

The DIME BAG

#6 ix

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the editors wish to thank both writers and readers  
for their continued support and encouragement

bart higgins  
sharon manson  
tony hopkins

art is  
an end  
within

a mean

we are  
always  
making

Bob Simmons

The dawn glows  
with a deathly moe  
like the glow of  
Cadavers.

In the snow  
forzen bits of skin  
hardened by night  
the sky urey  
with saddened eyes  
a reflection.  
Of eyes raised in  
prayer.

The tree's barren  
as mother with hope.  
Streets slippery  
intent on breaking  
the fragile necks  
of little girls  
and boys  
school bound  
bodies lost.

Sunrise in winter  
like burning desires  
behind store windows.  
Is only  
there to frustrate,  
and  
sadness in winter  
only makes the earth,  
that much colder.

Lewis Baumander

## The Stars

Packed like a snowball, solid dream  
til they flew like ideas  
from the peace of the center-  
shaped by explosions  
with sound or without  
first waves on an uncharted pond.  
Around them unconsciousness  
endlessly turning  
white heat, and the knowledge  
of heat.

At noon the sun shines  
through a hazy white sky.  
The sheep find the hills  
where the night snow is melting,  
the breeze on their backs like a  
yawn. A small boy  
with a golden chain round his neck  
picks a rock up by the river.

David Gowdey

## Husband

Three times a week she  
opens the door, and the bell  
tinkles, and she  
swishes like Joan Crawford  
to the third booth by  
the wall, brushes back  
her hair and says to me  
"A hamburg, please. No  
onions. And a  
slice of apple pie."

David Gowdey

The Blue Whale over the Yard

For a moment the sun is hidden.  
Horses in the fields are restlessly  
whinnying. A blue whale  
the size of the Hindenberg  
appears above the horizon.

A tern circles near him and swoops  
towards home. He drifts  
over the woods, leaves the air  
undisturbed, awesome and soundless,  
no trick turns his eye,  
the giant tail beats like a pendulum.

His shadow falls, cooling the earth.  
He sifts grey clouds through immense  
pink gills, turns inside out,  
explodes like sunset,  
and oh!  
waves of morning through an open wheat field  
grass and sky breaking over the hill  
perfect threeness of a yellow screen door!

David Gowdey

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David Gowdey



Do You Remember?

Do you remember morning?  
The cold shivering sky,  
Grey with its burden of snow,  
Low, glowering,  
Forbidding one to rise,  
Daring one to challenge it.

Do you remember the wind?  
The harsh unrelenting force  
Out of a mindless fury,  
Fierce, unknowing,  
Carrying all before it,  
Heedless of life or of warmth.

Do you remember the snow?  
Scudding afraid over the ground,  
Whispered, tossed, danced, pursued,  
Asleep and witless,  
Covering others into its white dreams,  
Dreams to forget old lives.

Christine Lundy

They Say

Home, they say,  
Is where one belongs,  
And I belong here,  
With you.

Christine Lundy

## Leaving

Untouched textures  
Tastes unknown  
Seeds that I have left unsown  
Words that I have left unsaid  
Dying demons now are dead.  
Angels' wings  
Whose perfumes fade  
Fortunes live atop the grade  
And friendships I have failed to trade  
For I must now be leaving.

Ron Guay

## Summer Days in Winter

Rolling stars and letters come  
With snow flakes and the cold,  
And Blue-bells buried in the frost  
Of summer days in winter.

Green that hides beneath the crust  
And breathes the wreathes of silver,  
And sleeping singers dream the loss  
Of summer days in winter.

Sleeping days of sweating dreams,  
Holding tight the clinch has come.  
Drowsey hours in coffee ponds  
Where fishy grounds are dieing.  
The light bulbs shine a yellow glare  
Like teeth from weeks of resting.  
Stubble scraping on my chin  
Where acne drifts in furrows.  
Plough the banks outside the door.  
Is cold saved there for warmer days?  
Plough the banks of dreary slush.  
Withdraw and save before the rush  
Of summer days in winter.

