



Literary



PARK

People patiently patrol the park
Some sit on benches, stare at marks,
Or cars or dogs, little babies stumbling into walks,
Or someones' girlfriend or boyfriend,
And wonder what it would be like.
While all this time the caretaker,
Shovels, cuts and trims and rakes,
Everything into place.
A cut bare butt stares
Where once a limb stretched across a path
Or perhaps it was disease or acid rain,
All I know is that it's gone.

Cigarette butts and coffee cups,
Crumbled bark and styrofoam gather at my feet,
While white pine stands and shadows me,
Defiant of defeat.

A carefully placed time capsule, that honors nature's splendor,
Around it buzzes cars, like bees in mason jars,
Angry, Lost, Confused,
No time to stop and muse, or celebrate the view,
Endlessly circling on unnatural granite, acrid smoke.
Engulfing the planet.
While in safe natural parks we celebrate life,
And lie on the grass,
Carefree.

STEPHEN GARLAND

BOTTOMS UP

Where will we be
when a beaver must look at the price tag
in order to gnaw at a tree?

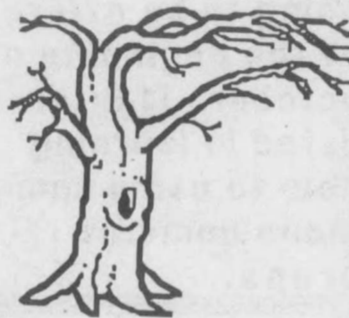
What will become of mankind
when it is more important to speak two languages
while the bill of survival is left behind?

Yet, the sun shines in all the wrong places
casting a long shadow
indiscriminantly over all races.

It was not you or me or they
perhaps, it was somebody who had not known
of the future way.

But, don't look far or near for a foe
for it is mankind himself
who is tying his own woe.

BRETT MULLIN



THOUGHTS OF EARLY MORNING (A MONDAY IN FREDERICTON)

Wave on wave of greenness rolls among the city's spires
Trees grow 'long every avenue and obscure all the wires
Bare are rooftops I can see, arrayed like glittering jewels
Their facets but reminders that we sail the ship of fools.
Overhead, the grey of sky - beneath, the heartless pave
Detracting from the glow of life portrayed by green-boughed wave
And yet reflecting of ourselves a grimness and a lack
Of emotionality to fill the pavement's smallest crack.
You wonder now oft I gaze upon those hills of blue?
Why I enjoy every moment - each lifetime - spent with you?
Why I need to reach out and touch the heart of someone near?
The reality of you is what I find so very dear.
A gilded cage cannot contain the beauty of your soul
For freedom is a vital part of that which makes you whole;
I wish for you, my friend, this joy that I have seen
In you - it makes the grey-wrapped city liven up and turn to green.
It's so easy to gaze and dream of things seen far away
Than to deal with the grey humanity you meet every day;
Apathy is everywhere, a single killing disease
I entreat each one of you to help me stop it ... please.

CHRIS H.



LITTLE DANCERS

Absence fills the seemingly sullen facade.
On occasion I feel spirits dancing in my soul.
Laughter from inside struggles to surface
And the dancers dictate all movement.

They're here, they're on the wall, they're mine.
Apparent scars mark my mind and pull me down.
If you keep your eyes in focus you can see the tears
And through your eyes you can see your own.

In front of the shadows I remain in solitude.
In this the mirrors reveal the pressures.
A voice cries out "What about the reflections".
Then the dancers furnish the displacement.

However down through the obscurity a halo appears.
The Little Dancers elude my soul with anger.
Subsequently my heart was lifted with desperation
And in the center of my eyes I find Her

But just in front of the smiles rapid flashes form.
In their quintessence they appear alarming.
The quest for freedom remains just a dream
As the Little Dancers regain dominance.

But in the centre of my soul lies only....
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