

WATER BABIES

See how the wild Malthusian sled bears down in perigee
Upon those naked bodies that marginally press
The very gutters of survival
As a bachelormind saves face
On an infallible rule that long ago
Syncretized sex and procreation
In the name of a quintessential Love
And a parthenogenic Birth.

Man's daemonic urge meanwhile
Has forced the coded cipher DNA
Whose diatomic chain outweighs
A heavy water fallout
That mapped into precambrian mud
A new found land of *Eozoon canadense*,
Or is it to be *Apsidella terranovaica*?

This recent cyclic tremor of an erupting biosphere
Bids fair to win the mechanists a birth in vitro
And quite nail down a mystifying God who
-- O wondrous cheat --
Has ordered creature man by weights and numbers!

Hear now the blastulating Word evolved
Through Democritus, von Baer and two Haldanes,
Now carolled forth by Patrick Watson,
Superficial Observer and
Late of seven days,
On the sixth day of which,
Jehovah delivered man from Tiamat's womb.

Fasten upon this alembication of autotelic man
Whose zymogenic enzymes,
Souped by Sol Spiegelman,
Scoops yet another revised standard version of the poem
Abio-
Genesis,
And ends forever the Simian embarrassment,
Shelving an aecumenical climacteric
Upon a new plateau which,
High or Low,
Is left to capsulated carapace,
(To all-knowing 'cogito')
Poised in cosmos yawing now in apogee
On the terminal Faustian choice
Of genocide or worship
For this test tube Child.

O Malthus, where now is they sting?
O sturgeon, where they virgin birth?

f. eugene gattinger

CLASSROOM CHOLERA

Words words,
Smiling words,
In and 'round-
rusty sound;

A jangle clangs to get across,
And wincing,
we are vaguely lost;

The master speaks-
we sit like dogs,
bumps on logs;

Teacher smiles,
Warbles words;
And many now are lost in worlds
of daydreams.

phyliss kokko

DROP BY DROP

Silently they fall
as I reach out for you;
and splatter on the paper
of words I have
in front of me- as I reach
for you, in the deep wells of my mind,
they fall silently.
Drop by Drop.

greg physick

CAISSONS

Blind men with sticks
tapping in the darkened caissons of the mind,
in code,
a frightened tapping,
clear and far,
but only tapping!
Faintly, clearly, it is he,
who in his darkness,
gropes up the sides of slipping walls
that curve forever on in purest light.
The tapping's gone.

It never was, it couldn't be.
Was only echoes,
thrumming round the blackness of one's own tomb.

And yet the blind men saw,
in faith he threw away the groping stick,
and walked the sides of night
and into light that only faith and not
the truth
provides.
In faith we wake.
In faith we live,
In faith we love.
For truth can only show the madness
of the frenzied sounds that echo round the caissons
of the mind and leads to no place but to sit in
rubble tumbled heaps of trembling fearful nerveless
flesh that wimpers at echoes of the night and
woe begones itself in the silence of the
endless echoes.

clark hill

WHO?

People ask me

What I would like to be,

When I grow up,

(whenever that should be.)

A teacher perhaps? or a white collar worker?

A scientist?

A writer?

An elected politician?

No!

'What then? have you no ambition?'

There is,

but but one thing I wish to be:

A god.

I wish to touch reality and breath existence,

To comprehend infinity and experience nothing.

I am mad.

john maly

NOTE:

The ten poems on this page were selected from the sixty entries in Excalibur's Poetry Contest. The poems were submitted anonymously to the judges who are members of the English Department. The poets will each receive a pair of tickets to The York University Players production of Dylan.

Portraits of Friday #1

6:20 AM Keele and Turnberry

Sentinels, awaiting winter dawn-
The street beacons link-touch up Keele
And cautiously peer between picket slats
Down the marquis of solid duplexes

To glimpse at the in-glaring floodlamps
Exposing the zig-zag of walls
That stair-climb up around smoke-stacks,
Behind the stockades of ruffled tin.

Deisel's light squeals up the siding
Boring into the packers' gases
That ooze from lumber and rusty piping
And dribble out from scrap metal piles.

Bus doors jerk open in robot salute
And the first workers gasp in shock
As the corkscrew of cold
Twists their still-snoozing stomachs.

Then shopping-bag clutchers flow mute
Down the truck-path
Each snug in himself
With his mind on his punch-card.

colin rutledge

To Genevieve Anne with Love III

Pale purple amber snow
breathes in the sunset of
a fiery kiss
of freezing clear light that sings through the branches
and round, off, and over hills
ice sheathed in dazzle-bright
white and clear coral,
as laughing, my love and I,
drift through blue shadows
that lengthen as hands touch
and we
wander.

clark hill

The Beauty and the Beast

I yearn to spread
The beauty when I write,
Of real things:
Of warm touching eyes,
Of dappled melancholy,
Of smooth skin and hair;
I yearn to share my heart,
To let all of us in on me- and to
Expect the same beauty from you.
But the soothsayers blinker me:
They say Prometheus
Stole fire from the Whore
On Jarvis,
They say my frame
Is full of termites,
And I'm beginning to agree.
So they've forced me, you and everyone
of us,
To grovel in reflecting street puddles,
And to see only,
The corner sluts and prosperous pimps.
And the world then shouts, 'These only are real!
STARK, FAST AND REAL.

When a passing car splashes mud,
And defiles my lips,
I taste it because I have to;
I am the PRESENT MAN-
Who feels the mud because I have to;
Much muckmand much grime-
Mummified with reality by passing cars.
Now resurrect me- Your Earth Creature,
Who fumbles of reality,
And chants your song:
'The girls I know,
Are pregnant;
And the boys I know,
Are not.'

So force me to spread my guts
Instead of beauty,
And force me to say I preach reality,
And offer your icicles hanging
From that red glow;
And when I'm dying,
Splash mud on me;
And when I rise,
Take Your Earth Creature,
And let him sit on your French Provincial,
And run to see the soil.

Take your Earth Creature,
Who chants your song,
And spreads his guts:
I am the Present Man,
And he's your child.

richard pearce

-untitled-

the salty wave
of a backward tide
sweeps a film of green
across the mind still basking
and pounding roars
as the solid cliff
of dream is quietly
stolen
by persistent
penetration

the
tower
of
sweetness
melts as sugar in an acid
Thou art but the second reading
of
a
bouncing ball.

ann dimuentes