

The Quilt

Patchwork
pieces of a summer with sun in cotton sand.
Bits of maternity. Sown.
Children together the coloured years,
the cover—
lapping histories unfold paternity.
Amidst men's pyjamas, party frock,
stripe or strip of nightdress
rest
squared portraiture:
the leavings
of the layered life
to lull to sleep with dreams of patchwork days.

by Heather D. Murray

Harvest of Sorrows (to the memory of Anne McCawley)

This her last jig
on the shore
she knew she would never
return to. The morning fog hangs
thick like a bitter epitaph
upon the fields. The one lone
road stretching between
like an empty corridor
where only the dead
fall into earth
in their harvest of sorrows.

Kneeling on the shore of drought she gathers a last handful of pebbles a pocketful of Ireland.

by Mark McCawley

pas de titre

Je suis un gros lezard flemmard J'somnole au rythme des guitares Gouverne par un incurable besoin Plutot que de regner, de rever dans mon coin..

Pourtant je n'dedaigne pas les amis Ne me faites pas misanthrope quand je n'suis Que mis en boite par ceux qui - pour mon bien -De lezard que je suis, me voudraient requin

Le travail m'ennui plus qu'il ne me fatigue Et la betise, sa soeur jumelle, aussi collante Que lui, me poursuit de ses fientes Elle n'me pardonne pas ma vie sans guides

Mais rien ne me passionne vraiment Dans ce monde gluant ou sont rois les puants Sinon aller de l'avant, j'entends, a ma maniere Sur ce chemin pave d'erreurs, qui mene a la derniere

Celle que commet la vie En se laissant mourir

La vie a toujours tort Qui fait place a la mort..

Alors, en attendant, laissez-moi mes guitares Mes reves ne tuent personne, pas meme a petit feu Au contraire de vos bureaux-usines.. abattoirs.. Mais, pompeux hypocrite, vous vous bouchez les yeux

De toute facon, je voulais vous dire De votre oeuvre approche sa consecration Requins, cessez de vous bouffer le rire, Vous mettra d'accord, ce nucleaire champignon..

Et moi, victime innocente de votre connerie J'aurai, depuis longtemps, choisi la fuite Et n'serai plus qu'un loir, Endormi dans un tiroir...

by Phillipe Sailler

ACOC The Alberta Opportunity Company provides financial and counselling assistance to small business enterprises.

Bridging Troubled Waters!

hen the City of Edmonton put out a tender for applications to run the

paddle boat franchise at Rundle and Hawrelak Parks, Paul Lufkin jumped in feet first.

Paul, a full time Commerce student at The University of Alberta at the time, found conventional lenders unwilling to finance his seasonal venture.

When he approached AOC, Paul was introduced to a special program for student loans. His business proposal was reviewed, and a loan approved to provide a workable cash flow to offset operating expenses.



Profits and staff have increased by 100% since City Recreational Services bought the franchise, and new additions such as the 'aquatrike' are proving very successful.

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Thursday, March 27, 198

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