

# DISTRIBUCTIONS

Editor: Jayde Mockler  
Deadline: Tues. Noon

Please include your name and student number with each submission

## The Talking Wind

Sometimes the wind will hit my face so that I recall ....  
the time Jo McGraw and I broke the law

On a night like this, the wind spoke my name -  
Anita, Anita - again and again  
It gave me the sense of incredible strength  
the time Jo McGraw and I broke the law

It was after a show on the tube that late night  
about a young couple like us - love just as tight  
- and from a small town, too, just like mine, and  
who at the end had money to dine  
in the fanciest "boltes" they ever saw  
the time Jo McGraw and I broke the law.

First, we had planned, after bundling up  
we would drink the rest of this stuff in this cup.  
It flowed rather sweetly, and hot in our centre,  
It would add some warmth - after all, it was winter  
We trudged down the street, intent on our thoughts  
and considered the end - and if we were caught.  
Despite our concerns, we were thrilled anyway  
to steal from the rich old lady O'Shea

Jo pried the door open after speaking a curse  
that the old lady better have loot in her purse  
and lots of antiques like that broad in the show ...  
I told him to shush and get out of the snow.  
We tip toed inside still cold from the night.  
and outside I heard - Anita, tonight.  
Shut up, I whispered to the cold wind out there,  
and Jo looked up, but he didn't care.

I heard a shuffle on the floor upstairs,  
but forgot as Jo saw her purse on her chairs.  
I stopped and I thought: oh no, it will take all day  
to empty the purse of old lady O'Shea.

High pitched mutters I heard up above,  
but ignored the noise, this was all for love  
just think of the things we could get with her money ...  
I looked up 'cause Jo thought that something was funny

There was nothing but laundry in her big bag  
we thought for sure it was a good gag  
but no time to waste, her riches were near  
and as we looked on, we sensed our great fear  
as the whine of a siren sounded outside  
our first instinct, right then, was to hide.

Of course, it turned out that the cops came in  
and searched for us - we thought we would win.  
We had what we needed, and we were so bold  
to think we'd escape: we were young, they were old.

Upon creeping out, they sighted Jo first  
Hey Boy - you come here, he said as he nursed  
his holster on the side of his big stretchy pants  
they blocked one another and proceeded to dance  
a dance of power in which one would rise  
the victor of all, but to my surprise,  
Jo pulled out a knife and moved to the cop  
who said - my son, use that and we'll top  
your effort as never before  
for Boy, there's one of you, of us there are four.

I screamed at Jo - please, it's O.K.  
We'll leave this place now ... there's another day  
to find what we need ... oh please, stay away.

Jo looked back at me - huddled on the floor  
and said something I'll remember ever more.  
Baby, he said, I'm doing it for you ...  
to see you without, it just wouldn't do.

With incredible anger at the world for his need  
of possessions that others don't even heed,  
he jumped on the man, knife poised in the air  
and started to attack, blood everywhere.

The fight was soon over as the man in the blue  
pulled out his gun and through Jo blew  
four speeding bullets that entered his brain  
I knew I would never see my Joey again.

that was ten years ago from today  
and still I can hear the boy from then say  
Baby, I love you, it'll all be o.k.

I still see his anger, and the set in his jaw  
the time Jo McGraw and I broke the law

Anita Connolly

## Mall Man

C'mon mall man  
You are my friend  
You make my day  
And I love you so

Separated over continents  
From my folks  
You connect us  
Via our malls

Every afternoon  
I wait out for you  
I know you will call  
With my mails

How else could I reach  
My numerous folds  
And how could they reach me  
Without you - mall man?

I hate Saturdays  
I hate Sundays  
I don't see you coming  
On those days

In my lonesomeness  
Those mails from my wife  
And from my children  
Keep me company

When snow threatens  
And I have no place to go  
I read the mails  
Brought by you - mall man

You may not know it  
But believe me now  
You do me  
A world of good.

by

Enylinda N. Okey

## What Do I Really See Up There?

As I look up towards the sky  
I see the clouds in different forms  
some have images of faces looking straight at me  
I just smile at it and walk on by  
until I look up the next time.

by

Tuhin Pal

## Broken Man

Another year and here I am,  
Another padded cell, who can I tell?  
No it's not heaven, it is hell,  
What can I do, who can I tell?  
Another year and here I am,  
Living the life of the damned  
No it's not warm, it's bloody cold  
When I was young, now I'm too old,  
Am not too stunned, and not too bold,  
Am not too good at playing the sole.  
I was yesterday, I was in love,  
Why can't he send me a sign from above.  
Another year, and here no love,  
Living like a gypsy dove.  
Although the noise beats in my ear,  
I find it hard to hear,  
Another year and here I am,  
Living like a broken man.

Peter Pitre

## Meals on Wheels

I must eat.	Quite a feat.
How to feed	When hands impede.
And wheelchair pegs	Replace my legs?
Hard indeed	To succeed
Shelf too high	I will try
Dropped the knife	What a life
Dropped the glass	Let it pass
One thing more	On dirty floor.
For encore	Clean glass, - pour.
Take a plate	I can't wait
Pizza's nice	At a price
In this way	Goes my day
Need my meals	Though on wheels
Quite a feat	Just to eat.

by

Ann Passmore

## The Day my Thoughts Died

The day my thoughts died,  
No one cried.  
I was walking alone  
On the rocky path  
To creativity,  
When I was attacked  
By sinister ideas.  
They yelled at me -  
'Give up your journey  
And use yourself  
To better mankind  
And not to amuse those of  
Dramatical mind.'  
They battered and beat my brain,  
My sight began to blur,  
I could no longer see clearly  
And my pilgrimage was then forgotten.  
So, in vain, I took their dictated advice  
And headed towards reality.

Now I live in a real world  
And the path to creativity  
Has been overgrown:  
My ideas are rooted  
In the weed of maturity,  
No longer flowering  
In the garden of imagination.

Jason Meldrum

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All major  
edit cards  
honored