



**The Thalia-Bullwinkle Review**

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 1984; the tentative deadline for the next issue is the second week in February. Submissions should be typed, triple-spaced on 8 1/2 x 11 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. Manuscripts can be picked up at Excalibur, 111 Central Square; no manuscripts will be returned by mail unless accompanied by an SASE. Comments from the editors are available on request. Thalia-Bullwinkle gratefully accepts submissions from any York student 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. Watch for a return of the Excalibur Short Fiction Contest in conjunction with the next issue.

**Thalia-Bullwinkle Review is a Con-Man Production.**  
**Editing and Layout: Jason Sherman and Kevin Connolly.**

**gypsy**

your mama made lace saw futures in the middle of hands saw money saw sharp death saw no good thing.

your old man wore his sex outside like a dog and that girl your best friend is really your sister.

you come from nothing. better you let them think you're an orphan or some made-up child.

Joanne Clark

**Friday**

It was she that came into the echoes I know I heard a satisfied male voice the kind that is round makes me oldly wonder where is that river of energy even the cat won't sit with me by the night window Fridays when the house shivers with beat from the basement she's always singing too and I never heard her tell the solemn truth but she does like my apple crisp and glows when she offers to clear up the wreckage of course her purse is meteor she will not save twist-ties but her laughing is always rolling golden in a cup and I dare not touch her crumpled castoffs, tangled hair my throat is tight against my ruffled collar silken reins pull at my naked temples in the dim glows around his round voice she should have a baby though I never hear her tell the solemn truth one murmurs of the crystal caves at Xanadu at times like this the cat was her idea she is too round but soft, not quivering like a fallen leaf like I sitting in the upstairs night house Friday.

D.L. Simmons

she married god and promised to love all men as much as she loved him

she slept alone for weeks before he came to her, he had many wives many things to do

when he came he knelt said she was a breath of pure orchid his favourite flower

Joanne Clark

my hands my feet my mother tell dad tell dad my arms my legs another night father its not too late can you hear i'm not locking the door the paperboy the news in the fire i'm going to sleep the skates in the basement the coat no buttons the keys to the car our initials i am going home i am closing my hands tell dad i am going home i am closing

Gary Barwin

**The Visit**

When we visited the old Fischers Mom would sit on the hard plastic chair in the kitchen Missus Fischer always poised a furrowed narrow flicker-bird wispy hair and baggy dungarees

with stories therapy for any indigestion, she had no ideas for the present, just a gruesome story for any

