

SHREDDING

Autumn lets fall brown leaves
in this miniature city
where whispered words return
a hundred fold
razored and bleeding
echoing secrets shared.

I tell you, shred,
shred all I tell you
to shapeless leaves
falling falling
in chilled november air.

Kwame Dawes

SHE'S OUT THERE ALONE

Light and life but what comes next
what follows darkness follows dawn
Starlight fallen rainbow flash
Neve. coming home.
Abandoned child unreal and real
Blood in heart of both
Yours and yours and yours as well
where can you be now?
Seen you other places you're not there
I'm looking where are you?
Colors in two three five or none
No matter
Mind has you in soul still missing
Didn't happen you're there, seeing you
Planets suns and music you in the sky
Alone no company in the cold
Wishing it was me
Never really can be you
Rainbow flash
Never coming home.

Deanna T.



Shit Happens

This concern for industry
Over humanity
Interests me.
Is it a Faustian fantasy
Or Guassian normality
That I see?
We've had plenty of time
To experiment
With ways to rid us of
Our excrement.
But we go on
At least happy that it's warm.

Literary

CLOSE THE DOOR, I'M DYING...

Welcome to my living-place
Hello there and how do you do?
It's cold to stay but carry on
If you want to be alone, wait another
five minutes
I'll be out of your life
just as fast as I can
open the cabinet door will you?
My hands are full
Take this knife, oh don't forget
Cancel my appointment at seven
It's rude to keep people waiting for nothing.
And nothing's where I'll be
wait another minute please
There's so much to clear up and I
only have till nine oh five to handle it.
I didn't forget you. Oh yes, here's your
note!
Pass me those pills, please?
Yes thanks. I'll be in the other room
don't come in until I'm through.
It's such a bother when you're not alone
And while you're at it, do me a favor
And open that note right now?
That word? I am sorry,
I'm a sloppy writer, that's "dead".
turn down the heat please? Thank you.
Sorry to rush you away and out, but
There's something I have to do.
I know what pain feels like, and I'm just about
to end it.
I'm a little giddy, no I don't need
a doctor! I'll be fine, call the coroner?
That's wonderful. The time is nine oh three.
Catch me? Thanks, and watch it.
I might get brittle.
So here's the end. I like having guests,
but I must say you came
at the most inappropriate time.
Oh and don't forget my last instructions
when you go, if it's not a trouble
I know I shouldn't ask
But please would you try and
close the door behind you when you go?

Kami Delanssen

LIGHTSPEED

The blaze of color out on what is not
Firing past glass windows that move
in space in galaxies so cold and hot
Hot with what, and cold but why?
Away from all that happened
And moving while it did
Light color blaze on what is not
Past the darkness of today

Deanna T.

BY THE RCMP HEADQUARTERS

"Look -
Those woods are under stress"
She told her children
As she waved to the spot
By the new RCMP headquarters
(Nearly hitting one across the face
While keeping her eyes on the road)

"How do YOU know?"
They asked
Noses pressed to the glass.

"Oh -
By what little I know
Of acid rain
And other things.
See -
Their Kin-trees
On the other side
Are slaughtered for the new mall
And now they stand
Unprotected
With feet
Much wetter than before
And hair
Buffeted by winds
Roaring across the downed corpses.
They are changing colour
First
Red and gold
All vivid in the sun

And under stress:

Their last proud showing.

PAMELA J. Fulton
SEP '88

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