

POETRY

5

Dance, Children, and Let Me
Hear You Sing

Seagulls- cry my song
This is the place unchanged
Land of cold, grey, heaving water
Scream louder, wind
Shriek so god might hear
And bring back those mists
That carried me afar
Swirling tunnels- leading to a vague world

world of rainbow hues
and talking fuchsia trees
simplicity in song
all memories that fade

Seagulls- cry my song
You are alive
And my song is lost to the wind

Elizabeth Kaminska

Snow

The night he decided to run away,
to sail down the river
with Blackbeard and Ahab,
the moon raised a watery finger
to pry itself free of its fiery chains
and followed the streetlamps, outpacing
its shadow.

But the river was empty of
galeon or schooner,
and he stood on the white banks,
where the moon smashed its face
on its icy toy mirror.

Sheelagh Russell

Gardens

gardens grew

gardens had grown
behind each of our every step.
father sun who knows of love and stuff
told gently the reason for all settings
(of lasting vanishing into stop)
to which i turned alone from your dusk
my heart
coughing so loudly
that frightened flowers uprooted themselves
and dashed away into the quickly night

Bernell Macdonald

We Have to Break Up

Like the little man
in a factory somewhere
who stamps a stamp
on the side of the finished crates
gone berserk
and stamping his stamp everywhere
i used to see those words
before me
behind
when i looked back for escape
everywhere everywhere.

Where did it go
our first love?
I remember
in winter
it was too cold
to strip naked in the car
and love our clumsy love
and
noone would let us come
after a time
when they had the old man's car
"you two always wreck the back seat"
and we'd laugh
and laugh and promise
and couldn't help doing it anyway
and
saying goodnight
we'd stand
doing mouth to mouth resuscitation
till we'd nearly faint
and laughing
and crazy in love
i'd back to the car
with handfulls of snow
for the half naked lovers there
in their awkward
helpless position.

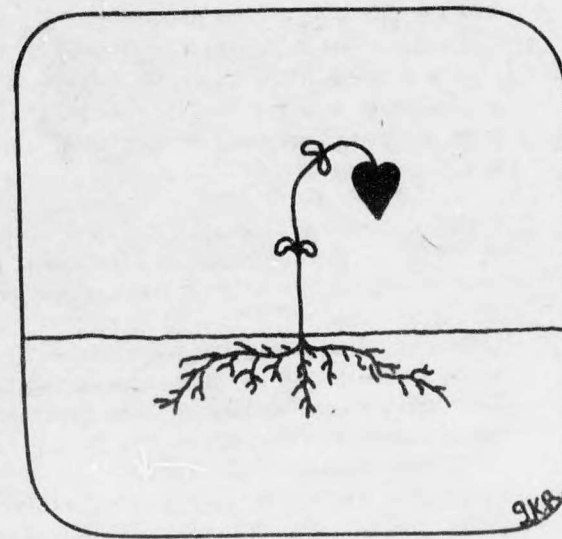
But you are gone now
and the why
and how
and all the other questions
asked now a million times
still are without answer.

David S. Peppin

Fredericton 1968

Twas a night like this the pirates struck,
Wielding silent sabres in grimy hands,
Shouting and cursing, killing all that they passed
They made their way to Cumber Street,
Where a black-robed priest got in their path
And they cut him down like all the rest.
I hid in a corner at the back on the shed
And prayed in my fear to a half-deaf god
While they cut, and raped, and laughed.
They left the town in a few days time
Leaving left the town in a few
Leaving it torn and bleeding and cold like death.
I stayed in and shed until my father came
And I cried because he wouldn't die.
They'll come again I suppose
When I'm old enough to bleed.
And I'll kill them all
And laugh like they laughed.

John Blaikie



Love Speed

Finally there came a time
Could erase her picture from my mind.
Thanks to being let free,
I'm now happy with the changes in me.

Even with the coming adieu,
I part, making this salute to you.
My soil you've made nourish.
Planted a blessed seed, forever, to flourish.

Mystic maiden create the shower.
Gentle rain will fall by your power.
No worry as to just how soon
When it comes, love will bloom!

On a stem face, a smile will grow.
Many will see, but only few will know
Blossoming out, never the same
I'll owe it all to her rain.

Ropeslope