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## Lost At Sea

door and opened his mouth in amazement at the near-naked, wet, shivering, clay-stained, savage-looking being before him. The keeper was a medium sized man of wiry build and dark complexion, with black curly hair and days of beard. He had on dirty khaki pants, black shiny-new rubber boots, and a dirty white shirt rolled up to show a swarthy tattooed skin.

He squinted at Tom in the dim light of the oil lamp on the table behind him. "Well, I'll be damned! it's Tom! What the hell are you doing over here on a night like this?" he said in a drunken voice.

Tom told his story quickly and the keeper sobered with it. He rushed out into the storm and ran along the bank to where his outboard was hauled up. He pushed it out in the waves with his boots drawn up to his hips and jumped in, started the motor, and went off around the island to get George.

The keeper's wife gave Tom a

blanket and a drink of whisky and sat him down by the stove to warm him. The room was about twelve feet square. Opposite Tom was the door he had entered with guns on antlers over it. To the north side was a sink and cupboard and a window. The keeper's wife had placed the oil lamp in the window to help guide her husband home. She stood by the window watching. She was small and dark and in slacks and had long loose hair and a face worried in the lamp-light. She saw her husband's big six volt light sweep the water in the rain a mile north. He had gone that far up to allow for George's drifting and was now working back towards the island. Suddenly his light went out.

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On shore a group gathered on the wharf's end hoping the boat might still come in. The low quarter mile causeway connecting the wharf to the mainland was now and then flooded with the surging spray of a big wave breaking on it. At the wharf's end it was dark and cold and wet. Thunder and lightning and

rain filled the sky. The people huddled together under the outcropping of the wharf's seawall, talking quietly and watching the giant ten foot waves roll north or break in spray over the breakwaters to the south of them.

The Mountie arrived and the group quieted. He walked up to the father. "I've made arrangements for boats and an R.C.A.F. plane to join the search in the morning." The Mountie looked at the waves and continued, "There's one chance in ten they'll come through this alive."

The group slowly broke up and went home. That night the usually dull town was alive with lights, visits, and telephone wires carrying current. Rumor and reminiscence mixed and the two lost assumed an importance they never had alive.

There was one light that never went out. The wind tore at and shook the house on its sills and whistled through the eaves and slapped the T. V. antenna wire against slate shingles and trees shook and branches scratched against the veranda roof under the onslaught of the storm. Nature writhed in pain and big

## Wasteland

Trapped, within a fleshy brood,  
Contained in an airtight shell.  
Remains of a life,  
Not unlike all others that went on before.

Burglarized lives, seduced by the cries,  
Contained in that supreme optimism.  
The regular path that remains outside wrath,  
Of an all seeing, all knowing being.

The true existence is beyond common sense,  
Of the poor who see in their gay repetition,  
A flurry of needs that are drowned in their pleas,  
For the fulfillment of their irreducible minimum.

Death is a must in their unholy quest,  
And they prepare with donations of money.  
While dog-collared sophists bask as they lie on the  
locus,  
Of the gilt edged sanctification of man.

## Farewell

Tender sentiments etched on a golden goblet  
Too hard to hold a gentle dew  
And velvet ears too harsh to hear  
The melancholy sound of a fugue.

The silence seeps around me  
With empty notes in a muted land  
That penetrate the eye to show  
The broken colonnades.

## Quest

Why seek you the high hills, the restful valleys,  
Where solace always seems to be.  
Why bring you to the land of the uninhibited,  
Where dancing images dance quite free.  
Why try to find the furtive peace,  
That breathes eternal quest.

In those long and lithsome bones,  
Not built for hunt or strong in size,  
The suicidal chase that always ends in naught,  
Not grasping in the here and now,  
In the absurdly stereotyped plot.

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