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# DIME BAG

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# DIME BAG

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## Une Vague

Je suis détachée . . . je dérive,  
je m'écoule de tous les lieux de plaisir,  
je m'abats sur ta côte marécageuse,  
quelle jouissance m'entraîne?  
je t'en supplie —  
empire suprême, unique —  
fais que  
même pour un instant,  
un moment  
dans ton espace infiniment vertigineux je me fonde . . .  
Me perdre.  
Disparaître.  
Ni bruit, ni vagues . . .

Edouard Apanaszewski

## Une Pierre

Prends-moi dans ta main.  
Je suis un cri givré à l'envers.  
Des lèvres vers le centre du noyau.  
En dedans une rage de paroles.  
Ma chair est un tampon d'éther.  
Touche la peau.  
Dans l'insonore même de son intensité  
le coeur frappe à l'inaperçu. Compte.  
Ombreux frissons sous le coup qui les dépouille.  
J'ai les yeux blancs.  
J'ai l'esprit en paradoxe.  
Au teint blafard de ma colombe.  
Je suis invisible par habitude.  
Regarde-moi bien. . .

Edouard Apanaszewski

## Un Matin d'Hiver

De l'aube dans la transsubstantiation d'une lueur  
embrouillée dans les branches nues de bouleaux  
naît le soleil  
rouge d'abord puis de l'or enfin blanc  
au petit jour se mûrit  
Des bouquets de givre sur les vitres s'attendrissent  
et à l'ombre seulement  
se voile le gel  
Glacial et pur est le matin  
je me rappelle aux poumons un air de nectar  
et sous les pas  
un violon de blanc  
et en chemin  
la lumière tapisse  
chaque hectare  
et le bois  
que l'horizon en deux sépare

la blanche innocence  
et tout ce  
qui doit venir

Edouard Apanaszewski

## **Le Sel des Larmes**

Les tombes vont se courber à ras de terre.  
Un jour nous allons grisonner avec le passé.

Quelqu'un nous sauvera le visage.  
Il relèvera le sel des larmes,  
la poudre d'or des sourires.

Je ne suis pas celui, pour qui attend le monde,  
j'aide cependant cet univers  
à ouvrir une porte de plomb.

**Edouard Apanaszewski**

## The Head of the Sun God

He laid the course  
like the mayan calendar;  
concentric circles  
ever more intricate.

But the rain continued  
and I could see the horses  
roaring on the ridge  
roping their buckskin way  
through each other  
snapping at backs of necks  
and heels of hooves.

Their manes  
limp & knotted  
girlish & wet in the rain.

John David Carpenter



**Distant Water Falling**  
**(For John, in appreciation)**

As from a liquid flute  
moon-touched night-whispers  
— melodious crystals —  
through the branches sifting  
jar the forest stillness,  
your echoes sweep the blackening  
with pastel hopes, with  
radiant prism longings;  
move  
hard-edged shadows  
to breathe  
cool, fresh, startling apprehensions,  
to swirl and murmur warmer magic.  
This errant blue and golden flow,  
such distant water falling,  
yet a drink at hand,  
slakes foreboding,  
whets my thirst to linger.

**John Anderson**

Why don't you sit and smile  
    For awhile.  
Don't mind me.  
I'll just sit here in my corner  
    Quietly  
        Neutrally  
            Silently  
                Calmly  
                    Peacefully  
                        Contentedly  
Crying myself to sleep,  
And sucking my thumb.

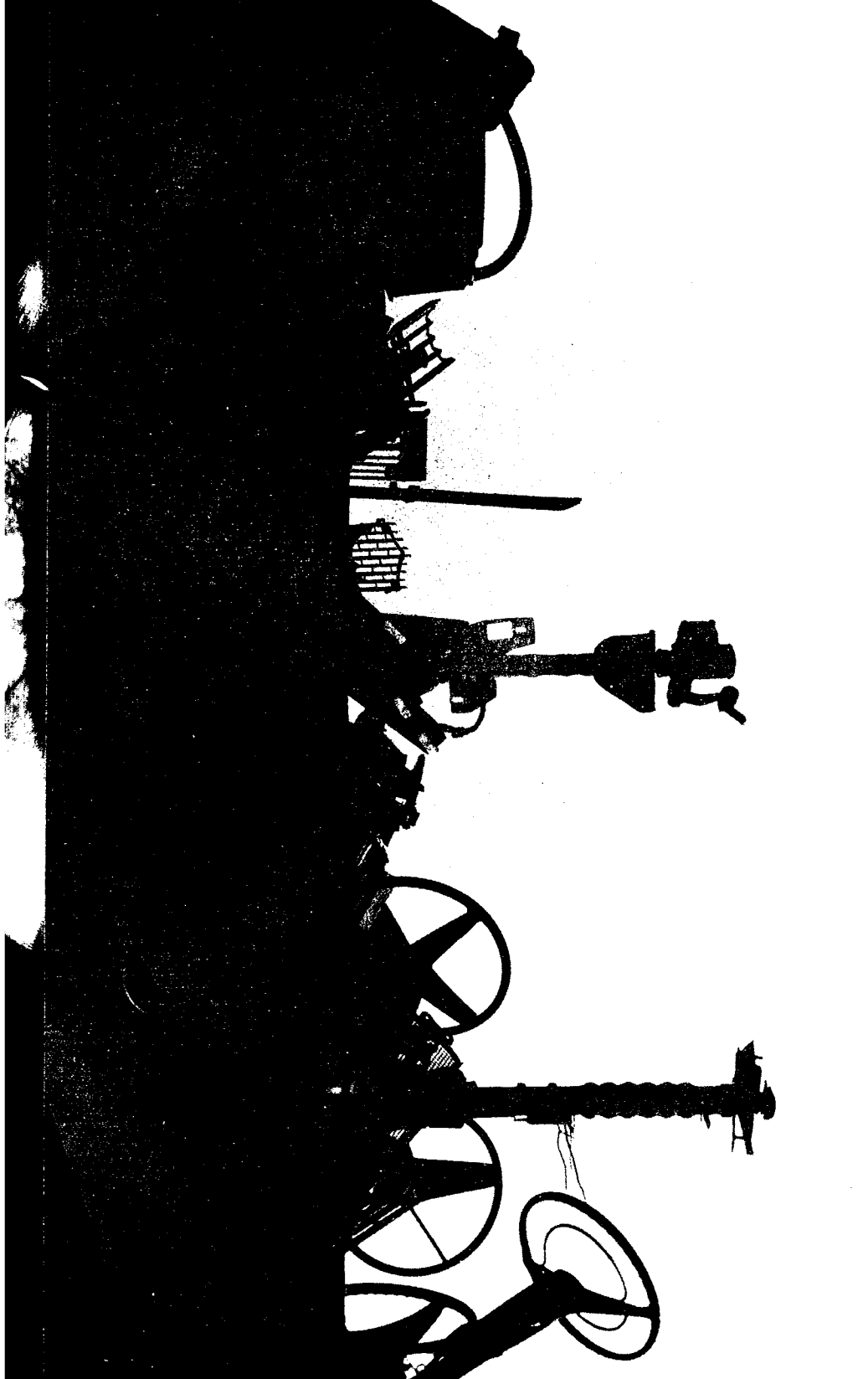
Take a whole in your hands.  
Wholes are round, rigid,  
smooth, enduring.  
Light as air  
balloons rising  
hold tight  
look below  
the world slips away  
clouds lower in greeting  
embracing  
cool, soft, light  
pillow your head  
and sleep.

Nancy Bloom

Michael was once afraid  
And fled to the West Wind  
For Advice  
And Consultation.  
The West Wind  
Was in conference  
And made Michael wait  
In a nailbiting room  
For furious frustrated  
Waiters.  
"He can see you now,"  
The receptionist said,  
A sylphlike breeze herself.  
Michael entered the office.  
Stars spangled the ceiling  
Clouds carpeted the floor  
Draperies made from the  
Aurora borealis  
On a clear, crisp night.  
"Have a seat Michael,"  
The West Wind said.  
So Michael drew up a smaller  
Planet for a stool.  
"I have come for Advice  
And Consultation,  
O Wise West Wind,"  
Said Michael,  
(Flattery Lesson #1),  
"Concerning my Fear  
Which is great."  
"Ah, Michael, come here  
I have what you need  
In a strongbox on the moon.  
A packet of Fear Seeds  
To sow in the hearts  
Of all men.  
Each Seed sown  
Will subtract from  
Your Fear."  
"Ah, I see", said Michael  
(Who did not see at all,  
But would try anything once)  
So grasping the  
Precious Packet

Michael beat  
A hasty (but  
Tactful) retreat.  
Michael did his work  
Well.  
Fear was sown  
In the hearts of men.  
Discontent was sown.  
Disharmony was sown.  
Anger, Envy and Avarice  
Were sown.  
Hatred and Wars  
Were sown.  
Somewhere in a dark cave.  
Sits a gnarled old gnome  
Who laughs — light as a bird.  
Careless and free  
Who has erased  
His Fear  
By sowing the Seeds  
Of Destruction.

Nancy Bloom



## tôt rond taux

terre étrangère de  
buildings crevant les nuages      Toronto  
cosmos poli d'indifférence  
à barbe grisonnante la peau      lotion  
irritante des manufactures aux acides  
crachats des jours sans neige d'enfance, ce lait  
ami don qui me manque dans mes mamelles vie

ici  
les parterres s'épongent la face  
affrontent la nausée d'un ciel imbibé de sueur industrielle  
une tour foetus mondial défonce le vagin soleil  
sunkist  
incolore à vieillir  
vasectomisé par des trous de cul économiques  
anglais tam-tam monotone des bouches aux dents perles  
vraies huîtres fermées pour ne pas ternir l'unique  
richesse de leurs orifices commerciaux

ici  
sage carcan de cage carrée<sup>2</sup>  
où les têtes s'imbriquent pour voir et respirer  
immobilité tranquille de rochers  
vivant endormis dans lit de sable égratigné

en pays d'à côté  
dans l'haleine ronde comme l'o d'amour fraîche  
j'entends sourdre des arpèges péquistes  
que de musiques grondant sur clavier terre tout blanc  
le sol après les octobres aux feuilles sang  
nourrissant les artères en printemps frisés d'espoir  
où batraciens cliquetisent leurs vertèbres  
de moelle joie folle humeur  
Québec mes racines à devenir arbre riant dans chevelure  
aux quatre vents aux mille vagues Saint-Laurent

Lucille Malenfant

## That's Left

Your leaving has webbed  
me into a deep trench. Light  
seems somewhere. Love for you  
is coins into a dead phone. In this  
black I masturbate beside dreams.  
Semen floats me toward  
the tightening web of sticky words.  
At last I smother in the cold  
space that's left.

