

THE DIME BAG

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tony hopkins
brad henry
sharon manson
barbee laskin

betty hemsworth
bart higgins
caryn miller
ray spears

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MELLIFLUENCE

Come to me
spread wide
your succulent thighs
let me stroke
your sleek
pink neck.
I crave
your rich, unsoiled
skin
your shimmering
hair.
Fulfill my desires.
Exhale me.
Westmount!

David H. Toole

Need I

need i
sing a song of lamentation
need i
drain my washable blue
surely the Muses
Holderlin or even Cohen
made the charts
me
this impotent crow
perched
not even lionly
unable
to cry

i should beware
what if some one
should slowly-
tilt back
my wine glass
and drink it all up gonegonegone
what then!

what could i do
sell shoes
join a bowling league
become a marxist

the course
would lie open
the Meursaultian walks
would begin
cold grisp footsteps
on wet glistening
pavement
wearing my black
Raskolnikovian peaked cap
my shoulders properly
hunched
aloof
detached shadow fleeting
quickly by

young lovers
cause of scorn and bitter
loneliness and fear

return
Harry Haller
when the port
has been banded
the pubs
are all discotheques
the cats
all have worms
and i am illiterate
what then 'sweet prince'
where to officer
what officer
they all stick sins in me
ask for I.D.

finally
i see
the joke
a tragi-comedy
I.D.

David H. Toole

untitled

the old crumpled
man
lying there
so still
simply waste
discarded

his youthful
dreams
of warmth
and love
of riches
and respect
now dirty and faded
a yellowing newspaper
old, boring news

now the seeming
endless cycle
remains
humiliation
self degradation
begging sleep
from the indifferent
passer-by
soon to die
recoiled
alone

probably on welfare

David H. Toole

GRAPEFRUIT

The prices of grapefruit
Can be such a chore
Empty the pockets
Slam shut the door

The landlord he hollers
Mouths, they grow tight
Shoulders slump
Too weak to fight

The children are hungry
But then, so am I
Thought it is lacking
To sit down and die

Think of the good days
Think of tomorrow
Strike the match
See only sorrow

David H. Toole

Sub Title

She was under seventeen feet tall
with no objective One day she
met a sign which read There are
no downhouses left
except un stuck ones

?

Our Emily died without a sigh No
Mistime endman deputized a Cry
Marking downhouse Two-five-five
Near Wandsworth High Her
Face and figure undisclosed
Eyes astonishingly closed
Touchstone plastic cheeks unblushed
Her exodus disrupted no one

From the

Nucleus of the Universe one
Lynch Pin grumbled Who
Changed the ordering procedure
For her frozen limit
What proudlings play
Another vexed
How many syllables in death
Should they sigh before they die
A third called for Apollo's footstool
My wits are plod bent but I will
Untell her flimflam death before
The earthlings miscue their misery then
Totally unspike their thing

Emily extolled no monument to fame
Never cut a figure
Winked a ribbon
Sexed a pretty name
Never waged four heartbeats to
Buy a sign before she died If
Emily had sighed before she died
Would Isis cold in stone have heard or
Sweet Nydia
Weaving garlands
While the earth spoke fire

Will the cowards in steel britches know
Emily is dead

Her world may sigh
May even cry
When our turn comes to die and
No bleak artifacts are left to
House our charred remains

Ring Ring Ring

A cosmic call is coming in
Guess who is on the line

LAUGHING

Eric R. Moore

Philosopher

what do you expect to find
in the chaos of your mind?
Envelope the world with your thinking
then, continue with your drinking.
After you consume your Cherrios
challenge the world at dominoes.
Then after you have won,
question the validity of what you've done.
Apologize for sounding insane
and with a learned air explain
that gentlemen of your profession
always find an explanation
for extraordinary things
that puzzle even the eldest of kings.

But now,
hurry home to see your wife
(if you don't, you'll risk your life)
Put your "genius at work" sign on the door
then drop dead on the living room floor
Because tomorrow
you do it once more.

