Dalhousie Gazette

Vol. 102

Halifax N.S.

Number 9



POEM

existing while searching in a courtyard of debutantes a barnyard of briefcases

"I like a lot of things" she said "whatever turns you on"I poked (what I really wanted to say had something to do with love)

and I left with eyes that stung returning to walls I was afraid to look at

I've a friend who's a ceiling and one who's a floor they knew together we confessed: "yesterday had meaning"

When she made me turn and put my eyes on fallen leaves with so much left unsaid yes, there was hope of clinging but no desperate reach just two feet carrying me away (did both of us sigh?) with so much left unsaid

eyes losing focus on slices of days before so I slept and woke to join the 9:30 parade

Rick Rofihe