

POETRY

BEASBY'S OBITUARY

Your birthday — the wine, the cake
 the atmosphere of family
 a quiet album, considerate words
 the smell of the fire,
 the warmth of our union
 the ease of our love

.....
 If your mind was of silver
 And your heart was of gold
 Your thoughts would stay young
 Your loves never grow old

If your mind was of platinum
 And your heart was a jewel
 Your emotions would follow
 And your virtues would rule

If your mind was a diamond
 Your heart was a jade
 Your memories were forever
 Your loves never fade

If your mind was decisive and
 Easy to make
 And your heart was a habit
 Not easy to break

But your mind has many dreams
 Of some you'll forsake
 And a dream is a wish that
 Your gold heart makes.

If your mind was a diamond

.....
 Some people like to look at the tree
 Some would rather smoke the weed
 That's not what I need
 I get high on the sunflower seeds

Some wimps have the maddest faces
 When they find the shells all over
 The place

.....
 In beer mugs
 and on beer suds
 in, on top of, and
 under their rugs
 in some of their socks
 and in their mail box
 but to hell when they say
 "put them in the ashtray"
 let them fall as they may
 and that's where they'll stay
 but after all
 the seeds are small
 and you're not tall
 so don't bug me HALL

M.W.M.

GOOD OLD TEN-PENNY

.....
 There's three beer left on the shelf
 The first will let me forget tomorrow's assignments
 Once that's gone the next will go fast
 And I may get quite witty
 Or so my reflection tells me
 Then there's the last one and the night's almost over
 And maybe tomorrow won't be as bad
 Though if I'm honest today wasn't impossible
 But yesterday, was a trial, so I guess
 That means I'd better get ready for tomorrow
 Now

g.b.
 Oct. '78

.....
 My motions, unintended
 the capture of the moment
 a living statement or a fatal trap
 the gleam of the tiles
 the pain of two souls
 the end our love.

g.b. Oct. '78

.....
 Yes I comprehend the wind
 It's words parallel yours'
 In their intersity
 Yes I see the season's passing
 The time is finished
 for our sun
 No I don't believe in springtime
 The snow lasts too long
 To hope it'll thaw
 No I won't face the seedlings
 They're too much like you
 And that means pain
 Yes I'll monitor the migrant pattern
 Maybe now I'll follow, knowing
 It's not the path home.

g.b. Oct. '78

.....
 BEAVERBROOK ART GALLERY
 NOON HOUR FILM PROGRAMME
 "VENICE IN PERIL"
 "RETURN TO FLORENCE"
 Thursday, November 2, 1978, 12:30 p.m.
 Admission Free

T.G.I.F.

.....
 You cannot see the fear of rejection
 Which monitors all thoughts
 Nor are you aware of the pain of commitment
 Locking doors to ensure solitary confinement
 When the skeleton in the closet
 Keeps the nights eternal, the days a trial
 And all around take arms and judge
 There's no one to ask for advice
 For none can put down the mallet
 Long enough to listen to the cry of a heart
 Stretched to its limit in search of blood
 I await the creaking of bones and
 The peace and contentment of senility
 To have passed a life among people
 And left no ill-wishers, have caused no pain
 Have crushed no egos, reserected no insecurities
 To never have crawled behind the mallet
 And let the spirit be displayed
 Ah yes, to be alone is anon-risk enterprise.

g.b. Oct. '78

HUSH

.....
 A myriad of thoughtsights on a cold November
 day.
 See
 Card dust swirls down grass fenced road,
 A bloody blackbird
 soul searches, within; long, long ago.
 Sun dew sparkles in morning still,
 Clouds swirl, lightning clashes down waterblack
 skies.
 Snow sculpts; complements reasons.
 Cold . . . bites deep, to the heart; fulfills.
 Mist curls above each lake.
 Heat melts,
 Makes the young young . . . younger.
 Live again creeks and frogs, stones and fields and hills
 and trees.
 Water cleans the body fresh within and out;
 And deep within.
 A needle bends.
 The carpet floor on sand prick feet.
 Memories . . .
 The city turns and burns . . . and freezes
 A nail sticks through a grey loose board and enters
 me.
 A pony laughing with an empty saddle.
 A bee upon the skin
 A scream, a cry! tears flow free and
 Running ringing tiny feet do fly so fast to home
 . . . so often.
 And fear of wrong and guilty hiding
 At doing wrong,
 And wonders everywhere
 An hour in a treetop
 Where the world is quiet.
 A drip on a rainy day.
 A cold wind blows.

..... A Hush

VAUGHN FULFORD
 Oct 1977

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Tangent

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You can listen
 to them. . .

But, you cannot
 hear them!!

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