

The Mitre



1992

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The 99th year of Canada's Oldest
University Literary Publication

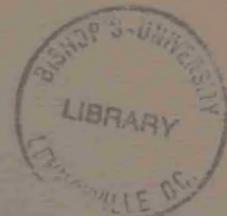
The Mitre 1992

Editor:

Kristi A. Lambert

Thanks to:

**Kathy Cassidy, VP of Public Affairs
and the authors and artists of the submissions.**



The Blue Bridge

Into the night, just you and I,
Hand in hand, under the moonlit sky,
Escape the world and bright of day,
In a spot nearby, yet miles away.

Our bridge awaits, preserved in time,
To feel our touch and hear our rhyme,
Protecting us from autumn's cold,
Revealing our secrets, once untold.

Our purpose here, we both now know,
Forbidden thoughts from long ago,
With shaking hand, I draw you near,
A kiss confirms both hope and fear.

Yet all is not as it may seem,
For this is just another dream,
I let the scene begin anew,
My neverending thoughts of you...

by Geoff Eby

Snow and Ice

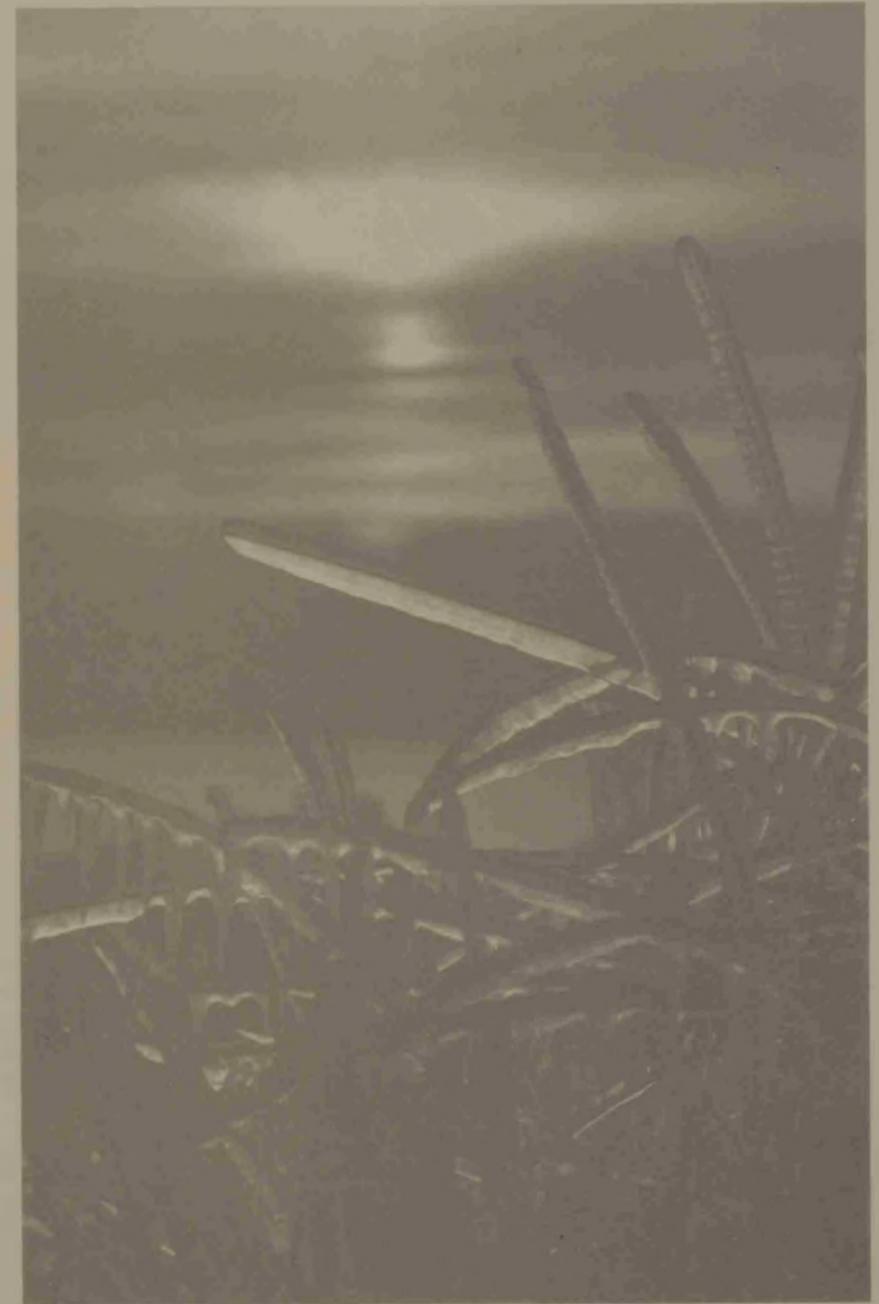
The winter days are deceiving.
The sun shines a brilliant gold,
melting the ice on my window sill.
The sky is bluer than all of June,
And the rough landscape smooth.

