

# POETRY

## SONG OF THE RUNNER

The first morning I ran with the wind by the sea  
 All the sandcastle mothers pointed at me  
 For I am running forever;  
 There goes a child that is lost, they said  
 But I heard them, and smiled and shook my head:  
 I'll be running when you and your children lie dead  
 For I am running forever.  
 At Summer's end, running away from my wife;  
 The neighbourhood neighed: You're destroying your life,  
 For I am running forever;  
 But why should I work for fat slabs of meat  
 When the grass is bouncing under my feet  
 And old trees hand me apples to eat?  
 For I am running forever.

And down through Love Town along Paradise Row  
 With the freeway above and the railway below  
 For I am running forever;  
 The rednecks were raining dead beer bottles down  
 — Hey look at the jogger! A reall live clown!  
 But I laughed as the backs of their hands turned brown  
 For I am running forever.

And whenever the night wind blew behind  
 I swept down the moonlit road of my mind  
 For I am running forever;  
 Though lights were warm and music played,  
 No imprisoning arms in doorways delayed  
 The rush of my solitary parade  
 For I am running forever.

As I came into Memory Park  
 I heard grey dogs begin to bark  
 For I am running forever;  
 A terror flew into each mocking eye  
 That soon I'd be running across the sky  
 While their unused bodies, standing by  
 Must stare for all time to see why  
 Not having lived, we can none of us die  
 For I am running forever.

SIMON LEIGH

## DREAMS

To the realist,  
 They are a waste of time,  
 To the romantic  
 They are a way of life,  
 But to me  
 They are my escape,  
 And I think  
 Everyone should have them.

JOHN M. ERSKINE

## THE LAST LEAF

The last leaf to fall,  
 Is but a last desperate  
 holdout,  
 To summer's peace  
 and tranquility,  
 And to the memories,  
 Only we two, have shared.

JOHN M. ERSKINE

## THE LAST BATTLE

Seated upon the purple porcelain throne,  
 Quietly bored by walls of mauve squares,  
 Watching piles of pretty patterned purple paper plies  
 Splashing scents of fallen orbs masked by synthetic  
 lilac.

Lumps of powdered flower-powered ass-wipe  
 Battling peanut-chunked brown buoys  
 In a sea of flourescent blue germ-killer,  
 All defeated in a rush, a flush, a blush.

DAN OGILVIE

## DEAR OLD B.

I remember quiet nights,  
 Complication frustration  
 And all I loved you.  
 I remember your body bright  
 and warm, and  
 soft so soft  
 I remember green and blue  
 (your eyes are blue, why are they blue?)  
 silent space between unclosed.  
 And how I needed to belong.  
 You colored winter  
 Sunlight flashing through the snow,  
 I remember warm whispers,  
 And frustration through to broken panes.  
 I remember clouded eyes  
 that never cried,  
 I needed you to cry  
 I remember broken ends

and your hiding running;  
 Trying to hold on to you  
 until you made me run the farthest.  
 It's so dark and hard sometimes  
 with you behind me pushing  
 and nowhere up front to go,  
 Dreaming of a false peace  
 That I never had with you.  
 I don't want to dream to noone,  
 It's just that  
 I've forgotten  
 How it is when it was real.

## WHAT IS "IT"?

A friend  
 Is the tunnel you find  
 When you begin to climb a mountain

It's the one  
 Who guides you towards the bridge  
 When there is a river to cross

The one who  
 Tells you to slow down  
 When he sees a curb ahead

It's that one  
 Who comes up with something  
 Identical to what you lost

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 MARGARET COMEAU

## A TRIBUTE TO FRIENDS

To those friends who came  
 to me and listened intently  
 while I babbled  
 problems across the table  
 I was a wounded bird  
 lying in the gutter, being  
 washed over the edge into  
 the abyss of slime  
 I thank-you beyond  
 words of gratitude,  
 you are beautiful

KATHRYN POPOVICH