

$\frac{10}{2/3142}$
7.

Dime Bag

no. 1

LESLIE FROST LIBRARY

APR 20 1971

YORK
UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
TORONTO

the dime bag

1970

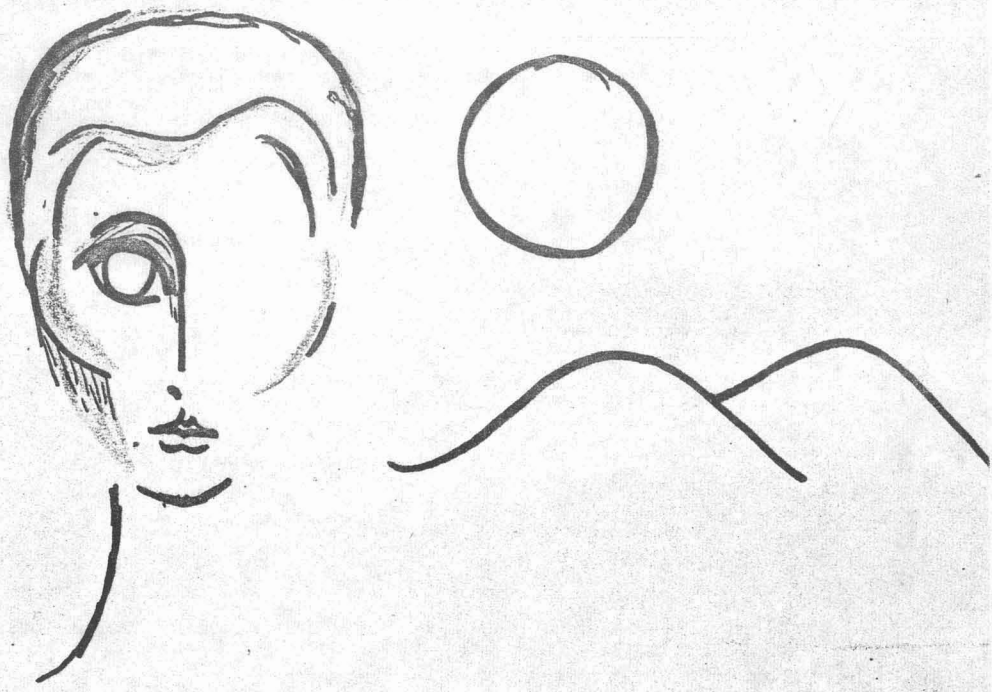
Edited by

Linda Smith

Karyn Miller

John Thomson

If you enjoy creative writing, and would like to have some of your work included in the DIME BAG please drop it off in room C222 We would be happy to recieve some short short stories and simple art work (we can only reproduce in black and white) too.



BIRTH I

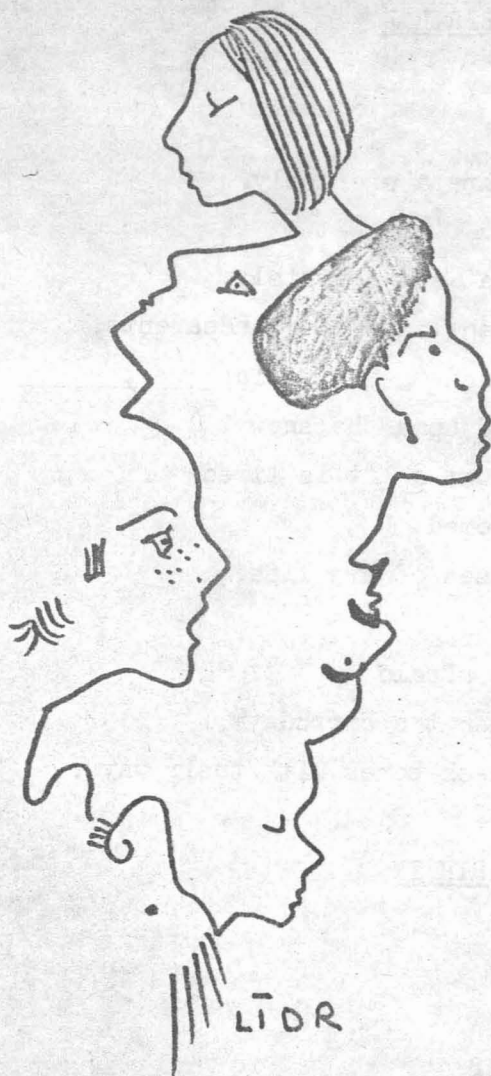
On his 47th birthday
my dad was pleased
that we would celebrate profusely.

