

The Ghost Ship of Chaleur Bay

The snake curled about the rock at noon
Holds no fear. It is when his wooden eyes
Turn to evening ice that
The trembling water tells its tale.

Flames, frozen into the past.
Fire and water and the stormclad
Figure of a woman
Ravaging the waves.

And the silence of dawn
Reveals the pinetree mast
And the anguish of its branches.

Sheelagh Russell

But I Am Sorry

A strum on a harp.

So high-pitched, how strange.

My body is vibrating as if

something wants to shake loose.

Control, control. Maybe no one will notice.

I must make it back home.

To late.

Down to my knees I fall.

My pride is over, I fall again

and my nose is broken on the pavement.

Jesus, Jesus what is happening?

Help! Is it too late to ask, is it now?

But it is too late, and I am finished.

It happened here,

here with so many staring people

that I stared into confusion.

To late to say anything, but

even I am sorry now.

C.Z.

whispers in the dark
Being
what they were
left me cold
and lonely ...
'til morning
when the sun
and passing traffic
hid my sorrow.

Eric C Hicks

Poems III

I can't see you
anymore
in poems

Only in my imagination
Or my poems
Can I feel you
And touch you
And love you

You're out of my life
Already
And although I still want you
I know
That I don't need you.

And poems
Can't help me find you
Because we didn't play along that beach
or live in Tokyo
or hardly even made love.
So how can I say
I see you in poems?

All my feelings
have been said
But yours—
God only knows—
And God—
I wish you'd tell me.

John Campbell

THE SECOND SEX

I think it must have been the Devil
Who discovered the second sex.
At least
That's what they told me in Sunday School.
Maybe it was my mother:
All men are beasts.
Maybe it was your father:
Don't be trapped
As I was.
But that one being that we formed
That was the single sex
With differences
Not those forever divided beings
Brought forth in Genesis.
And now I go forth into the midst
And we weep for my mother
And your father.

Lisa X

A Second's Regret

I saw her in a window -
Just a fleeting glimpse
Of something that might have been
Had I paused a second longer
At least as long as something
Pulsing strong inside me
Long enough to pause and glance,
And see her face again.

Thomas

Memory and Rain

I "AND" Today came—
without notice
of the early hours
rising to sing
the words
that came—
to replace dreams
lost through years
of unconcern
and days filled
with only memory

II "BUT" You had
brought memories
of the hope
I once contained
in a tiny raindrop
that fell unnoticed
through the passing
of time.

III "FOR" Early fall
has come again
and as many
times before
you were not to find
the drops of rain.
I left behind,
for although we won
in coming of the season
we were losing
each passing moment
bringing us closer
to older days
of whitened trees

Andrew Cobbler

Wandering Around With My Heart Upon My Back.
Walking The Highway With My Thumb Up In The Air.
Remember Me, For I'm Not Coming Back;
Starting To Wander But Don't Know Just Where.
Following The White Line Just To See Where It Goes.
Can't Afford No Postcards, No One To Send Them To.
My Sneakers Are Grey From The Steaming Tar Below.
I Can't Say If My Regrets Are Many Or Too Few.

John Campbell

My Coffee Cup
I dropped
my favourite
coffee cup
yesterday
but
I'll remember it
always
by the squeaks
I heard
while washing it
just before
it crashed.

C.Z.

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