and what is there truly that lasts?

So, go and search for your kneeling beasts,
return to the childhood dreams.
For given a chance to have Hope, at least,
might not be as bad as it seems.

Raphael Van Lierop



photograph by D. Vouliouns

☆ No Matter ☆

A Raven sits proud in a tree overhead
 No, it's only a crow...
 But no matter.

☆ The tree could be a tropical palm
 No, it's only a pine...
 But no matter.

☆ The sun shines now, but soon it will fade.
 The stars will shine... Do shine...

☆ Have shone - with crystal perfection.
 A satellite races across the night sky
 It looks like a star that's lost its home.

☆ A shooting star splits the black-
 It looks like a star without a home
 An asteroid in flames in the gases I breathe!

☆ But what if I didn't know?
 Maybe the sky is falling-
 maybe the Gods are calling.

☆ Imprinted lines swirl beneath the page
 like waves on the ocean - they roll-
 salt spray streams down my face with
 The force of a spiritual awakening.

☆ Nature's initiation into a life gone by.
 Cold, wet, the sting of salt in my eyes.
 Still I don't move - I am home-
 I need seconds, minutes, days...

☆ This salt, a satellite, a Raven...
 Too soon it will pass-
 it is gone
 and so-
 am I.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆
 ☆ Tim Pearson ☆

The roller coaster

a slow climb
cranks screeching in pain
fighting to rise
struggling to reach
the end of the slope

waiting on top
an unexpected peak
revealing a drop,
unavoidable danger
fear

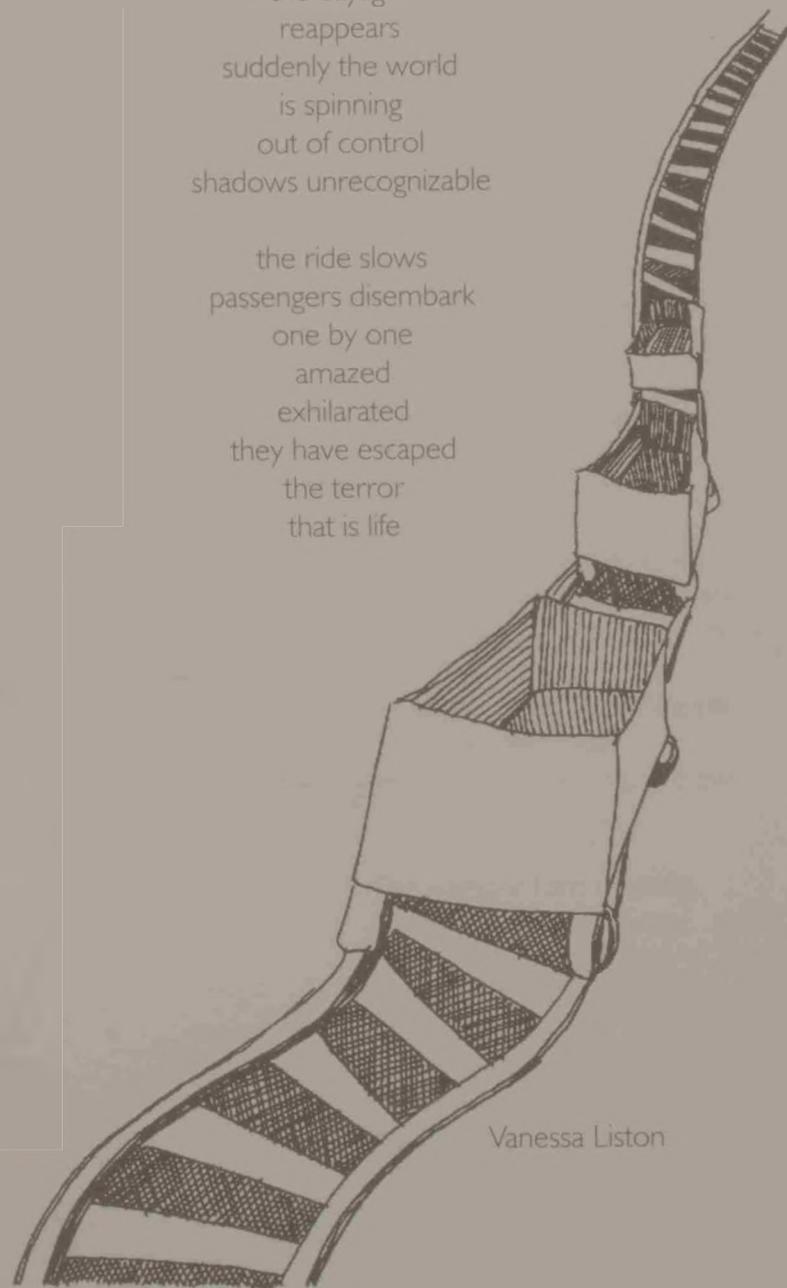
fall from the sky
like stars
only without the light
the brightness-
nor hope

choking
on the bulks
of stomachs
lodged in throats
stealing breath
quieting cries

gathering speed
plunging
into infinite
darkness

the daylight
reappears
suddenly the world
is spinning
out of control
shadows unrecognizable

the ride slows
passengers disembark
one by one
amazed
exhilarated
they have escaped
the terror
that is life



Vanessa Liston

water water water water water
my case enshells me
hinders my activity

eventually i will be the most unhindered
with no use for limbs of warm blood

the power to hypnotize, the power to render gelatinous my prey

sleek and simple
silver smooth straight
and waiting to be born

simple strand

white poison

golden fascination
sandy strength

lovely slithering hell

finger

alien
love

unborn

active

limbless sheba

Sara Brady

The Sweater

This sweater I am wearing
(100% wool)
was knitted by my mother
twenty five years ago
each stitch a declaration
of love
when she was pregnant and
couldn't afford a ring.

He wore it often
Tenderly traced the cables,
unconsciously fingered the mistake.
Kept him warmer than gold
When he couldn't pay for
heat.

This sweater lasted twenty five years
Saw Canada score in 1972,
The Berlin Wall fall,
The Cold War finish.
Picked up the smell of burnt leaves
and peat moss.
Stayed young, while others grew
old inside it.

This sweater I am wearing,
was copied by my mother,
sitting by his death bed,
each new stitch in desperation,
in hope,
of saving the suicidal threads
of this old sweater
which catch on passing nails -
the unravelling of a life.

Kirsty Robertson





Untitled, By Lauren Cruikshank

Drawn into conflict
brushstrokes in the dark
the humble clown
a desperate fool
beside the wishing well
a fantasy, a clever ploy
rusting like a broken toy

Water falls from clouds of grey
their heavy load disposed
the truth therein a grand repose
scattered upon the ground
no sound
or voice
a space for choice
and children all around

Greg Stirling

Morning Star.

My son and I
set up our telescope
to catch Venus climb the pre-dawn sky.

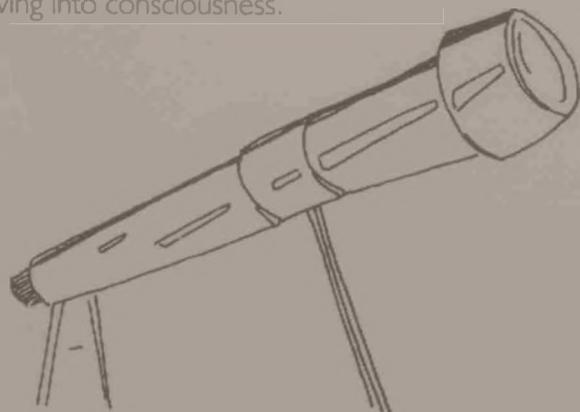
Our hands were chilled,
they fumbled in the crisp and the cold.
Silence roared its dominion.

The night moved,
startling the snowy landscape,
and it grew into something uncanny.

We peered deeply into the heavens,
into the cold, the vast and dark,
tried to understand, failed, despite our focus

to contemplate how powerful this can be.
This globe, lost in the awesome silence
where stark beauty is so compellingly articulate,

and as we spoke, I saw his eyes capture
the pale tints of dawn
glowing into consciousness.



How sad it is to think
that in this vivid moment of aliveness,
the truth is that I cannot freeze time;
he is only a boy for so long.

At that moment I saw beauty ascendant,
reflected and deathless in those bright brown eyes.
In the here and now, the eternal.

One more peek into the eyepiece,
the planet glowed among the untouchable stars
and I heard him whisper to himself, '
'Poor homeless star.'
It was then that we were swept
into an enduring transcendence
before birdsong slipped into day.

Frank Willdig

The Death of Romeo and Juliet

Do you believe in the power of love
Or, in the love or power?
What an ultimatum she proposed;
A decision must soon be found.
Time to fly south, three days forward,
Because I - I have to.

What is love?
In which boundaries are those feelings
-contained.
A walk in the park, a kiss on the cheek,
Symbolized by the reading or words,
Or a circle of gold.
Once thought to be impenetrable,
Now unable to protect.
This love has brought life twice to be.
The futures of two,
Her Majesty would decide.

Success. measured in coin and bill.
The richness of Kings, there for the taking.
Be all you can be,
not what you want to be.
You can't reach for your goals
You must reach for theirs.
A raise, more travel, a bigger name,
A failure would become of me,
For if not taken was this opportunity,
My name would be famous.

Trees die. politicians kiss.
Lies are made of words.
Metal melts, millions die everyday.
But a name, a name lives forever.

Light, dark, light. dark.
The alarm rings at seven,
As he wishes forgiveness from heaven.

Romeo loved Juliet
Beyond gold and power;
so much it was worth death.
Theirs was a story of true love.

Why have they died?

Lee Kaizer



photograph by D. Vouliouris

Alone

The world has moved on
and left me behind.
A relic of times and thoughts
long gone.

I am the last of a dying breed.

I see things change
with alarming rapidity.
The old is cast aside for the new
so easily.

Will it be that way with me?
It has already begun.
I think of all those who came
with open arms and loving smiles.

Then cast me aside,
Like so many times before.
Leaving me alone.
Loneliness soon leads to rage

That burns the core of my being.
It dies quickly
and a cooling lake of sadness takes its place.
I drown in that lake

As the waters engulf me
I know that I am the last.

And I am alone.

Matt McCarney

the furnace heated with iraqi oil
but not the minister's salary
a rampage tale

which makes these empty rum bottles
glinting in the sun shatter
with the anger inside.

these human-like vessels will
all be dismantled from their
saw-horse chariots

and herded back into the basement
under the nave in time for
tomorrow's nine-thirty a.m. service

there they will sit like rows of bottles
with their caps on (except for the men)
waiting to be filled with shards of sermon

about jesus entering the temple
and overturning the tables
of the money changers

"my house shall be called a house
of prayer but you are making it a
robber's cave"

Brian Scott Kelley



Drawing by Gord Carter

Serenade

I hold her hand
It extends from her thin arm
and her protruding shoulder
cocked and awkward,
to her pulling neck and head.
Then I see her beautiful
face in all its pallor,
Stripped of all its joy, its song, its score
Blank stares, but I am
happy to just hang on
Hiding my tears
Swallowing my despair
Harnessing the shame as it
washes over me like the
wares of my tears on her bedsheets.

