

Notes on a city

Halifax. From down on your slick slime covered waterfront boardwalk of rotting grey, to staggered, slatted northend dens and back again to southend spires; point pleasant gun turrets turning, to shade pissing dog by tree.

Halifax, you stand proud, the young one facing east, broadly baring your back to Montreal's insipid "Ou est Halifax?", Toronto's world-revolving-round-me Skydome attitude of self-righteous love. Go to hell with your C.N. Tower.

Halifax. You who grew strongly out of harsh Appalachian ground, deposited by some long forgotten glacial empire from across the sea of epochs gone by, having been ploughed down by Mont Blanc's mountain blast. War zone pit stop for sailors pissing English beer on the proud

Halifax, of the Jamaican rum runners, hiding away in cove, harbour, bay; hand made vessels of sleek design, cut blue Atlantic white capped waves; manual foreshadows of the coming of metal-hune, harbour-taking bastions of mans' inhumanity to man.

Halifax. Now you stand, grey mist covered morning cloaking you, hanging at your young aging shoulders; you, misty eyed, watching ferry run from Dartmouth over dense, green, gelatinous harbour sludge, docking down by pierside tourist-trapping bars neath seagull cluttered, cloudy blue sky.

Halifax, I remember you, with your hump back citadel mounted clock, ticking ageless time untouched, passing days on Lower Water Street neath mid-day summer sun cast down on Hollis Street, my Hollis Street, of midnight hookers, brewery market beer, black rose tattoos of death's head, angels, happy faces, hearts and crosses

Halifax, of my time, my weekly saturday morning pilgrimages from sleepy stagnant suburbia to Barrington Street, to endless wanderings along promenade shops, N.A.S.C.A.D. gallery doorway with lovers embraced, entwined, as I go racing to JWD, rummaging, a junkie for a fix, glue, binding paper, musty smell hung thickly in the air for me to hunt: Kafka, Joyce, Pound, Beckett, Allen, Kerouac, Dylan, Whitman, Bellow; a roster, a name call of men, with literate dreams, for other hands to grasp, for someone elses titles I pay an hours work in price.

Then

Halifax, I would go, far from finished, to Barrington's wind swept, dust and paper blown street, rushing me along, past mirrored window reflection of my young unhampered soul, unsoiled, unstained, free in the mid-August warmth of flower vendor dreamers, dozing in the shade of Parade Square monument to war fallen boys, a night time gathering beacon for angst-ridden youth.

Halifax, how long since I wandered green eyed down Argyle St. on a hot summer Friday night filled carnival of cars, taillights, headlights, dance music pulsating, with memories of Seahorse nights of cold golden draft, glasses emptied, filled then emptied again as I stood swimming in sweat laden smoke dense air, howling loud, long drawn to the dawn light, tattooed, plastered painted memories sprayed on my mind. I go tripping naked-eyed through asphalt streets, reflected with neon gaseous glow under full unblinking moon, lighting my path to church wall eating pizza, swapping stories and passing our change, cigarettes, to derelicts, drooling cheap wine and lysol, snot-covered, empty-eyed and lost, whete I go tripping home to bed from

Halifax, of the late summer change to mid autumn, leaf covered lawns outside library on Spring Garden Road, watching young girls in autumn wool sweaters, of green grey brown blue red blow past me in a wild-eyed, far from home freshman glow; minds alive with possibilities of things yet to be.

Halifax, I can't remember the last time I sat starry eyed neath Robbie Burns, facing Public Gardens gates of blackened iron as dark as the night sky above, holding precious few feet of grass, flowers, trees, round bandstand centrepiece of pathways and duckponds sitting counting endless stream of parallel people, cars and buses tearing by, leaving me breathless in their wake of wind, dust watering my eyes catching numbers: the One, the Eleven, the Sixteen, the Twenty, the Eighty; my life measured in routes of

Halifax.

Trevor Rostek

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