The Mitre

Bishop's University

1995 • 1996

The Mitre

1995 - 1996

102nd Edition

Editor:

Karen L. Turner

Bishop's University

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A special word of thanks....

As this year's editor of The Mitre I would like to express my gratitude to Noni Howard for both her financial and creative contributions. As a third generation Bishop's graduate, Noni Howard has continued to support the institution from which she graduated in 1971. I hope she will continue to grace us with her creativity through future submissions to The Mitre

I would also like to give recognition to Irving Layton, Canada's greatest living poet. Mr. Layton received an honorary doctorate of civil law from Bishop's in 1970 He has been an integral part of Canada's creative realm and has written over sixty books.

I would also like to give mention to Stephanie Goodkey, V.P. Public Relations. Stephanie provided me with both guidance and support in the making of this one hundred and second edition of Canada's oldest university literary publication.

Finally, I would like to thank all those individuals who have shared their heart and soul with us, for without which this book would not exist. I believe that Bishop's University has created many an artist over the years, apparent in both this Mitre edition and those of the past. There is a whole new world to be discovered and it begins within the pages of this edition.....enjoy!

Karen Turner
editor 1995-96

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You Mutt!

You sit there in your underwear
masticating away at a bagel.
You have that whimsical smile on your face
What for?
I don't feel like smiling
I, on the edge of the bed, naked
looking out at the snow, the icy snow
through the metallic blinds.

Your dog jumps unto the bed
and places its head pathetically in my lap.
I look on hard, outside, out there
You look at your dog,
this...mongrel!, and sigh contented.

Finishing your bagel
you crawl under the covers.
Your dog lies beside you
I, naked and hungry
walk to the bedroom door
...Goodbye my love...
walk to the front door
into the snow, the icy snow.

Kimberley O'Shea

First Meeting

for Ralph Gustafson

Out of school
for several years
I took Intro to Can. Poetry
to get caught up,
So sitting in class
that first morning
In walks
a Mr. Chips of a man
Cords and glasses
matching his lanky frame.
Book under arm
he starts to talk
ambling back and forth
in metaphors
Strung together with enthusiasm
that I was thirsting for.

Suddenly! He stops
at the window looking down
for long moments silently
The class uncomfortable
fidgets
Football players nervously giggle
at the back
Suddenly the grey haired man
turns
and in utter illumination exclaims:
"Isn't that
the most beautiful tree!"
And I said to myself
"This class is going to be good."

I. Tait
Fall 1995

Poem for Irving

at first
we were myths
in each other's blood, let
the red wine
drip from our thighs
to meet the lips' full
kiss,

the sounds from the cities
were far away voices
in the mechanized
poetry
of the seasons.

Now
as from the first, the touch
moves the quickest
into voice

our voices moving
over timeless trapezes
of light
into vision

and like this sun
your hand
cups
my bare breast

Noni Howard
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4/20/76

East Wind

Wet and cold,
unwelcomed
as it is inevitable,
the morning shores reveal
the newly-fallen
from the winter sky:

fieldfares,
lesser black backs, bramblings,
pelagic adventurers, all
lost over the waves,
lost the moment Europe receded from view.

Now new world pilgrims,
struggle on strange stones beneath the native's gaze,

wondering how,
in their peregrinations
they will find their homes.

Frank Willdig

When

What happened to your little boy blond blond
curls. Fast cars and cats and bad music
to worse music to faster cars you couldn't
drive, wouldn't drive, didn't dare drive. The
mirror crept up the wall never staying
long enough to leave a white mark a
dirty mark any mark. Nothing to
mark, was marked. Nonexistent. Posters
of metal men and computer screens
and colors and colors and colors and
brown. Brown bedspread, brown carpet. A lock of
gold sealed in the baby food jar with
two teeth and a broken butterfly wing.
The room got smaller and smaller a
giant in a cave, a brown cave, a small
cave with no marks, no kisses, no hugs,
no love, no blanket, no security, just a
lock. Do you love her, do you love
me. Love her enough to hurt her not
to hurt to love her to hate her till
death do you part, do us part, to be a
apart. A part of me, of us, of the mirror
of the brown. The brown of your hair
that killed the blond blond curls.
The shoes grew bigger, smelt worse,
went with the mirror high up on
the wall. Too high to reach, to touch
to move back down, to see the
little boy staring back, staring
forward, staring out, staring,
staring, staring at a broken
butterfly, two teeth, and a lock of
golden hair.

Kirsty Robertson

Mud Pact

Sitting there in the mud puddle, I thought to myself "Things cannot get worse!" I started to laugh. I thought "How ridiculous!", so I began to make mud pies and I piled them up all around me. I formed a castle and a mighty fort. Then I leapt out of my walls and scraped out a moat and the water trickled into it and formed a waterway all around my mud castle. I leapt back into the castle and then I sat down. I felt myself sinking in the mud and thought that perhaps eating the mud pies would be more interesting. I smashed down the walls and saw the pies lose their form and become mush and so I mashed my feet into it. I took off my shoes, then my socks and then my band-aid. OH! The feeling! I started to grasp mud and throw it at the trees, but then I felt bad so I went over and smoothed the caked mud over the bark. The tree suddenly peeled back its bark and I saw the beautiful clean innards. I looked up at the branches and the leaves and they nodded at me. I picked up one of my mud pies and offered it first to the branches, but they laughed at me. Defiantly, I threw the mud pie into the tree and the tree swallowed up the mud and closed the bark over like a mouth. Then the tree started shaking and vibrating and soon the branches stood straight our and the leaves curled up and formed funnels. Unbelievable! Mud came flying out of the branches and shot straight out in all directions. Covered in mud, I laugh. Thank you tree.

Lying in the mud bath, I begin to suckle the mud off my fingers. I throw mud and listen as it makes a disgustingly intriguing plopping sound. I make a mud pie and take a little nibble off of the end. Something strange is happening in my mouth. It would seem that I have gotten a worm in my pie. Well, shocked I want to spit it out, but just then the worm starts to crawl along my tongue and tickle my palette. Strange sensation. I begin to laugh and laugh, as the worm continues crawling along and I laugh so hard that I swallow the worm. UH OH! I feel the little bugger tickling all the way down.

Great stuff! I will be laughing and laughing for a long time now. Thank you worm. But the worm is being disrupted by the grit of the mud. I feel little eruptions breaking out in my chest. What is going on? My arms shoot straight out, my legs become crossed and my feet are planted in the ground. I stand up and my fingers curl up and mud comes shooting out of my fingers and mouth. I am a fountain! Mud everywhere, I begin to turn my arms and I become like a sprinkler shooting out mud tcht tcht tcht tcht tcht tchchchchcht tcht tcht tcht tcht tchchchchcht! This is the best feeling in the world.

Kimberley O'Shea

Betrayal

Betrayed by two people.

A friend who stops being
a friend.
Stops talking, stops calling
never visits,
doesn't even say goodbye.

You say you want to be
a friend.
You don't talk to me,
you don't call me,
you never visit.

Two people
- ex-friend and ex-"whatever"
hook up.
Best friends.
No need, no use for others,
old friends, old "whatever".

Betrayed by pain.

Betrayed by love.

Never love a friends
again like that.
Never love a "whatever"
again like that.

If you two seem
to have no use
for me...
why do I still
have use for you?

Heather Coutts

A Collection of Poems and Prose (Part I)

It's three A.M.
I wanted to sleep
but these little pills
keep me distracted
from the fading
light in my eyes

Slowly as if propelled
by illusion and not reality
the thunderstorm closes in
on the barren desert

There is a hotline you can call
if you are abused
but what good is it to me
sheltered
I do not know your reality
how can you expect me
to understand
to feel how hideous
an act of violation
could turn your soul
into this wasteland

Atoms bouncing around and around
swelling and churning inside the belly
of this unforgiving creature
one by one, they are spewed forth

I cannot help you escape
what you are hiding from
but I love you
and I fear you
and I would hold you
if you let me
but even trust
has been denied you

Hundreds of thousands of tiny drops
pummel the unexpectant earth
with the fury of fire, not rain
absorbed not by will but by force

Shock, horror, turn
into anger, rage
you do not love
yourself anymore
you are sorry

so sorry for the tears
but
you do not love
me anymore

The rain has ceased but for the moment
a hopeful flower peeks out
from its shelter below the ground
seeing the sun has turned its back

Love is not allowed
where you are hiding
but sometimes
a glimmer of hope returns
and a part of you forgets
enough to feel
enough to open
a crack
into this disease
you try and purge

As if possessed by demons will
the thunder bellows its return
the lightning strikes, casting shadows
but the petals withstand the storm

Get it out of me (sleeping)
don't talk to me anymore
don't try and explain
I do not care
I don't care
you will feel pain
hurt, helplessness
find death nearby
wait for retribution-
exaltation.

Cloud breaks and sun returns
animals frolic in fun
the flower, withered can finally rest
as birds greet the light with song

Can you love now (awake)
that it has left you
for a time
lying dormant with the others:
thoughts which do not belong
anymore
release you soul
fulfill temptation
find love within desire
do not hide from feelings of
the pain

cry, release rid them.

Darkness falls and all still
The battered blossom too
when morning comes it will be strength
that the flower greets the day

Go on to seek
new ways of imagining
without fear and contempt
fill the absence
with the experiences
you must find
it is beautiful
love is alive
you are alive
commune with it
love yourself
love me.

For no rain will comes
no wind will howl
and lightening will not strike
there will be sunshine and only a few

clouds.
Feel with me
share with me
the memories that
plague
your soul,
do not hide from them
they are not your own
they do not carry the weight
of blows and bruises
that lie awake at three A.M.
unable to sleep.

Jenn Green

We

The age of innocence
is upon us.
Peace and deception are
intertwined within the unknowing
hearts of the pure.
Only we the un pure,
will survive for
we created the face of evil
and will take care.
The innocent,
wearing masks of
naiveté will drown in the
promised warmth of eternity
while We feed off the
reality of the Now.
We are lost generations,
the faithless, the hungry.
Starved for the material wealth
and riches of this world We are
unyielding to the spirit of beyond,
unaware of its presence.
We are
the unbelieving.
Our towers of self-indulgence
would make Babylon recoil
in fear.
We reign from on high and
make all other
creatures surrender their lives
to our every desires and hungers.
We are the all powerful.
We are the all knowing.
We are
You.

Andrea Robinson

Bellum

pen and ink drawing

Tanya Bolduc

Lining up

Warm rays of sunlight shone down to brighten the grassy meadow. Leaves on the trees rustled softly in the cool breeze, while the heat of the sun kept the flies at bay. Gertrude and Thelma were grazing happily on fresh clover. They munched in contented silence for awhile, enjoying their meal. Finally, Thelma spoke.

"Haven't seen Harriet this morning. I wonder where she went?"

Gertrude looked cautiously about before answering. "They came to get her earlier. She's been gaining weight you know." As if her short answer explained everything, Gertrude returned to chewing her cud. Thelma was stunned for a moment, then she too continued grazing. It was best to avoid talking about Them. She didn't like to think about Them at all.

