

The DIME BAG

#5

Glendon College, Toronto

February, 1972

MY FIRST VICTIM

I have seen them,
clothed only in skin
bathing their bodies
in the rains of last summer
fat, gaudy, heaps,
reading themselves to sleep
while pressing chocolates
against their phony, drugstore, teeth.

I have tortured them,
all the way down Yonge Street,
with my high school dimples.
They wanted me to be their dietician
They wanted me to attend night school
and study hairdressing
They argued that I was glorious
I agreed, but needed to be convinced
Jesus was hidden, in my eyes,
I went to the mirror to compare.
My wrists were smooth
His were thumb-tacked
My body was a bird's nest (warm and deep)
His body was a dart-board
His head was covered in Rosey thorns
but I wore nothing.

Robert McRoberts

Summer's past,
like many, ageless demi-gods-
on their leather saddles
in the unending, silver rain.
Visions come to mind,
of half-placed kisses
On some used-up love-affair
Polluted air and subway patrons
tokens tinkling in the tunnels
October is alive in the sky
and June is as dead as a tombstoned graveyard
Television speaks out on all sides
While scenes of my recent failures
reflect off the screen
and on to my conscience
Is Hitler really alive?
And does he share his pale timeless, smile
with Jewish Doctors doomed to the rest of their practices.
call me when you need a place to keep your pimples
Don't be afraid of forests and other limbless bodies
Turning over in your midnight dreams.

An Esoteric Poem
Then Comes Out Of My Head.

Robert McRoberts

REUNION

She lives under 4 inches of dust
in a Baldwin St. ruin
above an old time drugstore
below a sky full of sparrows.
she spends her retirement
watching the vast unity of flowers
through a window in the wall.
and the ivory fingers
on her piano
have turned
to the colour of her teeth.

Robert McRoberts

PASTS

January through February
I watched the suicide
of your personality
like a carefully, measured dose
of some ancient poison
brought to you by student nurses
taken 4 times a day
mixed with bread and prayers
filtered by your taught, musical fingers
one chosen pellet
trapped inside your explorer's mouth -
like a tongue

Robert McRoberts

Subtlety

Sunset sighs her last farewell
As she departs us,
She will leave us.
None the wiser
But much of wonder
Behind her.

Lewis Baumann

Electra

Morning becomes you,
With its swift up-lighting laughing sun,
Running gold--red, yellow, and white--
Along the sky;
With its paling sky to fine china blue,
The translucent heaven bowl
High above us.

You become morning,
With your slow willing rise to the sunshine,
And singing for nothing less than joy
At breakfast;
With your prayer of thanks for a day begun,
And for the sheer pleasure of living
In the morning.

Morning and you become
Magical, with the magic of change flowing in time,
And precious, as time must take and alter,
Before returning,
And constant, with even greater magic
Of remaining endlessly there and the same,
Together.

Christine Lundy

The Whistler

The Whistler,
Down from the mountains,
The frozen flames of the borderlands,
When the sun-fire dances them.
Singing,
A brown wood thrush bird,
Mother to a thousand singing children
After the storm clouds.
Rising,
Led by the Whistler,
Notes like spring water in a sacred pool,
Head-high above the tree-tops.
Day-lighter,
Life music and the Tree-child,
Telling the secrets of the universe,
To those who understand.
Listening,
Throughout the blackness,
Pain and sorrow like a fortress,
Save to the King's hands.
Healing,
Warmth and sweet-honey,
From the earth a throat-deep humming,
Longing to follow
The Whistler.

Christine Lundy

The Shepherd's Halloween

This night, no goodly man would stir
From the shelter of his home;
For this was Hallow's Eve, my friend:
No time to be alone.

Now as twilight spread her viel,
As the silent shadows crept,
The bearded farmer hurried back his steed
To where his tiny cottage slept.

And as a lonely shepherd did tend,
His flocks against the painted sky,
He smiled a little at the drugged night breath;
For faraway in this midnight's heart, surely Hallow's Eve did lie.

The staff-leaning herder, too far
To make shelter afore the moon tonight,
Must taste those charmed meadow herbs
In which the Lords of Sleep delight.

