

The Gamble of Life

Sitting quietly in the darkened saloon,
 Not far from the gambling halls and casinos,
 Where he had spent so much of his time,
 a young man asked himself again,
 That question which had plagued him for some time,
 Is life itself merely a gamble?
 does it all hang on single spin of the wheel?
 Time after time he had seen the winners,
 They had it all, it seemed,
 Happiness, success, the perfect picture.
 Had they simply been dealt a winning hand?
 He stopped a moment to ponder this,
 But soon the losers in life replaced those thoughts,
 They, it appeared, were far more plentiful.
 Loss, failure and sadness was their lot,
 Suffering defeat after defeat.
 Was their misfortune merely the result of a bad toss of
 the dice?
 Did it all hang on a one time shot?
 Win or lose, succeed or fail, live or die?
 Life would be so very very cruel he thought,
 If its rules were so arbitrary, so final,
 All could not depend on a single spin of the wheel?
 While life was indeed a gamble,
 With luck or chance playing a role,
 He reasoned that it was not completely so,
 For the gamble of life has many games,
 And men must chose to play the game,
 Not allowing the game to play on them.
 To truly succeed one can not rely solely on the cards,
 Which one is dealt by fate,
 He must take up the challenge,
 And make his goal the skillful playing out,
 Of the hand which he has received.
 Yes, he thought, this is how it was,
 The win was not the only profit to be had,
 With gambling, as with life,
 Success lies more in the toss of the dice,
 Then in how they fall,
 For man's ability to make it back to the table,
 to grasp the dice for another toss,
 To take the chance and hope for the best,
 And no matter what the outcome carry on,
 This was the true success the young man thought,
 With that he put down his drink,
 He turned and left that darkened corner,
 And once again took up the dice.
 Duke



Heavy Metal - My Type of Music

I hear it in the morning,
 I hear it at night
 Thrash is sometimes special
 It gives my mom a fright

The music's always heavy
 Distorted or grotesque.
 Long-haired rock stars
 It's the music I love best

I really love Metallica
 Exodus and Judas Priest
 but I'll always remember Iron Maiden's
 "Number of The Beast"

Don't like White Lion
 or Bon Jovi
 Don't ever want to sell out
 To conformity

Metal keeps me going
 It never slows me down
 and if you don't care for it,
 you can just get out of town!

Metal Rules!!!!!!

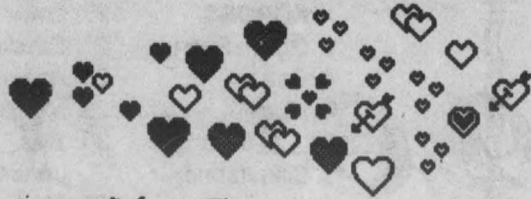
by Tuhin Pal

My son

Yes, this is my son.
 Note his modern wheelchair . . .
 that noise he is making?
 that is his greeting,
 he is so pleased to meet you,
 and now I see
 the sudden question in your eyes . . .
 you are too polite to ask but . . .
 why? Why in this modern age
 did I bring this child to term?
 Now, when it is so easy,
 like shucking peas,
 to keep the outer shell
 and to throw away the young seed
 because it lacks
 its perfect potential.
 Why did I do this?
 When you have achieved
 your own perfect potential
 then I will tell you . . .
 If you are still asking.
 Ann Passmore

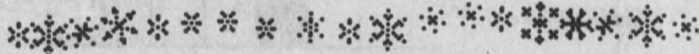
There's water in the well
 Ah what the hell
 Have piece
 You're up the street
 Just take enough heat
 Go to Percus
 There's lots of space
 to try there
 maybe you can have a share
 of life there
 I know it's far
 Have you got a moon car
 Cause once you gotta outta here
 It's pure sanity
 To think your way there
 If you've lost some hair
 There, There
 There's a home there
 Perhaps it's got a leaf roof
 with a moss floor.
 And what's more
 a pure spring bath
 So, have a laugh

Jamie Hamilton



Love Without Fire

How hard it is to be crushed in love.
 Now is the time, I wish we were together,
 This one's for you, I hope we come together.
 You are so pure, just like a dove,
 Why can't you show me some kind of love?
 I walk around, some kind of crushed
 Can we get together? Don't make a call,
 Company is here, another stall.
 Now my waking thoughts are all of you,
 How hard it is, damn I am so blue.
 In my dreams you're always there,
 In real life, do you really care?
 My heart's still broken, a month's gone by,
 Never-ending torture, life is hell.
 How hard it is to be in love,
 Crushed like a grain of sand,
 No place to hide, no place to stand,
 Let's get together, I want your hand,
 Please hold me tight, I'm the broken man,
 I weep at night, and sometimes in the day,
 Why can't I stop and go my way?
 My love is too strong to me me go,
 Please turn around and let me know,
 Or my decision is to get some gas
 And light myself on fire.
 Is that what you desire.
 Peter Pitre



Only In Canada?

Personal pride,
 Religious beliefs,
 Cultural awareness,
 Nationalism,
 Once these were positive things,
 But in our world,
 They have become twisted,
 Into reasons for hatred,
 And for the destruction,
 Of the brotherhood of mankind.
 Why must one man,
 Tear down another,
 In order to build himself up?
 From tribe to nation,
 To religious groups,
 One attacks another,
 With increasing frequency,
 Have understanding and tolerance,
 Completely disappeared?
 I think not,
 For in my small corner,
 Of our great land,
 Diversity not only exists,
 It is truly cherished.
 Here at least,
 I know of two who shine with differences,
 In both culture and personality,
 and hold their individual traditions,
 As well as beliefs,
 Close to their hearts,
 Perhaps as close,
 As they hold each other.
 With such as example,
 Of pride and tradition,
 Going hand in hand,
 With respect and acceptance,
 I hope for the future,
 But, still I wonder,
 Only In Canada?
 Pity. . . .

Duke

WHEN WILL WE GET THERE

How far before we get there? At least eight hours or more.
 Will we get there when it's still light? I don't know. Lock your door.
 I want to know when we'll be there. Who knows? I can't tell when;
 Maybe by supper; maybe late;
 Maybe by half-past ten.
 Where are we on the map right now? We're there: at that red star.
 We've hardly moved since we left home -
 We haven't driven far. why don't you have a little snooze?
 We go much faster then;
 When you wake up
 You'll be refreshed
 And you can ask again.
 But I'm not tired. Why won't you tell me
 If we'll be there soon? We haven't crossed the border and
 it's not yet afternoon.
 I haven't anything to do: I've read these books before. Why don't you colour?
 Can't my crayons fell out
 One the floor. I've nearly finished all my gum -
 I've run out of supplies. I guess we'll have to pull in
 To Mcdonald's for some fries - eh?
 Will we be there by midnight? Yes, of course; not do be quiet!
 I need a new Nintendo. When we get there, can I buy it?
 Where are we now? What is this town?
 When are we going to eat?
 I'm getting stiff from sitting
 All morning in this seat.
 The sign says ninety, Dad.
 I think you're going much too slow.
 Is all this traffic going too?
 How far is it left to go? Look at the farms.
 Look at the boats.
 Look at the water, there!
 I can't look now: my bubblegum's
 All caught up in my hair.
 Whenever will we get there?
 Sitting still is never fun. You ask too many questions, dear
 We've only just begun.

Pamela Fulton