

MITRE

SPRING 2000



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Bishop's University

The Mitre

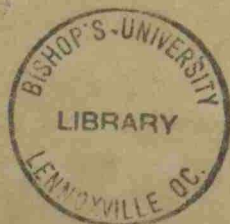
1999-2000

106th Edition

Editor: Scott J Baker

Bishop's University

A literary tradition since 1893



PREFACE

"Though we may lie among words, words do not lie" (8)

Over the December holidays I read selections from John Moss' The Paradox of Meaning: Cultural Poetics and Critical Fictions^{*}, hoping to discover some critical affirmation on the nature of Canadian literature. John Moss, himself a 'prose poet', delineated my desired topic so well, I searched out correspondence with other Canadian writers so they too could provide their unique expertise to this edition. I found Mr. Moss' engaging our literature in a way which makes it ours, Canadian, highly inviting:

It is not, however, a political nationalism but rather a desire to examine and share the genius of Canadian experience from a particular perspective, Canada as a country rather than a state, as landscape rather than geography, as a culture of infinite particularities, a community of endless diversity, a lovely and necessary and breathtakingly beautiful land (vii)

The purpose of this undertaking was so that adventurous undergrad scholars at this institution, as well as the encouraging spirit of the 'aspiring artist' in us all, could view this edition as a link between past publications and possible future ones. The Mitre has been published yearly since 1893, and should remain so as an intrinsic component at this school. One of the poets responding to my request 'on a piece which illustrates upon the composition of Canadian content' was Doug G. Jones, a celebrated poet and once professor of English at Bishop's University. Dr. Jones intriguingly sparked curiosity in me when he remarked in his letter if I "think it normal for someone to peruse over literature", after I had posed that statement to him. When it came time to idealize what I was accomplishing with the Mitre, it was the only way I felt, and still feel, the endeavor a success.

In his book, Moss remarks about the distinctions between writing, and speaking, 'Canadian'. He is intrigued that "there are few who gather us in a text the way Joyce and Yeats do for Ireland,

Faulkner for the American South.”⁽⁹⁾ I support the use of present tense when describing the works of those authors who have long since past, because their legacies live on not in what they wrote, but *how* they wrote. Their culture blossomed off the page, and our minds became enveloped in metaphors of description. Taking us inside the vision of the speaker(s), all of our senses augmented to higher degrees while we read. It is the greatest achievement of any writer to know he/she is acknowledged as a voice of their culture.

And for these reasons I present this edition, its purpose being closely tied to those who feel strongly about our literary evolution.

In arranging the Mitre, I humbly thank certain individuals. Firstly, former editors Kirsty Robertson and Tracey Millen for answering all my questions; and Noni Howard, a renowned poet whose financial assistance in support of the Mitre never goes unnoticed. The Campus Newspaper for the use of their facilities and Tom Manning in particular, his generous volunteer work in aiding the publication I greatly appreciate. To Dr. Ken McLean for referring me to Canadian writers associated with Bishop's, as well Dr. Jones for indulging my curiosity on Canadian literature. And to Mrs. Elizabeth Lee, your gracious desire in submitting works by your daughter Susanna, inspired me to use my Heart in creating this. I am grateful. Finally to all those who contributed, I commend you for bravely expressing your creativity. That alone makes this an exciting and exceptional edition.

* Turnstone Press: Winnipeg, 1999.

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Holly



Natasaha Voyer

I'm Sorry

Where to begin, I guess at the end,
When life got too crazy, I left my life in your hand.
What a thing to do, I know how unfair.
All my thoughts were blurred, drenched in despair.

And I'm sorry for that, what a mistake
But we realize that my threats were not fake.
And I think that that's worse, looking back on it now.
How deadly embarrassing, my head takes a bow.
On its way down it gets a gentle knock,
Congratulations, I have now hit the rock.

I'm comforted here, with nothing to lose,
It all fell apart, I lost even you.

I'm sorry

I'm sorry you didn't call and had nothing to say.
I'm sorry that you wanted it to end in that way.
I'm sorry for who I was, but not who I am
I'm sorry we're over and you don't give a damn.

I'm sorry you've been through this and knew all along,
That you keep a small distance and yourself strong.
I let my wall down, and all of me through,
My thoughts, my love, my soul went to you.

You didn't even want it, there lies the shame,
My innocence, my purity, my fairytale game.
Now it's all shattered, shattered like glass
I went running against a brick wall and came
down with a crash.

The crash was hard and I wanted to die.
It seems so simple, the explanation of why.

I'm sorry that I don't know what to say,
To give you my love or just walk away.
I'm sorry that you don't know what to do,
Your tempted to end this, I don't blame you.

Maybe you've decided to throw in the towel,
And that will be it, I'll end up too foul.
Remember that this girl still has pride

It got lost for a while, it wanted to hide.
I'm stronger now after what I've been through
No one can knock me, especially you.

Where to go, how to remain true,
Even your baby doesn't know what to do.
But I refuse to just wait here while you decide
I have myself to acknowledge myself to abide.

I have already left my life up to you,
Make one mistake, but never make two.

I'm sorry

But the fact of it is that this poem has no end
No decision is made that may offend
But when I decide, I'll at last let you know,
I won't sit quiet and let the time go.
At least I'm trying still remaining true
These are my thoughts I lend them to you.

I'm sorry

I'm angry bitter and scared
We're at the edge with each other being dared.

You're ready to jump and I admire that,
But once you're off, I'm not coming back
But neither will you if I dive off first
He might not want her, he's seen the worst.

I'm sorry that good times will soon fill our thoughts
We forget now but there have been lots.
I could name them with ease, the good times we've had
Soon we'll remember and forget that we're bad.

I'm sorry I don't know how to end this poem
Keep us together, or go separate alone.
I'm sorry I love you that's all I can say
I'm especially sorry if you don't feel the same way.

Megan Brayford

Ho-Hum, or Hum ho! Directions in Writing

Literary discourse is all over the place: write with your heart, write with your head, write using only the first heading on every tenth page of the tenth volume of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* — write in motion, write in bed, write black, write white, write electric.

Write like a life insurance policy — as long as you keep me awake.

Who keeps you awake? I just re-read Robert Kroetsch's novel *The Words of my Roaring*; it kept me awake — after 34 years — its rhythms, its hyperbole, its unquenchable exuberance warmed my cockles — even though it was twenty below and blacker than midnight outside the window.

Some things, like rhythms, persist like the body.

Douglas Hofstadter in *le Ton Beau de Marot* tells us, among other things, and at great length, how he and a couple dozen friends and contacts spent a decade or more translating, resurrecting, reincarnating a short, rhythmically strict, rhymed poem by the sixteenth century poet. They had a helluva good time. one reader's guide says Marot brought "freshness and vivacity" to the poetry of his age. It seems to be contagious.

We can wear out our words. There are times when the wars all sound the same, the disasters, the politics — even the ads. A. M. Klein spoke of the "daily larcenies of the lung". What is "the pursuit of excellence": harassment disgusting the pursuit of profit? What does it mean to find "closure" — for someone with a death in the family, for a whole community destroyed by a flood, for a nation flattened by war? This is another form of contagion, of inflation — "closure" means closing down thought. Is it "postmodern"?

Seriously, one looks for a little vivacity, a little lyric abandon.

I enclose a recent attempt to get a hold of that thing. I'm afraid it's pretty low on Canadian content, even on English, moreso on French. It sounds a bit like Italian, but isn't (though there may be a couple of actual words — sorry, no pasta, no pizza). Maybe it's just placebo. But try it — like a hum — and see if you feel any different.

Sing a Long Little Snow

(D. G. Jones)

ario davi diverchi
like atque
between ave and vale
the profound
and the patter

the days

the days and the weather

verchi saslaris and lightly

neve e mente

and candid, candido, e lente

ario, ario, ario
the treble in branches
and davi the ground
diverchi in medias res

The Cherub of Dover

On the threshold of the white cliffs
 He looks into the sea
 Passers by who stop and stare
 Are mystified by mystery
 He sits amidst the broken shrub
 Ponders a heavenous question once more
 Forsaken by fate and turmoil to date
 He wishes still upon her door.

I flew next to her ocean house
 To view her place, her face beguiled
 By hundreds of dreams more distant it seems
 Harborous to draw Aphrodite's smile
 She stood at her door crying, "letters no more"
 And once I thought myself for hire
 I took up flight in my creative wing
 "For soon they'll sing amore's fire".

Upon a branch the parchment left
 While he walked e'er close the water's edge
 And on her door a knock sufficed
 To bring her to read the leaf-written vice;
 "My most faired heaven
 Forgive the loneliness of this voice
 I sit a many saddened day
 Hoping to entice your heart's embrace
 As we stand apart, sharing breath not touch
 I'll await your model smile to wrap the corners of your lips
 and close the expanse
 of air between us in permanent bliss".

With that decorative enchanting the match was set
 He left his cliff, and her
 her door
 Amongst a crowded path
 on way to Dover they met

My endeavor complete I moved from the shore
 Silently witnessing their love's embrace
 Forever I'd fly to await a call
 From other hearts whose passion stalls
 To give, like these two, "Forever's taste".

scott baker

The White Ships, 1942.

The white ships silently sail
 with living ghosts as passengers,
 and along the granite shoreline
 they are blessed by God's messengers.

The clapboard schools let children out
 to cheer their heroes as they pass
 beyond their homes into the bay
 to sodden fields where they amass.

To the distant fury of battle,
 the innocents hold their breath,
 while merchants sell the tyrant
 the very guns to shoot them with.

Frank Willdig

Thorkeld in the Hebrides, 854 AD.

It was by the singing sands
 he landed years ago;
 he left his boat by the bog,
 and walked upland to the Sgùrr.

He brought his flocks to the pasture of the roaring surf.
 His family followed in the Spring.

He was buried with his sacred sword,
 his blade was engraved with the rune of Tyr;
 it was for the taking of oaths.

He was buried in the fairy mound,
 'Dail na Sithean,'
 and buried with him was his amber,
 jet beads, a silvered thistle brooch,
 his sickle, spear and axe.

Albert O'Ryan

Glimpses of the Sea...

The sea swims through my soul.
 Rocks trying to escape the constant torment of the waves...
 Jutting to freedom.
 Golden undulations sharing their prismatic glory with the world.
 A foamy breath of the slumbering titan stretching to the surface.
 Salty breezes from far off places flood my senses and excite my
 imagination,
 Filling me with fantasies of mystical murky depths and shining
 swaying shores.
 With childlike awe, I stare into the eyes of infinity...

And am blinded by the radiance of reality.

Cloud's talons lunge and tear me from the solace of the sea,
 Kicking and screaming across the shore,
 To the cities of the sinners,
 Where freedom dies and survival begins.
 Fraught with storms a million times more deadly,
 And waves that wash away your soul – bit by bit.
 I strain to shriek...
 A muffled murmur within the cocoon of society,
 Blending incoherently with the machines of man,

And the dying sirens of countless others.

