

POETRY



Twenty Blocks

Wanting . . .
 Longing . . .
 Twenty Blocks
 Cloudy and dingy grey without you.
 Bought and paid for you are mine
 for such a short while.
 Bought and paid for I am yours
 Eternally . . .
 Fifteen Blocks
 Insatiable thirst!
 Queen street to Bay street
 Social boundaries mean nothing
 Down town can come uptown and vice versa.
 Ten blocks
 Completely confused and
 Running now . . .
 I can feel my heart Straining to burst free from my chest.
 Five Blocks
 Broke.
 I ask a man for money.
 Willingly he gives it
 lying gutterbound
 in a pool of his own blood.
 Ahh . . .
 Better now.
 Chemicals taste my mouth.
 Smoke curls from between my lips.
 Addicted?
 No!

Starflight

Beyond the light year's reach
 Beyond the furthest star
 You can see fantasm's rivers flow
 Vast
 And mighty fires
 Amid
 The endless void;
 Where time is naught
 And the light meets night's line
 Explosions
 Of supreme and fearsome power;
 Glowing -
 Whites and Yellows dazzling
 Shining -
 Blacks and reds diffusing
 Arching -
 To the mountains:
 Ashes,
 On winds of oblivion,
 Lighting,
 But for a moment,
 Like winter's lantern,
 The unknown thresholds
 Of my path

Bernie Johnson

One Sense Too Many

I stare a thousand sunsets,
 Believe my own true lies,
 Watch an old man dying,
 Disturb the empty skies,

Sea air sensuous adventure
 Trapped in the sand of time
 Buttered popcorn aroma so carefree
 Guilty of an innocent crime

Taste of goddess fruit divine
 Racing but not reaching a mile
 Cotton candy hungers sweet souls
 Misunderstanding an empty smile

Tick tocking clock whispers hypnotic warnings
 Journey down make-believe street
 Sacred cry of a suffering heart
 Innocence captured from one too sweet

Touching soft petals of wild flowers
 Dream dancing despite an angry storm
 Soft kisses embrace one warmly
 Perfection is only an inhuman form

Daily doses of life explainable
 Yet one joyfully and painfully remains mysterious
 Confusion refuses to be avoidable
 Love?! Makes the heart, soul, mind delirious

Deborah Ruth Wilton

Twenty blocks is as far as I would go.

Al Zymer

*3 watercolour originals depicting rare parrots of the
 Caribbean. By Christopher Cox
 Now on display in the University Club in the Old Arts
 Building.*