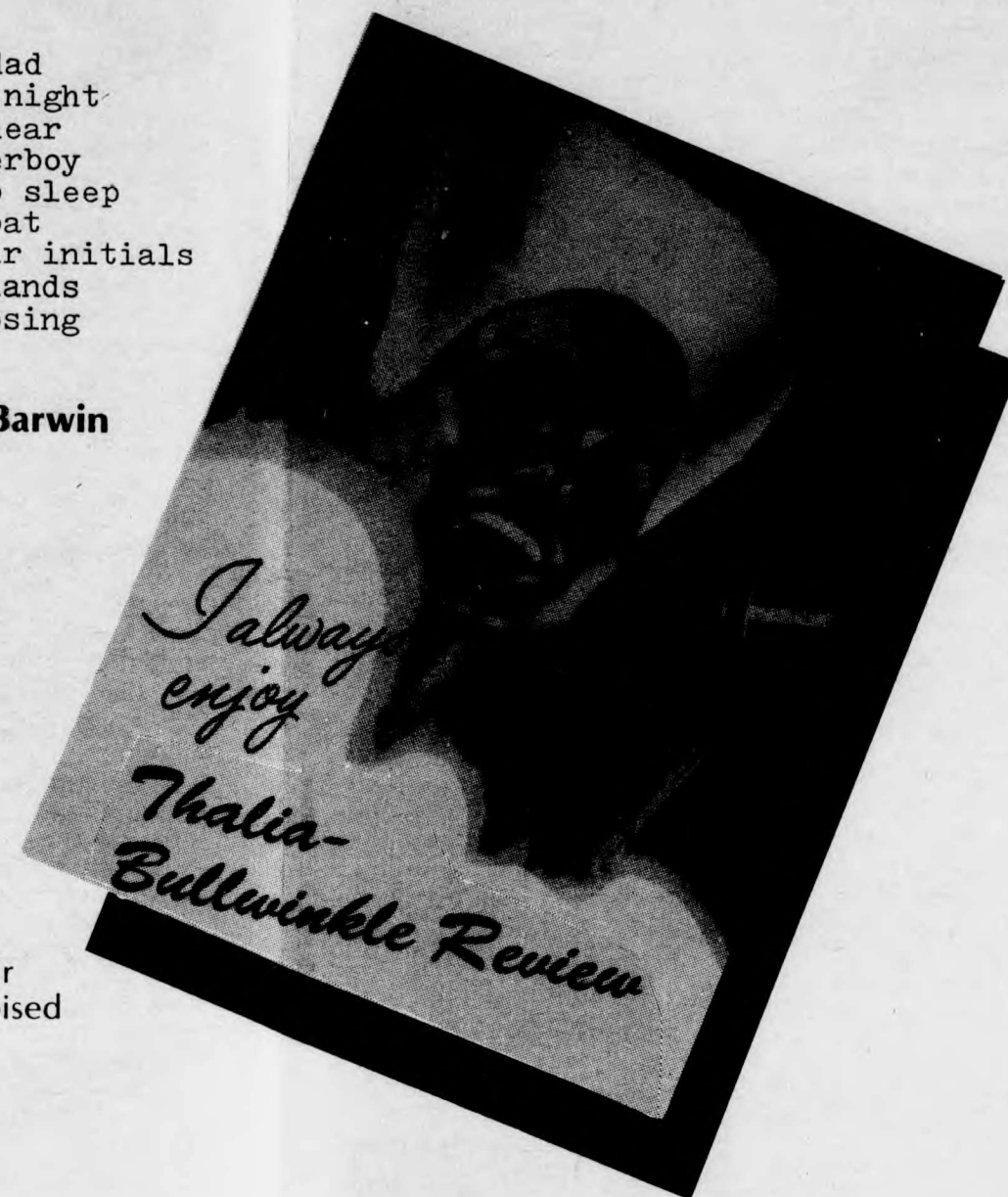
Mom always left her ears behind at old Fischers young Fischers and old friends were always dying, infallible remedies never worked weather was always too

her teeth were sometimes gone eyes flicker blue and hard, 'It's them Eelites that's closin' us off, them Eelites!' swift pecking at her knitting

and Dad would sit on his haunches with old Harold Fischer hands eyes stretched to the fire, a lean word tossed to the flames a laugh dry, crackling all blue eyes and leather and horse smell preserved

and I stood in the middle munched chocolate chip cookies and listened

D.L. Simmons



**Lady Sings**

Cieluc drove out past the sold sign just when the sun was coming up blue. The radio was on some country station and Cieluc hummed along when she thought she knew how the song would go. She drove over the covered bridge that her grandpa had helped make. She passed her aunt's shop and the old tree.

Cieluc had climbed right to the top of the old tree and now she wasn't the same. The tree had been uprooted in the tornado they'd had almost ten years ago. Somehow it had somersaulted over to land on its head, steadily. Everyone had liked the look of the tree with its branches spread out like long legs holding the ground and its mess of roots in the air, a sign to the world. They'd left it there. They used it while talking to explain things. Sicker than the old tree. Crazy like the old tree.

Cieluc had climbed to the top of the tree because she'd felt its beat. She'd climbed the tree slowly at night in the dark and had sat there in the roots, high up so she could see all around, the town and the lowness of the earth. She'd sat there till she'd fallen asleep, then she'd dreamt-or had maybe started to wake up when she'd slid from the roots to land on the ground, on her head like the tree.

She was lucky she didn't break her neck. After she got out of the hospital she went back to her house that she'd been born in and that her mother had been born in too. She started to like things cold. She put most things in the fridge—canned foods, cookies, tea, talcum powder, notepaper. Everyone said she wasn't the same. They caught her doing things.

Cieluc found a man's wallet outside the A & P. when she got home she called the man to come and pick it up. After she hung up the phone she started to cook dinner and put some wine in the fridge. She put her hair up and Tchaikovsky on. She put on her dress black and long and puffed sleeved and petal-hemmed.