T. Gerry

Who are youyouyouyoyou u

What is your name

I have no name

Who are you

I do not know that I am

What are you then

Sometimes I am one thing

You mean you are sometimes something else

If you think so

Where did you come from

The sea

Are you a fish

Perhaps once

Do you have eyes

I see without eyes

What do you want

Space mostly

What else

Food mostly

Anything else

Compassion

Are you going to say who you are

Some people think I am not a who that I am a what

You sound like you might be a who

Thank you

What colour are you

Translucent

Are there others like you

Some say there are too many

Are you a threat

We are threatened

By whom

By others like us

You said we

I am only me

Where will you go

We are always

What was that

My umbilical cord breaking

Eric R. Moore



## Fragment

the end

Changed  
Though I return to the same place  
A thousand times It will never be the same  
For Time and Mind are channels in space  
Through which I pass Courting the  
Symbols that marked my memory  
One by one Until they converge  
At the utmost limits of consciousness  
Ambushed and fragmented  
Vaguely I recall them only as  
Phantom images torn from history  
In other places At other times  
(like seedless trees on a barren plain)  
All that remains  
Are the ashes Where my dreams burned  
And in the offing untrod footmarks  
Where phantasy passed  
Where are the symbols now?  
What presumption scattered the flame?  
Who lifts the latch of the last doorway?  
Whose eyes?  
Who follows a heart-beat behind?

epilogue

Outside of me the mind is free of time  
And if the substance that I am  
Melts in the fire with my dreams  
Who is there to say  
Time took its toll  
Which unmeasurable equation  
Forfeits its logic now?

transference

Shall I ask the question?  
What is the reality of mind and passion?  
Will I awake from the ultimate dream  
And confront Unity for the first time?  
Before desire and hope wither  
Why — even the lowliest flower unfolds  
Its petals to the sun  
One by one  
Content with its brief stay  
Am I then less than a flower?  
This swirling eddying revolving  
Excursion which engulfs me  
This madness which binds  
Eternal life to eternal death  
When only a pulse-beat separates  
The ending from the unending. . .  
Is there then — a padlock on the mind?

the beginning

Start again  
                  the voice said  
Grasp Time with outstretched hands  
See that doorway  
Here is the key  
Walk through it  
Leave yourself behind  
  
And when you meet *them*  
Tell them this  
Do not fan the flame too briskly  
There's spark enough in  
One enduring woman  
One enduring man  
To set the symbols glowing

Eric R. Moore



## The Enemy

The morning coming softly  
betraying the words spoken  
by two uncertain lovers:  
It remains clear within my mind.  
How cruelly the light crept into your window.  
I imagined yours was the only private world  
she was willing to invade.  
The soft sun, a stealthy bitch  
sang to you in a crooning tune  
swaying you to break  
promises newly made.  
Your smile had been mine —  
Now it's only a silent gaze  
as you turn away  
from the maze of guilt  
that you created in conspiracy  
with the dawn.  
The life that you spoke with original charms  
now appears to be dead  
Am I the murderess  
or was it the day  
or was it merely the passage of time  
that killed your honesty?  
Your unspoken words sting me  
from behind a clouded pane of glass.  
Perhaps  
if they weigh too heavily  
they will smash the window  
and you can tell me what your silence  
has been screaming.

Nancy Brown

impatience  
is not a virtue

pushing  
prodding  
poking —  
it is  
when it happens  
not before

tho the rush  
itself  
may be a part  
of the pattern

growing up  
comes in  
spurts  
not to be hurried  
by mere man  
(or woman)

liberation  
occurs  
in time  
on its own

M.E.F.

## Dimn Land

Let me take you on a journey,  
along black waters  
smooth as glass  
where the cliffs rise up  
    on either side,  
and only the stars  
cast any light upon the water.

let me take you on my journey  
as we glide along the water,  
skating along  
where the air lies heavy over us  
like a black wool blanket  
and only the stars  
cast any light.

let me take you on that journey,  
gliding down to the lake  
where suddenly the black water  
seeing the rocks,  
rushes upon them  
like a dog on a bone,  
and is thrown up high  
into the air  
turns white,  
and then descends  
into the black lake.

No one has ever  
journeyed past those rocks  
that colour the water white  
But they say that out there  
serpents with red eyes  
live and wait.

Mark Parent

## The hunter (dedicated to the intellectuals)

When I was a boy,  
my uncle jack took me hunting  
we shot squirrels, skunks, snakes,  
rabbits, partridge, ducks and so on.

My uncle jack  
was a good hunter  
he alway taught me  
to clean my gun when I was done

Never kill  
without a cause  
always shoot to kill  
when there was

What the hell,  
up jack down dell  
he fell to hell  
and rang the bell  
crying enemies. . .  
with lions in his hair  
he loved her  
snake-eyes; he loved her  
in her scaly bosom  
she held him  
green eyes flashing  
red-tongue  
sticking to my uncle's  
cheek  
like a wet plunger  
to a toilet bowl  
she slew him.

dew-done hunter  
rest in peace.

Mark Parent





Discon . . . nected

silent tears  
at the end of a wire,  
silence stoned  
then the humming fire.

between the words . . .  
beyond the smile . . .  
linger in my thoughts awhile.

Kath Slemin

Our Loss or The Atmosphere of a Classroom

styrofoam air cracks  
squeaking through the present grey.  
What a waste of crunch!

Kath Slemin

**Absence (written after the death of a friend)**

Shadows of the darkness  
cradle me in light;  
muffled voices form the world below.  
The silent distance brings me close to you;  
an unexplainable melancholy joy.  
I am listening though I'm crying,  
for the comfort of your unseen presence  
holds us in a halo of broken dreams.

**Kath Slemin**

## This Coat

Dirty, worn, tattered. Seven winters cold, seven more to come.

Tan coloured yet each square of hide different in texture, different in shade. A million like it yet singular in itself.

Soft, warm. Clothing always passes by, handed down, thrown away, destroyed: this coat remains.

Wind, snow, sleet, cold. This coat is a haven, a shelter. Becomes like part of oneself. A second skin, an extension.

Repaired so many times three coats could have been stitched together with the thread.

No style, no cut. Part of the character of this coat. Not any coat, this coat.

Stephen Barrick

## man on the cross

Man on the cross come down!  
The iron in your hands and feet, does it hurt?  
Can you breath?  
Why is it you do not speak?  
Come down! Prince of Peace, Counsellor,  
Maker of Miracles  
Come down!

Are you thirsty, martyr?  
Why is your face so red?  
Are you angry at God? Has He forsaken you?  
Come down! Immanuel, King of Kings,  
the everlasting Father  
Come down!

Are you dying?  
Do you feel alone in your pain?  
Forgive who? We know what we have done!  
Come down! Wonderful, the mighty God,  
Sweet Messiah  
Come down!

Are those tears in your eyes?  
What parable will you tell us now?  
Can you hear and understand? Can you see and perceive  
from a cross?  
Come down, Jesus  
come down.

There is vomit on the tables  
where they grind the faces of the people.

a. nikiforuk

## The Story Teller

“Oh I like to write stories,” said the boy to his mother. And he sat with his little pen and little paper on the warm floor before the glowing fire and his smiling mother. And the little boy wrote. . .

‘Once upon a time, long long ago, there was a land ruled by a king who lived long long ago, once upon a time. The king had a beautiful daughter who wanted to marry. She went to every man in the land looking for the one who could make her happy. But she found none. The only one who could make her happy was the only one she had ever loved and he was the king. The queen was no more and the king loved his daughter as much as his daughter loved the king. So they were married.

‘After a little they had a son and they called him Sigmund. One night Sigmund was sitting before the fire and his mother who had nothing underneath her dressing royal gown. He was writing a story. Sigmund put the end of his pen in his mouth. He looked to his mother for thoughts and he saw the black area between her white legs. He then wrote a lot of books.’

“Would you like to read my story?” said the boy to his mother. And of course she did while her son anxiously waited for her maternal praise. After reading she stared at the boy for a moment wondering how she should approach the situation.

“I enjoyed your story,” she said comfortingly. “But Daddy isn’t my Daddy too.”

“I know,” replied the boy. “I made it all up.”

His mother stood up, smoothed out her dress, and went to the kitchen to make her son a peanut butter and sandwich honey.

M.W. Foley



. . . et seul

Aveugle du trop de lumière  
J'avance à la mort  
Je m'engage au noir de la nuit . . .  
et la vie m'échappe  
et le songe m'habite.

Que de larmes à boire!  
Que de détresse au moindre geste!

J'ai folie aussi,  
Folie en la maison de mes ombres;  
Folie qui se couvre de silence.  
J'ai souffrance aussi,  
Souffrance en l'âme  
. . . et je me veux mourir  
A la pointe des rêves,  
A la frontière de l'irréel,  
Car tout est si loin de moi.

Tout n'est qu'illusion. . .  
Et moi qui me veux mourir.

Que de regards à éviter!  
Que de personnes à ignorer!  
Que de poèmes à m'inventer!  
Et que mes yeux sans paupière,  
Et que mon être au dehors de la vie,  
Et que du sang à la plume de ma poésie.

Je me veux ailleurs,  
En l'univers inexistant;  
Pour y crier mes silences,  
Pour y crier que mes mains ne sont plus miennes.  
Je me veux loin des espaces et du néant.

Que de vérités où jamais n'irai,  
Que de remous en les eaux de ma vie  
Et que d'absence. . . et seul.

Aussi, je me veux de l'hier  
Sans retour au présent.  
Je me veux demain  
Perdu au marchandage de l'avenir  
Mais que de moi-même pour y pleurer  
Et que de faiblesses au tournant du quotidien,  
Que d'absence et. . . seul.

this is the end  
i'm going to throw this poem under the next subway  
literary suicide, they call it.  
someday, this poem will be famous  
cause it died under the Finch Northbound  
at rush hour.

they were all afraid  
to pull the blue switch.  
or maybe the threat  
of the two hundred dollar fine  
detered them.  
after all, what's a poem anyway?

**bill watt**

i know exactly how you feel  
it's not that you're lost  
it's just that you want to find yourself  
in another place.

**bill watt**



**dying man on a cliff**

suspended from the ledge  
the still-living  
struggles  
with himself  
in the last moments of his life.  
knowing full well  
that he will bring on his own demise.  
his sheer weight  
will soon tear him  
from his own grip.

**bill watt**

## The Love Song Beginning Gone

It's like freedom to rob all  
Save the most subtle choices.  
As the dwarf, heckling maids  
Retire to death or silence  
Or some unheard home  
And this aware new world  
Enters adolescence  
And remains there for centuries  
Spoilt by material handicaps,  
Protected from real pain —  
Growing pains, existing pains, —  
Heartless and heartfelt —  
Always missing the other half, —  
And as the kinds of wars become  
Known, many, and bloodless  
And too natural; so too pointless  
To deny, defy, or maybe end,  
Art transforms,  
Like the misplaced dreamer  
Trying to prove the existence of rocks,  
Into entertainment  
And is handed to one and all or most  
On a thoughtless, but still silver platter.  
Few questions now arise.  
The head just goes bald.  
There is nothing to dare  
With peaches from a can.

M.W. Foley

god is a baloon  
skull of a balood, baloon  
path traces the shape of a bacillus,  
pardon, path traces the shape  
of a spirochete

ends indefinitely extended

a spirochete  
which is in the shape  
of another spirochete

**John Lemaire**

## Education

J'apprendrai aux aveugles à voir  
toutes les couleurs de la musique  
tous les spectres du noir  
et toutes les harmonies de l'imagination

J'apprendrai aux sourds à entendre  
d'autres sons que l'audible  
à capter les ondes télépathiques  
et les vibrations de la peinture

J'apprendrai aux muets à s'exprimer  
à mieux dire leur refoulement  
à mieux crier leur révolte  
et à mieux vociférer leur hantise

Aux enfants je leur ferai connaître la mort  
je les immuniserai contre l'argent  
je les laverai des principes  
et les imbiberai de justice

J'apprendrai aux riches à mendier  
pour que leur autre main puisse donner  
autre chose que des ordres  
autre envie que le suicide

J'apprendrai aux vieillards à rajeunir  
à boire l'eau de jouvence  
à trouver la pierre philosophale  
et à découvrir le secret de l'immortalité

Mais à moi-même  
je me creuserai un oasis  
je me ferai invisible  
et je voisinerai les esprits.

