



When Nate was born, he come out wid' a second skin over his face like a veil. Nate mother don' want to hear nothin' 'bout de power. "He can't have no power because it ain't have no such thing," she say.

But Nate in de playpen an' he sittin' an' smilin' up at nothin'. He reachin' up an' strokin' air. His mother turn de other way. "I'm a modern woman, she say, dey ain't have no room for spirits in de modern world."

When Nate was seven he bring home a spirit for dinner. He pack de plate in front de empty chair an' his mother sit an' watch de food disappearin'. When de visitor leave Nate mother ain't say nothin'. What you could say to visitors you can't see?

Nate gone on a hike in de rain forest when he reach ten. His friends come back widout him. Two days de neighbours huntin' for de boy. De third day she find him in his bed when she wake up. "I went lookin' for Papa Bois but I ain't see him." That was when Nate discover how leather feel to skin.

After that Nate mother take even less kindly to spirits. Every time he start to talk 'bout what he could see, she hummin' "Rock of Ages". Nate learn to keep his mouth shut.

But on nights when de weather good he's wait till midnight. Then he's steal out to de front steps an' sit an' watch douen rompin' in his yard. Dey tossin' dey big straw hats in de air an' dey laughin' hard. Dey grin at Nate but dey don' talk to him. "Douen ain't playin' dey lucky, nuh," Nate say.

Micheline Adams



as i came
when i came
i met
an
eddy
vanishing into thin airs
vanishing in violet rays
papa's soul
in final soar
and i,
anchored before the
harbour

esiri dafiewhare

muscle of (the) Broken and Blue

April Bulmer



children in the yard

children were sleeping
when I went past,
sleeping in the yard
hands across their stomachs
gently feeling their breathing
hardly touching the air

C. Steadman

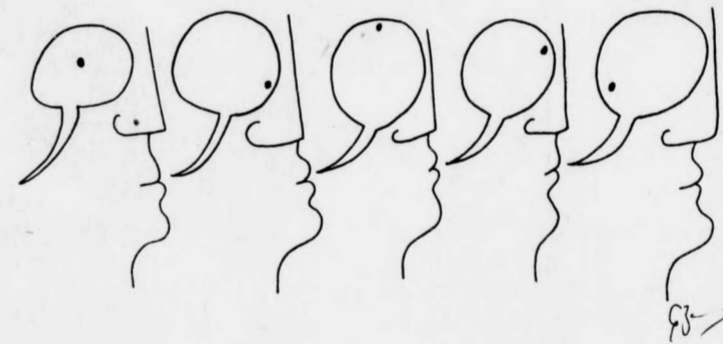
a long time ago, a man
no ordinary man, a man with dreams
yes dreams and disorders
he exploded in her face
twenty years later
no less a punch in the face
she says

Irene with no money
and four baby boys struck out
and built a house and worked
seven days, seven days seven nights
and worked for her boys
baked bread late at night
at night the rest of her life
this is life? yes
she says

And through time, lots of time
the boys all passed school
with socks on their hands
to make it through winter
so poor, charity at Christmas
eating bread and tinned fruit
they thanked God, praised God
for their lives, long and good
she says

Irene's now old, well fifty
yes old and the sons are mechanics
and two are married but
they all live at home
extended in the basement
and I visit Sundays after working
with Irene, she drinks a beer
we both play cribbage
she shows me the garden
and tells me she likes this
growing things, watching life
and time, all the time, happy
she says

Paul O'Donnell



The Chain Poem

"Q" attempts to involve both readers and writers in the writing process by initiating "The Chain Poem." What we hope to achieve by the end of the year is a complete collaborative poem created by "Q"'s readership. Each issue will feature the poem as it progresses. Please submit no more than three lines. And remember, the first submission begins the poem. Watch it grow! Just like amazing sea monkeys!

"Q" ed.s gary barwin
nadine rusinek

Next deadline for "Q": Wed., Nov. 20

JERUSALEM

the stars
in the blue black sky
they blur
around the stars
of Orion's belt

the grave
stones in
the military
cemetery
all
revolve around the central
cross

and all
the bus
passengers move
around the man
the oldman
aging
and
the numbers
vague, blue
through the hair
on his arm

Jerusalem
moves around
the bus around
some spine
below the stars
in the blue black sky

and all
the hills
around her
heave
dance
like the bride
groom
on a blanket of arms

Chris Warren