Words leave my mouth
My eyes peer out at spring
No bloom, this year
Her garden has overgrown
My memories to keep her company
Are my only comfort this day.

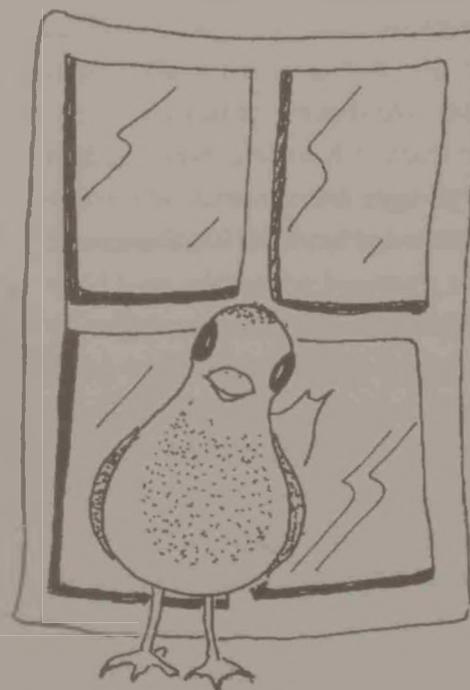
The birds chirp on out of habit
But feel the void in their refrain
For their fearless leader
Couldn't hear the serenade.

Caroline Cunningham

Behind me

Behind me lays a land of untainted hopes
and dreams.
A freedom that can be expressed no other
way.
Fate that turns in your direction and no
concept of time;
Opportunities lay in wait for the search
to begin.
Blue skies that contain only one cloud,
not two;
And fresh air that digs the dirt out of the
corners of your soul.

How I wish I could turn around.



Dee Buckle

Squishy

The phone rings and Ramona answers it. Emer can tell it's Jake by the way her voice gets all pearly-soft and secretive. His plans fell through, he is calling in for backup. Emer thinks to herself, That's Ramona, she muses, girlfriend on call, available always, but only for you Jake. Tonight she's mine. Emer reminds herself this, but certainly doesn't believe it.

Tuning out the phone conversation, Emer curls up in the nook of the couch, and flips the television on. She knows this situation well.

The next morning Emer sleeps through her alarm. After showering, she yanks her clothes over her still-wet body. She smears honey on her slightly burnt toast, grabs her coat and keys, and rushes frantically to the bus stop.

The trees outside are still drippy from last night's rain. The morning is dankish and dismal. A bus finally arrives, and she somehow manages to make it on time.

When 1:00-lunch finally rolls around, Ramona does not show up. Emer's lunch plans are now shot, so she eats at the cafe across the street with Patty and Lisa. She doesn't mind, much.

Ramona calls around four, but doesn't apologize for lunch, or for last night. Instead she talks about how much fun they are going to have tonight.

Emer isn't sure about this. She and Violet have plans, or had plans anyway. Regardless, she tells Ramona, "I guess".

Emer then calls Violet and cancels, saying she's starting to feel sick, a sore throat. Afterwards she does feel sick,

but it is guilt gnawing away at her, in the pit of her stomach.

At six o'clock Emer heads home.

As she unlocks the door, she finds Ramona's stuff strewn all over, and a mess of food out on the counter. Squishy meows, and rubs his furry self against her legs.

Emer takes off her shoes and jacket, and throws the mess into Ramona's room. She flips on the radio and opens up a new can of Whiskas for Squishy. For herself she makes pancakes. The dishes go into the sink.

She puts on her purple-wool sweater, fixes her hair, applies eyeliner and lipgloss. It is almost 7:30; the movie starts at eight. She tries calling Ramona at Jake's. There is no answer. She might as well watch television she figures, and sinking back into the couch, Emer clicks through the channels.

Squishy hates Ramona, and when the door bursts open twenty minutes later he heads for the safety of Emer's room. It is not just Ramona that walks in, though. Jake is there, too. He says hi to Emer, and she blinks back tears of disappointment.

"We were thinking of going to Sid's party," Ramona says casually. "The show is probably sold out by now, and we'd have missed the beginning anyway."

Emer doesn't bother trying to hide her disappointment, but Ramona hardly notices. They end up going to the party.

An hour later they ditch Emer. Politely, of course. They say they are going back to the liquor store, and won't be long. When they finally do get back they are hammered, and all over each other. They make a quick retreat to some

furnitureless room on the second floor.

Emer hardly knows anybody there, and is not in the mood to be sociable. She takes her beer, and heads downstairs, ending up underneath an old grandmother-knitted afghan, flipping through magazines.

A fairly gimpy drunk comes down, and starts asking her stupid questions. She mumbles some reply and keeps on reading. He goes back upstairs.

Emer is ready to leave. She goes up to the second floor to get Ramona and Jake; from the sound of it, however, they are not quite ready to leave. She makes other arrangements.

After paying the cabby she runs up the front steps to find a note from Violet and a coldish thermos on her doorstep. Chicken soup. She unlocks the door, and reading the note, carries the soup inside.

Emer runs herself a hot bath, and lavishly empties out a ginormous amount of Orange-Satsuma bubbles. She slides into the tub and immerses herself, face down, into the steaming, fragrant water. She has had enough.

She is sick of it all; it is making her tired.

Emer is beginning to come to the realization that it is Ramona who's making her tired. She misses her old friend, the real one, who had actual strength and integrity, and a core. Ramona did not used to be like this.

Now, Ramona is all soft and squishy, like drowning soap, or something. You can't get a handle on her anymore, because she will just slip away. She is slowly dissolving into a syrupy liquid, and soon she will not even be there at all.

When the water becomes all tepid, and Emer be-

comes all shrivelled, she pulls the plug. She can feel the water being suctioned down around her. She thinks of Violet.

Emer wraps a towel around her body, and one around her tangly, red hair. She reheats the soup, and sitting curled up on the couch, fingers tight around her warm mug, she gently rocks herself back and forth. Squishy snuggles up beside her.

Day breaks, and Emer stares out the small window, watching the sky turn mauve and tangerine. She packs her treasures and her essentials, and a few tins of catfood, into her backpack and sits it by the front door. She makes a quick call, and resumes her position, with Squishy, at the window.

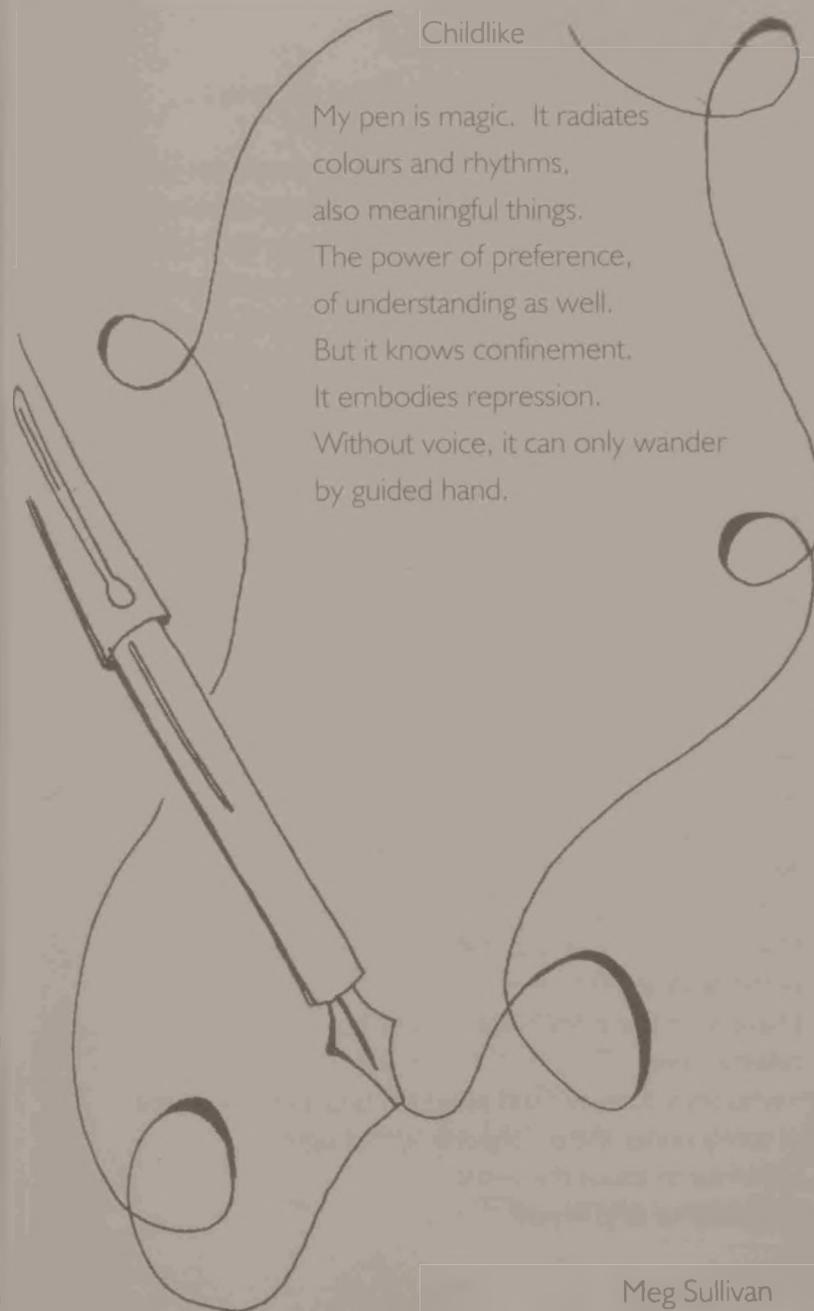
Her taxi will arrive shortly. She just hopes that Violet will still have her.



Cheryl-Lynn Boeur



Prison, By Heather Coutts



Childlike

My pen is magic. It radiates
colours and rhythms,
also meaningful things.
The power of preference,
of understanding as well.
But it knows confinement.
It embodies repression.
Without voice, it can only wander
by guided hand.

Meg Sullivan

The Wanderer

I am the wanderer
That slides through the bright lit skies
I've taken the third highway to the skies
Making way for two other inbred
Side by side they travel
Side by side they gallop through the clouds
Their nostrils expires gushes of burnt coal
Their main whips the air with thrust
These are the inbred of thy vestal
A ruthless angel of death and of renaissance
Her kiss dictates the verdict of my heart
It is the stallions that curses or purges
THE VICTIM first
It is the stallions that sears the heart
THE LOVER second
It is the stallions that disembodies
THE MATE third
They become man
One man that grinds his teeth awaiting for that kiss
I am the wanderer
And I have seen her
I have seen her breasts sway at each thomp of her word
I have seen her hair that defies every whipping movement
of the black stallion's main
I have seen her body's stature flow like milk through
celestial skies
Whom who sees, foresees and seeks thy beauty of my vestal
Perishes surely under the unforgiving light of sight
I promise to touch thy vestal
I promise to strip myself

I promise to let my light shine
This light barely shown to others
The nakedness of her body makes me shiver
Your smile makes me quiver
And I hold you
And you hold me
Knife of silver at hand
Ready to stab
Each others hearts
For love

Stephane Cardinal

Twenty-two

Someone who'll wipe the
tears from my cheek
And make it real.
This is what comes to mind
as my eyes close and
my lips purse to snuff
out 22 candles
on a cake before me

Caroline Cunningham

To Dean & all the other boys

all the voracious boys
leap out of high volt photos
images with furrowed brows
and god tipped dagger eyes
swirls of brownblondblueblack
to form symmetry of hunting foxes
worried about halo stars
and
the white scattered on film
between the closing black lashes
shutter to capture all the
pretty boys are
plucked like chickens
to be frozen and eaten
deprived of colour to reveal
their fine white bones.

