

Rob Schmidt

(untitled)

while she sleeps  
in his big arms  
in that noisy place,  
her children, pulled from their beds,  
scramble madly for clothes —  
one pair paisley pants, too small  
red rubber boots, torn  
old white runners, no laces  
wrinkled socks, full of holes  
yellow dress, too big

she returns  
in the morning  
finds beds empty  
except for one —

a hairless, plastic doll  
is sprawled  
in the wet, smelly bed  
of the littlest

she shakes and cries  
over which she wants more —  
coffee or scotch  
aspirin or marijuana

scavenges among the abandoned toys  
for her children  
holds the doll  
caresses her child's face  
kicks the ball  
the ball  
the ball  
the ball  
the doll

hurls school books crayons  
stuffed animals toy cars  
a ball a doll  
from bedroom windows  
and they fall  
on the broken glass and rubbish below

by Astrid Blodgett

(untitled)

He said he loves ginko leaves,  
but he grows only avocados  
now from gnawed pits  
in his basement suite.  
"Four leaves I'd get  
a skinny stem and  
only four leaves  
the new four grow the old four fall off,"  
he complains.  
He wanted to grow a ginko  
but its huge juicy leaves  
withered within the confinement  
of his oily garage.  
"Ginkos hate gasoline" he jokes,  
but I think it was  
because of the dark.

by Lisa Trofymow

(untitled)

Blahfully blah,  
blahnness blahed  
lah de dah  
falling down blah  
(in a stupor it falls)  
into my house  
into my t.v. set

laughing  
blahnness  
walls of blah  
feet of blah

surrender myself.

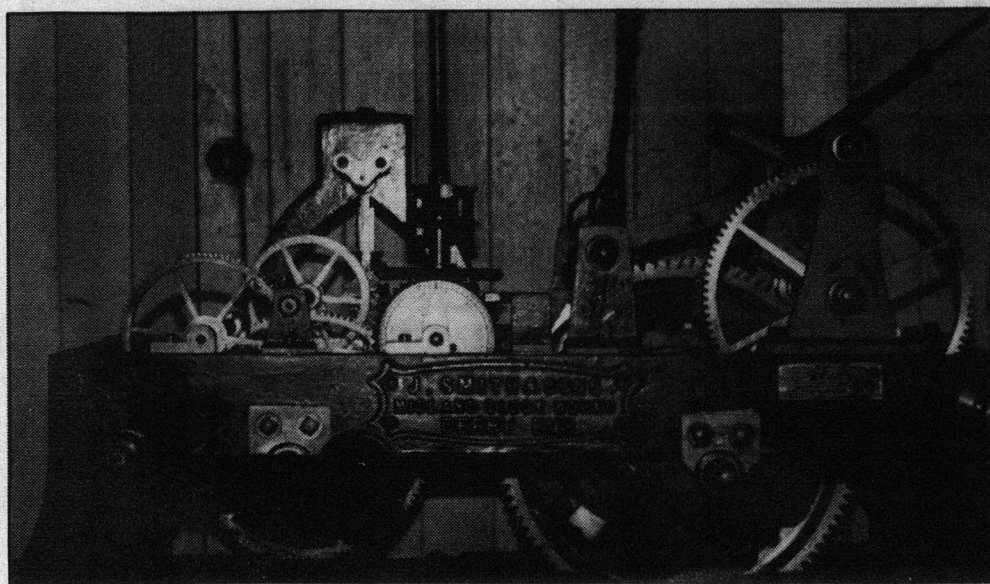
by David Fournier

**The New Solecists**

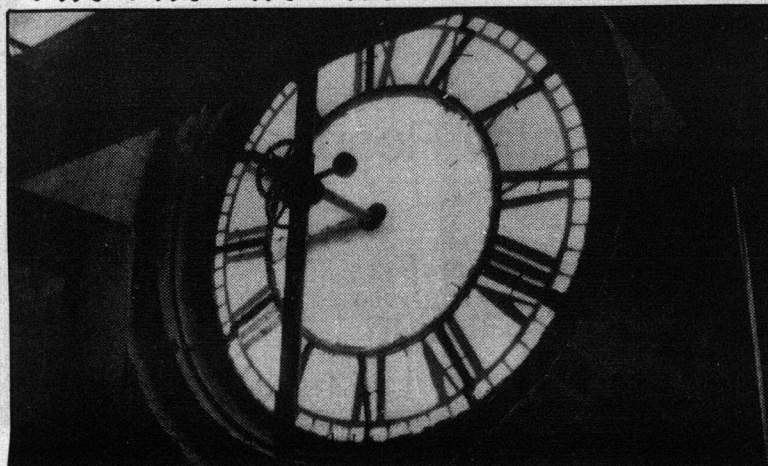
**sole.cism** (sal'e siz'm) n.(Gr. solikos,  
speaking incorrectly) a violation of the  
conventional usage, grammar, etc. of a language

We are the New Solecists  
windowless candle wax,  
humourless, wickless,  
grim

by R. Woodward



Rob Schmidt



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**The Armageddon of Jericho**

The walls came tumbling down  
But you forgot to take the ruins with you  
And now their shadows creep their hideous  
fingers across my mind.

by M. Mrochuk