Ted Kirejczyk

-Love?-

This too brief moment

be it only a struggle
of flesh

lifts me upon flesh
 carries me
 up

and over the question
 of your eyes

and gives me wings
 that i may drift
 in your sweet magic

oh that one could hold the spasm
for a thousand years

oh that love could only take away
your tears

Jaimie

-Prairie Lady-

here beneath my lover's hands
you are as the soft wheat
waving
 reaching
 in the kiss
 of summer's wind

your woman's magic
sets my soul on fire
gives my clumsy hands
the feather touch
of angels' breath
 gives my silent love
 the voice of genesis.

words do not belong here
 in our journeying
for the soft wheat
 wanders
 in the gentle wind
 of love

 and golden

 golden

 is the silence.

Jaimie

MISSING PERSON

The Attention of Missing Persons - Barris Bay -

I had known him once - very well I admit.
His touch was gentle, his love never-ending.
You have dragged many a lake for him,
but you never did find him.
You wouldn't have found him there,
for he was much too warm a person
to fall into such a cold and depthless body.
You have searched nearby cottages
with the belief that he is hiding.
You wouldn't have found him there,
for even at so ripe an age,
he was a man - dependent and strong,
having a mind of his own,
and being able to cope with life alone.
You have searched the wilderness,
and dug through the barbaric ground.
You would not have found him there,
for he was not an animal,
nor some crawling thing that hides in the ground.
Rather, see here within my eyes.
Look closely,
and see the image of the spiritual self,
which at one time
he had given to me.

Dana Kuszelewski



"Meeting in a Gap"
by David Fuller
Taken at the demonstration
against Premier Davis;
York University Main Campus,
October 29, 1972.

Of Good and Evil

The loss of Sanity is a thing so often looked upon as caused from deep within. And even is the sickness IS maintained as coming from without, it is so only insofar as all that is received is STATIC and PRECISE, with only the interpretation of these feelings active and grotesque.

But these beliefs are not the case, for there exists one exterior plan, thought out and WELL REFINED, which is the spark which sets right off that potential EMOTIONAL fire.

FOR GOD IS BORED AND WONT OF ENTERTAINMENT. And to relieve this state of sad affair, He creates two forces which shall begin to serve as amusement for Him. And these are none but THE EVIL AND THE GOOD. For God is ALL, thus NEITHER.

These forces which are by their very natures opposed, will WAR and BATTLE one another. And the OBJECT of their aim will be the precious sanity of the one that THEY HAVE CHOSEN. But they do not pick at RANDOM, for not all souls are prone to be their prey. They search for man of COMPLEX MIND, so that they can have tools which can play and carry complex tunes. And in its suffering and sad torment, the SOUL will FIGHT to gain that BATTLE it knows that it must win. For God has given it weapons with which to fight this strange and SPIRITUAL CAMPAIGN. And these are none but HOPE. So now and then the good ABOVE will win against the BAD, and thus the man has HAPPY times, until the evil WINS anew and sadness comes to REST. But he'll put up a fighter's fight, for he is brave and has great HOPE. AND THUS IS GOD SO ENTERTAINED.

from times of PEACE and SOFT REPOSE, to torment real and FEARFUL DREAM, but still he fights to win. AND THIS MAKES FUN FOR GOD. Then after years of battle strain, that God does say to forces real, "RESIST, RELENT AND LAY AT REST, HE'S FOUGHT HIS BATTLE LONG ENOUGH AND NOW HE SHALL IN PEACE REMAIN." And then the years still left to him, are sung in blissful tune. For time has left as well as scar, GREAT THOUGHT which only battle can COMPOSE. And thus THE GREAT create.

But not all men will fight this fight. For some are NEITHER made NOR lost but battle all their lives. For it was so in Roman times, when warriors would receive thumb-up, and THUS BE SAVED... to battle once again. And this is saddest most of all, but GOD IS ENTERTAINED.

