

~~Literary~~

Literary

Remembrance Day Reflections
With Apologies to John McCrae

By Dawn Leavitt

In Flanders Fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly...

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders Fields.

1986

And now we lie
In the weary graves of free Nicaragua
In the body dumps of El Salvador
In the mountains of Afghanistan
On the battlefields of Beirut
And the bloodstained streets of South Africa

November 11 - the two minute silence...
A time to remember...
Uncle Frank, Canadian Army corporal, World War II
Gone now, like many an old soldier...

I respect and honour their sacrifice...
pray for my generation's freedom fighters...
And curse the warmongers and profiteers
who feed on their blood.

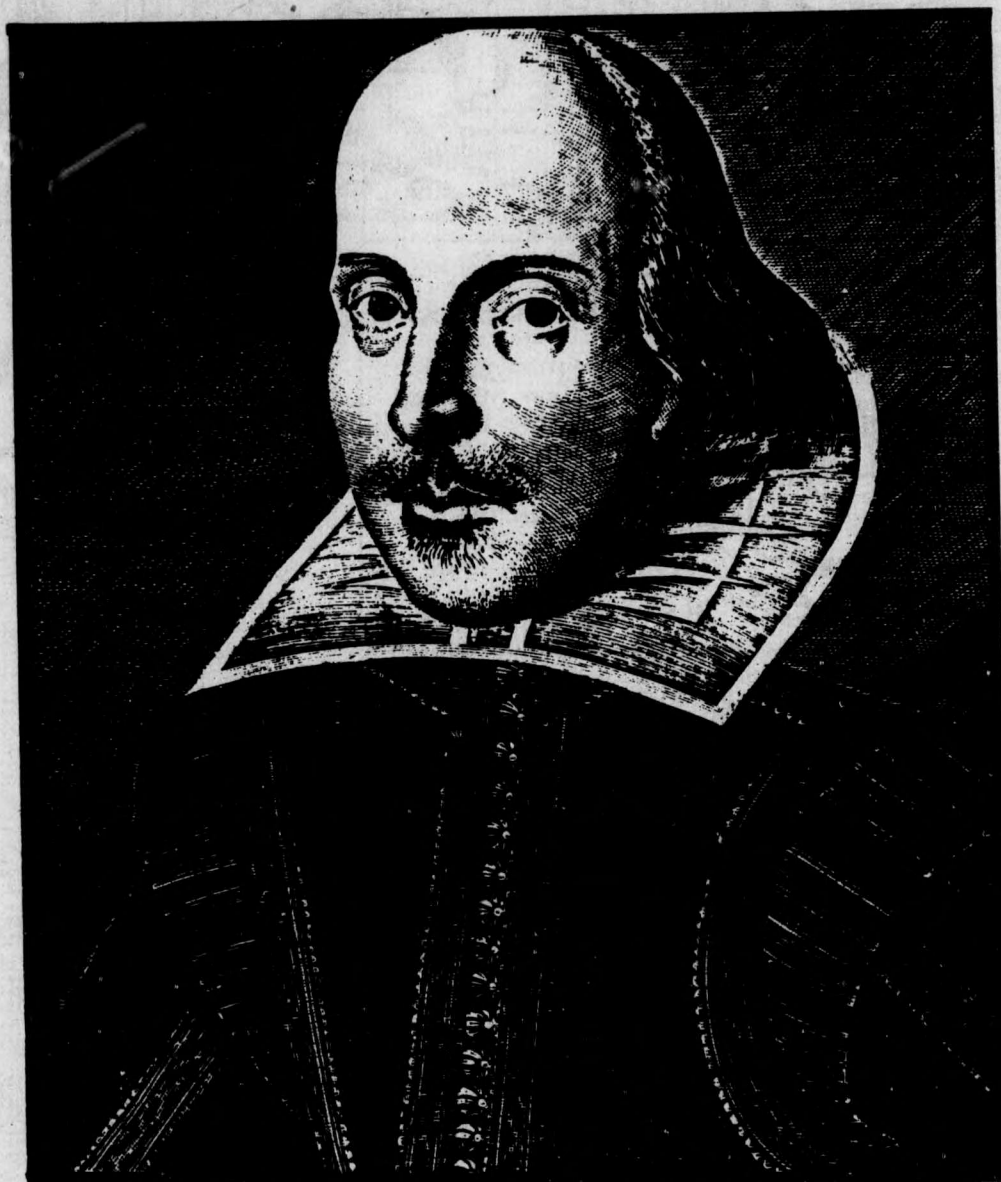
The Reasoning

If only -
Why should I?
Because there's more -
There's time.
But time is passing.

M. Jane Amott,
BA II

By MARK STEVENS

Yeah, yeah...I know what you're saying. "Every well-balanced page needs a well-balanced editor." But unfortunately I've had an incredibly hectic week. Apart from being inundated with material for this page (just kidding, folks), I've been asked to try and make this lit. section a regular feature.



'Will' Power

DEATH OF A CUISINART

Edith Maple

If contemplation is the food for thought,
then I'm starving.
Decisions crushing me in this blunder of life.
But love shatters the glass of my Cuisinart
mind.
The pureed thoughts fall into place,
Ah, the sweet taste of success,
But only my true friends indulge,
In this feast of gourmet thought.

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YOUR Friends ALive
The Bruns.