

**Cycles**

**I am become birth  
The awakening of life  
I am become life  
The bringer of death  
I am become death  
The destroyer of worlds  
I am become dust  
The inkling of birth  
I am become birth  
The awakening of life . . .**

**I am become Creator  
The crafter of boundaries  
I am become self-bound  
The stifler of wonder  
I am become vanity  
The father of malice  
I am become malice  
The extinction of reason  
I am become madness  
The shadow of chaos  
I am become chaos  
The bringer of death  
I am become death  
The destroyer of worlds  
I am become death  
I am become death . . .**

**Geoffrey Brown**

**Is the Artist Dead?**

The true artist is dead  
To society of the cultured,  
Lost he is  
Among the halls of Academe;  
Forgotten  
Or replaced by commercial likes,  
His bones lie heaped in books  
Among the library rats.

But despite his ruin - ungracious it  
is -  
His presence forgotten . . . his spirit  
Is revived on the streets  
By voices considered thus:  
Hoodlums and other knaves  
Have found the relics of his soul.  
He is revived through their music  
And art graffiti

Though we scorn these chaps  
And their music distaste,  
Scoff at art considered theirs  
They persist, in droves . . .  
Untaught, unheeded,  
For the muses within breaks free  
again  
In expression of artist colour,  
And musical note.  
They retell our culture's tale

They seek no fame,  
But simply would that their stories be told,  
That we listen to their woes,  
That we harken to their cries,  
Of hunger and blight.  
Within their music constrained  
And through even their eyes  
Do they chronicle the death  
Of a nation's soul.

The prophet-artistes  
Have from the streets arisen  
To decry injustice and decadence in their  
land.  
Like great men of old  
Like the poets before, of Greece and Rome  
To laud the virtues of nation . . . their home!  
And heroes make of those adored  
Life in mythology they recreate.

Wandering through the streets  
From the den of the poor  
They emerge . . .  
While music is created, art defined,  
In their ill-defined way expressive and  
unique  
They burst forth and exclaim  
Their identity new-found  
Being that of the artist once dead!

**Mark Ireland**

**The Colors of Life**  
forever blue - the sea wals on  
forever grey - my soul is gone  
forever red - my heart it cries  
forever black - my mind it dies  
and I shall run  
run alone  
in the endless aching maze  
searching for a never ending  
peaceful day  
to calm my mind  
and sooth my soul  
and put my body to rest.  
**Trisha Graves**

**A Distinct Way of Life**

Where are you now  
you way weak-eyed children  
cowering down behind your mother's skirt?

The barren room  
its yellow fir-glazed walls  
its fir-glazed floors  
its gleaming fir-glazed furniture  
all staunchly built  
by Gunter Zimmermann's carpenteric hands  
with his own tools  
abandoning any further schooling at grade eight  
as his father and his father before him  
his only choice: the farm or carpentry.  
These these are his strength  
these torques and grooves, these dove-tail joints  
these packages of Old World and the New

There you hide in coarse black cloth  
or navy plaid full-length  
little clones of yesterday from days of way-be-gone

You too, age-mate  
shyly showing from your yellow box  
standing sentinel before your bed  
your meagre trousseau built  
from early years:  
hand-embroidered cloths the dress  
the shawl you'll take with you  
to make another generation of the game  
whose ears have never heard  
the music driving half of humankind  
no orchestra no band  
piano string or wind  
no flute no pipe no banging on the drum  
no lusty singing (but of psalms  
prescribed best for your education)  
no medium which might convey the vulgar tempting  
world  
no radio T.V. or magazines  
no newspapers no calendars no books  
no tapes no hit parade  
computers lasers compact disks all  
banned unknown

You ask me quietly where I live  
I know I'll never make you understand  
Beyond the sea

The darkening day grows greyer snow flies  
slantways on awning wind  
What sea?  
(I'll have to make it easy) Beyond the mountains  
Where are they??

Four hours west of here in a slow truck  
Blank knowledge now meets blank experience, a time and distance  
much too great for comprehension  
I might as well have said: From Ganymede  
and when I say the seasons where I live  
are upside down a place it never snows  
where January gets too hot  
to walk barefoot along the ground  
I'm treated like the mad  
with gentle toleration knowing smiles

You stay here you and yours  
land-bound in grainy isolettes  
cut off from modern life protected  
by your fields and fields of wheat  
your monstrous barns  
your old religion and your ostrich life

School woodwork training shed  
dormitories common rooms all seen  
inspected on this show and tell  
and last the nursery  
hair-burned rotund and old  
she sits astride her sturdy yellow stool  
in floor-draped plaid  
as yellowness invades the mind, eyes ache with it,  
walls floor ceiling  
the benches where the little ones all sit  
hands in their laps  
through this and every other working day  
bereft of windows decorations song  
baby-sat and nothing more  
with day-long lassitude to trace the wavy patterns  
dark and light  
embalmed in endless yellow fir.

