

There's no French
Here!

"There's no French
here" the councillor
said

"There aint 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 th rhythm of the world

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

Geoffrey Brown