Sparrows move in summer days  
The monks among the many.  
But when the sparkling whiteness comes  
Their sins shine grey like badges!  
Sinners all!  
Their shameless call gives life to crystal goodness.  
The crusts of bread grow tainted on the snows.  
Oh where goodness first has lead!  
It touches tongues and goes.  
Grey down skies are crowns of hills  
With sun in sad decline of fame,  
And boney trees are sinking hands  
Of summer days in winter.

Sleeping on the roads is gone  
But moist and crowded rooms are here,  
With sick sweet smoke  
And humming sing-songs.  
The highways are the same I think,  
Perhaps a little harder.  
The stones still slip inside your boots  
And touch your soles with hardness.

## First Storm

Skittering frozen rain at first,  
Rapping at the window,  
Tearing at the panes.  
First storm coming-  
First real cold-  
First red cheeks  
And tears at the corners of your eyes.  
No more sweating in the cold,  
Shiver now.  
Snow and curling breath  
And breezes that go 'oooo',  
First storm covering the brown  
With white.  
And then the sky whispers  
Or roars.  
Clouds of glistening diamonds,  
Scratch the skin  
With cold and wet.  
And voices screech  
And stop!  
With toboggans on hills,  
And sleighs.  
First storm coming-  
Headlights' gleaming fingers  
Touch the night  
Slowly crawling.  
Joy! Joy!  
First storm!  
And winter's here.  
No more changes.  
First storm coming-  
I've been waiting for  
The changes  
Snow from rain.  
Love from pain.  
Cold from cool  
Love for fuel.  
Throw on a log.  
And build the fire.  
Winter's here.  
And on the waters of the fall  
Glide the ladies  
Of our  
Moon  
Snow  
Ball.

Ron Guay

You are so rare a lover.

A dark cascade of evening falls,

Shining, on your shoulders,

And your lips touch

Like the trembling of a fawn.

Unalone

Whispering escapes the walls  
Trickling messages to my ears  
flicker hover gone  
afraid alone waiting...

Smiling from all corners spaces  
Peering into my mind caressing my face  
music chimes hush-sh-sh  
Oh! scared trembling moving...

Meeting my future glowing  
Love greeted by happy eyes  
Laughing. Serious words forever  
Unafraid Unalone Forever

Tina Keusner

Laughing Caring Hiding Running

Laugh at Him  
    He hears you!  
Show Him you don't care  
    He sees you!  
Try to hide  
    He finds you!  
You've got only a lifetime to run  
He has eternity to wait.

Tina Keusner



the poem on the following pages was  
incorrectly printed in  
our last issue.  
the editors wish to apologize for  
the error, both to the author  
and to our readers.  
we hope that this reprinting will  
heal the wounds.

bart higgins  
sharon manson  
tony hopkins  
brad henry

## The Shepherd's Halloween

This night, no goodly man would stir  
From the shelter of his home;  
For this was Hallow's Eve, my friend:  
No time to be alone.

Now as twilight spread her viel,  
As the silent shadows crept,  
The bearded farmer hurried back his steed  
To where his tiny cottage slept.

And as a lonely shepherd did tend,  
His flocks against the painted sky,  
He smiled a little at the drugged night breath;  
For faraway in this midnight's heart, surely Hallow's Eve did lie.

The staff-leaning herder, too far  
To make shelter afore the moon tonight,  
Must taste those charmed meadow herbs  
In which the Lords of Sleep delight.

For in slumber remains the only escape,  
From those mysteries only lunacy dares know,  
And the herbless herdsman devoid of sleep  
Must pray to hear the rooster's crow.

Even the gypsy wagons are still  
Along the dusk-purple roads:  
The air filled with more than horses' snorts  
And the lovesongs of crickets and toads.

From moonstruck travellers and minstrels tales have come,  
Of strange dreams unfolding before slumber's fall,  
Of which no man soundly sane could remain;  
Mad shepherd's myths of this lurid night striking fear to all.

Yet one lonely herdsman waked,  
Standing windkissed on a hill  
Gazing out upon rose-shadowed glen  
Spiced with autumn evening chill.

