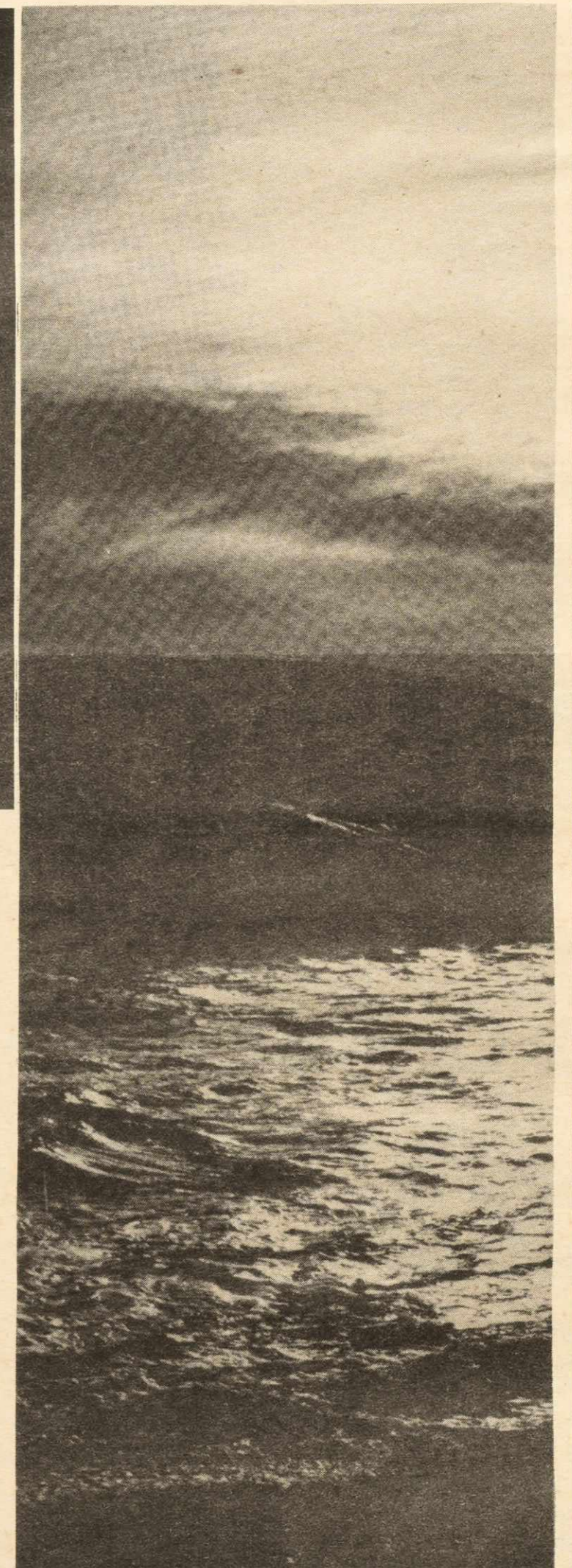
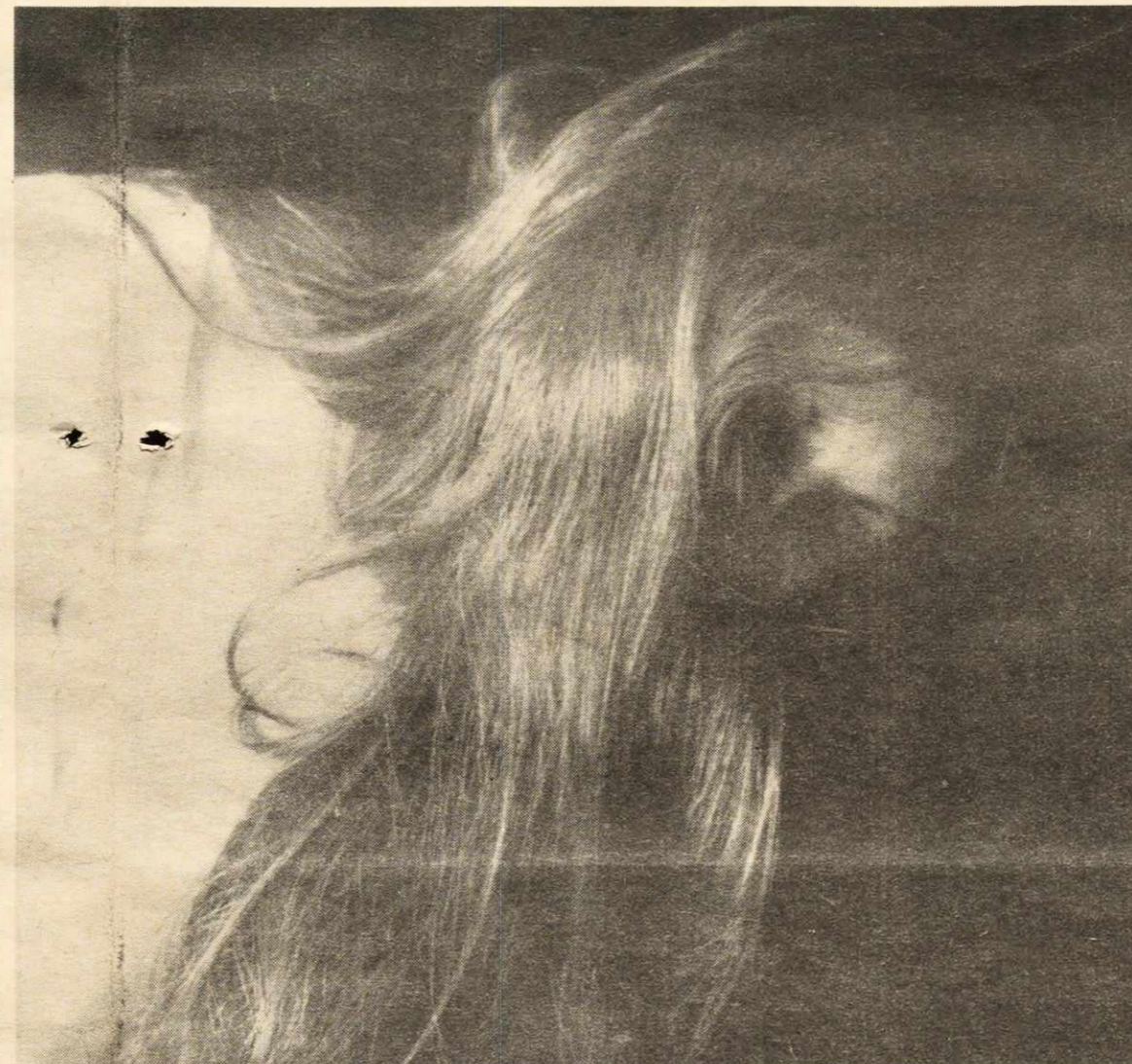
