

LITERARY SECTION

Encounter

by D. Goodwin

"I am a miner," the old man said, brandishing a strange, luminous drill. "And have you seen how hard it is to get through?", he asked as I pulled my face out of my coffee. "I unearth hate and alienation, and shatter facades so intricate that the owner might not even know that they exist... They don't like it - ha! - when I destroy their shiny cage and crack their flimsy shields," he continued. It was then I saw his eyes grow tired. "Sometimes it takes hours, even years, and you will find them empty; but after a few successes you will know of the value that lies behind the one glass in ten..."

STRANGER

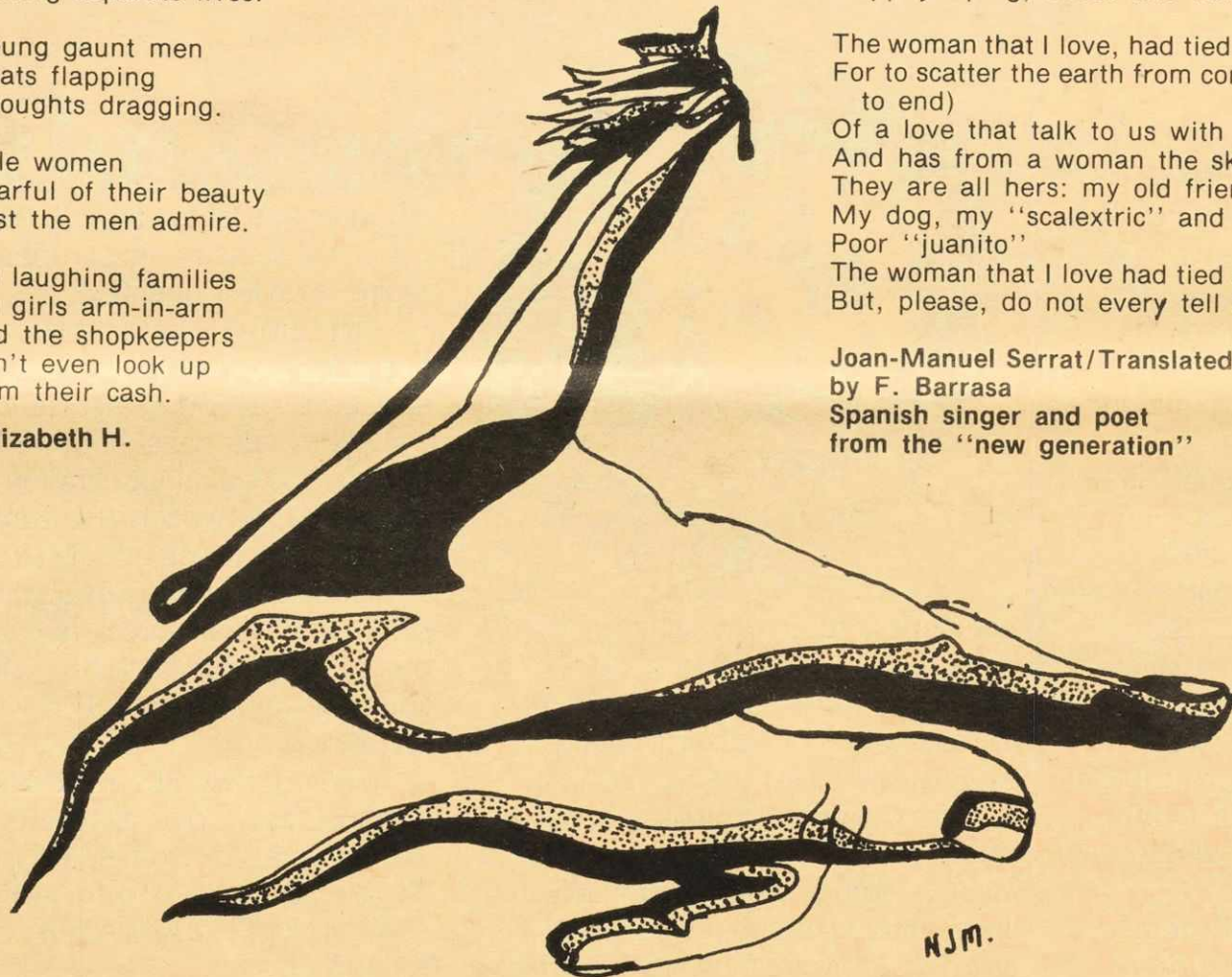
These Canadians
I find
such a lonely lot
leading separate lives.

Young gaunt men
Coats flapping
Thoughts dragging.

Pale women
Fearful of their beauty
Lest the men admire.

No laughing families
No girls arm-in-arm
and the shopkeepers
don't even look up
from their cash.

Elizabeth H.



Escape

by D. Goodwin

Our feet were refreshed by the touch of the cool brown earth on bare feet as we hopped the fence in a place where a once stalwart barrier of rusty barbs was weakening with old age. Rolling up our pantlegs, we waded through chilly waters, ankle-deep; it cooled our calloused feet and tingled our toes.

Shoes discarded, we began our ascent towards a flat meadow some hundred feet up. Over the hill stood trees and wildlife beckon-

ing. But the spirit of the city lived in the thorns on the ground, and the flies buzzing 'round saying, "You could be home watching a good movie ... Don't you see?"

From the top we could see miniature cars and houses, matchbox toys in unchanging workaday races against time. Birds sang in trees that turned strawberry red, banana yellow and tangerine orange; some sang love songs; others screamed warnings to friends in family nests. A mother deer and her fawn faced us motionless, then ran off, tails bobbing like milkweed in a calm breeze.

Again the silence was broken, this time by the rustling wings of a flying grasshopper as it flitted over the grass, and by a cow that moved far below us. Bleach-yellow butterflies cavorted above the grass, happy to have an audience. Green grapes from lunch squirted juice on the sun-bleached hairs of my arm, in fun, as I bit into them. A warm wind played with Jane's hair, nudging and teasing, as it blew her dark tresses into her face, to be pushed back by gentle hands, in vain. Weaving over the grass, pumpkin butterflies were training for infantry attack,

while a grasshopper ate grass as it perched on Jane's leg. Another ran silky antennae over my fading scribbler pages.

With the advance of the sun across the smiling sky, our descent began over thorns, rocks, and dead branches. After crossing the stream we jumped the fence and ripped down a sign that whimpered, "No Trespassing, \$300. Fine" in its last breath. Laughing, we carried our contented bodies over and laid them on the seat of the car. Three hundred dollars ... we agreed it was worth a thousand.

"La Mujer Que Yo Quiero"

The woman that I love does not need
To take a bath each night in blessed water
She has too many faults, my mother says
And too many bones, my father says
But she is more truthful than the bread and the earth.

My love is a love as the one's before the war
For her to know this
The woman that I love does not need
To pull out the petals each night from a daisy.

The woman that I love is a Juicy fruit
Hanging up on my soul as if anything
My friends want to cheat me with her
And because of her my enemies get better
Because without you wanting it, her cooing
involves you
And against her warmness, you lose your pride
And your shame
The woman that I love, is a juicy fruit
Happily riping, sweet and vain.

The woman that I love, had tied me up to her yoke
For to scatter the earth from corner to corner (end
to end)

Of a love that talk to us with a wise voice
And has from a woman the skin and the lips,
They are all hers: my old friends
My dog, my "scalextric" and my lovers
Poor "juanito"

The woman that I love had tied me up to her yoke
But, please, do not every tell her.

Joan-Manuel Serrat/Translated from the Spanish
by F. Barrasa
Spanish singer and poet
from the "new generation"