



Literary Page

Sport

Tough, rugged men
Trek into the bush
Carrying their trusted weapon
Hoping to score big.

As they near a clearing
Off in the distance they spot
A splendid, majestic creature
feeding quietly on clover.

The rifle rises,
Aim is taken,
Then a shot.
The animal falls

Dead, or near death
The deer lies still.
Helpless, it looks up
As if to plead for mercy.

And with its eyes
it seems to say
"Why did you kill me?"
Just as the hunter removes his knife.

BILL McCARDLE

Classified

Starving poet ready and willing
to prostitute his out-moded art:

Will lay you a bawdy sweet sonnet
with roses of black and scarlet;
will tease you a couplet of erotic sky
with or without an evening tryst star.

And if you've a preference for modern
aux imagiste, cubist or dada,
he'll father the bitch unreal
and deliver her out of the vortex.

Or if you've a lust for a canto
he'll mate you for half of a pound
or a gondola of Pisan bright lira
a maximus/minimalist marvel.

Or if you swing beat
or post-modernist rhythmic
he'll scatter seed nothings
to seduce you to tears.

All for the mere price
of the trick of his soul:

Send a self-addressed envelope
and your poetics of preference;
mail with a condom
to the box number below.

D. W. McDOUGALL

Sentries imagine hostile forms
frozen still in the flare's white light.

Short bursts of machine gun fire
penetrate shadows in a corpse ridden no man's
land.

Pre dawn silence when mud uniformed men
snip barbed wire
just feet above burrowing comrades and
enemies.

An artillery barrage
softening well entrenched battle numbed
children
who endure until the next wave.

Carl, his back to the front
haunches on calves putrid water sucking his
feet
readies himself to go over the top
to meet the lead splitting flesh.

Malcom McDonald

From the staircase there is light
as the children peek around the corner
large shadows
dance on the wall
as tiny feet
touch velvet toes
on the cold wood floor
shadows bob
sneaking past the door way
peeking around another corner
fearlessly they go forward
as hands reach
deep
then deeper still
to retrieve
the last chocolate chip cookie.

LINDSAY BABSTOCK

To float a wish upon the sand,
a little boat upon the sea.
The wind came up and
tide moved in
and the wish spun merrily.

CHRISTOPHER

My Sight

This city shimmers
from the glowing sunlight
shining down upon it.
The trees, orangey red
are scattered
amidst the buildings

The streets, quiet
for the moment
are covered with leaves,
As I peer down on the city
from this window.
It seems huge yet silent.

The sky, covered
with grey wispy clouds
yet blue in spots.
The river calm
and almost effortlessly
flows along, just as my life does.

BILL McCARDLE

Remembrance Day

In my dreams late at night,
I often envision a bloody sight.
Sights so gruesome I wake in fear,
Echoing gunshots is all I hear.

I find it hard to fall back to sleep,
my dreams have started my skin to creep.
They seem so real and yet can't be,
men screaming and dying in all I see.

Then I remember about the wars,
where few men decided the fate of more.
But all the medals were given to men,
who sat and decided the fate of ten.

In these wars where young men died,
Their wives received news and for weeks they cried.
Remembrance Day is for those men,
who fought for their country until the end.

Michael Coleman

POISON PARTY BLUES (Part III)

The poison's down and in the drain
Sanity returned with the morning pain
"Never Again!" the world swears.
And life goes on...

RICHARD THORNLEY