

## Special Pre-Election Section

# FOUR IN RACE FOR PRESIDENT

See Pages 6 & 7

He always wanted to explain things.  
But no one cared.  
So he drew.  
Sometimes he would draw and it wasn't anything.  
He wanted to carve it in stone or write it in the sky.  
He would lie out on the grass and look up in the sky.  
And it would be only him and the sky and the things inside him that needed saying.  
And it was after that he drew the picture.  
It was a beautiful picture.  
He kept it under his pillow and would let no one see it.  
And he would look at it every night and think about it.  
And when it was dark, and his eyes were closed, he could still see it.  
And it was all of him.  
And he loved it.  
When he started school he brought it with him.  
Not to show anyone, but just to have with him like a friend.  
It was funny about school.  
He sat in a square, brown desk  
Like all the other square, brown desks  
And he thought it should be red.  
And his room was a square brown room.  
Like all the other's rooms.  
And it was tight and close.  
And stiff.  
He hated to hold the pencil and chalk,  
With his arm stiff and his feet flat on the floor,  
Stiff,  
With the teacher watching and watching.  
The teacher came and spoke to him.  
She told him to wear a tie like all the other boys.  
He said he didn't like them.  
And she said it didn't matter!  
After that they drew.  
And he drew all yellow and it was the way he felt about morning.  
And it was beautiful.  
The teacher came and smiled at him.  
'What's this?' she said 'Why don't you draw something like Ken's drawing?'  
Isn't that beautiful?  
After that his mother bought him a tie.  
And he always drew airplanes and rocket ships like everyone else.  
And he threw the old picture away.  
And when he lay alone looking at the sky,  
It was big and blue and all of everything,  
But he wasn't anymore.  
He was square inside  
And brown,  
And his hands were stiff.  
And the things inside him that needed saying didn't need it anymore.  
It had stopped pushing.  
It was crushed.  
Stiff.  
Like everything else.



This poem was handed to a teacher in Regina by a Grade 12 student. Although it is not known if he actually wrote the poem himself, it is known that he committed suicide a few weeks later.