the orightness of the moon hines on or chests, foreheads, eyes, am the only one who can out i am unable some of us are missing perhaps an arm or foi have lo. t-perhaps it is my tongue

Graphics by ed's.

itun ave.

Nicholas Power

Saving Grace

for Jane

apprhearts a

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 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

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

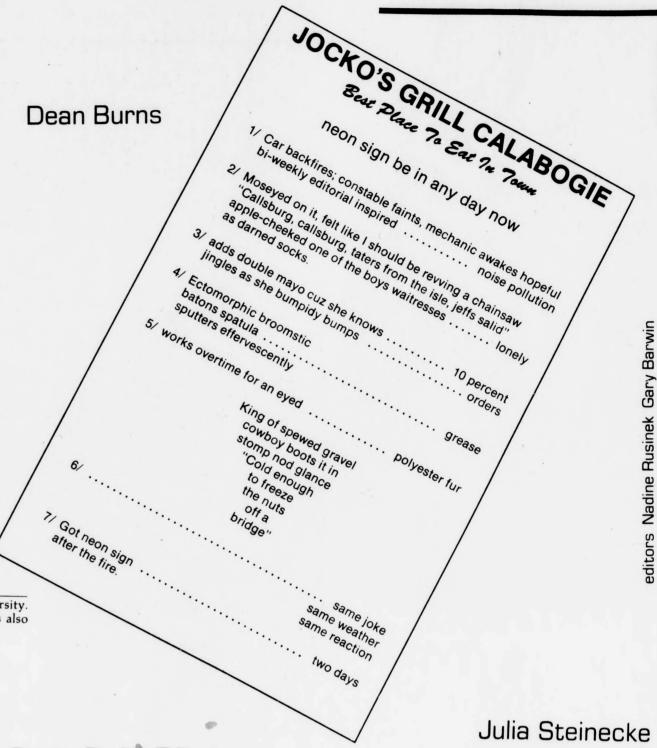
Got a job as a six foot chicken, with all the trimmings perched on median, flapping for Fester Furniture (no down payments) Snuffy escaped canning, ran into traffic Swerve sideswipe stop

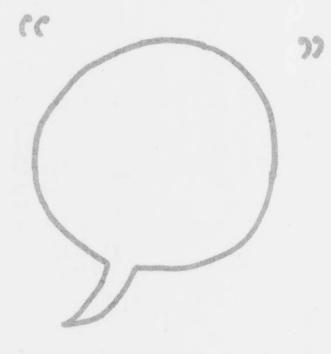
"Oh My God, I hit the chicken" obscene image retention in minds of observing Donut-Hole patrons Sam takes a drag while Al munches honey glazed

"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.





review

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

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-

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