

Photo by Steve Patriquen

THE MORNING AFTER ATWOOD

The poetess was natural. She read to our circle of ears, Of eyes, of mouths and of fingers, Transmitting for familiar objects new Identities.

The listeners watched, hearing Her thought and feeling fused, Seeing with fresh inner eye. Ash-coloured silence was our first Question.

The poetess was kind, Out of fame's aura smiled And joked about her own coiffure To loosen our very pedestrian Hesitation.

The watchers, asking, groped. Deftly she captured ideas In chrysalis, and then returned For our caterpillars a hundred Butterflies.

The poetess was here. With delicate or indelicate Images [narcissus mirrored Or a headless sheep] she fashioned us Incandescence.

The listening circle seeks In this morning's coffee cup The magic crystals of that Poetess whose wand of words is Inspiration.

Hilary Nicholls

In the city... - Where faces are not faces Where people are not people Where time is always - Running short. - Where a warm "HeHo", Is cause for suspicion, Where a tree is the exception Not the rule... - Where, amongst so many Most are alone. Yes...alone and lonely, Longing to feel, to hear, to touch Another person.

B. Sail

TAKE TIME

Laughing rain beating past a storm of innocence as in a dream of reality...a slippery smile that fades in the sun...lost for everyone...time takers taking time to take some time for taking time time and time again taking time again for the taking time that is really taking you...you know? Youknow you are that happy worm inside the glass...You know you are inside the glass you happy worm...Happy smile laughing rain gently over baby smiles for miles and miles and still you love...

D. Newman Jan. 2, 1974

And the winds came whispering down, The flowers looked up to hear, The world stood still to stare, "I decree to thee to love and be loved, Worship not the way of man, His kingly palaces and lust for blood, But hold thyself in due accord, For love is mightier than thy sword."

By RICHARD CAMPBELL

COMPANY!

To be alone... Is to be with oneself - A precious time... To wish... To wonder... To remembering. To laugh at life, And to cry - Life, like a dream... Is fleeting, Here today...gone tomorrow And there's rarely time - To say good-bye.

B. Sail

SILENCE GURU, SILENCE

By JOHANN KEEPE

"Hell," said the guru to his disciple. "I aim to be good but the opponents they laugh."

And so he spoke for his grief was real and the pain it would not heal.

"Damn the damn world," he cried. "Damn it so the curses shall befall it as rain falls in a storm."

The man in the suit said to rock to his rules for was it not true that the gods in the churches were made of plastic. He spoke with his gun so we rocked to his rules. The guru did his boogie and awaited the image above to descend with his wrath provoked. And behold, the guru was not mad. From far beyond the highest air wave, seated upon the horse of judgement, the prophet laughed and began his charge from the heavens.

The man in the suit laughed too, for the guru had played his game, was cursing his name and having a jolly old time. His was the dance of death, he would get as close to the edge as he dare. For the guru was a brave soul.

"Down the system," he shrieked and took another step to the edge. His mind was in turmoil now. The guru made his final step and felt the cold winds of anger rush towards him. Down and down he sailed, up and up came the winds.

The prophet entered into the dreams of the guru and it was he who withheld the finality of death. The man in the suit raged. The endless boogie had ended. The prophet became an image. And the guru swore no more for the diver of the heavens had demanded one lasting tribute to his powers. The tongue of one man is useless if it becomes that of another.