

TRAIN TIES AND SNOWY SKIES

A hand clutching tickets of marked destination
Echoing footsteps through a sleeping station

The whining whistle screams off to the trees
Entering its tune on the morning breeze.
While the engine pulls out over snow hidden rails
Like a huge iron ship with the wind in her sails

Funnels of smoke climb from the seat up ahead
By the no-smoking sign painted boldly in red
And a conductor with smiles, washed by the miles
That he's come since he climbed from his bed.

A child that won't remember what she saw and heard today
Still not quite old enough to put these things away
A child that wonders why some people do not smile
Standing there so solemnly along the empty aisle.

Poetry by Dennis J. Doherty

THE PROPHET

Birch-bark Halo about his head
Fir boughs lay to make his bed
In the Maritimes a prophet is born
To a woodsman old and worn
Young spotted deer view the sight
Eyes of brown blink in delight
A favored son to the eastern woods
Bringing news of brotherhoods
And how an end will come to time
To meet a maker so sublime
In a judgement of love so just
All will cry at his name they cussed.
Here to us this sign is sent
To put in mind the love we spent
On material gain so far from real
Enclosed in worlds of brick and steel
Tearing our environment to shreds
And worrying on checks and overheads.
To make us finally realize
That heaven is here in our Eastern Skies.

Such a short plunge is ours
In the ocean of time
So much sense it makes
To grab each wave and
Ride until it breaks

Amongst the woods
and friends I have,
within my cluttered
mind,
you are my favorite dream
I am waiting,
silent,
like the owl awaits the dark,
like the sea awaits the rain
silent.

THE HEAD IS DEAD

I have been taken many times
By lines quite prolific
Covering over a layer of lies
With reasoning so specific

Papers full of misquotes
Telling stories turned around
Murders, Mysteries, Magic and
Mistakes all abound.

Many a talented tongued orator
Full of ambiguous art
Has tricked the trusting public
And it's given me a start.

For ideas that show real promise
May never gain respect
Disillusioned once too often
We've an inhibited intellect.

Waking time, aching time,
time for just a word to tell you that here you are
helping me make it through another day.
Holding me, moulding me,
pressing me into the shape that may just turn
this hour around today.
I really thought I knew myself a year or more ago.
I really thought that things were here to stay.
Perhaps it was because I was afraid to let them go.
But now I know if I'm afraid things won't slow down
and stay.
I had to say
that yo. . . OK;
that phrase I've heard some place before.
The day has come that I've begun
to see the wonder of today.
A lonely place to hand around is worn-out yesterdays.
The holiness of living is just a jump away.

Gwyn Martin

VIRGINAL VESPERS

You, inching eve, his sweating sores had blessed;
Involved was he in scented reparation.
Your higher Love had lulled the separation
And in your loosening arms had he had rest.
Pewter peace. Now your diurnal dawn crest take,
Most loyal whore--your kindness unforgiven!
When may his calm in perfect pain be shriven,
His swollen nerves their burthen to her make?

-- John Timmins

Shallow echoes across the river
Cars and trucks and trains
Cursing, howling, crying
Voices in different strains.
"Move it man, get goin!"
"What's the hold up there?"
"Back up you idiot!"
"Don't you damn well dare!"
Voices in different strains,
Cursing, howling, crying.
Cars and trucks and trains,
Shallow echoes across the river.

Lynette Wilson

