

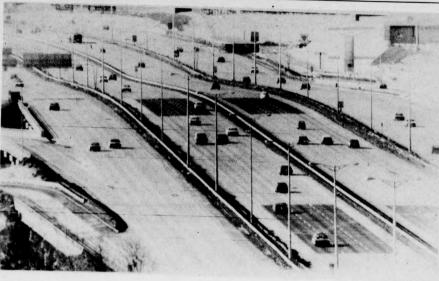
Poems by Ross Ringler

I Am A Crucifixion

I am a crucifixion that no one hangs on a golden chain between silent fleshy altars.

So I ask you to genuflect and accept. Your mouth to envelope and draw in my praise and to sing it out.

At apocolypse rivers shall announce my coming and you shall judge me when I, an icon, a lover, topple.



These poems met on a frozen Toronto street. They were icy strangers who asked nothing of each other but ask you to allow them some warmth from your mind. — R.R.

Oscar Wilde once said minor poets write the poetry they live, they experience — whereas a great poet writes the poetry he dare not live. Ross Ringler disagrees. "All poets have to experience the art of creation that caused them to write the poem."

Ross is a second year Honours English student in Founders and he writes about what he knows best — the city, in particular, Toronto. "I don't like cities at all although I've lived in one all my life — they tend to crush any creative spirit. People become too involved with cement, glass, metal. .." For him the image of the city is a very cold one. "It's not necessarily Toronto. It's just the name of the experience — it could be any city".

Leonard Cohen is one of the few modern poets he really likes. But Cohen writes of art as the reality of his existence whereas Ross says "I'm mixing up religion and sexual love," adding, "Actually I'm trying to show to a certain extent sexual love is a religion."

What does he plan for the future? "If I graduate I have a lot of things to see — I haven't really experienced life yet. As I experience it I'll write about it."

These poems express his impression of five people of the city — a pervert, a lonely derelict, a drug addict, a horrified observer and a person who has grown up there. "They are miserable people. People who suffer have an affinity towards each other. Suffering is a deeply religious act — it brings the sufferer to a certain plane or level of awareness concerning his surroundings." He feels a poet doesn't necessarily have to suffer himself but he has to sense their reactions.

For Ross poetry is "the most expressive medium of communication".



Photos by Alan Lamb

Alone - Sing

As my history ends
I want to look from a window
at a man
looking from a window
at me
looking from a window.
Heather
come quickly
how I hate and love
my history and solitude.

montage

Toronto Trilogy

I passed monks selling medallions, earrings, and love potions. I met prostitutes who longed to give me icons. I observed perverts cultivating thorny rose gardens.

White faces in square windows devour the city's excretion of chrome and colour.

Theatres vomit their dinners of faceless souls onto the cement and glass street.

Music falls from second story windows, to die, as it kisses cracked pavement.

Flashing neon lights electrically torture ancient buildings into dancing spastic steps of half-life.

Hush! Listen!
Outside your door I stand, hunched, trembling, wringing my hands.

Montage is your creative arts forum.

Each week students' work — poetry, short stories, graphic arts or photography — will be featured.

Contributions should be addressed to Kandy Biggs, Excalibur.

Would the finder of this bottle please deliver this message to Heather (etc) find me inhaling the dark find me drinking the quiet find me injecting the cold find me, please

(I can offer no reward)

A Brief History of the Sad Child

Then the children knew me as a child Aware that a dirty snowbank is an essay on misery Aware that a cigarette butt is a kissed then discarded lover Aware that every razor blade has a cold and helpless victim

and now

please don't talk of children's sadness for sadness is a cross and children contemplate the parish adoring a crucifix when they are given a hammer and nails to play with.