FRIDA

music

ORIES

Jet Trails Across the

It is cold. Walking up this hill would be more pleasant with less public lighting. It takes much of the enjoyment out of a late night stroll, contending with all the artificial light-rays. Even the subdued beauty of the shadowy trees is damaged by the harsh illumination. But then, there is always a chance the lights will go out.

happened to her? Drunk and desperately trying to throw her engagement ring away. Out and away from the deck of the boat into the grimy canal. "No, no, let me", she said when they stopped her. "Get rid of it." Too much Berlin beer and later at the hostel she started walking up the stairs counting... ein, zwei, drei, vier and then... sechs, acht, zehn, zwolf, taking them two at a time when her day-old friends insisted on helping her. Next day she didn't want to talk about it. Has she married him by now? Does it matter?

It is cold. Mid-night air makes moonshiver through the trees. And Egdon Heath, although thousands of miles away and the product of a bitter man's mind, is as alive as it ever will be. Upon the heath, come walk the vast blasting masted cast of Heath. It will welcome you with the revolting yet thrilling touch of a newly dead Eustacia. Submit to it. Listen while it muffles the soughing wind, hushes the shricks and deadens the wails. It shall envelope you, entrap you within the scratching fingers of cobwebbed trees. Oh come; do come into the Heath.

It is cold. But it is no longer October Country and the temperature is slowly going deaf: The girl in Montreal, whatever has happened to her? Arriving that evening at Place des Arts to see the great Singer sing. Sing, sing, ring a ding ting. And the great Singer sang, music and voice and assorted notes of melody rushing from the stage to sweep across the thousands of ears and merge into the gloom of the balcony. Lost to it so completely, trapped and soaring in to the air with each vibration that no other thought could cross the mind. And after; later when the great Singer was finished and the crowds trapped you towards the exits. Down in to the subterranean cement walled car choked taxi standed depths of the Place. Nothing but wall to wall wall, and she grabs a cab; had to get back before some damn deadline or other. A handshake out the window with a 'see you later' and instructions to the driver in one quick movement. The cab shot into the night as if the cement cavern was being sick-she without the turn of the head. Next day the jet ascended to prove that oceans don't really exist and the whole of North America was far far behind. Did she get back in time? Did it matter?

It is cold. The wind is blowing fiercely face-stinging like so many darts of novocane. The moon appears higher: And if it ever comes down to just one, ...an all embracing sensation which takes place of all the others? If all great and terrible things and objects; from kings and ison. Just a hand to hold. Nothing else.

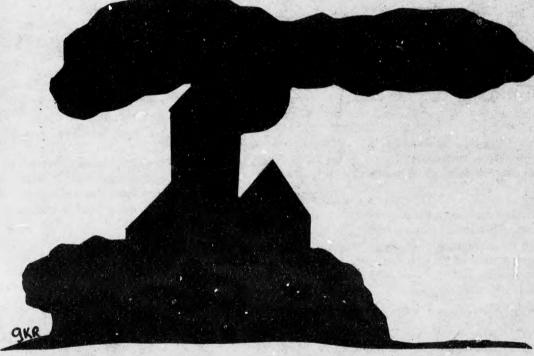
It is cold. The moon is huge and yellow, with a luster that even footprints can not tarnish: And the mysterious woman of Fredericton, ah, what has not happened to her? Zorba and a thousand Greeks may win your heart, but never conquer your spirit. Even the creaky old Professor (a reincarnation of Aristophanes himself), although challenging your tardiness, felt a tremor of affection. But who has not? The awakening of self has burst across the canvas with vibrant strikes of a passionate brush. Colour has intensified, while shadows remain delicately hazy. Mysterious lady, the Please be happy. Please

hundred and seventy o'clock and all is hell to return.

the flowers devour each other. In case of fire: break glass and slash wrists. Do you wish to: live? Do you wish to die? Do you wish to know the difference? Ask a ghost: Ask a toad: Go to hell and ask the devil. Go to heaven and bishops, jewels and bullets, sanity and madness, ask the god. The nurse wrote out death warrents hope and hell, religions and nothingness, if all in verse. What the world needs is a good five It is cold: The girl in Germany, whatever are placed against, there will still be no comparcent fuck. A fine thing when all who profess sanity have the documents to prove it. The. night is closing in. The black is beginning to eat the earth. Will nobody stop it? Will nobody stop.

