

[dedicated to an ageless waitress
who frequently smiled at life]

an old story
wrapped in splitting
seams
and wrinkled knees
carbon copied gossip
running rings
round working class
eyes
and how does that go
"i've seen better days"
or was it just a time
when
nobody noticed.

i asked for coffee
you gave me sugar
laughing sweetly
apparently
unaware
of the security
in a blackened reflection.

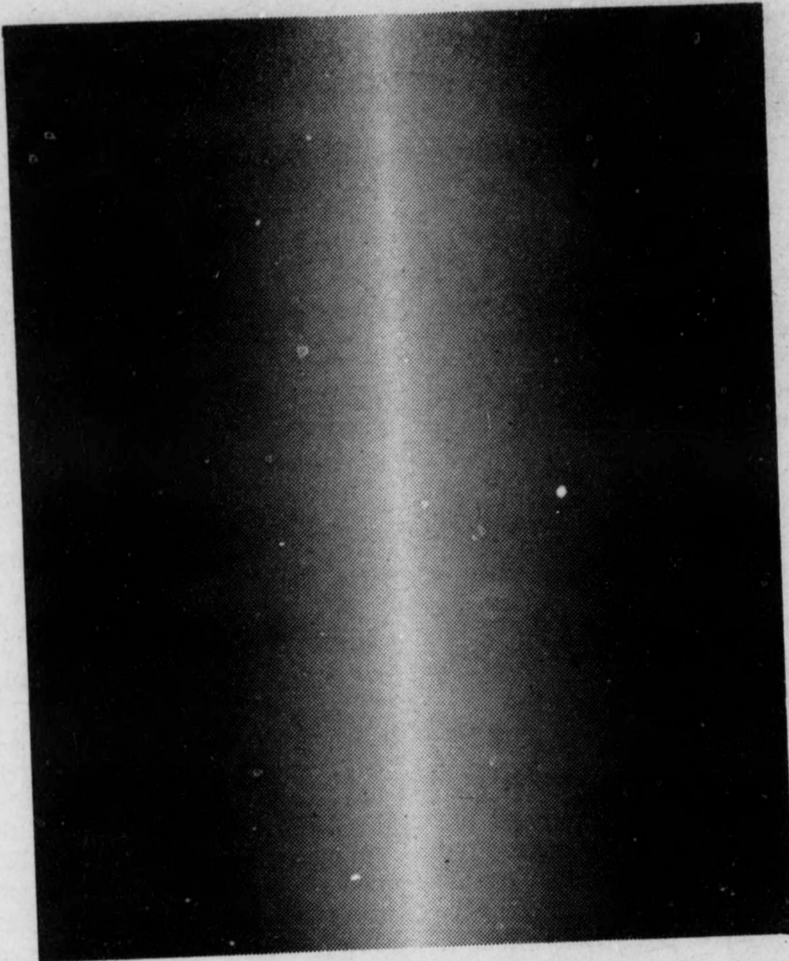
was warm
absorbed the cold
was put in my place
like a crowded theatre
but felt no indignation
in being lost.

no,
i'm not angry
just tired
i've been writing
since sunrise
stopping only
once
to make fresh lemonade
and like most
fools
i squeezed too hard
and now
the sun is going
down.

i wonder
if echos run around
the edge of canyons
forming
layer on layer
of crusted memories
or if they are just
swallowed up
by the mighty jaws
of over hanging cliffs.

i wonder
if they wince
with laughter at the
lovers
foolishly shouting
their love to the wind
or if they weep
for the lonely
who come to heal the
weakness in their voices.

i wonder
if echos ever collide
and explode
sending
their message
to the heavens
or if they over run
each other
and unite to form
a galaxy of their own.



Poetry by S. Harman

had intended to wake you
but the dream
fled
as fast as it had formed
for a second
i had understood
the fragments
hidden in a science fiction
fantasy
had seen the seasons
opening and closing
like cupboard doors
now i wish i had kept
those one one line poems
i too hastily threw away
i could put them
on the table
and slowly reconstruct
the lost pieces of my destiny.

it's a habit
to leaf through
my green book
of poetry
rearranging
the old
transplanting carefully
the yellowed paper
for the new
as if Al Purdy
was an expected visitor
who would calmly arrive
[much too early]
only to sit patiently waiting
to be served
my poetry a la carte
on a crystal plate.

my words
no longer
reach yours
romantic propaganda
spoken to
the rhythm
of falling
leaves
being swept
away
[caught on a sudden
breeze]
beyond
the silenced walls
of our touching
nothing but lovers
secrets
wrapped in promises
of Autumn
hears our revolt
against
the English language.

quiet winds
noon day breezes have past
babes asleep
and i lie awake
watching the moon
dancing on your
resting temples.
i trace the pearls,
left by the days toil,
on the shores of your
sleeping eyes,
travelling down rigid paths,
erasing the prints
of my wandering love,
i remember
the storms whose floods
left me lost.
floating off course
from your twitching mouth,
i rest beside you
wishing you were awake
to share
the journey of my life.

Broken wings
skeletal
arches
of rhyme
and reason
and seasons
and time
suspended opaquely
between
a screen
of woven sand
and a gasoline
blue sky
ablaze
then smoldering
by the mere command
of a wave
and belief
of inevitable fate.

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