

# Maidenhead

## TRIVIA

Her cigarette ashes floated into the cold coffee  
Like crabs on a pile of wet shit.  
Why did she have to eat peanuts and read Archie  
comics while I fucked her??

I paid what she asked: Didn't I?

It's not that I really like country music  
But I think that even you would rather turn  
on CFNB,  
Then listen to the guy downstairs trying to screw his  
vomiting girl friend  
At three a.m. "A Tall Dark Stragner" has a  
touch of simple beauty,  
Don't you think?

I wait!  
Why wait?  
Thigh weight  
I got eight.  
You ate!  
I was late.  
You never equate  
Only sate.  
I write

I waved my arms but the sea did not part  
I yelled but  
The mountain did not move.  
I looked up at the sky but  
The clouds did not form a cross.  
I said 'nigger' today.  
What does that make me???

outta sight  
no respite,  
You might?  
I come light  
You fight  
I can't quite  
I run  
no fun, and  
Chase the sun ...

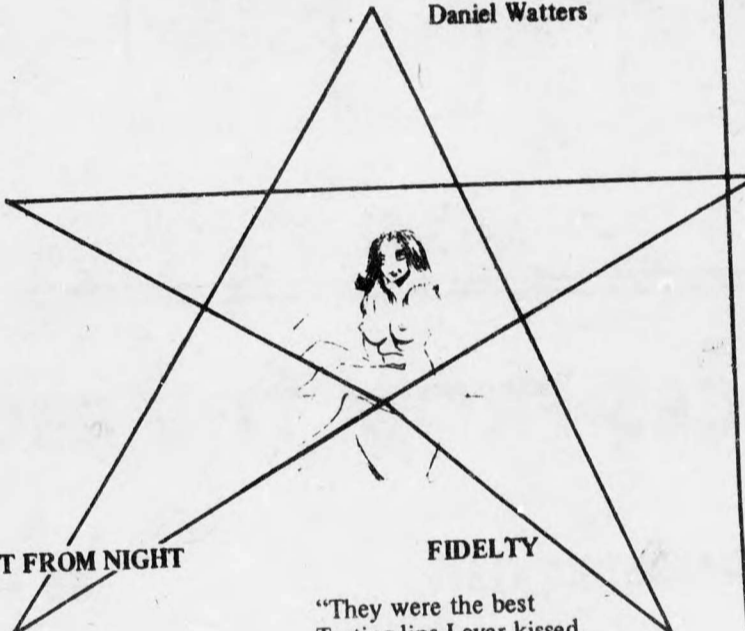
Daniel Watters

Daniel Watters

## ASHES

Here among the ashes  
of ill repute,  
The souls of long-lost people  
hang from the corners  
like loveless whithers of heather;  
But who will tell them  
that there is hope outside  
in the great immense of  
the Chimney?

Joanne Tingley



## AND MORNING SHALL NOT BE DIFFERENT FROM NIGHT

It's a quarter to five in Fredericton  
And it's dark and it's foggy  
against the pain.  
It's like the coal  
in Alsace Lorraine  
only this is a small and a friendly  
town  
and when they hurry-furry bundle by  
in blackshit-gobbed leathers  
with skin close against the bone  
threatening to poke through  
at the elbow like a chicken's bone  
it's different here  
because they will carry a piece  
of this coal-blac foggy, hug-to-the-bone  
into the Quebec hydro of Fredericton.  
It will be one large community of man  
in the morning  
and morning will not be different from night.  
The most treasured inner-sanctum fantasy  
hugged close into the abdomen  
with the strawberry loneliness of pregnancy  
at a quarter to five,  
will gain admittance to the canoe factory tomorrow  
though diminished in wisps of coffee.

Jeffrey Lubin

## FIDELTY

"They were the best  
Tasting lips I ever kissed.  
They tasted like . . . . . well,

Like a big, red juicy  
MacIntosh apple.  
You know,  
Take a bite and  
You want a second and a  
third."

The men pondered this  
As they sipped their coffee.  
Then he went home to his  
wife.

P.L. Buck

## POOR JOE BADORE

What can one do  
When he is hungry  
When looking for something  
By which he can live?  
The answers are there  
But he cannot find them;  
Living to thrive,  
And striving to live.

The problems he faces  
Appear overwhelming  
All the time seeming  
To bug only him;  
He asks people questions  
And they think he's crazy,  
Cause the Truth is not really  
It's only a whine.

His mother and father  
They raised him, a straight,  
I hope he recovers  
Before it's too late,  
They gave him a name  
And a face he just hates;  
Will someone please help him  
Before it's too late?

What he does is different  
From what he believes,  
Cause to do what he thinks  
Only rates him with thieves;  
He doesn't steal goods  
He just steals ideals,  
Then his mind locks them up  
And then gets up and leaves.

Keith Steeves