Will Seltzer

"To All Things Worth Fighting For"

To the mother in you and the daughter in me, I raise my eyes to the Sky and
understand how we are all God's children.
To the sister in you and the sister in me, I stretch my arm across your shoulder
and smile for Life's camera.
To the friend in you and the friend in me, I listen well for the bell of your wings
and trust that you were sent to me for a reason.
To the teacher in you and the student in me, I ask the whys of the world and
work to find that some things have no answers.
To the doctor in you and the patient in me, I hand you my aches and feel better
just knowing that you'll help.
To the hero in you and the innocence in me, I cradle my dreams and visions and
promise them to you.
To the fighter in you and the believer in me, I challenge the world to speak the
truth and to deliver it with conviction.
To the Salinger in you and the Holden in me, I wonder about the ducks in the
winter and believe that Mother Nature takes care of them.
To the artist in you and the poet in me, I look for the inconspicuous meanings
and giggle over my own little discoveries.
To the singer in you and the song in me, I hear the echoes of the angel's lyre
lullabying the unborn children of the world and cry like a baby.
To the hour in you and the minute in me, I wrestle with time and wish the days
could be longer.
To the Protestant in you and the Catholic in me, I bow my head to a God without
labels and a Heaven without conditions.
To the human in you and the human in me, I embrace the struggles that are
shared and the sparks that are reflected.
To the ghost in you and the flesh in me, I fall silenced to what makes the
difference and hang my head for what could have been.

Adriana Murphy
December 7, 1999

*Written in memory of the 14 women killed at the Montreal Massacre
on December 6, 1989.*

Untied

Floating in my plastic sea
Something dies inside of me,
Colours fade into a dull roar, I try to be
Something else
Something new, something strange inside of you,
Until the dark overwhelms us all, Even you
Can see, can touch and breathe.
Can you feel the pain that loves for life
And love and shame?

In such love there is much to be,
If you're strong you can hide, but how long
Can you survive her touch, to Heal
The way she makes you feel,
When you look at all the time that you could have shared.
You're all I ever wanted for you
And all I ever asked was for you.

So now you're lost
Shaking in the wind
Your mind is blown and scattered
And your life has just begun.
When all is all
It's just how you reside
Your friends are all around you
But not one is at your side.

You're all I ever wanted for you
And all I ever asked was for you.

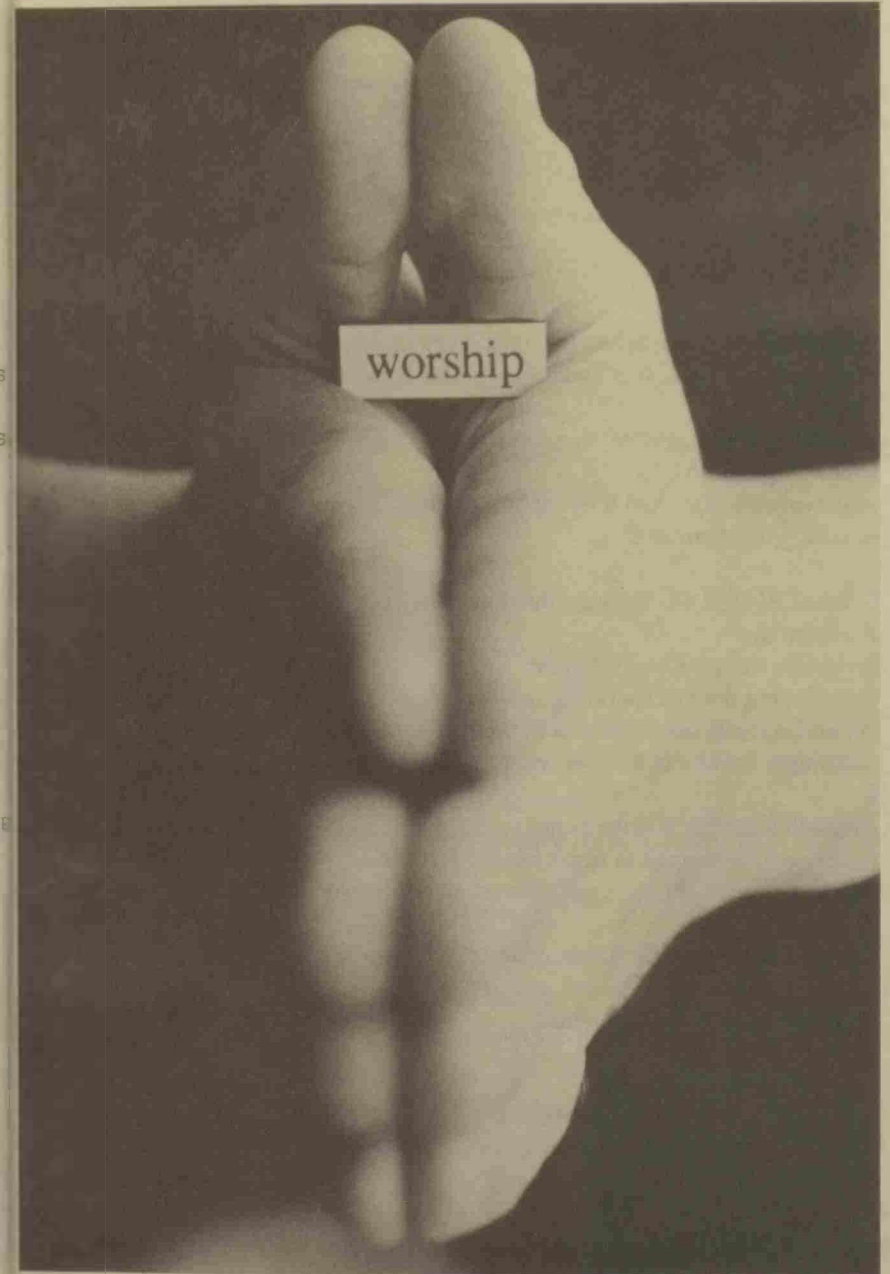
Parker Eye

KRYSTALS

The Earth has not spun once since our last song
 yet I am soon dizzy
 from the dancing thoughts of you I have painted in.
 Through the dungeon of my forgotten mind
 where I sometimes leave and lock these eyes
 cry the ancient artworks of our spring memories.
 The only keys to set them free from their coldest
 winter's breeze
 are the keys of your own heart's sweet melodies.
 The freedom you give, carries me to the four corners
 of the universe
 like a sprite dancing to the joy of new found planets
 And being the image of a beautiful winged-princess
 leprechaun
 you smile like a secret flame tickling me inside;
 blowing me kisses on the backs of butterflies.
 Melting the skies of me,
 your warmth lifts the low drifting clouds within
 and your fire is the rarest welcomed kiss.
 Are the eyes really the windows to our souls?
 Then I have breathed in great spirits
 for I have gazed deeply into you.
 So may my own eyes be as sunflowers
 beaming mists of honey into the flaming soul that you
 are
 and back to mine . . .
 making us
 the sweetness we both desire.

 . . . love . . .

Curtis Mullins



Allison Kinnucan

The truly precious

A richer man there never was,
than I last night,
as I walked.

Embraced from all sides by the most precious of worldly treasures.
My God the sight as first I stumbled across a path littered with glisten-soft gold
Gold!
Everywhere I stepped, my feet swishing through a majestic yellowish sea
continuing to flood
as if heavenly arms had found it burdensome to reserve.
And next the diamonds!

Least of all shall I ever forget the diamonds upon which my eyes were allowed
feast that night.
As if, like the gold, just let to fall.
Surrounding me in a sparkling sphere – the diamonds – just slightly out of reach
yet undoubtedly observable as I cast my gaze upwards.
Seemingly infinite in number, yet to perfectly arranged to take one as a keeper,
I,
although knowing that the riches were, on this night, not for me to possess.
I knew wisely enough to stop momentarily and
not let go unnoticed this glittery event so rarely ever seen.

For God this night cast autumn King.

And I the luck to see it crowned.

David Millard

Ghosts

The ghosts of the past haunt me still,
Calling to me from across time,
Forcing me to remember when I'd rather forget
The ache that resides still deep inside.

The ghosts of the past haunt me still,
Reminding me of what could not be,
Yet on I fight, head held high,
Knowing I'll soon be free.

Julie Mayrand

Innocence

Have you ever seen innocence sleep?
Curled in a blanket,
With eyes that dream.
Lips that smile a happy thought.

I hold him close to me,
Whispering "I love you".
There comes the smile.
"So do I", he answers.
A tear, small, weak,
flows down my cheek.
For I have witnessed innocence sleep.

Christine Bennett

Photographs

Do you remember what you looked like as a child? I do. My father had an ancient Polaroid camera that he used to carry with him constantly, cradling it in his arms as if it were another child. There is a drawer in the living room that is overflowing with special moments. He would capture everything on film, including my mother in a lime green bikini, myself mammoth-like as her stomach. Later, me again, standing on a beach in a black T-shirt, shyly covering my half-naked three-year old body with a black cowboy hat. That picture has been proudly framed and placed on display in the living room, to my dismay.

When my brother finally arrived, a little early so he'd be there for Christmas, my father defied the sceptics and actually managed to get the two of us to quietly pose for portraits. My brother is sitting casually, feet spread in front of him, in a blue jumper and tiny white shoes with little bells. He is grinning widely, his dimples crinkling his cheeks, and two perfect little teeth are visible, bottom centre. I am beside him, in a slightly larger, yellow jumper. My shoulder-length blonde hair is combed straight and lays close against my head, the bangs grazing my eyebrows, and I have all my teeth. There are others; my father holding us from behind while we wear our matching sailor outfits, and one of us each on Santa's knees as I am reaching up to tweak his beard and my brother's face slowly crumples into tears.

Soon after this, the pictures of my father stop. The Polaroid has been replaced by a newer camera, one that doesn't develop the pictures automatically, much to my chagrin. There are a few of my father when he was sick, before he died, lying on my parents' bed. Dressed only in his blue bathrobe, he smiles wearily at the person taking the photo, who is most likely my mother. He looks very young in these pictures; it is difficult for me to imagine him with grey hair. He is tall, tanned, and has very dark hair, almost black. In the really old pictures, he is clean-shaven, but soon there are those where he is sporting a thick moustache, the same one that used to scratch my cheek when he tucked me into bed at night. My grandmother showed me pictures of him, when he was a baby, through adolescence. She even kept newspaper articles about him,

such as birth, wedding and death announcements. My father was buried at sea, and my mother told me it was hard for my grandmother because she didn't have a place to go, to leave flowers and mourn. I guess that's why she kept her scrapbooks. It was part of her grieving process.

As I flip through each photo album, or leaf through the loose photos in envelopes, I see myself grow and change, as do my mother and brother. Although my father has forever disappeared from these photos, the rest of us carry on, and a stranger would probably never notice he was gone. These photos, and a handful of hazy memories, are all I have to remember him by. Those pictures will always be special to me for they captured my father in them forever, he can never be forgotten as long as they are there, treasured in the drawer, where I can always go to find him.

