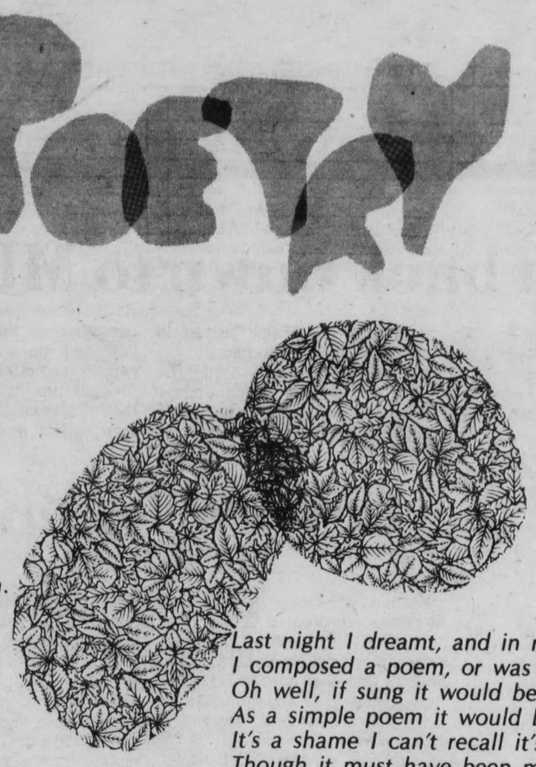
POETRY



TOURISTS....AND OTHERS

They come in droves...
These strange befuddled
herdlike kind of men...
in outlandish clothes,
often bizarre, but varied more in that
than in their thoughts,
which seem remarkably dull
and sheeplike;
driven as tourists are driven
throughout the world.

Their forbears came;
Men of position
of intellect
of ordered calm and swift deliberation.
They knew a good thing and got it
Their lives were filled with order,
dignity.
They reared majestic houses,
sometimes beautiful
but always grand;
and started dynasties.

And now they come and gape.
These latter-day adventurers
lethargic, or just relaxed,
mill about, make like remarks;
take self-same photographs.
Uncomprehending
And vaguely staring,
they do not ken
that here their forbears were.
[Sometimes their very flesh and blood].

For when the old blood-lines
became too thin
too intermixed with vague, haphazard stock;
results were grim,
and dynastys, so well begun
foundered on the rocks.

The grandsons, even,
of the proud aristocrats
were often
wont to go their ways;
be it whoring, betting;
anybody's guess
what changed them.
Soon,
their sires forgotten;
all that preceded them,
that generates respect;
cast out...cast down,
forgotten, all.

Their offspring,
Scattered
as petals in a gale,
remember nothing.
Imagination-less,
shorn of their family ties,
traditions,
roots, and ordered homes,
they come to gape
at ordered beauty
of another age.

Their trip is often of two kinds.
They gape...and meditate;
and on they go,
insatiable for all the world;
digesting nothing,
on they go.
They do not build.

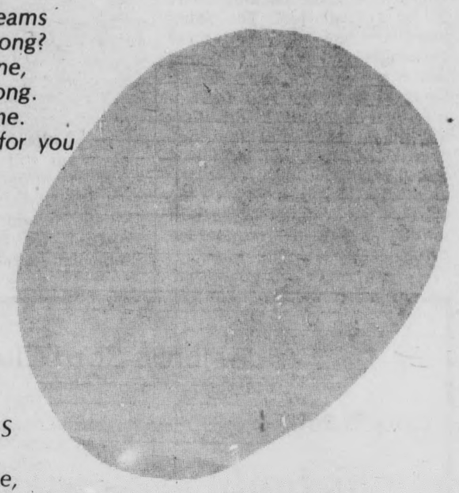
The weather's turning cooler now;
The leaves are dying on the trees;
Animals are gathering winter food;
The farmer's hay is long since cut.
The woods is strange this time of year -
So spooky, lovely, full of life
That soon will all be hiding out
And bravely weathering winter's scream.

But look at me, where I am now;
In this brick house I'll never freeze -
No unmown hayfields near the woods
Where wind blown brown top makes you shut
Your brain to all else but what's near,
And then forget the world's strife -
And I sit here or walk about
With no use for my fall day dream.

Derwin Gowan, Oct. 6, 1975

Last night I dreamt, and in my dreams
I composed a poem, or was it a song?
Oh well, if sung it would be so fine,
As a simple poem it would be strong.
It's a shame I can't recall it's rhyme.
Though it must have been meant for you
And for all the warmth I find
With such a love in my heart,
And, ah yes, you on my heart,
And, ah yes, you on my mind.

Lynette Wilson



WINGS

Strange,
for I've been lying there contentedly,
Dreaming--
That some long-gone friend spared
travelling time,
To read, and set our shared
thoughts to music.

Awakened now by this:
Pulsating flat silence--
Mindful of sad extremes:
white-hot, then blue-cold...
Seeking some sick sort of animation;
Yet suspended.

How bittersweet the tempo of these words!
[Throbbing moods],
My haunted, hungry, human heart!
So now you must know:
Your oldest age is felt in being alone.
[Time drags like a torturous trial].

Yet if our joy is too intense
for related moods:
It is because the quicksand-depth
of stifling personal pride,
Is part of this crazy concrete
of living,
Mixed with restless rock-like
Confrontations...
The conformations
Of searching, shining souls.

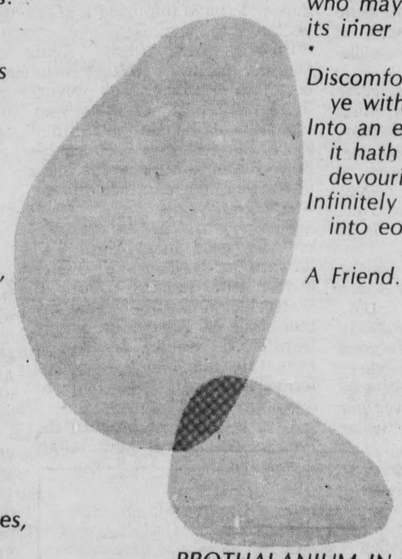
Sometimes my mind reels with thoughts,
...Like a whole company of friends,
thinking outloud together.
[Yet such a sound is sweet:
True peace!]
This chaotic luxury is like being
funnelled safely
Through that same sad secret maze,
Finally finding some strange silver bird
Has set my soul free,
On His own portable
Spare set of wings.

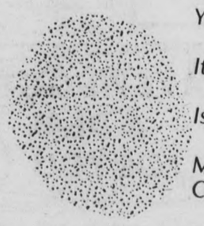
By Becky Mowat

For IRENE:
who may understand
its inner meaning

Discomfort has fallen
ye with depression.
Into an endless sleep
it hath passed
devouring your vitality.
Infinitely passing, it slips,
into eons of depth.

A Friend.





PROTHALANIUM IN GREEN

In the shakings of the night
Is all ye shall require of light;

With the oneing of the two
Is all the gleam the glass lets through.

She who claims you on this morn
Subservients our joy forlorn;

She whom you shall claim this night
Supplants our lanterns with her light..

Yea! two fruit forth, the rest subside:
The lovers twine, the friends divide.

John Timmins