

montage in your creative arts forum. each week one student's work — poetry, short stories, graphic arts or photography — will be featured. contributions should be addressed to kandy biggs, excalibur.

montage

Dieter Schnell is a poet who writes prose or is he a writer

who writes poetry—anyhow his work is impressive.

He's a first year Founders student and next year he plans to go into English Honours. He has been writing for four years and has published his works in school newspapers and year-books.

Leonard Cohen and Bob Dylan are his favorites in the 'now' writing scene and he feels they have been his biggest influences—"they connect . . ." Below are a few of his poems and a sample of his prose writing. What's he trying to say in his prose? "It's sort of a cynical view on the limitations of our life . . . people have no desire to be out on this roof and touch infinity . . ."

poems by dieter schnell

Notes for a roof play

When the elevator takes you too far you find yourself in the deathly roof silence between snowflakes and snowflakes falling together and you feel like a sad little chimney and you long for little snowflake angels to warm your frozen lips and you hope that they have brought their little blue umbrellas with them because this rooftop scene is totally absurd and it could rain anytime, even in the middle of winter . . . the store Santas are very businesslike, very serious, they are all looking for their departments and they are all mad and the down elevator isn't working and the janitor who has the keys to the stair doors has disappeared and they are terribly confused and don't know what to do with their sacks of golf balls and toy machinery. their merry christmasses sound very thin in this air and though none of them believe the names of the reindeer, their neurotic behaviour is understandable . . . in their faces, you can almost see the dark lines of children waiting to get on their knees, to cut them off with hidden razor blades they saved from old Hal-

lowe'en apples . . . the weatherman who is very deep and who has been working here for 40 years and sometimes brings a telescope out on the roof

and focuses it on the street to catch a newspaper report, says that such an act could only reflect a healthy attitude towards life if Santa Claus knees were plastic and replaceable . . . there are snowflakes he recalls as small as mosquitos and snowflakes as big as elephants, but they all make the same sound when they fall to the ground and once in a while the noise of their fall is louder than the noise of the traffic . . . I am sitting here in the snow, watching a clown with a dark hat sitting in the snow smoking a long cigarette and dreaming of catching down to Infinity's Station, in the meantime, he follows footprints in the blue shaded snow and occasionally aims icicles at the moon and when he builds a one-eyed snowman and adds a Charlie Chaplin moustache it is very mysterious, very symbolic and when he says nothing to everyone and just smiles and secretly wishes he were a Christmas seal, he is not even half as crazy as the nine million people rushing into the down elevator which has just been fixed . . .

Leaf under Snow

What do you know?
Love's a leaf under snow.
What's Santa's advice?
Love's a leaf under ice.

What do you see?
The skeleton trees.
What's in their sighs?
Listen - they have lost their eyes.

What would you do?
The blue wind blows thru you
Can you look to the Spring
To put them back in?

Song that has been sung before

Disheartened sailor of the heart,
in a harbour without ships,
I am clothed in all the snowflakes
That are pressed to burning lips.

Trophies on the tables
strange complicated hell
I am the children
On a shoreline without shells.

Golfballs and machinery
Confuse my morning song
I am all the dreamers
Who swim in the waters of dawn.

Seven cold nights watching
Dawn girls toss the moon
I am all the tired sailors
Who step into the sun.

The moon man's poem

Lips that touched lips
touch leaves in the autumn
I have washed my hands and face
in melancholy shadow

under the midnite eclipse
the moon man sits
on his hatfuls of darkness
and cannot decide
whether to dance
or to sleep

as the night spills its ink
over his landscape
the moon man sits still
writes a poem across his
wrists
no doubt it will be deep

tonight for a spell
silence is peaceful
I must look away
from the moon turning
red.

Today I am happy because . . .

Today I am happy because
it is Tuesday and someone
kicked the sun out of last
night's frozen Coke bottle.

Today I am happy because
the keepers are not waiting for me
at the corner of Ball
and Chain.

Today I am happy because
my heart applauded
in the empty warehouse
after mind and blood and soul
sang their desperate songs.

Today I am happy because
I fell into a ditch
and not a single person
reminded me that it was
an abyss.