Kendra Thayer

Mystified

Surrounded by a mist, I walk an unfamiliar path.
Beyond I see a man, he poses a threat to my journey.
Pretending not to see him I continue along my way.
The soil now crunches monotonously beneath my feet.
Suddenly the air sweetens, why I wonder?

I start to forget about the path,
my mind travels into times gone,
such pain, sorrow and happiness I can see.
It all seems like a dream to me now.

Grass now covers the soil,
it feels good against my sore feet.
I stop for a second.
The smell in the air is stronger now
I am drawn towards it, why I don't know.

Then I see her, naked, the grass flowing around her body.
I feel to run, but I can't, something about her captivates me,
she holds out her hand towards mine,
I take it, she feels warm.

The man beyond still watches but every thing is familiar now.
I know where I am, we start walking, hands still linked.
Where she is going I do not know, nor do I care,
for while I am with her the world beyond just fades away.

Paul Alleyne
Dedicated to Lara

Désespoir pour la mort...

J'ai peur, seule, le soir
 mais c'est ma vie que je passe esseulée
 ma seule amie est la mort
 et même elle ne veut pas m'accompagner
 Déjà, elle m'a trahie:
 Je lui avais dit tout ce que je ressentais
 mais elle s'est enfuie
 En riant de moi et elle riait, riait, riait...

Enlevez-moi ma peau!
 Je suis si mal à l'intérieur
 Déchirez-moi en mille petits morceaux
 pour que je ne sois plus rien qu'un faux malheur
 qu'on oublie que j'ai existé
 Je ne veux plus penser:
 cessez-donc de me voir
 je veux me fondre dans la nuit et le jour
 je veux que disparaisse mon horrible reflet dans le miroir
 Je veux disparaître pour toujours

J'ai mal... À moi
 Je ne veux plus souffrir par votre faute
 Je suis déjà morte...
 Je crois!

Nansy Jean-Baptiste

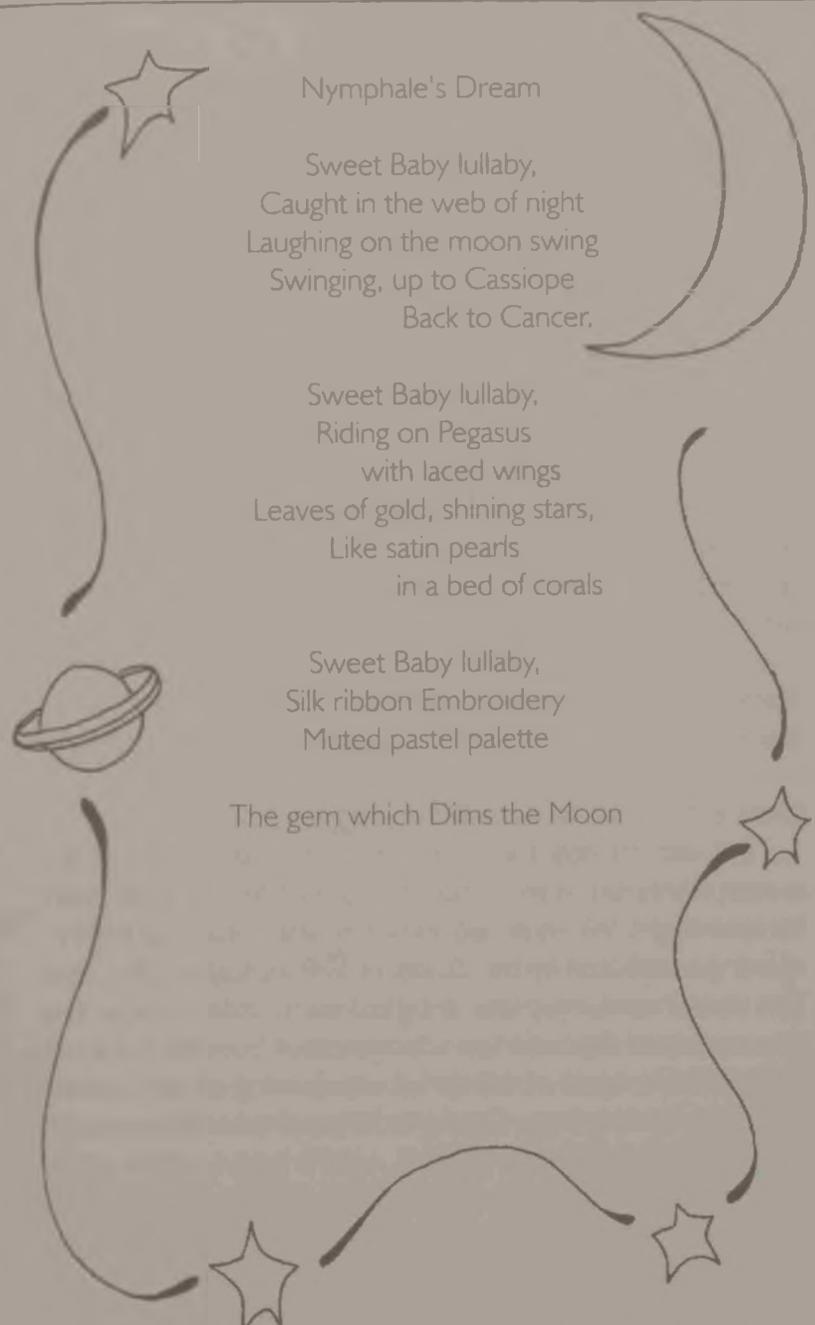
Nymphale's Dream

Sweet Baby lullaby,
 Caught in the web of night
 Laughing on the moon swing
 Swinging, up to Cassiope
 Back to Cancer.

Sweet Baby lullaby,
 Riding on Pegasus
 with laced wings
 Leaves of gold, shining stars,
 Like satin pearls
 in a bed of corals

Sweet Baby lullaby,
 Silk ribbon Embroidery
 Muted pastel palette

The gem which Dims the Moon



Caroline Houde

cat had been driven quite mad years before. It actually thought Gerald was a miniaturized form of Frankie Avalon, and the cat had not appreciated Beach Blanket Bingo nearly as much as Gerald. The cat hated beach movies, surf music, and nursed a longstanding grudge against surf-guitar great Dick Dale. He was, in all respects, Gerald's natural enemy. He spun in mid-flight, overshooting Gerald and preparing to land and pounce back to compensate. The cat was as new to the floor laminate as Gerald, and was surprised to find himself skidding out of control four feet backwards, right into the laundry chute. With a yowl strangely reminiscent of a riff by surf-guitar great Dick Dale, he plunged into lemony-fresh darkness.

And yet the yowl of Dick's guitar continued. Gerald, puzzled and intrigued, spun around to face his hole, his home, straight on. And lo, there in front of the hole belonging to Gerald was his idol, his obsession, his secret lover, Dick Dale. Oh my God, thought Gerald, I must be hallucinating. I must be dreaming. And lo, he was, and his Dick disappeared in a puff of drug induced logic. Sighing in resignation that his life would never be complete, and his erotic goals would always remain unfulfilled, Gerald headed home for the day to eat some cheese, and watch MTV in his drawers til the sun came up, which incidentally since he was a mouse and lived in a hole in the wall of some idiot who could control mouse infestations, never actually happened.

Having resigned himself to a life without sex, Gerald lit a cigarette and sat back to contemplate the night's activities. Pupils were still pinpricks, and after the injection of nicotine into his bloodstream Gerald felt ready to go and do something, do anything. But what was a stoned mouse supposed to do when the only available companion was a laundry hampered cat who was deranged with anger and cancer cells. Besides, that constant foaming was really unattractive when forced to spend long periods of time with it. Ugh, what ever happened to animals

that cared about their appearance? What was the world coming to? Shit.

Haggard, confused, and more than a little tired, Gerald hauled himself into his bedroom. It had been a heck of a day, and he wanted nothing more than to grab some shuteye. He sank into his bed, the rubber form fitting around his tiny frame. Gerald had eschewed the regular mouse-bed-construction materials, insulation and shredded paper, in favour of the idiot's discarded prophylactics. The smell was rank when they were freshly retrieved, but faded after a few days and the comfort of the soft plastic was without parallel.

Nibbling idly on a rubber tip, Gerald felt soothed. The cat was shredding dirty linen in the basement, the idiot was snoring in the next room, and the laminate would crack with time, letting the crumbs, crusts and cheese build up anew. Life was sweet, or at least as sweet as a junkie mouse could hope for. Somewhere, Dick Dale beat a mighty riff on a guitar, and Frankie, teeth gleaming in a perfect sunset, hit a beachball high into the air.

Gerald slept.



Manfred Shelyar

His Hands

His hands are like wildfire.
They burn to the touch,
but are beautiful to watch.

He hides them
Keeps views in his pockets,
in sleeve ends
because he is shy
But brushes hair from a cheek
Gentle.
The strike of a moth
in the dark

His hands could tear a soul
from beneath the skin,
could tame the buzzing
of a thousand bees
could hold a shadow from the night
But instead
reach down to tie a shoelace.
Oblivious.

These hands could make a fortune
could break a heart,
could cast spells and magic
But instead make shadow puppets-
Butterflies streaming across
untamed fields
to entertain
his little sister.

Kirsty Robertson



photograph by D. Vouliouris

Gravity sucks.
 A poorly executed mission of sight.
 Vision, as visceral as any of the senses,
 relative in its perception,
 and blind to magicians' tricks.
 Sunsets are light
 Colours are light
 Horizons are light
 She is all light.
 Sound and touch and taste and smell
 should keep her from being an illusion

but these senses can be tricked as well.
 I am the speed of light.
 I am the constant.

The distance between her and I,
 the reaction of my spinal cord
 in response of her ...

Sight is vestigial in love.

M. Crowther

There was a distant look in her eyes
 As I thrust my love upon her,
 And no matter how hard I tried,
 I knew her thoughts were of another.
 Even as my voice grew and cried
 She lay there still and staring.
 So together alone we lay
 Until she snuck away with the morning.