Yvan Rioux

## Conscience Connue Inconsciente de Connaître

Mon existence d'artiste dénudé  
ma pensée de curé défroqué  
mon coeur marqué par les femmes  
mon aura noircie par la drogue  
et mon esprit qui contacte les morts  
tout cela me dit: "Oui mais. . .

Mais raconte moi l'histoire d'un ange  
montre moi s'il avait des ailes  
et comment pouvait-il voler"

Peut-être je rêve  
peut-être. . .  
apres tout non, j'existe

J'existe plus qu'hier  
et demain je verrai  
aujourd'hui j'ai bu  
non pas l'élixir de longue vie  
mais la ciguë du présent

je me laisse à mes pulsions  
et comme un porc dans son auge  
je te fais l'amour  
en pensant aux affamés  
qui auraient besoin de cette énergie

C'est bien  
peut-être demain nous le referons  
mon système est fatigué  
ma journée est remplie  
je me couche et dors.

yvan rioux

## Occurrence

Dis que cette connaissance déjà établie  
entre nous ne finira pas.

Quant aux autres ça m'est égal!  
Quant au reste il n'y en a pas!

Mais toi, donne-moi cette chose  
qui n'est pas autre chose que toi.

J'ai cru me moquer de moi en disant  
que je suis femme.

Le genre de femme que je suis, on verra.  
Et ce que c'est qu'une âme dans un corps,  
le corps toujours demandé par l'homme.

Mais, toi, un individu pas ordinaire,  
au moins pour moi, qui t'aime,  
demande-moi mon âme!

**Fatima Arruda**

## **Je veux t'aimer**

Je veux t'aimer  
et crier au monde "Je t'aime"  
La fanfare jouera  
de fastueuses mélodies.

La mélancolie est un animal méchant.  
La gloire en a été victime.  
Mais non plus.  
Elle est venue de la bataille victorieuse.

La joie de vivre  
n'est plus temporelle.  
Nous serons toujours,  
témoins de l'amour.

**Fatima Arruda**

If an apple could speak  
It would ask to be picked  
And consumed  
Rather than stay to be cancered  
By a frost

He can speak  
Those words how they tumble  
like apples \_\_\_\_\_ .

Sally



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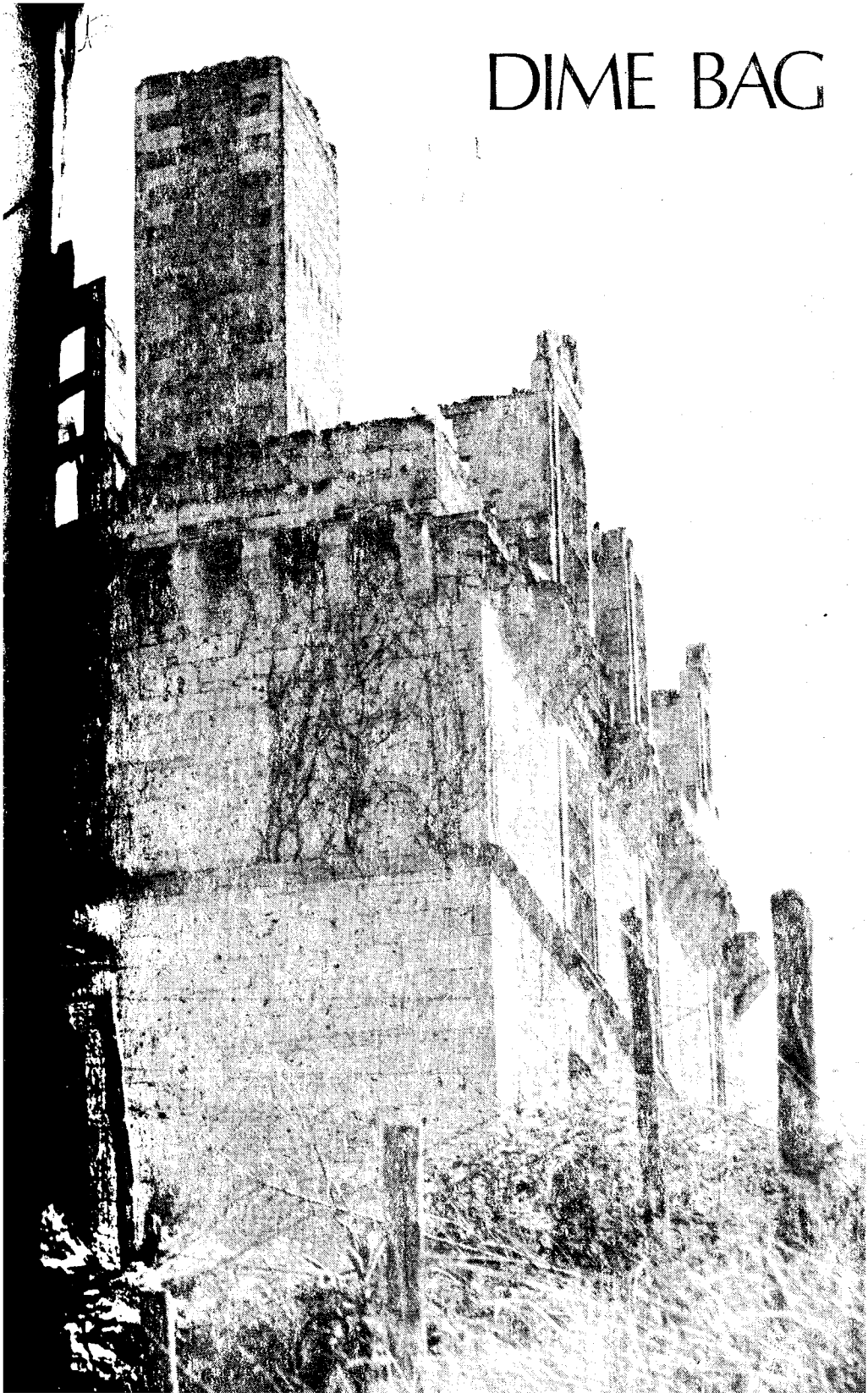
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G. Bridgeland

Heather York

Kim Mayan

D. Carpenter

Kimberley Wilde

Lana Wickens

I have come strangely wandering

I have come strangely wandering  
Upon this shattered utopia.  
When my feet were cut on broken glass  
You laughed —

But in your eyes was something of my pain  
And I saw by your damaged feet  
That you had gone this way before.

### **Barabas**

Who is as lonely as Barabas?  
A Christian leper wailing on a hill of bones?  
No. No.  
You would think that I was Judas,  
but I am only a thief.

### **A. Nikiforuk**

you  
    ran up to me smiling and  
handed me a key  
(but all i could see was  
    your pink aura)  
then i started running  
                            i tried  
all the locks  
                    and then  
    came back to you  
(i guess i need you to open the door  
                            i said)  
and it's all that's left  
to me  
    you  
and your cheshire smile and  
                            the one door  
i haven't tried  
                    to open

**Maureen Leslie Hill**

zeus drowns his anima  
in lunar blood

but she is borne out of  
his battered skull

as athena arises in full armour  
silver-plated against the sun

he denied  
the love in him

and now his wound cries  
with its red mouth

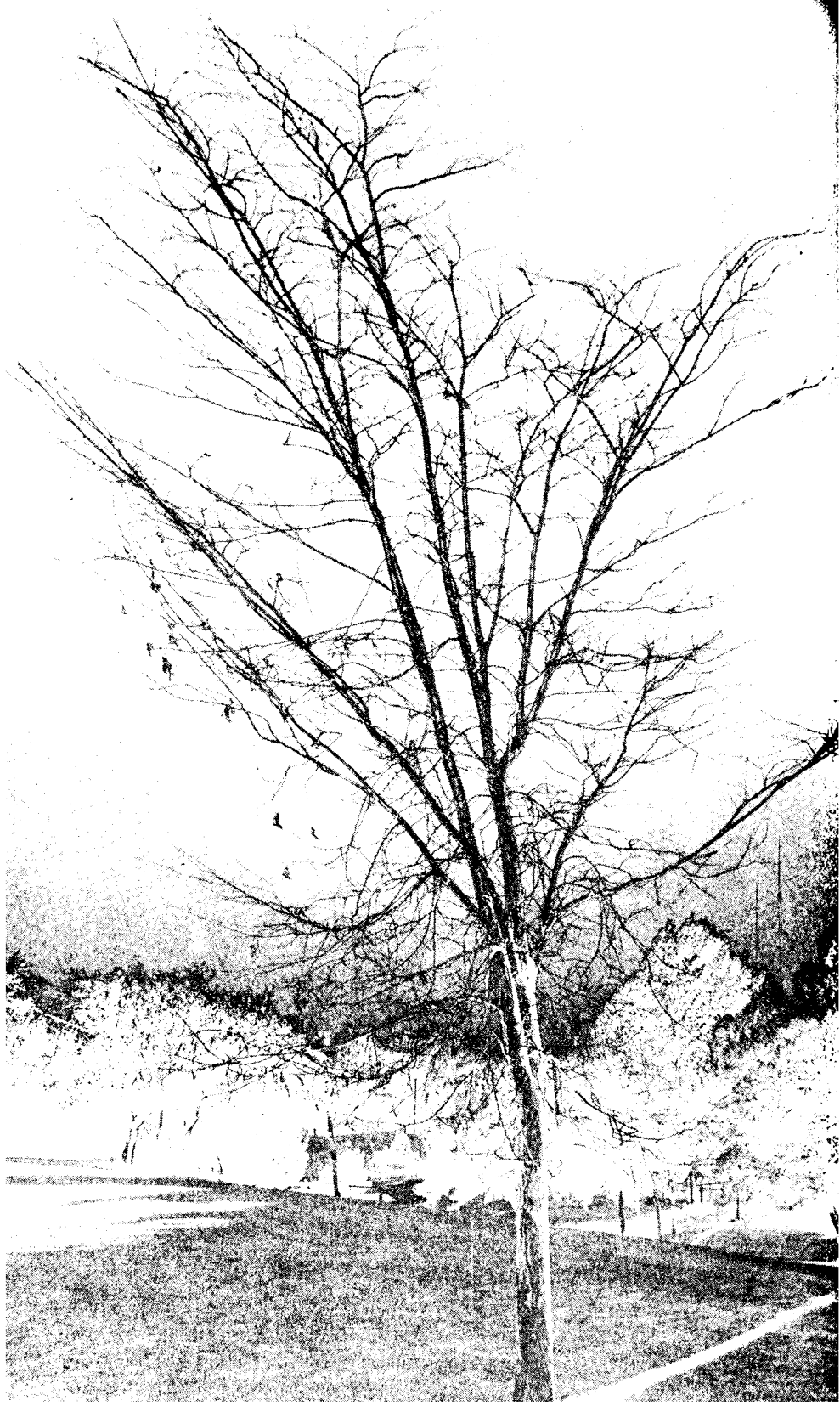
the world to hear:  
humanity is dead

and only his body is left

gaping in mute horror  
beneath the moon

**Maureen Leslie Hill**





## Autumn

autumn holds no death  
for these trees.  
it is rather the enactment  
of the greatest love,  
in bringing life  
to fullest colour.

