

EDITORIAL

Well, here it is. J.**S. &** K.c. THE REVIEWERS RAVE!

"The one installment of TBR to date makes the current *Existere* look all the more impressive." —C.J. Keep, *Existere* editor TBR? "I'll have to call my mentor." —Anonymous prize-winner "TBR: the feel-good publication of 1985." —Winthrop Frye

francis of a tea tea

doyoulovme doyou ?

there is always that problem of proof and one day it visited me at the Lucky Court resturant

there were no fortune cookies and both the bar- b- q'd ducks and the smell of garbage were hanging in the air

the waitress brought the proof with the jasmine tea

it is that real lovers can pass through fire the tea was hot on the bumples of my tongue

many go through fire and come out with their skin unmarked

seeing a detour that only allows one to pass at a time

they go in free and come out uncaring jaded from the sight of burning children and

synagogues

going in just for show and only burning their clothes naked their skin just smells of smoke they read their books fast before the bonfires are built

but when the lover goes through fire

17 Poses: For Both Beginners and Advanced

I am the monster that looks up at you from your coffee. I am Edgar Allen Poe when you aren't looking. I cough up tiny reptiles and free them on highways.

I am the blank image on your turned off TV. I am Mario Lanza at the Alamo. I chain myself to an ambulance and laugh at emergencies.

I am a poet falling from a plane into an ocean. I disappear. I pluck out my fingernails, holding them to the light. I am your idea of pleasure.

I am the frozen remains of Robert Falcon Scott. I am the sizzle of the tainted bacon you are about to eat. I cover my eyes and walk through crowds.

I am the question marks above your head as you stare, puzzled. I am someone you once sneezed on on a bus. I take down the Escher print and hang myself in its place.

Soon I fall down.

Stuart Ross

The Thalia-Bullwinkle Review

skin blackens and melts away

hands given the choice of reaching for help choose instead to reach for other's hand

the brightness and heat that is fire ends clear sight air is slight and competitive the fire

the fire breathes deepest

lovers battle for what is left and yet if they managed to share the air they can blow out the flames

learning to stop looking at their watches and

> to stop relying heavily on things that can burn

> > the path back to youth burning away all that is old and dying the problem of proof turning to ashes the the posters on the wall leaving the darkened bricks for handball and ghettos

barry mandelker

Barry Mandelker's francis of a tea tea was awarded first prize for poetry in 1985 President's Prizes.



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The Thalia-Bullwinkle Review is published three times a year, and is meant to provide a publishing forum for York creative writers. The editors will be accepting submissions on an ongoing basis until March 30, 1984. Submissions should be typed, triple-spaced on 81/2x11 paper, and include the name and phone number of the author. Prose pieces should be restricted to 1,500 words, although longer pieces may be considered. Mss can be picked up at Excalibur, 111 Central Square; no MSS will be returned by mail unless the author includes a SASE with the submission. Comments from the editors are available on request. Thalia-Bullwinkle gratefully accepts submissions under the categories of poetry, short fiction, short drama, and short essays. Submissions should be addressed to the Arts Editors, Excalibur, 111 Central Square, York University, 4700 Keele St., Downsview, M3J 1P3.

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