

Epistle to Eves

How sisters think in times of trial
I can approach, but in this present body
never truly know, my maleness dominant -
so let my maleness brother be -
I too have warm red blood;
my bones too ache, turned cold sometimes,
and sweat has stood on my troubled brow
at my workday's thousand burdens
and tears and smiles have struck my face,
altering me in my moods, old moon to new moon,
layering me crease after crease, young man to old
and fold after fold, 'til I am spent and fair no more
to turn the nightlong eyes of loves
that once were young and all as fair.

D.W. McDougall

The Pride of Illiteracy

He, born in northern China
Is now a sight-seer
In Canton, south of China.
She, from western Canada
Is now a traveller
In Quebec, east of Canada
Although well-educated, he
Never takes pride in himself.
Although well-informed, she
Is never proud of herself.
Are they both modest to people?
And towards knowledge humble?

Now, when Mandarin becomes useless,
He is completely illiterate (at least half?),
No matter how familiar he's with the strokes.
Now, when English turns futile,
She is entirely unlettered (at least half?),
No matter how acquainted she's with the letters.
Do they mind
If the locals take them for low or high?
Haughtily, they refuse to fancy
That such illiteracy
Will lead them to a life of disharmony.



The King Of Hearts

Codes and riddles
The sphinx is locked
into the stone,
writhing intricately:
no witness
but its disembodied mind
Some secret should never
be asked to unfold

The sad dreamer told me
the curse would appear
randomly
I have seen it,
felt it in the air around me,
touched it & recoiled with fear

Teachers may lie,
but their lessons are engraved
forever into the heart
We have learned
Some may say
We have walked with gods
But the answer has chosen
to evade us.

Faustus in a Modern World
by Mark Ireland

Mummie, who is the man in the window?
I know he's not Santa Claus.
chirps little girl looking at the frantic
Jumping up and down with painted glee
Written bold across his silly face which says:

Look at me!. Look!
I've earned my right, I have
Paper here to witness on my behalf!

Look, my tie is grey!
Look, I have wiped the dead bugs from my shoe;
No rats to fight in the basement!
I live upstairs;
I have a door to lock, cedar too!
I have right! Look!

Please, Please...my right to your attention!!!
I give my tithes to the theatre
Drink white wine on Easter,
And dine in sumptuous envy's delight!

Am I not a true Roman?
Does not the state own my soul, duties too?
Am I not one?
Says man falling from the window

Poor fool, dear.
Devil's prize, says Mum.
Did he splatter my car?

The Pit Of Comfort

Weathered and torn
ripped apart by the storm
I lie face down
In the wet, cold darkness
of the pit.

After a time
It seemed only natural
to be lost, and
disillusioned.

The comfort of being alone
The freedom of insanity
The sweet taste
Of uniqueness

I looked up and the
the light of day
was forced
upon me

Like a child
I cried
"Don't take this from me"

I was lifted
from the pit
by a warm
bright light

Somehow different
Somehow New.



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