A scapegoat for suspicion among the local folk,
He never found a friend nor ever sought to marry,
Furthermore, twas whispered, that in his long-dead mother's viens
Flowed the delerious blood of Faerie.

He sought no drugs to close his lids,
Nor did he kneel and fervently pray;
A queer desire stirred his breast,
To remain wide open from dusk till day.

And helplessly he did let the halcyon breeze
Mingle the dusk of the year with the dusk of the day
And afore an evil thought could creep
His vagabound's heart was flown away.

And as bold Vesper's did singlely sequen
The not yet full black heaven
Fear melted away to porridge
For this man was seventh son of seven.

Palid orange-glowing jacko-lantern's eyes
Here and there dotting the dark-rolled, creamy countryside.
Swaying, shifting the most solid of forms;
This mellow-mild zephyr of the Eventide.

For in slumber remains the only escape,
From those mysteries only lunacy dares know,
And the herbless herdsman devoid of sleep
Must pray to hear the rooster's crow.

Even the gypsy wagons are still
Along the dusk-purple roads:
The air filled with more than horses' snorts
And the lovesongs of crickets and toads.

From moonstruck travellers and minstrels tales have come,
Of strange dreams unfolding before slumber's fall,
Of which no man soundly sane could remain;
Mad shepherd's myths of this lurid night striking fear to all.

Yet one lonely herdsman waked,
Standing windkissed on a hill
Gazing out upon rose-shadowed glen
Spiced with autumn evening chill.

Apart from other men was he,
And many a rumour had spread,
A dreamer man living so alone,
Might have evil in his head.

With the man's gaping pupils opening
The gathering lights did brighten by degree.
Tiny dancing sparks from far ville beyond;
So unlike the rainbowed stars who are so very free.

Showering his eyes on the livid night
Which not the usual dreamless black
Filled vibrant with deepest living blood
Sending soul-lifting shivers soaring up his back.

Breast filled with crystal air,
Gaze lifting to the glory sky
As if awakening from a long-borne sleep
Arms aspread he felt he might let fly.

Now this sudden strange emotion
Took the simple shepherd by surprise
For though he had often meditated in these very hills
Never had he felt such communion with earth and skies.

And though he had watched many a meadow night fall
Never before had he felt her soul arise,
But then never had he waked on Halloween Night,
It seemed that mad desire was opening his eyes.

The lonely chant of wolves
Echoing through the windy silence.

The rainbow-pearl moon
Slicing dark, cloudy violence.

A faraway musical laughter riding on the wind,
Living shadows, pouring rivers of moonescent overflow,
A voice teasing the edges of reality,
Zithering, fluttering and as soft as lunarglow.

Nathaniel, wooed the breeze, Nathaniel,
Summoning the shepherd's name;
And behold, the world was changed
Yet he knew it was the same.

Looking behind in search of the shadow voice,
His gaze fell upon an aged oak,
Apart from the trees of dark ravine beyond,
Its leaves and limbs wore a moonbeam cloak.

An imploring whisper swayed its leaves,
A rustling song calling the nameless name,
Alone, guarding over the gentle fields,
The tainter of both the mad and the sane.

Bounding over the wildgrass lea,
Which sparkled with dew and reeked honey-sweet,
Nathaniel loped unchained towards the tree,
Toes barely touching the plush neath his feet.

Unstrained and unburdened and more magical than
Scarlet Hemp root's ethereal tea,
The world transformed, and as real as
The dreams that are more real than the word reality.

Fl, fl, fl, fl, fl, fl, float,
Hu, Hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, high,
No longer chained to earth
The road was now by sky.

Swimming through a pure calm,
Diamond-studded, one shored sea,
Drifting over the meadows soft,
Gliding to light upon the solitary tree.

A breath-stealing panaram
From upon that lofty limb
Not gotten merely from the dizzying heights
But open as the view after the original sin.

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Then once again the laughing voice;
There, beside him perched the source,
A golden-haired fairie prince
Crystally harping-away shame, fear, remorse.

