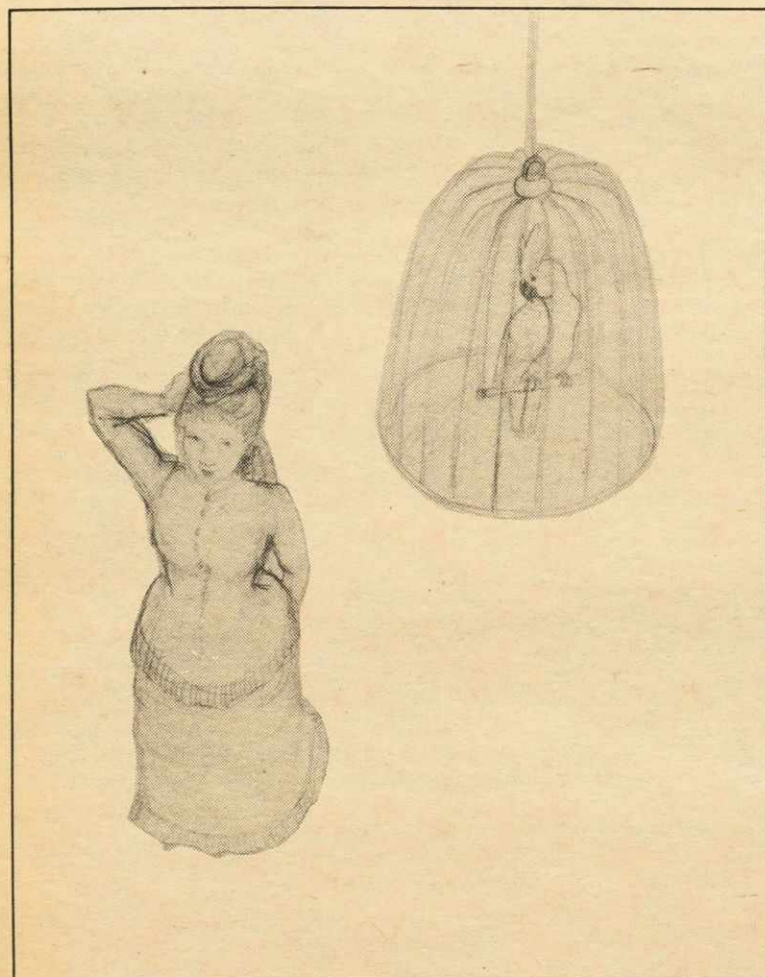


Kimberley Whitchurch



Sheila Yeoman

Thanks

Our thanks to all those people who submitted material for the first annual *Gazette Arts and Expression* supplement. The number of poems, short stories, photos and drawings submitted was overwhelming. What we ended up choosing is a small sampling from about 50 poems, 40 drawings, four short stories and dozens of photos. We enjoyed sifting through your contributions and look forward to next year's supplement.

—A&E supplement committee

Thom Wells

From A Cross (The River Styx)

Eastern inhabitants,
look west to your dead.
The goblet has broken, spilling its red
and only crumbs remain of the broken
bread.

remember,
as the light grows tainted,
and the smiles look painted,
we aren't that pure.
And neither are you.

You, the living, haven't seen your God,
Yet, you've eaten his body and tasted his
blood,
You're full of him, and empty.
And you can't see,
There's nothing left to him or me.
Your love is needed, keep it for you,
God has bled and given to you,
The empty goblet falls to the floor,
And still, you who live, want more.

Mandip Singh Sachdeva

Experience

Faith,
a building of floors;
umpteen,
brick by brick you make
adding 'loving' cement at appropriate
spaces;
but Alas! For me;
It happens always,
Some spaces are always left;
unfilled;
And then my edifice,
crumbles,
shattered pieces which fall in my eyes,
watery,
And I wonder:
Will I ever be able to make it strong,
next time:
I am still Frying!!

