

And on the seventh day he rested

Early in the morning I walked by the seashore
Looking, like thousands before me
For something interesting.
Nothing but naked sand and an endless expanse of water
Touched my eyes.
Oh for a snail or even a clam to break the monotony!
At last — a snail — fastened to a rock.
I reached carefully to pick it up
And with much ceremony and a lightened heart
I stowed it in my pocket.
On and on I walked, and suddenly there were countless hundreds
Of snails here and there climbing on the weed covered rock.
Big snails and small snails — all much more beautiful
Than the tiny orphan in my pocket.
A few more lagging steps, and with tears in my eyes
My snail joined the other broken relics
On the rock-strewn beach.
Oh for something more interesting than a snail!
And then, in a fucus-filled tide pool,
I saw a starfish.
My pulse quickened as I plucked it from the rack
Carefully, to avoid injuring its fragile suction cups.
Confident now that my excursion was not in vain
I placed it on a log where the tide couldn't reach it
And where I could collect it on my return.
But as before, it was the first of many like creatures,
And it lay forgotten, to die alone on the sand.
And the snail and the starfish
Were the first day.
I rounded the point, and there in the distance
Was another, limiting my view of the sea.
And the barren rocks and the cold sea
Were the second day.
Again I rounded the point, and again the same scene.
And the barren rocks and the cold sea
Were the third day.
With increasing melancholy I continued round another point.
And the barren rocks and the cold sea
Were the fourth day.
And yet I continued as the fog drifted into the bay.
I gained another point and another.
And the barren rocks and the cold sea
Were the sixth day.
The fog thickened and it began to rain.
With sudden terror I fled back to my car.

John Blaikie

We were not meant to

We were not meant to
play cat in the night,
nosing aside mused sheets
and spoiling empties;
relying on our fur
to keep the sun away--

spectre on curbstone,
blasted by cold stringy
eyeprying light;
starting and snuffing
and watching our whiskers
turn to dead hands.

Joseph Sherman

The unsolitary sandpipers

The beach today and I
walking along the violent edge
building a wall of sand
just for fun

the waves will come I know

the waves will come
and a million tiny footprints
will be washed to sea
and O if not for the multitude
of invisible prints made
by the unassuming sandpipers

I would really be alone.

Bernell MacDonald

True love

The sun rises on her face
and I am engulfed
in a growing aura of radiance
and she beckons
stronger, still stronger, love
so strong as to make
me patiently wait
to see the sunset
on her breasts.

Bernell MacDonald

The tree planter

It's funny what the sun can do!
A man sitting on a wagon
rough sun-dead face
with quiet cracked lips.
Not a bad looking fellow really;
like that other fellow who drove the tractor.
Every morning he climbed to the truck
tossing his dog and his lunch
into the back
with equal celebration.
He was always clean shaven
and one could guess the day of the month
by the number of layers of crusted soap
on the lobes of his black rimmed ears.
He died about seven years before I was born.
But it hasn't affected his voice.

John Blaikie

Unlike some (For those of the season)

it must be spring
for the wind feels more fulfilled
now as it carries its dishwater breath across my eyes
and the little forgotten packets of spoiled snow
look
like scattered pairs of undershorts
that need cleaning or giving away

the trees are still bare but
look ready for surprises and
it always happens every year
that I am surprised to see
them when they are suddenly
filled out like something
which shouldn't happen but
does

i think its done on purpose

and the mud and grass and sand is
old
mud and grass and sand and the girls
look
as if
they've been freshly awakened
as i
wave myself in front of their eyes to
see if they are awake and tranceless

yes i the dirty finger

feel that i should miss the season just gone
over my shoulder
but do not
guiltily
and look forward to summer
summer
when i'll rail at the sweating blasphemy i'll become
and leer at the soaking swampy bodies they'll still call
girl
and i'll call anything to survive

i don't take the seasons lightly

Joseph Sherman

Written during a sermon at mass

In church
the priest stands
swaying from the pulpit
two candles back and on either side
and I hope (or pray)
that the Lord
would let him sway
as much as to allow
the candles to set fire
to his irrelieious head of hair.

Bernell MacDonald

