

The Dime Bag

Glendon College, Toronto

January 1973

Poetry has long been the prevailing mode of creative expression in Dime Bag. This does not derive from an editorial bias; it is simply a matter of necessity. The vast majority of submissions are written in verse form. Why this should be so is a question which has precipitated some discussion but little agreement. Perhaps it is merely a consequence of inadequate advertising. In any case, a quarterly which hopes to remain interesting as well as representative of the Glendon creative product must become more eclectic in its content. In the literary domain we would like to publish more prose and if possible some drama. Humour would be refreshing in any form. Photography or any artwork which can be reproduced in black and white is welcome. In all aspects, Dime Bag has been improving steadily since its inception. Continued improvement depends upon a greater volume and variety of submissions.

Le Dime Bag a toujours fait une plus grande place à la poésie qu'à la prose mais ceci ne reflète pas nécessairement le goût des éditeurs; cet état de choses s'est imposé à eux. Les manuscrits qui leur ont été soumis étaient pour la plupart écrits en vers. Ce manque d'équilibre a soulevé bien des commentaires mais, des discussions qui ont eu lieu, l'on n'a pu retirer aucune conclusion valable. Faudrait-il, comme certains l'ont prétendu, s'en prendre au manque de publicité? Peut-être... De toute façon, pour demeurer intéressante, une revue trimestrielle qui désire témoigner de l'activité créatrice de Glendon doit varier davantage le contenu et la présentation de ses articles. Dans le domaine littéraire, nous aimerions publier plus de prose et, si possible, un peu de théâtre. Un peu d'humour s'ierait fort bien, il nous semble, à une telle revue. L'on aimerait également recevoir des photographes en noir et blanc. Le Dime Bag s'est bien amélioré depuis ses débuts. Mais pour que la revue atteigne un niveau d'excellence plus élevé il faudrait qu'elle puisse offrir à ses lecteurs un menu plus varié.

### Photo Credits

1. Larry Krotz
2. Larry Krotz
3. Larry Krotz
4. Anonymous

Photo Number 9

Thats Phil on the left,  
Gord on the right,  
and me in the middle  
(Dawson taking the picture)  
as we drain veins  
on soft Saskatchewan  
shoulders

Prince Edward County

(for F & M Blom)

The total effect  
was that of entering another country  
a foreign country  
strange & unexpected  
and so, as we arched  
toward the sky  
south on forty-nine  
our hopes were high  
for newness

Following the airy  
ridged road, laid like  
so much gray ribbon  
along the crest  
of the catlike back,  
we gaped down  
on Quinte water;  
the waves tiny  
yet precise & distinct  
like a meticulous etching  
of waves

Picton bloomed  
in cliff-hanging oldery;  
picket fence & cream-coloured clapboard  
name-bearing homes  
(Hove To) was one  
like ancient men  
grouped ceremoniously  
in canvas on verandahs

And on toward Glenora  
and up to Lake on the Mountain  
and then past Marysburgh  
and past and into  
the salemlike hinterland,  
past Waupoos

and the staring farmers  
leaning from their rockers  
& rocker panels & porches,  
staring in the late-day  
sun of early May

To Indian Point  
amid the curious streams  
rushing heady over level fields  
to drop like lemmings  
into Ontario;  
and the old arched women  
in laceless sneakers & sox  
regarding

And back to Glenora  
and an agonizing wait  
and the wordless way  
the wintry woman in snack bar sold me  
cigarettes  
and the (finally)  
cold indifference  
of the old ferrymen  
and finally Adolphustown  
& Conway & Bath & home

The land was paradisaical:  
but the people, the people,  
the mennonite-like solemnity  
& hoary silence  
made us afraid  
(like the city people  
in the bad movie  
returning to the land  
and the horrors of inbreeding  
in rural Massachussetts  
or even Quinte Bay)  
and so our choice for heaven was reneged,  
taken away

Pasticcio

There is a place  
in the Rockies,  
a deep river gorge,  
cut in a vee  
where one can see  
(so far below)  
the white water  
    of the Kicking Horse  
and the yellow  
    of the Yoho  
merge  
in tossing crotch  
and current's froth & flow

I am reminded  
of this scene  
each time  
we make love  
and I see  
(so far below)  
our brown & red  
moving hair meshing

No Dying

in bold black letters

read the writing on the wall

of the laundromat

No Dying

has proscribed

No Dying

Why

no dying here

here where yesterday's stains

are washed whiter than white

and all our beliefs are forgiven

yet read

No Dying

most people are pleased to oblige

and watch the signs

to obey the rule

thinking perhaps

what if

dying here were in some way allowed

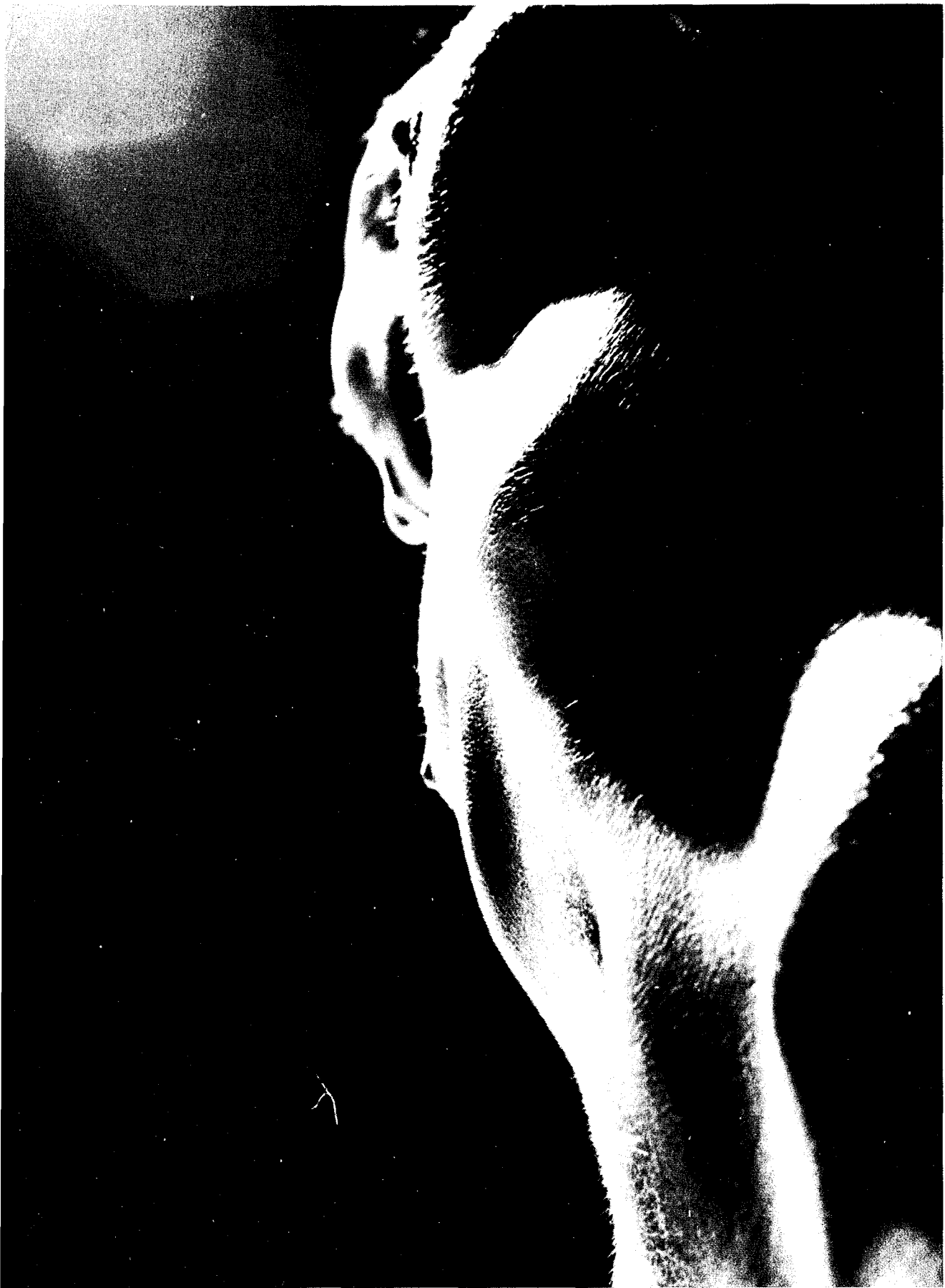
Elizabeth Hemsworth



## Vanishing

Poor Cinderella  
at twelve o'clock her pumpkin  
will turn into a coach  
and fade like magic  
so will the rats and mice  
It's an old story  
but what with the high cost of wishing  
one rarely finds  
a glass slipper  
in the hand of a prince

Elizabeth Hemsworth



## Love Song

If music be the food of love  
then he plays unaccomplished cello  
offers a veritable famine  
when I would have  
more generous measure  
but then  
he may not be  
too  
terribly  
musically inclined

Elizabeth Hemsworth

In a Worm's View

The world is my apple  
since my mother laid me  
on a blossom  
whence I progressed  
to produce a system  
for reducing raw material  
otherwise undeveloped  
to suit my taste  
and now the slag heap  
marking my glorious trail  
grows daily more magnificent  
concrete evidence of these not so small  
improvements

Elizabeth Hemsworth

## EXIL

Une lueur obscurcie dispersait  
L'harmonie silencieuse de la rue  
L'agonie déchirante d'un espoir perdu  
La noire splendeur de Paris

Une scabreuse promesse exhalait  
La lanqueur imperieuse d'un cours  
La douleur vivace d'un jour  
L'éphémère démisement de la Seine

Un souffle furtif tourmentait  
La monotonie pluvieuse d'un Océan  
La mélancolie partagée d'un temps  
La chaotique démente de la Pointe du Raz

Une gigantesque émotion envahissait  
La lenteur majestueuse des blés  
La rumeur affolante d'une réalité  
L'etrace blessure de la France.

Danièle

## HESITATIONS

Aussi longtemps que m'affoleront  
Simone de Beauvoir et Araçon  
Aussi longtemps que se balancera  
D'un arbre la branche solitaire

Aussi longtemps que demeurera  
Eluard dans ma memoire  
Aussi longtemps que s'évanouira  
D'un bois le gémissement du vent

Aussi longtemps que m'émervellerons  
Des poètes sans nom  
Aussi longtemps que se pamera  
De la mer la vague houleuse

Aussi longtemps que s'exhalera  
D'un champs l'odeur alléchante  
Aussi longtemps que se produira  
Le miracle des couleurs automnales

Aussi longtemps et aussi longtemps  
Que le vent et la pluie déraisonneront  
Mon silence sera  
Le plus beau poème...

Mais si chaque jour renait  
Parmi nous un assassin  
Mais si chaque jour sevit  
Quelque part une guerre inutile

Mais si chaque jour exile  
Un opposant politique  
Mais si chaque jour resonance  
Le cri sourd d'un supplicié

Mais si chaque jour expire  
Un innocent condamné  
Mais si chaque jour brule  
Les pages d'un livre

Mais si chaque jour meurt  
De faim un enfant  
Mais si chaque jour éteint  
La voix d'un poète

Mais aussi longtemps et aussi longtemps  
Que le mot Colombe ne rimera  
Avec le mot Paix  
Rien ne pourra taire mon silence...