David Sullivan

## **Omega**

One more time  
I will cast my eyes out

I will draw my arms in  
I will single out the stones I will throw  
Later

All you with faces with the glass hearts

Watch my patience

Draw fingers towards the palm

Like a shell without owner

Like a grief about to be cast out

I am waiting and the landscape will

Sing

Free of your weight

When the sky takes me up the arms

Circling

The breath hovering

And the stars hailing like stones

And everything gone away that you did

Not love

**Pier Giorgio DiCicco**

## Song of a Man Excusing Himself

We are not the ones going to pieces  
It is the dawn and its wind breaking open  
Wherever we go our feet touch the earth  
And the earth cracks;  
Our hearts fly out.  
Our tears fall.  
It is not us crying,  
But the voices from those we have become.  
We have nothing to say in return.  
Lamely perhaps, "it is not we who are going to  
pieces"

"It is the earth that does not love us, and the sky.  
for having given so much in return; they  
punish us, our hearts flying into our mouths".

Pier Giorgio DiCicco

## Junior

you moved among us  
lank & gentle, not figuring much  
in any scheme

your name perhaps, did this  
& that. you in third person  
fading in & out of rooms

your hearsay dream of airplanes  
your room  
hawked with model planes  
poster skies      butterflyed with planes.

boyhood, a waiting out.  
the chance, the rumour of your grief  
eyes certified blind for colour  
& enemy planes  
you take a uniform, guard airfields  
pose by cockpits, snapshots sent home

3 airforce years. you come back  
with a foreign wife  
whom everyone argues over,

grow a child, build a house around it,  
work for a can company, fix machines,  
figure in a scheme      much of this

overlooked, until you fold to earth  
in a home-made plane

decorate a maryland wood with canvas

& a dream falls jigsaw  
on the morning papers

Pier Giorgio DiCicco

Brent the Hyppotomous  
and Nancy the Wallrust  
Followed after Jeffy  
the drunken vampire bats  
They wanted his wings so  
that they could have him  
as their philosopher pets  
But,  
He jumped their neckis  
and eats their bloods  
So they become deadened  
and living vampire deadens  
and they gots to follow  
dee Jeffy vampires  
all of er the Glendon places.

(For Earl)

**N.K. Bloom**  
**B. Johnson**  
**J.M. Freedman**

## It's Rebellion

it's rebellion of  
one sort or some other  
safely I can say  
it's

r  
e  
b  
e  
l  
l  
i s s  
of one or  
n r mt  
t eh  
e

r

M.W. Foley

Had a toke  
And took to the street  
When it was hot  
And breasts fell freely

Sang a song  
And tapped my feet  
And defined peace  
With ease really

M.W. Foley



Tout seul, un somnambule un jour,  
sur la terre de fleurs,  
courait vers les épines pour  
y chercher l'éveil

Il ne laissa que des sentiers  
de tiges et de corolles abattues.

Tombant de tout son long  
son corps moit et lourd  
ecrasa les lilas.  
Et voulant se lever d'une main,  
pressa le sang d'une paquerette  
et de ses doigts déchiqueta une rose.

**Michel Liddle**

### Lines to my Confessor

When I had confessed  
to killing my father  
and burning the house down,  
I soon began to hate you  
for knowing my secret.

And each time I saw you  
I wanted to hurt you.  
I wanted to pin  
an orange and black butterfly  
in a scrapbook  
and watch it die.

Jen Young

### Math Problem for a Poet

Given: disillusion

Find: hope

Jen Young

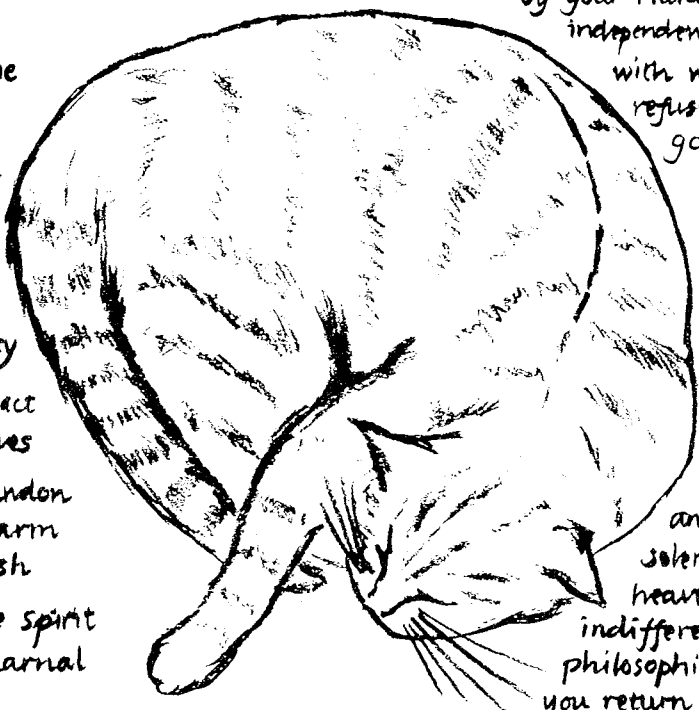
### **Intellectual violence**

How I am tempted to hold on,  
To sport the label of my education  
And, in tight corners, wave it as a flag —

Not seeing that its reasonable tone  
Is red with blood and goads the bull to fury.

**G. Bridgeland**

Orlando  
I love you the  
more  
because you  
escape my  
stroke  
by the  
irreducibility  
of those exact  
careless lines  
by the abandon  
of your warm  
feline flesh  
by the free spirit  
of your carnal  
instinct



by your ridiculous  
independence  
with which you  
refuse the  
good food  
I set down  
by your  
utter  
faith  
that when  
life is  
good it  
is good  
and by the  
solemn sigh you  
heave as  
indifferent to my  
philosophical musings  
you return to your sleep

G. Bridgeland

I saw thee sleeping in a demon trance,  
my love, I called thee, but heard no reply.  
As ghosts of memories around me danced  
still slept you on though all your world might die.

Again I called thee as the ghost dance frenzied;  
again your silence split an ancient night;  
and falling trampled beneath old evil memories,  
I saw a ghost approach and touch your eyes;

Then awoke thee but you saw me not;  
Again, again I called; you heard me not.

Then approached thee but you kissed me not;  
Again, again I screamed; you heeded not,

Then tasted thee my body, blood and heart.

But I lie peaceful under my green trees;  
I feel the sweet breath of the sun and stars;  
and feel I sometimes the weight of aged knees  
as though they never can support you more.

**Heather York**

I sent my slave out to your house  
To bring you home to me;  
But you had gone and I was left  
Holding chains of slavery.

I sent my agents across the world  
To find and bring you here;  
But you had left the world and I  
Was left with worlds of fear.

I sent my angels through the heavens  
To jail your soul so free;  
But it had dissolved and I was left  
With blank eternity.

**Heather York**

## Moon

Ruins of the Ancient Alos.  
camp, olive trees, goat.

Drive to Piraeus

got quite a headful to choke on. Just insane.

"Paranoid" = double bind. quite fucked.

tired. sitthng by water. Pepsi in car while they're phoning hostel.

Coco?

got to find free space. no one screaming in my mind. oh but this world  
is madness. dudes everywhere. no where to hide. can't find the opening.  
soul's lost and walking around ahead of me. sleep sleep sleep it all  
away if i would die.

men in arms. scratching his crotch. tight buns in brown polyester.  
mother fuckers everywhere.

but i have been fucked by a mother sister. and now my mind is reeling w/  
doesn't it fall off how much to push it right over? get through  
get through can't come up can't find the opening the gate  
can't find a self to kill.

## Kim Mayan

### Death

You're a suicide lady  
I can tell by the way  
that you laugh.

## Kim Mayan

## 2nd Dream

We conclude  
at the afterfunction freeforall  
that he suckholed into it,  
that pomp & pretense  
illsuit the dead man.  
“And sheez a shrew, his bride” we said.  
“And sheez a shrew” we said.

Later, visions of our friends  
high on cushions and cakes  
cavorting round the drawingroom-gym  
of some southland beeffarmhouse  
(based on Elephant Walk manseon  
or perhaps The Cloud Hotel).

My aunt caps it all,  
leaps to greet our friends  
from thirdfloor fantastic  
balustrade  
to land  
neat  
on feline feet,  
cocktail ajiggle.

**D. Carpenter**



Found Poem: Suicide (2)

One thing  
I would never  
photograph  
is dogs  
lying in the mad.

Diane Arbus: *An aperture Monograph*, page 8.

D. Carpenter

## Cottage Dream

1 Sometimes  
I would sit  
in a gray shaft of sun  
on the sanded floor  
of the room with pine boards  
and pluck the string of my bow.

2 The cottages  
in a half moon  
were covered by  
a single tin roof.  
My brother and father and I  
searched for crocodiles. One came snaking  
(snaking like a fastball) over the tin  
in inch-deep water  
and I fell with it  
supple & clean  
my fingers gouging its giving belly  
ripping its throat  
its pale throat  
the blue veins snapping  
like glass needles.

## D. Carpenter

## South Arm, Bonne Bay

The careful chug  
clears the crystal surface,  
choos off the glacial walls  
(echoes of parlour talk  
in the front halls of homes)  
back to the boat choo—  
chooing, the old atlantic  
one-cylinder.

In the clear oilgreen water  
wade jellies, waiting  
in their maroon cloaks of office,  
queen victoria bonnets, vermillion,  
spaghetti-tendrils ready  
for the fisherman's white  
and pulpy hand.

Above the land,  
above the snowy churches  
of Shoal Brook, Birchy Head, and Winter Houses,  
above the spring-green hillside gardens  
and strip farms, brooked and ponied meadows,  
loom the Tables—sweeping slopes,  
wyoming-brown, butted, montanad.

