



LITERARY PAGE

"MY BESTEST FRIEND"

You're a friend whom I'll cherish
Till the day that I die
Someone I can talk to
Laugh with and cry.

And I hope that these few memories
We have made together
Are just the beginning
Of a life long treasure.

There may be days
When I may seem very sad
But please Laur, don't ignore me
It's not that I'm mad.

It's just I worry
About you and me
Will our friendship go on
To last an eternity?

Or will it end
With the passing of time
When you find that 'special someone'
And I haven't found mine?

I need you Laurie
More than you'll ever know
Cause you mean the world to me
And I could never let you go.

From the day that we met
You put a smile on my face
And filled a space in my heart
That no one can ever replace

"BLUE ROMANCE"

P.S. Thanks for your friendship Laurie.

LIFE

My life is like a pebble in a stream,
I am but one lost amongst millions like me.
I have seen a lot in my life,
Friends which have come and gone with the
passing of time.
Those of you that have managed to stay with
me
In his whirlwind of emotions,
Know that it will end all too soon.
There have been some pretty fast times coming
downstream,
Of which I will always remember,
And to those times which haven't been so fast,
Well I'm glad you were around to see me
through it all.
I was once a part of a greater, immovable force.
But now I am much older and weathered
Soon to become immersed in the seas.
One day I'll return again to this part of the
world,
And when I do, watch out everyone,
I may still be a pebble,
but with much more knowledge of what's to
come.

ANONYMOUS

TAKE BUT A MINUTE

And love of mine
heart, resolve
in her gravity
revolve

Benevolent soul
spirits travel
to truth, to her
my reasons unravel

Until love and softness
consume
me wholly
my love resume

take but a minute
And fill it as though a hour
Take but an hour
And fill it as though a day
And fill that day as though a lifetime
And time will not steal these moments away.

JAMES MURPHY
(for M.C.)

WALLS

Those who cannot feel
learn to turn into killers
and watchers of brutality
on television or on Yonge
St.

those who do not let
themselves feel
block the pain that is
generated by seeing
humanity
falling, falling
experiencing separation
from oneself;
pushing, pushing those
away you love to love
Mother, Father, Sister,
Brother
who taught you not to
feel the depths of your
soul
while ourwardly studying
behaviour that
is connected to...
the split of you sends
shivers to my soul
which sees and
understands the patterns
on the wall
in me
in you
falling,
falling
into a black empty
black emotionless
black painful
black pit.
You who are so beautiful
down
down I cannot reach you;
your pit is your walls
encompassing.

R.R.R.

TRIBUTE TO JAMES
SCOTT 1908-1987
He was a man
A many faceted man
A strong man
A gentle man
A loud and crude man
He was a cynic
He was stubborn
He was laughter
And was pain
He suffered long
Yet no one knew
A silent sufferer
He was humble man
A modest man
A virile man
A loved man

JANICE MOORE

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I would like to thank all the people who have taken the time to submit their poetry to the literary section. Due to the fact that my superiors have been limiting the space for the literary page, I have only been able to print a certain amount each issue. Have patience please. Your submissions will make it in an issue as soon as the space is available. Please keep on writing, your cooperation is much appreciated.