Gertrude flicked her ears at a sound behind her. She turned to see one of Them walk through the gate at the far side of the meadow. She shuddered, and wondered who would be next. She never dreamed that she would feel the harsh, abrasive cords of the rope fall around her own neck. She mooed softly in protest as she was dragged out of the meadow. Thelma watched as her friend was taken away, then turned back to her clover. She didn't like to think about Them.

Gertrude was taken to a large building, not too far from the peaceful meadow, where she was pushed into a line behind dozens of other cows. When she saw Harriet standing in front of her, she felt a certain relief at seeing a familiar face.

"So, this is where they take us. What are they planning to do in there?"

Harriet answered quietly. "You don't want to know."

When Harriet refused to elaborate, Gertrude looked around. The large, red building in front of her dominated most of the area. She and the others were surrounded by a narrow fence, just wide enough to accommodate the girth of a large cow. She could hear noises coming from inside the building, and wondered what could be making such pitiful sounds. As she approached the large double doors at the front of the building, one of Them emerged, carrying a huge slab of red meat. With sickening clarity, she realized why she was there.

More cows had gathered behind her and she stumbled forward with their gentle nudging. She mooed loudly and pawed frantically at the ground, trying to avoid a fate that was inevitable. She felt the sting of a whip on her shoulders and reluctantly quieted. She turned to speak again to Harriet, but her friend was no longer there. Gertrude stood facing the large red doors that had seemed so distant only a moment ago. She watched as the door swung slowly open. She looked into the yawning darkness beyond, then closed her eyes. It was her turn.

Barbara Holdham

The Room

November 1992.

the room wasn't small.
inside were two single beds,
only one was occupied.
the other had belonged to him.
i still wonder what made him leave.
the room wasn't dark,
there was one small window on the wall opposite my bed.
there were two closets.
his closet remains as he left it, like his bed,
dusty.
i suppose he didn't really leave,
they took him away.
they were always telling you what to do;
i never did like them.
they never let you sleep in.
always controlling
when to sleep, when to wake up, and when to eat.
i like the room, I've grown fond of it.
i miss him though, I wish he hadn't been taken away.
i have to be going, it's time to go to the bathroom.
they've come to take me there.

Lara St. Onge

The Thought of You

I can hear my heart pounding.
The thought of you,
consuming, overpowering me.
I fall prey to my desires,
wishing you were touching me.
The thought of you,
brings me to the very edge,
closer to the surface.
I can feel it, it must end.
The thought of you,
sucks forth my soul.

E. Street

Poetry

i just saw an angel
or a butterfly
it was
flying
or butterflying
flitter flapping its
belly-wrapping wings
stuck storing
  standing
just
  standing
just standing
standing there
stuck staring
flitter flapping finally

flitting to flap
and fly
or butterfly
actually
an angel

A. Davis

Je crie

Quand j'ai mal et ça me tue,
J'écris.
Quand je fuis ton étreinte
Et que je n'en puis plus,
J'écris,
Pour que la douleur s'éteigne.

Quand le soleil ne brille plus pour moi,
J'écris.
Quand ton hypocrite indifférance
Transforme ta pluie en mon verglas,
J'écris,
Pour que le printemps s'annonce.

Quand tu reviens avec ton sourire,
Je crie.
Quand tu crois tout décider
Et que tu oublies d'être mon ami,
Je crie,
Pour que cess cette torture acharnée.

Quand même toi ne m'écoutes pas,
J'écris.
Quand tu ne me laisses pas la force de me battre
Pour te faire entendre ma voix,
J'écris
Que sans remords ni regrets il faut que je parte.

Mélanie Roy

Learning a new craft

Sitting by the wooden panes
I hear the rain
gathering in mud puddles
down below.

My fingers pluck
the guitar strings
and the sound
resonates in my insides.

Kimberley O'Shea

Fish-Watching

In my town, there is a river. Late fall, the sky gets grey like grey-blue milk, old, and I go by the river. Last year, I glimpsed ten falling-apart men in boats in their battle fatigues of World War II. The best buddies, shooting duck. Seventy-year old men! They'll shoot my friends, out too late the night before.

I've seen stranger sights, the President of the American Audubon Society once. I chatted with him, though I was only eight at the time. We talked about egrets. We'd both been to Florida, seen snapping alligators in swamps, seen egrets. We shared that. I remember he wore comfortable cords, running shoes, and a fishing hat, as Americans often do.

I return to the river on Thanksgivings and after Christmas exams, a stranger to the tall grass. The grass gets bent under the snow when it comes.

And when I return, I look up old friends, Kate, Bruce, Bram, the ones who've never made it out. I've made it out a million times.

When I was sixteen, I left town for two weeks, nothing unusual, on an early flight. The river had choked up; We could see it through the windows. What point was there in sticking around? Every morning, we--me and my parents, the Moores--ate at a buffet-style, thatched-roof restaurant attached to the hotel. Nothing we hadn't seen before. In fact, all my life I've disliked the continental breakfast.

On the third day, I noticed an Italian family in the corner of the buffet. They floored me. The mother wore a red skirt, bright, but not flashy. She had a teeny, tiny waist and a scrunched-up nose and a high-lifted neck. The father was a busy sort of man. The boy had legs too skinny for his own good. He played a video game that the parents alternately instructed him to put away. This is the only thing they said to each other the whole meal, some Italian utterance about the video game.

On the fourth day, they were there again, at their table, us at ours. I ventured a smile. It was not returned.

By the afternoon, loaded off rum drinks at the pool's side, I stared hatefully at the people having fun. It was too hot. I thought I saw the Italian family go down to the beach but I couldn't be sure. I watched as the hotel staff set up band equipment for the night's entertainment at the thatched-rood restaurant. The side of the drum read *The Bahamas Mamas and Papas!* We never ate there for dinner; we went to town.

The Germans manned the beaches. Something about huffing cigarettes on hot sand appealed to them. The Americans monopolized the volleyball courts. There didn't appear to be any more of me.

The next morning, my mother and I felt ill from the previous night's fish. We sat still and bone-white in our chairs. I waved at the little Italian boy. He returned his gaze to the video game in his hands. I thought his mother might be sick, too. She had no lipstick on. Throughout the day, I did nothing but lie close to the pool and spy on other people. I got up once to investigate the shuffle board and found it to be full-up with players. Faces were becoming familiar.

I made friends with a Norwegian who bought me a drink as Happy Hour. He talked too intently and for too long. My stomach, as I found, was not ready for Pina Colada. Half way to the hotel room, I vomited.

Early the next morning at sunup, I felt better and jogged along the beach. I wrote my name LEE MOORE in the sand with a stick. When I looked up, I jumped. The Italian man stood a foot away! "Lee Moore?" he asked in a funny gruff voice.

"Canadian," I said.

"Nice," he said.

"Yes," I said. "Nice day."

He turned to the sea and walked briskly on.

I hurried to my room to change for breakfast. I saw a few people.

In town, we ate dinner at a fancy place with exotic fish floating in the walls, aquarium-style. "Stop looking at the fish and eat."

"Yes, stop," said my mother. It occurred to me that I was sixteen years old and treated like the Italian boy who was all of six.

I did not know the names of the fish but I wanted to know. They squirmed and made funny expressions with their mouths, a popping movement, a sound like *pop*. On a trip to Atlanta, once, I had spotted a family at so many different points-- in the airport, on the highway, on tours of plantations -- I couldn't believe my eyes. They bobbed through my life as if we were joined by a clear-coloured string.

I now became a frantic about the Italian family. I figured out the approximate location of their hotel room. I looked for them at every chance. I worried about the little boy who seemed so worried himself. I held a certain grudge against the father, for he showed no interest in anything, except once, when he said my name, Lee Moore. And the Momma! The Momma had style.

On the seventh day, I played tennis with my father, I beat him and eyed the sky. My throat sucked in little breaths of dry air. I felt everything had come down crashing yellow. I thought about the river at home, and the hunters and the loonies.

After a brief rain shower, I found my seat at the pool and bought myself drinks. At last! The Italian family appeared for sport. The boy could not swim. He flailed about in the shallow end. His mother smiled and lounged. The Italian father left within five minutes of his arrival.

New Year's Eve and I couldn't bear my parents a second longer. I searched in vain for the grabby Norwegian, anything would do. I wore sandals, a flower in my hair, a skirt, a T-shirt. The band warmed up by the pool; somebody had dipped lanterns in the leaves of the palm trees. Twelve different bald men danced with their illicit mates, brought along for the trip, twenty years their junior.

I sampled the local beer several times and stared at the pool lights. The definition of turquoise is an island's chlorine. My parents caught each other - spin around! - in giddiness on the dance floor. "Ten!" shouted the maitre dee with glee. "Nine!" "Eight!" "Seven!" The band accompanied the countdown with percussive gusto. "Six!" "Five!" On three, I walked to the sea.

Although I tend to confuse vacationing spots, I will always know the wooden wharf at the end of the beach, just as I know the river. I imagined Bram, Bruce, Barb and Kate in someone's cozy snow-encased basement, wearing red and looking puffy from too much Christmas turkey. I love basements; I love fake-wood paneling. I love beer with snow.

Nearing the wharf, darkened by midnight, I heard Italian.

I peered ahead, trying to see. Who was it? A shrill cry. A little boy. I stepped closer, slipping off my sandals, soft as a whisper. *Do you see what I see*, the words of a song I used to sing in school, a song for the holidays.

"Pop!" shouted the voice.

The air seemed too hot for nighttime, wasn't natural. The sky? Couldn't be a New Year's sky. I walked two feet forward.

"Pop!" A splash.

Tiptoeing ahead, the island *alcoholico* mixing water waves with the party's samba beat, I could feel the Italian family close at hand, three playing cards in my fingers, each one breathing. Half way down the wharf, I knew I'd see what I saw.

"MAM-a!" said the little boy.

And there was the whole Italian family in the water, three feet deep, designer clothes from Rome as soaking as socks in the washing machine. And here was Mr. Italian keeping his young son under water, hand pressed down on his head. And here was the mother looking up, looking up at me, her dress a floating circle, her face a beautiful, painted white thing.

I did not know what to say.

I could count how long the boy stayed under. A long time. I will remember his tiny gasps before he went down again, Again.

"Hey!" I said. "Hey!"

I did not like the way this boy was kept down. The ocean lay over him. The whole world did. This was not his home. It wasn't anybody's. The Italian man cursed and let his son go.

The Italian boy's eyes fell on the wharf. The water made his eyelashed slick. He looked at me, then the sky.

I fled, back to the party. I ordered rum and coke with three umbrellas, lit a cigarette, and kept quiet. I sat by the laundry trolleys in darkness. Every good thing, every colour and light and flash of music, every dismal laugh, belonged to the party inside the hut.

On the flight back, I checked out my tan several times in the bathroom mirror, offered to get my mother pillows, polished off my father's chicken. I read about tropical fish. Everything I needed to know I found in a flyer tucked in the seat pocket with the barf bags and ear phones. Blue skin, green eyes. Did you know? New Year's Day exists in space, in the Tropics, two parallel circles on the celestial sphere. By the time the taxi reached our home, I'd be thinking about going back to boarding school the next day, a long way away from the river again.