Meghan Wylie

head tilted, sucking moon rays,
basking in a cool blue light.

head bowed, spewing heart felts,
suffering in a damp slate spot.

head erect, shooting moon felts
head steady, firing heart rays,
emitting a cool, royal blue.

Blue

Pretty Paper

*(Dedicated in memory of Jennigje Van Ommen)
(God Rest Her Soul)*

Grey Bordered,
As if framed for viewing
pleasure.

A neat family tree
Positioned in proper form and
order.

A life long summary,
In two neat, little
lines.

A statement of occurrence,
With no detail, emotion or
sorrow.

A life gone by,
Without remorse or
memories.

Why is it?

That bad news comes
On such pretty
paper.

A.G. Klei

Sexily Indifferent,
this eulogized notion flushed my complexion.
Flowing in the searing combustion
of words falling with crystalline amber,
and slivers of glass.

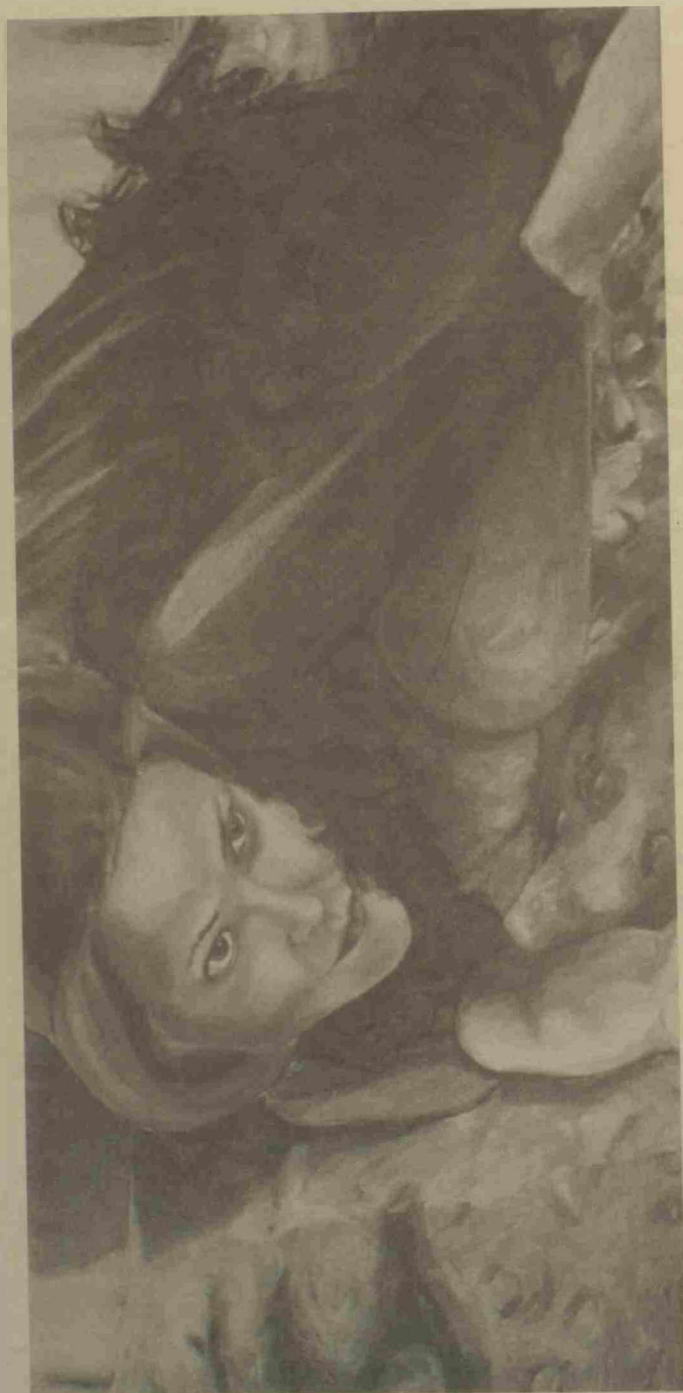
Those eyes chase my inimitable stance,
then laughingly and slowly,
are descended upon gracefully
by premonitory lids.

They start the waves of incisions
through the palms of my hands.

The welder – finding my implosion
while scanning these wrought cheekbones
for some subtle romance.

Producing these artefacts –
two pretty orange nails
that are caught in my rings.

Inexorably, I will be impaled
and happy – to this place.



"Untitled" Genevieve M. Morin

Untitled (kind of)

By: Jennn Jarvis

A jumbled mess of feelings and
 Emotions packed into
 A mass of flesh and essential organs
 Playing that soundtrack you
 Live by and live for
 Something to die or not for.
 Searching within for a thread of decency
 Or even a quarter to tip
 The Grec man
 Feeding my hunger
 The aching pit of my stomach
 Swarming with butterflies
 Just to think
 Think of the thought of exposing
 My life
 In a nutshell made of steel
 Not knowing if I can break free
 Drives me crazy up a wall
 Of alienation
 Not know the right way to go
 In a busy busy busy busy
 Land of people who know
 The name and the games and
 The faces to wear at the right spot in time
 Precious minutes, hours, days
 That should be productive
 But cease to be in present
 Gifted love who knows
 Where to touch and feel what
 I'm feeling (I hope)
 Arms that hold fast without binding
 Very soft and endlessly comfortable
 Until I break down
 In mind
 To a crowd of faces I hardly
 Recognize who all seem to
 Know where to go and what
 To do....

"Bishop's On Ice"



Tricia Davidson

Sonoma Afternoon

it is under the trees, a walnut tree
 blazing in the colors of autumn
 a soft Sonoma afternoon, a bottle, a blanket,
 the walnuts under my deliciously unconscious
 back, as i forget the day
 now far beyond me.

*"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they
 shall see God. . .*

*Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall
 be called the children of God. . .*

*Blessed are they which are persecuted for
 righteousness sake: for theirs is
 The Kingdom of heaven. . ."**

my thoughts are gone with the red tailed
 hawks in the air, the benediction of the soil
 cradling me, my prayer in the sky
 soaring
 out of reach.

there is nothing to know
 but to be embraced
 into the arms of my great lover
 the earth

and to be sealed forever
 by her sweet kiss.

* Mathew ch5 v-8-10
 translated from the Greek

©Noni Howard

Sympathy

No so long ago, her smile filled the room.
 Her laughter could brighten even my worst day.
 But now that heartache has befallen.
 She sits in her corner and sobs peacefully.
 I only wish I could say something.
 Something kind, soothing, sensitive.
 Instead it's all I can do to ignore her.
 Pretend I can't hear her subtle weeping.

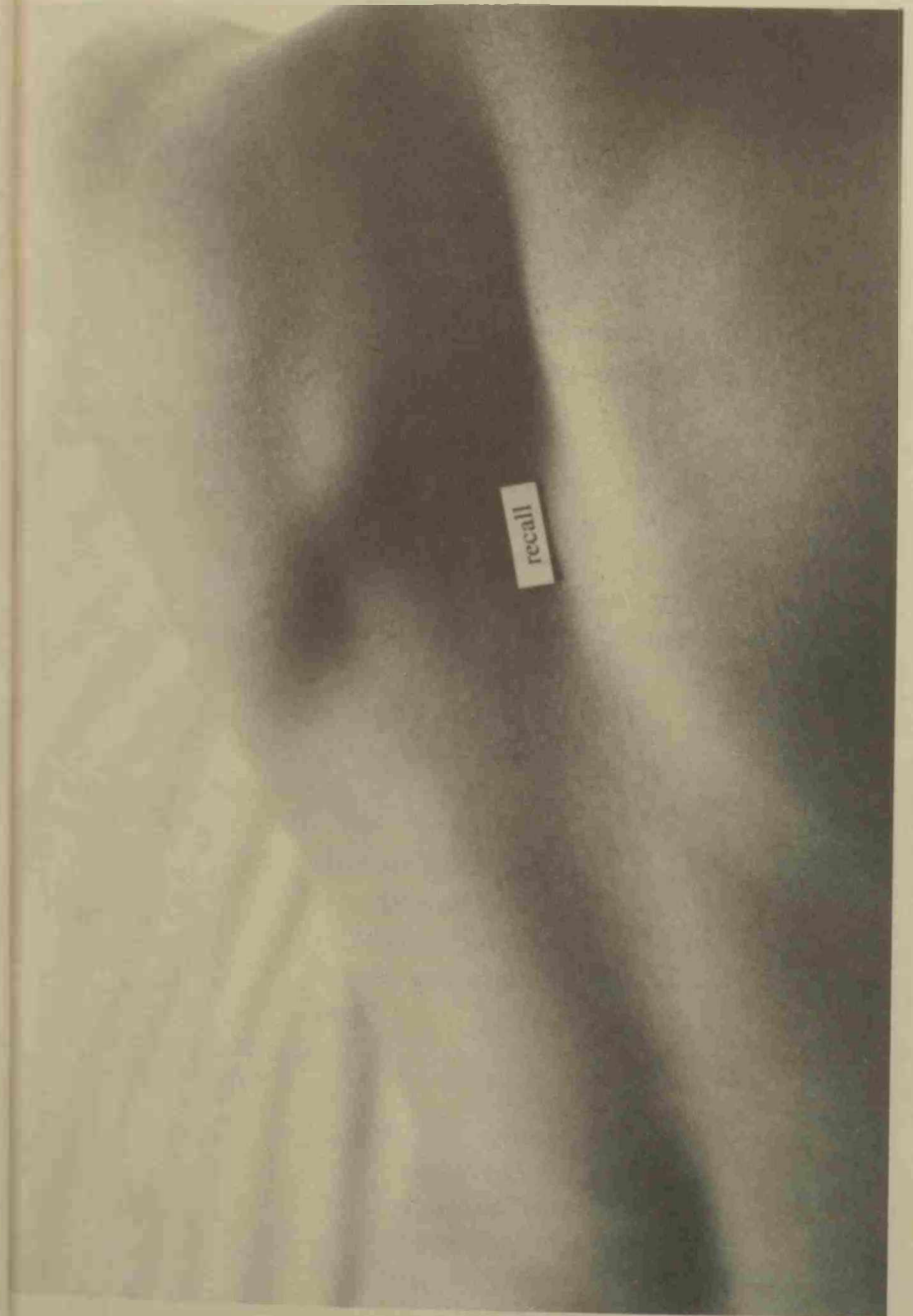
My love sits heartbroken.
 And all I can do is listen.
 I've tried to approach her.
 But I'm far too involved to help.
 She turns a cold shoulder to me.
 What more can I do but sympathize?

This woman of my dreams
 Pretends I don't exist.
 Not only she is weeping
 For my heart has been broken.

I can relate.

T. F. Manning

for A. S.