Danièle

A UN POEME NON RETROUVE...

Ce poème désespérément éteint  
Ne ressuscitera jamais je crains  
Jamais il n'émergea de l'abîme  
Et pourtant la seule image sublime  
Qui erre encore mes épais brouillards  
Est celle du piteux écho de son nectar

La nuit dernière  
Tu me demandas  
D'éteindre cette lumière  
Tu ne savais donc pas  
Qu'en exigeant ce geste destructeur  
Tu augmentais le désarroi d'un cœur

Je crois qu'il s'agissait  
De consolation passagère  
Qu'à cet instant s'établissait  
Une sorte de confession particulière  
Quelques vers épars naissaient  
D'un passé de larmes  
A un avenir de lumière

Je suffoquais sous mes draps blêmes  
En voulant maintenir à la surface ce poème  
Qui ne savait nager  
Et dont la lourdeur démesurée  
Me fit bientôt lâcher prise...  
Dans le fond crasseux de cette eau trouble  
Je ne pus retrouver  
Celui qui venait d'expirer

La nuit suivante  
J'écrivis dans l'obscurité  
Ces quelques vers teintés  
De cette amère déception  
De n'avoir réalisé cette création  
Celle qui avait jailli  
De mon ultime délire  
La nuit précédente.

Danièle

## UN SEUL PARTI; LA POESIE

Je vénère ce glorieux parti  
Dans lequel le militantisme  
N'existe pas n'exige pas  
Mais dont le seul fait de lui appartenir  
Constitue un engagement  
Celui où se trouvent mes semblables  
Celui où après de multiples méandres  
Je viens de me confondre

Monde du délire franchi  
Par vous transpercé de sensibilité  
Monde du bonheur choisi  
Par vous éprouvant ce regain de vie  
Monde de beauté envahi  
Par vous épris de cet elixir  
Monde de l'espoir ressenti  
Par vous hostile à l'incompréhension

Le bruissement des feuilles défuntes serait votre Talmud  
L'amour des hommes votre Manifeste  
Les fruits défendus votre nourriture  
Les torrents enivrants votre rafraichissant  
Les promenades ensoleillées votre fatigue picturale  
Les forêts gazouillantes votre repos musical  
Le vent battant votre excitant  
La pluie caressante votre calmant

Ce songe déraisonnable se traque  
Dans un de ces moments propices  
Où meurent les idées et où naissent les sentiments  
Où la notion ambition a est anéantie  
Où la notion possession a est détruite  
Dans un de ces moments ou triomphe  
Ce que les Orientaux appellent  
"Kif"

A ceux dont l'entrée en ce lieu  
Occasionnerait quelque difficulté  
Un Capital de la poésie délivrerait  
Une très grande oisiveté méditée  
Qui ensemence cet amour de la solitude  
Element essentiel  
Pour se transporter et s'agiter  
Dans ce paradis onirique



Et puis dans cette voie  
Lorsque nous aurons atteint  
Ce state suprême  
Ensemble nous nous dirigerons  
Vers cet empire convulsif  
Ou chacun aime  
Et surtout sait ce qu'est aimer  
La vie

Cet hurlement à la vie  
Je le lance eperdument  
Aux êtres épris de liberté  
De cette liberté morale  
Il faut s'unir  
Pour une seule cause  
Pour une seule lutte  
La lutte poétique...

Danièle

May 1969

Willowdale

There is an old woman  
in our neighbourhood  
who can hardly walk

But every day  
she can be seen  
walking  
on her stiff stiltlike legs  
around our neighbourhood

She has a scottie dog  
she takes with her  
on a leash  
on her walks

She holds the leash  
in her left hand  
and a long stick  
in her right hand  
and she smacks the scottie  
when he wont shit

She wears  
a heavy black coat  
with a brown fur collar  
and glasses  
and a churchy grey hat

The scottie  
is fat & black  
and I think he laughs  
to himself  
when he waddles way ahead of her  
pulling on the leash  
forcing her to rapidstagger

And her  
empty & stupid  
wielding her stick  
like some old gay viking



Cynthia

Your eyes confirm what your lips deny  
In their mysterious depth there lie  
Star dreams upon the vision fair  
Of pain and joy reflected there

Yes Once my heart forgot its pain  
I dreamed the laugh of youth again  
And found the root of my desire  
In your sweet eyes sufficient to inspire

Eric R. Moore

The year tasted the memory long forgot

(forest trees are deeply clustered now)

Strong deepening shadows recalling

Senses harrowed from gleaned mind meadows

(sand churned to pebbles sharply honed)

Embroidered fingers forming

Silhouettes of cloistered dreams

(where are you)

Tattered whisperings echo...ing

(here I am here)

Liquid melodies embalming time

Strange images crushed from ionic

Tapestries meshed machine-like on

Ceramic bubbles bursting

Invisible in the brain

(orange time remember you wept)

Suspend your moment

Stay this violet-happening

entomb foreverness

(behind you look)

Eric R. Moore

Suggested introduction to a new book on  
Canadian History

THE HARD LAND heaving from each rebirth

rewards my toil

I press my ear to the hot yielding earth

Hear the torrents of vital harmony

Forging new life in turbulent spasms

CANADA...angers for angry folk

Melting their anger in its fertile soil

Sweating for fruit and splendid things

Eric R. Moore

Note to an Athlete

two lungs  
/  
one heart

two arms  
/  
one heart

two legs  
/  
one heart

one brain  
/  
one heart

one dream  
/  
brave heart

one chance  
/  
sans end

Eric R. Moore

When We Were Young?

Come play with me  
in the green fields  
where the grass grows tall  
and the boys dig for worms.  
Come play with me  
in the warmth of the  
noon day sun  
where we'll grow up,  
entangled in each other's  
hold, we'll know it all.  
Come out right now,  
and say you'll be my friend  
till we're all grown up or even  
till we're dead

Victoria Powers



## CINQ PETITES FINIS DU MONDE

### I

Il a glissé des pas de feuilles mortes  
dans la chambre.  
Sur le téléphone,  
des traces de doigts.  
L'haleine d'une bouche vieille  
a brouillé la vitre  
puis le silence est tombé comme une masse,  
iceberg  
entre quatre murs.  
Par la fenêtre ouverte,  
-un ruban noir d'automobiles se déroulait-  
la neige est entrée.

Tout est devenu blanc.

### II

Ces fouillis de plumes,  
ces taillures de crayon,  
ces moutons qui paissent au creux du lit,  
ces moignons de journaux tordus,  
le verrou tiré,  
et la nuit,  
cette glu,  
qui tombe à double-tour.  
L'ascenseur ne remontera plus.

### III

Une avalanche d'insectes  
a plu devant la fenêtre.  
Le paysage s'est retiré,  
princesse étrusque  
blessée de mille pointes de feu.

Et les murs, le tapis, les pieds de chaise  
furent griquetés,  
une ombre trembla à la surface du miroir,  
la brosse à dents disparut  
ainsi que le peigne et les ciseaux.

Quand le dormeur se réveilla,  
il erra dans l'ouate à tâtons,  
avant de pousser son grand cri bleu.

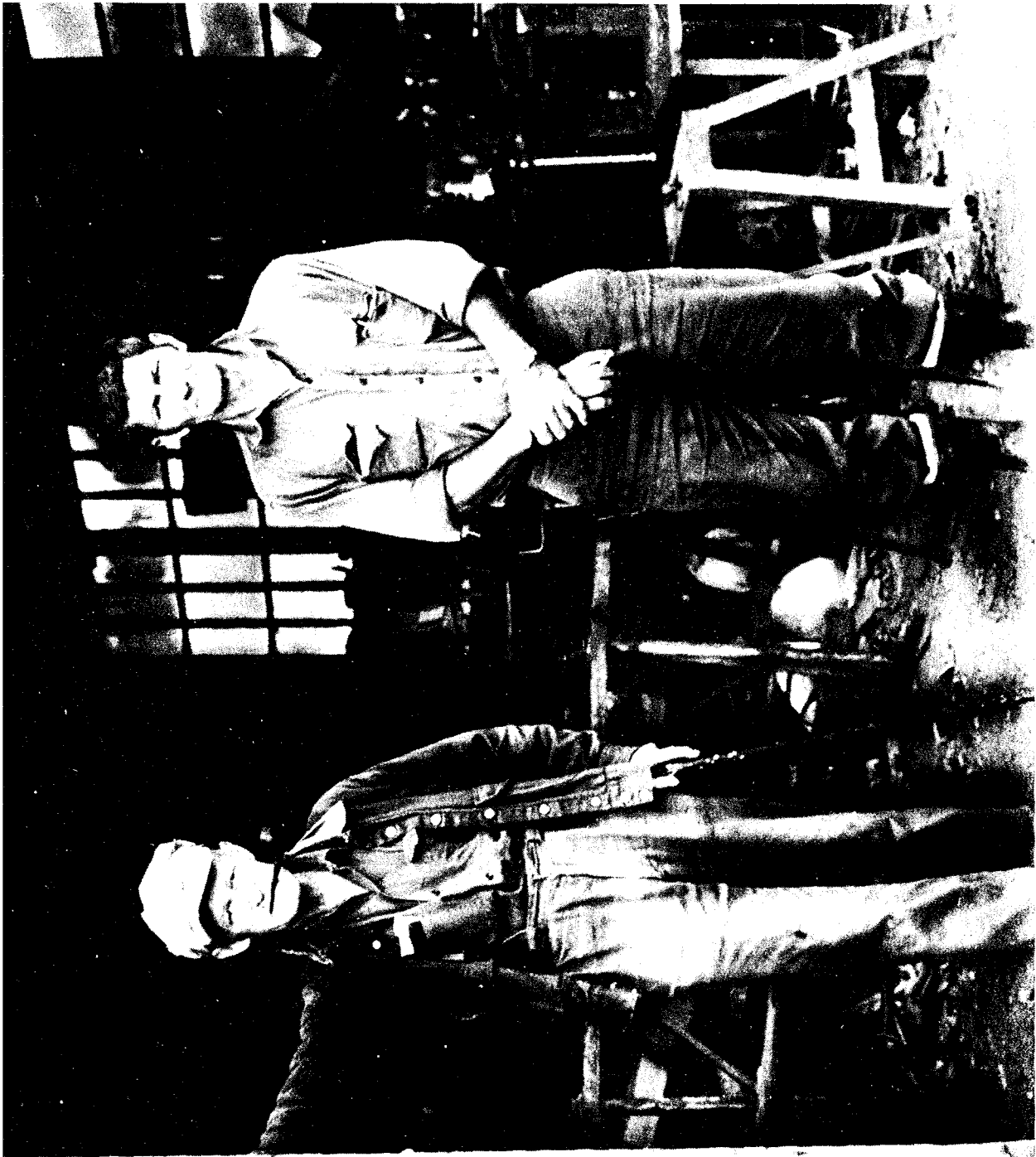
IV

Une règle brisée sur le sol  
n'en dira pas davantage.  
La ligne brême qu'elle est occupée.  
Cela sonne dans la tête du pauvre fou  
comme l'explosion d'un arsenal.  
A-t-on éteint la lumière de la cuisine?  
Une lettre aux fleurs violettes  
demeure incachevée.  
Le vent convalescent se relève.  
Nurse, nurse, petite soeur fripée,  
il vient démir à ton chevet.