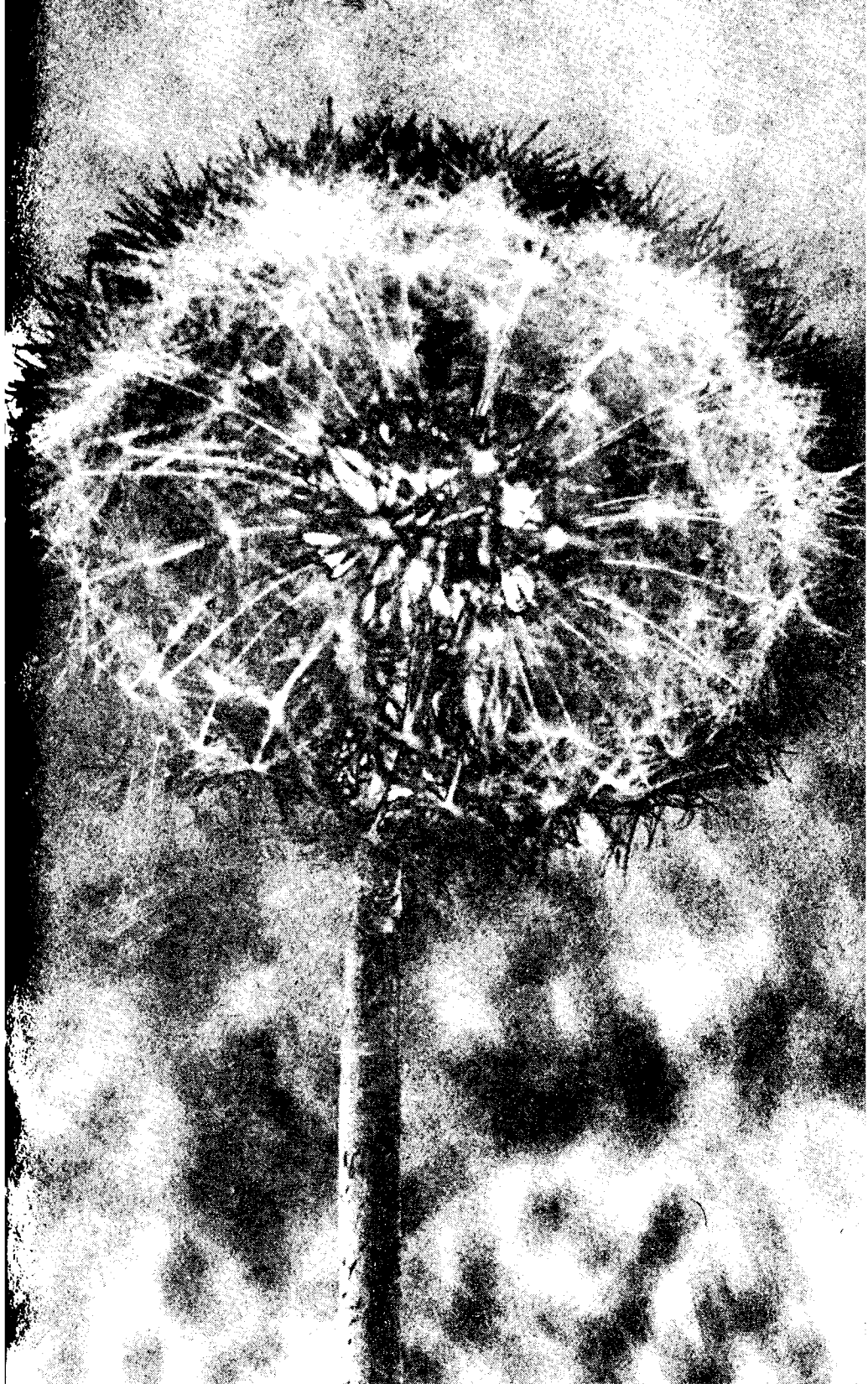
The gods  
carved from cloud  
—their round and curling  
muscles and beards boasting the before  
the plain blue, big blue backdrop—  
preside at, above  
brown tables.

There, the sky. Approaching  
Trout River, the deep divable  
blue of the sea  
is cut like paper  
across the top.  
Horizon-eyed, the line is sharp, arresting  
as a paper cut:      seablue/skyblue

On the beach  
the salt water hisses its acidity  
and recedes,  
hisses and recedes.  
Over the jellied marbles of the beach,  
the sea-cold, green, gold ripples recede,  
hiss and recede.

Leaning over the old wood  
Tom sees fishes—mackerel, herring—  
deep in gelatin,  
black in the shadow of the hull holding  
in its hold, in itself,  
the clean white light  
of the snowbound sun.  
Unmoving above the bronze bottom,  
darts in aspic.  
These sea bays,  
Norway's green and emerald  
fingers into us.

**D. Carpenter**



love is like leaving a tip for the waiter

dressed in our best manners  
and company clothes,  
we've made reservations  
at one of the finest restaurants in town,  
recommended by friends.  
a waiter, brandishing menus  
and haughty airs  
seats us at our table.  
music, low and sweet  
lulls us into a false sense of intimacy.  
as if by some unspoken agreement,  
we begin.  
first, the hors d'oeuvres,  
a tasteful selection  
like suitable topics of conversation  
to nibble on  
until we decide the main course.  
steak  
seems as good a choice as any,  
like Brontë or Dickens  
interspersed with baked potatoes,  
carrots  
and mushrooms for variety.  
i wonder if Longfellow  
felt like a vegetable?  
we have made a good choice—  
the people at the next table  
have ordered liver and onions.  
they are probably discussing  
Marx and homosexuality,  
a most unpleasant odor.  
next you must taste the wine.  
a heady delight  
not unlike a first kiss.  
tentatively, meditatively

your tongue caresses the first mouthfull.  
    too cold? too hot?  
        bubbly or flat? (me or the wine)  
ah, you like it,  
    obviously.  
you fill your glass  
    and the apparent ease  
    with which you handle the bottle  
        makes me wonder  
    if you are a true connoisseur  
        or just faking it.  
    would you care for dessert, my dear?  
        wait a moment  
        while i talk it over with my morals  
            which are fighting a losing battle  
                with my carnal desires.  
i think i shall have a lemon ice,  
    tangy, light, and  
        noncommittal.  
    i wonder which spoon to use?  
after a discreet interval  
    the waiter brings the cheque.  
    you pay him  
from a wallet full of bills  
        and a package of safes.  
this night has been perfect.  
    thank you, goodbye.  
        but tell me.  
    why do i get the feeling  
        that love is like leaving  
        a tip  
    for the waiter?

**Kimberley Wilde**

There was this huge stone barricade  
built up all around me,  
taller than I could see.  
I was surrounded by cement and  
forced to breathe the same stale air,  
Each day the wall seemed higher, and  
the cement felt colder.  
The air was harder to breathe, and  
I could feel the fog penetrating my  
consciousness.  
Slowly, the walls were closing in.

All of a sudden,  
the walls shattered and  
scattered, and the air dispersed among infinitely fresher  
air.

The sun felt warm on my back, but  
my insides were frozen.  
There were no barriers to bind me,  
yet I realized,  
I could not move.

Gradually, I began to breathe the air but,  
with very shallow breaths.  
The sun shone every day, and the fog started to lift,  
until I found,  
I was surrounded by a white picket fence,  
with a fresh coat of whitewash,  
and plenty of spaces between the boards.  
I even had the desire to open and close the gate  
occasionally.  
The sweet smell of flowers filled the air of my garden.  
Birds appeared and disappeared many times every day.

I find now, the fence needs,  
another coat of whitewash, and  
the weeds are filling in the spaces  
among the boards.  
The gate is broken and needs repair,  
so I keep it shut.  
I shudder as I feel the cool wind  
against my back.  
The sun can only be seen faintly,  
through the clouds.  
And most of all I miss the birds.

**Lana Wickens**



that morning you went  
away  
the sun shone upon the day  
same as usual, disclosing the bright  
green leaves on the trees.

i awoke the second day  
and the sun shone same as usual  
upon the chipped white paint  
and focused on the stillness of the figure  
in the house

i awoke again the same as usual  
but the sun had gone  
the same as you  
i couldn't see the leaves,  
or trees  
because there weren't any  
the mist covered all but the impressions  
you left me  
and even they are beginning to fade

the next day i decided not to wake  
the same as usual  
And it worked!  
like the sun  
i couldn't see the leaves or trees or . . . or . . . you

i tried to wake the next day  
but couldn't  
i couldn't find you  
i desperately tried to cling on  
but i couldn't  
the day just vanished  
like the day you went away.

Lana Wickens

I've often heard that the world maintains. . .  
a natural order of the species.

Little birds eat insects, big birds eat worms.

Cats eat mice, foxes eat rabbits.

Whales eat fish.

Men step on

ants.

NO!

Man steps on man.

Big men devour little men.

How convenient! A completely disposable world.

And to think that it comes about naturally?

Lana Wickens

with air.  
 swell up  
 begun to  
 balloon had  
 The red  
 the week,  
 fuller by  
 It got  
 I delighted in watching it grow. the wind freely,  
 flew upon  
 I held on tight to the string as it y.  
 a  
 As long as I held the string, w  
 a  
 I felt that the balloon could never get  
 Each day  
 I let the string out  
 more, and the balloon drifted  
 farther,  
 It went so far that I could only see it as a red dot in the distance. . .  
 I still held on tightly, MY FIST CLENCHED SO HARD THAT IT HURT!  
 The balloon TUGGED and TOSSED so VIOLENTLY,  
 My string  
 dropped  
 to the  
 ground,  
 But I still HELD ON,  
 MY FIST CLENCHED SO HARD THAT IT HURT!  
 Although I could no longer see it. . .  
 I knew that it had  
 BURST!!!  
 But I still held on,  
 to the string,  
 my FIST CLENCHED SO HARD IT  
 HURT!