Allison Kinnucan

Jennn
By: Kev

*Blonde is as
 Blonde does
 And as for what it does
 It does
 No matter what it did before.
 Only what it's done since.
 Crazy mad moves, she glides like the ghost
 Of someone graceful in their own lifetime:
 A trickster
 From long ago;
 Ancient mischief, captured in
 360 degrees of spinning sunshine,
 The thousand points of light
 George Bush was looking for in eighty-eight
 Wrapped into a convincing Uma Thurman lookalike
 Kid.
 Trapped in a tiny, tiny, tiny,
 Tiny, Tiny
 Tiny
 Town
 Learning how to act like
 Other people
 And doing it nightly
 For an insulting twenty-
 Eight
 Quarters
 Per:
 Family member,
 Loved one,
 Workmate,
 Roomate,
 Wingmate,
 Checkmate,
 That's it!*

Green

Green

Crisp lettuce
 Celery, parsley, spinach, olives, hard sour apples
 Young, sparkling white wine.
 Pale sprouts groping their way around rocks and roots
 Blindly seeking the Sun –
 Dish soap, disinfectant, the smell of pine cleanser
 Sea-glass, deep water, iron nails rusting
 The fur in a copper kettle –
 Light filtering down through leaves
 Big, fleshy tadpoles
 The slime on the edges of ponds,
 The weeds on the bottom of lakes
 Tangled, steamy jungle
 Vast, still rainforest
 Eggs that quiver in their delicate, green-tinted shells.
 Psychiatrists say
 That green is calming –
 They must have forgotten
 Seasickness
 Gangrene
 The pea-soup green of hospital walls
 The mold that decays
 The money that corrupts
 The envy that eats away happiness-
 The beginning and the end
 The Conception and the Consumption
 The Cycle that unites all life
 Is Green...

Maxine Holmqvist

Come Back, My Queen

We only have two weeks
 and I will miss the opportunity to present you with a gift.
 So this undying devotion,
 to spread your heart across this page;
 Having your beauty sting our souls whence they joined
 I do, for always, you.

I am sullen, without mischief
 To orchestrate my passions toward anything but depression
 at the sight of these hands

burned into the mold of the curves of your smile.

if to lose you, my soul
 may I wish ne'er to see again,
 for my heart can no longer fit
 imprints made by future lovers.
 I shed a tear but look to be blind,
 the fertility has shrunk in the potential of my eyes.
 Could I ever again see your face
 I but weep to know you're alone,
 yet sightless I must remain for
 fear you once again become my home.
 May the soul's breath part
 when it listens to the separating of hearts,
 then my eyes, in masking permanence
 can shroud all my happiness.

So now you walk, your two feet alone
 I don't mind.
 When the wind slows me down
 I perhaps will find a place close enough to hold your heart,
 though far from my thoughts,
 which plague me to melancholy

when distance seems lonely.

*Come back my Queen.
 The walls have not burned down.
 I could hide you in secrecy 'till the watchtower rings,
 and we the wedding bells ring—
 come back my queen.*

Lee Gordon

With One Sigh

With one sigh
 I breathed his breath
 As his steady drum of his heartbeat,
 Like the soft roll of thunder
 Echoed in my ear.
 I saw the sunrise in his eyes,
 Felt the glow upon his skin,
 The fire that sparked my soul,
 That renewed my desire my hunger
 my passion
 for him to him with him
 And lying in the safe circle of his arms,
 His tender lips brushing my hair
 In a gentle kiss,
 I knew
 That we will never end
 As we had no beginning.
 ...with one sigh...

- Ildi -

The Birth Of Venus

a naked venus is running on the beach
 through the curl
 of the lips of the ocean
 the spray fine wet wild prancing
 galloping four legs in horse spirit
 pawing the liquid sand
 spray from nostrils
 arms flailing.

a vision of youthful ecstas
 beyond the crashing surf
 of the shoreline
 now far out in the undertow

i watch with incredible sadness
 and delight
 the moment held for me in
 a suspension
 that could break the heart.

i see her feet flare up in the foam;
 the pure joy of it
 has given her the power
 to live forever

until she vanishes into the mists

beyond the aching crush
 of the waves
 over my dream.

©Noni Howard

Cajunman

By Jennn Jarvis

The pitter-pattering of
 Beating notes continues through
 Loneliness draws near.

A sack full of crazy
 Thoughts and memories
 I carry through the wilderness
 As only I can dream
 Of what turn will near
 First.

In place of all who have
 Been privileged before
 A winner of sorts who
 Holds the medal.

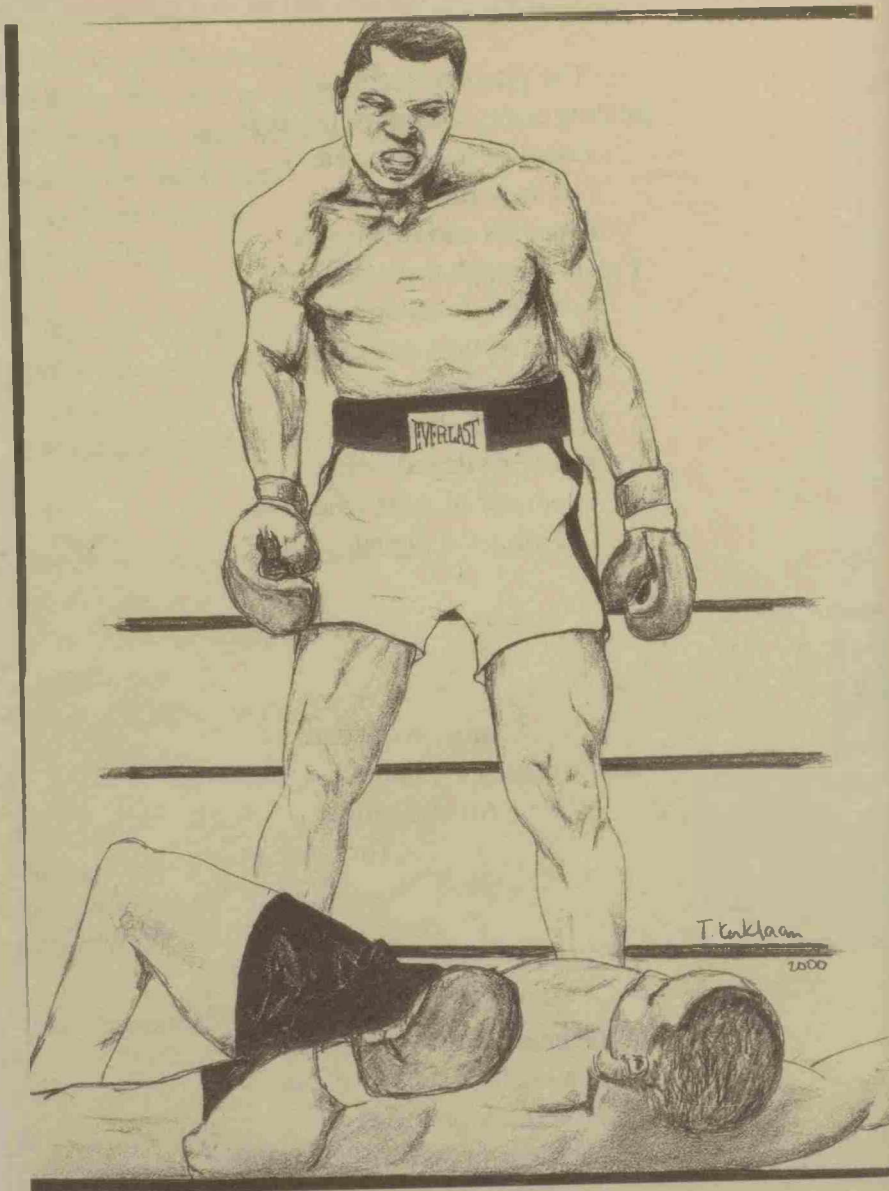
A shoulder
 An arm
 An ear

A smile with teeth.
 Close comes the hour of separation.
 An obligation

To move on
 To grow up
 To experience life.

What for?
 Is not the heart more than the mind?
 Does a skull of spongy mush
 Hold rank on the ever
 Functioning muscle that will us to live?

untitled



Teresa Kerklaan

The land of lost papers

Always looking for that document,
that paper, that note.
The one that's always gone.

That only picture,
of a precious moment in time.
Might be hidden under the desk,
or behind the bookcase.
Yet never appears there
when we look in the first place.

The love notes,
lost with the loved one.
Treasured memories, never forgotten.

Some days, we wonder about other lost lands,
the land of lost socks,
the land of lost lovers,
the land of lost souls.
Places long gone, but not forgotten...

Christine Bennett

In Loving Memory
By Tuuli Hannula

Three o'clock in the morning
At that instant I knew you were gone.

All we could say was:

Never did we think
That summer morning
That it was your last one.
Only memories and love remain...
Longing... sorrow... wordlessness.

They called you

Friend, mentor, leader, believer, motivator,
Teacher, philanthropist, advocate...

I called you
Pappa.

Rakkaudella muistaen is all I see on your gravestone
Underneath all that lies is ash
And the memory of a great man
The lessons taught
The love given.

Longing... sorrow... wordlessness.

Dedicated to the memory of
Olavi Johannes Maenpaa
April 13, 1919 – August 16, 1999

Think

Think.

Take a moment and be pensive.
Ask yourself the questions,
the ones you've never answered.
Where has your life gone,
and where do you want it to go?

Think on the one you truly love.
Who is it you truly love?
Who are those that love you?

Think about how you feel for them.
Think of the mistakes you've made.
Have you,

can you forgive yourself?

Think of the decisions you've made.

The important ones which changed you and your life.

Do you wish you could choose again?

Think of how things could have been,
had you chosen differently.

Remember those you've left behind.

Think about how they remember you.

But most importantly, imagine happiness.

Think about how it relates to you.

Is it something you know and experience

or do you only imagine it?

Now think of what you can do.

Think about what you haven't done,

and do the things you should have done.

Make peace with yourself

Be true to your feelings

And live your life in happiness.

It's never too late,

Just think....

T.F. Manning

"untitled"



Susanna Lee

Night of the Dead

(Samhain)

Take the Book of Shadows
In where secrets dwell,
Take it and by moonlight read
The mysteries beyond the dark
The secrets guarded by the dead.

Light a glowing candle
And let it sweetly burn,
Read from the memories shared
Passed to the old from the wise,
Where all one truth is bared.

The birds sung their final note
The trees whispered their last,
By the dying ember Sunlight
I have taken their wordless tales
And into the Book I write.

The sea roared the anguished
The wind spoke of a story
Of the ghostly night descend,
The journey of the waning Sun
Twinkling the last Legend.

Take the Book of Shadows
And the sands of all time
And beside me by the candle sit,
Read the secrets guarded by the dead
And all the mysteries I have writ.