Emmet Street

Dual Citizenship

i carry with me in my heart
 (carry with me; always)
 Sacred Instructions:
 "When in Rome, do"
 and so (un?)happily do I Sp/
 lit my mind and soul.
 But never heart; it
 remains whole and full
 of that endless Duality.

I carry with me; always
 A Dichotomic love:
 A burden of Two-ness
 of
 forever *missing-*
 No matter where
 my heart is.

Thank you e.e. cummings

Clarissa Treadwell

Java Jive

I am an all purpose coffee maker
that will churn your stomach
as I red with upturned switches.
I am the cold mug of death
that lies 3 days unnoticed in the sink.
I am the soddened filter
stained brown with garbage rot.
I am alone in an empty house,
awake when you come home,
in a shut drawer - unused.
But sometimes I am alive in the morning
as I rise with the steamy aura of blind sunlight.

Kendra Thayer

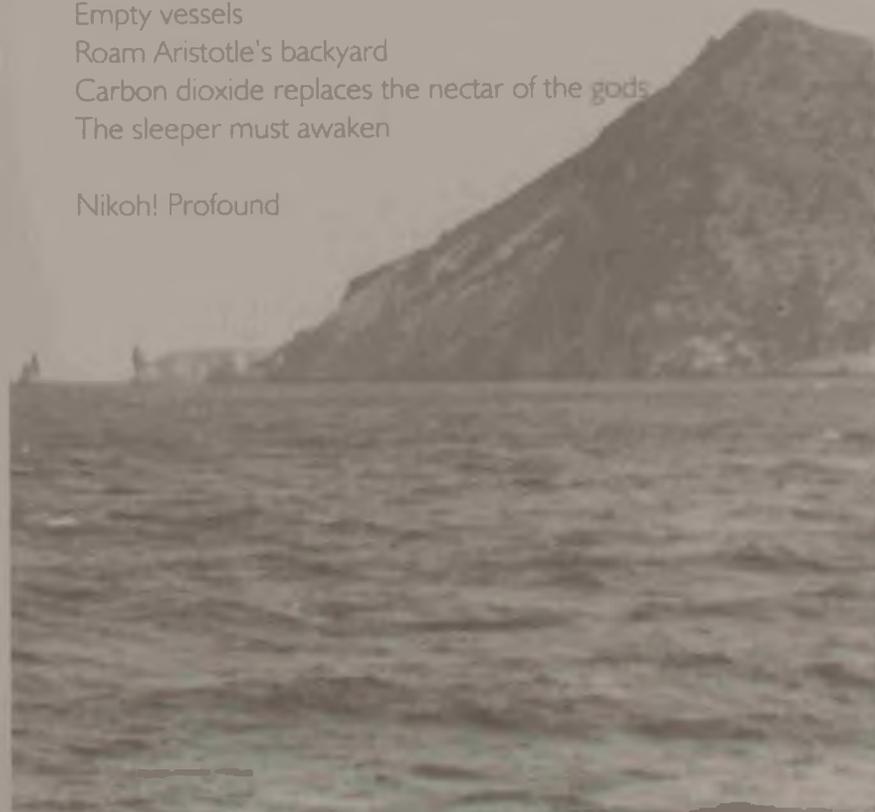
Unfamiliar

A world so different but
Yet familiarity sets in
As if this world had always
Existed within this soul
Hazy towers of a land
Basked in milleniums of Thought

What mysteries do they hold of the past?

Extortion fills the gap
Of Thought today
Sleep has ravaged the land's resources
Empty vessels
Roam Aristotle's backyard
Carbon dioxide replaces the nectar of the gods
The sleeper must awaken

Nikoh! Profound



Forever

In our younger years
We live for the moment,
The moment where lies,
Is as it's fullest

We live for the thrill
For we are young,
We feel the life inside us,
Following free

The freeness we feel causes
Us to miss our path
As time goes by
And we reach the end.

We all go our,
Separate ways,
Our true path is the one
In separation from the whole.

But the life we will always flow
And there is happiness all round
Us and we live
Forever.

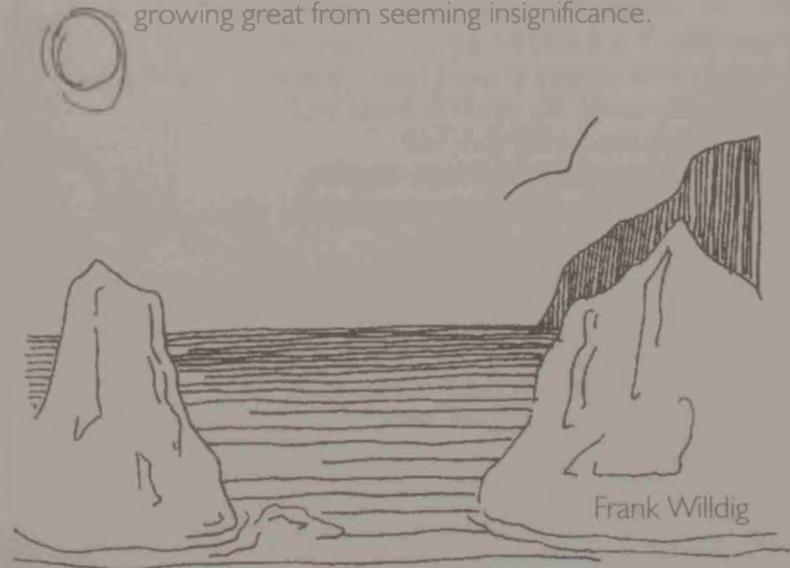
Jamie Leigh Ramsey

Antarctica.

What mighty and fearsome deities thunder
across these churning polar skies!
What roiling black and blue heavens
bolt over these battered coasts
with forty foot waves, flailing the ice and stone
as if beating it back to creation!

What awesome gods of pure black terror
carved this world with blasting breath,
yet, in the process formed curves and slopes
of such beauty and grace
that all life is less for not witnessing it.

All life but one,
white and small against Antarctic's vastness,
high above the thrashing sea.
The albatross glides along the edge,
in the midst of the bottom of the world,
growing great from seeming insignificance.



Frank Willdig

Love Poem: Without Words

A word-
 To match you?
 To find you?
 To release you?
 A search for a word-
 To frame you?
 To know you?
 To set you free?
 A need for the WORD-
 A flame, a candle, a flame:
 Inside you,
 Burning from behind your eyes-
 The PURGING WORD,
 The dispersing fire.

Matthew T. Meanchoff

Time stands still in the heat of the midday sun.
 Black cars slowly drive by with their headlights on.
 In the distance a mournful song plays on the radio.
 It seems all the brilliant colours now shine with a faded glow.
 The days slip away, the autumn winds wail.
 Blackness falls like a long dark veil.
 Stars gently flicker as if they were laughing.
 Shining down upon everyone. What is one man's passing?
 Bitter cold, frozen air fills my lungs
 While I watch children catch snowflakes upon their tongues.
 Each flake unique until it melts upon the ground.
 Time stands still as the snow falls down.
 Nothing seems changed but everything has.
 I want to run down the street and cry
 A MAN IS DEAD!

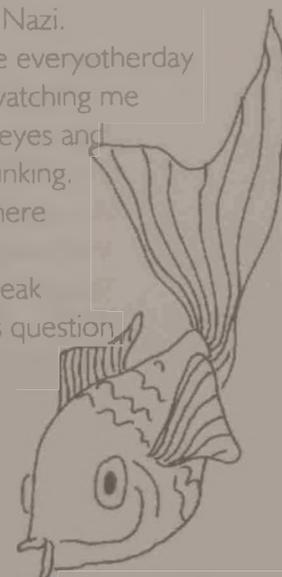
Emmet Street

Evolutionary POW

Confined in glass
 a smooth movement in dirty water
 he speaks to me without words
 the rhythmic motion of open mouth and closed
 Bubbles sans caption
 he's a scaly figure
 in iridescent orange
 wide eyes open in eternal surprise.
 Play in the castle, play in the trees
 I coach him on from the couch
 where I watch his daily aimless manoeuvres
 the never changing routine.

Today his frantic mouth
 seems different than before
 it makes me feel like a Nazi.

His internment camp amused me everyotherday
 but today, Today I feel him watching me
 with the same unblinking eyes and
 I wonder what he is thinking,
 A bob here, a bob there
 my comical pet
 asks me in Bubblespeak
 do I have an answer to his question
 Why?



Cori Klassen

Life's Next Sunrise

When the sun rose this morning,
I landed on this beach.
This beach of fast moving waters
And a slow moving shore.
With the hot sand,
I formed a small mound.
As the sun lifted higher towards heaven,
I molded it into a castle and
With my plastic shovel
I dug a deep, beautiful moat.

Sometimes the water is wild here.
The waves beat against my shore,
Drown my moat and
Swallow my castle.

When the blistering sun
Was above my head
I met you.
We locked hands
And danced along the beach,
With scorching sand between our toes.
We frolicked in the mysterious water.
We ventured deeper- together.
When the waves grabbed at me
And tried to haul me away,
When the ocean's salty blood
Stung my deepest wounds,
Your strong grip never loosened
And always pulled me back to security.
Together our sturdy hands recreated my
Ruined castle.

The sun is about to slip beyond
The wicked sea.
When it drops,
So will our hands.
We will walk in separate ways
Down the beach.
Tomorrow, when the sun rises
I will land on a new beach
Where the sand is hotter and the water,
Rougher.
A new beach where no one will hold my hand
When I go too far.
But that sand castle we created together
Will rest in my mind
Forever and forever
Even against the most vicious waves.





photograph by Cheryl-Lynn Boeur

Sunset

With curls red golden,
eyes pale blue,
and dress emerald silk,
she entered this world
of metal and smoke,
of death and destruction,
bringing a special gift.

She had no family,
no memories,
no name to call her own.
So the old ones called her Sunset,
for they could
remember a time
when the sun set golden red
against a pale blue sky

Now the sky is shades
of gray and green,
and the sun is never seen.
She reminds us of days gone by,
and of days spent in the sun
under a pale blue sky.

The gift she brought
was her beauty, her innocence,
her simplistic way of thinking.
She brought this world
a new kind of hope.
Hope for the healing of the nations,
and for the end of the wars
that have plagued

this world for many generations.
She gave us hope for our children
and our children's children,
hope that they might
live to see the next generation
grow up and have
children of their own.

She was a gift from God
when most believed
that God had given up
and left this world.

Soon her memories returned,
one by one,
and, slowly, she told us
the stories of her life.

She spoke of green hills
and snow-topped mountains,
of a time when
there was peace
in the world
and the world to her
was no more
than an island called Insfail.

Now her stories
spoke not of her life
but of other places
she had seen.
She told of a wooden horse
being rolled into a city a night,
of a virgin giving birth

to a child in a stable,
that child as a grown man
dying on a lonely hill.

There were tales of people
being stoned for their beliefs
and of countries being torn apart
in search of a religious artifact.
She told of the discovery
of a new world
on the other side of an ocean.

Now her tales became gruesome,
describing the slaughter
of innocent people for their gold,
people made slaves
because their skin was not white,
and their fight for freedom.

