

Private Perspective

The principle of credence
Is not attained by an overflow of love
But a vigilance of it.
An abundance of love invokes jealousy,
A touch of credence invokes trust.
With jealousy one will suffer
With trust one can conquer.

Gail Kanaswich

Piled high trolleys, bulging sacks,
Fev'rish eyes, and broken backs;
That we may wander hand in hand
Through this once so pleasant land
Searching through the litter heaps;
Seems likely they'll be here for keeps.

Plastic bags and woollen mitts,
[These make cosy homes for tits],
Empty packets that once held fags,
Not to mention filthy rags;
Paper pieces, large and small,
Plenty of litter here for all.

Pepsi cans, both flat and round
One for every yard of ground,
Icecream wraps and paper cups
Nobody ever picks them up,
Drinking straws and polythene
Such a mess you've never seen;

Banana skins and orange peel
Gaily thrown with common zeal,
Polystyrene, bottle caps;
Tags that from the pop can snaps
Lie like leaves about your feet
No way do they enhance a street;

Broken glass on grass and edge,
Under bush and tree and hedge,
What's with these humans, one and all,
Ain't they got no pride at all?
I tell you, to us winged folk
It's far from being thought a joke,

Though we are simple peaceful birds
We really are at loss for words.
What makes these humans think that litter
Makes life in this old city fitter?
If we, as birds, so fouled our nest
The cry would be, "Get out you pest!"

Now listen here, well mark my words,
A mess like this ain't for the birds!
If you to such a life aspire
Go live with humans in their mire!"
As birds we have our pride, you know,
Though we may venture high and low

In public park or riverside
By mirrored lake or surging tide,
Where humans like to recreate
We leave it in its virgin state,
We leave no garbage in our wake
Can't they pick theirs up, for goodness' sake?"

So next time you see a humble raven
Remember that he thinks you're ravin'
To actually choose to throw
Your piles of junk where'er you go.
Pride in tenure's not 'just for the birds!'
So this plea is, in simple words—
DO NOT LITTER!

Margaret Burke

A Craven Raven Raves.
With apologies to Christopher Marlowe.

'Come live with me, and be my beau,
And we will wander, 'said the crow.
'But not in meadows green and fair,
Instead, through Halifax, where
A paradise for scavengers lies
Right before your very eyes.

Why go afar to Bedford dump,
When here within a skip or jump
We may browse about at leisure
Taking our time amidst the treasure
Lying thick on path and street?
For folks like us it's just a treat!

Not for us the white man's burden,
Problems of the common herd, in
Supermarkets, shopping carts,
[It's no wonder they have 'hearts'],
Spending, buying costly wares,
Who would want a life like theirs?

The Group

We seem to others a cacophonous camaraderie,
a brazen herd, and
a screeching pack.
Not quite a key club, yet
we are closed.
Don't bother to knock,
if you know us you walk in.
[All wear a common yoke,
but we admit no common yokels]
Our Round Table may be full of disagreement,
the music of this, rubato—
Yet we have all agreed to remain—

Exclusive.

E.S. Joyce

The Difference

Woman, the Innocent.
Dreamer of life and more,
Must never judge man
By the measure of his love for her
But by the impression that lingers
When he is gone.

Man, worldly Strength.
Realtor of dreams in life,
Must never judge woman
By the measure of her love for him
But by the knowledge that she lingers
When he is gone.

Gail Kanaswich



Dal Photo/Delorey

Midnight Hour

Unsnapping the st
is like throwing thaster switch.

A black explosion tower.

Closing the gate, nder for the hundredth time.
Two hooves dangboxing gloves—above my head.

Rearing as an auti rocks,
Running until onlymal remains,
Routing the whip, boots,
the stink of oil, ar, fresh paint,
striking at the crs, the syringes, the hollow wall,
turpentine and rns his prizes,
a blaze of lightsidney's hand on his crest,
the ravenous shvs that leapt from beneath the coop

as he leapt,
constant strappistinging wrapping, frothing sweat—

and cold st
The life of a prional athlete.