Apart from other men was he,  
And many a rumour had spread,  
A dreamer man living so alone,  
Might have evil in his head.

A scapegoat for suspicious among the local folk,  
He never found a friend nor ever sought to marry,  
Furthermore, 'twas whispered, that in his long-dead mother's veins  
Flowed the delirious blood of Faerie.

He sought no drugs to close his lids,  
Nor did he kneel and fervently pray;  
A queer desire stirred his breast,  
To remain wide open from dusk till day.

And helplessly he did let the halcyon breeze  
Mingle the dusk of the year with the dusk of the day  
And afore an evil thought could creep  
His vagabond's heart was flown away.

And as bold Vesper's did singly sequen  
The not yet full black heaven  
Fear melted away to porridge  
For this man was seventh son of seven.

Palid orange-glowing jacko-lantern's eyes  
Here and there dotting the dark-rolled, creamy countryside.  
Swaying, shifting the most solid of forms;  
This mellow-mild zephyr of the Eventide.

With the man's gaping pupils opening  
The gathering lights did brighten by degree.  
Tiny dancing sparks from far ville beyond;  
So unlike the rainbowed stars who are so very free.

Showering his eyes on the livid night  
Which not the usual dreamless black  
Filled vibrant with deepest living blood  
Sending soul-lifting shivers soaring up his back.

Breast filled with crystal air,  
Gaze lifting to the glory sky  
As if awakening from a long-borne sleep  
Arms aspread he felt he might let fly.

Now this sudden strange emotion  
Took the simple shepherd by surprise  
For though he had often meditated in these very hills  
Never had he felt such communion with earth and skies.

And though he had watched many a meadow night fall  
Never before had he felt her soul arise,  
But then never had he waked on Halloween Night,  
It seemed that mad desire was opening his eyes.

The lonely chant of wolves  
Echoing through the windy silence.  
The rainbow-pearl moon  
Slicing dark, cloudy violence.

A faraway musical laughter riding on the wind,  
Living shadows, pouring rivers of moonescent overflow,  
A voice teasing the edges of reality,  
Zithering, fluttering and as soft as lunarglow.

Nathaniel, wooed the breeze, Nathaniel,  
Summoning the shepherd's name;  
And behold, the world was changed  
Yet he knew it was the same.

Looking behind in search of the shadow voice,  
His gaze fell upon an aged oak,  
Apart from the trees of dark ravine beyond,  
Its leaves and limbs wore a moonbeam cloak.

An imploring whisper swayed its leaves,  
A rustling song calling the nameless name,  
Alone, guarding over the gentle fields,  
The tainter of both the mad and the sane.

Bounding over the wildgrass lea,  
Which sparkled with dew and reeked honey-sweet,  
Nathaniel loped unchained towards the tree,  
Toes barely touching the plush neath his feet.

Unstrained and unburdened and more magical than  
Scarlet Hemp root's ethereal tea,  
The world transformed, and as real as  
The dreams that are more real than the word reality.

Fl, fl, fl, fl, fl, fl, float,  
Hu, Hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, high,  
No longer chained to earth  
The road was now by sky.

Swimming through a pure calm,  
Diamond-studded, one shored sea,  
Drifting over the meadows soft,  
Gliding to light upon the solitary tree.

A breath-stealing panaram  
From upon that lofty limb  
Not gotten merely from the dizzying heights  
But open as the view after the original sin.

Then once again the laughing voice;  
There, beside him perched the source,  
A golden-haired fairie prince  
Crystally harping-away shame, fear, remorse.

'Twas it ye who bid me, fairie fellow?  
The needless question asked;  
A mellow-yellow subtle smile,  
The truth it was unmasked.

The night of Samain  
Dawned on those who would be  
Open and high and ready to see  
That only you can set yourself free.

And the silver-tongued Prince of this Eve quoth:

When a man runs from his shadow,  
Does His Shadow run from the man?  
A man who seeks his shadow  
Will find Himself in fairieland  
                  in fairieland  
                  in fairieland  
                  in fairieland  
                  in fairieland.....