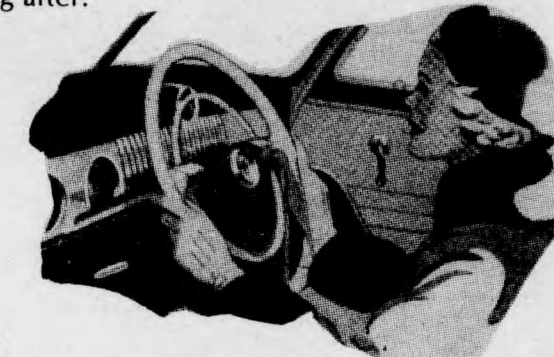
She waited then for ages for the man to come. Sometimes while she was waiting she forgot who was coming. Then she forgot that anyone was coming at all and took off her dress and turned off the stove. Then she would almost remember something vague like a man and get ready again.

The phone rang. The loudness made her head swell. She sat softly under the table tracing the wood lines with her finger then banging with the palm of her hand till the whole table shook. She sang songs that she knew and joined parts together to make one song that felt right. Then she got out from under the table and arranged the flowers and as many candles as she could find. She lit all the candles and turned the record over. Who was coming.

She let the man in and hung up his coat. He seemed

anxious to leave and she felt her face flush when she told him she'd made dinner especially. He picked his wallet up from the telephone table and put it in his pocket. He looked at the door. Cieluc sat him down then and served him some food. He was a handsome man, his eyes were not familiar. Cieluc was so happy she could feel the beat. She talked quickly about whatever she thought of sometimes getting tired or bored halfway through and changing it. She sang him songs she made up.

The man looked at the door and said he had to be going. Cieluc went into the kitchen and got a knife. She brought the knife out and showed it to him. He walked toward the door. Who was this man. Get out she lunged at him and caught his shoulder with the knife as he went out the door. She fell asleep on the floor then and that's where they found her not too long after.



Because her family helped build the town they were easy on her. She just wasn't the same since she'd fallen from the tree. They sold her house and told her about a home. Later today they were coming to take her to this new place so she was leaving.

After about an hour the sun was up orange and she stopped her car at the side of the road. She got out and opened the trunk and dug around for a screwdriver. She found it and put it in her bag and got back in the car and started driving again. When she stopped for coffee a while later she found the screwdriver in her bag when she was looking for money to pay the bill. She took it out and banged the counter with it to the beat as hard as she could. A man grabbed it out of her hand and made her leave without letting her pay or use the washroom. He said I know you but she'd never seen the man before.

Cieluc drove until it became dark out, taking whatever road felt right. It got very dark and she was on a small road with a lake beside it. She passed a man with his thumb out and a fishing hat on and what looked like a long black dog beside him. She stopped the car and he came running over carrying the dog in his arms. He got into the car. Cieluc said she'd take him wherever he wanted to go. The dog was a sleeping bag and he threw it onto the back seat with his fishing hat. He patted his hair in place and said his name was Frank.

"Cieluc. C-i-e l-u-c," Cieluc said. "That's an unusual name. French?" Frank said. "No," Cieluc said, "I don't think so." "I've been fishing out by—" Frank said but Cieluc turned the radio up because she liked the song. It's that ole devil called love again. He keeps telling me that I'm the lucky one again. But I still have that rain, still have those tears and those rocks in my heart.

"Mind if I smoke," Frank said and waved a pack of cigarettes at her.

"I'll take one too," Cieluc said and he lit one in his mouth and passed it to her. She pulled out the ashtray under the radio and he put the match in it.

"Did you catch anything?" "Not really," said Frank, "that's why I'm going back early."

Cieluc looked at him. "Why else?" she said. "Why else?" Cieluc waited. "Why else am I going back early?" Frank said and stared at her.

"Not just the fish," Cieluc said. "Why do you say that?"

"Always lots of fish about now. If you don't fish you wear a baseball cap when you do. If you fish you have a fishing hat. And if you fish and have a fishing hat you have to have caught some fish."

"It's my brother's hat," Frank said thinking he was smart. Cieluc sighed. "Actually the fish weren't bad. I left in a hurry Thursday night to come out here—"

"And now you're in a hurry to go back," Cieluc said. Frank waited till one song ended and another one began.

"Actually my girl Marjorie's pregnant. Not by me. I told her if she wanted to see that Wayne creep to tell me and I'd be gone. She told me she was pregnant. Maybe by Wayne. She told Wayne too."

