

ETRYPOETRYPOETRYPOET

UNTITLED

married
to a farmer--
Ron is a good one.
Wanda can smell
soil in his hair.

"Mom told me
all about life
with a good man.
Dad spoke of the land
wiping it from the soles
of his boots
onto the Herald."

she can snap beans
as well as any
wife and the baby
isn't any trouble now.
she can love
the fields around
their farm
and the fumes
of damp hardwood
and the way
Ron mashes pickled beets
with his potatoes
at suppertime.

it's after this
it get harder,
when she washes
the dishes and remembers
a wish to sit
on a poet's knee
and warm a poet's face
with hers and
it's always the October
nights that make it
hard to grasp
that she has been there
twenty years
married to a farmer.

Katy Farrell

KATHERINE

White lace on garment of silk
I sit and watch while you prepare
I love to look round the room
where I feel you dance
alone in the sun of early morning

we dance at night under lights
that flash and glare

But you dance alone in the morning

Pray for me Katherine
while I lie alone in my room,
I don't dance

Rick Hatt

PROVINCIAL MAN

My body is made up of ten parts:
My feet have waded in Pacific waters,
My legs carried me up to Rocky heights,
My eyes gazed across eternal wheat fields,
And my back has been warmed by Prairie grass-fires.
I strained both my arms working hard Ontario clay.
Je pense, quelquefois, que je suis Quebecois,
Mais, pas toujours.
Now I breathe New Brunswick air, and rich, it nourishes my appetite.
Cupping my hands I took a draught from a Scotian spring,
And buried in a warm Island beach, I soothed my soul
Only Newfoundland has yet to carress my senses;
Perhaps it is there I may find the still struggling desire of my heart.
Or maybe the north would fulfill me, if I could endure it.
My body has matured a provincial man; legs, torso, head;
But my heart belongs to the whole, And I'd have it no other way.

ONCE UPON A FUTURE

What was man meant to do?
What was man meant to be?
Must he travel to the stars?
Or venture to the sea?

And if he goes into the depths
What do you think he'll see?
Will he destroy the beings there?
Is that his destiny?

And if he voyages to the stars
What do you think he'll do?
Will he kill the beings there?
Will he screw **them** too?

K.K. Narof
8 Dec. 80

THE END

I packed a picnic lunch and headed out
For a beautiful day with my friends.
But when I go to the meadow,
There was no one there.
They were all gone, and I was too late.
And on the horizon, I saw the sun going down.
That day was like the sun going down on me

I sharpened my skates and headed to the lake
To have a skating party with my friends.
But when I got to the lake,
There was no one there.
They had left, and I was too late.
AND in this distance, I saw the sun going down.
That time was like the sun going down on me.

I put my troubles behind me
And headed on for a wonderful life.
But when I got there,
My friends weren't there.
They had gone, and I was too late.
I looked to the sky, and saw the sunset.
That life was like the sun setting on me.

I decided to quit,
And head on towards death.
But when I got there,
My friends weren't there.
They hadn't come yet,
And I was too early.
And in the morning,
I saw the sunrise.
But this life has nt been
Like a sunrise.

The sun has gone
On me for
The last time.

by Gisele McArthur