- Ildi -

Not Looking Back

Brooke Bradley

Life is full of questions
 The question in many people's minds, is that of tomorrow
 Dreading the decisions that will decide their future
 The comfort they have known for so long, is moving on
 With or without them

It has been a long road to travel
 To be the person that one can respect
 Surrounded by those who care,
 And made to feel happiness in all endeavors,
 Friends have brought us through it all

As the steps forward are taken
 One can't help but look back at it all
 The devotion, passion and believing that was built up gradually
 The endless excitement and joy of days past
 Simply put, the experiences of life.

Movement in life goes forward
 Going back is for the heart-felt memories
 So much can be remembered, for the future.
 Mistakes, wrongs but mostly endings
 Learning this brings a new episode, not starting over,
 but moving forward.

In a Far Away Country.

There came a dark night
 in a far away country,
 where the only sound heard
 was the murmuring sea.

And the moon held its shadows
 in the dead black headlands,
 and aimlessly floated
 over whispering sands.

I wandered the surface
 on a mirrored glass plain,
 felt my way to a somewhere
 over and over again.

There, darkness deepened
 on the soul's lonely descent,
 without map or compass
 to the permanent present.

There was no one to greet me
 in this place before birth
 where by blindness found home
 like no other on earth.

Frank Willdig

The Lachrymal Water

Because of her freshness and spontaneity,
 She goes in life like a wind on a field.
 Oh! I have heard it on my stroll
 This wind.
 This wind of passion.
 Yes, I have heard that she goes in life like a wind on a
 field.
 And I am a stranger in this gorgeous landscape
 Like someone walking in a path for the first time
 Tasting the sensitivity of things.

Her voice, melodious like a brook in spring
 Irrigates earth frozen since a long time
 I drink this water, this odorous and gustative water.
 A river crossing over many countries,
 Inflated by its long trip
 Explodes in a jet of love!

I am the receptacle of her love.

Colours modify its hues.
 Black becomes less black.
 White becomes a sheet where she draws a window on
 a court.
 The sun and his charming shade goes there, bringing in
 his trip many familiar things:
 the birds with their mornings,
 The flowers with their smiles to life,
 And of course many small beasts
 who give the green turf a joyous life!

In this town and its noisy murmur,
 This house in the city is mine.
 And days and nights are the same
 because she never draws the night on its roof.

She draws a pleiad of stars in our shared picture.

But a brook is tumultuous and crazy.
 I search, I analyse, I ask the brook, I ask her:
 Why are you doing this? Why are you changing my
 hard bread into a soft water?
 - She responds in a smile that she loves me.
 And water continues its way relentlessly.

Passion is not a lasting thing.
 Like a brook she appears and like a brook she disap-
 pears.
 Just the time to turn the page,
 Just the faint noise of a scared animal in the bushes,
 Just the time to close the curtains,
 I turn my back and she is not there anymore.

Already colours are drowning. Magic is fleeing.
 I will recover my mechanical gestures.
 Water will recover its usual place in the glass.
 And I will drink it as we do this all days of our week.

It will have the taste of tears,
 It will have the bitter taste of tears,
 This lachrymal and frozen glass.

Nicolas Bourdon



Allison Kinnucan

"my heart is tired"

Hath I broken my words, for those arrows have slain me
insides out;

Thou laughter is a calamitous,
faceless monster which smiles when you breathe.

You feed the air with senses tainted in fog,
False Faces—you mock me!

Thoust a killing wink the eye does make
Hidden—you hide behind
a cloak, words to a friend not the same an enemy receive?
Doth profess this false justice

Ah...thy nurtured honest nature is slung, driven to my bowels by
love's brief honesty;
though may my words be pured by the Heavens—
honesty and brevity mix most unwell.

Oh how this poison is but silence,
a mixture thy blood welcomes with love.
And should I laugh at this calamity, this irony of fate? I beseech
you to think my end will be anything
but
a whimper,
be it a teary tale thy sorrowed soul will sing...

it is singing now

Hath broken the fire's wind with my heart—
My Fire! It carries the strength of the Heavens to scream at Hell,
to get away—GET AWAY!

Not one touch from these crafted hands
will I assist thy own body in torturing the flesh

and die in peace may I, in silence
in peace
revenge thy torment and thy reward,
nothing but regret.

I have feared the worst and worst yet
I am fear;

My mirth gone, shallowed low by an incestuous hand of a friend,
cousin
Who calls himself false father

Pain!—my soul pricks the skin,
in agony to ignite again this madness;
keep it inside. But I must

My thoughts have convinced thy heart to believe not your death
but shall you speak again these ears, half yours, are open
waiting;
my mouth to echo both honor
and Love—
should you speak again!

Alas, a life's whisper is but death's grave injustice,
and it is no heavenly justice to reverse course.

I've lost my love, all love lost,
mirth mellowed so low no flowers grow—
but weeds, oh no God's Light they need;

Mutant they seem, though nature they are
twisting spirals of evil deeds
the secretion maddens me...

and this poison...it will cleanse
me.

The Heart is tired, it wails to sleep and
dream near my mother,
My father—

"Horatio, I am dead".

Scott Baker

If I wrote you a poem
 what would you say?
 What could you say?
 everybody knows what a poem means
 It's full of serious sentiment
 and usually involves some yearning
 I have wants, needs and dreams
 but I don't think I do have yearnings
 They sound painful
 and not at all like something I would want
 If I wrote you a poem
 about what I didn't want
 what would you say?

Blue

“portrait”



Susanna Lee

Don't Know – Amanda McAleer

Agnes went into the office awaiting the detective who would relate to her the findings of another week's search for her son. She sat on the edge of the chair, and existed on the edge of a precipice to which she would fall into. How deep and dark that fall would be depended entirely on what the detective would tell her today.

The fake leather of the seat beneath her squeaked with her every movement. The Florescent lighting's unnatural illumination gave everything a pasty yellow look, like a partially decayed corpse. One of the long narrow bulbs twitched and convulsed light as it slowly died, yet still struggled to give off light which was its life; its reluctance to die yet inability to live made Agnes uneasy. So much so that she felt like smashing the doomed, dimming, yet ever fighting, flickering bulb—just to put it out of its misery. The twitching of the florescent light was accompanied by the buzzing of a fly as it beat itself against the window again and again, as if realizing its doom it had decided to try to break through the glass perhaps knowing he'd achieve his own death through the battering of his brain against unyielding glass more likely then breaking through to salvation.

As officer, not the detective Agnes was familiar with, came in with a vanilla folder tucked under one arm. He threw Agnes a smile she did not return. He was so young, she found herself wondering how long he had been out of the academy. *He has blond hair much like my Stevie had*, she thought...slowly realizing she had thought of Stevie in the past tense.

"Where is detective Arnold?" Agnes asked.

"Actually, that's why I'm here. He's very sorry, but he's been detained miles from here. And he knows you must be very anxious to know what we might have found, and so he told me to read his findings to you. Is that all right?"

Agnes nodded, and her hand motioned for him to go on. She didn't care who read it to her; she just needed to know what it

said. Agnes desperately tried to follow the man's words and focus her vision on his eyes, or his mouth...yet she'd find that his eyes were just black voids slowly sucking her in, and his mouth didn't seem to coincide with his words that reached her seconds after he spoke them instead of instantly. His words turned into a drone of syllables that wove their way through he mind, she tried to focus, yet the harder she focused the less his words made sense. She could almost feel the syllables entering her ear, riding through the tubes and tunnels hidden therein-striking hard against the drum and other instruments there in creating chemicals that would work their way through her mind. Chemicals that twisted her thoughts...yet even as his words seemed to have the effect of a bad LSD trip on her, she caught their meaning here and there...

She understood the meaning of 'found nothing', 'search turned up nothing', 'no evidence', 'nothing more that could be done', 'nothing...nothing...Agnes' hand had started to shake ever so slightly. More of a vibration than a shake, as her hand went up to her temple, her eyes closing tightly as she tried to clear her mind and make sense of it all. Yet still his words came, they the forces of chaos obliterating every morsel of sense she could make in her mind, "Stop..." she whispered, so softly the officer didn't hear her and kept saying no, nothing, no, nothing, no, nothing "Stop..." no, nothing, nothing, nothing, no, nothing! "Stop!" Her voice almost a scream now. The officer paused, his brows meeting as he looked at the lady in pity. She didn't see his look. Her eyes were still closed. Only once he was silent was she able to put together the meanings she had fished out of his torrent of words and came to an understanding...

"Wh...what...what you," She pointed to him to clarify, more for herself than for anyone else, "What you are trying to tell me," Pointing to herself, "Is that...You-you don't know. You don't know what happened to my Stevie..."

"Well, Miss Hillenger...there was no witness, nothing to-"
 "Shhh! Shhh!...no, no, please, don't start explaining again. Just...just say it, don't go on and on forever explaining in detail, just-just say it. You don't know."

He paused for a long moment once she had stopped, her eyes were glazed with tears unshed, and red from those that had already been there and gone. She wasn't an old woman, no more than 40 he would guess...yet she seemed so old, the aging only those who have suffered a great loss can experience. He nodded, then finally said softly, "We don't know..."

She nodded, eyes fixed on his, her tears over flowing and silently slipping down her cheeks making glittering rivulets down her pale face. "I..." She began, "When I came here six weeks ago I came here expecting anything. I thought you'd find his body in the river, or perhaps by the trunk of tree he had climbed and fallen from. I am expecting perhaps someone saw a man drive up to him, and snatching him into a car. Or that he had really been hiding at a friends house, a perhaps had gotten lost in the woods. Week after agonizing week, I came expecting anything again...I had hardened my heart against everything. His body at the bottom of the lake. His body thin and starved in the woods miles from here. His body exposed and mutilated after some pervert had molested him...Anything...I had expected anything, any clue, any suspicion of his whereabouts. But do you know what officer?" Slowly she shook her head, her eyes still locked on to his even as the flow of tears grew from a small rivulet to a steady stream.

"I didn't expect Don't Know...I could have accepted any horrible fate you had found my boy to have fallen into, all but Don't Know...I think that is the worst news you could have told me. Do you know why? Can you imagine that the unknown is always infinitely more gruesome than any known horrific occurrence? I doubt you'll ever know too...if you haven't found even a shred of evidence, not even a ripped piece of cloth somewhere in the woods or one eye witness that even saw him going in an any direction, then I doubt you will know anything about my Stevie. And so...forever shall I not know. I'll never have closure. I'll never be able to properly mourn my boy. Forever shall I be haunted by the infinite possibilities of fate that could have fallen upon him..."

"I wish you could tell me something, anything! Tell me he was kidnapped by aliens, tell me he spontaneously combusted, tell me anything...I would accept you know, no matter how impossible and strange. I could accept anything but Don't Know...what am I to do now? Mourn him without proof of his death? Hope beyond hope he's alive?" The officer whispered, "I don't know..."