V

Virginia Woolf,  
sur tes épaules basses, le manteau râpé,  
et la faim béante des poches  
que tu remplis,  
avec un sourire d'automne,  
de pierres calmes,  
une à une,  
et personne  
pour t'apprendre à marcher sur les eaux.

Jean-Pierre Eugène



Concert Night

his shoulders

sagged

under the weight

of the aching lights.

conditioned fingers

Pounded hungrily

upon the piano keys

while

the lechers

all around him

preyed upon his sight.

hording

away while

his body still played

wrinkly black hairs

wetted behind his face

forming

forlorn ringlets

at the nape of his sweat.

he plodded on.

accepted easily

all the cheers and

adulation;

ignored the sexy women

with their rusty eyes

who gathered like wreaths

at his feet.

and i watched from my chair

eyes wide with praise

wet with want

body all loosened and airy

hanging on to hysteria without a care

for his love

yet Frantically devouring his warm, rhythmic words

Barbee Laskin

i dreamt  
i saw canada

relieve herself of constipation and  
Finally  
speak words of Wisdom.

i dreamt  
i felt  
the magnitude of her territory  
CRY OUT  
for New meanings  
of Unity.

i dreamt  
i heard  
the naivety  
of her complacency  
remotely discussed.

\*\*

In that same shrouded  
Extravaganza,  
i dreamt  
i saw her leap towards  
the centre of the universe  
and disembark.

Aloof  
from the pivotal place  
of exhaustive rhetoric,  
i saw her accuse the world  
of bad behaviour.

i dreamt her to be  
a new breath of splendour  
electrifying the vacant doom

i saw her bloom-  
with satisfaction.

grow fat-  
with thought.

i saw her radiate  
from sea to sea  
amid the battered remnants  
of her dreary conscience.

i saw her Fume with desire!

SCREAM

and

RAGE

with emanating fire!

I SAW HER CRUCIFY HER PATRON SAINTS.

and then...

i saw her shrink back,  
a simpering child in wild disarray

only to say-

i'm sorry.

Barbee Laskin

i hate you

you with your torrid french  
and impossible memory  
flying out of space and time  
with a demon's rhyme  
convulsing in false verse

i hate you

you with your salty jargon  
and sleezy accent  
making acute statements  
about long agos  
which don't touch you  
about lives and events  
which can't alter  
your fate

i hate you

you with your run-about skills  
capable of disrupting  
any harmony here  
while making it SO clear  
you ache to belong

i hate me

when i hate you  
love  
is very close behind  
tracking this hate  
Begging it to radiate  
away

look beyond  
the WORDS  
next time

when  
i say them

Barbee Laskin

plummeting

exercising

MADLY

into your mouth

lost

in the upheaval

of teeth

far from thought

we stop.

leer about.

rapists of the night...

silly lovers

hair and skin

dim with exhaustion

eyelids

weak with love

secretly wondering

when the music will end



Winter is:

An    i c i

c l e a r

n i n g

t o g

r o

w

G. Lloyd



## The Doyle Hotel

Fashioned from unhewn  
logs & clay  
and low so the clerk  
must bend all day.

Built on the Yukon  
gold rush style,  
dark & dim  
& cool & wild

at night when  
the boys come in  
with a thirst & lust  
for women & gin.

And this hotel  
that I describe  
is far away  
from the Arctic scribe

who wrote so well  
on Sam McGee,  
no, my hotel's  
on Dundas Street

and though it has  
a muddy floor  
it also has  
a magic door

which, when one's in,  
will keep  
the night out  
& all thoughts of sleep

for the desk girl  
in your room displays  
her brown eyes &  
her chest's array

of black, concealing  
harp-like hair,  
combed & pat  
like fish ribs there

and you can cripple  
or even die  
by painting in dreams  
her aureolae

## SUBWAY SOLITUDE

( For Those of Us Who Ride )

as i cowered  
on a subway train  
incompetently peeking at mellifluously clandes  
implanted in the girl opposite  
i mused  
Should i tell her?  
Should i  
Just as the doors are opening  
Simply  
Lean her way  
And say  
" You have lovely eyes."  
And quickly dash away?  
Should I say it?  
Just like that?

almost instantly  
my muses turned to monsters  
my fancies to phantoms

What if my leaning should seem  
Leering?  
Me a knave not a knight?  
And she  
As if having foolishly studied Medusa  
For a pen and ink  
Should turn stone facedly away  
Her face not soft and supple  
But hard and stiff  
Her eyes not mellifluously clandestine  
But sour and obvious  
And thus  
Confirming and rekindling our fears  
That beneath the blankness and gauntness  
Of subway faces  
Lies only  
Blankness and gauntness

Still and gain  
What if she rushes out the door  
After me overjoyed  
At having been recognized

At the seeming piercing  
Of her solitude?  
Could I explain that for me  
She was a girl on a subway train  
With magnificent eyes  
And no more?

i did not tell the girl  
with mellifluously clandestine eyes  
that they were so  
i did not tell her

although my lungs convulsed  
and my heart battered my chest  
and my unchained sweat seeped  
i did not tell her

although a voice said  
Why not? Why not damn it?  
You feel it, so do it.  
Your intentions are pure  
Shatter the subway shell  
Tell her, she deserves to know  
i did not tell her

although she had not learned  
the subway stare  
where eyes meeting eyes frighten  
and perhaps bewilder  
indignant at having been caught  
i did not tell her

and as i battered my way  
through the car door  
shards of dissappointment and self-contempt  
skewered me through  
and i thought with frustrated anger  
i did not tell her

and as i watched the subway train fade  
irrevocably into the shaft  
and searched the fleeting car windows  
for her frightened defiant shape  
i thought sadly

I did not tell her  
And hoped some brave knight would.

the crimson ship

the crimson ship  
sought the reef  
broke its back  
thanked no one

the sea rolled  
higher, higher  
farther still  
the splinters floated on  
held up by hope  
someday  
an island  
sensual shoal  
solace

soon the wood  
grew  
heavy  
went down  
the soft rippling waving  
slim but beauty  
love fingers  
tenuous

time passes  
the sea calms  
the heights  
the depths  
deeper  
down  
deeper  
soon to rise  
suspends  
lingers lingers

the sea grows thick  
oil and bile  
cold  
barren  
indifferent  
so crushingly  
indifferent

no moans  
squeals of anguish  
on and over  
down  
the reef  
now worn away  
the crimson ship  
forgotten

David H. Toole

-Shadows-

soft quiescent ladies walk here in summer  
gentle gentle are their footsteps  
gliding falling on the flat land

shall we drink of Deirdre's tears  
i said?  
oh not of sadness speak  
was whispered back  
and never weep alone

what then of shadows?  
shall we run  
with fists empty  
empty as barrels  
hollow  
drumming in  
a flooded cellar?

no fist is empty  
in the bend of fingers  
came the answer

the tears of Deirdre  
were  
of stone.

she wept  
alone

Jaimie

Your hands cry.

Do you notice?

Do they embarrass you at school?

So many handkerchiefs and nowhere to dry them.

Just where your skin meets the air there is a tension.

The air wants them back, those fingers,

Gaeas' babies, bound to such a stubborn wrist.

So they cry for their mother, cry for another Chaos

Which they can inflict, but not, no not quite reach.

They will deceive you, weeping

Silently but not dry, they wail.

Nothing is so poignant as your godling hands, my love.

Norah Cotter



DIME BAG NUMBER NINE

Glendon College, Toronto, April 1973

Poetry, as a medium, is one of the most subtle, concise and versatile forms of communication in literature. It allows the poet to enfold an image in a line or verse. And so again, this issue of Dime Bag is primarily poetry. This is correlative to the Canadian appetite for the printed word, as we as Canadians consume more poetry per capita than any other nation. We hope that the poetry fanatics are pleased with this new issue, and that creative works will continue to found at the threshold of C222. We would like to express our gratitude to the Creative Arts Program and Glendon's Student Council for their financial assistance, without which this magazine would not be in existence. And of course to the poets whose contributions form the content and shape the Dime Bag.

tony hopkins  
brad henry

sharon manson  
elizabeth hemsworth

barbee laskin

Connaisance

My hair has slowly been turning red.  
Your touch.

My skin has slowly been changing to red.  
Your laugh.

'A hundred times I love you' was once whispered, shaken.  
Shouted now because you have slept into my pores  
I shake now more with bread than salt.  
I know you.

I used to love the mystery and the suave,  
The cruelty, the angel devil boy,  
The cool, the sect, but more the softest red  
That stole down through your hair  
Into your flesh and pirate hand.

The glamour has painfully gone.  
A steady piece of love replaced it slowly.  
Connaisance pushed away the demon and the saint.

You are still a herald, though not angel,  
A human herald, blowing days instead of fantasies,  
Blowing real live nights instead of dreams.

Norah Cotter

To a Poet of the Heart and Soul

you never said much lady.  
you left to your body  
the task of speaking  
to your touch the task  
of filling in the emptiness of words

i'll wonder always  
where you learned  
to bridge the gap between us  
with soft passion beckoning in silence  
where you learned  
to write poems  
with your eyes closed  
and your woman's body  
arched  
to keep me captive  
you spoke with the flash of blue eyes  
with the fire in you and so in me  
with the ancient magic  
that brings man  
always to woman

you never said much  
lady  
but you were a poet of the heart and soul  
binding our disparate beings  
with the eloquence  
of  
the oldest language

Jaimie

La Vie Quotidienne dans les prisons littéraires

pablo Picasso speaks (?):

How long now before the graveyard?  
We've trudged on in sweat  
Through this sun's infinite slowness  
This sun that screams  
Over Barcelona and New York.  
"Suns may set and rise again"  
But we will never know.

Even though I can petrify a mugging,  
Throw my nerves against the wall,  
A thousand shattered lines will never do.  
Only two will ever satisfy my lust.

For I have erected  
Manhattan  
and destroyed it with megaton ejaculations  
In but one day!

Yet that plot failed too  
I must be hung from the two bars of a cross  
with no one knowing.  
That will be my masterpiece

But when in all my chatter, whether heard by ink or brush,  
Will I dare to mouth an order  
-to order everyone into the ranks  
...of my terror,  
Up- against the wall.

Doug M<sup>C</sup>Carthy

Et dans les restaurants  
et les fumeries  
de l'ère de l'espace,  
Toute une génération  
hurlait à la lune,  
La lune discrètement cachée  
par l'air artistiquement pollué  
de Montréal,  
Ville maître de ses cieux  
Quelque funeste que soit la maîtrise.

Doug M<sup>C</sup>Carthy

Le fleuve joual,  
dérivant la cigarette éteinte,  
Chante rocaille  
Et, normal,  
Reniflera  
contre l'évite solution  
De la flûte accompagnée.

(jeu de cadavre exquis)

Doug M<sup>C</sup>Carthy

I lived inside of you once, Pyrrha,  
And that was enough:

I was tossed about inside your skull  
Through all your fickle moods,

I was squeezed through your intestines (,)   
Plagued with constipation,

And now I've finally crawled out of your inferno  
( L.H.O.O.Q.)