But once I am through the door
And I can take a breath,
I feel the coldness in my chest
And my skin turns to ice.
The sun blinds me
And gives no heat.

Gradually,
One by one.
As I walk through the deep snow
I lose sensation in my toes.
My ears freeze solid,
And I breath a smoldering fire.

And warmth comes only in the end,
Just before I lie down to die,
In the snow and the ice.

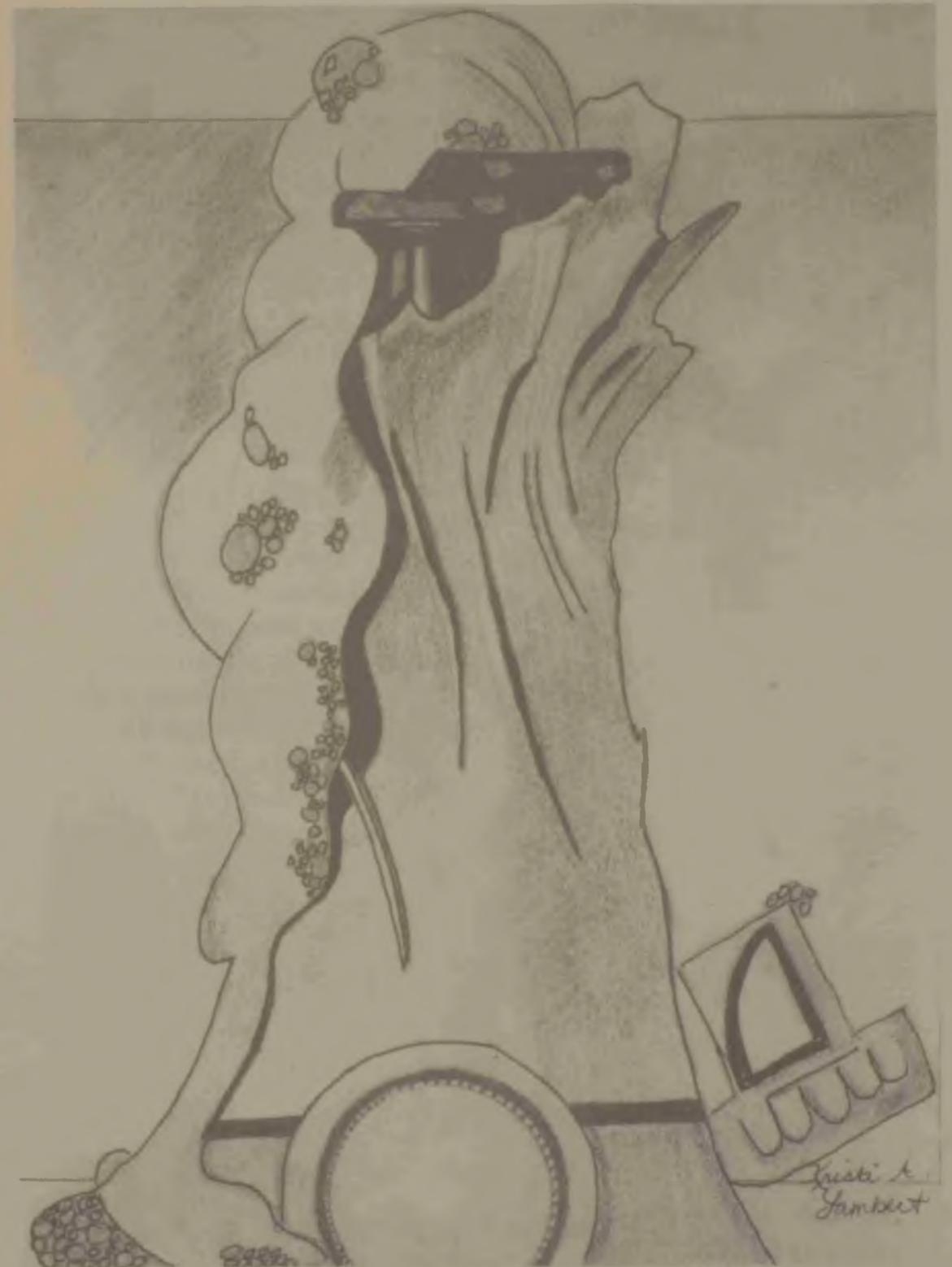
by Simon Walker



by Chris Jaksa

Friendship
The bonds of human Faith
Calling out to one another
Crying,
Laughing,
Yelling out her name
Running crazy,
Wild and Free.
Sitting silent
In the throes of mourning
Hugging,
Loving - lovers of a special kind
Together to bring back the night.
And join the world
With the Power of the Gift.
Unconditional, unjudgemental -
Quiet yet loud,
Gentle yet Fierce,
Meek yet brave.
A human hand reaches out -
It touches the heart,
Comforts the soul
And makes the eternal
Turning of the wheel
Easier,
Simpler,
Shorter.

by KAT



by Kristi A. Lambert

Symptoms

Together just through circumstance,
Absorb her with a subtle glance,

Whispered words to distant ears,
Silenced quickly as she nears,

Shaky hands and shallow breath,
A ghostly palor, akin to death,

The mind adrift in utopian scene,
A blush at where his thoughts had been,

A quiet smile to knowing eyes,
Idle talk to delay good-bye,

In need of strength from Him above,
The signs show fear, the eyes show love.

by Geoff Eby



by Chris Jaksa

We drink the pollution of the air,
And over time,
It pollutes our bodies to gray
Until we can only sputter dirt.
The hole in the sky
Takes away our wholiness
Until we wither away
Like the unraked leaves that lie dead.

by B.A. Bryanton

Sometimes I just want
to sit in a corner
all by myself
like a sulking child
Just to cry and let it all go
All the emotions
that push me
and pull me.
And then, take a deep breath
While I watch it
all flow away.

by B.A. Bryanton

Lilacs and mystery
Leaving me with a scent
Worth no more than a penny
Filling my lungs
With optimism and bravery
Taking me back to the scene
Of young Victorian belles
And endearing princes
In coats of tan rawhide
Tracing the details that I've learned
Until there is no more to tell
