

Literary

Lit.

Page

Lit. Page Deadline
Noon Wednesday

On English Bay

Resting in this stolen moment
sand firm and cool beneath me,
breathing up the first signs of evening — absent
fingers flutter,
pick at sunburnt shins.

I watch my daughter's yet curveless body
wading in English Bay. Gulls perch, squat
to watch me
watch her, transfixed by freighters drifting lightly
on sun-tipped waves. They rise with the tide,
she calculates displacement,
this miracle
with her father's gift for physics.
At ten, this curious blend
can already see a coin from two sides — a feat
her father and I have yet to accomplish.

She watches my sea with prairie-locked eyes,
standing in the surf, foam breaking, salt stinging
bloodied knees. She's spent this day
on the rocks, battling barnacles, starfish,
and half-dead crabs and I am reminded as ever
of her father; his landlocked eyes mirror
pumpjacks and derricks
standing alien in a sea of wheat
against an horizon of stone.
Grotesque obelisk; tower after tower of concrete
on glass.
This father for whom a day at the ocean
means a quick drive one round the promontory
of Stanley Park
in his airconditioned car
with the tinted windows rolled tight — this father
to whom she'll return in five more days.

The parting will be harder than previous years.
We know now
how long a year is,
the distance between us seems more
than coloured lines on a map.

Rising, I call to her.
It is time to go. Shiver, thinking
we've had too much
sun.

Karen-Jean Braun



"Alone"

Walking out alone on the city
pavements.
Nobody knows the little girl
with her head in the clouds.
She walks alone in a crowd.
She's dreaming of a far away
world; a better land.
Oh, little dreamer, sweet dreamer.
Where can you be found?

All alone in a distant town;
strolling along with your head
hung down.
Every pavement, a new map;
another fantasy to be tapped.
She doesn't hear the city sounds;
her song plays endlessly round
and round.
Oh, little dreamer, sweet dreamer.
Where can you be found?

Sarah Rosart

Parthenon West

I see your soft self glowing
among the twinkling and tawny stars
see this my moment on creamy marble
floating the smooth stream of love. The heat god-
dess comes on heavy,
spreading sensation as strewn
petals of flowers.

So soft the silky vespers as they
waft over the Isle of Wishing waters
shifting the weight of the wind,
to flight time again

So swaying and singing the
minstrels of love lend their
measure for my time with you.

A thought in a dream as old as time,
slipped through space to search for love.
The echoes left no place free of my desire for you,
beauty in being; now I am of you
and you are of me.

Z. Iron