0, 1990

fancy

oics

LITERARY

There's no need to search for words we can't find,
She knows what I think and I read her mind.
As natural as waves out on the oceans
Is our bond between minds and emotions.
This bond is deeper than simply two wholes,
It's connection of thoughts and marriage of souls.

Perfect balance, for each other were born.

For I am the calm when she is the storm.

When she storms, she will not storm aloud,

Just like me she is far to proud.

More than a friend, I can put that aside

And express my thoughts and not hurt her pride.

She is also calm, when I am the storm.

She pulls me from the rain and keeps me warm.

But when I am lost and in need of a friend

She'll come find me again and again.

She accepts my life, she can understand

All of my faults and me as I am.

These days of unrest are perfectly rare, But when I need her I know she is there. There is so much more that I'd like to say, I love you a big bunch, Happy birthday J.J.

"Compton"



Congratulations Debra Gottraux Thomas!

Debra has just completed an advanced hair cutting class at

Vidal Sassoon's Hair Styling School in Toronto. Along with her
many certificates and diplomas in advanced perming and coloring, Debra
attributes self motivation, creativity and the utmost in hair artistry.

Debra looks forward to creating new and advanced hair designs to compliment you and your lifestyle.

Call 452-0110 for your FREE consultation. 604 Albert St.

COUP DU PRINTEMPS

coureuse des cimes d'arbres la brise excite l'après-midi taquine du sang vert coule sur les champs de barbes brunes

le soleil danse nu plein de joie d'enfants qui naviguent sur les flaques pieds-nu en mars

les perce-neiges font fi de la morsure de novembre leurs cerfs-volants blancs volent sur le souffle du vent

le carillon éolien partage des cancans d'hiver le chat se roule dans la chaleur les souris meublent ses rêves

Diane Reid

Broken Dream

Look up at the sky
Ghostly ribbon
Imprinted
On velvet darkness
Woodsmoke tang
Floods knife - crisp air
With pictures
Of places I've never seen. . . .

African tribeland
Chants and rhythms
Feed the air
With expectancy
Bursting out
As explosion of motion
In campfire light
Shadow figures
Dancing
Circling liquid flames
Small pool of humanity
Under rich star field
Under spine of spirit-creature
Arched against the heavens. . .

Brought back in time
By screaming sigh
As jet cuts the sky
Backbone of night
Cracks
Darkness falls
Like blood
At my feet.

Geoffrey Brown