

Literary page — Poetry edition

Reading

by Sue Jackson

Oh, the staleness of books
that I do not wish to read.
Are you reading? You must read...
Continue, please.
I read, it's red, no, no not that socialist-
(You know, that witty one, with all the
words).
My eyes are red.
In fact, my eyes are pools of bloodied veins
(Don't look *that* up in your thesaurus).
Plus, I cannot breathe-
Between those words there is no place to
breathe.
It is like this:

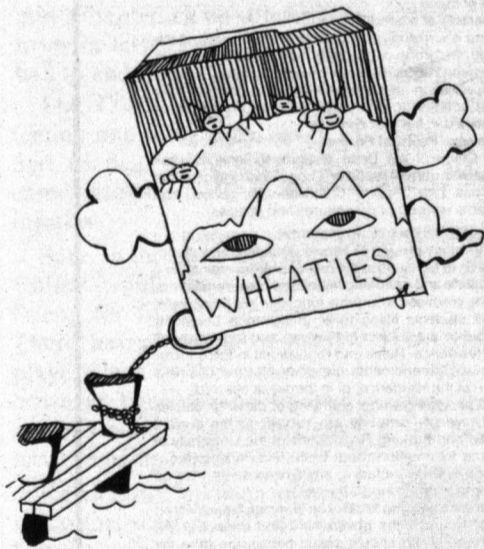
But that theseesthatRomansarebutsheep.
or
Americaisfullofbeautifulfineupstanding
people.

or
Togethertheyfastenedachaindowntoacorner
oftheculvertssecuringittotheprojecting
timbers.

See?

Sometimes I slide into that great green
bookstore
And buy books I'm not supposed to read
and put them inside books I'm supposed to
read
and read them when I'm not supposed to.
So there.
Because when you slam an institution's
door...
Well, stale does have a smell.

And I expect one day, I will go straight to
hell.



To the Graduate Student

by Eloise Murray

they say you are thinking about staying
in grad school if this is actually so
i would like to pass on a few handy
hints about what to expect you have
had your transcripts analyzed to
pieces but there are many things that
are so important that are not even
considered for instance please give
some thought to the following do
you know how to type fast and accurately
when you have had no sleep for nights
and nights have you seriously thought
about problems mental and physical
involved in the completion of a
thesis do you really know what is
meant by a tight thesis have you
contemplated the agonies of taking
statistics all of these things and so
many more must be considered and yet
the administration does not seem to
give a hang about them and so for
your enlightenment we present this
little treatise on successful thesis
writing and everything else that is
important where is the shift key
on a typewriter

Watching Ken, Watching Barbie

by Richard Thornley and Martin Warren

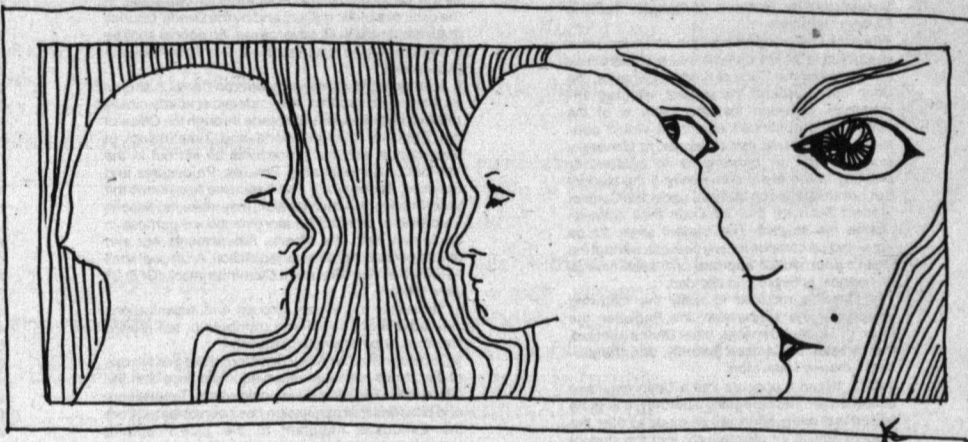
Little, slitted eyes let the light shine through,
Should I mention ...? should I say it...?
Ken is watching you.
Change the mirror setting slowly then
Turn on the light.
Beneath the glass he becomes engrossed
- Quite Holy -
Watching Ken, watching Barbie...
Every single night!

"I saw the length of what was washed,

The drain was clogged for months!
I saw the patches on the clothesline,
Coloured deep and dark and moist!"

He saw her watching other things:
the parts she dipped, then dried.
After this, he told himself,
His own parts will have died.
The Aqua Vulva opening
came close to speaking twice
While both their real mouths shut up tight
With dreams of paradise (PARADISE).

