

6 brunswickan, friday, march 7, 1969



po. et. ry (*pō' i trē*), *n.* 1. the art of rythmical composition, written or spoken, for exciting pleasure by beautiful, imaginative or elevating thoughts.

— The Random House Dictionary of the English Language

Frederickton 1968

It was a night like this the pirates struck.
Wielding silent sabres in grimy hands,
shouting and cursing, killing all that they passed,
they made their way to Cumber Street,
where a black-robed priest got in their path
and they cut him down like all the rest.
I hid in the corner at the back of a shed
and prayed in my fear to a half deaf god
while they raped and cut and laughed.
They left the town in a few days time
leaving it torn and bleeding
and cold like death.
I stayed in the shed until my father came
and I cryed because he wouldn't die.
They'll come again I suppose
when I'm old enough to bleed.
And I'll kill them all
and laugh like they laughed.

John Blaikie

A modern poem

Ol' Man Maxwell was
trotting
to the Main Street swapshops
looking for a second-hand shovel
to clean out his son's mind
who sat in the Saint John graveyard
writing
MODERN POETRY
to the tombstones.

And his face was very grave as he
remembered reading HOWL
by Allen Ginsberg

and he hoped he was in time to save his son.

Night

When the daylight had begun to fade,
he peered out from behind his shades
and smiled, for the darkness he knew
would soon cover him,
render him a creature of the night
which he knew he was.

And in the darkness,
he hardly needed eyes,
feeling free because no
one could see him,
and even if they did
they wouldn't know him in the dark.

He crawled among the flowers in the park,
smelling them, knowing
which flowers they were.
The night was his domain and
he would share it
with no one, not even himself.

louis cormier

The last stand

The cavalry reins in
just like the movies
and you love those
perfectly blue uniforms
white hats so white
and you know
there's just gotta be
an Indian somewhere;
you spur your horse;
even if you have
to ride forever...
and if there was any
(secret)
to the great wild west,
I guess that's it,
Custer.

louis cormier

Distant, far
Yet reachable
As reach them we must
For Eternity is not here.
Not for us.
Here is only death.
Hope and man's eternity
Both lie in the night sky
Like gleaming promises,
Eternal promises,
Waiting for the hands
Of those who dare grasp them.
Not audacity nor courage
Shal win these,
But wisdom
And the desire for souls
To be free.

Tom Murray

The dancers

It burst like an anemone,
At the bottom of the sea catching flies.
They sit down there dancing,
And through the pain of their memories
The blackasnight decision of the templars
Moves among them all to find their focal point
Finds it kills it,
And the dance goes on,
And the pain of their memories deepens.

Revolution and Leonard Cohen

Crowns blow into the wailing change winds.
Queens have no doubt.
Queens fall.
Into the abyss that once was your dreams
And far be it from me to deny sleep
On the hero of poems who because he is one of our people
is hallowed at the tomb.

Elaine Patton