

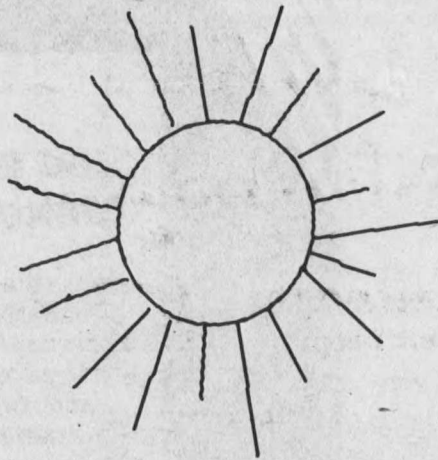
# POETRY

## INS AND OUTS OF THE SECRET TOILET PART 1

On campus are some small, spare havens  
labelled MEN and WOMEN:  
idyllic washrooms.  
One forund I call my own:  
furthest from the door pink tiled  
more spacious than the rest (mere turnarounds)  
with widening wall and space  
for coat removed and books and baggage.  
My seat of contemplation:  
a perfect reading room (right off a reading room)  
and brighter than the others  
due mainly to the window. And what a window!  
No rippled glass or barrier blocks; no smeary paint  
to act as privacy between me  
and my naked skylight in on me its prisoner;  
but high and wide saist to deiling terrazzo silled  
and on a warm day its ancient screen  
part clogged with dust and tenuous breathing webs.  
I lean and gaze into that outside world  
watching squirrels  
leaping in the first flush of winter melt  
from larch limbs  
to the darkening pines that blot  
a fresh blue wash of void above  
as all the intellectual traffic curves me by,  
and from this plumbing nook of quiet repose  
imagine I am sighted form the road  
engaged in gazing here and thought to be  
no more than just another  
caught in a chain of thought  
reaching out through academia.

(to be continued. . .)

Pamela J. Fulton



### Destruction Rides The Wind

Over half the world destruction rides the wind  
kingship of fire born of caves and castles  
unto some mother a leader is born  
down to the great ocean his lifespan is worn  
hired blood and true minds are intermixed  
and in some room the seal's fixed  
upon the cloak of politics  
to take the task the moment picks  
ripples, eddied, waves and tides now whirl  
confusion and change endlessly twirl  
each bright spark thinks 'here is our age'  
but now once more the planet is rage  
no sooner does light pierce the dark  
when a bullet cuts down the prodigal spark.  
Vehement is nature in her hours of work  
with rainstreams and windcanes down on our Kirk  
and over half the world destruction rides the wind  
kingship of fire born of caves and castles

Stirling Lyons

## From the Litterbox



### Transcript of a telephone call:

Voice: Fredericton City Police department.  
Marks: Ummm...about those Colombians and Venezuelans or whatever...you sure they didn't come from Belize?  
Voice: Can I ask who's calling please?  
Marks: Look, just tell me if there is any possibility that they're from Belize?  
Voice: We can't just release that type of information to any one that calls.  
Marks: Okay, look, I'm a reporter, an intrepid one, and I'm.....ahhhh.....just trying to write a story about this.....and ummmmm.....I was just thinking that these guys may actually be from Belize.  
Voice: What is your name sir? And what paper do you work for?  
Marks: .....I can't just release that type of information to anyone. Look, if there's some reason that you can't talk right now, just cough.  
Voice: We can't release any information to you until I can establish your credentials.  
Marks: C'mon, I just want to know if there is any chance that these guys are from Belize.....or Rwanda.....or....  
Voice: Sir, I have to inform you that all of our incoming calls are traced. If there is some reason that you are trying to hide for not telling us who you are, then you had best disclose it now.....  
.....Hello?.....Hello?

### MEMO

To: International Police Cooperation Officer  
From: Duty Sargent  
Re: Trace of incoming call/suspicious person.

The trace of the call (see file 567455) indicates its origin to be from Washington, D.C. The information supplied by the local telephone company in the area shows that the call came from a private extension mobile phone registered at the address: 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. They also report that more information about this phone number has been classified secret by the United States Secret Service.

As per Op. Proc. 324.232.A.998.g(2-5), the case is now turned over to your department to proceed with further investigation.

### Transcript from the Dubin Inquiry:

Marks: I never once took drugs as an amateur athlete.  
Lawyer: We have some strange reports from people who saw you when you were trying out for the Chicago Bears NFL football team. These reports on your behavior would seem to indicate that you were taking drugs.  
Marks: ....Well....ummmm....with the Bears? Uhhhh....well, that was as a pro. And purely on the advice of someone, I think, and the drugs weren't illegal or give me any unfair advantage or anything. Of that I'm certain.  
Lawyer: And what drugs were these?  
Marks: Haven't a clue.  
Lawyer: On to another topic, Mr. Marks. You, at one time, had a close relationship with Ben Johnson. During the period of your association with him, did you ever see him take illicit drugs, or counsell him to take steroids?  
Marks: No, never.  
Lawyer: Do you think that you may have said anything to him that would condone the use of illicit drugs?  
Marks: Well, no, not really. But, you see sometimes, he had problems understanding what people said to him, and I remember telling him that a stereo might help.  
Lawyer: A stereo? Please explain, Mr. Marks.  
Marks: A stereo. You know, like a Walkman or something. So he could listen to something when he was running.