Bram works at the gas station year-round. Kate goes to high school and works at Sam the Record Man. My dad, Mr. Moore, is the Mayor of the town. If I had one question to ask the President of the American Audubon Society - - a second chance - - I would ask him this:

How do fish breathe under water, are they happy on Earth?

Carolyn Lloyd

photograph

Jon de la Campa

Freedom Girl

Little, dirty, dirty, bitch,
Playing in a dirty ditch,
Is something you have missed?
Like daddy's special birthday wish.
Her bodies drilled here and there,
While sitting in his dentist chair,
Other men say it's only fair,
To each have turns, to always share.
Older now she can't be young,
Close her eyes to see the sun,
Make-believe is much more fun,
Pretend she's not the only one.
Never know who she will be,
To hide from all those memories,
Thought you'd rather die then see,
What keeps little girls from being free.

Sarah Lynn MacDonald

Judgement Day

Just think...we are safe
Until someone, somewhere
Decides to take our
Greatly under appreciated lives and
End them. It
May be a hundred years form now, or
Even tomorrow, one is
Never to know until it is
Too late...but by then
Death has come knocking
And on his list,
YOU, are the first to go.

Andrea Robinson

The Mermaid

There is a spotlight on the centre of the stage. A young girl about 21 sits in the centre of it. She sits cross legged behind an aquarium. She wears very simple clothes and has long straight hair and wide eyes. She says the following monologue directly to the audience.

I never cared much for parks.
Most children love them, they (*said with disgust*) **squeal** at the thought.
but I never cared for them.
I like the pool.
Are you a swimmer? (*with some urgency*) Don't answer too quickly, you may not have understood what I meant. I don't mean the kind of text book swimming, the kind that implies you can simply move throughout water without drowning.
I mean
do you swim?
Do you glide through liquid glass full of colour and strength? Are you part of it, the water I mean? Do you feel free just being close to it? Do you harbour strange resentment for fish?
I do.
I did.
Oceans were always the best.
They swallow you up and breathe you in and out with the waves. And the water is all starfish and pirate blood. And you are overwhelmed by its end-less-ness.
Rivers are less welcoming.
They have no need for you.
their depth and their speed make them...lonely. Sometimes you might cry for a river if it weren't so free.
I do.
On sleepless nights when everything is calm, but for the mad water...rushing.
Rushing rivers and omnipotent oceans.
(*With some arrogance*) Lakes are middle class.
Pools are no good to me now...they were once,
when my (*She imitates the voice of her psychiatrist, a rather harsh nasal voice.*) "Imagination was bigger than your insecurities."
They were grand then, and I was a diver - treasure from my father's penny drawer (*whispering*)he was Captain Hook.
(*She imitates her father, a kind booming voice*) "Bring back all my treasure or you'll walk the plank!"
I could get it. But it was hard - sharks Occupi and worse!
Although...occasionally I would come across a sunken ship, and not tell the Captain and when I had retrieved all his gold coins and was freed I would go back to the wreck and make a Mermaid house out of it.
(*As her psychiatrist*) "Escapism is not a long term cure for unhappiness."
(*Beat*)

In the ship I became a mermaid, diving is only fun until you find something really worth while, and I had. Besides there was no time for diving.
Making a Mermaid house is a lot of work.
The lifeguard grew a wooden leg- became a patched-eye-devil ready to seize our treasures but I had powers.
(*Begrudgingly*) My sister had powers too, (*Smiles*) but not as many. She'd stand guard and watch the invading pirate carefully, and when it was safe...
(*Long pause*) My sister has a pool or her own now. But I don't think she swims much anymore.
(*Beat*)
So anyway, she'd signal when it was safe..
then we'd swim down and make circles of rock on the baby blue bottom.
We'd put the treasure in the middle of the rocks and cast spells for protection.
We were half witch-greeneyed-Merpeople.
(*Beat*)
(*Pulls her sweater together as if she were cold*) Treasure is hard to come by when you're older. (*Imitates the voice of her Mother, a very cold voice.*)
"I'd like some accounting of where it is your spending all your Father's money.
(*Beat*)
It's tough finding work when you're a mermaid. Everything seems beneath me.
I moved to Hawaii, bare feet and brown hands. But the oceans was full of fat men and loud ladies and the shells were all painted.
I fell out of my job because after a while, I couldn't leave for work anymore.
I was in the bathtub growing scales and waiting...
Waiting to move back to the water.
(*Beat*)
Some women have their babies underwater.
(*Imitates the voice of an extremely boring documentary host*) "In this clip we see the mother being submerged into the pool."
Imagine! I'd have swum right away from the beginning. Then I could really have been a swimmer, instead of always coming up for air.
(*As her Mother*) "I've made an appointment with Mrs. Andrews for you. She's just opened up a new boutique and she needs some help. **Try** and make a decent impression Dear."
(*Beat*)
I scared the customers.
They could hear my gills breathing beneath my sweater, and sometimes my eyes would bubble.
After that I just sat in my room staring at the aquarium.
Fish only live for six months in a tank. There was always friends dying.
I buried them in the cloisonné boxes my Mother had brought back for me when she was on holiday in China.
Once I went to bury one, and I had just started saying the eulogy when the lid started moving on the box. She wasn't dead at all you see, she just froze up

a little. She'd jumped out of the tank, so I assumed...but they can survive for a while...more resilient than I thought.
I told my Mother about the miracle.
(*As her Mother*) "It's time we took you somewhere where they're interested in these sorts of antics, because I am not. I am most certainly not.."
(*As her Father*) Julia we can't just turn her away..darling she's our daughter."
(*As her Mother*) "Oh for Christ's sake Edward, she thinks she's a bloody mermaid."
(*Pause*)
It's not my Mother's fault.
She can't swim. She never could.
They set me up (*In disgust*) here. But at least I am alone.
(*Beat*)
There was a girl I knew at camp.
A friend. Until she started to prefer swimsuits over swimming.
I remember our braided heads all gathered around the fire, listening to her story.
(*Imitates the voice of the Girl, young and excited.*) It was strange at first, scary. My mouth was full of water, and I was fighting and fighting to stay above the water, but I couldn't I just kept sinking. And then I just got really calm, like sore of sleepy and like I just wanted to giggle. And then they rescues me.
(*Beat*)
I don't want to be rescued.
I want to fall asleep on a barnacle bed with the taste of salt water on my tongue.
(*Beat*)
I cry for the river.
I do.
I did.

Kate Stewart

<u>One way Street</u>

November 16, 1994.

feelings
so strong they
can almost be seen.

emotions of passion, love and drive, almost obscene.this fire, so bright could warm a winter's night, but never touches his heart.once these feelings are known, they do not reflect from his eyes, they pass right through those marbles of glass on this lonely one-way street of love. i want to

love and to be loved
is that really
too much?

Lara St. Onge

Kiss from Heaven

When I die will
you sing me song?
A song of hope and joy.
Pray for me for the
life I now lead and
the others I leave behind.

Don't be sad for me.
A beautiful new world
is unfolding before long.
I hope you find peace
with the thought of
my new father and friends.

When I die will
you show me the way?
Show me the way to God.
Pray for me for the
years I have missed and
the wonders I never shall see.

Don't be sad for me.
Don't ask yourself why
the answer is not there to find.
I hope you find peace
with the thought of my
kiss, sent to you from the sky.

Heather Coutts

A Collection of Poems and Prose (Part II)

The first time I saw you
I knew that something was happening
I didn't imagine anything like this
just that you were someone
who I wanted to know

And the more time we spend together
the farther that we went together
the less I looked around
I was so busy staring at you
I didn't see it coming

Then it happened
I hit a big brick wall
you didn't notice
you just kept walking
now I'm struggling alone

And it's really not good
being confused all the time
starry-eyed and wondering
if you'll ever miss a stride
if you'll let yourself fall down

I guess I wasn't part of your plan
you didn't want to be confronted
with something intimate

oh you're a man, you can handle it
you won't fall down

I'm sorry about everything
that it hasn't gone your way
I didn't mean to be a stitch in your side
I just wanted you
to feel something inside

So now I have to ask you
what am I supposed to do
I can't leave you alone
you don't want to be alone
But I can't let you keep me this way

I gave myself to you
hoping to get something back
I guess you were too overwhelmed
so surprised that all you could do
was play with your new toy

What a little boy
why don't you let him outside
why don't you advertise
then maybe next time
you'll find your emotional void

Jenn Green

Batifolements Seductifs

Par un douz après-midi d'automne,
Je le vis, seul, allant par la *track*,
Dans ces bois où l'on s'étonne
Qu'il ne fasse pas plus froid.

Je le suis, sans qu'il me voie,
Et apprécie les formes douces
De ses épaules, ses jambes et cette fois
Mon desir ni ma volonté ne s'émousse.

Une brise se lève, les feuilles volent.
Son chapeau en main, le regard en coin,
Il sent que la soirée ne sera pas *dull*,
Puisque me résister est vain.

J'emboîte le pas,
Il enjambe le bois,
Je le suis,
Il m'épie,
La course commence,
Ainsi que la transe...

Bientôt il ralentit, essouflé.
Je m'approche de son corps haletant,
Passe mes mains dans ses chandails réchauffes,
Et appuie à son torse mon buste impatiente.

La brise tombe; l'air tiédit.
Les lèvres se soudent délicatement,
Les corps s'enlacent alors que la nuit
Voile les ombres des nouveaux amants.

Melanie Roy

They Say That in the Army...

In the bathroom mirror
I paint my face
with black mascara
and blushing pink lipstick
straight carvings on my forehead
down the ridge of my nose
upward lash
on my cheekbones
I slick my hair with gel
tie it tight in a bun
just like when I was in the army

I take off my clothes
all of them
put on my purple bra
and matching panties to boot

3:32 in the morn
I unlock my apartment door
(...I'm losin' it...)
down the stairs
unto the train tracks

I'm a warrior
(...I don't feel so strong...)

Train coming
Blaring horn
put on my war face
just like when I was in the army

I am unleashing barbaric
thunder from my soul
My feet
frantically beat
the railway ties
yet I remain
in the same bind

Kimberley O'Shea

The Pool in the Middle of the Wood

Amidst the wall of green,
This mystic mirror,

A pond of seemless glass
Knowing nothing of time,

Where I can hide
And glide upon the reflected sky.

Frank Willdig

A Warm Place

He licks hard nipples and thinks
about sunsets;
horses running free on empty
beaches, all powerful.
Beauty.
While she sits on the bus
hands folded neatly
protecting from thoughts
of wet fingers
antennae in darkened
rooms
and words whispered quietly
that sound like waves
crashing
on rocky shores.
While quietly
love is found,
a warm place,
a heart drawn on
steamy windows.

Kirsty Robertson

The Beach

As I walked the white sandy beach;
I can feel the warm wind;
caressing through my hair,
I see the water of the ocean was blue
blue like a crystal sky.

As I ran towards the quiet shore;
I dove into salty waters.
There were no sea shells, no crabs, no fish,
but all I can see was the desert bumps
of the ocean floor.

