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the brightnes of the moon  
shines on our chests, foreheads, eyes,  
i am the only one who can speak  
out i am unable  
some of us are missing perhaps an arm or fo  
i have lost perhaps it is my tongue

Graphics by ed's.

Nicholas Power

Saving Grace

for Jane

Grey-celled banks  
memorize  
gold coin -  
the sun on your body.

High interest  
on dull days.

Weeks spent  
in Lower Economy,  
I come home -  
rich citizen  
of your soft country.

Mythyramb

The Mother of the Sea  
is an orphan -  
hold that in your testicles  
as you test the waters

Nicholas Power is a co-organizer of Meet the Presses, an entity designed to promote small press publishers and writers. His first book of poetry, *Wells*, was published by Underwhich Editions. *Empty Lung* was published by Gesture Press. Power is a regular poetry reading reviewer for *What* magazine, and works in the York University Bookstore.

Steve Reinke

Bunny Rabbit's Bride

A woman her daughter and a lot of cabbages. A bunny rabbit comes into the garden and starts eating up all the cabbages. The woman says to the daughter: Go and chase bunny rabbit away. The little girl says to the bunny rabbit: Shoo, shoo bunny rabbit! You're eating up all our cabbages. Says bunny rabbit: Come little girl, sit down on my bunny rabbit's tail and come with me to my bunny rabbit's house. I don't

Shares in LA-Z-EE Boy

Belligerent slouch nine-inch woofer charm  
presence of jaunty fedora  
Jack Daniels clock cards and cap  
gave mom fuzzy dice before departure to Vegas  
Umbrella shaded cutesy drinks camel sips  
Views art as erect nipples  
fidelity as something practised by Adam  
and sex as four quarters in a vending machine  
has a mirror per wall and digital everything  
mistook Snuffy for Toto, held him for ransom  
no-one paid so he sold him to Miss Meow

Got a job as a six foot chicken, with all the trimmings  
perched on median, flapping for Fester Furniture  
(no down payments)  
Snuffy escaped canning, ran into traffic  
Swerve sideswipe stop  
"Oh My God, I hit the chicken"  
obscene image retention in minds  
of observing Donut-Hole patrons  
Sam takes a drag while Al munches honey glazed  
"Hey its snowin feathers" pipes little jimmy to mom  
Assembled furniture salesmen summate  
"Looks like the boss was right about publicity."  
Ambulance attendants arrive.  
"This bird is fricassed."  
extent of injuries unknown due to jammed zipper.

Dean Burns is a III year student at York University. Burns is an English and History major who is also enrolled in the III year poetry workshop.

Dean Burns

**JOCKO'S GRILL CALABOGIE**  
*Best Place To Eat In Town*

neon sign be in any day now

- 1/ Car backfires; constable faints, mechanic awakes hopeful  
bi-weekly editorial inspired ..... noise pollution
- 2/ Moseyed on it, felt like I should be revving a chainsaw  
"Callsburg, callsburg, taters from the isle, jeffs said"  
apple-cheeked one of the boys waitresses ..... lonely  
as darned socks.
- 3/ adds double mayo cuz she knows ..... 10 percent  
jingles as she bumpidy bumps ..... orders
- 4/ Ectomorphic broomstick ..... grease  
batons spatula ..... polyester fur  
sputters effervescently
- 5/ works overtime for an eyed ..... same joke  
King of spewed gravel ..... same weather  
cowboy boots it in ..... same reaction  
stomp nod glance  
"Cold enough  
to freeze  
the nuts  
off a  
bridge"
- 6/ ..... two days
- 7/ Got neon sign  
after the fire.

editors Nadine Rusinek Gary Barwin

Julia Steinecke

from: Life of Duck

The Car that Flew

they carried Duck  
till May, says Aunt  
nine months and a couple of days

they had a car that flew  
off the road one night, and was reduced  
to one quarter its original size

KETCHUP

Duck is a waitress  
in a place with a plastic tree  
a stuffed swordfish on the wall  
mirrors

she carries her ketchup wrong  
you're supposed to lay it down on your tray  
and it breaks upon the rug

she tries not to step on the spot, she falls  
into the tree  
and it tips

they let her stay, she clears tables  
she can clear a table  
(she timed herself)  
in eighty seconds flat

Claudio Duran

AND THAT MUSTY (ANCIENT) SMELL . . .

And that musty (ancient) smell of books  
arrayed, one by one, on the library shelves  
used to bring the oceans of epochs  
to the lengthening of the midday meal.  
Both room and board were available to us.  
We walked down the corridors two by two.  
The time to end it all had just arrived.  
The dead, still hours of the afternoon  
and the musty (ancient) smell of books in our hands.

FACING THE GATINEAU RIVER

To Marcela

The line of the hills, the one  
which can be seen in your brown eyes,  
that line that goes along the river, through  
your hands, through your breasts,  
through the shores of your feet,  
that line of trees, that line—