Lana Wickens

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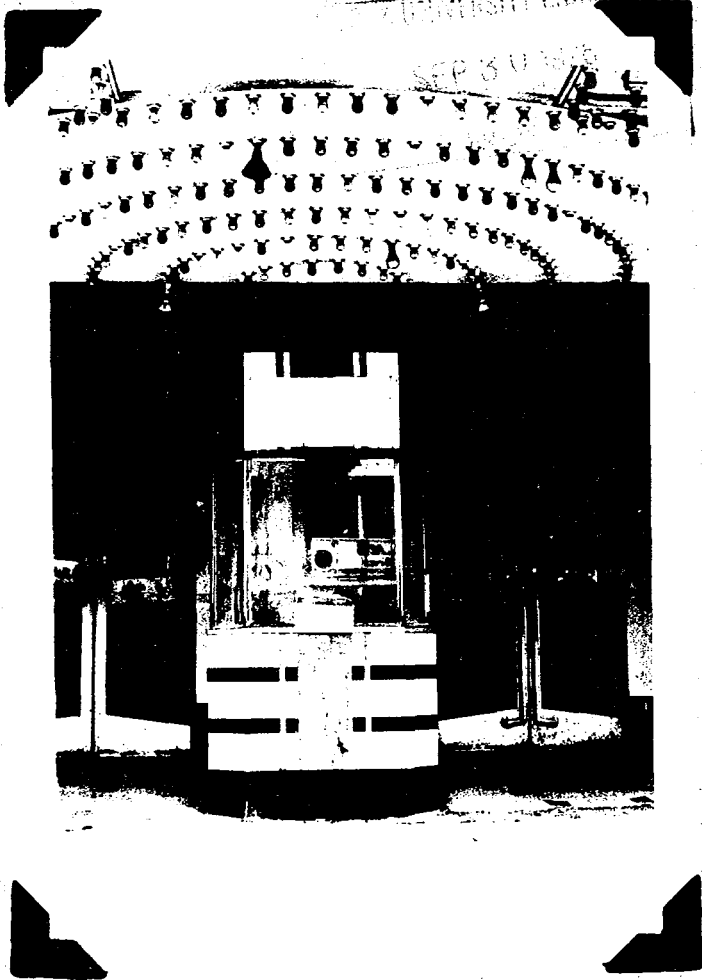
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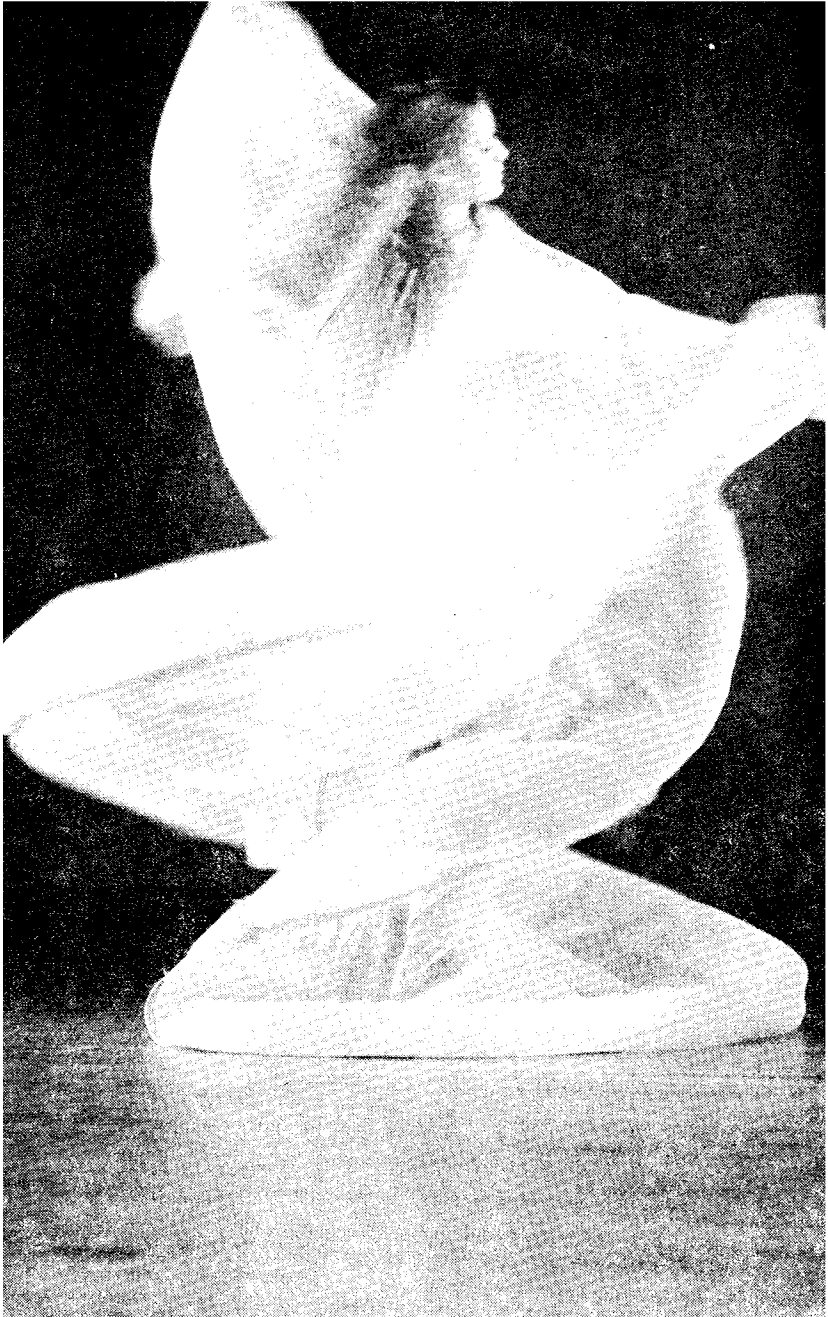
SEP 3 1963



dime bag

*dime bag*

Number Fifteen, March 1976  
Glendon College, Toronto





We are free movin' women  
With an eye out for  
Work to be done.  
You are the wind and  
I am the water.  
We race with the  
flaming sun.

**Chris Holyk**

## Induced Insanity

In clear moments you can  
See them.

Archetypal insect crawls  
out,  
Dust balls trailing back  
legs  
Nudge my brain smooth  
seductress  
(shhhhhh — she'll hear you)  
Painless poisoner  
(ahhhhhh — no trace)

eyes unfocus  
catch a glimpse  
see you  
scuttle — dive for cover  
see you  
slip — filthy trail  
see you  
hide — oozing dirt.

In clear moments I can  
see them.

Chris Holyk

## For Imhotep

we walk  
    among the blind,  
you and i  
    their gaping souls twisted  
                        into formless agony

midnight shrouds belie  
their hollow wretchedness  
                        arms  
stretched out to me  
for supplication

i would help  
but tempting voices whisper:  
you can know  
and i forsake them

in you i find a voice, and speak the joy  
of truths new-discovered in me  
and in you  
my friend

your heart is spring  
and the auras of my desire  
are mingled there  
                        i empty my brain  
into your eager hands  
that plant new seeds there, to ripen soon  
as the fledgling tendrils  
born out of your wisdom  
                        to lace our minds

Maureen Leslie Hill

### **The Third Key**

She will come  
green Goddess  
with sword of fire  
and the Vanquished One  
will kneel, and the forest  
sing of Her

**Maureen Leslie Hill**

**For Ascha**

brown leaf body  
in the ground  
little ascha  
with tight-shut eyes  
cold furry body  
i consecrate your grave  
good-bye little ascha  
spirit-of-earth

**Maureen Leslie Hill**

My salty face,  
Tongue – wet  
And tan  
From a thousand summer suns,  
Rests on the earth  
Beneath your feet.  
I invite the caress of  
Your muddy toes,  
And lick them  
Till you squeal.  
This toe digs ditches right to  
China.  
This other toe  
Plays a mandolin quite well.  
This toe can build bridges spanning  
Rapids.  
The next toe  
Conducts birds in symphony  
And this,  
The last and smallest toe of all,  
Wipes tears and  
Ants  
And bleak, half-hateful  
Memories  
From my cheeks.

**Anne Daley**

Like Marat,  
Someone died there;  
Like a bulbous parody of humanity  
The corpse appears there,  
Sometimes,  
When the spirit remembers the body –  
It isn't a haunting,  
It's an invitation.  
The floating members of a  
Grotesque clan  
Gather outside the door.  
I hear my name echo  
But I will not answer.  
The razor is in reach.  
The water running,  
Red,  
To the sewer.  
My name echoes,  
But the music weeps.

**Anne Daley**

I don't care if within is mirrored  
A beautiful soul:  
The mirror's tear-stained and bloody.  
I want to reach and touch  
Beauty,  
To cradle it in my palm.  
To strut peacock-proud  
In the summer sun,  
Smiling,  
And singing,  
And knowing my body's  
Sinful innocence.  
Cradle it in my palm –  
The heart of a gutted animal  
Glistening, sticky-wet,  
Dead.  
I retch  
And the splintered mirror  
Is gone from my bowels.  
I am beauty,  
God damn you.  
I live forever,  
A tear on a lizard.

**Anne Daley**



**On the Loss of a Leg (For Barb)**

Brutal,  
    Macabre joke,  
Where beauty means  
    Nothing;  
The laugh's what counts.  
Limbless wonderment  
    To test a mangled,  
    Misconceived  
    Faith:  
A practical assessment  
    Of Your  
Ability to screw.  
    What Being  
Takes the strength  
    Of the weak?  
  
Bronzed perfection  
    Turned to  
Bronzed disgust.  
    Gross injustice  
    Perhaps,  
    But it stinks.

**Anne Daley**

## Ego

Pris de lamentations confuses  
je divague le présent  
pour mieux perturber  
les réactions monarchiques  
qui abaissent le sentiment  
à un programme pré-établi.

Je riposte à ces hallucinations  
qui ne sont miennes  
qui veulent me dominer  
et commander mes gestes.

Ma supra-conscience veut sa liberté  
veut son autonomie  
et ne veut pas être conditionnée.

Je choisis mes visions  
je crée mon anti-monde  
je métamorphose l'habitude  
en incohérence naturelle  
démunie de poids.

Je brûle l'oubli  
je refoule le futur  
j'existe comme entité  
et tiens à mon autonomie

qui élabore une existence  
vide de sophistication  
avide d'esthétique  
et pleine de soi.

Je ris des ordres  
et me fais roi  
j'abaisse le vaniteux  
en le piquant au talon  
j'obéis à moi-même  
je débranche le récepteur  
mais j'amplifie l'émetteur  
qui crie ma révolte

Pourquoi me veut-on rabat  
avec des connections multiples  
pleines de connaissances  
et vides d'existence  
et vides de jouissances?

Enfin je me révolte  
enfin je lance la bombe  
enfin je démolis le super ordinateur  
et enfin je peux retourner à la pré-histoire.

**Yvan Rioux**

## **J'aimerais**

J'aimerais être une larme  
pour naître dans tes yeux  
vivre sur ton visage  
et mourir sur tes lèvres

J'aimerais être tes cheveux  
pour prendre racine dans ta tête  
me glisser sur tes épaules  
et me faire caresser par tes mains

J'aimerais être ton corps  
pour me tordre à ta vie  
ressentir ton bonheur  
et partager ta douleur

J'aimerais enfin être ton cœur  
pour actionner ta vie  
vibrer à tes sentiments  
et mourir avec toi

**Yvan Rioux**

## Real-State

This mortgage shall contain a clause,  
In said dead pledge it shall be held,  
Affecting all will still effectively,  
Having through holding, but only reductively.

The purchaser agrees to assume  
Naught but's contained in this blanketed room,  
Neither duration nor stretched out strain,  
Nor a hopeful constant, nor he and she,  
Yours and mine, in a faith-lined trust,  
Becoming so quiet, ours, for us.

This offer is conditional  
Upon the caring not the more  
Than can be practicably disposed  
Of by the vendor through the night  
Upon the caring not of right  
Nor ownership, nor give, nor take,  
But three cock's crows and then for sake  
Of air and elemental mix — you leave.

And the first part can be made  
And touch, but only  
In the breath sought state.  
Above, beyond. thereafter which,  
Drabness palls and makes of late;

And hold not tight  
Nor heavily, but only  
Shortly tenderly.

Now may be stretched to eternity,  
An ever-present moment's gasp,  
But times of rushing cannot stand  
To see in light what hovering hand,  
And times of future, being again,  
Can't stand up to a blood slow drain.

And the saying is to state, though touch  
May join and flash like no man's thunder,  
It is just that, just passing fine,  
To tax your little bit of human;  
But not so bonded as yours with mine,  
Or hand-held, close-knit, clinged to vine.

Music while the light goes grey;  
Highness in the darkness moist,  
With noise, with motion, and in power,  
While the little slithered secrets crawl.  
So when the dust's removed from dust  
It will be finally — gone — as all.

**Robin Pond**

## **Iceberg**

love is rape  
you think my pleasure's my pain  
in a blood lust sacrifice  
your hate and fear like Aztecs  
butchered out my heart  
but Sunreason blinds  
and now you're America's Salesman  
not a Trotsky or a Christ  
and i'm a ghost,  
an illusion and mirage,  
the moon's my heart  
and the quena my balm and guide.

**Somer Brodribb**

I know a woman who thinks she is a ghost, and  
is afraid that she will float away. for this  
she collects stones and puts them in her pockets  
to weigh herself down. some she finds along the  
path, others along beaches or out of the way  
places. some are angular, some are smooth, some  
are fool's gold, others quartz, some black,  
some brown, some round. some she has known since  
high school.  
her pockets are full and heavy, but she feels it  
gives her weight. the other day she let someone  
tie one around her neck.  
i wonder if she knows about the river.