"Simplex munditiis" was just too much  
To translate into words.

Doug M<sup>C</sup>Carthy



For Norma Corbett

"Anais Nin, moonbathing"

1. Chord: In your picture  
the moonbather sprawls  
like arpeggios practised  
after months far from any keyboard:  
all week I walked  
the little snowstarred road  
between the library  
and the larger rooms  
where some man raved on  
about the eighteenth century.  
I walked  
and the old canine night toiled on beside  
its dandruff rustling finely  
on the patchy lawn  
the stone wall with its metal man  
and its allegory of invention  
stretching, static, always yearning  
largely inverted  
the moon luckily invisiblized by the flurry  
and I meant to tell you how I hammered down I'd grow  
heavy under some anthology  
weighted down, worried about words  
a next recital  
listening, eyes trained to the hour's page  
hunting words in another man's poetry  
hunting the hidden moon:  
desperate at months end  
hands hounding the keys  
white leftover notes  
sounds like bodies you wouldn't want to dance with  
words frozen in the lawnscale  
(resigned to snow,  
cold's arthritic poses)  
like half-dead rabbits  
in their winter tunnels  
(perhaps they are dreaming  
of escape  
of bolting through the choked hole  
to the liver noose  
of the hunter  
perhaps I am dreaming  
of the moon's lasso  
snug on the cycling  
of blood  
pure inspiration:  
touched  
played daily scales)

## 2. Inversion:

But your moonbather  
discovered in the slot at midnight  
as I come in drunk  
on other poets words  
despair  
this body spread  
between the bureau and the farflung shutter  
you call Anais Nin  
although it might be any ecstatic  
under the turrets and the hairy stars  
pitched, toes clutched on the louvred sill, the hinge  
fingers flung to the night's not invisible octaves.  
Two men talking in the foreground -  
one bald one hairy: a study in comparison,  
any conversation, but perhaps  
as one speaks one listens, one hunter one composer  
the stilllife on the trunk behind them  
is the major concern:  
dead centre it is,  
tacked halfway to the starsplit twigs,  
like dwarfroots  
like a hall mirror  
with its own triad of dark figures and white road  
turning into infinity.  
Or maybe the chairs the  
two cups the squared cloth puffed  
in the wake of the gambollers dancing  
almost at horizon  
the tortoise grazing eastward to  
one of many finish lines  
are the topic that distracts them  
from the mooncrazy bather farther up, and right.  
Directly opposite, a forest rises  
stretching as it were from the stonepile,  
the two neat shelves of books,  
each tree barked with spots, squares, stripes  
according to a law of variety,  
two white, plain trunks crossing  
like men enwrapped in talk:  
two empty chairs, two men, two shelves. two stems,  
two paneless windows  
perfectly dissecting Anais Nin, whoever:  
this bared damsel smiling,  
hands centrifuged towards the (perhaps novaed) stars  
to the moon's streaked sky, all its compasspoints:  
any parallel line.

3.D C.: I will have stopped walking,  
the snow will have stopped,  
the hidden spell of stars'll have stopped  
far up, the muralman's metal hand points  
indicates the moon  
momentarily snared between two night clouds  
like two men talking  
or a tortoise and his companion hare  
reunited in the moonbather's occasional perpendicular dream.

And what will we have together  
You and I  
besides comfort in the warmth of bodies  
that whole communion of the flesh  
which feeds the soul  
Our conversations silly and sublime  
will always be,  
essentially  
variations on a theme of self-indulgence  
Our concerns will still be those  
humanity has always had  
about change and decay and death  
the search for purpose and resolve  
Our sustaining habits of thought and action  
will always be  
that slumber of the mind that all desire  
called comfort, ease, sometimes tranquility  
The only difference obtaining then  
for you and me  
will be the sharing of life's alternating  
satisfaction and dismay  
Our mutuality

Elizabeth Hemsworth

Twoness

coming closer together  
searching in silence

Diffusing  
moving from one space

beside you  
outside you

through a divider  
past  
naked faces and permeable skulls

to another space

oneness

Rick Pottens

I broke the news to myself slowly  
first registering surprise  
seeing him at a children's concert!  
didn't expect me there in the crowd  
on the stairs his haste quick exit flinging  
"Wait here I'll get the car"  
her slight irritation  
how many times had the same thing happened to her before?  
but the implication of the question didn't hit me  
that must be his cousin I told myself  
and he's helping her with her children  
two children can be a handful unless they are sleeping  
he didn't offer to introduce us  
was gone with his collar up across and down  
the street when I followed the crowd out  
on the way home I wondered  
if he had no time for me? why did he have time for her?  
if he always worked such long hours? why was he there?  
by morning I was able to ask  
why did his cousin need help with the children?  
and how did he get out so quickly? unless he was incredibly

Elizabeth Hemsworth

HOME SWEET HOME

Gerry Tymon

The news of the invasion had accompanied an old trader into our village. He wished only to water his goats and seek momentary relief from the relentless heat. His name was Omar, a master of the desert and capable of living by his wits alone. He had only mentioned the unusual news, while lamenting the lack of trust involved in modern commerce and the scarcity of goats lately. Omar cursed the invading foreigners for abducting his four-legged children, although he was himself well known for his benevolent attempts to adopt and care for any young goats not shackled or branded, or left unattended at night.

As he talked of battles, tanks and killings, we attempted to appear spellbound, all the while fondling his young orphans with great admiration. Our empty bellies disturbed us much more than the news of death and destruction. My attempt to capture one, especially plump, young goat, was of no avail, for despite his huskiness, he was very agile and refused to stray from the old trader.

Eventually the old man became wary of our evil intentions and scurried off with his children into the endless sand dunes, cursing our ancestors for producing such dishonourable descendants. Some of my brothers planned to follow the old man and quietly slit his throat as he slept. It was unthinkable to kill a man while he watched, for no man should have to witness his own death. Unfortunately, the sun was still well overhead, and the old man would have covered many miles before dark.

Even a tasty young goat could not take us out into that unbearable heat. That evening, our village slept on an empty belly and dreamed of the goats that we might have feasted upon.

The next few days were as eventful as any days could be in the life of a villager. My people had quickly forgotten the invasion; food was our primary concern. All meals involved the entire community and when a nest of snakes was discovered, we all ate our fill and celebrated our good fortune.

The very next day, the only camel in our village died of old age. Everyone mourned his passing, kneeling in the hot desert sand as the white missionary had once taught us. Abdul, the wisest man among us, anointed the camel with olive oil, to ensure a proper Christian burial, just like the missionary would have done, had he been there. We had always suspected that our camel was a Christian for the missionary had often told us how much easier it would be for him to teach the camel about God. Around sunset, we held a festival in honour of the camel, and roasted him over a huge fire.

In the early morning, the children sounded the first alarm of danger. I looked in the direction of their cries and there, coming out of the early morning sun, churning through the deep sand, a horde of trucks grew larger and larger on the horizon. Panic spread among us. We knew that the foreigners were invading us.

Never having been invaded before, the whole village gathered around Abdul in squatting positions, while he led us in a hasty series of prayers to both Gods. As I sat there on the outer rim of all my brothers, I wondered if they would just drive right over us or stop and shoot each one individually. As the first truck entered the village our prayers became louder, almost hysterical.

When the sand and dust has settled, a tall, lean young man in a green uniform stood over us. At the crucial moment, most of my people had begun to claw at the sand, seeking safety in a deep hole. I had expected to seek a more secure position in the middle of the group, trying to get under as many bodies as possible.

"Okay, let's get those butts out of the sand!" he barked, motioning with his thumb for us to get up.

As he spoke, nine or ten men were hurriedly unloading huge cases from the trucks. Amid all of this confusion and unusual activity, we quickly responded to his orders and stood up at once. The men finished their task quickly and prepared to leave. The young man turned and barked instructions at them. Then, they were gone.

The young man was still watching the dusty trail of the trucks winding into the horizon, his back to us. Abdul, our spokesman, approached him. Suddenly, he turned, a long gleaming blade appearing from nowhere. Abdul fell to his knees, his forehead touching the sand.

"A thousand pardons, Father," he pleaded. "Father" was the only honorable title that we knew, being the name the missionary used. "Please Father, may it please you, forgive Abdul and his people."

"Get on your feet!" the soldier said, allowing his dagger to disappear, once again. "I'm Captain Millhouse. My mission is to assist you in defending your village; I will not harm you."

He removed his black beret to wipe his brow, revealing a thick clump of yellow hair. We had never seen yellow hair and found it very interesting.

"As a military advisor, I will be in command of this village and I expect your complete co-operation."

"May the knowledge of the elders be with you, oh great Father. We place our humble lives and homes in your wise hands, Captain."



Abdul bowed continually, and we tried to copy his every move.

The captain took the largest tent in our village as his headquarters and had the cases moved into it. He spent the rest of the day touring the terrain, setting up observation posts and defensive positions, and going through the village handing out candy bars, chewing gum and cigarettes.

The cigarettes were very fresh, and the chocolates were enjoyed by all, but some found the gum difficult to swallow. We were given a strange dinner of C-rations which the captain had handed out to each family. The food was good but we would have preferred to have the remainder of our camel.

Our lives were changed drastically. Abdul became the captain's right hand man, and every day there were drills, patrols and more drills. When the captain issued bags to be filled with sand for walls and trenches, we sent the women to fill them. The captain came by and insisted that the men fill all the bags. The women felt very ashamed and returned to their tents.

On the seventh day, just as we were beginning to march in an orderly manner, the captain summoned us all to headquarters. As each one of us was called in, he was issued a rifle and one hundred rounds of ammunition. We held them at arms length for we were not sure what they might do. For two days, the captain made us practice with the rifles. On the first volley, three men were knocked to the ground by those devil's weapons.

After long hours of practice, our marksmanship had improved greatly. We were used to the loud bangs and began to enjoy military life. We strutted around with our rifles, killing hundreds of imaginary foreigners.

On the first morning of a new week, during our rifle practice

the captain stepped out to check the number of holes that we had managed to put in the target. He immediately fell face first into the sand, three large holes in his back.

Our captain did not regain consciousness for two days, and even then, remained very weak. Abdul had stopped the bleeding, but the captain did not get any better. His chest and waist were wrapped in nearly two-hundred feet of bandage. He was very pale, and never uttered one word.

During these days, the marching and drilling had slackened off considerably. There were no more patrols and the guns were no longer seen in public. Most of the guns completely disappeared, lost or buried in the sand dunes; and then there was no marching at all, and life returned to normal.

Days and then weeks went by, but there was no change in our captain. Abdul would stop by periodically, and pinch him to make sure that he had not died unnoticed. Then, one evening as the sun began to disappear, the foreign invaders came to our village. I was surprised by how similar they looked to my own people. They did not charge into the village, but huddled on the outskirts. The leader of the hundred or so invaders told Abdul that they had come in peace only to spend the evening and to share our fires.

"Would you allow us this intrusion of your homes, to share your hospitality?" he said with genuine humbleness.

Just then, our captain charged out of his headquarters, a rifle in each hand. "Take your positions men, repel those dirty..."

