

There's no French
Here!

"There's no French here" the councillor said

"There ain't no French, Blacks or Chinese

Our dogs talk dog, our cats talk cat
Our fish talk trout, our rats talk rat
Our cows all herd, our birds all flock
Us Doaktown boys talk Doaktown talk".

"Let's pass a law" the councillor said
"From here on in, no more french bread
We'll burn what's left to make compost...
Or no; for then we'd have french toast.

"No more french bread and no french toast
We speak just English we can boast
And let us choose the best cuss words
For all those using french mustards".

"With no french mustard, no french bread
And no french toast" the councillor said
"We'll all unite, we'll all be pure
From here on in, no soup du jour".

"No soup du jour and no french hen
No cognac called Remis Martin,
No french berets, no Renault 5's,
We grow potatoes, no french fries".

"Excuse me Sir" said one brave man
"It's not that I oppose your plan,
The only thing I'd like to know
Is, just how far does this law go?"

"You see, of late, me and the misses
Have learned some French in forms of kisses,
We've also found the best defence
To birth control is doing it French."

Passages of Slavery

The old woman sitting by the sidewalk with the bottle of X.M. rum in her hand used to work in her younger days for the plantation master cutting cane for 1 dollar a day She bought the sugar from the cane she cut 25 cents a pound! to sweeten the porridge for her 6 children Now she begs to buy the rum made from the cane her six children are cutting!

Kay Nandlall



The councillor pulled out his hair And dandruff drifted everywhere, He rolled his eyes and scratched his chin "I don't know where I should begin."

"If doing it French is what you wish Then eat the cake that's on your dish I haven't done that in my life, (I might suggest it to my wife),

What works for you might work for me I'm glad we're not Sault Ste. Marie,

by Pat Hamilton

LITERARY

The Rhythm of the World

Hidden birds sing
Mystic echoes ring
Rebounding from
These fangled wooden walls

Rising mist enshrouds
The ageless boughs
Timeless secrets
Under leafy shawls

To this verdant ground
Comes another sound
Quivering hearts are held within the thrall

Green bastion falls
To the power saw
Crashing timber
Sounds with tractor drawl

Another voice stilled in the rhythm of the world
Another voice stilled in the rhythm of the world
When the music dies there is no reprise
Just silence in the rhythm of the world

Slash and rape
Change landscape
Trying to quench
A thirst that can't be slaked

There will come a day
When parched lips pray
But the poisoned chalice
Lies in an arid waste

Another voice stilled in the rhythm of the world
Another voice stilled in the rhythm of the world
When the music dies there is no reprise
Just silence in the rhythm of the world

When vacant eyes
Search a choking sky
Where hope turns to dust
We'll know what we forsake

Geoffrey Brown