

# POETRY...

## The Anglican Cathedral

The morning: brisk, a trifle grey  
 Our souls full of things to be thankful for  
 Together we walked down the hill  
 Quietly rejoicing in every step,  
     the air, the turning leaves,  
     the sad yet sweet church bells chiming  
 Reminding us, in our simple bliss,  
     to hurry on  
     to church.

We entered into another world  
 Ancient, strong, and secure.  
 I felt humble and so small.  
 The organ music full and sad,  
 The choir in their collars and caps  
     took their places.  
 We sang the hymns  
 (what a beautiful voice he has, I thought)  
 And said the ceremonial prayers.

And then, we drifted far away  
     —from each other, from the reverend's voice—  
 To say our own prayers,  
     heads bowed, hands clasped, and kneeling.  
 God knows what our inner voices said  
 Amidst the cold stone and multicolored glass.  
 We shuffled with the rest,  
     up the steps, past the choir,  
     to kneel at the altar rail.  
 We took the wafer and the wine.  
 Communion.

We stepped out and into the world again,  
 Full of thanks and hope.  
 The sun was bright, the air was fresh  
 And we were together and alive.  
 Uplifted, without knowing why,  
     we walked together up the hill,  
 And once again it seemed to me  
     some feelings can be felt only when we  
     cease to seek the reason or the cause.

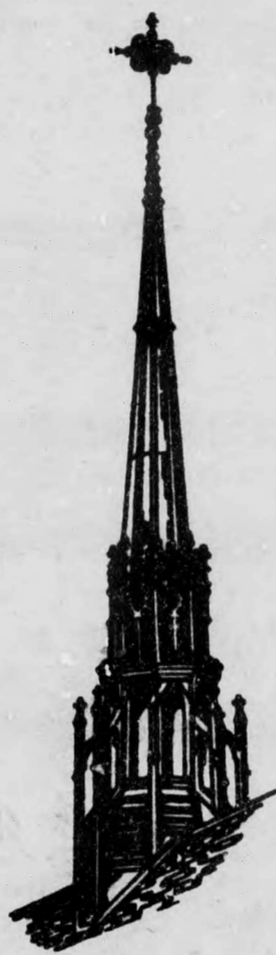
—Cathy Baker



## The Printed Word

The pen  
 Is mightier than the sword.  
 The typewriter  
 Combines the virtues of both.  
 But the printing press  
 Composes the communiqués for posterity.

—Leo Ferrari



To discard all images  
 Leaving their impressions behind  
 Of burning hearts  
 And tortured souls  
 And soft silent tears

Smouldering . . .

Without name  
 Without country  
 Without passport . . . . .

Pour périmer toutes images  
 Qui laissent un arrière gout  
 D'espoir incandescent  
 D'angoisse  
 Et de larmes silencieuses

Insatiable comme un feu qui couve . . .

Etre sans origine  
 Sans pays  
 Sans frontière . . . . .

—John Max



## Autumnal

When Autumn comes to Birchleyville, it comes with a vengeance.  
 Birchleyville has Autumn like no other place I've ever heard of.  
 Each leaf is turned one night to pallid yellow  
 And falls in the general torrent on the morrow.  
 The old men to a man forget each others' names,  
 And even the art of cursing in the old style is lost.  
 The sun pours hot and pitiless through the naked trees,  
 As eccentricity loses whatever charm it may once have had and  
 Crullers in the glass bowl at Smokey's Diner sour on the public tongue.  
 Hound dogs bay at outlandish vehicles on the turnpike,  
 Harvest home is so listlessly regarded it will not be honoured another year,  
 Women's curlers weep at the sight of turkeys in the market,  
 And irrelevant children walk soundlessly to school.

—William Bauer