As I walked out of the shore;
I can see my loved one;
sunbathing under a straw umbrella,
and he was drinking a piña colada
as he watched the gulls go by.

As I was kissing him on the neck;
he was stroking with his fingers;
my salty wet hair from the sea.
Then we walked along the shore
of Paradise.

Maureen Pouliot
1993

Jenny

For Irving Layton

she runs like a goddess
in sneakers with a pack of books
flying behind her on a leather strap
down the stinking pavements of St. Urban street
that out house of my ten year old mind.

She makes sure i don't catch up with her
til she is already up the stairs
where they are all waiting
for me to begin.

Ah MY MELON HEADED SCHOOL PEERS,
HOW COULD YOU KNOW THE MEANING
OF THESE PERFECT MOMENTS.

It is for her rare smiles
that i command this after school
ritual of clairvoyance
where the dogma is my own
marvelous invention
and seeing their anxious mouths fall open
i know
once and for all
this was what heaven was made for.

I flash the deck
and wait for her eyes to stray upon
my boyish hands moving with the grace
of a soundless trapeze.
she speaks to my eyes
she says to drop the first card.

i tell them everything and anything
the past the future the world
rolls off my eloquent tongue
summersaulting balls of blue flame
that dances on the heads
of these miopic school boys dreaming
of Torah and the hamburger's at Schwartz's.

from across the street a woman
who has obviously heard of my growning

three block fame knocks with urgency.
she is sobbing. she has lost her ring.
she begs me to locate the hiding place
that her treasure has escaped to.
she implores she wails
in short i'm up shit creek.

all heads are turned
everyone is waiting for my prophesy now.
i don't where her ring is
my heart is right behind my tongue
which i'm chewing.
slowly my fear gives way to dread
then despair then.....
the ring appears before me.

slowly it turns in its amber light
for me to admire the sparkling stones
and tarnished band, the dust
clinging in little matted clumps
and then i know:
it's behind the brown wardrobe
isn't it?
Go and look behind that cabinet
in your bedroom i bellow
and the woman runs out into the street.

Silence
and then a scream: i found it
it was just where you said!

the day/my fate is sealed.
as the wonder in my head
drifts into the snowy air outside
i hear the rush of the city night like
a radiant hum under my ribs
and all the dying stars
fit neatly on my tongue.

Capyright 1978

Noni Howard

I remember

Let me tell you about when I was young...Picture this, a country home, two parents, an older brother , two cats and a dog.

When I was young I fought for attention. I tried to compete with my older brother. He always won in the end. So I tried to find a talent, a hobby to help me along. My brother played hockey so I said I wanted to play hockey. I turned to my brother who said "Well I can teach you to skate properly!" I smiled. I turned to my dad who said "Hockey is for boys, how about ringette?" I looked away.

When I was a little bit older I had to pick an instrument for music class. I wanted to play drums. I turned to my brother who said "Go for it!" I smiled. I turned to my dad who said "It's too big and sounds awful, how about saxophone?" I looked away.

When I was older I had to pick my courses for school. I wanted to take art. I turned to my brother who said "you suck, you'd fail!" My dad looked away and I went upstairs.

When I was accepted at university, dad said "Go to Bishop's, it's like a country club!" I shrugged. I turned to my brother who said "So go already!" So I did.

Now I'm older and ready to graduate. I'm looking into drum lessons, I may go into advertising but hockey is still a boy's sport but I won't tell my dad that. Just the other day I asked my mom "Was I not the most creative child she had ever had?" She replied "Almost."

Now that I'm old, I still fight for attention and you know my brother still always wins.

Karen Turner

A Collection of Poems and Prose (Part III)

Brooding build-up
bent ecstasy
electrifying elevation
nothing to temptation
indulgence occupies
our minds

Emotions drip dry
but bodies
collide
a frenzy of pleasure
and pain
lust-
we must love
each other in the moment

Present time not past
nor future enterprise
only you and I
sensuality
sexuality
sublime
this is the time

Jenn Green

Small Things

I sit and stare outside my window
Waiting for the light to come in
Now I can't see or hear anything
But I feel the sun rising, and a warm westerly wind

Won't you take me to that far off land
I ask the wind, the rock and sand
And as I walk I try to understand
Why so many of us never stop to take it in

I walk up to the riverbed
The water trickles between my toes
And washes away
I look to the sky, I see freedom
I dream I have wings and fly away
To that far off land

So won't you take me to that far off land
I ask myself
'Cause when I'm there, I finally understand
Just how happy life can be
And who I am

lyrics and photograph
by
Trevor Wood

Intruder

The little crawly thing scratched and ate it's way into me,
It's black velvet ink filled me,
Sliding in a vein and coloring in all the light,
One poisonous moment created pain, but,
Centuries later it still pulses inside.
God, what have we done?
When it's the end that I've begun.

Sarah Lynn MacDonald

The Bird

October 1992

There she sits happy as can be
on the branch.
She looks content but she is full of panic.
Outer shells don't tell the full story of the inside.
She wants something.
She's anxious.
She's not really calm and collected.
She wants to kill me.
You see it too.
Don't deny it.
It's so obvious.
She wants to peck a bloody hole in my head.
Make her go away.
please.

Lara St. Onge

The Greenland Hour

Faces to the blasting winds
and borne on waves
and sail, these men,

Sons of whales and seals.
rise from the east,
through spray, mists,
and roaring terror,
to landfall on these
barren, rocky shores.

Upon this shore they gaze,
with their backs to the sea;

This black sea, of sea birds,
white flashing
in flight formations,
in far-off shafts of light.

Then upon this newborn land,
this snow-patched expanse
extending to the rims of the world,
to the distant hills where smoke,
rises from rocks,

A land of trickling waters
through fissured stone,
old and brittlestone,
ancient limestone,
They make their way over the grasses,
brown and hissing,
facing the same sharp sea wind.

Bound to the great ice
and to this flat-stoned earth,
the slate-grey sky and sea
confine them to hardships,
to the hunt and to the building of cairns,
now lying moss-grown
near pools where canvas boats
wait in silence,
so empty it roars.

I can see it still,
old wood and piles of stone,
speaking stories in this wilderness.

I can trace the worn footpaths
and follow the relics and ruins
of shepherds, sailors, and saints
making their ways home.

Upon this earth I look on,
half-awake and
comfortable at this altitude,
as dinner is served,
and this island
slowly passes out of view.

Frank Willdig

Without Time to Reflect

Basic as it may seem,
she shows me her teeth
as a gleam
in the grandaddy glass.

Beyond the wall
mirrored with shadows,
glows the pendant
dripping time.
That hair caught
in the fury of whirlwinds,
drags her to the tip
of the little hand.
Caught by an enormous hurricane,
she is thrown to the ground.

She glances fervently ahead,
alarmed by the sounding of the bell.
She knows it is the alarm going off.
Time viciously abandons her moment.

Kimberley O'Shea

Arthur's Irony

He says I'm wrong, wrong, wrong
He only believes things he sees
and he can't see the world spinning around
So it doesn't.
He said so the other day
same time as he said the band
played badly, ate badly. I asked
him how he knew they ate
badly if he'd never seen them eat
and he said their hair is long
they look like girls.
And I said maybe they are girls
because I like teasing him.
But he didn't come back with
anything. All he said was
you're wrong, wrong, wrong.
So I laughed and he
ripped
open
the
sky
and
said
he
couldn't
see
any
stars.

Kirsty Robertson

My Proud Lover

For Irving Layton

my proud lover is remembering
the long moons of honeysuckle
where we would grope for each other
under the sky blue sheets
and between our raptures
whisper obsenities

as so many golden coins
shattered out of the thin
expanse of time
into the light.

He/She is imagining
the all encompassing innocence
of my lovers in four continents
and how i
once too
was the unshucked
ear of corn

waiting for the hand.

Noni Howard
C Oct. 1/93

Alone

I sit here as one
alone, on a chair
the bass beat throbs
from the amps beside

People crowd by
oblivious to my thoughts
confused by my individuality
and alone in their own right

I'd rather be a crowded one
than one in a crowd
my inner strength gives me
silent friends to stand beside

Who needs the others to
support my social need, all the time
when it is readily satisfied, for the moment
by my personality, myself and I.

Karen Turner

A Collection of Poems and Prose (Part IV)

Riding emotional waves
losing complete control
for a moment-
thoughts unquenched
by ignorance-
fear subsiding
in the calm

Memories of pain
triggered by voices
words, sounds
everything is lost
value depends upon
interpretation-
water gushes

Pores of flesh open enough
to feel the burning
of tears
then they close
my mind closes
numbness sets in

I see a torrent
of thrashing wet
myself lost in
the bobbing
I give in
it is impossible to fight
the all encompassing

Jenn Green

Feminist and Psychological Criticism, A Short Play at Bar

A man and a woman, both in their late thirties, enter a Quebec pub and sit down a the bar. By coincidence, the man just happens to be a card carrying psychological critic and the woman a card-carrying feminist critic. Being from out of province, they both ask the bartender for the favourite local ale. They both receive a bottle of the local favourite, TRAPPER ALE, in long neck bottles:

[Enter Jane (Feminist critic) and Tim (Psychological critic)]

JANE: My goodness I should have expected this! After all, Quebec isn't exactly France! [in disgust]
TIM: What is the matter?
JANE: Well, I figured that seeing as I'm in a French speaking area, the beer manufacturers might be a little less phallocentric in the naming of their products. TRAPPER! OF ALL THINGS!
TIM: What on earth do you mean? [acting stupid, reaches for his note pad and begins to write furiously]
JANE: The suggestion of male domination in the product is so overt, TRAPPER. It is simply another attempt by males to oppress women by using them as an idealized fantasy fulfillment for the incurable lack caused by the separation from their mother.
TIM: One could also say the long neck bottle is a phallic symbol entering the moist and dark orifice of the-
JANE: Yuck! I prefer to focus on how masculine the language is itself. For instance, "beer" and "Trapper" are such symbolic and rigid terms. Why not call it a "cooler" like "Baccardi Breezer"; it is so much more pleasing to the ear with its long vowel sounds. The only saving grace of beer is the fact that it's fluid. Moreover, the beer bottle's gentle curves can be equated to the female body and how it has been denied expression. Instead of making the bottle a pretty pink, blue or yellow colour, the old boy's club chose a sickening brown! The bastards!
TIM: You seem to be drinking that beer quite quickly, could that be an oral fixation? Were you weaned too quickly from your mother or isolated from beer for too long a time?
JANE: Absolutely not! Women's jouissance is just more multiple than a man's unitary phallic pleasure.
TIM: I see. Getting back to the beer, I've noticed there are three distinct principles associated with drunkenness. The Ego, or the reality principle, is a mediator between the Id and the preconsciousness which tries to release the Id in a socially acceptable manner; hence we are here having a few drinks.
JANE: Are you trying to get me drunk? [angry]

TIM: Absolutely not. In contrast to the Ego, the Id is an unconscious pleasure principle and one or our most powerful instincts. Also called the Libido, this principle is characterized by a tremendous vitality, an impulse to gain satisfaction, and the lack of reason or rational thought. Left unchecked a person will destroy himself or others; hence our desire to have more than one beer even though it might be unhealt-

JANE: You are trying to get me drunk! You won't dominate me! [really angry, she picks up the bottle to hit Tim]

TIM: [cowering] Hopefully the Superego (morality principle) will kick in right about now before you permanently dominate me with that phallus! I know my Superego is going to make me choose my words more carefully!

