



Literary Page

Ariel Answering

Tropical mango beetles
chocolate-hued
migrate north on commonwealth funds
seeking the spiritual renewal
of my white north

They strew used condoms
like old snakeskins peeled
from their monstrous libidos
on the virginal snow

But their coke freezes
on the way to the bank
and later they are buried
past the waist in the snow

I. C. North

Katahdin Series

1. Night, Wind, Stars

A high wind rocks
the trees that barnacle this ridge
feathering the vault
fixed at the head and doubled
underfoot

Her the brook
slows, swirls
checked by a stone lip
before it drops

Listen: overhead, the surf...
I say the dark earth mirrors
that pinwheel's slow whirl, where
in the glinting driftage
two stars, jarred loose
this night slip
aeons out

Love,
things press so close

The Wind pours through our carved bones
An upthrust arm sinks
in the deep

Randy Campbell

My Old Dog Chum

Now dogs are quite a different kinda sorta
typea breed,
They dirty up your garden and they bite you til
you bleed
They chew your steak, your neighbors cat, they
drink your only rum
But we only had forgiveness for our old chum,
Chum.

Part German Shepherd, Labrador, a bit of wolf
and mutt
From time to time, old Chum would chew my
mothers cigarette butts
And chum was maybe possibly most probably
perhaps
The only dog I ever knew to turn on water taps.

And Chum was nice to garbage men, to
mailmen and the like
He never chased a single car, a cat, a man or
bike
He never bothered anyone unless they caused
him strife
And he never ate a child or a baby in his life.

He never took to other dogs who like to bark
and bite
And if they yapped at our dog Chum, they're
askin for a fight
And you could bet a buck or two without a
single doubt
That Chum would quickly chew them up as
quick as spit them out.

You couldn't tie him up with rope, with leather
or a chain
If Chum was in the mood to leave, then Chum
would not remain
And if you had him in the house and Chum was
getting bored
No lock or key could stop old Chum from open-
ing the door.

Now Chum is dead, and so it's said that time
distorts the truth
But not with Chum, I wish that I could offer you
some proof
I wish you were around to see the days when
our dog Chum
Took a liking to being one of us by chewing
bubble gum!

Pat Hamilton