

Here prostrate,  
pressed flat out  
in the space between a second storey floor  
and a first storey ceiling.

Here suffocating,  
lying wide eyed,  
Face upwards and Hands pinned,  
Unable to scratch the intolerable itching of my nose.

The dust filters down from one tenant's boots,  
The heat filters up from one tenant's stove.  
One tenant dances  
One tenant prays,  
I can feel his gaze  
that plays at my back.

I can hear them meeting in the hall;  
"Have you smelt the rat that's rotting in our wall"?

First my eyes and lips and face dissolve away;  
the sensuous strain is stopped.  
First my face and feet and hands,  
Outlines fading in the memory.  
Traced outlines containing space only  
and rotting vapours.

MARY<sup>d</sup> MOTHER OF US, am I your son of mixed bloods?  
BARTHOLEM EW



: POSSESSIVE, BELONGS  
TO MY COUSIN

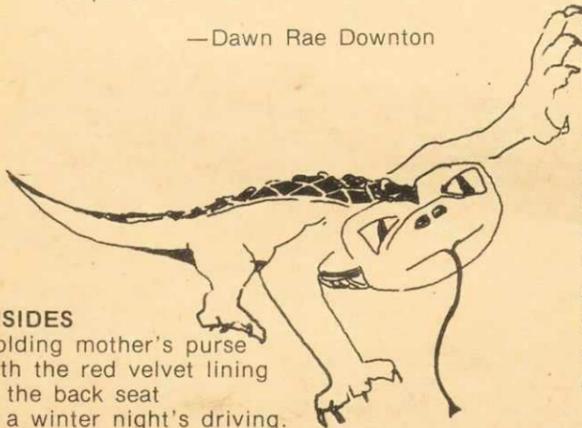
Picture of my cousin 1973

The pictures come to us  
struck from light  
and memory, we remember  
the tree but not the pose

already around you melting  
snow, sun creeping  
at your ankles the sky  
at your mouth your face  
dissolving, refracted now  
and not

you  
come to us  
a foot fixed in snow and  
tree, a dog, now dead  
you  
come to us/a hand  
behind your face/a fear  
of pictures

—Dawn Rae Downton



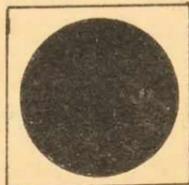
**INSIDES**

Holding mother's purse  
with the red velvet lining  
in the back seat  
of a winter night's driving.  
Miriam, dressed in white,  
Shrunk to the size of a pin head  
and was beautiful.

Miriam in white on red,  
tucked in a corner,  
back among the bric-a-brac.

Miriam as a geometric dot.  
In lack of dimension lies your perfection.  
I can comprehend you wholly.  
I know what you are; without shape or weight; nothing.  
and smile on your fate,  
possessed by the soft contours of the inside of mother's  
purse.

Dreams, all dreams are nothing.  
In dreams we are only what we are;  
Perfect, and in our image of ourselves only.  
Eyes shut and turned inward  
to the warm red mass of sleeping reason.



Miriam awoken  
and disappointed at my presence and our size  
and the interruption of opening doors, cold wind  
and home.

BARTHOLEM EW

Charles Baudelaire in Los Angeles

The sun, slit yolk,  
drips through smog  
and goes out.  
Two cowboys stiffen,  
shift their coy gunbelts  
down. Camera.

Extras fall back.  
Alone, they spin, pawing  
pitols off cocked  
hips, sweat and dye  
drizzle in 1000-watt  
day: take this, these slash-  
ing guns, faked climaxes,  
shred cotton, cardboard,  
styrene flesh, glass eye.

Desert rats rubbed raw  
by sand and space, we  
stare across an empty  
stake, the buzzards settle.  
Our guns are gone; baby,  
we're not kids, teeth,  
steel cold nails will  
revenge the peeled 44  
and the Judas knife.

The sting of lizard  
hands on love's sore!  
Out in the canyons, heroes,  
redskins and angels hunt  
their barbedwire need,  
a girl tries it all:  
Patmos' senile putsch  
plays out between her  
slamming knees.

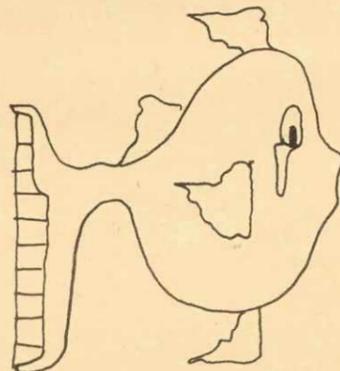
A 'version' of Baudelaire's **Duellum**.  
Ken Snyder  
English Department  
St. Mary's Univ.  
Halifax

Tantramar  
Lush, deep in the marsh's secret places,  
In bending slender paths of twining light,  
The waves' wind brings the far-breath of fine white  
Sand. Now rustling summer interlaces

With whispers in the grass, and sun-warmed faces  
Flush with damp touch, eyes shut in hot noon's night,  
Lush, deep in the marsh's secret places.  
In bending slender paths of twining light

The tidal pulse swells and moistening races  
To the inner reaches of salt: hot tight  
Cries of dark marshthirst clutch the lightning-bright  
Brids and the capturing hand embraces  
Lush, deep in the marsh's secret places.  
—R.L.R.

'POEM FOR  
DAL GAZETTE'



She flipped the paper  
defiant

I caught it midway between  
I've got 80's  
I've got a scholarship.  
I was searching for context  
I read the page numbers  
and footnotes  
for logic  
Looking for the staple to bind the theme.

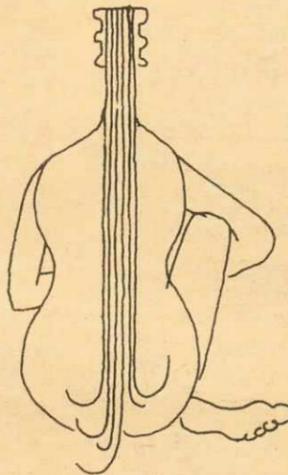
She said  
"She said, she said"

about

I could not tell her  
She shouldn't  
It wasn't proper.

It was only a bursary.

donalee moulton



**Air 1**

The guitarist  
plucks  
and with his weaving fingers  
tickles  
the tension of the strings  
into loose harmonies;  
With light motions  
mingles  
the chaste tendrill notes  
and base hums  
of his instrument  
softly suspended in the warm belly of the trembling air.  
BARTHOLEM EW

FRG  
WOL