"You don't know... and the unknown shall always haunt with the power of imagination that could never be equaled by any known monstrosity, for the known must apply to the rules of reality while the unknown does not."

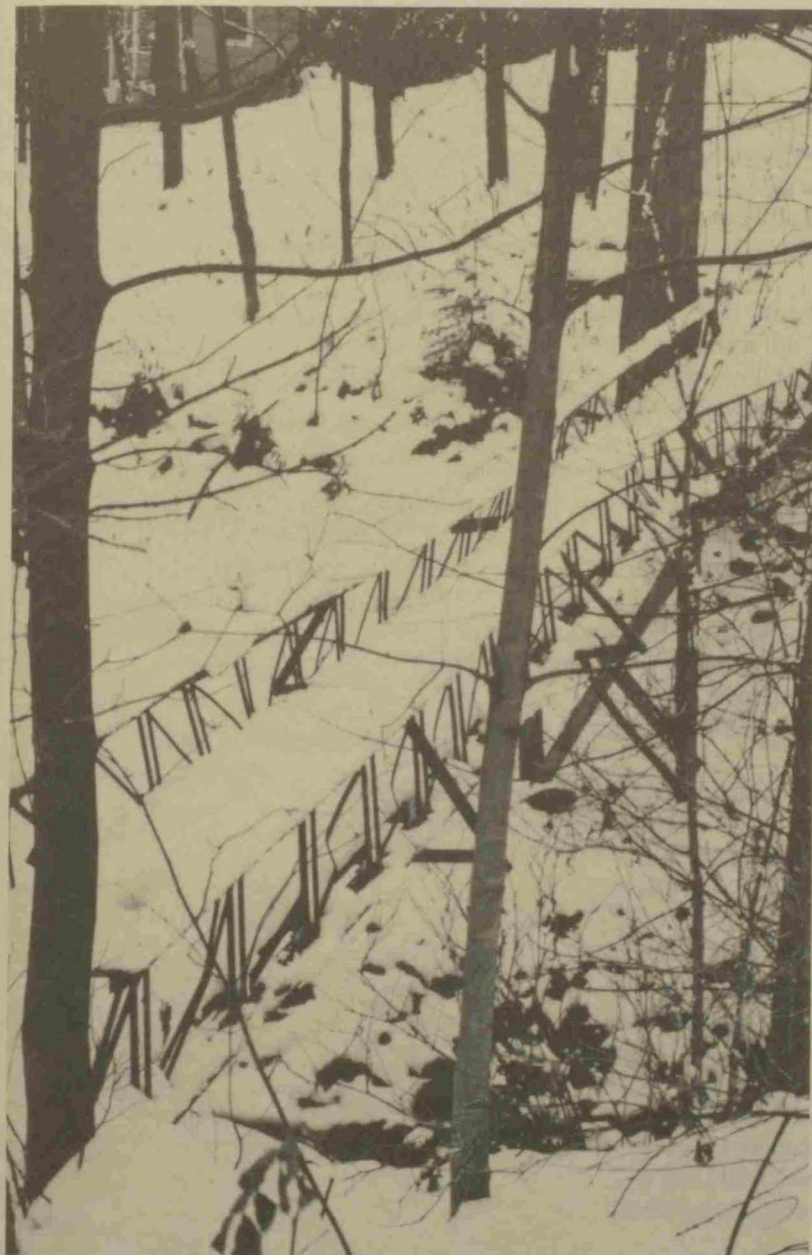
With that, she finally broke the stare her eyes had held him in, turned towards the door, and stepped out into the night. Where she went from there, where her life could go from there after such a sentence as the unknown...he did not know...

A Short Winter Poem.

We hold this thimble of sun,
and in this rancorous bay
watch the last drop
into the dark where selkies splash
into the hold of night.

Albert O'Ryan.

"untitled"



Natasha Voyer

Mercy, Mercy, Mercy

The thought ignites; will not go away.
 As a golden beam; bright and gay.
 And all I can say,
 Is Mercy, Mercy, Mercy.

One casts it off; assumes it is a lie.
 But still it resides; like a spring that won't dry.
 And all I can cry,
 Is Mercy, Mercy, Mercy.

Regardless of fears; despite all doubt.
 The thought takes seed; beginning to sprout.
 And all I can shout,
 Is Mercy, Mercy, Mercy.

Ideas fall down; like a nourishing rain.
 Fantasies dreamt; with longing and pain.
 And all I can exclaim,
 Is Mercy, Mercy, Mercy.

A foundation is laid; like the roots of the seed.
 I cannot get enough; I just feel, consume, feed.
 And all I can plead,
 Is Mercy, Mercy, Mercy.

Finally fully conceived; As a fresh laid egg.
 Wholly, completely; prisoner to curves and leg.
 And all I can beg,
 Is Mercy, Mercy, Mercy.

The greater it gets; the more it is true.
 The more I want; the more of you.
 And it's all I can do,
 Mercy, Mercy, Mercy.

A.G. Klei

Clough

Midnight, 3:00am,
 Walking, working, the cold air cuts your cheeks and
 splashes on your throat
 The rows of houses hide stories as they roll away
 below you
 You can see soft smoke billowing out of chimneys,
 towards the sky
 The moon is too big for this sky tonight, too brilliant.
 You wonder who else is looking at it
 Is she?
 Suddenly the stars scream silently at you
 Each one the colour of purity and hope
 The faintest, purest star
 Is she? That one, a half a world away?
 You make a wish, then wonder
 What was I doing here? Walking the dog.
 Maybe...
 As you whistle for the dog and begin home
 You quietly take the smile from the corner of your mouth
 And put it in your back pocket
 For later.

"The Garden of Evening"

I find the flowered meadow
of evening. Dark blossoms linger in the grass
Lit by the soft dying light of dusk.

The flowers are beautiful.
Shades of violet with enchanting scents
But soon the night will steal away this loveliness.

The wind drifts aimlessly, warmly about my body,
It touches my cheek gently,
making fleeting promises of comfort and safety.

The softly scented breeze,
The luscious sense of ease,
Are fragile and quiver at the confines of the day.

The meadow of evening,
where flowers bloom and are forgotten,
where night looms beyond the trees,
Shade engulfs this temporal garden.

Justine Alsop

She Was The Wind

She was the wind that blew in his sail,
She was a challenge sure to prevail.
She was the sun that brought warmth to his heart
Then she was nothing: it all fell apart.

She was his angel, so pure and so true.
Completely innocent, more than he knew.
She was divine, with intentions so fair.
Then she was nothing, she was left with a dare.

She was his baby, only his to hold close,
To cuddle, to tickle, to kiss on the nose.
She was his baby, to keep from the cold.
Then she was nothing, she grew very old.

She was his vixen, only he could observe.
Her looks, her moves, her body with curve.
She was his goddess, dying to tease
Then she was nothing, unable to please

She was the wind that blew in his sail.
He let it go, left her destined to fail.
Her wind turned to rage, a storm uncontrolled.
Then she was nothing, or so she was told.

Megan Brayford

He Said / She Said

"What exactly are you trying to say?"

I sighed a little at those words. I'd been trying to break it to him for the past fifteen minutes, doing my level best to let him down gently, but despite my effort, he was still taking everything the wrong way. His voice was gruff, deliberately emotionless. I could picture him, sitting tensely on the other end of the line, clutching at the phone as if to a lifeline. Surely he knew what was coming.

"I'm saying it's over Steve. For good this time." I struggled to keep my voice level, trying not to betray the trembling in my stomach. It was best this way; I'd had enough of him and his insensitive ways. He didn't care about me at all, he never had. Not in the way I wanted to be cared about.

There was silence on the other end of the line. I waited for an interminable moment for him to say something, but he didn't. He simply sat and sulked. This was the last straw, I decided. I'd had it with him.

"I'm sorry. I've got to go. I'll talk to you later." I was brusque, businesslike. I didn't even listen to hear if he said goodbye before I hung up the phone.

I sat for a while after that, watching the patterns of light that the sun splashed on my wood-paneled walls. I felt sorry for him, in a way I always had. I'd never really loved him, despite his obvious feelings for me. Two months ago, when I'd say yes to him, I'd hoped that something might evolve, that I'd grow to care for him. It hadn't happened. True, I was fond of him, but it wasn't love. He didn't fit my needs. I wanted someone who was open, romantic, and passionate. Someone who would call me every night just to wish me sweet dreams. Someone who wouldn't leave for two weeks without leaving so much as a number he could be reached at. Steve was not, and never had been my ideal guy, and now I could see that he was never going to be.

Still, I didn't like hurting him like this, much as he deserved it. I shook my head angrily. Why was I blaming myself for this? He'd brought it upon himself! He wasn't capable of the level of commitment I demanded, and what was worse, he didn't even want to try to meet my needs. Time and time again I'd tried to talk things out with him, only to be met with indifference or stubborn unwillingness to believe that the problem even existed. The least he could have done today was made an effort to talk me around instead of sulking like a spoiled brat. He'd have to learn to deal with problems, not just to ignore them and hope they would disappear.

My contemplation was interrupted by the phone.

Maybe it was him, calling to apologize to me. Maybe he'd tell me everything I'd always wanted to hear. Maybe I'd forgive him. I reached for the phone, half hoping it was him, half dreading having to turn him down again.

It wasn't him. I should have known his stubborn pride would stop him from begging.

It was Brad, wondering if I wanted to go over to his place, since he had

some friends over.

What the hell, I thought, I need to relax anyway. It'll be nice to get out of the house for a while.

I told him I'd be over shortly.

Steve

I couldn't believe this. She was breaking up with me. She was really doing it. She'd threatened to so many times before that I almost laughed, hoping it was just another sick joke.

It wasn't. I went cold as she explained things to me, showing me my mistakes, pointing out just how I'd managed to screw up the only thing that mattered to me at all.

She rambled on, obviously not caring how much this hurt, maybe even *wanting* it to. I couldn't understand it, couldn't get it into my head. It was over? It couldn't be over! There was no way! How could this have happened so suddenly?

She went quietly finally, obviously waiting for me to panic or something, but I wasn't going to. I didn't feel any anger or hysteria; I just felt wooden and dead. My mind was totally blank.

She sighed, "I'm sorry, I've got to go. I'll talk to you later." She sounded so angry, so final, I began to revive a little.

"Katy, wait! I've got to..." I trailed off as the line went dead. She'd hung up on me.

I've always been pretty practical, I don't like to dwell on things too long. Even things that hurt as much as that breakup did. If it was over, it was over, and there was nothing I could do about it. The first step on the road to recovery was to get it off my mind.

I forced a grin, picked up the phone and called Melissa.

She was ex, still my best friend, even though we'd broken up months ago. She always called me when she had problems that needed solving, so I figured she'd be a good person to turn to right now. Besides, she was very good friends with Katy. The two of them talked about everything together, including their relationships. I hadn't really liked that idea when I was dating Katy, but now...well, it might give me some insight as to why Katy had done what she'd done.