"What did Wayne say?" "He told her he had no money and maybe it was my kid."

"What did you say?" "I said it was probably Wayne's kid." "I think it's yours," Cieluc said.

"Do you?" Frank nodded, "could be. Why do you think that?"

"You ever heard the song Lover Man?" Cieluc said. "It goes Lover Man, oh where can you be? The night is cold and I'm so all alone. I'd give my soul just to call

you my own. Got a moon above me, but no one to love me, Lover Man, oh where can you be."

"Maybe I've heard it," Frank said. "It's a good song. How long have you known Marjorie?"

"Since grade school. She lived next door when we were growing up."

"The girl next door," Cieluc said. "It'll get you every time," Frank said and didn't smile. "So I'm going back early 'cause maybe it's my kid."

"Probably is," Cieluc said. "Probably is huh? Yeah, well so if she slept with the guy," Cieluc shrugged the shoulder closest to him.

"Maybe you should get married," Cieluc suggested. "Why?" "Marjorie's having your baby."

Frank thought a minute. "No lights on this road," he said. "She's probably crying herself to sleep," Cieluc said and shot Frank a look.

"Marjorie? No. She's tough." "She's pregnant with your baby and you left Thursday in a hurry."

"Yeah, well maybe we will." "What?" "Get married. Maybe we'll get married."

"You could think about it," Cieluc said. She changed the station and turned it down a little. Frank closed his eyes. Cieluc was getting tired. She could feel the beat pumping up. She was supposed to take a white pill and a yellow pill when the beat came but she hadn't been taking them. Since she was driving she thought she should but she hadn't brought them with her.

Cieluc was hungry and couldn't wait to get to Marjorie's. Maybe she'd fix her something to eat. She looked at Frank. His mouth was round and his head slid forward then jerked back then slid, quietly and easily. Frank what, she thought. Cieluc hit something. It bumped into the bottom of the car twice, once hard. She stopped the car. Frank opened his eyes.

"I hit something," Cieluc said and they got out of the car to see what it was. Frank bent over the small winding thing.

"A rabbit," he said. "Let me see," Cieluc said and got down on her knees. "Yuk, its back legs are all bloody," she said. She got up. Frank waited.

"Pick it up," Cieluc said and walked back towards the car. "What?"

Cieluc turned. "Pick it up. Pick the rabbit up." "Just leave it," Frank said. Cieluc pulled his sleeping bag from the back seat and unrolled it. "What are you doing," Frank yelled when he saw.

"Put it in this," Cieluc said as she walked over to Frank and the rabbit. Frank rolled the rabbit onto the bag. The rabbit made some kind of noise and Frank made a face.

"This makes me sick," he said. "I'm sorry," Cieluc said, "I was thinking of something else."

"It happens a lot," Frank said, "they run out in front of the car. It's just that people leave them there and then later a truck comes by and picks them up."

Cieluc lifted the armrest and they put the rabbit on the seat between them. Only its head was showing above the bag.

"How far is it to Marjorie's?" "About half an hour or so maybe," Frank looked at Cieluc. "No offense, but what are you going to do with it?"

"Clean it up at Marjorie's and see how bad it is." Cieluc put her foot down and they arrived at Marjorie's trailer in forty minutes.

Frank carried the rabbit up to the door. Cieluc got his hat out of the back and followed. Marjorie was not showing yet and had short blonde hair. She was happy to see Frank and gave him a look Cieluc could understand when she and the rabbit came in too.

Marjorie gave Cieluc a wet jaycloth and Cieluc patted off the blood. The rabbit closed its eyes and kicked a little. It wasn't so bad. After a couple of wipings the blood was mostly gone and no new blood came out. The rabbit stood up and started to move around.

"I think it's ok," Frank said. He picked it up and put it out the door. The rabbit left.

Marjorie made coffee. It was obvious she loved Frank. Cieluc wondered if she looked at Wayne that way too. Frank probably wondered the same thing. Marjorie said Cieluc was welcome to stay the night. Cieluc accepted and they pulled out the sofa-bed in the living room.

The bed had sheets on it already that were blue and had huge pink roses all over them. The pillowcases didn't match. They were yellow. Cieluc got in and thought about what it would feel like to have rocks in her heart. She thought she might give Marjorie the car and hitchhike instead.

Joanne Clark