Twas it ye who bid me, fairie fellow?
The needless question asked;
A mellow-yellow subtle smile,
The truth it was unmasked.

The night of Samain
Dawned on those who would be
Open and high and ready to see
That only you can set yourself free.

And the silver-tongued Prince of this Eve quoth:

When a man runs from his shadow,
Does His Shadow run from the man?
A man who seeks his shadow
Will find Himself in fairieland
 in fairieland
 in fairieland
 in fairieland
 in fairieland.....

As his dew-laden eyelids quivered
At the first prys of morning light,
Dream memory tumbled far-up
Almost out of sight.

To a brilliant sunrise
Kissing a glass-still lake
Saint Nathaniel the lonely shepherd
Did peacefully awake.

Michael Klein

Monday Hot Room

And now it's hot--too hot
Too hot for life to survive
too hot for minds to contrive.
The air hangs around
five feet from the ground
and no one here seems alive.
They wait and they wait and they wait.
And what are they waiting for?
And what are they hoping to see
when their eyes run towards the door?
They laugh and joke and talk,
each one trying to say more,
but soon they run out of jokes
and their eyes return to the door.

Sitting in a hot room
feeling all the hot minds
seeming glad but sweating bad
melting down down
melting down.

Ted Kirejczyk

CLOWNS

Along the highway, up and down,
Dancing, dancing, danced the clown.
Happily he sang his song.
Never seeing what was wrong.
Never once did he ask why -
Took for granted every lie,
Pleasing all if pleasing one
Not knowing what/how had been done.

Once while dancing on the road
He met an ugly-looking toad
Which called him near, "Sit by me.
Dancing cease, attentive be.
A tale for you I'll now narrate
Showing predetermined fate.
Listen well and mark my words
Pay no heed to winging birds.

'Tis one and twenty years gone by
Since first in cradle you did cry.
A man you shall become today
So to you this tale I'll say:

'Once, a young man--young and gay,
Playing, laughing, grooved all day.
Like yourself he never saw
Behind the curtain of the law.
Nor, then did he want to see -
Life was full of pleasantry.
He spent all his energy
On a life of revelry.

When, like you, he reached that goal
He was like a new-born foal.
Strength drained from his every limb,
Chance of revel quickly dimmed.
Knowing not what's to be done
He searched for aid from everyone,
Finding sympathetic souls
Only in the deepest holes.

These were new friends he had found
Their lives with peace did e'er abound.
Alone, together, always dropping
Cranking, smoking - never stopping.
These, his new friends, doctored him
Catered to his every whim
Using their new medicine
Which, like a god, they believed in.

A long, long time this man stayed there
Breathing water, drinking air,
Enjoying his life to the full
Relieved of pressures, spared the bull.

There was a girl in this same hole
Who seemed to have a kindly soul.
After a few weeks had passed
His love for this young girl amassed.
Of this there was no debate -
They soon began to propagate.
She; anon, conceived a child
Which grew up peaceful, never wild.
The second child of this young father
Was much different from the other.
This one never did grow up -
He was no bigger than a cup.
Ugliness covered his face;
A true disgrace to the human race.
Not wanting the blame to take
The couple left him near a lake,
Hoping nature would be kind
Or someone else this child might find.
Unluckily nobody came
But he survived all the same.

Animals he imitated
By the lake he stayed and waited
'Till he thought he was full-grown
But what he was he did not know.
He began searching near and far
To find out what his species are.

He met an educated frog
Sitting on a mossy log
Which told him he was a man-child
Resulting from cells going wild.
The chromosomes his parents had
In this child had all gone bad.
Hearing this the child then knew
What it was he had to do.
He travelled o'er the countryside
Spreading his story far and wide
In hopes that he could educate
Man, before it was too late.
He knew that he could reach but few
So he began with those he knew
Would soon be searching for new kicks.
He tried to show with varied tricks
What would befall those who tried

And stayed with drugs until they died.
They were afraid of him, but knew
That what this child had said was true.
They ran away to hide in shame
Knowing well they were to blame
For the child's unlucky fate.