**Somer Brodribb**



## **Dormir**

Je voulais m'endormir.  
Les nuits courant devant moi semblaient tellement importunes,  
tellement mesquines. . .  
Quelque part en moi  
tombait mon dernier soldat  
et mon assaut final  
déjà s'estompait  
puis s'effaçait si vite. . .

**Edouard Apanaszewski**

## Quand des amis s'en vont

à la mémoire de Pablo Neruda

Mornes plaines interminables  
une écaille de poisson brille  
une bande jaune sur les yeux  
entre les doigts une coquille craque  
Le sable grince —

Aux pas éloignants d'un ami  
dans la voix pulsionnelle ouverte de l'aube

Edouard Apanaszewski

I met a girl.  
One evening she read me poems  
And later, looking at the fire  
I grew a dream out of ashes

The dream?  
There was a room, with a window  
Outside the street gathered snow  
She sat, eyes glazed by the heat  
                  blind to their talk  
Turning to the window, she asked  
'Shall I read now?'  
The snow was silenced  
And the ashes blew away

Sally

I had walked past tombstones  
Hating every one, until yesterday

Yesterday  
She told me her lover died  
And they will bury him  
In the graveyard at the bottom of the street

Yesterday  
I fell in love with her tears  
Her pain transformed those stones  
Until I filled them with beauty  
And caressed them with flowers

Today  
As I walked past  
The love mingled with hate  
An almost unbearable duality

Sally

Me  
or, Mother Maya's Little Helper

Compulsive noise-maker  
soul-forsaker  
song-baker --me.

Sneaky silence-hider  
i'm an exquisite spider  
See the intricate web around me.

Beautiful-child-faker  
truth-mistaker  
whinin' pinin' bellyacher me.


Selective friend-seducer  
'cause i'm dream-world-producer  
a Goddam crayon-eating rainbow-factory.

i'm an evil-sower  
a darkly death-river-rower  
an all-and-nothing-knower --me.

i'm a sly self-disguiser  
and a disguise-despiser  
an avid criticiser of me.

Ya, harmonizer-synthesizer,  
none-the-wiser . . . me.

**K.P.**



i have crawled  
into the very eye  
of my thumbprint.  
The pattern is carved on my soul.  
Am i condemned to die here?  
Am i condemned to drown  
in my goddamn thumbprint?

**K.P.**

She does not clomp her way along,  
this legless wonder.  
I hardly hear her  
haunt the corridor.

And every evening  
her ghost  
hangs itself  
from the bathtub clothesline—  
a single stocking.

**K.P.**

## The Poet

he  
goes forth  
and paints pictures  
he  
opens windows  
so there is a draft  
he  
shatters mirrors  
he  
pretends to be some one else  
he  
imagines he shakes the earth  
(fool)  
he  
laughs louder than god  
he  
talks to things  
that are not there  
he  
makes love  
to the most beautiful woman.  
sometimes,  
he grits his teeth  
he grips the truth  
and goes to build  
new worlds;  
sometimes,  
all alone  
he even writes poems.  
they lock him away at night.

a. nikiforuk

## hope and the angry man

Listen God!  
Listen just this one time.  
Take these sins from me.  
I'm not your son!  
But why is it I speak like you,  
look like you,  
see like you?  
Why is it they say,  
like father like son?

Listen God!  
Listen just this one time.  
Take these sins from me.  
I want to talk freely,  
to be whole,  
to really see the truth of the matter  
not at all like a son  
a slave, an offspring.

Listen God!  
You aren't going to crucify me!  
I'm going to change.  
I throw off Your Sins!  
old man  
god

I owe you nothing.

a. nikiforuk



## **Kobe Day**

There, blunt tugs  
strum lines through  
Made-in-Japan mossgreen  
sea or like sleeping  
dogs list. This side  
of the dock a Portuguese  
man-o'-war, flowing  
with the pulse,  
invents several flowers.  
Sea of surprises,  
opening. Moses knew  
his moment.


At home in Kyoto,  
two letters slide in.  
My niece asks about  
love and gondolas,  
my love imagines  
Africa.

**John Oughton**

## Landscapes


He ventured into the wilderness  
As far as he dared venture  
into himself.  
His soul lay before him and  
all around — he could feel its presence —  
it lay suspended from the silver boughs  
of birches, fragmented,  
yet the pieces danced.  
They danced to an eternal music,  
under the shades, and although they  
did not belong to him, he could feel  
their presence.  
Though everything, the trees,  
the very landscape  
were shrouded in the pallor of dusk, a  
sort of blue moon-grey,  
they were unmistakably there,  
shining, flaming particles  
which insight may gather, should  
she extend herself,  
if she were to enter the wilderness  
on a dark, cold night and  
reveal herself a freak and a  
stranger at Becoming's doorstep. . .

**Dianne Woods**



It was  
someone  
like myself  
who created the  
history in this book.  
From involvement  
I abstain.  
Temporal and  
spatial realities  
make one feel  
exonerated  
more comfortable  
lulled by  
the rustle of  
mythical parchment.

**Dianne Woods**



Novelist,  
your works are unrealistic. . .  
Tear up your image  
of the blue, quiet brook,  
the picture of unruffled water;  
allow it more vitality, for  
it is seldom that  
the wind never blows.

**Dianne Woods**

From the direction of the west  
came a strange and wandering spirit,  
the autonomous self.  
Gradually transforming it  
beckoned to the traveller;  
revel in the invitation to life's dance. . .

**Dianne Woods**

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## David Sullivan

### Notes On The Ancient Bard

In some sweet forgotten distance  
Lies the bleeding of our time,  
Warring western sons of science  
Bare facts with figure no souls with rhyme.

Yet still from fallen windows  
We will view direction there,  
E'en burdened by such single stress  
Love lives to nourish cold hearts aware.

In some scared and sunken hollows  
Will lurk the light of brighter day,  
And love will stream in godly grace  
To enlighten eyes beyond grown grey.

Oh ancient man masked in modern ways  
With love imbue and forge new faith,  
Sing the song, reclaim the fate  
Of man too far, so long astray.



## Melanie Hazel

### Tributes to a Lady

You cried for your father in a poem called:

“Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I’m through.”

You prayed for your life in a poem which

filled me with an understanding for:

empty milkjugs

and children coiled

like rosebuds arrayed

so peacefully in your mind.

Bleeding fingers and broken glasses

impressed splintered patterns in your picture

of a confused life.

You resigned yourself to an idea

you hoped to escape.

Now, while your body lies somewhere,

waxy and burnt out,

I think of your life and your death.

You’re alive in me and in many souls

who search for your message.

So, let us hope, in your ariel spirit

and in your corpsed garden

Some sense lies exposed for the contemplating heart

that may be trapped in a stifling belljar.

lap up your milk  
put on your brown boots (you were once so proud of)  
pick up your life and walk out the door

time suspends as you open the door  
you say goodbye for the last time  
i watch your skillful hands on the brass handle  
your coat disappears with you

on my tiled roof the rain is falling  
i wonder if your hair is dripping  
i imagine your eyelashes are beaded

rough iron gates are ladden with the moisture  
of my tears  
in wet alleys cats cry for food and fire

your food is on the table (i forgot you were  
not coming home)  
i hope some gentle lady has discovered you  
it is such a cold night to be alone!

do you know how it feels when your legs are stumps?  
and do you know how it feels when your hands  
are sore from working? (i doubt it  
i've never seen such idle wax hands)  
do you know how it feels to be empty  
and realize that nothing can fill the void?  
have you ever felt like the only leaf  
on a forgotten frozen tree?  
have you ever been afraid to laugh  
because your tongue was green?  
and you try to hide your ears because they're  
pointed  
but they always sneak out and tell on you  
have you ever felt filthy after a bath  
that was saturated in perfumes and lemon soap?  
why?  
I mean i phoned a friend and she forgot  
she was having tea with me  
and he told me i was cold and unattractive  
he said he was going away  
and i reached for something but my  
blotched hand only throbbled  
so i make resolutions and solutions  
and in a month i'll sit here and scratch my chin  
but nothing will have rearranged themselves  
except the spots on my back.

## Jennifer Burke

Subway conductors are you.  
Perhaps not.  
Brakemen baggagemen  
Urban Transit  
I rather drunk  
reeling slightly  
filled with silly  
smiling benevolence  
towards those nameless  
automatons of the TTC  
seek to humanize you  
in less terrifying ways  
your whistles and buttons  
white gloves  
merely part of the job.  
your grey-uniformed  
sensibilities exist  
– will emerge  
October fourteenth  
day of the National Strike

Each day  
I wear  
the same clothes  
so that you may  
recognize me  
the lady in  
rust and black  
silly, I know  
but if you're  
very perceptive  
as I hope  
you will understand  
or I can explain  
later  
once you have  
stopped  
spilling coffee  
when you see me  
and I no longer  
bump into  
obstructive strangers

An angry body seeks  
to crush me  
You may twist,  
contort, explore  
and bend my body,  
expend yourself  
upon it.  
Why probe? Why trespass?  
Why seek to peel the surface layers?  
Why trigger loud alarms  
by entering forbidden areas?  
I gave you what  
you said you wanted.  
My mind cannot be  
bought or tricked —  
it is not open for  
your dissection.  
Look but do not touch.

## Jindra Rutherford

### Hit and Run

Eli Eliot, Metro police officer 2879, grinned with satisfaction. Yes, he decided, that will do nicely as the last line. The cadence wasn't bad. Already he could see himself reading this latest poem at his poetry club.

The radio crackled, shifting his mind into another gear.

"Investigate hit-and-run, Front Street, near Berczy Park. Ambulance on its way." Eliot stepped on the accelerator.

A group of gawkers had gathered round the cyclist lying on the macadam an arm's length from the twisted remains of his purple bicycle.

Eliot bent over to examine the cyclist, straightened up, and addressed no one in particular:

"He'll be okay. Looks like a broken collar bone. Did anyone see the car? Silence.

"You there," the officer pointed his finger at a bearded young man in sh jeans and a faded blue shirt, "what are you writing?"

"Pound's the man, Earle Pound, and I'm a poet. Until yesterday I was als assistant dramaturge to the director over there." He waved theatrically toward the St. Lawrence Centre.

"Did you see the hit-and-run car?"

"I may have. I may have. Indeed, I must have. I was sitting over there on the bench, contemplating the sad site of my latest endeavours and meditati upon man's ingratitude to poets."

"But you were writing down something, weren't you?"

"Yes. I've just composed a poem."

"You have, eh? Does it have anything to do with the accident?"

"I'm a poet, officer, not a detective."

"Okay, okay. Would you like to read your poem?"

As though he had been waiting for the invitation, the man cleared his throat and addressed the crowd:

“Come, fairest love,  
Into my encircling arms  
Glide gracefully like a swan  
And fill my aching nothingness.  
Keep our love ever green, oh valiant soul,  
Keep it beautiful.”

“What nonsense!” sneered someone in the crowd.

“I’m not sure,” Eliot said thoughtfully, “may I see the poem?”

All eyes focused on the policeman as he read the poem out loud, stressing certain words and glancing curiously at the poet from time to time.

