

# POETRY

Finding  
 Searching  
 Touching your inner self  
 Vastness  
 Space  
 Room for more emotions  
 Draining  
 Weakening your soul  
 Lifting  
 Giving  
 Stretching your love to everyone  
 Accumulating knowledge  
 But never really knowing  
 Clinging to lifes' ropes  
 Only to find each one getting shorter  
 As time goes by  
 A tiny eidolon creeps silently  
 Into the dark depths of our minds  
 Only to find itself crowded by other images-  
 of dreams,  
 of life,  
 of love  
 Of sunsets soaking up your attention  
 Hovering just above the trees  
 We are all there,  
 if only for a moment,  
 a melancholy moment.

Janice H. Price



A harvest moon in the evening sky  
 a tangerine suspended in a blue hue.

blades waving in the breeze  
 rocking to and fro, towards and away  
 from each other and conversing  
 in clusters and apart, with  
 others who are greener and  
 more like themselves and  
 ignoring the thistles and  
 growths nearby

puffs and tufts of flakes  
 falling, touching, softly,  
 faintly our hair and eyelashes.

KATHRYN POPOVICH

One Night  
 I remembered  
 the look of how  
 our eyes met  
 so often  
 as we passed  
 through similar moments  
 together.  
 With my eyes,  
 I gave to you warmth —  
 What was it you gave?  
 Somehow,  
 I felt warmth back,  
 but wondered if it only  
 became real through  
 my imagination of  
 wanting it so.  
 Then —  
 You were here and  
 I was here.  
 I questioned the closeness  
 I began to feel inside for you,  
 wondering how this could be  
 possible only after choice  
 moments spent with you.  
 Now —  
 You are there and  
 I'm still here  
 looking for your eyes  
 to meet mine again.

HEATHER TRECARTIN

Cloudy days  
 Endless nights  
 Watching time pass slowly by  
 Remembering what will be  
 And hoping for what has past  
 Rocky ledges, greenest hedges  
 Winding roads and paths  
 Unravelling that woven amity  
 With more or less who care  
 Dark figures haunt those minds  
 With the purest pleasure of all  
 Bringing disruption to that setting  
 Feyish-graves of loneliness  
 That seem to last a decade  
 Oh, so nice to hear just once  
 A lively chortle of joy  
 Rising the forlorn spirit  
 to the heights of happiness  
 Where one finds peace,  
 serenity,  
 a shimmering smile,  
 Received by lifes' only escape  
 Just that simple fragment of friendship  
 That everybody needs, friends.

Janice H. Price

Thoughtful words, loving eyes  
 His presence as good as gold  
 He knew me then as if like magic  
 My dreams unfolded  
 Like clay he could mold them  
 To fit his every wish  
 Those feelings locked inside  
 Were my only hope  
 But he too, found the key  
 Oh, just once his voice so harsh  
 Or was it only me?  
 No aegis could protect me  
 He gazed on through  
 But I knew, oh how I knew  
 Acceding with it could only be true  
 His vision was oh so clear  
 Only life was really a mirage  
 Those deep greens and blues  
 He so often used,  
 Just waiting for you and I to hear  
 Now give up that drivel, "Well, they do it, so"  
 That bosh filled day after day  
 He was there, he is here, he will always be there  
 For no one can take that away  
 Life is too short, just brevity of a sort  
 Giving hope,  
 giving love,  
 giving peace,  
 Shall be the beginning of all ends,  
 To exist,  
 to pray,  
 just to be.

Janice H. Price

ey in Europe. He  
 working with  
 was eight years  
 that he is still

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