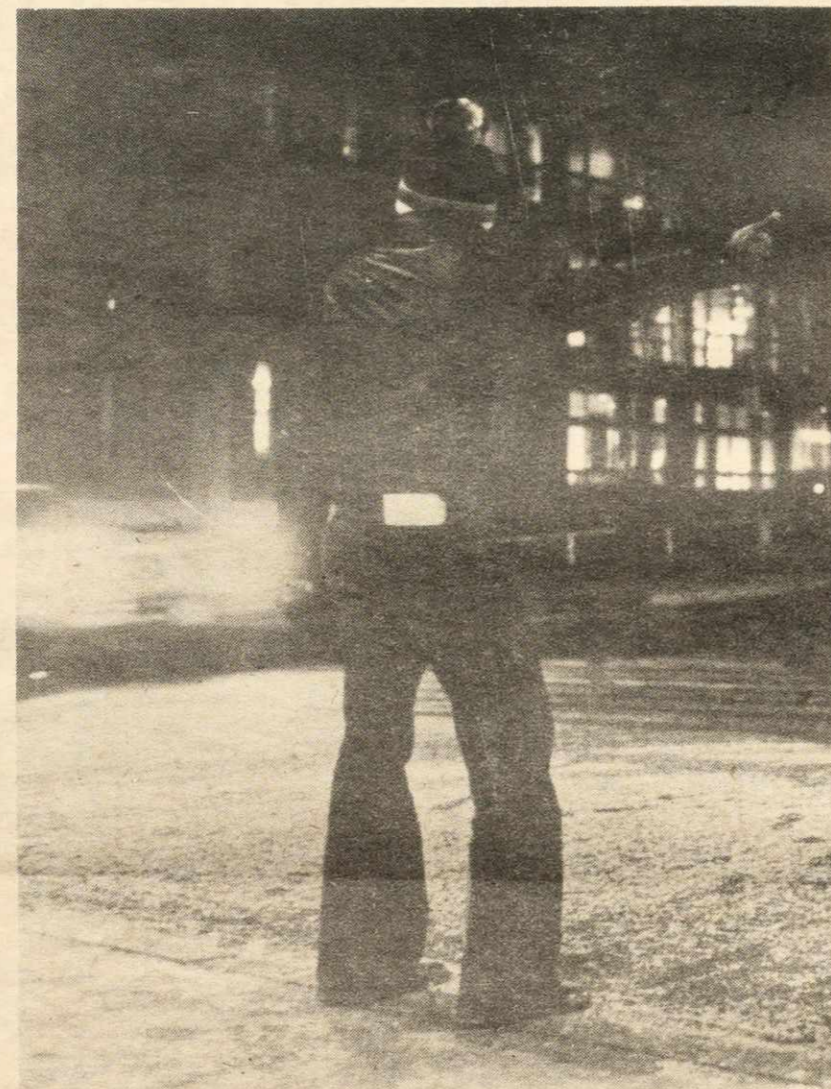
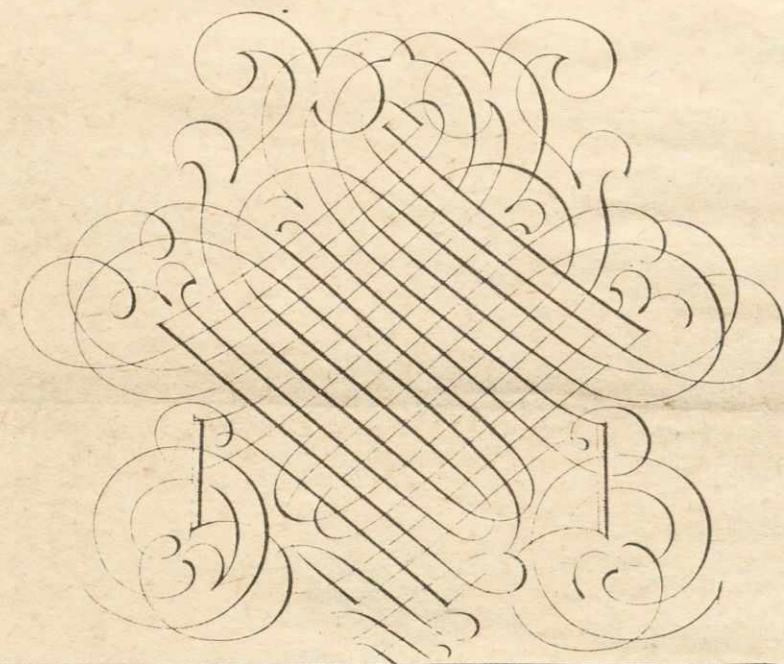