As his dew-laden eyelids quivered  
At the first prys of morning light,  
Dream memory tumbled far-up  
Almost out of sight.

To a brilliant sunrise  
Kissing a glass-still lake  
Saint Nathaniel the lonely shepherd  
Did peacefully awake.

Michael Klein

## Flash

C'est une ondine une ombre une ombelle  
funambule aux chevilles des anneaux  
sous l'averse poissée des cheveux  
le grand écart d'un sourire  
le rayon x d'un soleil noir  
aux marches de la discothèque assise  
les mains couchées sur les genoux  
c'est une ondine une ombre une ombelle  
un battement de coeur de Yorkville Street  
une indolente une indécise une Indienne

Jean-Pierre Eugene

## Printemps

Il fait soleil de perce-neige  
sur ta bouche de poupée douce  
des nuages fous de muguet  
voyagent au fil de tes yeux  
tes veines sont des sentiers de violettes  
dis-moi quel printemps s'est réveillé  
sous la glace de tes hanches

Jean-Pierre Eugene

## Hiver

La fumée montant de ta bouche  
me rassure  
tu es chez toi  
je marche à pas de chasse-neige  
car j'ai hâte  
de chauffer mes doigts à tes braises.

J. P. Eugene

TARGET IN A SUN-FIELD

The archer arms himself  
with another opium arrow,  
(he is our English victim)  
he takes his usual aim.  
the sleek wooden shaft  
is directed towards--  
my waiting vein  
100 miles per hour  
over grass and past--  
a flower  
finally to its swollen mark  
and I lay dreaming in the dark  
I've done it all again.

- Robert McRoberts

For - W. in 71

my uncle died like a soldier far from home,  
in some east york hospital,  
but he was not entirely alone.  
he had his old, friend cancer  
surrounding his lungs -  
like a necklace of mexican pearl.  
I wasn't present for his final declarations  
however. I've been assured by the family  
that I was mentioned in last breaths  
something about "silly, young, bastard"  
I really can't remember now.

-Robert McRoberts

Last night  
I was the perfect gardener  
I planted 4 thousand kisses on you  
Caressed two, hollow, breasts  
Toiled over one, waiting, thigh.  
I dug for gold in you  
my fingers got lost,  
they nearly drowned--  
in your personal ocean.  
how many sailor's came like me  
Only to continue  
treading, softly  
on seed-weed and skin  
victims to their own greed  
captives of lust  
smiling through their tears.  
And after you're gone  
I asked myself  
"Why do I think I'm playing cards  
every time I phone you.?"

-Robert McRoberts

FOR PATRICIA (1969)

I loved Patricia  
when I was deep and holy  
and she loved me  
She was my american  
from Baltimore, I think  
Yes from Baltimore  
her husband was a soldier  
and her children were all, born, dead.

- Robert McRoberts



GOODBYE YESTERDAYS LOVE I SEE YOUR SISTER  
EVERYDAY AND THAT'S ENOUGH.

SONG FOR J.

1- Goodbye  
yesterday's love  
I see your sister everyday  
and that's enough  
she reminds me of the times  
that we used to bluff  
about being in love  
and all of that crazy, story kind of stuff.

2- I'm sorry  
I called you that night  
but don't worry about me  
'cause I made it all right  
I could tell by your voice  
You were really concerned  
and I promise I've learned  
that you couldn't care less  
if I lived or died.

3- Your father  
Is still on the road  
he's makin' lots of money  
but he never comes home  
he knows how to sell himself  
and that's all he can do  
but he does it for you  
and you can't remember  
just what is true.

So goodbye  
yesterday's love  
I see your sister everyday  
and that's enough.

- Robert McRoberts

## REUNION

She lives under 4 inches of dust  
in a Baldwin St. ruin  
above an old time drugstore  
below a sky full of sparrows.  
she pends her retirement  
watching the vast unity of flowers  
through a window in the wall.  
and the ivory fingers  
on her piano  
have turned  
to the colour of her teeth.

-Robert McRoberts