JANE: [Jane calms down] Why did I suddenly stop myself? Why am I building a diorama out of these beer nuts and beer coasters?

TIM: [Tim regains his composure] The Superego acts as a balance between the conscious and the unconscious by controlling the Id's pleasure principle and suppressing it when it conflicts with our values. Sometimes the negative energies are redirected by the Ego and Superego towards a more constructive means; hence your sudden burst of creative energy. By the way, what are you building?

JANE: A scale model of the Saturn V lunar rocket and take-off pad.

TIM: Well, that would suggest sexual repress-

JANE: Shut up! Your focus is so narrow at times I find it hard to see how anyone outside your circle could give merit to your observations. In fact, your train of thought warps the original idea so badly that one can hardly see how you came to that conclusion!

TIM: Hard and narrow eh? Your frequent unconscious references to phalluses would suggest obsessio-

JANE: Enough! Back to the topic of Trapper Ale. I look at the beer industry in two ways. Primarily, my approach is a revisionist rereading of the influential and dominating American beer industry to expose how patriarchal ideology is ingrained within it. Most brands are of the masculine nature, such as John Courage, John Martin, Red Dog, Red Wolf, Raftsman, Blue and Molson Ex-suggesting ex-wife.

TIM: Or ex-husband.

JANE: Well yes, but regardless, very few brands of beer are named after women. The only one I am aware of is St. Pauli's Girl and it suggests male ownership of the woman.

TIM: I'm interested, please continue. [ordering another beer]

JANE: Well, my second approach would be to examine how female conasseurs and brewers have felt, perceived themselves, and imagined reality. Gynocriticism, the formal terminology of this study, is also concerned with female history and culture in areas where women's creativity is nurtured. Similarly, gynocriticism is interested in discovering neglected or forgotten women and thus forge a better beer "canon" that represents the female prospective.

In fact, the three phases of feminism have been broken down into; the feminine (1840-80), when women consumed the same alcohol as men, the feminist (1880-1920), during pro-hibition (protests against alcohol's use and

standards), and the female (1920-present) when women advocated their own autonomy and came up with drinks like the Twist Shandy and Sarasoda.

TIM: Hey! I remember the Twist Shandy, it only had 2% alcohol but it was tasty!

JANE: Strong enough for a man but made for a woman; right! Ha! Ha!

[Jane orders another beer and nearly chokes laughing]

TIM: I see. In your opinion, what is the future of the feminist movement?

JANE: Well, ideally we would like to formulate a practise of our own which denies any co-operation with the male industry because they do not accurately represent our taste in beer or our interests in the business.

TIM: Do you not see any room for a sort of playful pluralism that incorporates a variety of methods and tastes. After all, a feminine industry that disregards men's tastes disregards half of the population and risks being marginalized. After all, a celebration of women's differences fails to address the issue masculine dominance and does not challenge it.

JANE: You have a valid point.

TIM: I do? I mean of course I do.

JANE: Let's talk about his in a more relaxed atmosphere. Your place or mine?

TIM: My place.

[Exeunt Tim and Jane, staggering out the door in search of "Cafe My Place" to play a game of table hockey, while singing to the tune of Frank Sinatra's Ebony and Ivory]

Psy-chology and fem-inin-ity,
To-gether forever play-ing table hock-ey.
Side by side like some winos,
He scores, OH LORD! On her goalie...

THE END

Ian Smith-Windsor

Ma Passion

Les vases casses, le verre brisé
Ne ramèneront pas ta voix.
Je vois bien, je sais bien...
Mais je ne pense qu'à toi.
La musique joue un air un peu fou
... moins que nous sous les draps.
Alors comment survivrai-je à ma passion
Si tu ne peux avec moi la vivre,
Comment ne pas perdre la raison
Lorsque tu t'éteins, flamme qui m'ennivre.
Les jours passés, les rêves fanés
Mêlent tristesse et désespoir
Tu m'aimes biens, ne dis riens...
Tu sais que je ne pense qu'à toi.
Et tu joues, avec mes émotions, tu joues,
Et à force, tu me vues, ne vois-tu pas?
Alors comment survivrai-je à ma passion
Si tu ne veux avec moi la vivre,
Comment ne pas perdre la raison
Lorsque tu t'éteins, flamme qui m'ennivre,
Lorsqu'en vain, sans toi, je m'efforce de vivre.

Mélanie Roy

Curtain Call

Who are you;
making your entrance into my world,
slipping between the curtains,
pushing aside the dark folds of my past
like some performer,
some well conceived character,
to bask in the footlights of my being?

Who are you addressing;
speaking lines that transcend memory,
making music out of honesty,
converting laughter into truth,
as you stand upon this stage,
this fragile platform,
before the empty seats of my insecurities?

What do you hope to evoke;
touching my mind with concern,
caressing my thoughts with understanding,
holding my invisibility close to your own
like some period lover
within this theater of mine
that you played a part in?

I've seen this show before.
Just another repeat performance,
an indefinite play on my emotions.

You can bow now,
but don't expect me to throw roses at your feet,
because you never gave me any.
And don't think that I haven't noticed
that your mask is still on
even though I've called the curtain.
And most of all,
don't expect an encore.

Tanya Bolduc

In the Half-Light

In the half-light,
the wonderful,
In quiet hours,
the personal.
The clock ticking on the wall,
The air still in evening's fall,
In this world we admit
The warm, eternal, and intimate.

Frank Willdig

A Collection of Poems and Prose (Part V)

I caught a glimpse of it I think
what I had wanted
it seemed so real
unobscured by past inhibitions
untamed by an absent ego
so reckless and self indulgent
unable, unwilling to stop

Like a flash of light
changing by the minute
hot white to orange
red fades to cooler tones
the blue green of eyes staring
shattering my fantasy
of reciprocation

I don't know if I can go on
I know that I can't cry
the shedding of myself
maybe
to furbish you
with what you want
my weakness disguised in selflessness

I don't know what to expect tomorrow
only that I need to see you face
except that you don't want me to need you like I do
what I need is
only to be fed for a little while

Jenn Green

They said

she said he said she didn't care
he said she said he had no hair
she said he said she didn't love
he said she said he was no dove
she said he said she was insensitive
he said she said he was inactive
she said he said she didn't have time
he said she said he barely made a dime
she said he said she was a bore
he said she said he was a whore
she said he said she said goodbye
he said she said he said it was a lie.

she left.

he left.

Lara St. Onge

The reasons on living

Many people ask the philosophy of life;
that's why God created the world,
and life is on it.
I know the answers to these questions,
because life is a magical phenomenon.

We live to enjoy life,
to run in nature, and to smell the roses,
to look at the clear blue sky,
and feel the warm sun.
The Lord creates us to enjoy his artistic values.

We live for continuous learning,
and exploring new things in life.
If we do not explore, we have nothing to say,
to our friends when we meet.
The Lord teaches us the art of living.

We live for youth an fun;
the fun of parties and friends,
to play sports, games, and entertainment,
up to an endless rest.
This is what the garden of Eden will look like.

Life is a temporary passage to the afterlife,
when the heaven is like the blue lagoon,
when we are on vacation,
and we see the turquoise water rolling on the white sand.
We can now find faith in God

When the afterlife comes,
we will not forget what we did on Earth.
We lived in our bodies,
and experienced the pain, fear, and hunger.
We are now in the phase of eternal life.

Maureen Pouliot
1993

Dear Mum

You would have loved your funeral
better, you would have approved of it:
The service was just what you wanted
the minister spoke eloquently and simply
Nobody broke down
even the weather co-operated; the sky was
clear, birches swayed, birds flitted and sang.
The fall leaves flew in the still
October sky. A lone flute remembered your
passing.

Nothing and everything has changed.
the earth is not so simple or so graceful
as in your recollection. Slowly
the continents divide and fall
to rise anew
and nothing will be see again as
in your eyes.

The maple blaze of colours has passed
The leaves scatter through the empty trees
and there is stillness in the wind.

I will return nameless
to my forgotten country, its flag
drenched in the blood of a hundred nations
my birthright
a myth in my open mouth

and I will succeed.

I will survive in this contorted world
because you did it before me
as how you wished it
and we will be eternally
proud

of each other.

Copyright 1995

Noni Howard
10/24-25/95

Lino Print

Sara Hilderman

Graduation

Looking back,
rewinding these last four years like a well watched tape
back to the day,
where upon my arrival in Lennoxville
I saw Bishop's University
for the first time....

As I turned at the sole traffic light
I began to get nervously excited.
My choice to be here was last minute and not really thought out,
urged ahead by my parents.
By process of elimination,
here I was about to see my new home.
At this point,
I regretted not having dropped bread crumbs along the way,
some indication on how to exit this hole in the mountains in a hurry.

My eyes took in the deceivingly pretty river before
the green arched bridge gave away to the splendor of what I now know as McGreer.
My heart stopped and started until we pulled into the shadow of St. Mark's.
A sudden feeling of relief passed through me.
Why the appearance of the school was so important
still evades me, if I should ever think about it.

Frosh week tumbled by as did various groups of acquaintances,
some maintained over the years while others have walked by in silence.
I quickly realized that learning to like the taste of beer was imperative
due to the lack of a liquor store in this brimming metropolis of ours.
Why is it we have a McDonald's and a Subway but nowhere to buy rum?
Yet another thought to ponder, should I have time.

The infamous E-W-P test led me to a failing mark
due to lack of organization, guess I wasn't really thinking.
One cannot forget (though we may try to)
the not-so-famous EWP class that followed
which I so affectionately joked about as the
"EWP's (oops) I failed the E-W-P" test.

The next couple of years brought
early mornings (damn prerequisites)
and late nights (mandatory social gatherings)
(football games, I can't forget the flood...)
These kind of things all blur together

when bonded by the Dewies routine.
Something I don't want to think about,
in denial that ratatouille really does exist.

Third year marked the big move off campus
into a high rent abode in Littleforks (that's "Lazyfolks" to you).
The short skip through the park and over the bridge spoiled me,
making me ignorant of the plight of those living up the hill.
Which I experienced little since our place seemed to always be on the way.

Now my fourth year has brought me a different apartment,
a different roommate and a little further to walk.
Can't forget the Mighty Referendum Hoopla and of course 'clay' in concert.
The year seems to be zipping by, leaving me no time to think,
filled with harder projects, less time to do nothing and applications for my future.

As graduation nears,
I watch the frosh walk by, oblivious to what lies ahead for them.
I realize that my four year stay at Bishop's
is filled with such a conglomeration of memories (midnight chats),
jokes (how did you find the exam?...just sitting there on the desk!),
and immense chunks of knowledge (I'm obsessive-compulsive..?)
that I haven't had much time to think, reflect or even acknowledge half of what has gone on.