The stories became worse
as time went by.
Stories of a world at war,
of men dying in deep trenches,
of two ships colliding
in a harbour,
killing innocents by the thousands.

Now she spoke of a world at peace,
but people were still dying
from lack of food
for the world was in a depression.
A small country
attacks another,
throwing the world once again to war.

This time she told of people
being burned alive
because of their religion,
and of a dark cloud
rising from an island.

Her tales worsened,
as the countries of the world
splintered into pieces
and they became covered
in smoke and pollution,
slowly killing the earth.
She was getting closer,
in her descriptions,
to the world we know.

Her next tale was the story
of the world of our time.
She spoke of the built-up smoke
that is our atmosphere,
of the waste that fills
our oceans and seas.

The young ones
didn't believe her tales,
for they knew
only the world around them,
but the old ones knew
she spoke truly.
When they were young,
the old ones of then
told the same stories
that Sunset told.

As the day finished,
Sunset told her final tale.
It was a tale
of the future,
of the world
that would be known
to our descendants.

She spoke softly
and her words
showed us a world
where the sky
was pale blue
and the sun set red golden.
Where everyone
could drink clean water,
breath fresh air,
and spend the day in the sun.

As she spoke
the gray/green clouds parted,
and for a brief moment in time,
the sky was pale blue,
and, as we watched,
the sun set red golden.

A beam of light
came down from the sun
and Sunset left
through the hole in the sky.

Her dress of emerald silk
became a beautiful hill,

sitting on the horizon.
Her red golden hair
became the fiery sphere
sinking low behind the hill,
and her pale blue eyes
became the sky
that filled the rest of the gap
between the gray and the green.

For the rest of lives
we would remember
that we had witnessed
the first sunset
in the better part of a century
and the departure of Sunset.

The sunset would not be the last,
and Sunset is called our saviour,
Many think that she was
one of God's own angels,
sent from heaven
to save us from self destruction.

But those who met her
remember her only as a girl
with curls red golden,
eyes pale blue,
and a dress of emerald silk.

Mieka Tilley



Angel, By Lauren Cruikshank

Lines of Varied Emotion

It is too late now,
I've lost it;
however, I am not sure if
ever I did possess it.
She thought I did,
thought we did for that matter.
Once, maybe twice
upon those times,
when we kissed, maybe then
I too was convinced.
But after the act
while I lay there beside her,
watching her in that perfect
state of beauty and rest,
Embraced by her presence.
I could never decide.
I teetered on the balance,
on the edge of indecision.
Choosing between what was,
or maybe, what was not.
But like many who have
come before, I too
eventually fell off.
Losing whatever it was
that now leaves me so empty.

Scott Doherty

I swear, it's the coffee!

Old truths but a lie in disguise
Foreshadowing the backbone we are not.

Big Bang Black light
For Fear Night light

Turbulent skies in closed minds
Murder she wrote did she.

Easy to swallow
We have the power of light
Never underestimate
the might of night

Oceans murdered the fury of sight,
Showers of ashes for us to breathe.

Go to Hell, Bastard!
I'm an alien abduction
Believe in me, Bastard!
Why can't I find Twix bars anymore?
Fuck.

Follow my blaw blaw blaw
And I will lead you raw raw raw
Kill yourself to hide hide hide
And live the magic ride ride ride
Gullible.

Night Light
 Wrong Right
 Fuck Luck
 Fortune Fright
 Life Death
 Bitch Whore
 Flea Scratch
 Bug Bite
 Maybe CanDada?
 Tzara Breton
 O'Hara Rovers
 Rock Roll
 Sex Drugs
 Go! Hell!

Live Die
 Love Hate
 Give Take
 Leaves Rake
 Polluted Lake
 Martial Art
 Front Flip
 Strong Brick
 Fucked Politicians
 Teach Kids
 Don't Live
 Shut Up
 Lose Life
 Die
 Silently.

Life was really
 a complication,
 a complicity
 Out of
 Of death now
 I'll never be the same
 I will never be the same now

Cat Coin
 Dog Bulb
 Out Clock
 Chair Pot
 Hair Picture
 Ashtray Tap
 Flower Plastic
 Alarm Coffee
 Beer Mirror
 Porch Cannon
 Ball Anus
 Bubble Traffic Light
 Red Milk
 Green Sugar
 Hydrant Wood
 Pedestrian Fly
 Street Soups
 Manhole Mouse
 Queen Male
 Waitress 82 North
 Flavoured Stalls
 Headlights Salads
 Library Porn
 Music Silence
 Pickup Shot
 Stool Short
 Knees Logs
 Lion Shit
 Wrong Philosopher
 Thinker Wanker
 Poet Dumbass
 CashRegister ShitisCurrency
 Ceiling Foot
 Singer Asshole
 End Happy

Here and Now

Confusion's ever pushing hard
 Pressure on the soul
 Insides screaming endlessly
 Blood in mind grows cold

Struggle without gaining
 Running out of steam
 Summon strength remaining
 Waking from the dream

Dreaming dreams of days gone by
 Slipping back in time
 To a place when I was yours
 And you my love were mine

These tremors unmistakable
 Feelings sharp and clear
 These memories are forever
 For they live inside each tear

Linda G. Mitchell

Robbie Hinds and Brendan O'Flaherty

Throwing in the Apron

(Based on my favorite stereotype)

"Get in the kitchen!"
her husband does brood.
He's awfully hungry
and is craving some food.

She straps on her armor,
approaches the heat,
while her dearly beloved
kicks back his feet.

For a second she questions
her role in the house,
but he is the lion;
she is the mouse.

She opens the door
to that dungeon of flame
while under her breath
she curses his name.

She isn't a servant,
nor is she a maid.
She's performed for ten years.
Her dues are all paid.

"Is it ready yet?"
The beast quickly states.
She puts on a smile
and simply orates,

"Go and wash your hands.
Supper will be on your tray.
Was it busy at work?
What a beautiful day!"

"Enough of the small talk
and get me the bread.
I earn the money,
you keep me fed."

The camel's back broke.
The last straw he did pluck.
His guardian angel fled
and wished him good luck.

She turned on the water
and her eyes they did flood.
She was hunting for pity.
She was thirsty for blood.

"How dare you say that,
when I slave from rise.
You'd see all I do,
if you opened your eyes."

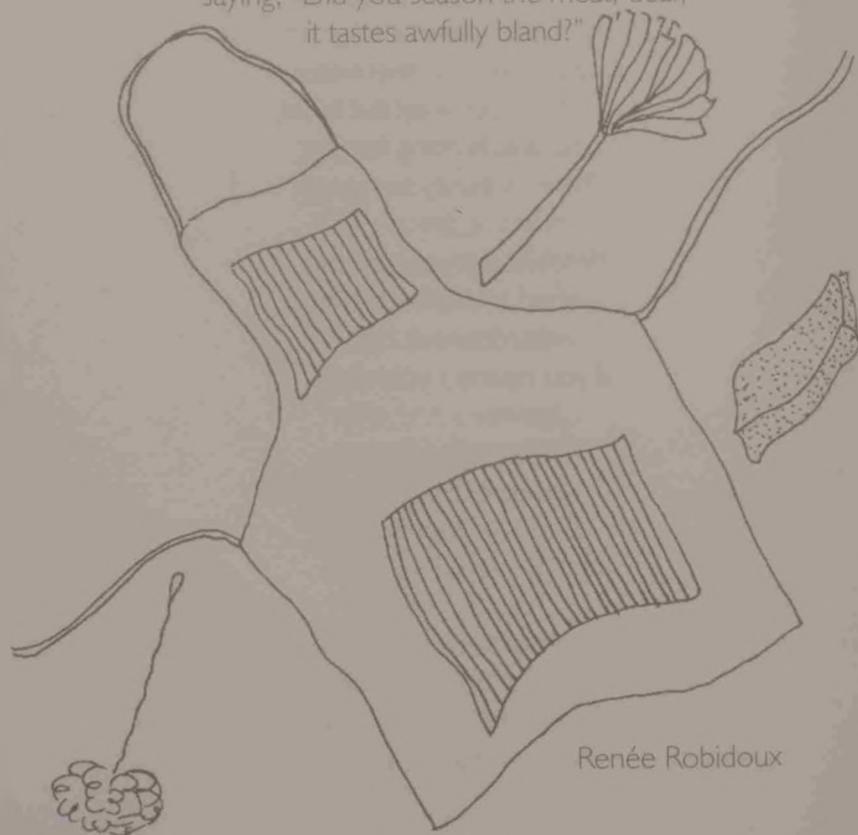
"I want to go dancing,
eat breakfast in bed.
I'll go to work
You clean instead."

"It's my way or nothing
or I'm out the door.
You're lost without me.
I WON'T take anymore!"

(A man thinks he's a god,
with a woman at his feet.
What he doesn't know,
is she's humble not meek.

She won't ever complain
unless it's allowed.
She'll fight for freedom
and make the rest proud.)

The story does end
with her briefcase in hand
saying, "Did you season the meat, dear,
it tastes awfully bland?"



Renée Robidoux



photograph by D. Vouliouris

The Colour of Margarine

My friend looks at herself in the mirror,
and sees her face cascading downwards
into rolls of rubbery flesh,
her thighs rising like bread
in mounds of mashed potato cellulite,
her stomach swollen into a
cauliflower
although she is five foot seven
and weighs ninety
six
pounds.

Her mother says that it is a stage
and refuses to notice
the backs of knees open like yawns,
wrists like marbles beneath thin blue skin,
the breeze catching her dress on hips
like hitchhiker's thumbs.
She is a modern sculpture,
but human.
She has not menstruated in three months.

She will not let her boyfriend touch her
when they make love,
Or not love, for her it is another form
of exercise.
And he backs off eyes nervous like a colt
when she removes his hand from her buttons
afraid that he will pass right through her.

My friend cannot look at herself in the mirror
because she sees inside herself

and watches fat, the colour of margarine
pumping slowly through her veins
She is addicted
wants to slit her wrists to let it loose
pouring out of her body leaving her weightless,
floating, free.
But she is afraid to die because they will
lay her in a coffin
exposed,
naked,
and everyone will see her.

Kirsty Robertson

Under Your Shoulders

All that is important
Is said without words
Not that actions speak louder
Words can't say enough.
I look in your eyes
To the depths of your soul
And feel your emotions
Under your shoulders.
Love penetrates my soul
As you wrap your wings around me
Like an angel your beauty captures me
And I never want to let go.

Mathieu Kuhn

A poem for my father before he died

I wasn't told how this would be.
 Why didn't anyone fill me in?
 Oh, I forgot, that just doesn't happen.
 I can't take all this anymore,
 But the mask doesn't show it.
 Nobody said it would be easy,
 But nobody said it would be this hard.
 I miss the days that will never come back.
 I miss that carefree feeling that I
 vaguely remember having.
 But the moon doesn't hide away just
 because of a few clouds;
 Which means that there is still hope.
 There is always hope, we just have
 to search for it.
 Please Dad, don't give up searching,
 Because we can't lose the moon to
 darkness.