Blanche Lewis

Mrs. Mourier's Visit To A Nursing Home

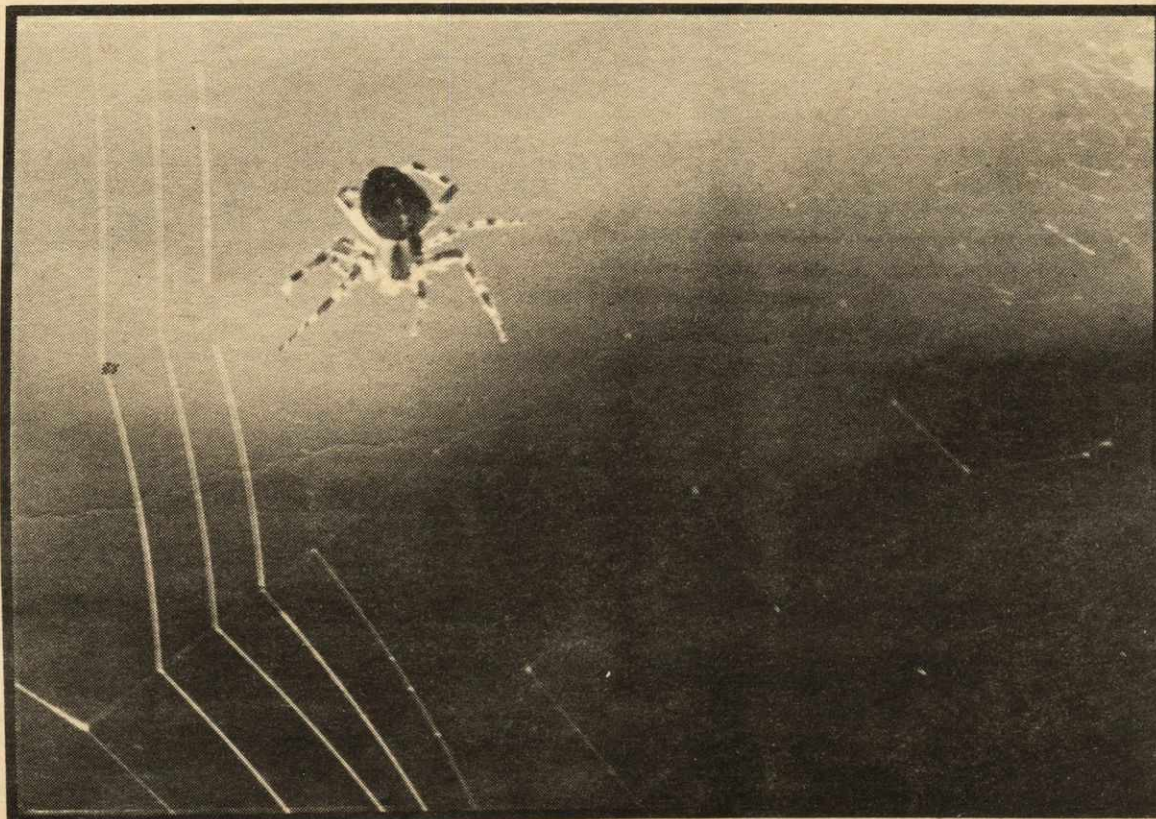
Grey skin. Heart stopped. Patient dead.
This bed is empty, Mrs. Mourier.
Nice old lady, not too crazy.
She used to walk and talk too much.
She will have the best of care
While she's there.

A shift of smiles rush by on duty.
Change the patients before coffee.
Have you felt the white cement?
Can you smell disease ferment?
Cancer is a shameful killer
But it keeps the census moving.

Drugs kill pain and keep them quiet.
Walls of drugs within the cabinet.
Still her crying. Stop her madness.
Senile people are so childish.

Black band lurks across the whiteness.
Death comes crossing in the night.

Stop the bright light through the
window.
Draw the curtains. Let them rest.
Find the road from shadowed whites.
Touch the blackness. Cross the night.
Good-night Mrs. Mourier.



Darryl Macdonald