

POETRY

Tonight —
I hurt
So much
inside
that I can't
help
but cry out for
your
warm arms to be
around me —
But where are you
in my desperateness
of needing you so?
I want to be holding
you
for the strength
you can give me
when I'm feeling so weak.
Come to me —
For a while — stay with me
Speak to me with
your words
that can make me
smile when mine no
longer exists —
just give me extra
moments of your warmth
to keep —
Then if you must go
leave silently and
please
don't let me be looking.

I'll admit — sometimes
I've been
alone
and felt
lonely —
But never
like the loneliness
felt in the wrong
arms trying to
be warm.

HEATHER TRECARTIN

FOR KEVIN FEB. 16

I feel sometimes
isolated in vastness
alone without purpose.
And just when
I'm succumbing
to despair,
With a simple touch
you reach across eternity
and fill the void.

CYNDI

THE RIVER

A river,
Once tried
to spread its water to as many different places
as it could.
It found it was no more, had destroyed itself; run dry,
yet it was overjoyed in motion and
satisfied with
trickles of water it had given to parched earth.
It could not
have lived, endured; lying stagnant
or flowing on a one set course,
it would not have been fulfilled.
Yet,
A traveller in the wilderness
who had come to depend
upon the river
found it, dry and spread everywhere,
and soaked up, so nowhere,
and he died.

VAUGHN FULFORD
Feb. 14, 1978

THE PURE IN HEART

To look at him, you would not see
Any semblance of the Ayan hero
As he fell off the train in Berlin
With an unconsciously controlled stumble.
Forty-eight days straight combat
Had left him with a slightly detached perspective on life,
So the headhunters left him alone as he centred his weight
To glide for the railway station exit.

Later, in the bar, as he idly viewed the distorted bodies
Through the clear glass of the second Cognac bottle
He saw an image of the bridge, and wondered if the rearguard
Would make it before the engineers blew their charges,
Or if he and the rest would be caught by the Thirty-Fours' behind them.
Before he went upstairs with one of the whores
He heard a snatch of music on the radio,
He remembered it sounded like Mozart.

JOHN NEWLAND

POSITIVELY POST ABERDEEN STREET

But I
read the scriptures
Faithfully mailed gifts
to Unice - guarded my sanity
smiled at humanity
yet you say I was
frisked and found penniless.

Skipped school
and hung moons over the dead
car cemetery froze it off
in January drew and shot
at the guards been made aware of what
I was not

To one
who followed the prescription
bowed at benediction silver kissed
the palm of the pope how could you
say there's no hope.

Grasped the
invisible word for which I was
given third degree burns in the hole
thorazine a slap on the back and a flesh
coloured patch for the soul.

Now if
I'd moved to the beat
most boogied by gotten crucified
on a kite forgotten I was
white made love to Timothy Leary
plodded bleary to the bathroom and back.

Used the
floor for a rack kissed
ass with a grin confessed
my sin to Sally Ann rung her
bells on a street corner seen it all
through the bottom of a glass.


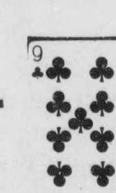
Create a man
and call it a day
you have the matchless gall
to say that if I'd painted it
black and called it a night I would
have qualified for entry
into your blue heaven.


Made long
arm passes at girls
wearing contact lenses
who fell off the sidewalk fractured
defenses and cried wolf all
the way home.


JAYNE CLOWATER


THE JOKER WENT WILD AT SUBTOWNE

Buy **TWO** pairs of pants. Cut the deck
and get an instant rebate as follows:

 -  = \$8.00 rebate

    = \$14 rebate

 = \$20 rebate

 = full rebate

(no cash refunds-only exchanges or credits)