

TO YOU

I wish you Success in the near future  
Escape from all you'd rather leave behind  
like schedules and money worries, hypocrites and me.

I wish you a home away from here  
to where money flows steadily,  
the night life intoxicates  
and the neon lights keep you awake.

I wish you excitement by day  
and bustling blondes  
by night  
[a good woman, they say,  
can always make things right.]

I wish you Time  
to find yourself  
among the crowds  
drowning out the sounds  
of your own loneliness;  
Company when your aloneness  
turns shades of blue;  
Love the kind you need  
when the need is greatest  
and silence at the end  
of every long day

1968  
Men's Residence,  
University of Reading,

Maurice Spiro

Yesterday  
to some beer-stained cot and built her shining  
She thanked me, took off her shoes, tiptoed upstairs  
Alright, I said. But don't make any noise.  
Please. I promised him.  
I only work here, miss.  
Corroded hopes.

You know the rule, I told her. No girls allowed.  
That rule, she answered, belongs to the past — the harsh,  
demanding past, with all its tarnished values and

Midnight Visitor  
[from "Prelude and Fugue"]

SOMETIMES  
Sometimes I'm happy  
Sometimes I'm sad  
Sometimes,  
like today  
I'm just... WISHY-WASHY

Nelson

someone  
for a long time  
and say  
whatever you think  
or feel  
or regret  
or cried about  
last night  
before you fell asleep  
[or not ever having  
to say anything  
at all  
because  
they'll know why]  
someone  
you  
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terr!

OCTOBER 18, 1973

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Tell Me

How many times can a heart be broken  
before there is no more love left to give?

How many times can we go on to hurt  
people and never feel the consequences?

How long can a person be lonely  
before his soul gives up in despair  
and dies?

What can you do when there are no  
more feelings to express and your emotions  
fail to vibrate?

Where can you go when the one you  
love tells you to "go away"??

Why must I go on in this world  
alone and deserted like a flower  
in the snow?

Lilianne

And there I am —  
Shaking in my shoes, with my pillow over my head  
just because I'm the only one at home.

Thunderstorm

Lightening glaring through the windows  
And thunder pounding at the door,  
Rain tap-tap-tapping on the roof  
Making little puddles on the floor.

S.M.

It was summer  
[It was our summer]  
and we couldn't believe the girls.  
I doubt if they saw us  
but we watched them.  
Christ, did we watch them,  
with pleading eyes  
and aging smiles  
falling flat on our faces.  
In Stanley Park,  
I spurned the crazy lady  
ready to receive my perversions  
as a gift of joy.  
You pitied me;  
I pitied her.  
And, at last,  
being from Toronto was a line  
to be hidden.  
We had ridden long enough  
on that lie  
and it died,  
older than it deserved to be.  
It was our summer.  
We spend it well,  
running wild,  
running from the pain  
in our hearts.

WILD SIDE

For Friend Stephen  
You are your own enemy,  
fighting your heart,  
beating your mind to  
despair.  
You never felt at home  
on those streets.  
Doughnuts for breakfast  
on Sunday mornings;  
your writer's pot  
of coffee — black and sweet.  
"I'll have another  
Players please."  
At the end of the street  
was the ocean.  
Punch drunk,  
you thought you could  
swim it  
[and yet you never got your  
feet wet].  
You fought the impulse  
[of your heart?]  
and returned to the worldly  
lights of Vancouver's nightlife  
in the rain.

S.M.

To Nature

I walked the woodland paths so often then  
Some may have thought I met a lover there.  
But the only love I met was sky  
And birds that tried to cheer my weary way.  
I n'er forgot how woodland walks had helped  
Me greatly then, and sure would do again.  
I don't see life in buildings tall or streets  
Where only cars and buses race about.  
I see it in a mother robin's nest  
And there the best of all the wisdoms start.

And when I think how in the years gone by,  
When all, it seemed, against me stood opposed  
The comfort I received me courage gave.  
So now the forest is my friend, for it  
Has seen me through the trials of day and night.  
And like to a saviour whom you homage pay,  
I say with words I know and feel so clear,  
"The world did take my life from me,  
Until the earth it gave to me again."

Rick Hatt

Our Lake

None of us listened  
When Paul spoke of the productivity of this lake;  
Or to Guy  
Boasting of the poacher he had caught here last fall;  
Or Pierre saying  
"What a great place this is in winter for ski-dooing."

We were too busy,  
Thinking that this was the most beautiful lake  
Any of us had ever seen.

I think they had been here too many times before.

S.M.

You made your pain ours  
and the world's.  
I kept my pain mine.  
But friend,  
the pain was the same.  
David Drinkwater  
September 1973

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