But others lose this battle strange, and MADNESS comes before their Earthly end. For complex tunes are played away, and NOTHING'S left of sense and conscious pain. For hope they had, BUT LOST, with nothing left, and thus they could not win, and then be saved. AND THUS IS GOD STRANGE ENTERTAINED.

FOR HE IS NEITHER GOOD NOR BAD, NOR WE OF THAT, WHICH ARE THOSE TWO. AND WE ARE FIGHTING FOR OUR SOULS IN BATTLE AGAINST THAT CREATED FOE. AND EVIL AND GOOD ARE TWO, YET ONE IN THAT ALL THEY DO IS TOY WITH US. FOR WE DO SERVE IN FUN AND GAME, FOR GOD WHO'S BORED, AND MUST BE ENTERTAINED.

APPARITION

Quel être a posé sur le lit son corps nu?

Quelle pierre chaude de l'été?

Quel oiseau des forêts sur mon lit posé?

Quel ange? De quel nuage venu?

L'après-midi bruisse d'ombre et de mousse,

Et le soleil blue sur mon lit dort...

Dans les ruelles meurt le pas de la mort

Quand l'heure sonne à l'église douce.

Jean-Pierre Eugène

A CELLE QUI VIEILLIT

Ton visage couché dans les tournesols
Se ferme lentement aux lames chaudes du ciel,
Ton front ne garde que l'ombre cendreuse des nuages,
Ta bouche n'a plus d'éclaircies radieuses,
Ou, pour mieux dire,
De ces sourires qui te faisaient ronde comme la terre,
Tes doigts usés
Caressent machinalement la laine
Où tu emmitouflais tes enfants l'hiver.
Te voilà vieille,
Et je n'y peux rien,
Et mes cris nocturnes ne desserrent pas les doigts crispés
du temps.
Je laisse l'ombre glacée se durcir autour de toi,
Le bahut s'entr'ouvrir comme un cercueil,
Le silence se recueillir dans la grande salle nue
Où les tournesols se sont fanés,
Comme ton visage.

Jean-Pierre Eugène

TRANSISTOR

A Saint-Denys Garneau

J'ai mille rossignols dans la prairie,
Qui me déchirent l'oreille,
Mille rossignols aux plumes d'oie
Branchés sur Radio-Pékin
Pour les dernières paroles de l'Empereur de Chine.
Qui les encagera, ces ténors du crépuscule?
Sera-ce vous?
Sera-ce moi?
Sera-ce la nuit?
Partons sur la pointe de l'ongle,
Sans faire de bruit.
Si l'on me cherche là,
Je ne suis plus ici.

Jean-Pierre Eugène

Shamster aka Hamster

Shamster, shamster, leaping right
Out into the world so full of spite;
Creature of darkness, spot of light.
Leaping, darting, plotting, pleading,
Into man's world you thrust your might.
When all else fails, you, shamster true,
Upon the wretched coat of world, still are true.
Universal eye, the eye of night, you see
The world with God's own sight,
All fitful glory, degradation pure,
Lurid lewd details, inside your eyes do pool,
Night by night, you watch the dozing ghoul
Unraveling his lifetime spool. God, you say,
Can mankind be such a fool. Leap. Into
Your wheel of endless delight!
Scamper shamster, or I'll land on you!

Dave Alexander

Wind

It whistles
Shrieks
Moans
And sighs

Sighing
Through trees
That bend
And sway.

Swaying
To rhythms
Unmatched
In time.

In time
Caress
The air
Together

Together
Leaves dance
To music
Unheard.

Unheard
Create
Poems
Of song.

Singing
Wind is
Blowing
Leaves alone.

Alone
It blows
Like fiends
They dance.

