

Literary Page



Ballad of '89

This was the decade of jumbo jets, microwaves,
Burger Kings (don't forget condoms).
Panda Bears, ozone layers, fiberglass in the air,
Muammar, you'll surely go daffy.

Botha the dinosaur (open and close your pores),
Pizza Huts, Deutschmarks and Lego.
Free trade and trickle down, ten yen to every pound.
Gorbachev! Bless you and keep you.

(Poet's note: you are suppose to sneeze at the start of the last line.)

William Pedoe



Felicity

The roaring sound of thunder brought back the
memory of despair and anger.
The whole world seems to be on the verge of sinking
more and more into the depth of misery.
It seems help is nowhere.
Not a pure soul around to pull the mankind
out of the treacherous dungeons of
selfishness!

The rain comes with its cool, fresh, misty spray
washing away all the resentment deep rooted in
me.

Amidst the rainbow clouds, I can see once again
the lights of hope and joy.

Purabi Pal

Someone Walking in the Rain

Rain pours with passion.
Puddles filled with worms.
Trees with dewdrops dancing.
Colored umbrellas walk in every fashion.

Refreshing water fills the soul.
Sky is grey with living clouds.
Grass shiny, dazdling in
The open field.
Crying in the rain for my
Heart he stole.

Slowly the rain stops its hypnotic rhyme.
Clouds breaking away; making
Room for the sun.
Sunbeams make a spotlight for
Each special being.
Sunshine and rainstorm will
Heal the wounds in time.

by Deborah Ruth Wilton.

DREAMINGS

Bobbing and heaving dream man
I sleep under Cliff's Hanger -
raggae dance night of wet dreams
automatic reverse from dusk
automatic rub-a-dub till dawn
and see a dream girl with big brown eyes
feet locked into black sea sand
on rough Port Royal rock
with a round-tipped pirate's sabre
driven through her womb
spitting salty sea juices
thick as living blood.
She births blue babies
their white eyes wake me up
to sunrise crawling on my sheet
drying my dreams to stone.

Kwame Dawes

Generations Have Trod Their Last (song of a sterile man)

From seed to seed
egg births living me
I bear history's pain
in my bulbous nose and squinting eye
baby though I am, I know
my mother's weight,
my father's ire,
now mine

The burden bearer
of generation to generation
streaked with marks
of ancestral miseries
of those I cannot see
who, buried on yam hills
and potato mounds
linger in my gait like ghosts.

The determinism dries me
I sit static like and look out
petrified monument, I am
counting seed to seed.

And I, sterile third Adam will end
the passing on of blood,
old lies and loads die here
in the dry-pod balls I have:
the power that I wield
tickles me fine.

Kwame Dawes

Becky's First Shoes

Hey Dad I'm mad
this foot won't fit
my mouth or ear.
I'll sit and pluck
I'll ask who stuck
these tanks
--no thanks--
these steamer trunks
down there.

I'll stamp and go
all pigeon toed
akimbo elbows
down the hall
and kick the wall.

But when you creep
to watch me sleep
my teddy bear
is over there
and if you gently
lift my chest
clutched in my hands
like iron bands
you'll find
my bright
red
shoes.

William Pedoe

GRANDMA'S WHISKERS

There they are -
Lined up
Slightly leaning
Between the oil cans
And the lead-free pump:
Hairy tires
(Like Grandma's whiskers)
With orange sale tags
Stapled
Good and tight
On this blustery grey
Winter-come day.

Pamela J. Fulton



"Resistance To One's Feelings Being Hurt
Is Proportional To One's Capacity To Love"

Michael Tait

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