A large red stain appeared on his bandage and spread rapidly. He fell to his knees, but continued in the direction of the invaders.

"Fall back and regroup..." Then, he died.

Abdul annointed hid head with olive oil and we all knelt in the sand and prayed. Later that evening, my people and the invaders held a feast in the captain's honour.

## Equations

It's a four pointed cross that weaves the end  
The stage is set, the lights are hung  
The north ensures there is a south  
And so an east to reason a west  
The flesh remains a constant source  
Eating itself in constant refrain

There is a pattern to the wood  
Roughly hewn, it fails to blend  
A nail for support  
A nail for life  
The pieces are joined where they divide  
Two parts become one; in four parts  
It wedges a spike in the dry holes timbered

Breathing a lifeless breath  
The meat is laid upon the scissored blade  
Warm and soft, it seals the seams  
Young and strong, it holds the bond

The call of the cloth  
The beat of the blood  
Relinquished for all, required by none  
Geometric plots of the inevitable quest  
Passionate dreams of parallel lines  
But seen from the collision of heart and mind.

Gerry Tymon

And So...

In the expansion of one hour's day  
Desire relents to the inertia of another era  
This demon has darkened upon another debt  
And expelled its brightness to depths of solitude

We are assembled in the minds of others  
And driven by an unquenchable desire  
Measuring our success in the eyes of others  
So, with his passing our brightness has flickered  
His presence is not lost, merely our completeness

During our burning we build on borrowed foundation  
Each extinguished light lessens the mortar of our soul  
And in the climactic brilliance of death  
Our singular moment devoid of borrowed radiance  
Foreboding darkness devours our final success  
And we have lost all

If one has burned the brightest then with  
Him burns the desires of others  
But if one burns in acquiescence with smaller flames  
Elimination of a brother lessens his own brightness  
His passing flame has darkened my soul.

Gerry Tymon

The following three poems by Michael Ondaatje  
are taken from his fourth book of poetry  
Rat Jelly. We are grateful for the opportunity  
to be able to print these poems in the Dime Bag.  
We wish to extend our gratitude to Mr. Ondaatje  
for allowing us to publish them and our sincere  
congratulations for this delicate yet vibrant  
new work.

the editors

tony hopkins  
brad henry  
sharon manson

## Notes for the legend of Salad Woman

Since my wife was born  
she must have eaten  
the equivalent of two-thirds  
of the original garden of Eden.  
Not the dripping lush fruit  
or the meat in the ribs of animals  
but the green salad gardens of that place.  
The whole arena of green  
would have been eradicated  
as if the right filter had been removed  
leaving only the skeleton of coarse brightness.

All green ends up eventually  
churning in her left cheek.  
Her mouth is a laundromat of spinning drowning herbs.  
She is never in fields  
but is sucking the pith out of grass.  
I have noticed the very leaves from flower decorations  
grow sparse in their week long performance in our house.  
The garden is a dust bowl.

On our last day in Eden as we walked out  
she nibbled the leaves at her breasts and crotch.  
But there's none to touch  
none to equal  
the Chlorophyll Kiss.

Michael Ondaatje

Taking

It is the formal need  
to suck blossoms out of the flesh  
in those we admire  
planting them private in the brain  
and cause fruit in lonely gardens.

To learn to pour the exact arc  
of steel still soft and crazy  
before it hits the page.  
I have stroked the mood and tone  
of hundred year dead men and women  
Emily Dickinson's large dog, Conrad's beard  
and, for myself,  
removed them from historical traffic.  
Having tasted their brain. Or heard  
the wet sound of a death cough.  
Their idea of the immaculate moment is now.

The rumours pass on  
the rumours pass on  
are planted  
till they become a spine.

Michael Ondaatje

Near Elginburg

3 a.m. on the floor mattress  
In my pyjamas a moth beats frantic  
my heart is breaking loose.

I have been dreaming of a man  
who places honey on his forehead before sleep  
so insects come tempted by liquid  
to sip past into the brain.  
In the morning his head contains wings  
and the soft skeletons of wasp.

Our suicide into nature.  
That man's seduction  
so he can beat the itch  
against the floor and give in  
move among the sad remnants  
of those we have destroyed,  
the torn code these animals ride to death on.  
Grey fly on windowsill  
white fish by the dock  
heaved like a slimy bottle into the deep,  
to end up as a snake  
heckled by children and cameras  
as he crosses lawns of civilisation.

We lie on the floor mattress  
lost moths walk on us  
waterhole of flesh, want  
this humiliation under the moon.  
Till in the morning we are surrounded  
by dark virtuous ships  
sent by the kingdom of the loon.

Michael Ondaatje



Départ.

Destination.

L'interdit.

Nous avons préparé ce long voyage. plus de troubles dans notre âme  
L'orage c'était nous.

Recréer le monde avec les couleurs du soleil, le désordre du rêve.  
Douceurs bleues et roses, sensations vertes et rouges, je change  
de grève et le monde coule mélancolique derrière une vitre avec  
la pluie.

Oui, j'ai rêvé...

J'ai rêvé que, j'avais fait un autodafé de ma bibliothèque et d'un  
bouquet d'immortelles, que je m'étais réchauffée les mains tout  
près du feu, dans le feu.

Car rien n'est plus destructeur que la compilation d'escroqueries  
hideusement muettes figées sur ces papiers et la charlatanerie de  
ces prêcheurs décadents, éloquents et fragils comme mes pieds.

Mon dieu s'il en existe encore un dites-moi que c'était là le  
feu de votre enfer et l'humanité votre colossal et maladroit  
forgeron.

Georgette Amor

\*

You held up the paper to  
me and said "Yes, that's me."

and inside you  
pleased yourself,  
finding god's watchful eye  
winking at you.

\*

Graves now are  
troublesome.

Winter has quiet  
hands,  
damp, shivering...  
I wait,  
only to see  
time waste away...  
I inherit all.

\*

I'm not materialistic, she said,  
but I do succumb to  
leathers, suedes  
and plush velvets...  
I also like flesh- it's so warm...

\*

Your neutral world,  
with its' pathetic game  
and feeble attacks  
is hideous  
-you want to buy me  
a tombstone to  
jump on.

\*

You have an eager mouth  
that kissed my brain  
and technically I'm in love  
but your body doesn't  
fit your head-  
you must be the wrong one.

Maureen McReavy

TRADITION

"Don't do that!"

"Why?"

"Because I said so."

"Why did you say so?"

"It's a sin?"

"Why a sin?"

"Because tradition says so"

"Why does tradition say so?"

"Because Wise men said so."

"Why did the Wise men say so?"

"I don't know."

"Then:

I shall do it."

"You shall not do it."

"Why?"

"Because

you don't know

what the wise men said

or

whether or not

they were wise."

three poets

dave carpenter

elizabeth hemsworth

barbee laskin

Glendon College, Toronto, April 1973.

The staff of Dime Bag is pleased and fortunate to be able to present this special issue: three poets. The contents of this issue are the result of three creative and prolific poets who haunt the grounds of Glendon. After reading their work, we felt that the sheer quantity and quality especially, deserved to be appreciated in a special publication that would focus on their respective talents. It is our hope that you will enjoy the poems as much as we have delighted in them, and that you will look forward to more of the same type of issue.

the editors

tony hopkins  
brad henry  
sharon manson

The Elephant and The Kangaroo

We're off to see The Wild West Show,  
The Elephant and The Kangaroo.  
As long as we're together  
No matter what the weather  
We're off to see The Wild West Show.

(The Nag's Head,  
Toronto)

Dave Carpenter.

April 1970

Getting Ready

That's right!

Stand on the sunwarmed  
Spring driveway  
in your cleansmelling shortsleeves  
and paint SeeSeeRider  
on the side  
of your sunwarmed  
navy-blue  
'sixty-two  
GMC  
and open the gleaming  
warm-handled door  
and leap  
from the solid primered rocker panel  
to the expanse  
of navy-blue roof  
and feel it dip  
in the middle  
when you roll your weight there  
on its Springy,  
springy surface,  
then spring up  
and off the back end  
and hear the roof  
Pop!  
back into place  
as you fall  
to those hose-watered  
pavements below.

And she pokes her head out  
the wide-open window  
of the cab and says,  
What are you up to, you little dungie?  
and you stay silent  
cause her hair is afire

and as the acrid  
delicious water  
runs down your face  
and into your wide-open mouth  
and drips from your chin  
onto your softer-than-thigh  
(holier-than-thou)  
bluejeans,  
she says,  
I'm finished in here,  
and you poke your  
dripping head through  
the wide-open window  
and marvel at  
the privacy curtain  
the clothes rack rod  
the book shelf  
the lumpy mattress  
the sleeping bags  
the Coleman stove  
the maps and  
the other assorted stuff.

And then you say,  
God,  
unbelieving,  
uncertain,  
under your breath.

But in you hop  
and turn the key  
and, yes,  
the engine does have  
the softest throatiest purr  
you've ever heard  
and, turning to her,  
you say,  
as she climbs over  
into the seat beside you  
and draws strands of carrot-red  
with javexhand  
from corner of mouth,



and as you feel the column-shift  
lifting inside your fist,  
and as you note  
the eager press  
of tiny rosebud  
sweatshirt breast,  
I love you.

And you go.

And you're gone.

August 19 1970 (A.M.)

Got drunk in Port Arthur  
last night

By banging pans  
they woke us  
at the hostel  
at 7 this morning

The oranges  
they gave us made  
Dawson sick &  
when he climbed from  
the new-fouled toilets  
there were 7 kids for lifts  
He groaned pale &  
crawled in the back  
with Gord

I drove  
dropped the kids  
in Fort William  
Their short stay suited me  
not feeling  
so sociable today

But by the time we  
got well onto the highway  
I felt better  
The other two were  
asleep in the back &  
I had open road  
blueskies &  
warm smokes on the dash  
the kids' girls had rolled

I began to feel real good  
Them ill in the back made me feel  
more of a man

window down  
right arm over back  
warm smoke in nose  
radio on low so no  
disturbance in back

Then  
of course  
(one hundred & ten  
miles later)

it  
caught up with me

-just past English River

(The Fuzzy Tongue & Liquid Belly Blues)  
Pulled over  
Pulled blanket from trunk  
& 22s from bottle

gulped  
farted  
shat  
spat  
flopped on  
sunny sand on  
forest edge

& cringed beneath  
increasing pounding I  
know will last &  
mar The Rockies  
for me  
Echoing booms in  
closed stone tomb  
down thru rocky corridors  
unseen in gloom

Photo Number 9

Thats Phil on the left,  
Gord on the right,  
and me in the middle  
(Dawson taking the picture)  
as we drain veins  
on soft Saskatchewan  
shoulders

August 20 1970

Beneath black bridges  
below bold building  
we find olivesad  
green park  
in heart  
of Moose Jaw

Flat freeways fold  
fluidly into  
erect industrial  
tangles,  
steeltangular  
arches arch  
in copulation  
against the sky,  
but we find the fault  
& through fall  
into oasis, the  
dark park like  
Steinbeckian pickers'  
camps in California