Christmas at Fort Sumner, 1880. There were five of us together then. Wilson, Dave Rudabaugh, Charlie Bowdre, Tom O'Folliard, and me. In November we celebrated my 21st birthday, mixing red dirt and alcohol - a public breathing throughout the night. The next day we were told that Pat Garrett had been made sheriff and had accepted it. We were bad for progress in New Mexico and cattle politicians like Chisum wanted the bad name out. They made Garrett sheriff and he sent me a letter saying move out or I will get you Billy. The government sent a Mr. Azariah F. Wild to help him out. Between November and December I killed Jim Carlyly over some mixup, he being a friend.

Tom O'Folliard decided to go east then, said he would meet up with us in Sumner for Christmas. Goodbye goodbye. A few days before Christmas we were told that Garrett was in Sumner waiting for us all. Christmas night. Garrett, Mason, Wild, with four or five others. Tom O'Folliard rides into town, leaning his rifle between the horse's ears. He would shoot from the waist now which, with a rifle, was pretty good, and he was always accurate.

Garrett had been waiting for us, playing poker with the others, guns on the floor beside them. Told that Tom was riding in alone, he went straight to the window and shot O'Folliard's horse dead. Tom collapsed with the horse still holding the gun and blew out Garrett's window. Garrett already halfway downstairs. Mr. Wild shot at Tom from the other side of the street, rather unnecessarily shooting the horse again. If Tom had used stirrups and didnt swing his legs so much he would probably have been locked under the animal. O'Folliard moved soon. When Garrett had got to ground level, only the horse was there in the open street, good and dead. He couldnt shout to ask Wild where O'Folliard was or he would've got busted. Wild started to yell to tell Garrett though and Tom killed him at once. Garrett fired at O'Folliard's flash and took his shoulder off. Tom O'Folliard screaming out onto the quiet Fort Sumner street, Christmas night, walking over to Garrett, no shoulder left, his jaws tilting up and down like mad bladders going. Too mad to even aim at Garrett. Son of a bitch son of a bitch, as Garrett took clear aim and blew him out.

Garrett picked him up, the head broken in two, took him back upstairs into the hotel room. Mason stretched out a blanket neat in the corner. Garrett placed Tom O'Folliard down, broke open Tom's rifle, took the remaining shells and placed them by him. They had to wait till morning now. They continued their poker game till six a.m. Then remembered they hadnt done anything about Wild. So the four of them went out, brought Wild into the room. At eight in the morning Garrett buried Tom O'Folliard. He had known him quite well. Then he went to the train station, put Azariah T. Wild on ice and sent him back to Washington.

Michael Ondaatje

cave encounter

only a slim squirt of light entered their tiny space.

Its eloquence made a halo on her calm and rolling thigh, while

dancing figurines played mysteriously

upon her blue blackened hair.

madonna of the darkness

smoothly crossed her nimble arms

and asked him about the universe

and the blackness creeped about them like an early morning fog

master of the darkness

laid some gentle fingers on her bony knee,

and for a time,

laughed a very little smile

touched a very lucid lip

and poured some wine.

and then a silence breathed inside them like a tomb

Barbee Laskin

Daddy come and help me
resurrect your soul
Arise from deep darkness-

make me Whole.

daddy
where are you
when my pain is too much?

i need your grandeur.
i want your touch.

i need the remedies
that elude me here now

oh daddy! oh daddy!

Come back somehow.

seep into my doom
climb on through
oh daddy
there'll always be room
for the myth of you.

bitter hot journeys that end nowhere
i yearn for answers that put me there
and
i plead for daddy
who never came round

never came round
never came round

oh daddy oh daddy...

(you never came round)

see you in the morning
with the moonlight cased in gold
and the embittered child wailing

that her body is too cold.

see you now forever
in the rayless coated din
seething in the structures

that we've placed our souls within

love you, candid child
and your frosty eyes of pain
love you, naked vision
and your body once again

broken are the tombs that we send the people to
weary are the stones and the bones old and new

so gather up the children and seal up their plight
Heat their firey chills
ease them thru the night

see you in the twilight
with the sun encased in wine
and the bitter child wailing

that her body can't be mine.

