

“The envelope please...”

Finally, the moment everyone on this campus has been waiting for... these are the winners of the Brunswickan Poetry Contest. Starting below and continuing counter-clockwise are 1st, 2nd, 3rd and honourable mention.

Our staff was very impressed by both the quality and number of the entries. Over 75 poems were submitted from students, professors and others in a cornucopia of poetry that showed a terrific range of styles and subjects.

Many thanks to everyone who took the time to enter, your poetry should be appearing in the next few weeks' if it hasn't already.

A last word of thanks to Professors Cogswell and Colson of the UNB english department who donated their valuable time to judge the entries.

NO FOOT PRINTS THERE IN NIGHT LIGHT

the fence stands leaning a little
the ground is soft some times of year
topped with barbed wire behind low
buildings in the compound
outside the river bank drops
to the solid face of the river, white
and stretched away under bridge
against the other side
the bank is intermittent with bushes
small trees and fully covered by
snow, crisp because a freezing rain has fallen
the bushes still and moving slightly
in a breeze unlike winter
snow molded clinging to the stem
and branch, and coloured patient
are waiting
for one to come leaning on the fence
to watch, solitude
for death or small animals
to pass
and for spring

M.J. Corbett
Feb. 9, 1981

DETRITUS

I remember
windswept faces seaward-looking,
fingers interlaced and specked with sand.
Tactile nervous and expectant.

I remember
waist-high grasses matted,
passion players to an audience of birds.
Soul and hip linked.

I remember
the strange decorum of our wordless speech
defining the intimacy of an early morning shared.
Like photographs,
these are post-mortems
on the past-authentic to a barren parable
of youth.

Greg Betts

IN THE STORM

the cows at night
run free
like country dogs.
you may see them
move through trees
the snow blowing their shadows,
to be ceased
on the river
like broken thighs.
i walked that night
hoping to find a man
fumbling in the storm
or a cat
or to be found myself
annointed by salt trucks,
my lips all ice.

Katy Farrell

SALAMANDER

“Lying face-down in crystal pools
And cold stone black
Stopped still as ecstasy-
Lamb that knows no other.”

Desperately calming, standing unmoved
Wet brown leaves watching (strays).
Elephant of spite, the pulley has creaked a rusting
Stopped (wet splinters).

However sinewy the writing coils
It lies
With heavy malice in standing water
Eel of evenness, wetly slapping at a dark cracked face
unbroken

Stained smoking fleece
Rasping shadows stalk a shadow-death
Rocks slick, splashed snow brown air and night
Moon companion

Yet I've seen wheat and smelled wild pine spice
Speak as one
Racked heads leviathan-lowered, bowing
Thresh ready, cold whisper
Choked throat of ice
Arid, piled high (a bound scaly death) in dry crackling
bundles.

Green gold sparks scattered
Gathered in flame.

I feel it
I feel it

How to rise descend fall encircle drink discard
I feel it
As true as white bark stretching over cracked flesh
Spidering wrinkled fingers claw; vomiting at laughing stone.
Spread outlined before a darkling hand
I can breathe (the very bloodied air)
Gasping sand and salt and wet, slick grit
Tides of black poolish water, marked
Standing open-armed in the rushing moon
Then rolled, covered with casual power
Towards sinks and sweet warm depths
Eddies of liquid slide down (a viscous ease)
Green shafted space
Slackly current-strung loose joints gesture
Breathing ocean now.

John Bingham