



'TAVERN POETRY'

in a tavern
in a corner
the lighting is poor
but we have
pens and paper enough
and faith enough
that there are no critics
drunk enough
and mean enough
to use us
for their sport.

'COLD NIGHT WALK'

on wheels of flesh
as cold as steel
i chug along
on woolen fuel,
puffing
my clouds of pain.

FUTURE DEMOLITION

Man has dominated the unconquerable,
Intergalactic space and ocean floors,
Knowledge improbably becoming possible,
Improving his conditions on a speck of dust.

This imminent creature,
becoming detrimental to all others,
Increasing his numbers,
depleting all.

Building, devouring, burning up, destroying, wasting.
Man's greatest peril will hit him hard,
But who will know
And be able to speak of it!!

Roger Winsor

A SETTING SUN, ASCENDS

Small evening supper has sufficed,
For yet another day will end,
Heat follows swiftly turned to ice
Seeing coloured natures finding mend.
Oh chair, of quiet comfort to my soul
Be of theatered nature to my sun
Let gold and yellow love of light, be whole,
While yet another moment has begun.
Quick to that quiet calm succinctly
Melt all, one to all, each other, onto none
While holding on that gentle silent brink,
Would the mother choose the father, not the son?
Pour forth your beams upon my thoughts,
Torment the terror to the Lethe
But nigh, to knowing is the now, begot
In battle for beauty and grief, He.

Oh blessed and thankful I am for the sun,
Its joy for a minute, now look at me run.
I am glad I am not old and horribly disabled
Grandpa's got memory, with stories and fables
But when he cries out I say yes, I am table.
Now wouldn't that make for intellectual fun,
One minute he's grandpa, the next he's a gun.
Shoot, Shoot, Shoot,
Where am I?

Greekmyths are puzzles,
The Bible a game,
Two sides are double
While we go insane
One to go
Two to show
Three is evidence.
To go show me this God
We count backwards,
Three to go
Two is show
One is evidence.
To go show me this God
We count backwards,

The truth stands above
Then time.
It relives the fate
That has left it behind.
Bless me father for I have sinned.
A pussy cat just made me grin
But Holy Father diquished as dice
Could you leave us a raft of crushed ice.

Far back into blissful solitude
Moving like a cloud filled sun
Reaching rays retreat my grasp
Clutching to keep my faith in your idea,
Assustomed now to light in bulbous shape
With artificial form, not needed, not real.

S.J. Vasseur

l.b.r.

The beer is warm and sweet
and the vague mist of charlie lingers, faceless
in the darkened room
and, except for elton, I am alone
but even elton can't stop the tears
tonight
so heres to the whores on yonge street
who aren't half as sweet
as another deep lonely sip.

'EARLY SP

bare spring
against the
a modest
to summer
the stars h
into a sec
and then a

FLASH

Flash!
Flash!
An' another flas
Can you see the
Oh, they're so k
Composing pict
Sharp on my m
Flash!
Memories hidde
Lost long with
They reappear
As chains to bi
Flash!
My eyes now c
No longer blind
I see the truth
Within my min
Flash!
Peace at long l
Fear an outcast
Peace to my he
But of what kin
Flash!
That's for me t
And you just n
Flash!
Flash!
Flash!
Flash!
An' another fla

'BEACH'

BROWN BO
BUBBLING
WITH BOU
TANNED CO
DRESSED FO

the white sh
tip-toe
cross the sa
in homage.