

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^d MOTHER OF US, am I your son of mixed bloods?
BARTHOLEMW



: POSSESSIVE, BELONGS
TO MY COUSIN

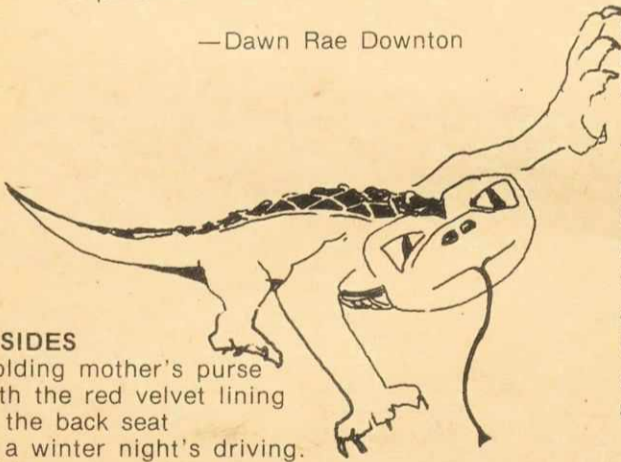
Picture of my cousin 1973

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.

BARTHOLEMW



FRG
WOL

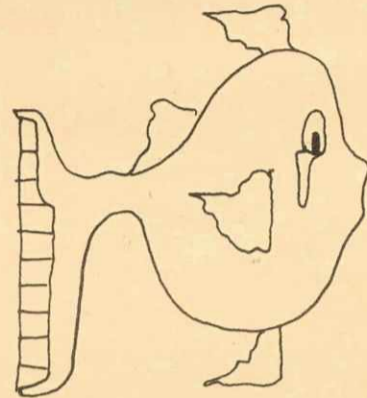


Tantramar
Lush, deep in the marsh's secret places,
In bending slender paths of twining light,
The waves' wind brings the far-breath of fine white
Sand. Now rustling summer interlaces

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'



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 **Duelling**.
Ken Snyder
English Department
St. Mary's Univ.
Halifax

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.

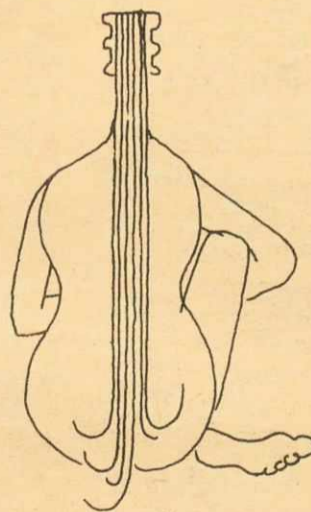
She said
"She said, she said"

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 tendrils notes
and base hums
of his instrument
softly suspended in the warm belly of the trembling air.
BARTHOLEMW