Two hours later, when I finally hung up the phone I was feeling better. Maybe if I could convince Katy that I really cared...that I could change her...maybe she'd be willing to give it another shot. And as to doing something to get my mind off the situation, Mel had to work, otherwise she would have planned something. As it was, she'd heard Brad was having a get together with a bunch of people. I figured that would be an ideal opportunity. Brad and his friends were rowdy enough to take my mind off of anything. Even Katy.

Katy

Normally, I would have enjoyed myself immensely at Brad's house. I like to cut lose as much as the next girl. But this time...there was just something wrong. I had a really bad feeling about this time, like something horrible was going to happen. It was a good thing Steve wasn't here, I thought. I doubted I could handle the extra strain of dealing with him.

As if on cue, I heard the sound of a motor behind me.

I would have recognized that truck anywhere, the pale blue paint, chipping and flaking around the wheel wells...the off white canopy...the familiar grin on my ex's face as he pulled up beside Zach's car and killed the engine. He hopped down, his usual, outgoing self. Totally confident. Totally in charge. I gritted my teeth and managed to give him a quick hug to break the ice. Then I turned my back on him and rejoined the everyone else.

Steve

I'd expected her to ignore me, so it came as no surprise when she seemed more cold than usual. Katy always overreacts. Luckily enough, I managed to act laid back and like I didn't really care what she thought. I'd been pretty shocked to see her there when I pulled up, but once I got over the surprise, I was fine.

"I'm surprised your dad let you borrow the truck." She called over her shoulder as she headed towards the rest of the group.

I bit my tongue. The truth was, my dad hadn't given me permission to use the truck. He had no idea I even had keys for it. If he found out, I was doomed. But then, there was no way he could possibly find out; he was at work until five. I'd be home by then.

I followed Katy towards my other friends. At first it was enough just to sit and talk and joke, but that got boring pretty soon, and we started looking for something else to do. Eventually we hit on the idea of visiting Jordan, since he lived only five minutes away. There were two cars, and eleven people. Zach and I were the drivers.

I laughed to myself as the others raced for the cars, each trying for shotgun. I had nothing to worry about. My place was assured.

Katy

Despite my apprehension, I found myself caught up in the excitement, and before I knew it, I'd been hustled to the waiting cars. Zach's car was already full, much to my dismay, so I had to ride with Steve. Since Jon had already taken the front seat, I had no choice but to climb into the back.

It was musty and airless. I perched on one of the padded benches and looked around for a seat belt.

"Come on! Move it!" Joyner, who was sitting on the bench across from me, called out the back of the truck to Steve. I noticed vaguely that the back

hatch hadn't been closed as I tried to get comfortable.

Steve got into the driver's seat and started the engine.

"Wait a sec Steve! The back's not closed!" I scrambled for the hatch, but he revved the motor and hit the gas. I had just enough time to throw myself back onto the bench and grab the edges as the truck lurched, wheels spitting gravel, full speed down the driveway.

I gripped the seat for all I was worth, feeling more frightened than I ever had before.

"Stop!" I screamed, praying he'd hear me. "Steve! I want to get out! Let me out!"

He glanced back at me in the rearview mirror and laughed.

At that point, I lost control. All I knew was that I was in a speeding truck with no seatbelts, no restraints, with an angry, irresponsible driver. I had to get out.

I threw myself against the back window of the cab, pounding at it desperately, screaming for him to stop, to slow down, to let me out.

He grinned at me—the most self-satisfied, justified smirk I'd ever seen—and cranked the radio.

The heavy, death metal crashed through the air, drowning me out in a roar of screaming guitars.

"Give it a rest, Katy." Joyner called. "We're almost there."

I stared at him. How could he not realize how perilous our situation was? I turned back to call again, by my world suddenly dropped out from under me. I was thrown back onto the bench in one second, and in the next I'd been flung across the cab to land on Joyner. He grunted and yelled angrily, shoving me off onto the floor. The back of the truck swung heavily from side to side and I was smashed from one corner to the other as we fishtailed. I heard a crack somewhere in my back and I tried to get enough breath to scream.

Then, with a sickening lurch, we started to spin. I felt I was floating, spiraling around and around in a dizzying whirl. The windows exploded, showering me with crushed glass. The world narrowed to a whirl of shrieking tires and screaming metal. There wasn't even time for my life to flash before...not that there would have been much of it anyways. Sixteen short years. I'd only just started to realize my potential. Now I was going to die because of a careless, cruel mistake.

Around we spun, once, twice, three times, and then, finally, we hit. I remember seeing the back of the truck start to buckle right in front of me as it smashed into the tree. That was all that saved us from plunging into the ravine beyond it. A sheer drop of thirty feet.

I skidded forwards and fetched up at last, half hanging out of the open back of the truck, half buried in shattered glass. I couldn't stop screaming.

Joyner jumped out and took one look at me before racing back towards the road. He and Jon took off towards Jordan's house at top speed. Steve got out more slowly and made his way around back.

I saw him coming, but I couldn't stop crying. He stood and looked at me in shock for a long while. Then he shook his head like a dog coming out of

water and panic chased fear across his face. He put his hands to his forehead and closed his eyes, shaking visibly. The he staggered away.

I lay in my bed of glass and screamed.

Steve

I couldn't deal with this. I could *not* handle this. Not now.

From the second I'd lost control of the truck, I knew we were in trouble. I'd taken my hand off the wheel for a brief second to swat at a fly, and that was all it took. That, and the fact we'd been doing ninety in a thirty zone. And we'd been going around a corner. And I'd been, well...more than a little reckless. I'd been cranking the wheel harder than I should have, so it should come as no surprise when we started fishtailing.

Fishtailing itself isn't a huge thing you can recover from it if you're careful, but I'd overcorrected, and then overcorrected again, and our fishtail had turned into a spin. We'd done three complete 360s before we became airborne for a brief but seemingly unending moment and crashed into the tree.

I just wanted to scare her. Just seeing her in the back screaming for me to slow down had brought all the pain that I'd been trying to ignore rushing back. I just wanted her to feel a little of what I was feeling. To know what it was to be frightened and helpless.

I'd overdone it.

When we finally stopped, it took me ages to realize it. By then, Jon and Joyner had already taken off, and Zach had pulled up behind me. I knew I was in very, very deep trouble.

I crawled out of the truck, muscles jerking and twitching in shock. I turned slowly to survey the wreck.

The truck had caught up against a large tree, which was holding it steady and keeping it from sliding into the ravine behind it. The tree had snapped in half from the impact, and had caused a very large dent in the bed of the truck. The glass in all the canopy windows had shattered and fallen inwards. Only a few shards clung to the screens and the frames. The truck was still upright, which was amazing, and it was probably still drivable, but there was a whole load of damage that would need to be repaired. I was dead.

Then I heard the screams.

They were muffled and breathless, more like hiccupping sobs than anything else. They were coming from the back of the truck. I knew it was Katy.

I stumbled over to the edge of the ravine, not wanting to see what I knew would be there.

She was lying half in, half out of the truck, covered in glass. She didn't seem to be able to get up. I couldn't take the scene in. My mind just could not accept it. I shook my head, trying to clear it.

When I looked up again, she was looking at me. There was so much accusation and fear in her face that I could barely stand it. My head pounded

and my blood raced as the facts hit home at last.

I'd crashed the car. My father didn't know I had the car. He'd be furious. I'd nearly killed Katy. I'd ruined even my chance for friendship. I'd nearly killed her! What if she was paralyzed? How could I live with myself if I'd done this to her?

I couldn't bring myself to go to her. I couldn't stand her accusing eyes any more. I turned and staggered away.

I think I zoned out after that. I half noticed when the man who'd been driving a little red car which I'd nearly broad-sided stormed up, shouting at me because I'd nearly killed him and his wife. I half-noticed when Jon and Joyner returned with Jordan in tow and began bragging about how we'd "crashed in style." I found myself laughing with them, not because I was really enjoying the situation, but because it was easier than facing reality. I half noticed when Jord glanced at us in disgust and walked over to help Heather and Zach, who were calming Katy down. I *did* notice when she finally crawled out of the truck and began to stumble home. She hadn't broken her back or her legs...that was one less thing I'd have to blame myself for.

The police arrive on the scene and asked all the usual questions. I told them half-truths, leaving out the fact that there'd been people in the back, where there were no seatbelts, and not mentioning that I'd been going well over the limit. The tow truck pulled up, and when then put the keys in the ignition, the pounding heavy metal blasted out, belying my claims of responsible driving. The officer looked at me strangely, but I must have looked so shaken that he decided to give me a break. I got the lowest ticket possible. Eighty dollars, for reckless driving.

Then my dad showed up.

I retreated into myself again amidst the angry accusations and the threats of thousands of dollars of repairs that would have to come out of *my* pocket. It would be a long time before I drove again. But even worse than that, I'd lost Katy.

For good this time.

Katy

I don't remember how I got myself home. I was in shock and my back hurt furiously. My mind was numb with the horrible realizations of the past few minutes.

I'd heard Steve bragging about the crash, laughing about how 'classic' it had been, and the rush he'd gotten from it. I'd heard him barely paying attention to the shaken man and his wife he'd nearly killed. I'd heard him lying outright to the police and trying to make his accident less serious than it had really been.

I just wished I could have seen his face when he turned the engine on and the music blasted out deafeningly. There could be no way reckless driving *hadn't* been involved in this crash.

How could they be so nonchalant about this? How could they possible

ignore the fact that, by rights, we should all be dead right now? The curve of the road, the speed of the car, the lack of seatbelts, the position we'd been in on the cliff, the impact we smashed into the tree with...the odds had been against our survival!

I was sickened and disappointed in them, so I turned away and made my limping way home.

No one stopped me.

That was a year ago.

Since then, I've had to undergo six months of treatment for my injured back. The doctor says I'm very lucky to be walking right now.

I developed a fear of cars and speed, which persisted for weeks, and I refuse to go out or to have anything to do with Steve or any of my other friends. I shut myself away in my room and withdrew from society completely. It was months before I could even hear Steve's voice without breaking down, and even now, my dreams are still filled with the sound of breaking glass, squealing tires and heavy metal music.

