

**OUR NEW  
BOTTLE.  
WHERE GREAT  
BEER BELONGS.**



**GREAT BEER. GREAT BOTTLE. REGULAR PRICE.  
CHECK IT OUT AT YOUR FAVOURITE LICENSEE  
AND AT ALL A.B.A. RETAIL STORES.\***

**\*FOR THE TIME BEING A.L.C.B. SHELVING WON'T  
ACCOMMODATE OUR NEW TALLER BOTTLE,  
SO UNTIL THEY'RE MODIFIED, BLUE WILL  
STILL BE AVAILABLE AT A.L.C.B. STORES  
IN THE FAMILIAR, COMPACT BOTTLES.**

**They**

They took my heart . . . and gave it to you . . .  
and they told me . . . dreams no longer come true . . .

They heard me scream in the darkest of the night . . .  
as they held me back with all their might . . .

They refused to feed me when I was dying . . .  
instead . . . I watered a flower with my crying . . .

But . . . they let me hear the music of the wind and waves  
as they plunged me on the sharp flaming staves . . .

They took me to the top of the mountain . . .  
only to look . . . not to drink . . . from the golden fountain . . .

and still . . . I am dry . . .  
and all I can ask is . . . oh God why?

They know my mind . . .  
as if . . . they were of my own lonely kind . . .

And they whispered in my ear . . .  
words . . . that engulfed me with sadness and fear . . .

And all I was asking . . .  
was for you . . . to embrace my love . . . everlasting . . .

And as I stood in the softness . . .  
of the morning dawn - so blue . . .

The demons just danced and danced . . .  
in my view . . .

I knocked on the gates of hell . . .

I heard the tolling doom of the . . . bell . . .

But still . . .  
they refused to let me in and let me be . . .

Because . . . they are . . .  
you and me . . .

Maan Saad

**U.**

I could be eating,  
Dying,  
Making love,  
Immersed in auto-destruction,  
Smiling,  
Hollow-eyed,  
Pale,  
But I am entrapped in the winding echoes  
Of the soft intellectual pandering  
From travelled men's mouths  
Their minds softened from being kicked about.

Johnny Housez

**Jasper Avenue**

My way is down there  
Where Jasper Avenue ends  
Between buildings hiding western skies  
Under a tepid sun sick of amnesia

My way is down there  
Where falling rays hit the brow  
And kids' voices fade away  
Among toys in the backyard

For I am free to dream  
Under whitened clouds  
As if I were another dwarf  
Playing dice in the woods

My way is down there  
Where Jasper Avenue turns  
And the sky is not sky any longer  
Behind ads-of southern holidays.

Silvano Zamato