



Literary Page

Editor's Note:

Welcome to the Literary Page. Hope it adds a little something to your Friday morning coffee break. Having hit on every single English student I know that writes, I have actually managed to scare up enough material for this week's issue. Will wonders ever cease?? Will I ever be the same??

I happen to know that there are a lot more creative and talented individuals closeted out there. Contrary to what many may think, creative writing is not solely the scourge of the English student--biologists, anthropologists, psychologists, sociologists, and even the odd engineering student have been known to succumb to late night urges to write. This goes for staff and faculty, also.

I anxiously await your submissions!

kjb

The Gradual Student (with apologies to A.A. Milne)

There was an old student that everyone knew
With so many things that he wanted to do
That when he decided he'd better begin
He couldn't because of the state he was in.

He signed up for Arts back in seventy-three
And somehow got stranded without a degree.
He took intersession and intercourse, too
And finally resorted to study at STU.

He studied Philosophy, History and Psych
And English and German and French and the like
And tried hard to work and to study and think
But couldn't until he first had a drink.

He went to the Social Club, had a few beers
And stayed there and studied for five or ten years.
If not for the music which made him half deaf
He may have got something aside from an 'F'.

He needed a change so to air out his head
He went to the Blue Lounge to study instead
But Dungeons and Dragons were all he could see--
He learned why the game had been called 'D' and 'D'.

The next year to further his poor education
He moved down the stairs to a brand new location
The SUB cafeteria setting was either
Too noisy or else he poisoned by Beaver.

And so to the Woodshed he figured he'd stay
And do what he could to come up with an 'A'
But bug-eyed from coffee he'd casually drink
He went the whole year without sleeping a wink.

Depressed from his failures of several years
He went to the Cosmo for quite a few beers
And then on his way to the SUB for some more
He drunkenly entered the library door.

The new renovations the Social Club made
Surprised him; especially the added arcade
He played with the Phoenix, he had lots of fun
He found all the books and decided he'd won.

The following year when he went back to class
He somehow surprisingly started to pass
And the video game that he still plays today
Has him seven degrees with an average of 'A'.

Pat Hamilton

MORNING SICKNESS

He sleeps rotting
like dead meat,
the keys clink,
he does not move.

the misty smile
floats down a tear

I feel to split
on putrid dead meat

but vomit on my feet
instead...

Kwame Dawes

Poetry not Journalism

The work of the poet is not to elucidate, as the historian does, the known fact; rather the poet's aim is to illuminate the unknown. He is to delve into that darkness of ignorance which plagues our human-being and so deliver forth the unsung song, the hitherto unimagined, unenlightened linguistic form which will spark the reader's or listener's desire to search into the being of life beyond and deeper than a mundane and illusory surface appearance.

The poet has little business telling us that a rose is red, smells sweet and sits very prettily in a floral arrangement; the poet's aim is to distill from the unseen, hidden flower that fundamental essence which will enliven a budding form, that balm of being which will thrust the unformed flower out amongst the thorns.

With regard to Canadian poetry, too much is the practice of telling that which anyone with one eye and one ear can himself realize; too much is the presentation of narrative detail and too little of imaginative insight. Who cannot see Pratt's rails running overland towards the last spike? who cannot see Lampman's and Robert's hayfields? who cannot hear, any day of the week, someone mean-mouthing Atwood's landlady?

Too often in Canadian poetry does one find the dissipation of our poetic energies in that we are forever looking outward, searching for that corresponding natural image or civil experience which will become the artistic vehicle to transport our daily impressions of life. Too often do we, in our desire to express ourselves (our joys or sorrows), become self-absorbed, wishing only to cry or laugh ourselves; wishing to mourn our losses or tell the brief joy of a newfound temporal diversion. Perhaps as Charles Olson says of his 1950's American contemporaries, our poetic energies have been devoted to and degenerated by our auto-centric urges to confess our 'private souls at any public wall.'

Those of us who would be poets have to leave off our writing of autobiographies and journalistic scribbles of current events. We should take in hand that pen which is dedicated to the incarnation of poetic forms that will embody linguistic visions which have no source other than the generative centre of the human soul.

Leave off being the journalist who daily reports the pretty baubles or social studies trinkets that our childish eyes every day find in the dirt of the world. Leave off the daily news; for all the language in the world's mass media shall ever disclose the noumenal integrity of the white-black rose which no carnal eyes have seen.

Dwane McDougall