



Literary Page

Giddy kids charged on cost accounting
gismo electricity sparks ewww check my
cost of goods sold inventory
turnover tables
and chairs turnover stuffed with our
butts but this is cost and taxes
are real not us or questions
about our butts really stuck here
don't you know you know

total cost of goods sold
gotta know what you gotta include
payment periods calculate
renumerate regurgitate
then meditate on the many cornered
void where shortcuts are a way of life
for people with paths to make
from here to there this box to that

rats rats better than rats who just
wind their way about a maze
these cost accounting guys
let me count the ways
compare ratios to the industry
while adjusting for inflation

By G. L. WAITE



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unease unease please please
no questions asked just answers
to prayers unleashed unleashed
walls fade into clouds in touch
as if the wall marks edge
and not limit

G. L. Waite

Dampen Those Hills (a prayer)

dampen those hills with rain.
let the clouds split,
call the lightning down.
Pour. Pour oceans on the world
and drown my home and car
so I don't have to go out tonight.

Richard Thornley

Some Kind of Hope

To reach may mean to touch him soft and yet
To reach may leave me all alone in dust
So dry and hardened like my scale-tough feet
That shuffle slow and steady to that place.

So step by step I walk this beaten path
A road that cracks like skin that's void of blood
Toward the bobbing crowd that sways and groans,
A leaning wall that utters loud the threat
That if I dare to bring near it my sin,
the daily curse of ever flowing blood
that normal women have but once a month;
The stones will spill my blood unto the stones,
And end this cursed limp and twisted walk
That I now walk in this unhealing land.

Yet what is death to those whose life is death,
Who only know the distant eye and frown
Of those who take the soft of human hands
Upon this flaking skin and greying hair
And curl it to a fist that batters hard?
No one knows the curve and dip of bones
That lie below my tattered saddened face,
And no one knows the roundness in my hips
That still grow soft with longing for some touch;
So what is death to those whose life is death?

To touch is all I seek before I die,
So touch I must beyond the growling throng.
And even if the crowd screams blood and stones
And tries to quench the hard earth's thirst with blood
I'll know, I'll know I tried to reach for hope
On this short crawl from loneliness to him.

To reach may mean to touch him soft and yet
To reach may leave me flesh and blood in dust
With eyes of hope still asking for his touch.

Kwame Dawes