Dee Buckle

Roads

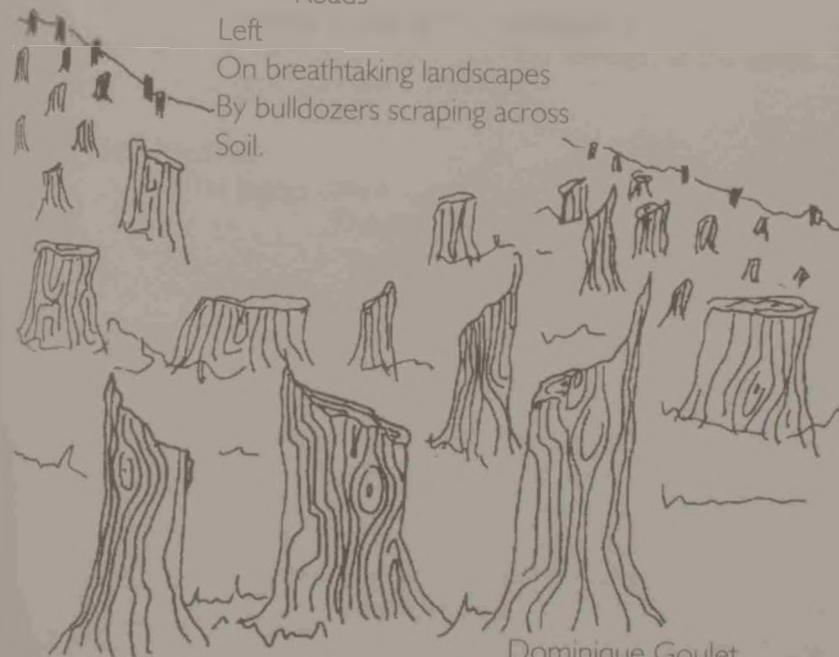
Finger nails tear through the
 Flesh
 Of beautiful faces
 Leaving
 Scabs
 Scars
 Vile Markings
 Never to heal
 Never to disappear...
 Never to disappear
 Never to heal...
 Vile Markings

Routes

Roads

Left

On breathtaking landscapes
 By bulldozers scraping across
 Soil.



Dominique Goulet

Bloom

Swallowed temptations
 That would never see the light
 Lost in my confusions
 That flutter with failing flight
 I've seen the darkness
 Which shines so very bright
 It's eating my patience
 I'm losing my child's sight
 But from the corner of my mouth
 I can feel it start to bloom
 Coming from deep inside of me
 From a dark and hidden room
 It starts with anticipation
 That releases all the doom
 It ends with the smile
 But the feelings always loom

Steve Polley

The bright side of the Moon

What is it that you see today?
 Where do you really want to go?
 Walk barefoot through the forest,
 Beneath a canopy of leaves,
 Sunlight filters through the trees.

The shadows cast a gloomy light.
 The quiet seems to frighten you.
 What evil lurks behind the trees,
 in this completely foreign place,
 It's as strange to you as outer space.

She says she is dying inside.
 The answers don't make sense
 And the questions don't make dollars,
 And the dollars cannot be ignored,
 I think I've heard this all before.

Come with me into the forest... And take off your shoes...
 Feel the earth beneath your feet... Feel the strength of the earth...
 Mother... Like a living goddess... Mother...

The earth breathes
 The leaves dance
 The sun sings
 the wind whispers
 nature lives
 and will survive...

I will not watch you fall again.
 You will not need to hide again.
 The sun may fade but that only means,
 the moon will come out soon,
 and we can gaze on the bright side,
 of the moon.

Tim Pearson



Untitled, By Lauren Cruikshank

In Passing

Heaven's tears fell like children on the angry street
broken fresh flowers swept away
upon the almighty, all consuming american dream.
no more than it does seem,
I remember...

the wisdom of the quiet wind, and the laughter
of clear waters gently carving
the rough stones so smooth... soft to my sight,
beside the shadow of jagged peaks,
mystenous and calm,
sentinels, the home of ancient spirits,
sanctuary...

The spoiled brde in mourning wept
and tore the comfort from her breast,
as man went mad in endless flight
consuming grace to warm his self made night,
forever cold, the price of arrogance bold,
forgotten...

Names written in a book, deceive the eye
though it may look, as promises were meant to keep,
alive the fear down in the deep.
dead ink upon burning page,
the ashes of desire and rage
drift away upon the wind so softly
spoken...

Greg Stirling

Stone Fence.

To think that bare hands and broad shoulders
Split the seamless earth in two,
Cleared the field of granite boulders
To plant the old world new.

Ploughs and sweat fell here, I'm sure,
Pure muscle made this boundary line,
Turning brush to fields and pasture,
The 'what is yours' and the 'what is mine'.

Now the fence lies under a canopy
Of second growth, shrubs and goldenrod.
The struggle long ended to keep these fields free,
They're back in the hands of some arboreal god.

Yet lies this trace under brush and vine,
A memorial having passed the stage.
Of horse drawn mowers, scythes, and twine,
Forgotten in this rootless age.

I've heard Time's a refreshing river,
And that past was no Arcadia,
There were reasons it was left to wither,
Into this most modern Utopia.

Frank Willdig

Reasons To Live

Live for the beauty of a sunrise
Live for the crisp smell of Spring
Live for the enchantment of friendship
Live for the romance of love.
Live for the artwork you produce
Live for the sun warming your soul
Live for the wonder of a child's smile
Live for the comfort of a cat's purr.
Live for the purity of a fresh snowfall
Live for the joy of smelling flowers
Live for the peacefulness of rainfall
Live for the awe of the Earth.
Live for the chance to laugh until you cry
Live for the comfort of a friendly smile
Live for the clarity of a bright blue sky
Live for the calm of walking on a beach.
Live for the opportunity to read by candlelight
Live for childhood memories of walking in the rain
Live for the warmth of being loved
Live for the excitement of your wedding day.
Live for the bliss of holding a newborn child
Live for the chance to offer unconditional love
But above all of these wondrous things
Live for the love of being yourself.

Kylene Mellor

A Warning from Mother and Son

The mild winter morning has piled the snow
gently outside the windows at an early hour;
the cool eastern winds were heard to lightly blow,
While the sparrows slept silently in the bower.

The day slid by in the usual manner,
bright noon giving way to quiet afternoon;
Clouds drifting in to unveil the sunset's banner
that daily unfurls to greet the evening moon.

Now darkness crept upon the land,
and temperatures dropped along with the rain
that froze in the grip of el Niño's hand,
to transform the world: Water into ice.

The Frost was heard to say, this would suffice.
Freezing rain would pilfer man's power,
to reveal madre naturas' power to the world;
leaving millions freezing like the rain.

Darkness had enveloped the frigid world,
and winter waged on like the Cold War.
Her dog, the cold, bit to the bone.
Long dark night, sat solidly in place.

Unrelenting ice marred the earth's gentle face
as a reminder of Her presence.
Soon the ice would melt, revealing the scars,
leaving mankind to ponder their essence.

Once again water would begin to flow
along with man's electric power,
but human knowledge will have to grow
for spring to come and earth to flower.

Steve McClung

Candyland

He thinks he's so fulfilled
But truly an empty shell
Is he, a core rotted
away by vague words
spoken from other
people's mouths.

He lives in Candyland
sugar-coated self-love
Superficially yours,
He trolls around helping
others "find the light"
For him, Eternal damnation
in the land of Onion Rings,
Round and round again

He looks for her; she of
unsurpassing qualities
to which no one displays.

Puts himself on a pedestal,
Greet the masses with
fillers passing as hello's
Looking down on his adulators
with breath like fire.

He eats their originality alive
Like a dragon who thinks himself a
prophet
When he truly
is not.

Caroline Cunningham



photograph by Cheryl-Lynn Boeur

A Poem in Remembrance of the Best Haluski Maker
This Side of Slovakia

I remember your warm smile;
no matter the conditions outside the house or the conditions
inside the house.

I remember your slow steps
and the creaks you made upon the hardwood floor.

I remember our bedroom chats:
I, sitting at the end of your sloped bed,
you, on that hard wooden chair,
asking me if I wanted your jewellery,
then telling me about village life and how you used to ax the
heads off chickens.

I remember your laughter,
and how you rolled your R's when you said, "Merry
Christmoose".

I remember how I sat in the wooden chair by your hospital bed
and stroked your hand, and how you squeezed mine back;
how you tried to speak to me, to tell me another village story,
but the sounds of those words just wouldn't come out.

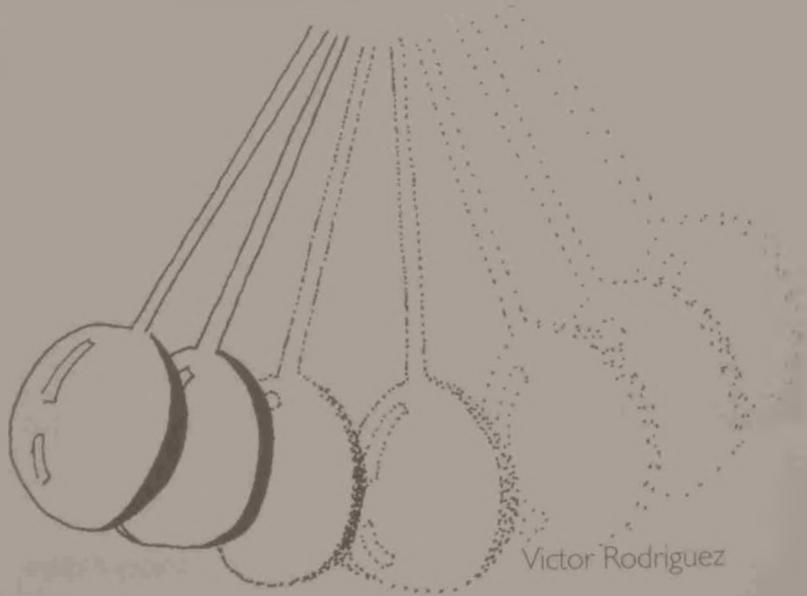
Tracey Millen

Time

One could argue over and over
 About the meaning of time.
 The ones who live in dark and gloom
 See time as a predator that looms over;
 Waiting...
 Before it runs out for us.

The ones of bravery and might
 Suggest that it is the shedder of light;
 But naiveté as such can spell one's plight.
 Perhaps it has no meaning at all,
 Yet time is on the minds of all.

Proudly, I say I know what time is about:
 For you see, for us my dear, it won't run out.
 Time is a follower, and nothing more;
 It will follow you, the one I adore.



Victor Rodriguez

Delusion

If you want me to think otherwise,
 Show me pink instead of white;
 I'm comfortable with colour,
 I rejoice in life,
 spirit
 as do you-
 Your words blossom,
 cascade-
 but your thoughts are caught
 between capital letters.
 Why punctuate that
 whose essence is free?
 Go, mask yourself in layers,
 cloak your head in wool...
 You won't escape
 what has been strung
 on a captive instrument.
 Your heart may
 experience music, but
 your mind will never allow
 harmony.
 The body is stranded.
 An island...
 Unfortunately misled.

