

DICAL

APR 6 - 1971

LESLIE FROST LIBRARY

DIME

BAG

YORK UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
JUN 17 1971
FROST

2

1971

The Canada

The Dime Bag is making its second appearance this year, and the editors have put together what we feel to be a varied and well composed selection of Glendon literary talent. We hope you find at least some of it enjoyable, if not all of it. Any comments or suggestions, but especially contributions, would be greatly appreciated.

We are particularly pleased to see the contributions of works in French and further contributions in this area will be gratefully received.

The Editors would like to thank Tony Hopkins for his assistance in producing the Dime Bag. Also our thanks to the Creative Writing Department for their money and special thanks to Ray Spiers for his help with the cover this issue.

Send any poetry or prose to room C222 and we will endeavour to get it in our next issue which will be out by mid-March.

PEACE

Linda Smith
Caryn Miller
John Thomson
David Stubbs

The Canadian Alonso

the sunshine always makes

me cry.

spring leaves no doubts -

the snow melts

revealing your skeleton

along with an old mitten.

Winter in an Out-lying Suburb

the wolves are moving again in the forest

beneath our balcony

terrible shadows on the white snow

soft footfalls pad in the corridors o

of the apartment building

long fur brushes against the bolted doors

Inside, I pull the covers over my head.

Margery Fee

Brille le soleil sur ma tete, sur mes bras,
En exorcissant toute la peur de l'hiver;
Doucement, doucement, il me releve;
On ne peut pas dormir quand le soleil brille.
Chaud est le soleil en touchant mes jambes,
Enlles liberant de la torpeur de l'automne;
Fortement, fortement, il me releve;
On ne peut pas rever quand le soleil brille.
Meme a mon coeur il touche son epee flammant,
Tirant de moi l'hestation de vivre,
Doucement, fortement, il me releve;
On ne peut pas se cacher quand le soleil brille.

Christine Lundy .

Hoot mon
it's so fine
about this time
when the snowmen
all the little snowmen

roam slip slide roll
down the funny hills
bump
bump
bump.

Paul Johnstom

Magnificent metropolis, the city and the walks one would like to take to live a healthy tramp, promenading through the canyons cold with life, to write about them so that others often could share the ecstasy experienced there. They are so beautiful these buildings high huge long large making me feel so small, so tiny and I want to crawl up in their doorways, huddled hoping, wonderful wombs they make. Venturing in to ride the elevators, climbing quickly, my ears, it is fun to swallow and fly freely descending my stomach is left behind. To estivate eternally so, descanting about the armistice with age when one curses the dark only at dusk. Even as a young man knowing it cannot last, one works at wringing annular days amaranthine for three months. Hiding because of allolalia arcana to be shared by all regressing to the ovule to be rejected in that series bloody but innocuous to the virgin. I am hurting.

Greg Gatenby

PAROLE

What could be more fun
than decorating a smiling face
with a soft,soft snowball
and my lips

Tara W.

To J.N. on a Lonsly Weekend

P A R O L E

satisfy you

is like rousing dead butterflies
or spreading hard butter

a rose, almost dead,

almost void of smell,

almost void of colour,

cold smothers it fights

but cold will win it must win

lest i pluck it

take it to my room

put it in water

surround it with warmth physical warmth

emotional warmth

it hesitates uncertain

overcomes its fears

feels free and lives

allen dean GLENDON I

To J.N. on a Lonely Weekend

to satisfy you

is like rousing dead butterflies
or spreading hard butter

to an authentic antique
could hold your interest,
say little about little
your little mind will absorb

you take a fine razor
to the web i weave
and cast the remnants
to the dogs i so long
have kept for you

at greedy stone hands
grapple with flesh and Miss;
seem to need a stolen desire.

here is your plaster soul
to cover me with dust
and warm me through
his cold

you're over and gone
creeping too high to touch
toohigh to meet
your lips, your tongue, your body
at this time

between seasons.

FALL/68

Lament

Dark, roll out your tumbrils, deep
On deep surfaces defining
As they pass by. Naught but sleep
And love, so vainly pining
Can sense the loss of laughter
In its purest aspect gone
For all that must come after
Imitation. Life is done.
Lead it away beside you,
Beside all the darts and the lies.
Who turns away and cries,
To the land its lost to:
"That this shall be your end!"
And who will be my friend?

Christine Lundy

blind men's eyes no longer see
deaf men's ears no longer hear
mute men's tongues no longer speak

but you and I can see and hear
and speak as well as reason clear
yet, we refuse to see, to hear, to speak,
of love and God and life,
but of living, loving and praying.

question the way

ask why

seek truth in all places

question the way
of those whosay
they know because they've been

ask why
of those who try
to shape your world

seek the truth in all places
look deep into the faces
of all whom you meet

john thomson

Transformations
The
24



Looney

Transformations
The
24

Christine Lundy

Transformations
Transmigrations
Transmutations
Fix my soul.

Contemplations
Aberrations
Correlations
All is whole.

Reparations
Conflagrations
Fighting nations
Forward roll!

To your stations
Cool sensations
Packaged rations
On the dole.

Hot plantations
Different Thracians
Fat Dalmations
What they stole.

Modern Asians
Strange relations
Procurations
Black as coal.

Deviations
Love's privations
While the mind shuns
Hearts cajole.

Perorations
Emanations
Grand occasions
On the knoll.

Contemplations
Aberrations
Correlations
All is whole.

Transformations
Transmigrations
Transmutations
Fix my soul.

Christine Lundy

Assis à ma place
indifférent aux mots qu'on dit
entendre des mots qui n'ont pas de signification
je pense que je vois la lumière

il y a quelque chose qui manque ici

je pense à toi
mais c'est impossible de te voir
parce que tu es trop loin de moi
j'ai besoin de quelque chose pour te garder ici

où es-tu?

où suis-je?

la seule raison pour écrire ces mots, c'est

"parce que...

...je t'aime."

Sleepless

Again my love the sky descends
The stars and I are left alone
Until the morn beckons the end
Of the sleepless moonlit unknown.
Waking, sleeping dream-night angel
Rest your sword on these dreams of mine
And with the blade strike down and fell
Them, 'fore black dawn calls waking time.
Forge my waking into blackness,
Cast my hunger into the sea,
Give me power, I am restless
For sleep comes not quiet on me.
And I with tears slowly falling
Step into the daydark dream of morning.

Linda Smith

our conversations were delicate
like heat drooped rosebuds
or the soft purple organs
of a just - killed rabbit

words slipped past each other
suddenly like soap from wet hands
covered with some kind
of secret slime
a snail - track shining on a
mourning wall.....
breathless, almost non - existant.

Margery Fee

Let us take a journey just once more
Cross the room to the magic door
Down the crystal staircase, cross the sand
On our quest through another land.

With the moving waters we sail on
To the shores where we both belong
Underneath the stars we watch the night
From a cave comes a guiding light.

Entering the cavern light draws near
Golden fountains to us appear
We gaze into the mystic pools once more
To see ourselves touch the magic door.

Howie Wiseman

Trust is as fragile
as a spider's web
and as deceiving.

Tara W.

DIEME

BAC

2