Barbee Laskin

7:a.m. and Nowhere

we lie close.

and desperately suck out the veins of remembrance.

oh Why did Time ruin us?

Rotten night refused me even momentary peace.

All thru its cankered loneliness-
its leprous pain,

we became

as unrelenting and insane
as the hours.

nighttime is Long and Fierce for losers.

each quick glance sends
each endless passage to Nowhere.
while
yesterday's memories become
today's failures;

and all our tomorrows are past.

my dreams are the fallen arrow-
my journey
but a crackle of smoldering leftovers

Barbee Laskin

Horticulture

1. Bulbs

The breath of the sleeping lovers taps
a long root
hits low clay
along the chimney wall
its code collapsing
dreams blank as drafts:
soon turns to warm squirming nightmare
soon spine vies in the throat
its a black giant tree tunneling down to the lung
like a thorn.

2. Parks

your name is the arm
that shoots from air into water
lilies bloom in your mouth
whiter than oyster
a cyst hunting jewels
a wreath in the harbour
diving or sinking
its the same string of royal bubbles
same word same death.

3. Rock gardens

far after the fall line
we are lodged on stone
we are safe in the bow
at the worlds end
we are tending the harvest of miracles
soon wind will send
what we are waiting for
this must be the answer
seed planted on cyclone.

Ruth Cawker



"Toad Hollow"
by Boots

Mon Pays

Je voudrais dessiner
Ton visage avec des mots;
Des mots de couleur
De rouge, de blanc, de vert et de bleu.

Je voudrais conter
Ta vie avec des mots;
Des mots d'émotion
De tendresse, de violence et de fierté.

Je voudrais parler
De ton enfance avec des mots;
Des mots sans son
De soumission, de silence et de sacré.

Je voudrais crier
Ton adolescence avec des mots;
Des mots de rébellion,
De fracas, d'éboulis et de contestation.

J'aimerais peindre
Ta maturité avec des mots;
Des mots d'imagination
De création, d'ambition et de stabilité.

Il est des mots qui se disent
D'autres qui s'écrivent
Et quand je veux parler de toi
Je ne trouve plus de mots pour te dire.

Je n'ai que sentiments pour te décrire.

Yves Gauthier

D I F F E R E N C E

Dans mon quartier
On s'étire les jambes à moitié
Recroquevillé sur nos balcons.
C'est parce qu'il y en a d'autres
Beaucoup plus grands que nous
Qui ont besoin de plus de place
Pour s'étirer ;
Plus d'air
Pour respirer ;
Des châteaux
Pour s'abriter ;
Des clôtures
Pour se séparer ;
Et des chiens
Pour se protéger.

De là vient la différence de taille
Entre les Québécois et les Quebecer
Mais ce que les Québécois
N'ont pas en longueur
Ils l'ont doublement en coeur,
Trop bon coeur;
La preuve c'est qu'ils sont toujours
Et qu'on les regarde encore d'en ba

RÉSERVE POUR BLANCS

Dans ma réserve
On boit trop
On écrit trop
Et l'on chante beaucoup trop

C'est pour oublier
Qui nous sommes
Qu'eux ils sont là
Et ce qu'on a pas

Dans ma réserve
L'on rêve de paradis
D'espaces verts
Et de paix tranquille

C'est pour se rappeler
Ce qu'on pourrait avoir
Ce jour où ils ne seront plus là
Et que nous on règnera...

Yves Gauthier

LES VIEUX

Les vieux ne parlent plus.
Les rides qu'ils ont au visage
Nous en disent beaucoup plus:
Vie de bonheur, de joie ou de tristesse.

Les vieux ne se battent plus.
Ils ressemblent à de vieux parchemins
Cachant des trésors inestimables,
Pour ceux qui savent les déchiffrer.