As I drive away from the magnificent splendor of McGreer,
through the green arches, over the mighty Massawippi,
with my diploma in hand...
I know that all that lost time from these past four years will suddenly overwhelm me despite my resistance.
Today, I will drive away from Lennoxville for the last time.
Following the bread crumbs home but leaving them put
so as to mark the way for our return in years to come.

Raise a toast!

Karen Turner
Class of '96

No more whispers

go ahead
push it
the voice whispers
now now
do it
the end of
the world

you must
you must
the voice whispers
do it
for me
I want
you to

do it for
the people
the voice whispers
they want
you to
do it for
the dead

they need
you to
the voice whispers
do it because
I say
I need
you to

do it
or else
the voice whispers
do it for
your life
or I will
kill you

I will
push it
I whisper

because
I want to
I whisper

now there are
no more whispers

Heather Coutts

A Collection of Poems and Prose (Part VI)

Where is my guardian angel to watch over and protect me? I never asked to be born - yeah, who did. It was the disorder of an ordered universe, the calm underlying the chaos. God is not who, what, it, does, has been. Just maybe. But what about demons, those apparitions in the night; the evil that makes man act in rash and unnecessary ways. Just accept that it is inside your mind, O.K. But it always has to be apart from us, beyond us; because to accept ourselves as incomprehensible would make the world much too dark of a place. So we get by, we search for something eternal.

When you want to touch my body, know that it can only last for a moment. The burning heat of flesh against flesh, raging and scathing like a hot white flame. Soothing and dripping, the calm turns inferno into ash and cinder. It warms us in the coldest parts, and we hold on the fading light. When the fire cools, we move on - searching for something everlasting. What we seek can never, has never been. So maybe we could just be happy for a little while. We'll pretend that when we hold each other in our arms, that it is forever. And we will keep looking for the other one who knows how hard it is to say "I love you."

Jenn Green

Green-knit tuque

Why are you there, again!?
What is left unresolved?

I can see your tuque in my dream.
The one you always wear
that makes you look like a little kid.
Only now
you have a kid,
a little girl.
She laughs with you
and you look happy.
You come back from your trip
(the self-induced one or
the actual one...I don't know)
saying;
Let's try again, I've changed.

I walk away
into a field
and shed my clothes.
You send someone wearing your tuque
to watch me.
I need you to let go.

Kimberley O'Shea

Acorns

I am running, in the park, I feel small but I am running around, telling my mom to come and see all the funny little nuts with hats on. And my mom, trying to pretend everything is all right, trying to smile, telling me that they are acorns. I can tell my mom wants to tell me to shut up and to understand. My brother standing there pale and still, not moving out of his own little world. Me, running and running, laughing then stopping because nobody else is laughing with me. I didn't understand, I didn't know. I thought when you were sick, you got better and that's all there is to it. My mom is sad; I think she is sad because we are missing play school. I am supposed to be mad at her, but I forgot when I saw the acorns.

Long orange hallways, always long orange hallways. People, dim, murmuring, saying words I don't understand then patting me on the head, telling me what a brave girl I am. I am confused, so I watch someone walk by with a metal leg brace on and I wonder if that's what they are doing to my daddy. And then finally we follow the doctor down the long orange hall. He smells funny and he has a big mustache, he is making my mom sad, I can tell, and I do not like him. My mom is holding my hand so tight that it hurts, I cry out and am told to hush. Long hallways, never ending, and then my daddy. I break free and run to him, but then I stop, scared that I will hurt him. But there is no leg brace and I am happy because my daddy is okay. Then the doctor sits me down and tells me my daddy has multiple something and he is very sick. I tell him he is wrong, look, he can walk without a leg brace. We leave without my daddy. I am upset.

We visit him almost every day and I notice he is not talking to me anymore, he is growing a shell like the acorn. He won't pick me up anymore and I wonder if it's because he can't walk. I remember they had to carry him into that big truck with the lights on top. An ambulance my mom says. I thought it was the police and I was scared because I thought my daddy had killed someone. But no, my mom said, he hadn't killed anyone. Then she

started to cry and I didn't know what to do because she's not supposed to cry. So I started to cry too, then I went and got my blanket, but that made her cry even harder.

My daddy came home today and I am happy because I think he's better but my mom says he is still sick. I went to play school today and told everyone that my daddy was in hospital. The someone said people go to hospital if they're dying or if they want to get a baby. I am scared because my daddy is dying. The teacher says it's okay, he's not going to die, but I am still scared.

My mom is trying to explain what is wrong with my daddy, but I want to go outside and play. Now she is telling me my daddy is sick, and he'll never get better, and he has multiple scle-ro-sis. I ask her how can he be sick when he doesn't have a leg brace and she looks at me funny and tells me to go outside.

My daddy has to walk with a stick now and my brother and I call it the candy cane because that's what it looks like. I go to play school and the teacher brings out nuts with hats on them. I think of how sad my mom was when I saw them the first time and I know my daddy's never going to get better. The teacher asks if anyone knows what they are, and I say yes, they're acorns.

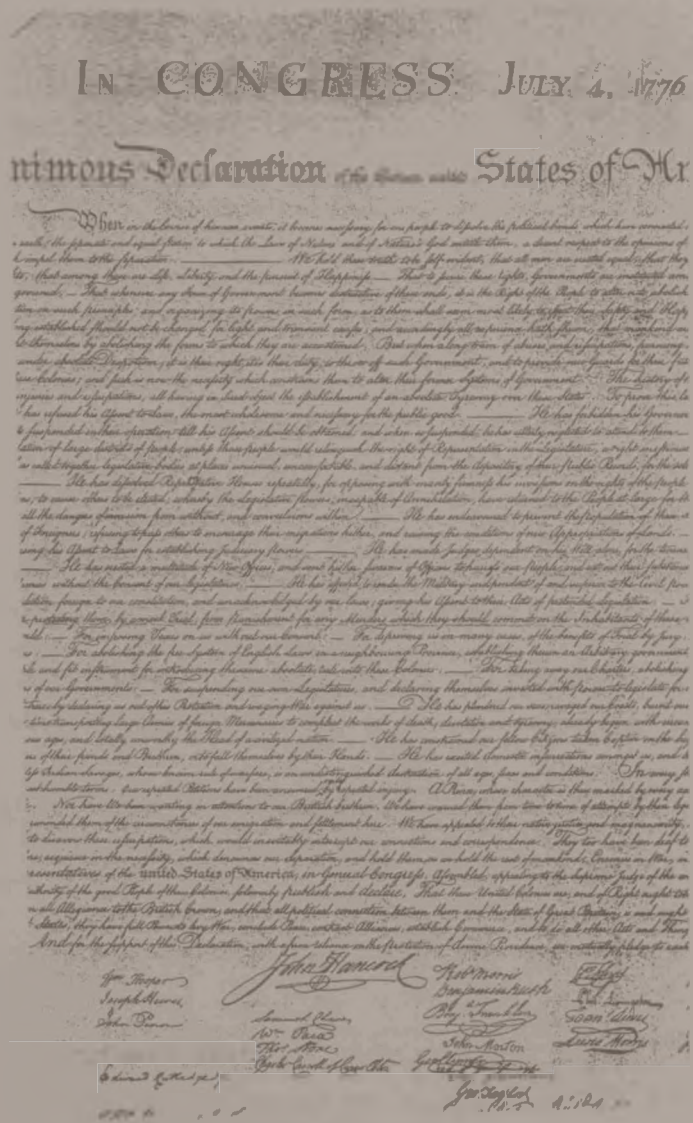
Kirsty Robertson

<u>Un Syllogisme</u>

par un(e) étudiant(e) de la langue française

Napoleon a vendu Louisianne
Pour x millions de dollars
Aux Etats Unis

Après la déclaration de l'independance de Québec
(dont une version suit ...



IN CONGRESS JULY 4, 1776

nimous Declaration of the United States of Ar

- Page 80 -

...)

Québec libre sera à vendre

pour x milliards de dollars

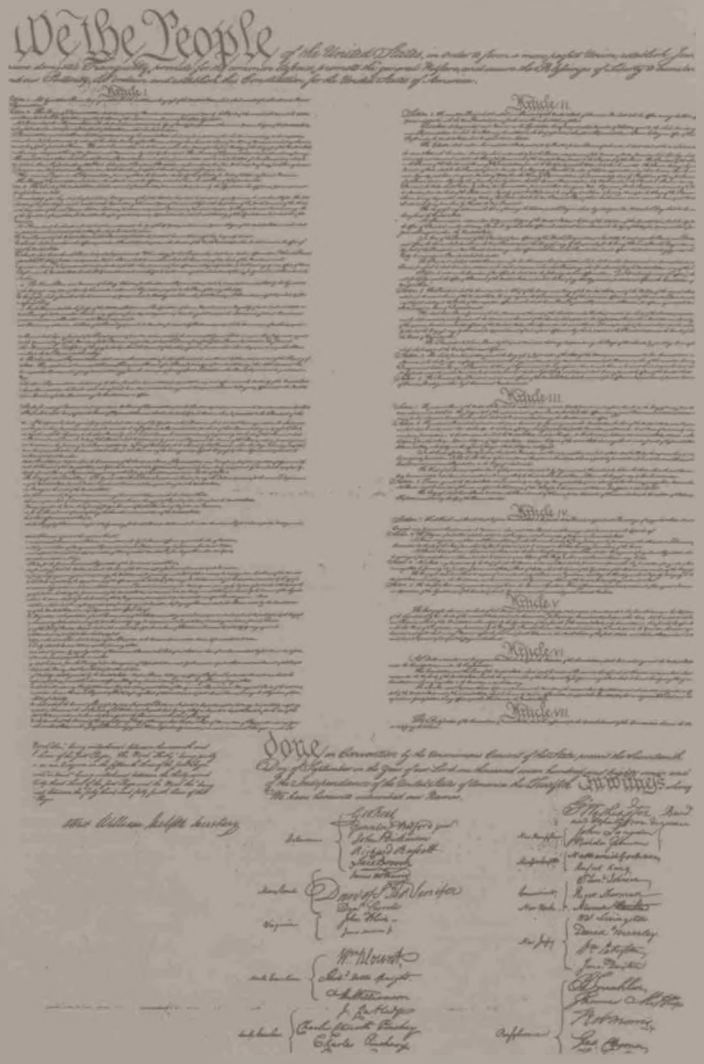
Du déficit

et

La prochaine constitution

D'Etat de Québec sera ...

- Page 81 -



donc
L'Etat du Quebec
et
La langue française
Entera dans le creuset
D'Etats Unis
et Ressemblera Louisianne.

par un(e) étudiant(e)
de la langue française
vivant dans un état de peur.

D. Nigel Kilbey

Le Bloc Reformiste

le 18 octobre 1995

Monsieur Manning le [RED NECK]
A apprendu son français
De Monsieur Bouchard :
[Une des races blanches
Qui a le moins d'enfants,]
(ça a pas de bons sens,
ça veut dire qu'on n'a pas réglé
Les problemes familiaux.)
Monsieur Bouchard a fait valoir que
[Ces jeunes n'ont aucune idee
De quoi nous sommes] mais
Certains manifestations ont associé
Le chef Bloc Réformiste de droite,
Proche de Monsieur Mulroney,
Après le referendum.