Bubble upon Bubble bursts
Leaving me only with
Lilacs and mystery

by B.A. Bryanton

Reading Material

The magical poet, so gentle, so free,
Possessing a talent that no one can see,
What use a romantic in modern-day time?
What care has a woman for love, or for rhyme?
My mind time and again can plant a great seed,
But it's not a caress, just something to read.
How I wish I were free from my world of prose,
I'd abandon my sentiment, caring not where it goes,
I'd seek out a life, that's now out of my range,
And burn all these lyrics, with thoughts that don't change.
So here I now sit, in my cute little nook,
Composing my life in the lines of a book.
They won't hold you in thrall, these thoughts in a bow,
But they're all I can give you, so on with the show.

by Geoff Eby



by Kristi A. Lambert

Thine Own Brave Heart

Oh prince, where art thou
as thy pretty princess
lies cold in yonder kingdom?

Rise up; rise up and fight
that magic that imprisons.

For one hundred years
have come and gone,
and still the maiden sleeps.

Thine own brave heart
alone can reawaken her.

Fight through the briar bush
fair prince, fair prince -
for your princess waits for you.

by Heather Pattee



by Chris Jaksa

Under the Surface
by Joanne Tracy

I sighed heavily and stared down at the newly sanded floor. I got out the can of varnish and set it down at one end of the kitchen.

"Hey, Bud! Up bright and early this mornin'!" I heard my friend Steve say as he barged through the back door

"Jane's been bugging me to get it done quicker so I'll have more time for wedding plans," I said, unenthused.

"Well, it's the last part of the house to be done, eh?"

"For now," I said, "in ten years it'll be falling apart again!"

He looked at me sympathetically and laughed. He knew as well as I did that we couldn't fix a house as worn down as this one, but Jane had insisted. Her parents... grandparents... great-grandparents lived here. We had to carry on the tradition.

"Does she know, Don?" he asked seriously.

"Get off it, Steve," I said quickly, "Grab the other end of the table, will you?"

We placed the heavy oak table in the dining room adjacent to the kitchen and I quickly busied myself stirring the paint and cleaning the brushes.

