Poetry

THE MOUNTAIN

I wanted to climb a stormy mountain, clouded in fogs, shrouded
In silence. And I vowed to ascend its rocky cracks, jagged with
Wasted lives of men whom success had favoured not; I began, and
The hills were pleasant at the mountain's foot. Yet the way grew
Harder, crested in darkness; I lost my path, straying, and I
Tasted agony, and hope, as I was found, and set well upon my
Passage - and the ascent was but started.

They said I would fail; whispering maliciously, pricking barbs of
Steel into my brain. My weakness would capture me, my greed would
Throb into my head, breathing glories of unattainable peaks. And
They pushed me, shoving me in ravines of pleasure - yet I strove
On - grim with intent. Shrugging off the words of poison, of spite,
I climbed further, stumbling, crying with panic, with hurt, - but
I struggled with my faith in destiny.

This is the mountain that all must climb; its heights of gray
Stone splashed with crystal waters and brilliant sun, glistening,
Mocking from above. And I will climb it, filling my heart, renewing
It with gentle humility; I will sing a hymn of praise to an earth I
Shall gaze at from lofty ridges. Swirling in mists, the view beckons
Me on to an unending, everlasting path; a road winding into unseen
Worlds - with unearthly music urging me higher and higher.

MILENA STOJANAC

FOR HANS AND JOHN

When time
Is your garden

Only bad days
Need to be weeded

MARGARET COMEAU
March 13, 1979

And for one solitary moment
Time stood still
The wind ceased to breathe
The leaves ceased to talk
The birds ceased to sing
All for one solitary moment
When my love kissed me
for the very first time

DEBBIE BRINE

MY DREAM

If the wind could blow each fragment of my
life and make it as one
Lifting me high into space. Flying on the wings;
on the wings of my gift
I'd cast away all other pleasure to make
my plan complete.

Will it happen? Will the sun be found
among the clouds, or brightly warm my senses?
Will I, like a storybook character, disappear
upon the closing of a book?
Or will the victor stand upon the shore
with swelling pride?
Give me a day; a time to be me,
And the morning-rider shall return
riding high on the wind.

V. BISHOP

UNTITLED

Night has fallen, but the dawn is just coming.
Life is here, but death is not far.
Where is the happiness, the glory of our world?
Why destroy it anymore?
The time has come . . . We must live up to our expectations,
our failures,
our Livelihood
our fears.
Only then will the dawn come and life remain.
Sunlight and sunshine walk hand-in-hand . . .
Darkness and death hide in our sunny shadows.

LAF.

A DYING FATHER'S PRAYER

Little one, don't wish your life away.
If youth had only the wisdom,
Strong limbs, strong wills to seek out truth.
Little one, every step I take quickens my breath,
I feel so tired, I'd give anything if you
would take these eyes of mine and see it as I do.

Oh child, you have such innocence, such a
dependant love,
Still too young to grasp the truth,
Will you tell me you love me?
My child your joy touches me.
Men I think of the heavy burdens
your shoulders will bear once I've gone.
I suddenly realize that you are different from me.
You will give the love I denied.
Perhaps youth's innocence is more blissful
than the wisdom of age.
Do not begrudge your heart because of trials,
But accept in faith, your destiny,
Find time for rest as well as toil.
Time for joy as well as sorrow.
Little one do not wish your life away —
As I have done.

V. BISHOP

AWAITING

Salty
Windswept
Cold
Infinite
Murmuring
voices

Alone
Seagulls calling
From afar
Waves rushing in

upon me
Memories of soft

and silent times

Time
Titillating
Tempestuously

LISA M. ST. PIERRE
& DAWN WALSH

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To: Scott Cronshaw, Comptroller, SRC office.