Par un(e) étudiant(e)
de la langue française

pour,pour
sa muse

Le salon du livre de l'Estrie.

le 31 octobre 1995
Monsieur Manning le [RED NECK]
A apprendu son français
De Monsieur Parizeau aussi :
[On a été battus par l'argent et
Les votes ethniques.]
et
[Ces jeunes n'ont aucune idee
De qui ils sont!]

D. Nigel Kilbey

Shoe Box

"Shoe Box, shoe box of life" as the song says. A tattered shoe box with "Nike" (Just Do It) written on the side holds a collaboration of random moments of my life described through photographs. I dig and shuffle; through flashes of something grand, pieces of a bigger picture, the frame for which I have not yet found. It seems this is what my life is made of, a collaboration of short moments. They are moments of radiant meanings, reflecting connections and great significance, but they are temporary. Like a blink of an eye and the beat of a heart they come and...they go. Got an 80% on my essay; I worked hard...You swam how many lengths in what time? Quite an accomplishment for a once frail asthmatic child. Just think how far you've come...What a trip. The title "Down Under" just doesn't seem to fit when I felt on top of the world...Remember this Christmas, everyone was together and so happy...I miss him; he had such a strong life force...She was my best friend from the time we were five. We had so much to share and now we have taken two different paths. We talk once in a while but it's not the same...Where has *she* gone now? U.B.C, environmental law, I think. I called her when I was home; not much to say...I loved him and thought he loved me back, what happened? Was it me. Life would be so much easier if I knew what people were thinking. Like the "Red Wheelbarrow" in a poem I read once, so much depends upon it. So much depends on decoding signals received and sending the right signals out. Did I say too much or not enough?...Ah graduation, my entrance to the "real world" Like death and birth all at the same time, the beginnings and endings are so grandiose. No one warned me...Yes, a collaboration of intensely significant but still short bits of time, for this is what makes them moments. "Time is a thief that can never be caught."

"The events in our lives happen in a sequence in time, but in their significance to ourselves, they find their own order...the continuous thread of revelation"

- Eudora Welty

I would like to sort through this shoe box of dreams, hopes, possibilities and ambitions to put together a well organized album with Sara Jane written on the cover. Just as I think that I've found the perfect order for these photographs, whether it is by date, by event, or just random display, some new photographs get added to my "Nike" (Just Do It) box and things have to be rearranged. I thought that I found the revelation, but in fact I just added some more separate, small revelations to the pile. Life is so unpredictable and so sublime. When will the revelations come together to make one divine moment? Perhaps with death. Perhaps a shoe box collection with "Nike" (Just Do It) written on the side is what it means to be living.

Sara Hilderman

February 1996

Childhood

Flannel and nightmares
Hot cocoa and pain
Jump rope and rope burns
And being left out of games

Friendship and enemies
Figure skates and falls
Swimming and clam cuts
And being sent to the hall

School days and sick days
The forest and drugs
Lemonade and chicken pox
And being sent to the hall

Camping and Rainstorms
Baby sitters and fun
Stories and brothers
And raspberry gum

Kittens and funerals
Teddybears and snow
Princes and monsters
And nightlights that glow

Laughter and yelling
Church picnics and toys

Frog catching and flowers
And chasing cute boys

Hopscotch and chalkboards
Rented movies and sharks
Bike rides and fireworks
And nights in the park

Parades and prizes
Christmas and 'Anne'
Dress up and sculptures
And learning to dance

Snow suits and soccer
Leaf races and plays
Comics and Disney
And digging for clay

Mosquitoes and drive-ins
Bruises and dreams
Sunburns and water skis
In Continuous streams

Jennifer Heale

Strange Luck Brewing

I'm in this cafeteria type cafe where the uniformed waitresses wear blue eye shadow and too much foundation. There's alternative music playing in the background that doesn't seem to fit with the clientele, decor, nor the smell of greasy samosa pies. I'm writing in my scrapbook trying to find words that rhyme with ecstasy when I look across the room. Chewing on my blue Bic pen, which has dripped ink all over my finger tips, I notice this artistic type, morbid and sort of romantic, staring in my direction.

This is exactly what I'm trying to avoid here; preoccupation's with personality types who defines themselves through rebellion and intellectual exaltation. I see my past in this guy: my teenage rebellion against everything that I believed to be sacred and was told to achieve. I wore the army coat and combat boots too, I stopped smiling for a few years in order to preserve my restless and discontent image. I listened to music that mirrored my bleak outlook on life, and I spoke about breaking down the social order and dreamt grandiose dreams of restructuring society in order to suit my creative desires.

I learned that the only people who listened were those who laughed, and that the Iron Law of oligarchy had always, would always prevail. "Don't rock the boat when you're in it" I mouthed to the guy across the cafe. He seems taken aback and confused by my acknowledgment of his purposefully invisible presence. He is a self made minority in a world where it pays to be what he is: white and male. I put a tip on the table and left the restaurant, keeping my eyes on the suits passing by the window outside.

Jenn Green

The Rumble I Hear

I hear the train
running through my life,
it wasn't always
a train I heard.

I used to hear our willow tree,
the gentle rustle in the evening breeze,
the feverish lashes during thunderstorms,
I heard it somewhere outside.

I used to hear the evil words from her,
they rang in my ears
rang and rang in the air,
I heard it somewhere outside.

I used to hear the ringing of my own voice
yelling at me to stop the evil words
such yelling, it was deafening,
I heard it somewhere inside.

Now I hear the constant drone
day in and day out
growing stronger, growing fainter
I hear it deep in my soul.

That train rumbles in me
it has passed the sound barrier
and it is all I hear.

Kimberley O'Shea

Sacred Place

death
is a sacred place
they only allow you to go to
when they have decided your time is up
i wish that they'd decide soon
for me, i want
to die.

Heather Coutts

Cry of Pain

I lie here alone
crying to myself
wanting to hurt
but not wanting to feel the pain
that is coursing through my body
attempting to escape through my head

The ringing sound won't stop
the tension knocks away at my skull
somehow I feel I deserve it
punishment delivered from my heart
to my head, who was supposed to do the thinking
as I am now sentenced to many hours of thinking

It serves only to torment me now
my heart has lost, perhaps never to heal
a hole that cannot be replaced
It makes me scared to face the future
I didn't know what I was getting into
but I have come to realize that
this volcano should never have erupted
not on my time and
not with my heart involved.

So now here I lie alone
I myself am crying
I am hurting and I do feel the pain.

Karen Turner

The Shrine In The Woods

When I was eleven I used to walk the half mile form our house to Saint Anne's the seminary church complex set on the edge of the forest. It was all fenced in with big spikes on the top so the young priests couldn't get out.

They would swoosh by in their starched black robes swinging heavy gold crosses with Jesus pinned like an anguished sparrow on them, their hands always upheld either in some sort of mystical reverie or holding tiny prayer books, their lips moving wordlessly.

My friend Joanne and I would cut through the backyards of the nearby houses to put our hands up to the wire fence.

WHAT A SHAME, we'd giggle, our mouths open in awe.

WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY WEAR UNDERNEATH? Joanne would ask.

IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE NOT WEARING ANYTHING! I'd exclaim and drop my books for exaggeration.

The young priests would float by several inches above the ground on a fixed route around the enclosure in a somnambulistic dance just out of reach of our ink stained fingers.

With the spring thaw I found a place at the edge of the forest where the big wire fence had fallen.

In the dark gloom of the trees I found a rotting wooden altar with tiny seats on each side overlooking a hill and many plaques on significant trees with pictures of Jesus and Mary on them. Their stone faces and eyes with rimless lids stared down through the shadows lighting up little pools of light on the pine cone littered floor. The figures on the plaques were silently holding each other underneath their halos.

When I got to the darkest part of the woods, a low sloping needle crunching bed I reached the center of the forest. A circle of stone plaques spread like a sundial around a giant cross with a white bleached Jesus hanging off it like he was straining to fall any minute. There were twenty-four headpieces. I counted them: *FRERE JEAN LOUIS BEAULIEU 1826-1879, MONSENIEUR*

RENE CLAUDE ARMAND 1845-1912, FRERE SERGE CHRISTAIN GARNEAU 1911-1960. This grave was fresh, a clean white rock.

Of course I prayed at all the shrines, at the circle of graves in particular.

I had a sense of piety even though I was United Church. It didn't work of course. So I prayed harder.

One day as I was trying to hypnotize myself kneeling supplicantly upon the faded stones an old priest caught me. I tried to run away but his feeble *MON SOEUR, MON SOEUR!* was so plaintive I had to stop. He motioned me to sit down with him near the circle and told me the story of the acorn that became the mighty oak. Even though I'd heard the story before I pretended that it was the first time. I also pretended that I understood his broken stuttering English and grimaced and gesticulated along with him. This pleased him and he became even more animated. Then I told him that it was time for supper and made a polite bow.

Soon after that the bulldozers came and broke down the fence separating the hillside into lots, tract houses popped up as if out of toaster ovens. The young priests like stark black ravens disappeared from the cell like runways, the bars on their brief cages rusting with winter.

The shrine in the woods has been plowed over, the old bones crushed, the Christ flattened and gorged, the mystic circle into spice.

Actually nothing has changed:

Coming across a nearby campsite today, much later, I see it: a talisman from the earth - a female symbol drawn from corn meal, a yellow circle and cross, a mother and daughter, the female symbol surrounded by nuts and berries.

I want to disturb it, shake it into the fresh ground but I am in awe. I cannot touch it. Next day the wind has done it, faded the lines, birds or whatever have made off with the carefully placed nuts and berries. I feel finally released.

The symbol has taken its own course, has done what it must do naturally, has buried itself, has made itself one with the earth, has laid down its bones and said *THIS IS ENOUGH!*

Copyright 1985

Noni Howard

Vague Violence

I was sitting with the administrator
in his office.
"Integrity,"
and "responsibility"
were his rotten meat words of the day.
I listened to him buzz about
the wonderful features
of another man
who I should be just like.
Idly wishing I was somewhere else,
away from his constant flapping,
I studied a fly.
It was crawling across his papers.
From the backseat of my mind,
I drew the smiling image
of a fly I had killed earlier
...I left it
on my sill
to bake in the sun.

A. Davis

Conversations with Q.C. Part I

* The author wishes to thank the Explorations Program of the Canada Council for their generous support.

