



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.

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.*

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.*