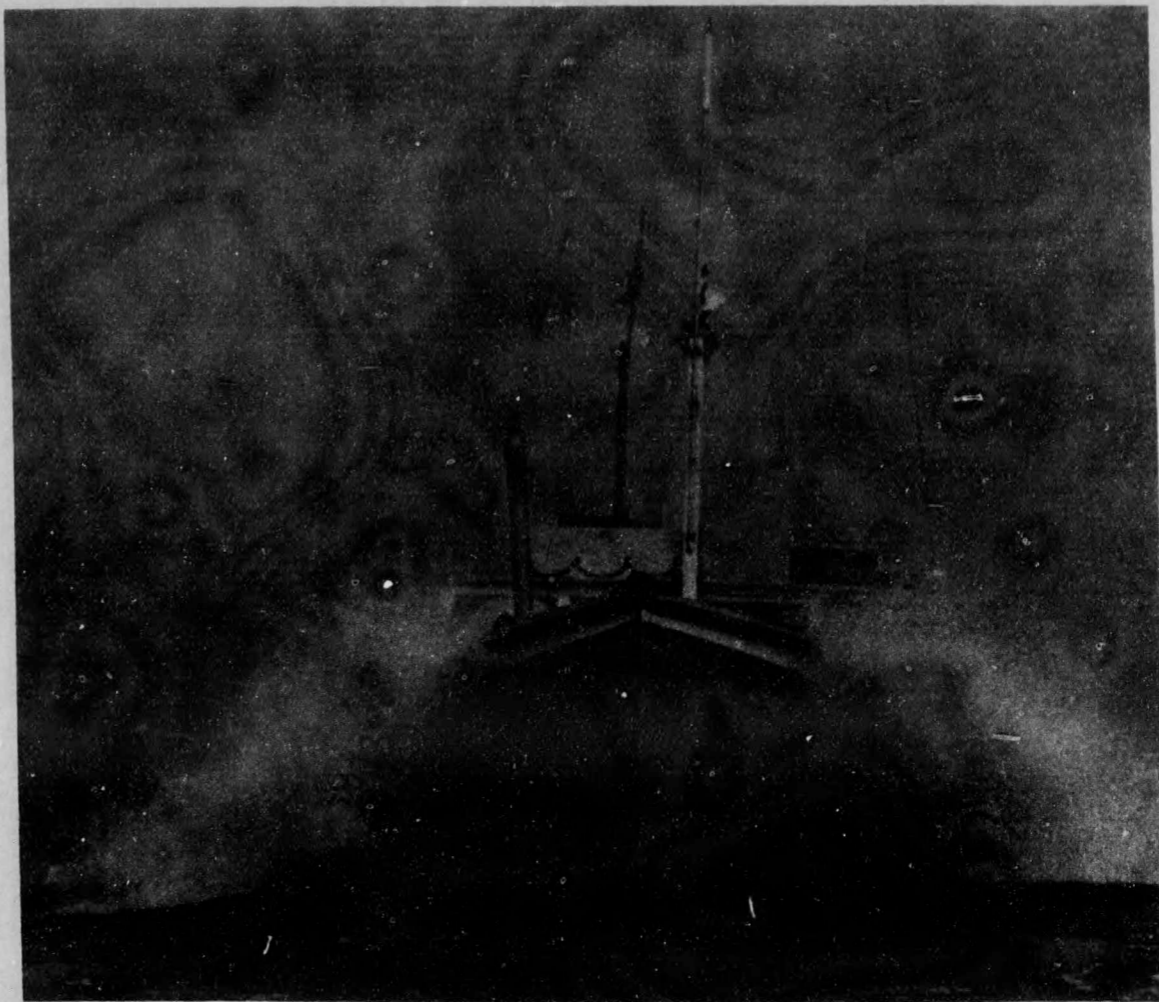


**EAST COAST FISHERMAN**

by Dave MacDavid

Long black sweater clung so loosely,  
 Half-buttoned, tattered, but woolen warm;  
 His lips were burnt by the salty sea-spray,  
 Blue eyes steady, sad and pale.  
 I watched him striding up the beach,  
 Dragging dory on the sand,  
 Fishing had been poor,  
 I felt it . . .  
 So I grasped his gnarled hand.  
 Standing on that riverbank,  
 Long-quelled yearnings deep in me,  
 I can hear that anchor grinding,  
 And the heaving of the sea.



**SPRING**

by John Colli

Brown birds raping the wind,  
 And slap, slap, slapping its warmth,  
 While segments spread in the rain,  
 And children dance below.

Green leaves busting buds,  
 And climb, climb, climbing higher,  
 While appendages nuzzle stems,  
 And raven straightforward gawk.

Yellow rays stinging earth's crust,  
 And peel, peel, peeling its skin,  
 While casters shed nylon lines,  
 And miniature sharks dabble with bait.

Red sundowns shrouding heaven's skies,  
 And lust, lust, lusting with rapture  
 While watchmen awefully stare,  
 And caress life's charms.

**FRUSTRATION**

Oh Frustration  
 god of our generation  
 deliver us from mimications  
 that stitch and sow sensations  
 to idle micro-tape-stations  
 that record-rewind-replay.

Fiction . . . white  
                   fingered  
                           button  
                                   pushers.

— Chris Botticella

**EDUCATED**

Educated,  
 I can turn a word  
 So that the neighbours never see the scar.

— Babs Saunders