"My mother says she named for the sour pie she made when she was pregnant with me. A quince pie it was (which explains the nickname my father gave me of Figgy Duff - he'd jump out from behind chairs and bookshelves yelling Figgy Duff in his song song way, right into your face, 'Figgy Duff Figgy Duff,' always adding 'with your raisin eyes in your suet head, your raisin button in your suet belly, had you been a Christmas pud you'd be Figgy Duff Figgy Duff' and on and on to the tune of the William Tell Overture. How I wished I'd gone back in time and killed Rossini, or Rossini's mother. I construed his strangeness - a limited impulse control, which could be mistaken for babytalk or teasing, as a necessary weirdness for making reams of money, at any rate, I am not now known as Figgy Duff Rhinehold, F.D.). As I say, it was a quince pie Mother made on that warm summer's day, so I am told, the kind of day that swells a pregnant woman's feet - I'm sure you've had experience with that - and she unintentionally, (although our omissions like our lies tell more about us) forgot to sweeten it and everyone's mouth was puckered up sideways for days she liked to say. But my brother Harry, he of the Olympian appetite, and his friend Preston, a tall stick of a young man who might have been blown over in the nearest windstorm and had to have been pulled out of the nearest sewer grate by attaching a wadded-up piece of gum to his head like you used to do to retrieve a quarter or your best fountain pen or blown through a wire-mesh fence and sought rescue with a pair of snub-nosed pliers and a spool of fishing line; we used to say that any weight he had had gone straight to his feet, which constantly posed a threat to inattentive

pedestrians and little children alike; at any rate, the two of them took the sugar bowl and heaped sugar onto that pie and the ate the entire thing.

That the pie made Mother sick was only mentioned to me by my father many years later. Mother says she doesn't recall any such thing and wonders aloud what ever possessed my father to make up such things. A fabulist she liked to call him, which he chose to interpret as fabulous."

When Quincy launches into these I don't know exactly what you'd call them there is no pretense of mutuality. Contrary to what one might think, listening abilities are not prized in the legal profession. All lawyers hone their ability in law school to skim volumes and documents. An expertise they carry over into their lives, learning to skim conversations, alighting only on certain key words and phrases. It goes far in explaining why the barest bones of anything I tell Q.C. is ever remembered.

As a cyclist overdevelops his thighs and buttocks; a swimmer, the chest and shoulders; as the ballet dancer slims down to muscle, bones, knees and feet, the lawyer develops a keen sense of urgency and importance. To place the act of decision making on a higher level than the decision being made - there's a kind of beauty in it that transcends superficiality, I suppose.

Henry Bach, the junior partner, a literalist who confuses small acts of perfectionism with small acts of kindness, likes the tag crisisworthy and deems the 'team' members unshellshockable. He has not yet annoyed Q.C. with his incessant talk of paradigm shifts and habituation; his use of rosetta stone as a verb. It is part of the trade-off in hiring a handsome competent looking man with good manners and expensive clothing. Q.C. knew what he was doing when he chose Henry Bach as an office accessory.

Quincy's office furnishings lean towards the nautical. An expensive antique barometer hangs on a wall hung in copper and ivory paper. A compass. to cumbersome for use at sea and an indecipherable nautical instrument resembling a giant potato peeler crossbred with a corkscrew in heavily dulled metal are placed on an Irish linen teacloth over and antique endtable by the window. You find yourself looking for copies of 'Boys' Own Annual' and the captain's bed. On the right of the desk, a globe in brilliant hues of blue, teal, gold, and brown rests in its expensive wooden frame. Everywhere there are costly, simply framed old world maps. If Quincy's in the mood, he will praise the exquisite craftsmanship of the Italian map makers. 'The best in the world, you can see yourself the delicacy and refinement implicit in drawing up a map like this, but of course the real pure delight is in the exquisitely wronghead world view that was theirs. Now the Italians could never quite match the Spanish for wrongful world view, although the Portuguese always seems to get it right.' Sometimes I think Quincy just makes these things up.

"Old world and new world', Quincy tells you, pointing to watercolours and oils of ships, docks, and stevedores. "I never look to the old world in art, your husband might feel the same way, art is not an immovable object, the past furiously being subsumes by the future, one must be forever forward looking." And I sometimes wonder what art catalogues Quincy's been keeping around in lieu of literature. "Halifax Harbour, the Port of Montreal - there are some stunning portraits of those who still wander at sea by Canadians, that's why I think some of my Inuit pieces fit in so nicely, like the narwhal surrounded by jade hunters. The real item. Touch them! No really, put your hand on the little man and touch him, it won't break away. If it does, I'll

just dock it from your paycheque - just kidding. Don't look at me like that. You can still own it in Canada - the ivory and whale bone of the older Inuit carvings, but don't try to travel with it. Outside of the country it's verboten. Most people are familiar enough with ivory, but whale bone is a simply amazing substance, I never tire of rubbing my fingers against the pumice-like surface of the bone, foveate, that is to say, pitted and marked, like it was made for rubbing against the flat of your hand and yet I've seen whale bone as smooth as a good piece of teak. Good Lord, I do seem to be getting carried away by the sound of my own voice. Occupational hazard, I guess."

"How did you get interested in art in the first place?" *Idiot! I can't believe you asked him, now he's going to tell you.* Fortunately Quincy's attention span is quickly waning and I can return to the snowy expanses of paper which never remain that way long enough in this office. Seems a shame how we transform the wounds of divorce, theft, assault, death into curt and precise legalese. Party of the first party, party of the second part; Weber vs. Weber; Donald vs. Donald; Courtnall vs. Courtnall.

"You might be surprised," he motions me to sit down, " but I was brought up in a house completely lacking in art. This is not to say it was some sort of example of Quaker or shaker or Mennonite austerity. One benchmark pristine Shaker chair perched on a perfectly shining hand-planked floor, one faultlessly weathered arbour suffused with grape leaves is worth 20 knickknacks, lawn ornaments, and gratuitous paper weights. Notice I never use a paper weight. Better to pick out an exquisite semi-precious still encrusted in rock, an amethyst or a raw garnet with a fine natural heft and use it. As for those waves in a box - what a hoax - don't tell Bach I said so, he's still young enough to commit to such atrocities - better to buy yourself a good

aquarium and a few decent fish that get along, although that's always a bit of a crap shoot. To make a long digression short - I always say digression is the better part of valour. You're very kind the way you laugh at my jokes. You don't do it simply because you work here do you?"

"I'm sure you know the answer to that Mr. Rhinehold."

"So you do," he says laughing, still waiting for an answer.

"My mother always said that she'd rather have a sense of humour than a stick in the eye."

He laughs loudly. "A sharp stick in the eye is our raison d'être," he says squinting, "but that's just between you and me. I hate to put the blind down this time of day; it's so good to have a little sun this time of year, but we have rather a surfeit at the moment." I wait, my pen poised over my pad for him to turn on the rough-hewn maple light with the seed appliquéd birch bark shade. I won't keep you. I know there's always lots to do, but suffice it to say, I have learned two things in the course of the years, that art like wine comes best expensively, and to marry a woman who loves art and had things to say about simplicity. Art appreciation is a little like cooking, either you have it or you don't. How is your husband doing with his wok by the way? You know I meant to get out to the show he had last month down at Riverside. Nice little gallery. I have a friend who's on the board of directors - you might know him - now what's his name - that's terrible, my good friend watchamacallit. Oh drat. It'll come to me - I can just picture him, went to Western the same year as John Kressman - Rudolph Beecham, I knew I'd think of it yet, I always mix him up with Randy Waites. You're nodding, so you know him - not Randy Waites of course, but Randy Beecham."

"I'm sorry sir, I don't know him."

"I thought you did the way you were nodding your head up and down. Just a good listener eh!"

"Reflex. He's not at Riverside anymore. David's at the Montcalm this time - similar type of place."

"I'm not familiar with it."

"You should go there sometime - while Dave's show is still on. It's over on Payton, near Leslie - past the Ultramar. You know the fast food strip near the 401, just before you get there - before the lights. He's doing well out there. They're good to him. But you know how it goes. You have to be careful. You literally have to limit what you create - you get too prolific and the government punishes you for it. He sold a couple of bas-reliefs, one in lead, one in bronze, and a couple of life drawings from a series he loath to part with."

"I've heard that said, I suppose stockpiling anything has to have a deleterious effect."

"Which reminds me - I'm just about finished today's pile. I'm sure I'll have time enough this afternoon, if there's anything else you thought needed getting to."

"What we need are two of you," he says, coming around the desk. He gives me a pat on the shoulder and I can smell his expensive cologne, which reminds me of rosewater, one of those kitchen ingredients I never seem to be

able to find. I smile, wondering if I should ask him the name of his cologne. He takes another pile from the filing cabinet, locks it back up and hands it over.

"Thanks."

"No," he pauses for effect in that salesman/insurance broker way, "Thank you," and pauses again. I gave him the all-purpose grin, grabbing the folder and making for the stairs. With the afternoon looming before me, I suddenly think that a sense of urgency could come in handy.

Catherine Dean

This Forgotten Well

I threw in a wish
and strained to listen
as my hopes and dreams
vanished into the bottom of
this forgotten well.

Each day, rose and amber rise and fall
while I wait for you to come.
Without your love, I am just like
a coin in the bottom of
this forgotten well.

Imagine the coin into which
you install all your hopes and dreams
waiting for them to recover
from being in the bottom
of this forgotten well.

Everyone has a coin
with which we toss
our hearts and souls;
till, together, we raise the bottom
of this forgotten well.

Andrea Robinson

A Poem

Have you ever felt a dew drop
Have you touched the morning sun
Have you ever been with others
Or am I the only one
Have you ever tried to lie awake and drifted off to sleep
Have you ever lost your words when you were trying just to speak

Did you ever dance on moonbeams
Did you ever try to fly
Did you ever love another girl
Are there still tears to cry
Did you ever feel so lost inside you want to be alone
Did you ever look in someone's eyes and feel like you've come home

Have you ever tasted rainbows
Did you ever touch the stars
Would you stop and dance with strangers
Or is your heart to scarred
Will you try and trust me
Just put your hand in mine
Open up your heart and soul
Together we'll survive

Jennifer Heale

Beautiful

I'm looking at these beautiful people: taught and tanned, muscles rippling and skin quivering. I feel distant and different, kind of apathetic. I used to feel a part of it, like I was watched and being watched. I don't notice them anymore and they don't see me. I could never be a part of that, should never want to be an impossible ideal.

I look at you faltering in your reflection. You look so wonderful to me, but you cringe at a displaced hair and a few rough edges. You frown and feel self-conscious, no-one will love you like this.

I've been rejected for my imperfections turned complexes, but I reject your demands. You see it used to be all about me and why I wasn't good enough. It has never been about me, and it never will be. I am who I am and I'm not going to change that. I like myself, I love myself, I deserve to be loved for my self.

If I don't live up to your high standards then it's too bad for you that you can't see past what they tell you should be. You will never love yourself until you're perfect - you will never love yourself. You will never let another love you. Have fun at the gym.

Jenn Green

My name

I walk down the halls
and hear my name called,
I turn around
no one looks my way.

I walk into a classroom
and hear my name whispered,
I look around
everyone looks away.

I walk into the bathroom
and hear my name spoken,
I ask who it was
no one answers me.

Everywhere I walk
I hear my name said,
I wonder what
was said about me.

Now I walk down the halls
and I hear my name called,
do I turn around?
No, I know better.

Everywhere I walk
I hear my name said.
I don't wonder anymore.
Soon they'll forget her.

Heather Coutts

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NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY

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