

Poetry

Photos by Judy Kavanagh

UPON YOUR DOORSTEP — an extended request

When I bring you bright green leaves,
When I bring you handsome wares,
do you thank me, appreciating
all my troubles, all my cares?
I arrive upon your doorstep
the rain has soaked my dirty locks.
Will you love me for my journey?
Will you be happy when I knock?

Lady of this modest house,
bless me with your company.
If I bring you poor man's treasure,
I expect your favor free.
My toes a-tap upon your doorstep,
my fingers rap upon your door.
I await your fearful verdict,
the knocker thuds just like before.

I claim the title of a backstreet lord,
and you are nothing but an orphan poor.
But I wonder at your beauty,
and I will die if you refuse me.
Let my break your heavy spell,
all your secrets you can tell.
The reasons they are plain and many,
why my promises are plenty.

O lady, feel the light of the stars —
to visit you, it's travelled far.
You shouldn't wear such a fine line dress
when I am looking such a mess.
But let me in, lay me down,
and if no taxmen come around,
we will rest in privacy —
alone together finally.

Andrew Bartlett



HOLD ON A MINUTE WILL YA?

I would rather
dive
than fall
into love

M.J. Corbett
June 12, 1979

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BE WARY

Be wary
of the Adversary;
He is never who you expect him to be.
If, for example,
You take my advice
He's me.

Simon Leigh



The Bearded Skull

One day hurrying
down Princess Street
I pass a limping
old woman, and see
soft snow gathering
in the stiff, rat-coloured
hairs of her upper lip.
I am reminded of a day
in late public school,
at the wood shop lathe.
When the class had ended
I passes a mirror
on my way out, and looked
into it to see myself.
There was wood dust hung
in the soft snowy hairs
of my upper lip.
I felt as I thought a man
should feel on discovering
that he is a man,
and I warmed with a pride
that could not have been
admitted. Now I hurry
past this limping old woman,
see the verses scrawled deep
around her rat-coloured eyes,
and a promise of the final kiss
brushes my bristled cheek.

Grant Heckman

AN EXAMTIME THOUGHT

Old Edgar must have been pushing eighty
When he stood, chainsaw in hand,
And watched in awed disbelief
The morning-after lethargy
Of his student helpers.
And said,
"Cheer up boys,
You'll be dead soon."

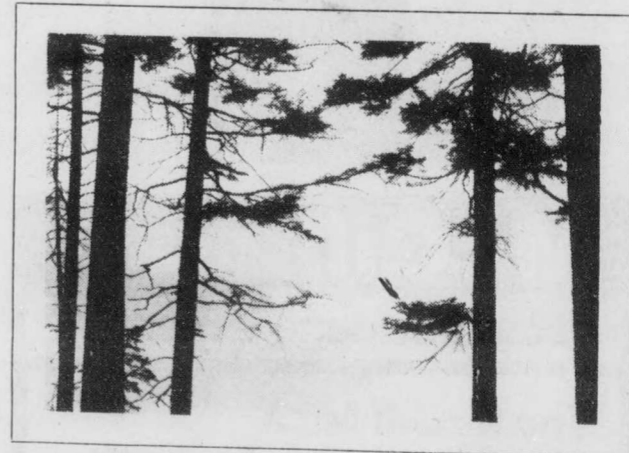
EVERYBODY IN HIS HELL

Everybody in his cell
Staring at the door
Sees the keys to pleasure
Turning more and more and more.

Anybody outside
Looking at the sky
Feels the key to joy
Les in learning how to fly

Somebody inside
Lying on his bed
Thinks the key to happiness
Is locked up in his head.

Simon Leigh



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