

'Tis the length what sparks me tired soul Tho' t'ain't too, and someways no quite 'nuff It'll do me, aye, near threw me Yet i'll claim three and no hearts torn He's ripped one, i've heard the after mourn i'm in no mad panic as yet, not too long we'll feel the sweat but ah the wind'll no be merry, after the long trip home, oh no, after that long return when the gambits'll dance to any and all you'll need feel no shame in the want to call so then flay me, as tho' t'was i who's done the wrong No sir, and yet sir, i'll accompany your song And rally you on, but lo' i'll need your coachin' Your map for peace - so we're none a wantin' Look quick man, put down your rifle, there's wood -We'll start a fire. g.b. 4.12.78.

FOR THE NEW BRUNSWICK ESTABLISHMENT

Will you brand me monster, traitor, madman, wretch, prevaricator?

Class, fame and might aren't what they seem; if all love gold who's left to dream?

MAURICE SPIRO



Beyond the moon two souls merged Immersed in the shallowness of an evening's light Although the stars monitored contentment A sky hawk plumeted earthward toward a killing.

She danced to mitigate his unwarranted silence And he in turn performed a meaningless ritual Those who witnessed their departure Smiled with eyes aflame.

Four surrendered musculature aiding the flee Morning long a passing venture Into the horizon lower down the hill To mull on drunken eulogies.

Fourteen passed before revelation
Black scar on red eternally symbolic
A message to carry toward unpredicted future journies
No roses mark a frigid grave.
g.b. 7.12.78

PATTERN ONE

Out of the stars we fall.

From a scattering of splintered light
Into the eye of the enemy and a darkness
Warming itself against the firing of our engines.
We fall. Donw past the roaring of our ears that scream out
Through all the training

And the present desperate courage against the battlecruisers. Within the centres of our canopy shields Targets spiral up to fill our senses,

Leaving the screens to count off the sequences to firing point.

Lasers. And fighters diving away

From batteries seeking out the space

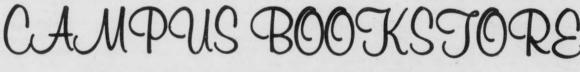
Of where we thrust against the black,

Recoiling now for the turmoil of one more attack.

Within their War Diary, our Fleet poses only a threat For the younger officer in the throes of staff college, And terrors, only for the incompetent. g.b. 4.12.78.

DONT

MISS



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