

POETRY

SOMETIMES

Sometimes . . .
In my heart a quiet fountain splashes
Sprinkled with the youth and love
That long ago was drained.

And sometimes . . .
While I watch the people plod along
I feel my snowy mind melt
Making my body a great rushing river.

And sometimes . . .
I see you — you are my ocean,
The sea to which I always flow
And forever fill with my gushing soul.

And sometimes . . .
You smile back at me, gleaming in the sun,
Your waves of laughter lapping,
Curling, and whirling throughout my floods.

And sometimes . . .
Together we voyage to deeps unknown,
Drifting softly in our own still world.
Going nowhere — yet everywhere, sometimes . . .

Dan Ogilvie
November 19, 1978

REFLEXIONS

She looks in the store window
A doll is sitting there
It reminds her
Of tall people
Of candies and friends

A white hat is sitting there
It reminds her
Of lonely church bells
Of golden rings
Of tears
Of smiles

A baby's outfit is sitting there
It reminds her
Of long nights
Of first words
It reminds her
Of me

She sees her face
But cannot see the wrinkles
The picture is not clear

She can see me coming
It reminds her
Of doll clothes
Of a small rockingchair

It reminds her
Of a diploma
Of church bells once more
Of another child
It reminds her
Of . . . herself

She looks in the store window
There is a doll sitting there

She smiles

MARGARET COMEAU
Nov. 21, 1978

lean on me in the quiet hour when the day's first rays are revealed
If not tomorrow, then tonight.
Find support when the social storm becomes too awesome
Just as once the sailors sought the security of a lighthouse beam.
Fear of commitment and the searing pains it entails
Need not become an issue as we rally toward the abstract future.
We've both been primed to knowledge of emotional bondage
So let's avert it, and transcend it, and learn to yield
To justify each other as we harbour in this port.
And, if sails will turn to new direction,
If tranquility has been the result of mutual company
Then tearful farewells will not impend the voyages.

g.b. 19.11.78.

P
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The wintery man sat adhered to the bench
The crisp leaves dipped their colours in the breeze
It was his essence of his own existence.
His inexorable will caught him
And through his bleared eyes,
The visions and reflections of his being
Became drawn down, drowning in his own words.
He was embowered by the activity, but yet detached
It was tearing him, devouring him
Until his soul could not compete with the media anymore
Emulating was not what he wanted.
He had not the patience
For his world was ineffable
No one could know or understand.
He existed only to exist
For everything became unreal to him,
The acerbity in his speech was no longer there
His inner-self lacked the blaze he once sought
It was all so fruitless,
A part of his life had closed in on him
But he could not tell it,
He could not let it be known.
So he waited for the calm and the peacefulness
But it would not join, it could not unite
Until his soul and body were absorbed into one.

J.P.

The taste of a double-banana split —
cool, rich, melange of flavours, mellow.

KATHRYN POPOVICH

As a tree stands against the wind
Let the bad be its falling leaves
Let the good be its trunk
Let the future be its roots.

MARGARET COMEAU 1978

Watch, look, see, perceive;
touch, feel, encompass, encounter;
smell, sense, sweetness, enveloping;
hear, listen, understand, comprehend;
stand, twitch, motion, moving.

KATHRYN POPOVICH

Cinders smoulder long —
after the fire's extinguished

KATHRYN POPOVICH

MAGICAL MADNESS

Come into my world
And learn
The secret of life with me
As you see
Creations that you cannot believe

My hands twist and turn
Never knowing
What will be when they stop.
With smoke and dancing lights
I shall create life before your very eyes.

Wait,
I shall leave, in your hands, my life.
Ther it is:
A pigeon.
But it is dead, not living as I.

For I can create magic,
But magic
Cannot create me.

GRIZZLY'S LAMENT (for GL)

What power decreed
that I be so strange
and made me unique
on this ordered range?
All he's, furred or feathered,
want she's who might care
but I love a bunny
instead of a bear!

Maurice Spro

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