"I get my kicks when he gets his
and she gets hers, alone...
Watching Ken, watching Barbie..."



to Wild Cove

Pirate's Treasure

by Carl Leggo

In the low summer sun my children
are walking a yellow road across the cove
plunging into the water away from me
sitting on the gray beach writing
a poem about long Sunday afternoons
in July and August when my father drove
my brother and me out of the city
through Gillams
and Summerside

so he could sit on the beach
and whittle boats out of driftwood
with jagged circles of tin for rudders
rigged with cereal box sails

(Bobby Orr with strong knees
laughing over a bowl of Wheaties)
launched without champagne
three or four at a time, all the same
while my brother and I swam
like Johnny Weissmuller and wrestled
crocodiles and buried one another
like the Cherokee buried their enemies
with just heads sticking out of the sand
so ants could eat their brains

(my brother claimed ants would die
from malnutrition in my head)
and my father baked in the sun
and whittled an armada of sailing ships
and for years Jacques Cousteau
shoving the Calypso through garbage
in the oceans of the world
has been cursing my father's boats
and now I write, the flotsam
of memories whittled and shaped
in words and set afloat.
What will Jacques Cousteau
say about my poems?

and twirled him round
and round
like a helicopter
ready to fly
(Dale's father was no Errol Flynn).
and sparks of silver
change flew
and Cec and Macky
and Frazer and I
looted a pirate's treasure
of nickels, dimes, quarters
and bought hard candy
(three for a cent), bags full,
sucked all day
and still had some left
for tomorrow

Who's Afraid of Jacques Cousteau?

by Carl Leggo

Dale's father
(small and dark like Errol Flynn)
sometimes sold men's shirts
door to door
on the Great Northern Peninsula
from Bonne Bay to Griquet
but mostly dressed in pale pink shirts
and mornings
paraded down Lynch's Lane
and Old Humber Road
to the Caribou Tavern
and afternoons
visited Mrs. Birch (tea, Dale said)
until one blue afternoon
Mr. Birch (uninvited)
joined Dale's father
at tea with Mrs. Birch
and the hill was a bonfire with curses
when Mr. Birch
thrust Dale's father
(bare feet, gray pants, no pink shirt)
high above his head



Booze Brain

by Richard Thornley

Just one drop
fell
Into the brain, as the bucket collected the
rain
And his hand snapped
Right off his wrist
So he missed
The table
And fell.
Another TALE to tell...

Philosopher

by Terry Geddes

What vision is mine when on thee I gaze.
What tender thoughts fill my weakened
mind;
What fiery feelings doth my heart amaze;
What longing to touch thine soul do I find.
Through thine eyes my vision becoming
clear.
Merged with thine thoughts my mind
strengthened amore.
Thine heart banished from mine my only
fear;
A soul longing to be as nere before.
What vision is mine when on thee I gaze?
A beast, a slave, or mere creature I see?
When thee lift my thoughts and my heart
amaze,
When thee draw my soul from me to thee?
An enlightened poet, scholar, and friend,
None other for me, pray tell what thee
intend.

Sacrifice

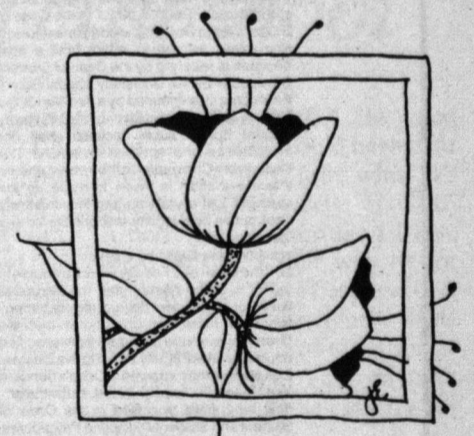
by G.N. Mohankumar

The roses in my garden,
Red, pink, yellow and crimson,
Swinging their heads
In that evening breeze,
Made a welcome pose
When I was to repose.

I made my way into the garden,
To meet the beauty maiden,
Tiny pearls in clusters
On leaves, stems and petals
Threw a thousand sparkles
In that evening sun.

As the days passed by
Concolorous caterpillars
Freed from the pearly shells
Gnawed the leaves, stems and petals.
And threatened devastation
Of the helpless roses.

I was to wipe the creatures out
Ere they wipe the roses out
The roses whispered to me
"Let them live; Lest thou
will see no butterflies."



Christ

by Mark Primmer

christ is sitting in a hotel room
finger tapping, tapping, tapping...
he is waiting
- perhaps you know -
for his second coming
the P.R. men sit next door
looking at their watches
what's the time?
is it time?
saints roll in
stats roll out
with sad reports of loveless faith
Presley's manager is on the phone
charging them advice:
"they don't believe that he's alive
you've got to make a stir
couldn't he
write a book or make some speeches?"

Graphics by Joanne Elliot