"Marriage is forever, bud," he continued as if I wanted to hear, "I mean, in two months that's it!" He snapped his fingers.

"Steve..." I pleaded. I'd heard it all before.

"You'll be deceiving her for the rest of your life..the rest of-"

"Look," I interrupted, "let's just varnish the floor, alright? I wanna finish it today."

He paused. "I'm gonna fix the table in here first, o.k.?"

"Sure," I said curtly.

I began to stroke on the very first coat of paint. It always amazed me what a difference little varnish could make on a dull floor. I brushed back and forth, back and forth, dipped, then back and forth. The rhythm of my movements mesmerized me and for a few moments, I was unaware of Steve's presence.

"Don," he said suddenly, "you're deceiving yourself too, you know!"

"First of all, Steve, it's my life... secondly, society doesn't take non-conformers - even in the nineties, believe it or not!" I paused and continued, "no one except my kind accepts people like me."

"But think of Jane. She'll want a family, a commitment forever." he said

"I love her, though. I mean she's my best friend..."

"Best friends don't marry."

"Steve, it's unnatural to not get married... and my family...they'd absolutely disown me!" I cried.

I hoped he'd stop talking and resumed with my concentration on the floor and the brush stroking back and forth hypnotically.

"You are what you are, Don! Marriage to Jane won't change that - nothing will."

I shook my head and shrugged my shoulders. I thought of Rob and Scott and the realization that came out of the relationships I'd had with them.

"Steve...I've gotta marry Jane - she's my only chance..."

"Your only chance to what? Reform? God, Don, grow up! You're just going to end up hurting her and your family. The longer you wait... and hide it from everyone...the harder it's gonna be when you can't take it any more!" he stated firmly.

"I'm marrying her, dammit. I'm gonna do what's right!"

"Right for who?" he asked angrily

"Everyone!" I said, "Now drop it!"

I looked back down at the floor I'd been varnishing unconsciously throughout our conversation. I gazed at the large portion of the floor already gleaming and wet. The part of the floor yet to be done was old and dull. "All I'm doing is changing the surface," I thought to myself, "that rotten ol' floor is still the same underneath!"

I began again to stroke the brush back and forth, back and forth, all the while watching the dullness and its transition into shine.

The next hour was silent and then Steve appeared from the other room.

"Gotta get going," he said without looking at me, "Nora will have a fit if I'm late again."

I looked up at him and smiled falsely.

"Say hello to her for me," I said

He then turned to me and gave me a look. It was one of anger or sympathy, I'm not sure which.

"Don," he said, "you've painted yourself into a corner!"

I looked around me and laughed. "You're right," I chuckled, "I guess I have!"



by Rebecca Perkins

Water

You are lost without her;
within her reflected
refracted,
reborn.
Draw your finger through
her heart-
and watch the world ways.
Sail upon, slip into her;
the sky on her skin,
quivering,
will accept;
Cool fingers ease all
masks
away.

by E.J.W.

France 1990

C'est printemps
et the love in me
s'éclate,
but here - je n'ai personne
Ni la bas.

You
n'existe pas:
ce poème, je l'écris
alone,
a moi.

J'écrirai un autre
quand I'll love
You,
et tu
m'aimeras.

by E.J.W.

my useless truth

when i laughed and pretended to be lost
in a stream of consciousness
you believed every word i said

you were always funny that way

when i feigned speechlessness
you said you'd be my voice
and when i wanted to know blindness one afternoon
you led me with your arm around my shoulder
you were always caring that much

when i screamed and tried to rip the flowers from the ground
and when i cried into the night
that i was alone alone alone!
you were there beside me,
recovering the roots i had torn up
you were always a bit stupid that way

i guess you thought
if you did enough for me
if you laughed enough with me
if you held me in friendship long enough ...
was i supposed to be your savior?

i can't stretch myself that far
i wonder what you'd think
if you really knew me
my useless truth.

by Renee Danielle Racine



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by Anna M. Grant

Imagine

Imagine a place
with a lake, a mountain and a sun
leading following and having fun
Imagine a place where I learn
that others appreciate me as myself
being able to know people for who they are
without uncertainty, airs, or selfishness.

Imagine a place
where trees are untouched
and the water reflects the sky
a place where we
honor the wind and learn to leave nature as it lies.

Imagine a place
where you can distinguish the sounds
of laughter, friendship and dreams
of fluttering leaves
as the shift in the breeze
and camp songs sung by the fire.