Meg Sullivan

Taking a Trip

Sometimes when life seems to be dragging me down
I take a trip to where you are and suddenly I am seeing a
world through Rose coloured glasses
What was bad, doesn't seem so anymore.
I can smile and laugh without breaking into tears.

And you know exactly what to say... all of my troubles
just disappear with the retreating waves.
And I don't need to speak
I don't even need to look at you
just being in your presence is enough.

After my visit I can return to the cruel world, where no
one seems to care
Stronger, better, happier.
Once again, being the person I once was,
before the wind broke my sail and left me stranded.

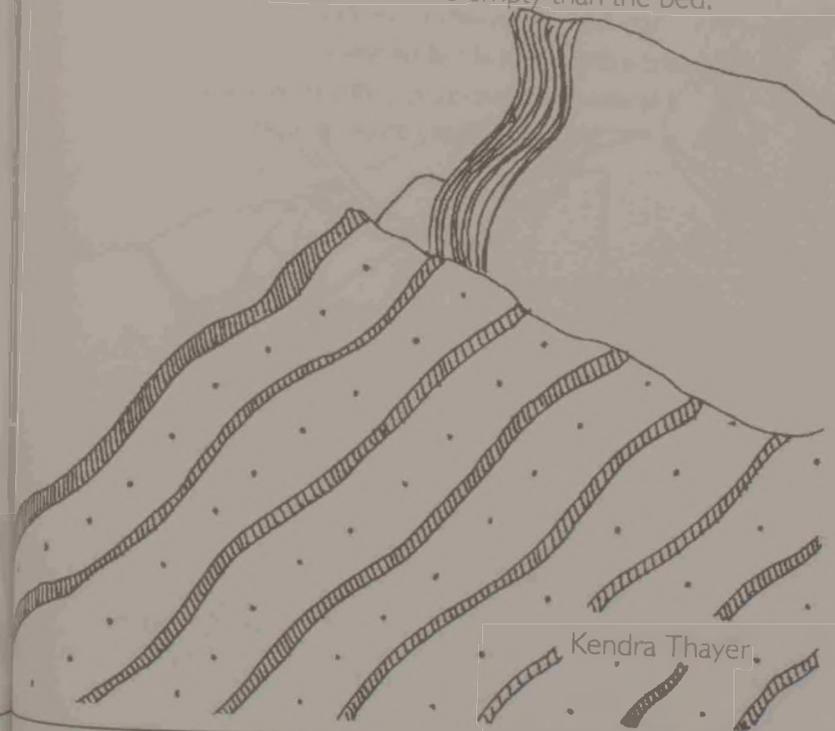
M. Carter

Bed

Legs and arms
out stretched and far
away from your side;
a lying effort
not to scar the scene.

Sheets of white
wrapped up in hazy feet
too tangled to keep me awake.

In those we hours I
remember allthetimes
waking up when you're not
there, still thinking
I am no more empty than the bed.



Kendra Thayer

New Beginnings

The man's eyes sparkle, in the mid-day sun.
His face betrays a smile, at a memory recollected.
He searches his heart, finding an ache of longing.
A sparkle, a smile, an ache for what had been lost.

He begins a journey, knowing not when it will end.
Searching high and low, from one corner to the other.
His heart knowing, knowing it's not all in vain.
Never stopping to rest, always continuing forward.

Upon a hill, his journey leads him.
His heart knows, this is the last stop.
The smile fades, knowing it's not to be found.
In its stead, he finds a newly blossomed flower.

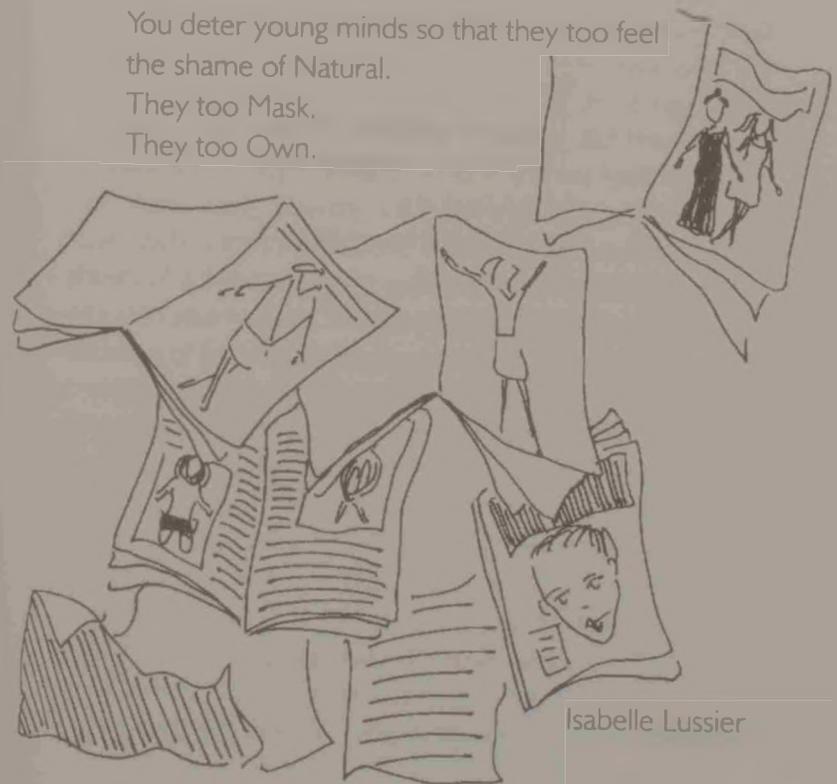
It's flown from him, leaving him with a memory.
A sign and a dream, yet all that he needs.
He vows to move on, to continue his search.
With a touch of a flower, it begins...

Jeremy Prince

I feel for you, I really do.
To walk with such an air of radiance
as though you owned the pavement
of our lives.

I see men like flies stuck to shit
following the smell of what they know best.
Who are you in those glamour fashions?
The mask is so thick that I barely recognize you
as one of our own.
It sickens me to think of the slick mass of
stuff which hides you so well one would think
you were made of porcelain.

You deter young minds so that they too feel
the shame of Natural.
They too Mask.
They too Own.



Isabelle Lussier

Sweet mother of my earth.
 My eyes reek with sadness.
 I feel closed without the wind
 of my father who has rocked
 me into sleepiness night after night
 Friends cannot see the light of his darkness.
 I am certain that with enough
 persuasion his light would gleam enough
 to glow.
 Enough to show them that father earth
 helped build us too.

Isabelle Lussier

Reasons for J.

Pre-
 The most aesthetic thing.
 The most ephemeral thing.
 Like a blue jay
 in a field of Monarchs
 I am taunted
 and hungry.

Post-
 "Aren't you coming to bed..?"
 "In a minute. Soon."
 "Not long?"
 "No."
 "Good."

The most wordless thing.

M. Crowther

The Dock

For as long as I can remember, the dock has always been a kind of magical place. Not because it cannot be understood. Not because it's all that mysterious ether, although it has been known to appear so in the delicate grip of a creeping maritime fog. Not even because it plays host, from time to time, to some of the most marvellous human creations I've ever seen. The tall ships, the three-masted schooners, the majestic ocean liners, the monstrous oil tankers. No. The dock is pure magic because it manages to be both old and new at the same time. It contradicts itself. Not clumsily like a floundering politician, but with grace, and style. At times, like now, I sit quietly on its edge, dangling my legs high above the ocean below, and stare down into the seething blue. I sit and try to fathom its miracle. It is understood easily enough, I suppose. The materials, the iron moorings, the rubber tires strung on all sides to prevent the boats from spoiling their paint jobs, the entire cement and asphalt construction of the thing, are all relatively new. Mid to late sixties probably. But the tradition which this dock represents is as old as the sea itself. Physically only slightly older than myself, its spirit (if docks can be said to have such a thing) is ancient, experienced, haunted by the ghosts of a thousand dead seafarers; possessed by its earlier wooden incarnations. Sometimes I like to imagine the timber skeleton of the old dock lurking somewhere within the concrete exterior of this one, whispering its secrets. I like to believe that the soul has remained constant. Actually, what's left of the old dock can be seen about a quarter mile down the coast line. A few rotting logs jutting sharply out of the rippled water surface, and a jumbled pile of splintered lumber and miscellaneous debris resting wearily upon an otherwise immaculate shore. An "eyesore" some folks call it. What the hell do they know, anyway?

I used to come here to fish. At least, that's the premise by which I was able to escape my wife and our Water St.

apartment for an afternoon. I must admit that not much fishing got done, and still less actually got caught. The harbour waters have had pretty slim pickings for awhile now, I guess. Sad, really, but I'm not much for fish anyway. Annie knows this, and often wondered why I even bothered wasting the energy. I don't think she'd understand. She's only been to the dock once to buy lobster for my birthday. So I told her that I gave what I caught to Mr. Farthing and his wife, Gladys. They're an older couple who lived here, and in the same house, for a thousand years I'd say, give or take. Old Farthing used to cast about with the rest of the boys down on the dock until he developed severe arthritis in his reeling hand. He kept going until the pain was so unbearable his rod just flew out of his hands under the weight of a mackerel no bigger than a telephone receiver. Tragically, really, knowing how much he loved the company and the taste of fresh fried mackerel. So me and some of the others took pity on him from time to time and dropped off a sampling of anything we actually managed to catch. Of course, I used to give everything I caught to the old fart because, like I said, I'm not much for fish. He was appreciative enough, I suppose, but his body language generally exposed a resentment of my younger, less petrified hands. Who could blame him really? Eventually, age makes infants of us all.

Like the other day, for instance. I had a relatively successful day on the dock, hooking three good sized mackerel in less than two hours, so I made my way to the Farthings' thinking how happy the old guy would be to have fresh fish for his next three meals. I mean, who wouldn't? Other than me, that is, because, like I said, I'm not much for fish. Anyway, as I'm approaching the old Victorian that he and his wife have lived in for centuries, I notice him sitting outside on his front stoop, sipping tea and watching the Gallagher kids across the street, fighting with each other. Does he see me coming? No. Wait, he's standing up to wave. I wave back congenially and indicate my prize, soon to be his, expecting a broad, slightly toothless

smile of recognition. Instead, nothing. No wave, no smile, just Farthing's crumpled old back as he turns to retreat into the house with his tea cup. Oh well, he couldn't have seen me after all, I say to myself, quickening my pace a little as I reach the gravel walkway leading to the front door. Perhaps nature was calling, or maybe he just wants more tea. I'm sure he's not avoiding me. What a funny old man! I was bringing him fish, after all. Three good-sized mackerel, for god's sake, caught with my own two hands!

Approaching the door mildly indignant but still smiling, I tapped lightly on the screen exterior.

"Mr. Farthing? It's Ben. I've got some fish here for you if you want them. Three in fact. Man, I just couldn't miss today! You should've seen us hauling 'em in! I..."

