

ARTS / SUPPLEMENT

"The mouth is a wonderful place
Where the world of dry reality
meets fantastic wet possibilities,"
he whispered while putting down the pipe.

She chose to remain silent
and weave incense circles in the air;
tactiling wild semiotics
from her sugar-lucid lobes.

Both of them watched curiously
as the bat-like bass notes
glided metrically from the speakers

to collide — slam in mid-air,
shattering spark on top of the sky.

Neither noticed the drool of idle innocence
as it puddled on the floor around them.
Chris Lambie

SYBIL

A primal shout
Is crying out
Deep from within
And nine long years
Created those fears
Forced to witness sin

Because they teased
Laughed when they pleased
And performed procedures
all so vile
In Sybil you'll find
A tortured mind
The conscience of a child
Andrew Duke

OH BELLS! BE WARY OF THE THIRD BELL-RINGER

the newly-made Bells anxiously awaited the hand
of the second Bell-ringer—
the dark-haired child, who is feared
but never completely understood,
was ready to strike without warning...
they had heard the news of the impending music
and were ready to peel with youthful vigor—
unfortunate for them, for they knew not the truth:
their tune would soon tell a tale of despair...

the older Bells, now decorated for the cracks and
scratches they received in the first song of woe,
should have warned their grand-Bells:
their music would not be a happy sound...
they should not have been so eager to jump to the cause—
to ring when the Bell-ringer gave the signal...
they did not realize they would soon become cracked and
scratched—

maimed, like the older, wiser Bells, for the rest of their lives...
many went back to the building where they were made and
broke entirely—
there they were melted again and,
just like ashes and dust, gave sound to a future generation,
poised, like us, on the edge of another sad symphony...
if only the new Bells can be warned,
before they too jump at the opportunity to peel with youth,
as their metal ancestors did,
and break—
as we all must one day...
Andrew Duke

IN A MOMENTS TIME

its 1127 pm. what am i going to do tomorrow. the clocks
flashing at me. i could start a new life. be a new person. i got
to stop eating these things. thats it. ill go on a diet. lose that
roll. hey cat. ill become a vegetarian. come here cat. ill stop
buying leather. and fur. ill stop buying products tested on
animals. my body will be pure. ill exercise and drink eight
glasses of water a day. ill brush and floss my teeth three times
a day. ill grow out my hair. ill stop taking drugs. legal and
illegal. cigarettes, alcohol, caffeine. oh no. that means coffee
and chocolate. marijuana and hash. ill become political. ill
become a radical peace hippie freak. ill march and campaign
about. everything. the government. injustice. violence on t.v.
against women. children and elders. war. in the media. ill
campaign against censorship. ill change my whole outlook. ill
be happy all the time. ill stop swearing. putting people down.
putting myself down. become bisexual. become totally non
prejudice. race. size. health. nerds. people in general. ill love
everyone. ill live on a commune. with no electricity. no
running water. ill chop my own wood. i wont kill anything.
even bugs in my house. ill go to other countries and help feed
the poor. ill give away all my money and my things to all the
needy people i meet in halifax. i will open my doors to
anyone. ill organize boycotts against companies if they dont
meet my standards. oh shit. look at the time. hey cat. its 1128
pm.

Mary Jane Hamilton

GEROME, THE KICK BOXER MEETS HIS MATCH

Slightly tilted
to the wind,
and vodka-ridden,
Gerome, the twist-faced
kick boxer
violently throws a
kick
at the
oncoming train:
SWOOSH and a short
watery sound and
suddenly he's in two.
Here — on top the trax.
And there — in the tunnel,
away from himself,
rolling...

He's no longer deadly,
just dead.
No longer mean.
No longer feared.
Now Friday Nites
come
(and though they
look the same),
they're
an inch-more safer
with him undone.

Another hero gone.
Another hero forgotten.

They threw him in a wooden box
and buried him with an ugly shirt on.
Max Jurgaitis