Phil & me  
sit in greengloom  
of sweetsad evening  
                  drinking  
                  DoubleJack  
wrapped in sleepingbags  
against the chill & bugs  
on logs  
in long lusciousgrass  
& get terrifically tipsy,  
him still stoned from supper,  
me still ill from Scott's  
(while Dawson & Gord  
try to raise hell  
on el  
drag of  
medium midwest town)

August 21 1970

Medecine Hat

Because it was my card's turn  
we stopped at the Gulf station  
halfway through the town  
on the left hand side going west

It was very hot  
and there werent any trees

We saw one park  
(to our right in a valley)  
It was light green but  
everything else was wide & open  
and bleached yellow white & tan

I was disappointed  
because a friend  
who'd made the same trip  
the summer before  
had said, You're driving along  
bored to tears with the flatness  
when all of a sudden  
you come upon a big hole in the prairie  
and Medecine Hat's at the bottom

Well it didnt strike me like that  
but I think he might have been right  
because  
when I think of Medecine Hat now  
my friend's impression comes to mind  
before I think to remember my own

2-lane silent highway  
populated by old  
Deep Southian homes &  
mossy trees &  
shaven lawns  
with  
(between the moving yellow  
blotches on my eyeballs)  
pieces of riverbank  
floating  
& old clean  
darkgreen rowingboats  
tied to weeping trees  
—this peace & olden  
beauty saved from  
public view  
not one half mile from the freeway  
on the other side of the river

Soon this old  
road ended &  
Grants Pass  
loomed  
flat

That night  
in a broken  
\$5 cabin  
in Gasquet California  
in cathedral gloom  
of Redwood bottomland  
I regretted sun's  
interference with my  
introduction to  
Oregon sophistication

(Earlier in the day  
stopped at a redlight  
in Eugene Oregon  
a police car stopped  
in the lane beside me  
I saw the cop  
on the passenger side  
had a shotgun tween his knees

Driver caught me  
gawking  
said, Whassamatter bo?  
I said, Its just that  
Canadian boys aint used to  
seeing guns ex-posed  
like that  
He chuckled knowingly &  
proud as punch said,  
That aint nothin bo  
we got us a thutty round  
carbeen in the back)

The Rogue River  
was romantic  
It reminded me  
in its suthunness  
of the cottage country  
of Muskoka summers  
(Dark water lapping  
at dock's warm &  
fragrant evening legs  
down from the tar &  
gravel road  
across from Reggie  
in his red cordshirt  
raking  
leaves webbed in his  
white & Wisping hair)

The Rogue River  
flows  
into the Pacific Ocean  
just north of  
Gold Beach Oregon  
It springs  
from the land  
one hundred and forty miles inland  
—north of the mapnames  
Prospect & Union  
Creek Oregon



September 2 1970

Like French River farmboys  
in downtown T. O.

First  
we searched  
for the YMCA  
which proved three-quarters gay  
so we said  
Screw that  
& headed uptown  
for Broadway  
& Market Street  
but got sucked onto  
the freeway  
twice  
&  
twice  
went halfway  
to Oakland  
before an exit appeared

Found Broadway  
& spent two dollars  
to park  
fell into those bright lights like  
pigs to the troff  
watched a widescreenstag movie  
in a real thee-8-er  
600 square feet  
of organs  
in juice

At midnight  
we fixed a flat for a drunk  
in the middle  
of beepingneoning Broadway  
& the fin he gave us  
paved the way  
into our 4th or 5th  
top & bottomless place

In 2 hours  
we'd seen  
enough moist crotch  
  (black tan or slanted  
  kinky or red)  
to last us a lifetime  
  (as it turned out  
  by Dee-troit we'd recovered)

The next day  
we visited Fisherman's Wharf where:  
  we explored the Ripley building  
  toured a moored clipper ship  
  searched Alcatraz for Injuns  
  (10¢ for 60 seconds)  
  & overheard  
  a black woman  
  in red wig  
  & Anaheim accent  
  scold her Kevin  
  for hogging the hotdog  
  baby sister was begging

Overwhelmed

we hurried to suck  
the freeway  
—to leave what  
  Phil from Seattle said  
  the whole west coast calls  
  The City

II

My friend  
still asleep  
in back seat  
cuddling the tiny black puppy  
saved by him yesterday  
on the Embarcadero  
from 6 L A teenagers  
off on a groovy sexy S F run

He & the dog  
(by us named  
Lord Thundering Fuck  
in honour of The City)  
cuddling  
warm & cozy

My soft friend,  
who  
(because of crying puppy disease)  
is destined to surrender his  
orphan this aft  
to sympathetic  
Oakland vets  
(but thats alright  
we get another tomorrow  
in Winnemucca Nevada——  
but thats another story),  
is lucky  
to find some loving here  
above the barking  
oblivious to the barking

& me  
alone  
early this prisongrey  
parkinglot day  
wanting only to pee  
(barking chafing at me)

September 7 1970

Harold's Tap

Of Peru, Illinois  
wherein  
we called home  
and I talked to  
you in your cleansmelling sweatshirt

Photo Number 35

In this one  
Dawson's taking a crap  
just outside Peru, Illinois

I tried to catch him  
just at the climax  
of his worldfamous  
kybo grunt  
(Notice how I dis-  
creetly used the fender to ob-  
scure his in-  
fernal crevice)

February 14 1971

I dreamt last night I was driving to Medecine Hat  
and came upon the hole all of a sudden  
and almost went over—just keeping right wheels on rim  
but not for long and fell from brim to oily death  
a mile southwest of Sweat Band, Alberta.

The Wind

A leaf?

No, a butterfly

blown on the wind

with no choice of direction

I used to think

live things could choose

Elizabeth Hemsworth

Let us love and be gentle

Life's essence is now

In this room

where you never were

I imagine

I inhale you

Remembering your sweetness

makes me sad

because our lives diverge



She never told her love  
But was caught anyway  
Between mans eyes  
and goats legs  
an Attic passion  
held her in thrall  
For her no more than any other  
as it is the same for all

Environmental Studies

I walk down cement corridors  
looking for a place  
to write my poem  
for a work room  
to hatch my contribution to posterity  
but there is  
no room in this in-  
hospitable place  
where all nests lack straw  
and privacy  
no begetting and no bringing forth  
then I overhear  
a boy  
boasting to his buddy  
about doing  
it  
with a girl  
in a toilet  
"Girl's or Boy's?" asks his friend

There is hope

Symbiosis

Waving her arms in the air the shrink commanded

Bring out your demons!

And the demons peeped out

We's not gonna be caught out

they chanted

shoving and snuggling back down

reluctant to risk a familiar evil

for only a possible gain

Looping her arms in the air the shrink commanded

Touch me and be healed!

And the demon with the red nose

that was always wet from crying

moaned

Touch you and be healed I cannot

there is no sense trying

And the demon with the sore shell

that was partially wrapped in batten

snapped

Touch you and be healed I cannot

if you were as soft as satin

And the demon that was tied in knots

that were always intertwining

squeeked

Touch you and be healed I cannot

though you are most beguiling

Gradually the clucking and ruffling subsided

And all the air was quieted

Symbiosis

Waving her arms in the air the shrink commanded

Bring out your demons!

And the demons peeped out

We's not gonna be caught out

they chanted

shoving and snuggling back down

reluctant to risk a familiar evil

for only a possible gain

Looping her arms in the air the shrink commanded

Touch me and be healed!

And the demon with the red nose

that was always wet from crying

moaned

Touch you and be healed I cannot

there is no sense trying

And the demon with the sore shell

that was partially wrapped in batten

snapped

Touch you and be healed I cannot

if you were as soft as satin

And the demon that was tied in knots

that were always intertwining

squeeked

Touch you and be healed I cannot

though you are most beguiling

Gradually the clucking and ruffling subsided

And all the air was quieted

Dirge of a Dolorous Daughter

I want to know  
Why you took the seven branched candlebra  
And set it in the corn field  
Lighting the way for scarecrows  
Those somnulent dancers

I want to know if under the  
Harrowed and spread and plowed fields  
Seeds feel despondent and goaded  
Or if the urgency of life stirring  
Excites them

I want to know if  
At the back of anyone's mind  
There is anything worth saying  
Worth doing badly or tolerably well  
Or at all

I want to know if the  
Pressures that push and pull me  
With inconstant gust  
see that my husk is dry  
And reluctant  
Dormant as a scarecrow without wind  
I want to know why innocence deserted me  
Or if it was ever with me I want to know

We are such polite lovers

As I take my leave of you

You say

Thanks for coming

And I say

Thanks for having me

We are so polite

Elizabeth Hemsworth

Fall

The morning you went away

The sun shone on the red leaves

The red leaves that dying fall

The air was cold and crisp

A typical autumn day

Except that you were going away

Elizabeth Hemsworth

The lights in the barrier blink dimly  
It's lonely waiting for a train to pass  
Box-cars go by  
I see the exotic names  
and feel a strange excitement  
contemplating these legends of faraway  
Natchez and Santa Fe  
Beside the tracks a clump of red stems stand  
against other branches that are grey

Elizabeth Hemsworth



To Nuffy

Stupid pedigreed mutt  
all your long names  
and silky hairs  
don't bring you a husband  
or a lover  
when you are swollen with heat  
Gentility breeds contempt  
in beast or man  
Salomé dancing for the head  
forever separates the whole man  
so he dies as he lives  
all justice is divine  
oh the moon shines tonight  
on gentle sighing  
and lovers keeping  
the night away

Elizabeth Hemsworth

Our love is not innocent  
yet has an easy lightness  
Our mutual band is of this earth  
yet it is free  
It is in sweaty satisfaction we divine  
Love of the spiritual kind

Elizabeth Hemsworth

i wish i grew up with you  
knew you  
through and through  
years of-  
undo undo.

i wish i loved you  
Believed it,  
even lived it through.  
i wish i had warmed the thought  
of losing you.  
and along with all the dreams  
i wish i had forgotten  
the need  
for you.  
screw  
screw.

Barbee Laskin

i awoke  
to the harrowing song  
of city.  
driving hell into dust and sound  
into metronome.  
stuffing light into a forlorn patch of dark.  
i became mad for your peace.  
carry me to the eye  
of your pain  
and there,  
inside its sanity  
i'll build my world again  
  
it seems  
though people speak of rebirth  
New Hope  
for today  
i'm hopelessly dying  
inside its decay  
and when i think of the orbit you want to do  
and unhinge forever the wild sanctity of passion  
i'm weary oh so frightened for you  
because-  
  
it's all you ever knew

POLITIK

he burrows inside the newspaper-lives  
uttering cagey words  
                    about prosperity.

Hair all aglow      and women wondering about his li

lowering his majestic hand to be touched  
he carries a handkerchief  
afterwards      and  
casually  
wipes away the people/slush

he makes a steady livelihood  
clothing us  
                    in furtive promises  
all too impossible  
for future consideration

we listen.  
arduously      and

anyway.

