



THALIA

BIG-DADDY©

Kruger and the Clouds

Kruger's mother dragged him from his bed.
 "Kruger, come quick!
 The clouds are falling from the sky!"
 One arm in his robe,
 Kruger peered out the window and saw that it was true.
 "Mother, the shovel!
 We must find the dog!"
 But the door was jammed and cloud was seeping in.
 Kruger's mother fell to her knees:
 "Father in heaven,
 you bring heaven down to swallow our children in renegade clouds."
 Kruger, in terror,
 covered his ears and tried to break his skull.

Stuart Ross

these cats
 toading up the lawn
 great hops of fur-grey under
 swing-belly clouds
 paw for bug, ripple black
 through ripe green—
 a wind of sinewy spines
 timed to a tail.

Laura Lush

Diana's Acrobat

Her father swung from the rings of saturn when the moon was full. Smelled of green cheese. Lunar dust beneath his fingernails. And she would look up and up, look up into that crater faced old man, wondering why her roots were attached to the sky.

Wondering if her children would kneel to grandpa's orbit while she whispered, "blue moon I stand alone".

April Bulmer

my sister took me to see a man play the accordian with hands that came out of his shoulders

he played somewhere my love my sister knew words by heart after behind the tent we talked to the man whose mother had betrayed without knowing.

Joanne Clark

They dance the way the night breaks when it's mad for rain intent on clatter intent on making a fissure letting go of their thunder in a final heave of hips and thighs.

Barebreasted they itch their teeth on pie plates wear their colours till they clang bodies to a red fevered pitch flap out old lean tongue songs and pointy whistled cries— tune their skin to swell their drink shrink when dry.

After the last clap, the window slamming back down on its ledge— they'll cut the blonde cut the blonde right out of their hair, watch it fall like the first of sun splitting the morning hard and yellow.

Laura Lush

Amputee

She thought she should attach fig leaves to her cuffs. Hide them like her 'down there' parts. Protect them from others who might pull at them, yank at something they had no right to. She didn't like them. They ached when she was tired. They would sweat when she was nervous. They cooled when she did. They betrayed her.

She wished they were small and chubby, then she could fight back. She wished she could raise them to her eye level and punch so she could feel the sound of that word. But they were long and fine like her mother's nose. They were inherited like old money and the family home, made for china tea cups and *petit fours*.

She had invested in a series of gloves and pants with deep pockets. She stopped using them in public. She nodded politely when introduced for the first time, and gestured with her head if asked for directions. When questioned, she told people she had lost them in a war injury, that she filled gloves with sand and sewed them to her blouse because she missed them so.

She contemplated slitting her wrists, letting them drop to her feet, waving goodbye to them. She thought her weakness might drain out the ends of her arms. That she could punch harder without them.

April Bulmer

The Thalia-Bullwinkle Review

The Thalia-Bullwinkle Review is published three times a year, and is meant to provide a publishing forum for York creative writers. The editors will be accepting submissions on an ongoing basis until March 30, 1984. Submissions should be typed, triple-spaced on 8½x11 paper, and include the name and phone number of the author. Prose pieces should be restricted to 1,500 words, although longer pieces may be considered. MSS can be picked up at Excalibur, 111 Central Square; no MSS will be returned by mail unless the author includes a SASE with the submission. Comments from the editors are available on request. Thalia-Bullwinkle gratefully accepts submissions under the categories of poetry, short fiction, short drama, and short essays. Submissions should be addressed to the Arts Editors, Excalibur, 111 Central Square, York University, 4700 Keele St., Downsview, M3J 1P3.

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