

scribblerist

PURCHASING A LANDSCAPE PAINTING

*I remember now
(upon seeing this picture)
a time when there was time
to walk the woods,
with head thrown back and mind at rest,
and see the thousand tiny suns
that dance among the highest trees —*

*Yet I can't remember
when this was
nor where, nor God knows why!
Perhaps this is too fanciful
and I should look for something
more Concrete.*

—Jim Burdon

CANTON

*violet water lillies
jade plums
moist almond eyes
and the sweet yaw of the erhu
delicious mooncake festivals
bowls of alms
kong hei fat choy
dancing paper dragons
and glistening steeps of rice
wiped away by the lazy bliss of English poppy*

—M.R. McFetridge

MY OLD GRADE SCHOOL

*The window sill of cold metal where
my tongue sticks to dry ice, where
a poor girl without underwear
plays skipping rope at recess, where
two boys play catch with kittens, where
I gather them up and take them to
Mrs. Wise, grade three teacher, where
I take Orange George home, feed him eyedroppers
of milk & pablum, where
George grows into Tom and roams our neighbourhood
randy and mooching, where
George came back one day and
on the black and white kitchen floor
threw up rat poison while
I was at school and died.*

—E.A. Johnston

CENSORSHIP

*I hate
your actions
what you stand for
you
no longer feel
simply operate.
Remove the passion
from the arts.*

*With your red ink
and hack-slash mentality
you cut down art
and artist
then leave the bloodied scene crying
"Next."*

*You say you're just
filling a need,
solving a problem.
You have the personality
of the guillotine —*

*I can't wait
to see this
lying bloodied on your floor
or in your basket,
staring blindly
like an ancient revolutionary.*

—Jim Burdon

REMEMBERED RHYTHMS

*Spring leaves slacken
to summer's beat. Sponges
of moss, wetly-soft,
resonate as they cling
to the northern part of a trunk.
Rimmed by shadowed green, he sways
and remembers her
in the canoe
like a bottle drifting
an important message
away from him.*

—E.A. Johnston

DAYDREAMS

Tone drowned and deaf

Listen

*To eyes closing, and a
brain slowing, as
the voice dies
down,*

*To a pillow
of thoughts
and brainless decay*

—A.J. Simpkin

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