> It is cold. In fact, it is getting very cold, quite. uncomfortable. Even the wind sounds cold, hunting for a place to get warm: And the first o girl, that one so long ago, what are her thoughts now? Married? Children? And does she ever, think of that first wild love that promised to last forever and forever? No, it doesn't matter.

It is cold. Mid-night air makes moonshiver through the trees. But it is no longer October Country and the temperature is slowly Cathedral spire looms behind musty trees, and going deaf. The wind is blowing fiercely, tacewhat it knows is just awaiting your question stinging like so many darts of novocane. The moon appears higher. The moon is huge and . It is cold. How easy to attribute strange yellow, with a luster that even footprints can powers to the moon. Bewitching, that warm not tarnish. How easy to attribute strange: yellow glow wihch remains ever cold: Is it twelve powers to the moon. Bewitching, that warm o'clock? Are the bells striking mid-night? One yellow glow which remains ever cold. In fact bell strikes. Another bell strikes. Another, it is getting very cold quite uncomfortable. Another. Bells striking bells ringing bells chim- Even the wind sounds cold, hunting for a place : ing clinging climbing one on top the other to get warm. Winter is experimentally flexing higher and clearer, further and fainter until the its fingers soon to make a fist. And that dark valley and the hills, the river trees and moon- form, moving deeper into the shadows, is now. glowing sky are smothered with the clamour a beast roughly slouching towards the city of the of bells telling the world that it is nineteen Star. He has been there once. There is no wish



Smell of Hay

I wonder why your name comes to me....

All that is past; past for years to the point that perhaps it never really was. The mind plays so many tricks Sandra, maybe you are just the memory of endless wishes, maybe I dreamed of you from so much wanting, maybe...

"Tell me how much you love me."

"I love you as ... "

"And how long, how long will you love me?"

As long as love lasts Sandra, as much as birds do the air."

Yes. Tell me, tell me oh, me, yes show, make me ... "

And what good does it do now, even if you were real?You are not here to touch, not to see; nothing left but memories I can't trust. Memories which cause more trouble-yes even painthan give me pleasure. Years, years so long agoit means nothing at all now. I don't even remember your face, your body; or remember what perfume you always had, the type of clothes you liked; remember your favorite colour, your voice, remember ... remember

"What are you thinking?"

"Sandra, Sandra, what am I always thinking?Of you."

"What do you think Vaughn? What do you think about me?"

"I think, Well I...you'll say its foolish." Tell me. What is it; tell me."

"I see you, in my mind understand. I see, you are in the hay of a dusty learn when it is raining.'

"On a -- how do you ever'?" "I said you'd find it crazy."

"But why do you think that?" "Because, Because, oh I don't know. Because the hay and hearing the rain is so comforting, the feeling I get."

"Yes." "And because you give me more comfort

than anything on earth.' But it did happen once. Of course it did. There is no use in pretend...no sense to say that it is a trick of the...that she did not really exist. It is as sensible to claim that food eaten is nothing, that water drunk is not really there. One may as well disavow their own mind. she did exist. She Did Exist. SHE DID EXIST.

Vaughn, you know that there is no use in pretending."

"What do you mean? I don't know what you mean."

"Oh Vaughn, don't act as..." "I don't know what the hell you mean. What are you trying to say? What the hell are you trying to say?"

"That its over." "Sandra, what do ... " "That its over, what do you want me to

"Sandra, I"

"What do you want me to say? It's gone."

"Gone?" "Gone?

"I don't love you any more."

"But Sandra. Sandra, you know that I"

"Don't make it worse."

So many years ago, why does it still bother me? There have been women since-some who have liked, some who', have love. There have been some that have made the...the. Why her?

Oh Sandra, I wonder why your name comes