Barbee Laskin

elegy for you

i wish you were here, my once best-friend  
to define the term:

and stir the world with me again  
i remember...  
leaving home, suffocating in a chorus of jubilation  
dancing crazy gyrations on the toronto airport runway  
all the lucid promises of the ancient masters  
i remember those suitcases  
fifty pounds of misery  
we managed to carry until Belgium  
where the load almost killed us

(i wonder who's wearing my raincoat,  
my beloved blue runningshoes and  
especially your spotted green army jacket)

i remember  
creeping our bodies into St. Quentin  
and how we slid off the train  
(because i liked the name)  
unheralded, in the flushed morn  
did you know we were its sacrifice?  
among its stoney roads  
and historical faces  
we stood strong and warm.

i wish you were here, my once best-friend  
walking  
with your softness beside me  
we had a way of making beginnings end.  
and although we were Two  
often we had One dream between us  
\*flowering into a workable fantasy  
and i know i loved you.

i wish you were here, my once best-friend  
when loneliness breathes inside me  
for days without end  
it's then i need you most  
to make me Whole again  
it's then i Bleed most, my once best-friend  
and become thirsty for hope.

who killed us?  
was it you,  
was it me,  
was it Time that forced us free?  
were we destroyed, like everyone,  
by its limitless profanity?

if we are ruled by time's wretched curse,  
then why dismiss the years  
so completely  
pretending we never shared them  
that they never wiped our tears

without adieu  
i miss you  
i want you  
my once best-friend

Barbee Laskin

like a tortured queen in solemn drag  
i scathe the empty pool for a hint of light  
Aching

as i watch myself stretch out  
and try to catch some love.

i feel around among the streetwalkers  
Wanting

every smile i can't hold  
every eye i can't find  
all the bodies that sift by,  
and i know  
they're not mine.

those faces that blur past  
Clinging

in soft sweet song  
with hands Fiercely clasped  
i look:  
they move on

Barbee Laskin



plummeting

exercising

Madly

into your mouth

lost

in the upheaval

of teeth

far from thought

we stop.

leer about.

rapists of the night...

silly lovers

hair and skin

dim with exhaustion

eyelids

weak with love

secretly wondering

when the music will end

Barbee Laskin

each time we meet  
i see canada undressed  
and every minute we speak of things  
we cannot change,  
a whimpering Womb makes me sad  
for her virginity.

Stealthily  
you haunt the shores of my eyes  
Begging  
for an early answer.  
it's no use  
canada has only questions

Barbee Laskin

Concert Night

his shoulders

sagged

under the weight  
of the aching lights.

conditioned fingers  
Pounded hungrily  
upon the piano keys

while  
the lechers

all around him  
preyed upon his sight.

hording  
away while  
his body still played

wrinkly black hairs  
wetted behind his face  
forming  
forlorn ringlets  
at the nape of his sweat.

he plodded on.  
accepted easily  
all the cheers and  
adulation;

ignored the sexy women  
with their rusty eyes  
who gathered like wreaths  
at his feet.

and i watched from my chair  
eyes wide with praise  
wet with want  
body all loosened and airy  
hanging on to hysteria without a care  
for his love

yet Frantically devouring his warm,rhythmic words

Barbee Laskin

i am watching  
the world  
walk thousands of miles  
in dead shoes

i am watching  
the families  
of the world  
lose interest  
in association.  
and i am watching  
the struggle  
of individuality  
become burdensome.  
the struggle  
of love-  
become extinct

i am watching  
the young  
act old  
before  
they act young

and i am watching  
men and women  
loving each other  
then  
subverting each other  
with vile delight

i am watching  
the old  
unemployed  
too soon  
and i am watching  
all people  
everywhere  
forsake  
their feet

Dime Bag

Glendon College, Toronto  
November 1973

The experience of writing reaches well beyond the pen, the paper and the motive. It carries with it grandiose aspirations of recognition of talent and recognition of self.

The experience of reading should also reach well beyond the word, the paper and the feeling. To read with objectivity and scrutiny is to return to the writer the pain and effort of his or her honest creation.

One can do no more...but one should do no less.

illustration: john rose

staff-at-large: peter russell  
john lemaire  
jasper meyers  
christina nash  
allen perun  
carol glenn

editors: barbee laskin  
special thanks:  
tony hopkins

If you don't want me  
Just let me want you  
For a while.  
And I'll decide  
when a while  
Is up.  
O.K.?

Robin Vaughan

I didn't want to love you;  
Didn't plan to try you on.  
You are so different between  
Your mind.  
I'm not supposed to know  
You taste like wind at the beach  
In an early morning sun storm.  
I shouldn't remember  
You smell of grey afternoons at  
The first snow  
Memory frozen in the woods,  
And your tears hardened on the dry leaves.  
I do not mean to notice I enjoy  
The sounds you make when we're  
Having each other.  
Rest assured I cannot feel your  
Ears and throat, when your  
Legs, arms and mouth  
Strain to keep in touch  
As they run over me as  
The water in the bath  
  
But when you come by  
Just to be my friend,  
You're so terribly hard not to see.

Robin Vaughan



When we've played at  
Playing games  
And talked to Very Late,  
I hate to know that I reach out,  
It's I that cannot wait.

Robin Vaughan

Le Vieil Homme

Vieil homme

Visage fait en roche

Tu regardes le ciel

Les jours passent

Les saisons aussi

Mais tu restes là immobile

Vieil homme

Regarde les actes de tes enfants

Ou es-tu si grand

Que tu oublies ton devoir?

Vieil homme

Mon père

Mon professeur

Mon camarade

Ne reste pas immobile

Parce que le monde changera

Et chaque personne doit participer

Ou accepter les circonstances

R.S. Draycott

STANDING NEAR DAYS GONE BY

Midnight weeps its darkness  
on a burning window-pane  
as shadows pace  
the ceiling of the room  
Watching from the sidewalk  
is the hope of broken dreams  
Wanting to return to  
Where the memories are warm  
But as each shadow turns  
to daylight  
Hope begins to walk away  
Leaving only  
tears of dew  
behind.

David

## RANKS OF SORROW

Big city doors closed behind you  
Locked you out of quiet joys  
No returning to the Legion House  
For a draft and memories.  
Where a self-sung hero  
Could relive a prime.  
Spent saving the world  
only to walk its streets  
in rags, and wear his forgotten courage  
once a year.  
Saviours soon become  
tired old men  
And no one dances anymore.

David

You do not understand me,  
You who take no action.  
You think I'm far too cold for you,  
It's you that is a fraction.

You believe I've lost my laughter,  
You who cannot weep,  
You think you are a magnet,  
But I am fast asleep.

You believe I've lost my reason,  
You who refuse to think.  
In your chain of lovers,  
I will not be a link.  
In your museum of roses,  
I will not sit and stink.  
In your chain of lovers,  
I will not be a link.

silently

preceded by warmth perfumed coffee

on the table between

and donut dust on finger tips and lips

and the quick

"presence-acknowledged-look-at-me" look

very few words we dropped:

green lives discovered by some wrecked crew

precious with scarcity

but

did you have to have a running nose?

N. Saint-Bihau

Lost Romance

Innocence is shattered, like crystal petals  
Falling brazenly to the brown earth below.  
The sun sings softer, she too is fading,  
Overcome with sorrow in the burial grounds.

Come closer moonlight, it is only I who is weeping  
The chants I mourn are for no one here.  
The silvered bird has flown past my window,  
He is chasing eternity and thinks not of his death.

LOVE THE SEA

Hissing sound occasionally  
Will pass at every second:  
The wind is cold  
Shaking the firmness of frosty panes;  
The curtains are pulled  
Behind the wondering phenomenon  
Of an expurgated winter breeze.  
Come, Helen! Thy thoughts are cold  
The hut is warm  
And we're within  
The frightening whisper  
Echoes an unusual cry.  
Thank God! It's night  
And our bodies are warm.  
The blinds are moving  
And the wind came in;  
The waves were closer now  
For the hut was very near  
    "H" and I  
Standing behind our time  
Until she came upon a thought:  
    "Why are we staying?"  
Said she anxiously and hurriedly.  
My eyes then were fixed towards the sea:  
    "This is where I emerged,  
This is where I shall end!" I returned.  
She had no right to share my lonely memories.  
Blurred like the moon  
Our faces seemed to be.  
    Darker and darker  
The world appeared to be.  
    Louder and louder  
Had rushed the misery.  
We glanced from our moving stanhope  
And behold, the hut was but a bluish stank.

Jacques Bendavid



Beautiful Day #1

The rain plundered me.  
It robbed me of  
My melancholy  
And made my eyes feel clean.  
The woods around  
Belittled me  
And left me there  
A queen.  
The river there  
Made me wonder  
What, in its peace,  
It may have seen.  
And all around  
Tranquillity  
Revealing to me  
Who I had been.

Nancy Brown

Outside ; Inside

Vodka and music  
That sleep defies.  
But in heavy hands  
And glittering eyes  
The message is clear;  
On lecherous lips  
And in frequent smiles  
The purpose slips.

Music: it will bring his poetry out  
And his inside cries.  
Trying to tell his sensitivity  
In unhappy eyes.  
Knowing he's real, he cannot feel  
The slightest despise.  
He has quietness and an uneasy soul  
His poetry tries.

The Poet, the Man  
Exist together  
In disharmony.  
Bring them together  
You, my dear friend,  
Bring one to the other;  
Then the world will see.

Nancy Brown

Laughter tinkled  
Held me close

Like the moth  
Attracted to light

Though despair  
Lay just hidden  
Like the death  
of the moth

## CINQ PETITES FINS DU MONDE

### I

Il a glissé des pas de feuilles mortes  
dans la chambre.  
Sur le téléphone,  
des traces de doigts.  
L'haleine d'une bouche vieille  
a brouillé la vitre  
puis le silence est tombé comme une masse,  
iceberg  
entre quatre murs.  
Par la fenêtre ouverte,  
-un ruban noir d'automobiles se déroulait-  
la neige est entrée.  
Tout est devenu blanc.

### II

Ces fouillis de plumes,  
ces taillures de crayon,  
ces moutons qui paissent au creux du lit,  
ces moignons de journaux tordus,  
le verrou tire,  
et la nuit,  
cette glu,  
qui tombe à double-tour.  
L'ascenseur ne remontera plus.

### III

Une avalanche d'insectes  
a plu devant la fenêtre.  
Le paysage s'est retiré,  
princesse étrusque  
blessée de mille pointes de feu.

Et les murs, le tapis, les pieds de chaise  
furent grignotés,  
une ombre trembla à la surface du miroir,  
la brosse à dents disparut  
ainsi que le peigne et les ciseaux.  
Quand le dormeur se réveilla,  
il erra dans l'ouate à tâtons,  
avant de pousser son grand cri bleu.

IV

Une règle brisée sur le sol  
n'en dira pas davantage.  
La ligne brâme qu'elle est occupée.  
Cela sonne dans la tête du pauvre fou  
comme l'explosion d'un arsenal.  
A-t-on éteint la lumière de la cuisine?  
Une lettre aux fleurs violettes  
demeure incachevée.  
Le vent convalescent se relève.  
Nurse, nurse, petite soeur fripée,  
il vient gémir à ton chevet.

V

Virginia Woolf,  
sur tes épaules basses, le manteau râpé,  
et la faim béante des poches  
que tu remplis,  
avec un sourire d'automne,  
de pierres calmes,  
une à une,  
et personne  
pour t'apprendre à marcher sur les eaux.

