LITERARY SECTION

SHEBA

Sheba and I started off very simply I guess you'd say.

She arrived one day in a little white box

One used for shoes once I suppose There were holes in the cover

I know there were six because I

- counted them
- I was afraid even then Sheba you might smother on me.

We had a pretty heavy thing going for about a year I'd go to work in the morning

Come home 'bout three

And there you would be, Sheba, Sitting, waiting for me Waiting for that dish to be filled.

We had some very heavy long talks, Sheba

You always understood

- You certainly weren't very controversial
- Sometimes I think you'd try to surpress your purring

You know I was in too heavy thought.

Then why Sheba did you leave me I know about anatomy, enough to know you needed a love I couldn't offer

If I knew then why didn't I help you find it

Instead of forcing you out of my life.

It's really strange the feeling I felt the day I came home and you weren't there on the window sill It's sad but i've accepted it I'm still searching for you Sheba I've found an emptiness I know You didn't mean to give me. Anne MacAulay

HALIFAXME!*

Hitched from Manitulin Charged by the gastronomic excess Of your greasy-spoons. Languished extatically, In the fecund womb, Of your Black Temple Nimbus. An apocalyptic soothsayer, Of Doomsday tremors, Who from the smokestack of his soul Belched forth foul rivers of oral diarrhea! Oh High Priest of Grope! You pronouncer of Words! Coffee-shop poet on the verge of a song! Like a flea-bag mut, You howled in midnight alleys! Hail Morpheus! Sweet inducer of dreams.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT by ANNE MacAULAY

I don't think too much I just have blanks I've got to have my blanks Maybe I've got an extra wee brain It's not that I don't want to listen Or that I don't like what you are saying But only blanks give me what blanks should mean, A Break! A.M.

I wonder as I wonder, what is wonder? Curiosity -Ah, but to have the patience of Jude But then does the one who is patient too long miss a lot But what is there to miss Make it on your own man! A.M. We enter new worlds everyday But this one, wow! Can you believe it Emily? I can but I know you can't You see, I've seen it all before However, I don't mind telling you This one is a whole bunch better. Do you believe me? Why?

A.M.

Out goes the old and in comes the new Not true In comes the new before the old is finished Not true The old die young I never killed them A.M.

I love the sea I love the grass I love horses and barns love woods I love privacy Check definition please I love to be loved I love being in love You got me

Can man live on bread alone They've proven it on rice Oh, sorry for that ounce of milk. A.M.

I must try to help Is that what I need Is that selfish Bless them all, each and everyone! A.M.

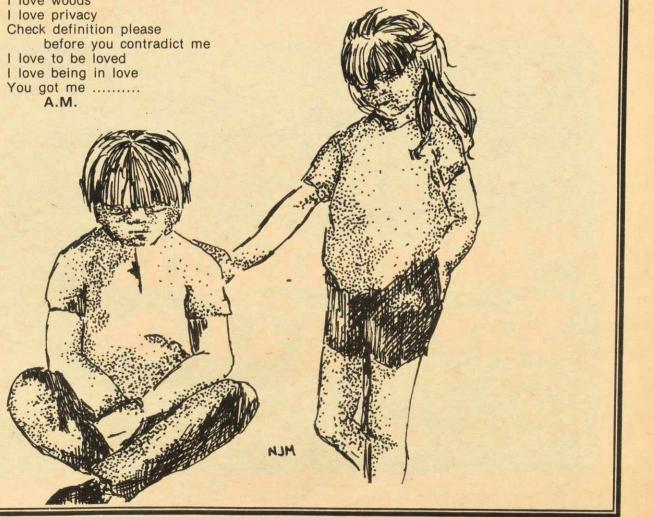
To raise one's voice is to be overheard Overheard above what? That baby was only hungry That mother only scared That woman only jealous That man only a fool -But he'll never know what I did A.M.

Bless this house Oh Lord we prayed Because the junk is piling up And there are squeaks in my bed My clothes need washing The dishes need drying Hire a maid, Only \$20.00 per week! A.M.

Submit your creative works

to my post box at Gazette

Dona Bulgin



*Read this while walking along South Park Street, going towards the Lord Nelson. Think about it over a cup of coffee (the best I've ever tasted!) in Murray's Rest.