"Thas fine, Ben. Jess set dem on da porch an he'll get dem in a bit. I'm afraid he's indishposed at da moment." Gladys, his wife, calling from somewhere out of sight. A nice old lady but impossible to comprehend since a stroke left the right side of her face paralyzed. It's taken me three years to get past "Hi. How are you?" with her, and I still have trouble making out the big words.

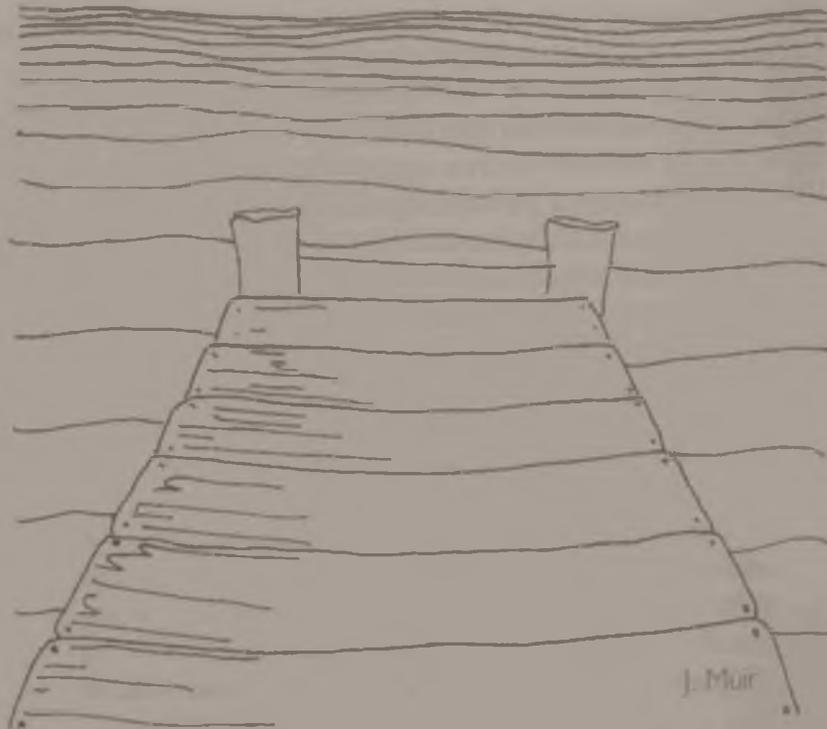
"Oh. O.K.," I say hesitantly. Then I just placed the fish on the railing and went home. What could I do? I wasn't about to force Mr. Farthing to acknowledge my superior fishing skills by chasing him down and beating him with three stinking mackerel. Maybe I should've kidnapped Gladys and messengered the fish to him in greasy brown paper. A Sicilian message.

It wasn't until I rounded the last corner on my way home and saw the huge Catholic church at the end of Water St. that I realized what was going on with old Mr. Farthing. It occurred to me that I had seen the same thing with my grandfather just before he died. No words. No smiles. Not even a friendly nod of the head. Just the retreat. The shutting out of the world. Like all he needed was contained within the four walls of his bedroom universe. A warm place to rest his head, a lifeline

to sustenance (my mother), content to float forever in the amniotic comfort of satin sheets until the moment of rebirth, his entrance into the new heaven and the new earth.

Is it always this way, I wondered? Maybe. I guess I'll find out someday, probably sooner than I'd like. Sometimes I think I can feel the wrinkles in my skin grow deeper, more pronounced. Sometimes my imagination gets the best of me. Still, perhaps it's not all that bad, feeling older, growing younger, dying. Who knows? Those who have gone before us I suppose.

So now I come to the dock but I never fish. I sit and try to fathom its miracle. I sit and I wonder how something can be both old and new at the same time. I come, and I sit, and sometimes I make my own contribution to the gigantic pool of salt water below, but I never fish. Like I said, I'm not much for fish.



The Future, By Heather Coutts

Kelly's Cup (a song)

Chorus

I'll color in my fear
I'll color you in my dear
Color in my fear

Shadows thrown against the wall
A reflection of days and moments gone

Each shadow is a mirror of me-
Each shadow is a mirror of you

Hello- I'm on the outside looking,
I see my mirror I see you there... (*chorus*)

The wind is blowin', window's open
Shut me out don't shut me in

(and) every smile the shadow gave me
is every frown the mirror made me give... (*chorus*)

When it's cold outside you'll see me
I'm freezing every bit of beauty

See my eyes (they're) shaking in me
I'd look but all I'd see is scaring...me...

Scott Baker/Kelly Shipway

uN/tl/L/eD

It just kills everything
In the body
That's why
she had braces.

Words tattooed
On cracked lips
Wide open - as her eyes,
As black balls in the night
Rolled back - with no gargled
sound escaping

her teeth, her mouth, her eyes
are a binary machine with no word
to describe it
Like this poem has a frame
To surround it.

Brendan O'Flaherty

In my dreams I never talk

Ancient dreams & age old myths
walking, waking, taking shifts
through the ancient echo walk
in my dreams I never talk

fire-bright red & ice-cool blue
grating, grinding, comfort too
leading down the pebble rock
in my dreams I never talk

upside down & inside out
hiking, hawking, always doubt
reeling from the crucial shock
in my dreams I never talk

reed-thin arms & fat-wide thighs
fighting, fondling, never dies
far from them they seem to mock
in my dreams I never talk

grasping hands & faltering steps
crouching, clinging, seeking depths
at the door a violent knock
in my dreams I never talk

cheating death & breathing life
biting, baking, cutting knife
grab the knob and flip the lock
in my dreams I never talk

try to cry & try to shout
leaking, lying, swim without
twisted strangers halt and gawk
in my dreams I never talk

Heather Coutts

Sunday, November 2nd at 9 a.m.

The window frames me
Like some sick and twisted picture
A stooped, bent over man
Staring at the outside world
Waiting...

The sun crests the trees
And stares into my soul
I am torn open and laid bare
For that glowing red eye

It calls me out
Of my self created cell
Where I hide with my books,
And my bed,
And myself.

She calls me out, but I wait
To see a different face
More beautiful than the sun
And she will fly up to my window

Hold out her hand
And draw me out
Into the day.
Where I'll unfurl gossamer wings
I never knew I had

And she will pull me into the sky
And teach me to soar
High above everything
That would keep me down

In this new place
We shall live

Matt McCarney

Spirit

The Merry Maid
of Winter,
Flakes of white
gaze of winged fairies.

Sprinkle of gold dust
floating in glass jars,
ancient pottery
engraved by sharp blaze.

Heavenly creature
Japanese paper feathers,
Holy fragility of life
Transparent wooden support.



Caroline Houde

HE IS NIGHT. THE DARKEST OF NIGHTS WITH PERHAPS ONLY A SLIVER OF THE MOON IN THE SKY. THE SKY IS NOT CLEAR, BUT COVERED OVER WITH DARK CLOUDS.

HE HAS NO LANDSCAPE TO HIM, EXCEPT PERHAPS THAT OF A CROWDED CITY. THE KIND OF PLACE WHERE ONE COULD EASILY BE LOST AND FORGOTTEN.

AS MUSIC, HE IS SOMETHING WITHOUT WORDS, POSSIBLY TECHNO, WITH ITS CONSTANT BEAT YET DRASTIC CHANGES.

HE IS A STORM. DARK CLOUDS IN THE SKY WITH RAIN AND DRIZZLE COMING DOWN, BUT NOT TOO HARD. THERE MIGHT BE THAT OCCASIONAL RUMBLE OF THUNDER, BUT THE SUN PEEKS THROUGH ALSO.

HE IS ANYTHING FROM THE BIG T-SHIRTS HE WEARS, TO HIS SUNGLASSES. MORE SO HIS SUNGLASSES BECAUSE OF THE WAY THEY HIDE HIS EYES FROM ALL THE WORLD.

HE IS NOT FOOD, SINCE HE DOES NOT EAT, BUT RATHER HIS STRONG CIGARETTES AND THE DARK GUINNESS THAT HE LOVES SO MUCH.

HE WOULD NEVER BE ONE OF THOSE CONSTANTLY HAPPY PEOPLE FOUND WORKING AT DISNEY WORLD, CASTING INSINCERE SMILES AT THE PASSERSBY.

AS A METALLIC OBJECT, HE IS HIS WATCH, HIS RING, AND THE "ELMARIE" THAT ONCE HUNG FROM HIS NECK.

AS AN ANIMAL, WE DISCUSSED THIS ONE. I THINK THAT I WILL MAKE HIM SOME SORT OF BIG, LAZY, BLACK PANTHER.

AS A MOTOR VEHICLE, HE WILL NEVER BE THE BLACK SAAB CONVERTIBLE THAT HE DESIRES SO, BUT RATHER ONE OF THE DEAD END MOPEDS OF PARIS.

Ern Patna Leath

Norberta McFarland: A Continuing Poem in One Part

Grandma's house
 stunk
 of age
 and of absence.
 Her living room—a museum—
 of dead portraits of peaceful relatives,
 and her polished piano
 (metronome in constant motion)
 It was a manifestation of
 past presence made present absence.
 I could almost see
 the ghost of grandpa
 looking out through his vintage binoculars
 to old Casa Loma.
 Behind him, his daughter
 sets the metronome in motion
 while my mother pensively looks on.
 As I do now.

Matthew T. Meanchoff

The Passion of My Heart
 Dedicated to Leslie J. Nelles with all my love*The Greatest Riddle*

It cannot be bound, that which is both lost and found,
 Both void and round.
 It passes by without a sound, and my simple mind it doth
 confound.
 Such thoughts weigh me to the ground.
 It is purple bleeding red and yet weighs under a pound.
 Now I hear no other sound.
 For my heart is far away and runaway bound.
 What could it be?
 There is but one possibility

The Greatest Rhyme

Love.
 What else is there to say?
 Such a word that is twisted every day.
 What do I mean when you see my eyes a glean.
 You are supreme and I but unseen.
 You turn my blackest night into my brightest day.
 Thus it is suffice to say,
 That I feel for you in every beautiful way.

Michael R. McCormick

Why I hate poetry

I don't understand what happened to rhyme,
If I were a poet, it would be used all the time
I guess poets forget about such literary devices,
when all they can think about are life's little vices.

When did poetry start excluding the metaphor?
Most people would not know what to use it for
This absence of comparisons brings me such pain
just like a springtime without any rain.

Which brings me to another issue...
almost all poems require a tissue.

I don't understand why most poems are sad,
they're bringing me down and they're making me mad!

I like poems about puppies and bees
or even about a child who has scraped both her knees.
Our bodies aren't empty like most poets think-
We've got guts and intestines with many a kink.

You may ask then why I bother to write this,
for my honest opinions may make you hiss.
I'd just like to remind you we're not all born poets,
some, just like Homer, should stick to the donuts
If all bad poems could be thrown out the window,
I promise this will be the first to go!

Krista Tilley



photograph by D. Vouliouris

NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY

THE MITRE



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1997-1998