Leur mémoire faiblit
A mesure que leurs pas
Se font plus petits
Et que leurs gestes se font plus lents.

Les vieux agissent en spectateurs
Dans un monde qui n'est presque plus le leur,
Et savent se taire
Ne comprenant plus le sens de la colère.

Les vieux ne s'endorment plus.
Ils s'assoupissent en rêvant
Au temps, du temps
Où ils étaient moins vieux.

Les vieux ne travaillent plus.
Ils se bercent en songeant
A ceux qui ne sont déjà plus
A ceux qui étaient là avant.

Les vieux ne vivent plus
Ils attendent avec patience,
Le temps où eux aussi
Iront en paradis.

On se souvient d'eux
Pour un certain temps, seulement
Car ensuite c'est à notre tour
De vieillir et de jouer au jeu des vieux...

I am the girl of your dreams

I am the girl of your dreams
distant, desirable before you knew me
close, clinging while we were joined together
ugly, upset now you have cast me off
Don't be so bloody soft you said
I turned to stone
polished granite on whose belly
you engrave in memory

Elizabeth Hemsworth

Symmetry

Two guys
on motorcycles
buzzing by
Identical
mirror images
of each other
Both black leathered
blue masked
like irridescent flies
Symmetrical
Masked
Anonymous
Buzzing by
A human creature
hides behind each mask
and is a mask
behind the mirror image
of a mask
behind a mask

Reading Between the Lines

A la claire fontaine
French culture I maintain is thriving today
Water so lovely he bathed
We are listening to one of their folk songs now
Under oak trees he dried himself
Do people in this lecture hall know
The nightingale never sang in Canada
Although we study Canadian culture
Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime
Few know what it is
Never will I forget you
We sense the paradoxes of life
The rossignol is happy, the lover sad
The need for love and honour and joy
The lover weeps while the nightingale laughs
The two cultures share a common concern
Pour un bouquet de roses que je lui refusai
Not language nor education but the personal
Rose petals unfold never to bud again
The universal mystery of life
Je voudrais que la rose fut encore au rosier
We can only know what touches us
Jamais je ne t'oublierai
That is all that really matters

Flop Culture

Miss Tooke is ecstatic Book circulation

For January is inexplicably higher

Outside park benches glitter with snow

Within warm library rooms

Drunks stagger under the weight of tomes

Words to fill the rumbling belly of the mind

Words to slake a dream

Words to belch ruminations of mystic love

Words to fret tattered men in tawdry sleep

Words bold as barmaids approbation keep

Elizabeth Hemsworth

HYPOCRITIC SALVATION

WORDS!

WORDS!

WORDS!

Jesus Christ;

They offer me
thy salvation
in words.

I am hated
and unwanted

Your Christians
do not put
a loving arm
around
me.

But command me to
"Love thy neighbour
as thyself."

My stomach
knows with starvation
as they pass me
crumbs
from their table-
Teaching me the words
"Give us this day
our daily bread"
They hand me
their empty cup.

They do not attend
my gouging, gaping wounds,
But tell me stories
of how you healed
the sick.

Christians
They give me words
of salvation
But do not save me
from
my agony.

Jesus Christ:
It is my hope
that you
are more than
WORDS

NEW LIFE

Apprehensive,

I stand,

before

the door

of

Tomorrow.

Full of worry

and care

of what lies

in there

behind

the curtain

of

faces

of those

who do not

know

me.

Grasping my breath

I straddle

the

threshold,

Announcing my name

to the first person

I see.

C O M M U N I O N

The altar lies before me,
In silence, all is still.
The wine, His blood, I lift to my lips,
The bread, His body, I savour in my mouth.
They are consumed to become
part of me.

I wish to be before you,
to give you my soul.
Bare of frivolity and deception,
in humility
revealing my Love.

Though it may be unworthy
It is all I have to give.
Will you take it that it may touch
your spirit,
Touch it to make it mine.