



These six poems won the Bliss Carmen Memorial Prize for the best group of six poems. Peter Pacey was presented the prize when he graduated at Encaenia in May of this year.

Mr. Pacey graduated with first division honours in English. He wrote his honours thesis on Alden Nowlan, the University of New Brunswick writer-in-residence. This year Mr. Pacey is entering the Masters in English program at UNB, concentrating on Canadian literature.

Two of these poems will soon be published in "The Fiddlehead", "Tea Cup" and "My Ladies Sleeping". The ladies in the latter poem are Mr. Pacey's wife, Donna, and their three year old daughter, Sarah.

Peter Pacey is a twenty-three year old native Frederictonian. Besides English, his interests include rugby. He has played on the UNB rugby team for several years and this year will coach the Fredericton High School rugby team.

Cows

Cows waddle one to the other  
out the path to pasture  
Ben walking behind  
handling the stick which  
he uses only to mark time  
slapping his rubber boot  
moving the cows between barbed wire.

he works the farm  
with the comfort of an old man,  
the tools worn to his hands.

the cows huddle from the heat  
beneath the solitary spreading elm.

Evening falls by shadows,  
bringing in the cows for Ben  
as hired men, we are two boys  
moving the cows faster than is wise,  
he comes to meet us, smiles,  
and slows the pace.

supper is earned.

taking his stool he  
bends to his milking  
pail by pail by the naked bulb,  
finally spreading the feed.  
back through the dark yard  
to the house and sleep.  
the stalled cows nod and chew.

No Small Comfort

Out behind the hill

where the dog-leg fence  
traces the tree line  
old Ben goes daily  
through winter  
to work his wood-lot.

leaning to the tree  
his axe knocks  
the hollow silence  
of the forest cave,  
branches bending under heavy snow.

The days come shorter now

and the wood-lot grows thin  
impatient with his age  
and the slow change in his ways  
Ben will find no small comfort  
by the kitchen stove  
and his meal of leftovers.