



graphic by pat bourque

Open house: two sketches

i. slackened
tilted
exhausted
naked
vacant

the mind
unskinned
and hung
in tiger's
paw like a raw
napkin
decimalized
to the nearest
approximation
of filthiness

the ear vibrant
with a note
from Renoir
whispering
to Cezanne
I suppose

je pense ...
il lui manque ...
excusez moi ...
de l'essence.

ii. this gothic
structure
cellophanous
obfuscating
the nostrils
squeezed at 45 degrees
for breath

the odour
of the fire-place
yawning steam
with a hiss
death-scenting
heap fermenting
rebirth
negopositivelike

sterilized gloves
and nylons
without sweat
without warmth
without life
bare

the mind
featherweighted
and the heart
porous with guilt

- samuel aseim

POETRY

Still

Three thousand crying stars.
A barren street light and a handful of tears.
A deep blue night
Quiet as people dream
The thoughts I have could be a poem
But the words I know
Are inadequate
To say what I feel
And they stumble
And trip down tar black roads
Still warm
From the summer sun.

- bryan smith

To Karn

a little voice inside
i-me
cried
when it heard.

mistake
cruel thing that it seems
has twined itself
like a vine
around a
tender
soft
heart
and blue seas lap gently
over.
i-us turn
now
to the time when
happiness
desire
expectation
danced and played
TOGETHER
but now are gone.

green has flirted
like
playful girl and taunts
outside the window pain

the sea laps again
as
silent beach pebble
becomes
shining
precious
stone
worthy of the
love of a
tender
soft
heart.

- stew simpson

When on a winter's night

When on a winter's night you
walk downtown
the moon
is just above
the old clock tower-
people gather
for a Christmas parade
and wait in the darkness
between street lights
and windows.

When on a winter's night you
step into
the moon
you don't even see
the old clock tower-
it is snowing gently
as in a child's crystal
and your dirty boots
make soft white footprints
and someone is waiting
for you
at the corner of Church
and Main.

- anon

The protean significance

Your eyes spoke of mountains
and glistening sunsets overshadowing
the torment and demanding minutes
of our love.
Yet herein lay the deeper meaning
of the times we shared — the majestic heights
of passion, mingled with tender murmurings
of prismatic colours mirrored in our minds.

But now you lie alone, and quaff
sweet memories from frugal cups.
And I wonder what the mountains and sunsets
of our love
will signify tomorrow,
when the resplendent greens of summer shimmer
with repressed dreams and naive infatuation
during quiet nights and the rising of the stars.

- karyn allen