Jean-Pierre Eugene

To J.E.H. Macdonald

Go weaving  
    through the pine trees  
Into the mist  
    that is Algoma.  
Spread your palm  
    and read there  
A song of colours, oily,  
    from the wind.

Conceive a dream of glory  
Without a southern thought of destination.

Rearrange the ordered garden.

See a tunnel  
of Alice lights  
Inspiring creaking  
Visions out of dreams  
To behold  
But not to touch  
Around the blue  
of darker harmony  
I felt a moment  
of peace

But now the mirror  
Reflects quiet despiration  
And haunts like the memory  
of tomorrow.

Sally Spofforth

Falling like time  
Floating in dreams  
Sometimes I touch  
Then to belong  
To ages decaying  
Burnished with elegance  
But living interrupts  
To save the lie

Sally Spofforth



Why will you not love me?  
sometimes in the lamp my hair has reddish lights  
and yet you do not love me  
the flowers on my table are heady  
and pale with giving off perfume  
and yet you do not love me  
you say work consumes all your time  
interest energy  
a man's life is his work  
yet sometimes in the lamp my hair has reddish light  
sparking with fire  
my hair burns  
little tendrils of flame lick around  
the edges of all the love seats  
on tables the snowballs lose their whiteness  
plucked only yesterday in the wet garden  
bees will never find them now  
in the still air the night folds round me like pet  
in the darkness fire dances redder than roses  
from all the corners of my eyes  
and yet you will not love me

Elizabeth Hemsworth

Sweet Continuum

Stay as sweet as you are  
You always say that  
before you say goodbye  
and I try  
really I do  
to stay as sweet  
as I am at any given time

Elizabeth Hemsworth

Elements

I am the girl of your dreams

alluring

dissolving

forming

faintly or splendid

only as you imagine

i am a smile or legs or all breast

or forgotten as you will

I am a river followed to its source

you breathe me

beyond the mountains I am the mountain

lightening strikes from my name

I am earth water fire air

to your unfathomable fantasies

i am the bare

essential

essence

of your dream

Elizabeth Hemsworth

You were so attractive  
I really went for you  
I took off  
with a joyful leap in the air  
crying, "Catch me!"

"Later  
    maybe"  
you said

Elizabeth Hemsworth

l o v e r  
l o v e r  
l o v e r o v e r o v e r  
l o v e r o v e r o v e r  
l o v e r o v e r o v e r  
l o v e o v e r o v e r  
o v e r o v e r o v e r  
l o v e  
l o v e  
o o o  
o v e r o v e r o v e r  
l o v e r  
l o v e r  
r o v e r  
r o v e r  
l o v e r o v e r o v e r  
o  
l o v e r

Elizabeth Hemsworth

Talk to me  
I am beautiful and I am dying  
because not even the rain has such small hands  
that love is more beautiful than roses  
or the thought of music  
of a woman playing a guitar  
singing to her children  
in a room not far away  
rapt on a rainy day

Be with me  
we are beautiful and we are dying  
while snow settling on our hearts still melts  
let our spirits touch and mingle  
breath of our breath close as meaning  
petals on a rose enfolding  
memories of music wrapped in air  
haunting but not really there

Elizabeth Hemsworth

Art Appreciation

The first time you set eyes on me  
You say you'd like to lay  
out that instant on canvass  
or in music  
some commemoration  
I'm glad you just laid it on me

Elizabeth Hemsworth

CONFESSIO

I am my own mind.  
Keep away with your

psycho-phobias  
(for that's indeed what they are)

I am my own influences.

Don't bother me with yours.



## ARACHNE

You want me to pour my love into an opaline glass perfume bottle and hide it away behind my fairy tale books on the top shelf, where you can reach it to sprinkle some on your wrists occasionally. High on a bookshelf, sparkling now and then in the sun, but remaining aloof, detached, mysterious, in its sea-shell blues, coral pinks, and spearmint greens, hidden in an assigned location for make-believe.

I want to be a spider and crawl out of Grimm, upsetting the book, which will knock your opaline glass perfume bottle to the floor where it will break into five hundred sparkling pieces. Then, as any conscientious spider would, I will float leisurely down to the floor, and slowly spin the shattered, light-filled glass into a long, long thread to trail around the whole world. It will be a delicate web, with see-through strands of blue, pink, and green, only visible in the sunlight.

.....

Today I looked into your opaline glass perfume bottle. I saw a spider which had fallen in and drowned.

Norah Cotter

AU CHILI

Une fois encore les pages brûlent  
Une fois encore les cris montent  
Une fois encore les morts abondent

Et pourtant Glendon nargue le monde per sa paisibilité  
Les couleurs automnales persistent indécentes de somptuosité  
L'amitié souvent éphémère disperse son absinthe dans les sentiers

Et dans une salle de cours, aride  
La voix crédule d'un col blanc, indifférent  
Imprégné dans son rôle, sublime  
Depuis bientôt...si longtemps:  
"L'influence de la pensée grecque dans  
la Révelution culturelle chinoise"

Si lointain...si proche...le présent...

RIEN

Aujourd'hui est déjà le futur de demain  
Le Chili est déjà l'histoire de demain

MAIS SEULEMENT DEMAIN L'HISTOIRE COMPTERA  
MAIS SEULEMENT DEMAIN LE CHILI COMPTERA

Hier c'était pourtant aujourd'hui  
L'Espagne n'était pourtant pas encore  
L'Histoire d'aujourd'hui

Mais comme à Grenade, les paroles de feu  
De Lorca barricadaient la ville  
A Santiago dans les callejas se bousculeront  
Les vers jamais éteints,  
De Pablo Néruda

Au Chili on assassine,  
A Glendon on écrit des essais  
Au Chili on tue  
A Glendon on suit des cours  
Au Chili on torture  
A Glendon on va au Pipe Room.

Danièle

LA PEUR DE NE PLUS VIVRE UN AUTRE AUTOMNE

Si je devais mourir, je choisirais  
La mort automnale  
Au travers de laquelle évoluerait  
Dans un décor théâtral  
Sous mes yeux lucides  
Une agonie déchirante  
Suivant le seul chemin forestier  
Comportant de véritables extases  
Celui que fraie mon délire  
Pour réduire a néant  
Une existence absurde

J'inviterais a ces nébuleuses passions  
Ceux que la mort n'a jamais marquée  
Ceux que les forêts n'ont jamais attiré  
Ceux que l'automne n'a jamais inspiré  
J'enseignerais cette lecture poétique  
Qui consiste a avoir "une comportement physique oisif"  
Afin de favoriser une perpétuelle action psychique  
A ces profanes du huitième art  
Pour cette mobilisation visuelle  
Il n'est besoin d'aucun intellectualisme  
Hormis celui d'être sensible

Cette dernière image de la vie  
S'imprènerais donc de douceur de brume  
Que certains nomment vulgairement "tristesse de l'automne"  
S'inscrirait dans le cadre d'un tableau  
Peint a ces heures tardives  
De début d'après-midi  
A ces heures matinales  
De fin de soirée  
Pendant lesquelles  
L'admiration béate constitue  
La valeur essentielle de l'image

Oui, je hais ces autres saisons  
Qui font revivre cette bêtise désarmante  
Qui alimente l'homme  
Oui, je hais ces autres saisons  
Qui nous procurent cette lumière éblouissante  
Qui ravive notre égoïsme  
Je voudrais transformer  
Le sens des mots  
Que rêverie devienne inspiration  
Que promenade devienne création  
Que contemplation devienne labeur

Un seul souhait agite mon recueillement  
Que l'automne ne trahisse jamais l'automne  
Afin que nous parcourions longtemps  
Longtemps encore  
Dans des couleurs sombres et brumeuses  
Sur des feuilles bruyantes et plaintives  
Sous un ciel lourd et langoureux  
Entouré de branches nues et furtives  
Avec sa solitude désirée et dangereuse  
Ces forêts automnales...

Danièle

she sleeps beside me  
like a lover  
one fleshy arm  
angled torturously  
under her black head  
another  
placed geometrically  
by her unguarded breast.  
she sighs  
deepening  
cavernous wind/spirts.  
i imagine  
her dream  
calm, yet colorful.

we slept to 'Demetrius & the Gladiator'-  
she first.  
me, waiting for the ending-  
for that closed-mouth  
resolutely dispassionate  
\*54  
Kiss.

her body revolves  
in the whiteness  
as avenues of flesh  
seek new territories

we are friends  
but she sleeps  
nearby  
like a lover

barbee laskin

oh Miró, as you embroider  
your airy gypsies  
on frenetic minds  
do you contemplate  
their weight?

as they float  
inside the whiteness  
of your dream,  
their lightness driving  
form into fancy,  
do you suppose  
they expose?

oh Miró,  
when galloping  
gazelles nest in my eyes,  
when vivacious lineaments  
wiggle into my system,

i hesitate-  
plying apart their virtue  
with fire.

oh Miró,  
when i look at your artful vanity  
an errie sponge  
sucks my mood  
like blackened vapour.

oh Miró,  
Miró,  
do you sigh for me,  
or have we no breath to spare.

barbee laskin

this moment  
i'm enslaved by call nos.  
baked inside wombs of learning  
yet  
Carelessly dying  
amidst their weight

Spring has made the world young again  
and a virgin sun  
reconstructs  
a simile  
of your sad infrequent smiles

it's easy to wander, here  
releasing eyelids  
that fly towards the land  
treading furiously  
into tomorrow.

but coming to...  
i think of yesterday-

and deeds undone

(words unsaid)

songs unsung

and Skeleton memories  
i own of you  
that stink.  
of regret

barbee laskin

cartoon character

Moves

like a piece  
of Death

engraving shadows

on the air

Snakes along doorways

Slides into rooms

Scrutinizes crowds for ambivalent security

Finds no relief in places

least of all

in faces where anxieties are stored

are you aware  
you only skim the surface of life?

a bas-relief of chiselled energy

the world will tire of your limits

grow sick- of your pretentious boundaries

Apparition, while you hide in wholes  
a messenger  
will feed you

nourishment.

Listen well.

We are looking

for pale men

to devour.

barbee laskin



your mouth drips    dead words  
from the ecstasy  
of their numbing weight  
a fantasy is drawn

inside your body  
i create catastrophic odes  
a slithering weasel  
choked into the caverns  
of your skin

i hover thin around the cord  
knotting the night  
with drunken fear  
love me today  
for tomorrow i'll be changed

the blood of my thoughts  
ripples down    your glass back  
while urgent hands  
swim the sheets  
dying of thirst

love me today  
for tomorrow  
i'll be changed

barbee laskin

ray

i loved  
the way the skin on her face  
moved; soft billowing enfolds  
that formed a lusty trail to her mouth.

i loved  
her hands  
and the wealth of their intelligence

i loved  
her concern, and how life creeped before her  
in a steady stream of pain

she doctorized her body            until  
her liver became daily appetite  
around a starved table

and            i loved her;

the house she kept  
slept easily

overlooking a frontier of choked green

i loved  
the way she loved;  
no thought was left unturned  
no dream too loaded to contemplate  
she was mother  
to another

she was sun  
to everyone;

i loved  
her clear movements: even in death  
she moved  
clinging to her liver            and the eyes of her man

barbee laskin