While I cry somewhat and privately,
not for the honoured lines of grandparents,
we are city bred, and they live far away,
(but was the blood upon the snow ?)
nor for father, just a little tired
now, almost accustomed
to the rash surprizes of his life.

But I am foolishly afraid
to miss days between the birthdays,
as they line my cheek-bones with their ways.

BIRTH II

Angels,
black and white
hover,
like a handkerchief
dropped,
silk, across the brain
- and gone.



A Dog He's Waiting At The City Gates

A dog he's waiting at the city gates
And rests,
As though it is he who has enclosed its centuries,
As though it is he who is a young soldier stricken
By the battle for the suburbs in this perspiring
Dawn.

But he lives and is no Ceberus
Whose shadows stand before one darkens the city,
Whose bark while seizing at our throats and hearts
Shatters the windows of our houses.

No.
He leads us into the city as if we were blind.

He watches women in their colours, appearing so
Wise and old
As though he had forseen these daughters of revolution
Upon the barricades and rubble.
As though, O city, he extends his outstretched
Tongue to all your monuments.

No.
Where windows recite poems
A dog listens inspired.

He is neither century or soldier,
But perhaps
A childhood friend of mine
I recall from our excursions along the boardwalk
Hurling cruel war cries of citadel stormers from
His mouth
High over the sandbox, carousel and public baths.

At your howls I call the world to surrender!

But most of all,
We walked through puddles
Dreaming, as girls through a garden of carnations.

A dog

He leads us into the city as if we had no eyes,
So that sound and smell should unlock our hands
Then fall embracing our bodies.

Of course,

These bruises we share with him,

But where roofs are placed into poems, he is a poet.

A dog laughs in his relaxation.

Why should we, in our entry into the city have need
Of a dog-

Because our halos have fallen,

Because our howling anguish spent against the moon is

Empty?

The world lies in a stupor.

Lick its face!

Do you believe that a guide shall lead us into paradise

No!

A dog for the blind,

A strand of silk threading the labyrinth.

Wild Prayer

All pleasures past, that senses find,
unteach my touch tonight,
and make my mind, outreaching, wind
its fingers through your golden flight.

All teachers' truth untouching take
my random self for self's own sake,
and fire my flesh through darkest night,
and mold my mind a mirror for light.

Inventory

Walls bare
chairs empty
desk swept clean.
The closets hold only echos
the halls breed silence.
With Mary gone
my house stands cold and empty.

Nature abhors a vacuum-
ex-lovers seek it out like money.

Poem

Voices across the miles
keep me in touch
with my pain.

Paul G. Shaw

Now and Then

The ostrich buries her head
while stampeding yo-yos
chew gum in time to Brahm's
lullabye.

They pass around her
thinking she is a non-conformist
and they fall into vats of curdled milk,
all of them society mothers of baby
yo-yos.

The ostrich pulls up her head
and sneezes out the gravel
in her nose.

The azhalias wilted by the
time she got to breakfast
and her husband buried
his head in the rice crispies
so he could read the sports page
better.

The front page story covered
the tragedy of the yo-yo women
and recounted the experience of
the only survivor.

She was only seventeen
and already a fallen
woman.

A yo-yo man had seduced
an ostrich teenager
and now there is a curfew.
The ostrich husband got
aroused after listening to
the report on the radio
and went into the bathroom.

It wasn't Wednesday night
or Saturday night either.

The P.T.A. voted Mrs. Flimit
the best dressed member
and discussed the dress code
for the last five minutes.

On Friday the sky will fall in.

Linda Smith

electric carions

electric carions
glowing in the dark
devouring rotten scraps of life
gorging 'til bodies bloat
ever hungry, never full
diseased and dying

grain of salt

the grain of salt
though small
tastes of salt.
the tongue detects
its salty flavour.
though 'tis small.

a man is a grain of men
and is small.
he makes no consequence
on the tongue of the world
he has no quality,
and is small indeed.

john thomson

A M. Howard Robertson

if every monument to famous men
should be sold at an antique sale,
every child in school would know
that history is a fairy's tale
of knights in dusty armour
romancing for a lady's rose
her favours and a courtly lay.

John Klavins

MARITEI

Above the fine fabric of years
that covers this, our holy city,
O let us not speak of pain tonight
no, not of souls caught,
caught between the spheres.

Above the city an incandescent web
of gossamer, golden as the kiss
of this, our first garden and Eve,
has kissed our hands, our thighs,
our bodies with a silver sigh
and the trembling touch of stars.
Our eyes are stars tonight
and your face a galaxy of wonder
wonderful as that first night
of unborn stars
that fell as flowers down to earth,
to Adam and his holy land.

klavins

produced under the auspices of the

Creative Writing and Dramatic Arts

Program