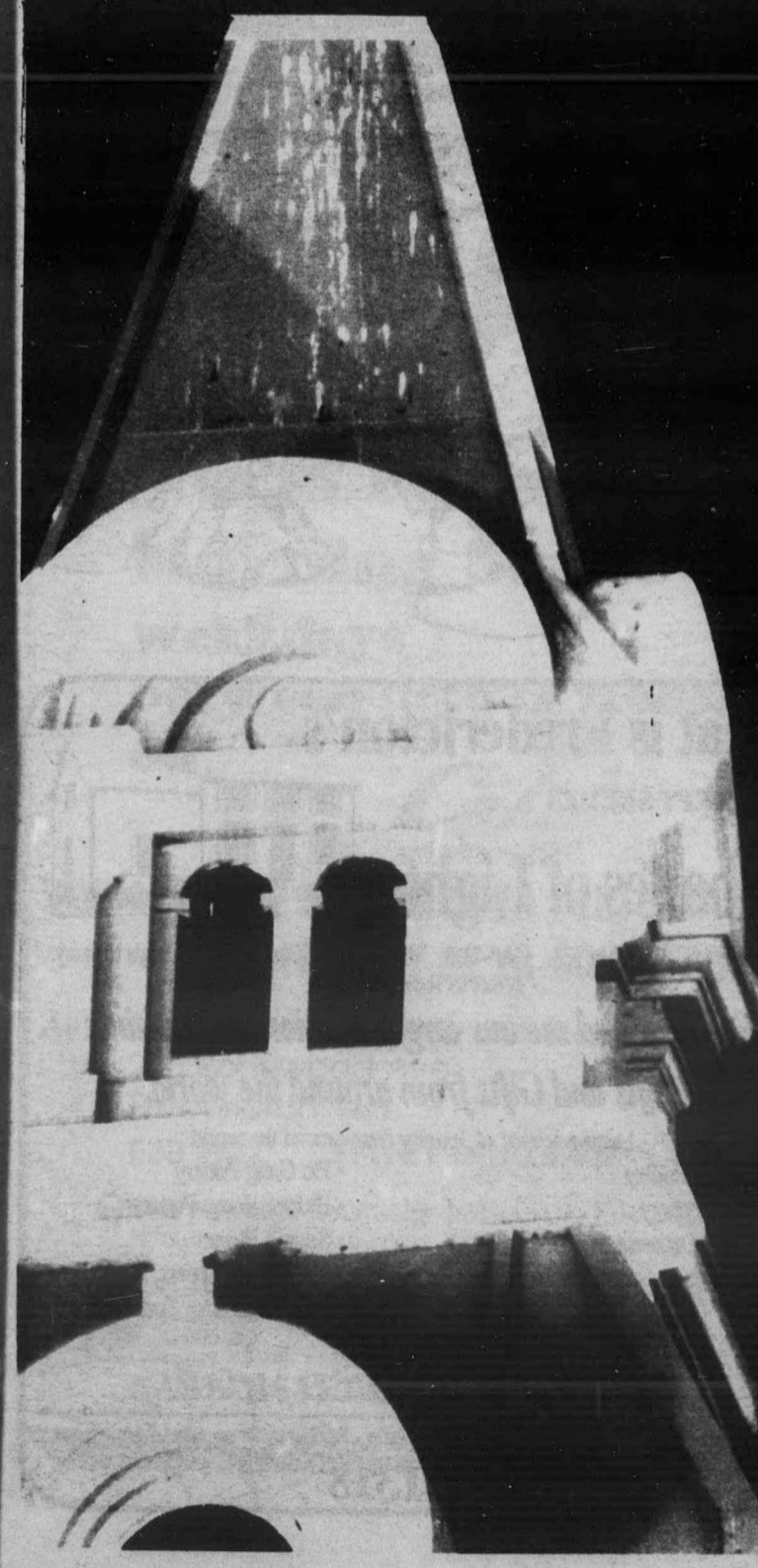
And nothing more to bring-together  
sight or sound or joy  
The nursery is bursting at the seams I'm told  
by one of Canada's most fertile women  
proud of her average ten  
that line these jaundiced walls  
myopic rabbits stifled  
by love and deprivation

Yellow even has its own distinctive smell  
that meets me in the scoured dining hall  
where yellow trestles lined with benches jaunt  
gleam palely in the sinking day  
and we are shown the common meal  
prepared communally for soon returning working men  
the lid withdrawn from the steaming vat  
exposes goose heads bubbling in their stew  
short necks leathery bills  
flopping softly in the broth  
glistening  
on their wildly bobbing eyes

I gasp for freedom  
as I wheel out on the road to somewhere  
and stop to deeply breathe the prairie night  
free stubble and a luscious whiff on iron-cold earth  
refresh me as a Bedouin who first beholds the sea

I drove away and left you  
more than twenty years ago  
but you've followed me around for all that time  
Where are you now  
and who is more enriched because we met  
you your vast lands your simple gridded life  
prosperity  
or me remembering it?

**Pamela Fulton**



GIANT STEPS ARE WHAT  
YOU TAKE  
WALKING ON THE MOON  
I HOPE MY FEET  
DON'T BREAK  
WALKING ON THE MOON

lyrics by STING  
photo by DAVE