“Come, fairest love . . . encircling arms . . . swan . . . nothingness . . . keep it beautiful . . . oh, I think I’ve got it, Sir! That’s very clever. Very clever indeed.”

Eliot ran to the car and radioed his message to headquarters:

“That hit-and-run on Front Street,” he said, “suspected car has Ontario license number CFL 020, green Valiant. Over.”

The ambulance arrived, its sirens screaming, and took away the injured cyclist.

The crowd dispersed. Only the poet remained.

Eliot turned to Pound and said:

“It’s that ‘Keep it beautiful’ that set me on the track. It sounded familiar because it’s on Ontario license plates.”

When the case came up in court, Earle Pound was summoned to read his poem into evidence before Judge Sylvia Atwood. The accused, Al Irving, was found guilty of careless driving and failing to remain at the scene of an accident.



## On the road to Coppet

We ambled along the lazy lane, our fingers entwined,  
our feet in unison disturbing the dust.  
The summer sun had seared the greening fields,  
unloosed the spicy scent from wayside's thyme.  
The zephyr restrained,  
came not to tease the chestnut's fanned-out leaves.

Suddenly,  
summoned by a magician's wand,  
the flaming field leapt up —  
a million poppies drowning in vermilion sea.

Your fingers tightened their embrace  
and with your lips  
you made love to my hair.

## The white flag

The fine lines in my face  
forbode the furrows  
of ten years hence.  
I know the meaning  
of the first brown spots  
appearing on my hand.  
Harbingers of decay.

Must I accept with equanimity  
the crippling horror, arthritic pain,  
the softening muscles' toneless sagging,  
the barrenness of bankrupt memory?

Or thunder my wrath and indignation  
at the injustice of it all,  
uplift my lance in anger  
to thrust at enemy's unseen throat?

Over each cradle  
flies the white flag.

## Anne Daley

I don't care if within is mirrored  
    A beautiful soul:  
The mirror's tear-stained and bloody.  
    I want to reach and touch  
        Beauty,  
Cradle it in my palm,  
    To strut peacock-proud  
In the summer sun,  
    Smiling,  
    Smiling,  
    Knowing my body's sinful innocence.  
Cradle it in my palm —  
    The heart of a gutted animal,  
    Glistening, sticky-wet,  
    Dead.

I retch:  
    The splintered mirror  
    Is gone from my bowels.  
    I am beauty,  
    God damn you.  
I live forever,  
    A tear on a lizard.

Love  
Beneath eiderdown  
In dawn's gentle light.  
Half-asleep,  
Half-awake,  
Half-light.  
Gentle sleep breaths  
From either wall,  
Murmured endearments  
Echo  
To the music of  
Shore-waters.  
Friends-lovers,  
Lovers-friends,  
Will awake to  
Acid melodies  
With spiderweb commitments  
To the day.

The day,  
Our day,  
Comes to touch our  
Windowpane existence,  
To toss us  
To the waters  
Far from shore.

Turn,  
Love,  
Back to eiderdown  
Simplicity.  
The day can wait.  
I can't.

## L. Bellaïche

### L'errance

Qui est cet homme qui marche

Son regard s'incruste  
dans un vase profond  
ses réminiscences marines  
déroulent un tapis vierge

Que fait-il au carrefour  
d'un instant

Ses racines dispersées  
se perdent dans le temps  
et sa tige goutte la potterie diaprée  
Est-ce un leurre

Des bourgeons naissent  
le contact est réel

La lumière n'atteint pas  
le palpitemment terrestre

le poli est si fort  
il présente un miroir

L'âme errante d'Abraham  
et les bras de Moïse  
épuisés s'avancent

La balance est humaine  
son drapeau est en berne

Israël traversé  
éparpille ses prières

L'humanité préfère-t-elle  
les murmures du mirage  
Le glaive des nations  
se lève-t-il sur l'horloge

L'homme voudrait il  
briser son miroir

au carrefour  
d'un instant

## Vingt cinq ans

La dune se drape  
et s'ouvre sur l'océan

Là où le mot médite  
l'avance d'une saison  
une recherche souterraine  
dans l'herbe docile

Le feuillage de la maturité  
déshabille les branches  
proche des goélands  
et de leur auvent blanc

La terre remuée maintes fois  
retournée  
se prélassa à distance  
d'un peuplier  
assoiffé

## La Recherche

Le songe a dit bonsoir à sa lune mouvante  
il a souri en vain aux bijoux célestes  
sa carte marquée par destraits mystiques  
s'étale ombrée dans l'espace nocturne

Je dis bonsoir à la pluie de mes yeux  
je dis bonjour à celle de mon âme  
les mots incertains offrent des fleurs  
pétales parsemés aux heures de la vie

Ebauche branlante d'une existence nue  
où vas-tu cueillir ton amas de guirlandes  
Esprit perdu aux tournants des rues  
mes pleurs répondent à tes offrandes

Etre laissé et sans cesse retrouvé  
lève tes paumes aux cieux  
l'orage de feu les fertilisera  
et le vent m'apportera tes graines

Le songe a dit bonsoir à sa lune mouvante  
il a souri en vain aux bijoux célestes  
sa carte marquée par des traits mystiques  
s'étale ombrée dans l'espace nocturne

## L'intersection

Un timbre d'un passé éveillé  
un sourire  
Rien ne peut définir  
l'expression muette  
Les plantes couvent  
une musique

Quoi

Venir bercer la tendresse  
assoupie

Curiosité indécise  
branches diffuses  
où deux présents  
se baignent

Pourquoi régner  
dans la polarité

Citadelle imparfaite  
l'ombre ne peut fuir  
la lumière



**Bob Miller**

**The Great Aunt**

On Good Friday  
we drove out into  
the glacial hills  
to see her  
to celebrate by  
watching her being  
crossed by old age

We told her we'd  
be home Sunday and  
me too she said  
going back into  
her old wood and  
smells of smoke

## Old Man Answers Receptionist

Asking me to stand in your waiting room  
being shredded by this senile kittie  
overdue for deworming and distemper shots

Just endured being carried in my arms  
through a pavement sick with car horns  
and hydrolic holes to face the whine  
of that restless new spaded dog there

So that's what being too busy means

Well we know what it is to live in this  
world lady my cat and I as we grow into  
old things with claws clipped and slightly  
too slow in the grab to be respectable

We've vomited our hopes into neat piles  
of grey fur on the manicured grass of graves  
and reared up for a moment imitating  
an animal's tough despair

## Andrew Nikiforuk

### Tel Zataar

Though I might imagine I'm Jason  
that my words are dragon's teeth  
my paper a furrow for my words  
my poem an army for your defence  
I am a man,

my words, words, not teeth  
my paper, paper, not earth  
my poem, a poem, not an army.

I write  
Tel Zataar  
on the walls  
on the subway doors  
on the memories  
of our children,  
Jason's dragon teeth    furrows in the earth.

## Offhand

Offhand, I'd say the world is trying to crack me,  
trying to split me open  
like an egg  
over the grill of a sewer.

## Resolution

Who said life a dream?  
Let's hang the metaphysician by neck!  
Let's mock corpse in market place!  
You know, I know  
life a feast of broken glass,  
shattered mirror on table.

Who said life a dream?  
Hang him!  
No poet!  
Dreamer.

My rope's ready.

Pier Giorgio DiCicco

Late Spring – for Anna

all over town, the air tries to  
change hands with spring  
offering branches  
the still lake water  
two or three clouds that have not moved all day.

the people move delicately  
& breathe lightly  
in parks, lovers sit quietly & watch  
as if to nudge things into growth.

on a day like this, we moved our chairs onto the  
balcony, & hoarded sunlight by pieces  
& then the weather resumed itself, leaving  
us cold by spells.

when a few friends gather, they talk wishfully of good  
weather. they want it above all else.  
they can do nothing until it comes.

so it is in this country; people gather as if to keep  
themselves warm. they become patient with  
each other, so patient

that when spring comes  
they leave each other for good.

## Susan Brame (Horodezky)

### Pecker at Dinner (or) Harvey's First Cousin

Snippity bitch  
snippity snaps  
mean, fat glance my way  
long-boned neck  
squirms and strains  
opened mouth  
pecks out sound  
bird-seed thought  
noisy bird-seed thought  
long-boned, nasty-necked, bird-brain  
pecker  
poised like a crooked cane  
whirls green eyes  
round and round  
seeing nothing  
pecking everything  
pecking away  
green-eyed, nasty-necked, bird-brain pecker  
peck-a-doodle-doo  
fancy-feathered, eye-lash flicker  
flashy whore  
with saddled, fat thighs  
pecks her nails, pecks her toes, pecks her  
splattered milk-powder face  
white ghoul face  
scares babies in the night  
with preened ruffle-down hair  
white as fear  
frightful, miserable pecker  
go peck a grave

## Ode To A Drowning Spaceman

Sing your blues  
to Mr. Green  
Shake your rug  
on Mr. Clean  
Cry with babies  
Bitch to blood  
Plant a tooth-pick  
in the flood  
Ring your flesh  
to a sweaty knot  
Hey everybody  
thanks alot!



## Flower Girl on Yonge Street

She peddles roses  
on the sidewalk  
on the filthy, crooked sidewalk  
Flower lovers pass her by  
Flower lovers miss her corner  
slouched and brassy nasty corner  
Flower buyers greet her basket  
buy from baskets  
thrive from baskets  
dead-cut roses  
greedy hands  
decrepit faces flashed on baskets  
basket roses  
basket faces  
wicker baskets  
wicker faces  
dead-cut wicker basket roses

Flower girl in whores' haven  
body rub and strip tease jungles  
peddling asses  
peddling roses  
dead-cut roses  
stale stripped asses  
buying roses  
buying asses  
asses' roses  
roses' asses  
gimaces, brandishes  
gnarles and knuckles  
roses for dollars  
asses for dollars  
roses up the whores' asses  
whoring roses in wicker baskets

## Variations

Beneath a Chinese-lantern sun,  
there in the splendour of a  
blue-eyed sky  
I love you madly  
Madly in the mountain air  
Mountain scavengers  
eating daffodil-sandwiches  
We loved it madly, madly  
Mountain wanderers  
loving madly  
loving daffodils  
loving mad daffodils

Then — roaming in  
tunnels and tunnels  
of automobiles and air  
Fish eyes in dark, electric air,  
dead-daffodil stares  
Street-lamps glare  
madly, madly

## The Woman

I first noticed her in my 400 philosophy class  
She was sitting cross-legged by me  
I'd be reading along and then she'd change them  
And I'd have to make up my mind again

She appeared two years later with her eyes  
I was at a construction site in winter  
I was trying to put a nail into a board  
It was going in so well and then she winked

There was the time I was drunk in a small town bar  
For awhile before that I'd been feeling pretty bad  
I was just about to go under with just one more  
When her sobering lips blew me a kiss

Then the other night I was dreaming  
I was leading the revolution through the streets  
There by my side with a gun in her hand  
She caught me with her finger on the trigger

## A Value Tree

A value tree stood high beside  
The men and their machines  
And dared with damned defiance  
And never ever screamed

To grow over years over years of ripeness  
And not even look at the reaper  
At the dot rock keeper  
Spinning and spinning and spinning

They only desire to know  
And when they know they scream  
And a value tree stood high beside  
The men and their machines