Imagine being free
to fail or succeed
and feeling easy to just learn from the journey
Imagine a place of caring friends
scars that mend
and laughter with every new morning.

We've found such a place
that's how it's begun
but an experience once started
is a lesson never totally done
a memory of the past
can be as solid as a dream of the future
and our quest for such places, for all that they hold
has happily, just now begun to unfold.

by Kathy Cassidy



by Kathy Cassidy

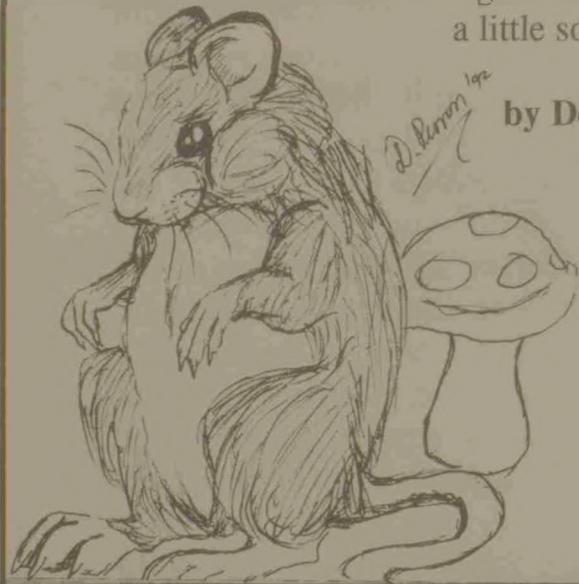
The Mouse

The brook snakes across the field,
like ink running down
a white sheet of paper
toward a bleak horizon.

Along this barren road
I travel,
a calico muskox
amidst an arctic wasteland
alone.

A wayward leaf
skitteres across my path
but there is no wind.
All the leavs have long been
smothered
under the weighty tears
of a disenchantd sky.

I follow this anomaly
to the tree of a shadow.
In its wizened bossom;
two dark eyes, gleaming;
a whiskered nose, twitching;
a grizzled back, heaving;
a little southern lemming.



by Debbie Perron

Out of the Ashes

Experience
drama,
period of growth.
Feeling, conveying, joining, experimenting
breaking
away with expression
the consent, desire becoming
part of a group.
Part of a whole
wanting
participation
place where people call my name
ring together, true
too real-

then breaking again
becoming something different from before the change
you feel new and
~~perhaps~~ more ~~mature~~
part of you
part of the circle -
that we walk around
our personal spaces -

individual
contoured

It is, despite all the hypocrisy and self - concern
dramatic and determining,
what could be called positive
deconstructive construction.

by Anuk

Untitled

March March March
the time has come for your
acceptance
SMILE. TUCK. Stand THIN
No Double Chin.
thank you! next please.
we'll call you?
No thanks, you are not quite
what we are looking for.
Who is we?
Who am I supposed to be?
I thought I was real.
I have breasts, I have lips
Feel!
I cannot feel any of this.
March March March
The fascade grows stronger,
As my image in the mirror fades
And all that is left,
Are my bones tucked away in a
shiney coffin deap beneath the earth.

by Janet Beauchamp

My Mom

My mother's heart is full of gold
Doing the best, just needing the least
That only some love she needs to be told
With a forgiving grin, when I act as a beast;
And most painful to mine ears is her misty cry
But the music she plays is that of her laugh
Memories of her and me since travelled good-bye:
Her gentle hand washing my baby body in a bath.
for that lost little boat obscured by life
Turning like a tide her concern is forthright,
And fair words the referee of household strife
Her guidance and care, the homing beacon spotlight.
Would I trade her for another?
Never! For gold is that of my mother.

by Blair Hirtle



by Chris Jaksa

Lonely Thoughts of a Crowd...

Who through those lonely, suffering
Words, can say, yet feel the
Opiated sadness that reeks with the
Vacant stench of
Hollow men

Slow and addictive, it pulses and
Becomes full of substance
Yet intangible.

Laugh on, you divine slaves
Waste away and take crude
Photographs
They will only cease to have
Meaning

Sweet satisfaction
Remains for a second
Then vanishes
Replaced by the unforgiving
Cold lament of
Idle passion.

by Jim G.



by Kathy Cassidy

Friendship

I fall into a pile of leaves,
joyfully burrowing into them.
They cover me,
warm me like a blanket,
tickle my skin
astound my eyes
with their color and complexity.
They screen out the cacophony
of a flock of crows.

by Debbie Perron



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NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY

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