

POETRY

TOURISTS...AND OTHERS

They come in droves...
 These strange befuddled
 herdlike kind of men...
 in outlandish clothes,
 often bizarre, but varied more in that
 than in their thoughts,
 which seem remarkably dull
 and sheeplike;
 driven as tourists are driven
 throughout the world.

Their forbears came;
 Men of position
 of intellect
 of ordered calm and swift deliberation.
 They knew a good thing and got it
 Their lives were filled with order,
 dignity.
 They reared majestic houses,
 sometimes beautiful
 but always grand;
 and started dynasties.

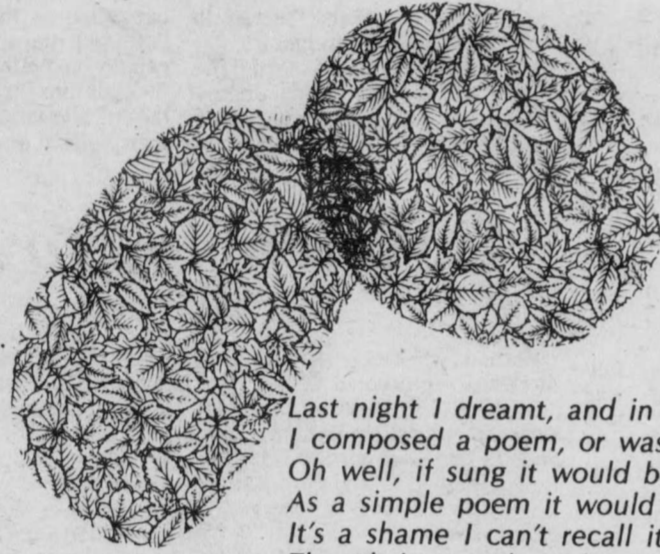
And now they come and gape.
 These latter-day adventurers
 lethargic, or just relaxed,
 mill about, make like remarks;
 take self-same photographs.
 Uncomprehending
 And vaguely staring,
 they do not ken
 that here their forbears were.
 [Sometimes their very flesh and blood].

For when the old blood-lines
 became too thin
 too intermixed with vague, haphazard stock;
 results were grim,
 and dynastys, so well begun
 foundered on the rocks.

The grandsons, even,
 of the proud aristocrats
 were often
 wont to go their ways;
 be it whoring, betting;
 anybody's guess
 what changed them.
 Soon,
 their sires forgotten;
 all that preceded them,
 that generates respect;
 cast out...cast down,
 forgotten, all.

Their offspring,
 Scattered
 as petals in a gale,
 remember nothing.
 Imagination-less,
 shorn of their family ties,
 traditions,
 roots, and ordered homes,
 they come to gape
 at ordered beauty
 of another age.

Their trip is often of two kinds.
 They gape...and meditate;
 and on they go,
 insatiable for all the world;
 digesting nothing,
 on they go.
 They do not build.



Last night I dreamt, and in my dreams
 I composed a poem, or was it a song?
 Oh well, if sung it would be so fine,
 As a simple poem it would be strong.
 It's a shame I can't recall it's rhyme.
 Though it must have been meant for you
 And for all the warmth I find
 With such a love in my heart,
 And, ah yes, you on my heart,
 And, ah yes, you on my mind.

Lynette Wilson

The weather's turning cooler now;
 The leaves are dying on the trees;
 Animals are gathering winter food;
 The farmer's hay is long since cut.
 The woods is strange this time of year -
 So spooky, lovely, full of life
 That soon will all be hiding out
 And bravely weathering winter's scream.

But look at me, where I am now;
 In this brick house I'll never freeze -
 No unmown hayfields near the woods
 Where wind blown brown top makes you shut
 Your brain to all else but what's near,
 And then forget the world's strife -
 And I sit here or walk about
 With no use for my fall day dream.

Derwin Gowan, Oct. 6, 1975

WINGS

Strange,
 for I've been lying there contentedly,
 Dreaming--
 That some long-gone friend spared
 travelling time,
 To read, and set our shared
 thoughts to music.

Awakened now by this:
 Pulsating flat silence--
 Mindful of sad extremes:
 white-hot, then blue-cold...
 Seeking some sick sort of animation;
 Yet suspended.

How bittersweet the tempo of these words!
 [Throbbing moods].
 My haunted, hungry, human heart!
 So now you must know:
 Your oldest age is felt in being alone.
 [Time drags like a torturous trial].

Yet if our joy is too intense
 for related moods:
 It is because the quicksand-depth
 of stifling personal pride,
 Is part of this crazy concrete
 of living,
 Mixed with restless rock-like
 Confrontations...
 The conformations
 Of searching, shining souls.

Sometimes my mind reels with thoughts,
 ...Like a whole company of friends,
 thinking outloud together.
 [Yet such a sound is sweet:
 True peace!]
 This chaotic luxury is like being
 funnelled safely
 Through that same sad secret maze,
 Finally finding some strange silver bird
 Has set my soul free,
 On His own portable
 Spare set of wings.

By Becky Mowat

For IRENE:
 who may understand
 its inner meaning

Discomfort has fallen
 ye with depression.
 Into an endless sleep
 it hath passed
 devouring your vitality.
 Infinitely passing, it slips,
 into eons of depth.

A Friend.

PROTHALANIUM IN GREEN

In the shakings of the night
 Is all ye shall require of light;

With the oneing of the two
 Is all the gleam the glass lets through.

She who claims you on this morn
 Subservients our joy forlorn;

She whom you shall claim this night
 Supplants our lanterns with her light..

Yea! two fruit forth, the rest subside:
 The lovers twine, the friends divide.

John Timmins