45 grand! boasts prt from his perch.

Muscles gather, krtwist in awesome tension
threatening to tear satin hide.
Then the release—from a mammoth catapult
in one last catharturst.

Wavering on his hthes, nostrils flaring
he snorts at that miliar scent that rises from the open
marsh.
The gate open, he'rs his head.
I slide the heavy dshut and snap the latch
—he'd do it him if he could.

S.F.M.

I'm getting married mother
In a church dear
In a wood covered with snow
Better an altar in the house of God
That's what I said mother
In a wood covered with God
Is he kind and caring
Yes mother a gentle lover
But is he ambitious and determined
Twice a day mother
Not always gentle
And children
I am one and a half years pregnant
Matthew Cain, mother
Of the bible strong and willful
In Australia mother
A fertile womb in a barren land
Born of lust and fire
He'll be a dreamer mother
And I won't make him
Go to church
He'll sit in the woods mother
In a wood covered with snow
And the spirit will speak to him
In a wood mother
In a wood

Mary Pyche

Schleswig-Holstein

The countryside
This landscape between two seas
A narrow neck of sea-washed property
Made two nations' child by history

Is:
Wind-swept
Brisk and green
Wet and ploughed
Rolling in the east
But so flat in the west
That they say you can see your visitors coming
A day before they arrive.

Ancient dykes guard the North Sea coast,
Timeless Nordic graves dot desolate moors.
Glacial lakes, long domesticated, snuggle the contours
Of ordered Holstein fields,
And lonely, single farm houses with thatched roofs
Keep watch on tiny North Sea islands.

Glenn Walton

The Forecast

IF you believe in astrology,
I can satisfy your love for me.
Since, I am Leo without the moon in Mars,
I'll get you under all the other stars.

IF you were born under Gemini,
That is twice loving
And not a split personality,
Magnifying your love for me.
Since, I am a Leo with a rising sun
Our dawn will never come.

IF your moon is in Capricorn,
To us many babies will be born
Taking us both to infinity
Love and life in Eternity,
For a Leo who lives by the stars
And his Gemini.

Rustum Southwell

Brick pervades:
The churches
The farmyards
The patricians' family homes
The edifices of officialdom:
All in burnt red earth,
Raised to ordered solemnity
In straightforward Hanseatic lines.
In Schleswig you can visit the cathedral
And see the Brueggemann altar
Carved passions spilling out of Gothic frames.
I discover there, in a side chapel
A rosy-cheeked saint, of inferior workmanship
In chipped wood,
Gazing solemnly and perpetually to heaven.
His simplicity moves me more
Than the allegorical riot of the main altar.

I walk cobble-stoned streets,
Between low neo-classical facades
On a modest, northern scale.
Sometimes with steps leading up.
I stand in a doorway with an old man, away from the rain.
He is ninety.
He tells me that the secret of his youthfulness
Is to stay awake in the spirit.
I say that the air here is good.
He shows me where I can eat
And pats me on the back when we part.
A few streets later, a plump woman glowers at me,
And I wonder what I've done.

The sea is never far off.
The clouds that race across the sky
Are seeing land only briefly.
They will throw their sudden shadows
On the beaches of the Baltic soon.
Men on ships will look up at them,
And still wonder what weather is in store
In half an hour's time.
One never knows.

This land is not mine
But has much in common with my Nova Scotia homeland:
The sea, the sky
The ever-changing weather
And the provincial spirit.
Is it the coolness
That keeps men here apart?
For their talk and their gaze
Reveal to me the loneliness of the moor,
The melancholy of the forest,
And the final power
Of the ever-churning seas.

Dal Arts Society poetry contest winners

1st prize of \$75—Gail Kanaswich
2nd prize of \$25—Glenn Walton
3rd prize of \$10—Rustum Southwell,
Mary Pyche, and S.F.M.
Honourable mentions: E.S. Joyce and
Margaret Burke.
Prizes can be collected at the SUB
Enquiry Desk on March 30.