

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 Gropel!
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.

*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.

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
I love woods
I love privacy
Check definition please
before you contradict me
I love to be loved
I love being in love
You got me
A.M.

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**

