LITERARY

A long time ago In a land far away where knights would go And elves would play,

A valley stood, A river flowed, And in a thickening wood where weeds did grow;

was a tall tower; That reached to the sky, A symbol of sentinel power That all could spy.

Now residing in that lonely place, Was a young sage whose stern face Had not then cracked age.

From his lofty tower He scrutinized life and earth Outside the power Of pain or mirth.

Those days seem long gone by; since in love he's fell, And one can hear him sigh, When he thinks of his beauty belle. With that sweet smell Of her perfume That rings like a bell Throughout his dark room

Around he turns And there she stands; And again he learns Where beauty's grand.

It took some time For his heart to ease, And to think of a line That would her please.

Alas he thought to question If she would stay A short duration And lighten his lonely day

But she answers in Her polite but ritual way That she must begin And could not stay.

From his window he watches her go, Though the thicket As one who knows, The path to pick it.

That day must long gone by, When she was lost in the darkness And he heard her

Reading St. Park, January 23/90

World narrows to the milk-soft path I follow through the woods In this winter scene I alone am king Falling diamonds crown my hair Trees bow in lacy arches As if to welcome me here.

My crunching feet sound like invasion So I pause to sue for peace Highway engines is a muted rear Ten million miles away It cannot break the sound of silence Like it turns my soul to grey.

Deathly stillness alive with the Creator Speaks to me in a voice for everyone Pregnant with the promise of renewal Like sweet wind sliding of rippling bay The energy sends shivers through me Upwelling warmth rushes my cares away

Heartbeat quickens in time with the rhythm Iceberg memories detach and soil free Of days past and days yet forgiven In this one, place everywhere I stand Time freezing into a crystal Clear as the bond of two lover's hands.

Geoffrey Brown

What will cause a man to write To put his thoughts in words for sight? It is not intellect alone By which a sentence or stanza is sown. Indeed emotion plays its part: A hand is directed by head and heart. Emotions range from love to rage And either way they fill a page. But it is a wound from Cupid's unkind bow That causes ink for blood to flow. This kind of writing though often sublime

Now as he looks upon the land He's keenly aware When she's at hand For the air is fair little cry, And went to aid in all smartness

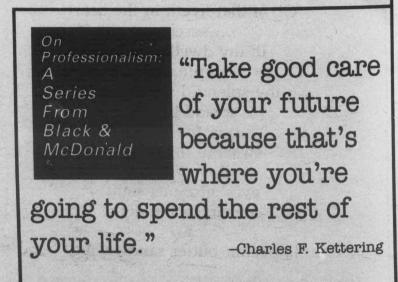
For then he felt it was his chore, To lead the lesser creatures Through lifes little doors, And tough features

She however was different; Not a lesser being at all But from the creator sent, To make the smug sage small.

> Frederick Saint Bernard

Is written to ease the writer's mind. His thoughts are to his paper frankly told And in this way his soul's consoled.

Frederick Saint Bernard.



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