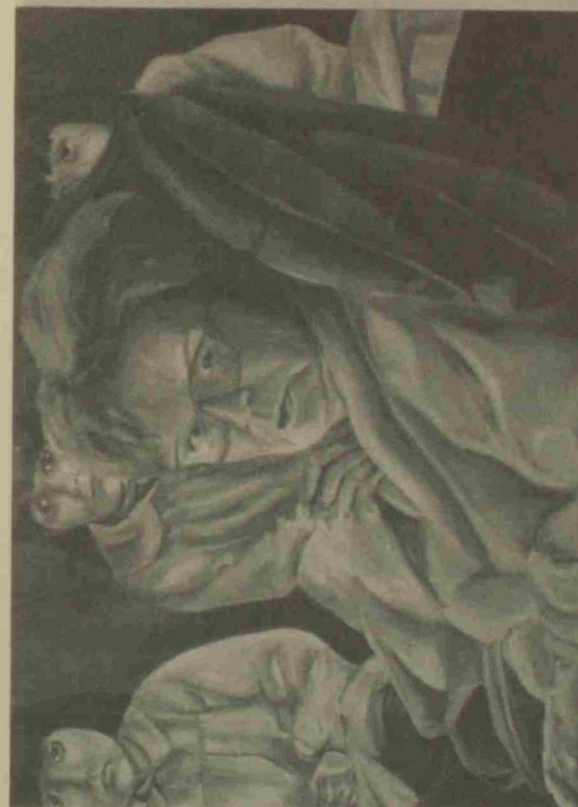
I've recovered physically, to all extents and purposes, and I've tried my best to forget about that day and the events which occurred, but every time I drive past the shattered tree, or see a blue truck with a white canopy, or meet up with Steve, the whole thing flashes across my mind again, and the fear returns. But I go on with life. I try to do everything I can to gain new experiences and learn new things, because I know now that any day could be my last.

Two people in that truck were not appreciating life.

Now at least one is.

Keltie Anderson

"One Day to the Next"



Genevieve M. Morin

MORNING AT THE BEACH, HALFMOON BAY, 1999

it's the quality of light
 tiltering through a miasma of salt
 sheen on down the wide sand
 between oceans curls and cliffs
 that i stroke myself with.

the past and the future are one
 on the clean tide,
 no footprints weighing the present
 for the water to fill in its emptiness.

a half crazed dog finds a ball
 that his master has thrown from a tennis
 racquet far off into the foam,
 and joyfully brings it back,
 a prancing dancer in the waves.

i circle my griefs and the timelessness
 of passion
 and ask no questions.

the reds and blues of my transfigured sight
 break the molecules of movement
 down into a single moment.

the crash, the silence, endless horizon
 connecting me once
 and now forever;

i am your lover.

©Noni Howard

Untitled

A voice from afar
 Stirs sleeping dreams

Visions of a life
 Not so far away

The memories so fresh
 The moments long past

The future looms heavy
 Full of empty dreams
 Yet to be fulfilled

Love not returned
 Falls to my feet

If only I could see
 Just what you love
 Exactly what you see
 Then I'd understand
 Be a good listener
 A much better friend.

T.F. Manning

Angst

I'm not the next Sylvia Plath.
 I mean,
 I love my daddy,
 and when I look in the mirror
 well,
 I have to admit.
 I'm pretty cute (even without the moon).

But why is it that
 I have to be half way
 to the oven
 to write anything half decent?

Poets write
 for love and nature
 and greed and irony
 and hell,
 some even like to write
 about sex. My poetry teacher
 liked to discuss sonnets
 about sex, even if they were really about
 nature.

Me? I have to be so tired
 my eyes burn before
 I can write a word.
 I have to hate all my lovers
 and mistrust all my friends
 and turn my back on everything
 I believe in
 and know
 to write something true.

I'm a zombie.
 "A crack whore." (You said that). I look a little
 peaked, well, "tired", to quote my mom.
 I feel like shit. But the
 poetry is great.
 Orgasmic. But a little tiring. I
 think that maybe I lost a little weight back then.
 I can't recall. I remember dark circles.

Ted Hughes created a monster.
 But you said it yourself:
 I should write more when I'm
 angst.

Amy Vallis

Mixture of Haiku

by Kid.

Butterfly
 Its Here I Sit
 And Play Again
 A Game of Me
 In Every Scene

The First Thing I Wrote After That Letter
 Summer breezing in
 And I asked you
 To remember me
 When I'm gone

I

In thank you laughter
 I notice again that I
 have yet heard her voice

II

I traded love for a crow
 and hung it outside
 to scare hearts away

III

Left there upon paper collecting the
 imaginative solace

IV

Passive crocodile
 Elegance empowers you
 With dangerous grace

V

A true tree
 rises
 free, with it beautiful wings
 flutter to the ground

VI

It seems ironic
 that poets of nature
 kill what they write about,

and hand this death in
 on the very paper
 which came from the tree's breath.

If

If I promised you forever
 Would you choose to stay
 Or would you leave me standing
 And simply walk away?

If I promised you my heart
 Would you love me in return
 Would you take me by the hand
 Would you love me as I am?

If I promised you my life
 Would you take the precious gift
 Would you look me in the eyes
 Would you leave the lies behind?

If I promised you it all
 Would you claim even a part
 Would you choose to take the risk
 Would you yearn for my sweet kiss?

Or do you choose to walk alone
 To ponder "might-have-beens"
 When a single simple word
 Would have me promising the world?

Julie Mayrand

"diagonal shadows"



Susanna Lee

The floorboards creak beneath me as
 I become, mesmerized
 By the sound of the songs of falling dust.
 For a moment, I dance with the
 Sunlight which slowly pours through
 The windows
 On Sunday mornings.

The aroma of coffee warms me
 To smile thoughtlessly;
 The redwood dock resuscitates memories
 And I sit with the laughing
 Of the emerald lake that
 Is gold
 On Sunday mornings.

The rocking chair is the orchestra of time;
 And my book pales
 To the innocence of the sapphire-sky
 And its jealous trees which
 Warm crystal mountains;
 Pure
 On Sunday mornings.

Spain

The heat today was incredible
 The still air captured it, pressed it into our lungs, against our bodies.
 No movement disturbed it; it was a still day, a heavy day.
 I did my chores like someone trapped underwater
 my vision swimming with heat waves.
 Everything was slowed, smooth, dreamlike-
 the only refuge was the coolness of the rock rooms where we prepared food.
 Today we made a salad.
 Every now and then Encarna would give us olives; cool, hard, and green
 Sharp and salty with brine
 Dissolving to an acidic pulp on my tongue.
 Later, we took the kids to the river to swim.
 It's drying up fast in this heat,
 but the small pools are still deep enough to dive.
 The water is clear but dark; the stones on the bottom slippery with silt.
 We wait until they're finished and then we swim-
 The water slips like a cold cloth around my skin, softly.
 My limbs float, brushing against the heat of the air.

Every morning I wake at dawn and
 Watch the Sun fight its way through the heavy mist.
 Slowly, the mountains become visible, their weight and size each day a surprise
 Each time, breathtaking.
 The colors are not the same here.
 There is not the sharpness; a thousand shades of brilliant green
 The green here is older,
 Greyer
 faded and soft like Spanish moss.
 The flowers are small: lavender, blue and yellow.
 On the cliffs, there are only dark ivies winding their way through stone ruins
 and tiny white alpine buds like stars.

At night sometimes I walk.
 The darkness is absolute: the nearest village is forty minutes away.
 On these walks, I talk to God-
 With prayer meetings five times a day.
 It's become a bit of a habit.
 Besides I need the release
 Need to explain my situation
 Explain my exhaustion, my restlessness, my frustration.
 I need to get angry about the bruises
 On their tiny arms and legs
 Their burns, their scars
 I need to get angry about the temper tantrums

And the whimpering under the bed
the day their parents arrive.

I sit on the dry grass: the smell of sunflowers and wheat is carried to me in the
breeze.

I feel rage, like the heat of the day simmering in my bones.

I feel sadness, like the ache of cold water.

I feel comforted, like the taste of sharp olives

Maxine Holmqvist

Portrait of an Artist

To wake up calm and naked,
and to look through
greased skin, black eyes, solid ugly marrow,
intricate muscle, blood and guts
and understand beauty lying beside you
is a masterpiece.

Lovers are artists, there are no others,
to feel love strong that hurts
is to create, to ravage, to edit.
Love is a art, there are none other
(passionate and vital)
and the artists muse can be
the cotton of touch,
the ballad of honest eyes,
and the puzzle of a simple kiss.
An oeuvre, timeless and impenetrable,
and strong and bold and 'nice' and everything.
It comes inspired, cannot be fabricated,
and to love is to steal away to
deserts and oceans together on the backside
of one's eyelids, to kiss a naked pure body quickly,
and to roll back over to sleep.

Owen Percy

Being Above the Clouds

Ripping the virgin's blanket
to get to her
untouched parts.

Cutting through her,
making screams of pain
and ecstasy
balled together
like the first time.

Loins on Red fire,
lungs rushing to catch up.

Dumb and numb
lying together
at the bottom of this
soultrain,
still waiting for those lungs

and letting, watching, our souls
make angels in the snow
and giggle
like they were still
beautiful children
beside us.

Owen Percy

Perch

Silhouettes.

A silhouette of a man,
clad in plaid,
perched for perch
on rocks
seemingly moulded for
moss, prickly bushes,
pools of stagnant water
like souls, and
for his body.

Sitting, smoking
Smoking a pipe
burned,
both man and pipe,
of things they did not expect.

Fishing. Holding
a fishing pole,
relaxed.
Breathing death
through one end
in a barbed hook,
breathing life
through the other, in
Amphora-filled lungs.

A silhouette of a man,
a grandfather,
his place earned
on these rocks.
And me watching him.

Owen Percy

Victims of Autumn

It is autumn.
 It is autumn
 where is was not before,
 and leaves are dying,
 cascading down,
 screaming quietly and in vein,
 dying.

The sun is gone,
 a leaf the colour of summer
 floats from a mighty maple tree
 and marring a mirrored lake,
 helplessly drifting
 from rocky shore,
 alone.

The lake on which it sails is cold now.
 Missing the warmth of
 naked giggling children
 that it held once before.
 Children who would splash
 and swim and canoe
 like Indians,
 and lie naked in it
 like a suit that made them invisible
 until their mothers finally found them,
 and stole them back.

I makes wakeless travel, this leaf,
 and rotates by the wind,
 its muse.
 And is curled up, as if
 recoiled from touching fire,
 ice, heaven and hell,
 and is the colour of summer
 pushed by the wind.

It could be picked up
 by a little girl in
 a stained sundress and a jacket
 whose feathers had once touched the very lake,
 in hand-me-down rubber boots,
 crouching on a shore.
 And carried home preciously
 like it was a star,
 and the only one in the world.
 And delicately laid and blanketed
 in a childhood scrapbook
 that would make her
 cry some day,
 and let her dream like a girl once more.

Likely though, it will struggle
 against the wind,
 against the world,
 and lose.
 And will be engulfed by the surface,
 again will cascade,
 to the bottom of this vile,
 childless lake to rest
 with millions of others,
 victims all
 of autumn.

This time is merciless and neverending,
 this autumn.
 And it is autumn again
 where it was not before.

Owen Percy

Music Hands

On a plain piece of paper
 I share my love
 With a thousand years of historic thought
 And if you were to tell me
 That I'm a silly old man
 I'd laugh then sing aloud with a glowing heart.

And with these hands
 I play and pray and pray about this land.

Lee Gordon

"Bishop's Gazebo"

Allison Kinnucan

NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY



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