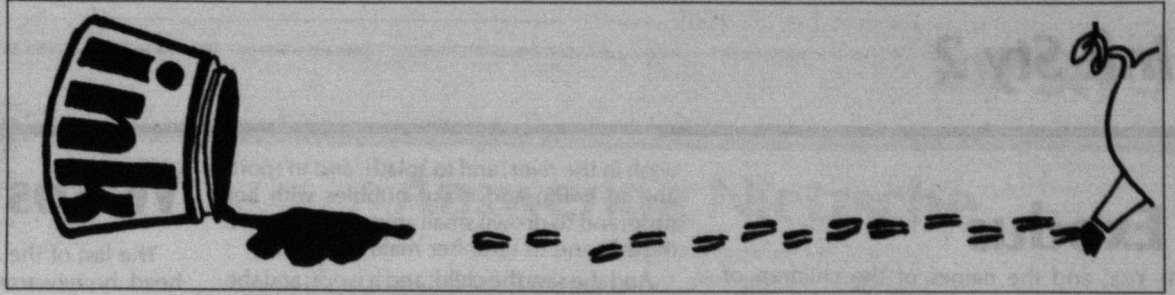


# INK STY



...a presentation of the English Club.

## The Phoenix

The Phoenix and whose ashes will  
become the being of Fate?  
When the wings are spread and rising  
as they are of late?  
The cry curdles blood in veins  
as the mountains lurch and leap.  
The sky flashes white with lightning  
and the Phoenix harvest is reaped.  
Canyons fill with flying dust,  
sand from countless ages past.  
From whose ashes will the Phoenix rise  
to work for Fate at last?

—Lesli Dagleish

## Phoenix—a Biography

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever  
shall be, Amen.

There was and is and will be a Phoenix,  
Being a flicker of flame in the whirlwind of  
existence;  
Will be woven among and yet beyond the  
familiar fabric of the world;  
Watched as new wild flags unfurled;  
Delights in the desperate passion and exultant  
life and expenditure of breath...  
What did she care? She is immortal!  
Yet how well she knows death.  
Has despair, will hold delight, owned delusion  
And more. She could not help but empathize  
Despite the danger in mingling too closely  
with mortals  
(They are scorched!). She lives on. Time does  
not vandalize.  
Age is no bane  
Until loneliness devours her again.  
She despises the deformity, baseness of the  
world—  
Banished ashes from bronzed crest and will  
be cruel:  
Curses cast, harshness hurled—  
Then discovers the folly of the love duel,  
The monstrosity of maintaining need  
Being singular, unique, alone.  
Yet she endeavours, did not heed,  
Will hew her own heart (invulnerable to any  
injury but her own).  
She cannot perish for love, neglect, hate  
Until loneliness in fire fetches fate.

—Jennifer Neville

## Phoenix Love

I  
The Phoenix and  
the Mockingbird—  
he killed her with  
an unkind word.

The Phoenix and  
the Unicorn—  
she died, impaled  
upon his horn.

The Phoenix in  
the Dragon's fire—  
a final death  
proves she's a liar.

II

self-destruction is not love  
burnt repeatedly to ashes  
solitary in an egg  
within concave, mirrored walls  
self-creation does not love

—Sharon Howe



## A Jingle

I speak  
with the tongues of women,  
a clanging symbol

I cannot move mountains

burning, burning, but  
provoked  
how could I discount your wrongs?

my unkind,  
arrogant,  
lover  
you rejoiced in her body  
-did it feel right?

all things considered  
you have failed  
you have accepted the  
partial

I speak  
not as a child  
for I have done away with you

I will NOT abide!

bad luck comes in three's.

—Teresa Pires

## In This Space.

In linen, in secret, inobtrusive  
Lovers touch. In this space which so many  
Would deny us, here I open myself  
as does the flower to your intense warmth.  
While stern day looks on we may here  
exchange  
Secret for secret, each living moment:  
Your calm wisdom tempers my flighty  
thought.  
In awe we reflect each other, and I...  
I breathe you in, out, in this space. And yes  
I know you touch as moonlight the contours  
Of this mind. And perhaps I you provide  
Some little wonder too near forgotten.

Our union is intimate harmony:  
Mind, body and soul, you make my light  
sing.

—Leslie Vermeer

**Ink Sty** is a presentation of the English Club and The Gateway newspaper. Any submissions for the club's journal may be sent to Teresa Pires at Box #5, SUB. Other literary or essay

submissions may be sent to Randal Smathers or Ron Kuipers at The Gateway, Room 282 SUB, for inclusion in either "Grey Matter" or the Entertainment section. The English Club meets regularly. See "Footnotes" for details.