DAL POETRY CONTEST WINNERS

The judges of the first annual *Gazette* Poetry Contest have finally—an issue late—made their decision. Greg McSweeney, a third year English student, received first prize for his poem "from 3 for Helen". Second prize went to Douglas Watters, a first year Law student, for "January 22, 1979". Margot Griffiths, a third year English student, was awarded third prize for "Faith". All three prize winning poems are printed below and the three winners can collect their prize money at the *Gazette* office.

Honorable mention (in no specific order) went to Moira Matthews, Robin Metcalfe, Deirdre D. Dwyer, Phillip R. Doucette, and C.J. Edwards. Their poetry will be published in subsequent issues of the *Gazette*.



No. 1

from 3 for Helen

Deep night in the sub-terrain.
Insular on the sixth floor, you murmur;
Brush your hand across your face.
The power of a woman in pre-history
Who guards asleep the secrets of her
primal bed.

By kerosene I see you underground
Where acolytes have mourned you with
their cat eyes.
Dog skulls, henna paste, comfort in the
afterlife—

The seals intact; no thief has violated this
ancient place.
The pall holds still the pungent smell of
dust and amber sweat.

Here, around the mouth, a smudged
thought on the lips in plant colour;
Adrift on the Nile.

(This is strange archeology, a sleeping
woman. . .)

I am an Egyptologist
Come to read your pillowgraph.

Greg McSweeney

No. 2

January 22, 1979

The numbers are
the highway clicker's revolutions.
Such smells and noises take me to
where the sheeting rain
falls in drops that weigh a pound
again, as a year ago, at the end
of the Trans-Canada
looking out the window of the hotel
at the mountains of Maquinna, the storms
and the herring cut from cut nets
the rollers, the scales, the booms
and the big signs
HARRY O CASH
not that I want to be there
but that I am

on this day in January in Montreal in 1979
at the end of the highway in Tofino in 1978
because of the birds.

Swimming in fish wrestling the
suction pump from hold to hold
dancing between waves and logs and
rocks

on Long Beach, discovering
Québécois and Gaultoise and bitter herbs
and fountains

like springs, playing chess, among bread,
acrylic
photos with prices, and tom steel tom
drums, in a cafe
out of the rain
at the end of the highway.

Looking across the bay
to the islands of Hesquiat:
the Indian calls it Mexico.
One calls me lazy and smart.
The other wants to sing
but is convinced Gordon Lightfoot
will leap out of the guitar
and take him by the throat.
My Sicilian friend makes
wire models of
possible shapes for the universe
having, in the merchant marine,
already fixed a mast
in a hurricane.
The salmon
will spawn and die
at home.

They've been to
Japan and Australia.
For me, it's spring for a day
in Montreal, rain furs
the sound of ambulances
into foghorns:
Lord John, the scow
with the golden name,
my Two Sisters,
Mad Dog,
Blue Eagle II,
black Anna V. Fagan.
The Greek who mends nets
gives all young girls fish.

Douglas Watters

No. 3

Faith

when i was a little girl
i used to wonder where the water on the
beach went
when the tide went out.
i remember i cried
when i stood at the crest of a grassy bank
looking down at the bright fundy mud,
searching the horizon for the sea,
scared it would never return.
Have Faith They Said,
and sure enough,
when i crept back that night
with the moon and the crickets
there it was,
lying like liquid silver in the shadows.

Since then I've learned about tides,
And looking at your face as you turn away
from me,
I feel the pull of the water
As it rushes to some distant shoreline,
And I know that if i creep back
When the moon and the crickets are out,
There you'll be,
With a smile on your face and beach sand
in your pockets.

Margot Griffiths