

Poetry

1979
 The Key
 Fights for a perfect
 Fit. Wielding it
 Frantic private vice
 and click upon a new horizon
 or really just another box
 beyond which is only
 speculation.

1973
 The first time I saw
 Mac he was balanced
 on edge staring at a perfect
 stone. He turned my way
 and said someday I am going
 to be like that stone.
 In his one good eye
 was a little sky.

TO ROBERT AND SHERRY

I saw them today
 In the agile deer
 That cross the crusted snow,
 As if there next step could be —
 Would be the last.
 I see them every day
 In all the streets and shops . . .
 Faces of friends,
 Peoples friends,
 Happy round faces that laugh
 As if they would never cry,
 Never die
 But they always do, these friends,
 Why?

FRED SCHRIVER

Feeling lonely
 Remembering
 Time we were together
 Sharing
 Summer experiences
 Caring
 For each other
 Loving
 Only for that moment.

CYNDI

Malcolm was not
 steady when first
 he leaped. A gold thumb cuff
 still hung on the wall
 in August a standing
 invitation.

I wonder now is someone there
 to find the track when
 love boomerangs and cuts
 you short. Does the night
 watchman dare when you stand
 at the gates to the medicine chest
 to pull his piece and send you
 back.

There were bugs on the curtain
 in January and I
 thought of you Mac.
 Earth colour were moving
 and changing like wax
 while your cheshire cat
 cleaned his paws in the window.

feeling lost within myself and time:
 which flees past, wanting not and
 lending not to being caught,
 she runs on cat feet, at a speed
 man can't fully understand, you
 can't perceive her, she hides in corners
 and passages, lurking out in the dark,
 but all around, yet enveloping all, and
 encompassing a whole, not just a section
 or particle of the total part, of seeing,
 believing, listening and feeling.

KATHRYN POPOVICH

BONGWATER BLUES

Rossy Rossy,
 The time has come,
 To get your nose,
 out of your Bum!
 come face the world.
 It's really quite bland,
 But come out from under,
 Your prostate gland!
 It quite seems to me.
 without too much reflection.
 It cannot be goo,
 For your complexion.
 Come out come out!
 My friend I am serious.
 The secent must have caused you
 To become delirious.
 That does it, I've had it.
 I'm really grossed out.
 Bruce, How do you keep,
 From throwing him out.
 Well fog its awful.
 He should really be Dead!
 He thought it was tea,
 But it was Bongwater instead.

BRUCE STEWART Forestry II
 ROSS HALCOVITCH BBA III

We run along
 hand in hand
 Forming imprints
 in the sand
 and on our lives.

CYNDI

Then the sun blossomed like a
 gian dalhia behind a mushroom
 cloud.
 Dayglo splat and spread in the dark
 and the walls came tumbling.
 I screamed in the morning debris
 where only stones were left.

Your other eye was on Fire
 when last I
 thought of you Mac.

JAYNE CLOWATER

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