He left that place and to this date
He wanders up and down the road
Preaching still, but growing old'

Now this tale to you I've told
Go your way and spread the word -
Tell the world what you have heard."

Saying this the toad left then
To tell his tale to other men.
The clown departed wondering,
Hints of wisdom lingering.
He wandered on to other roads
Where he met with other toads
Adding to himself each time
Several more thoughts sublime.

Along the highway, up and down
Moving, grooving strolled the clown,
Leaving go his dance and song.
He now knew what and why was wrong.
He could see with open eyes
Through all of their deceiving lies.
He could think and he could feel
What was not and what was real.
A clown no longer was he then
Now he is a man of men.

Ted Kirejczyk

Want

Bodily visions of
Magical eyes and
Potent embrace
Warm me as I sit
Upon this encircling caterpillar

Gail Muir

Wading

Gone from the green hill
the hurling oath of youth
along the chaotic way
 too soon from the fled land
and so it floods with the fault of search
that is echo, reconstruction
that is echo, alteration
(error proved in pilgrimage:
going back
the hill's a spine of fence
locked and dangled on a cliff
lynched in absence
left as lesson

and the vulgar sermon blurred
as a blade of bottle broken sunk beyond
recognition, there is stranded
dulled and struck
at the unfit slant of artifacts
stuck in the vain, voracious suck of water-bottom.)

Only

drowning makes a lie of flight
makes this cage, this climber's barred view of valleys
 (the mutilated face of land a saint
 the stifled curse
 the blow held up
 a relic and a prayer)
the only unconfine
the only litany that incantation
hopes to bait and find
where wood has foundered, thunder stayed.

Ruth Cawker

Janvier

Janvier

le mois le plus janvier
un ciel d'Aqua-velva passe par la fenêtr^e
ton coeur hurle à la luge
tes doigts au rasoir de l'air
et ta bouche
fleurie de glace à la framboise
chante les nouvelles de midi

pour te satisfaire
en client reconnaissant de l'hiver
et de ton amour fraîche aubaine
j'ai inondé mon balcon
d'une colline de mousse
où nous allons glisser
jusqu'à la petite musique de nuit

Jean-Pierre Eugene

MES LANGAGES

Je parle oiseau
enfoui dans le feuillage des marronniers

je parle neige
mourant aux grèves des troittoirs

je parle ciel
tombé dans la mer
un soir de mélancolie

je parle vent
dans la chambre douce

je parle craie
au tableau de mes enfances mortes

je parle soleil
et j'ai regret de me coucher

je parle pain
en miettes sculptées sur la table
par de petits doigts

je parle café
sucre lait et ta bouche qui boit

je parle rire
oh rire jusqu'au soir
jusqu'à la fosse béante

je parle ami
pour passer la rivière
simplement

je parle amour
le dur langage
l'insaisissable grammaire

je parle poème
air de fête
et diamant dans la neige

je parle France
Pont d'Avignon
rose entr'ouverte qui tremble

je parle Paris
le jardin du Luxembourg
les émeraudes de la Seine

je parle ma mère et mon père
debout à la vitre
au bord de ma naissance

je parle terre
je parle feu
je parle mon coeur qui brûle
au bûcher féroce du temps

Jean-Pierre Eugene

Hiver

La fumée montant de ta bouche
me rassure
tu es chez toi
je marche à pas de chasse-neige
car j'ai hâte
de chauffer mes doigts à tes braises.

Jean-Pierre Eugene

AINSI

Mon amour en est au mini
mon coeur est passé de mode
ainsi ma poésie

Mon réveil en est au midi
ma fatigue est vieille comme Hérode
ainsi ma poésie

Ma mort en est au maxi
ma peur date d'avant Jésus-Christ
ainsi ma poésie

Jean-Pierre Eugene

2:30 a.m.

Two-thirty and the creaks and moans are telling me my
loneliness
Is more than crickets humming.
Two-thirty and all my songs are out of tune and all
my odes to praise the moon
Are crumbling.
Two-thirty and the seconds grind like bits of sand
behind my eyes and eye-lids.
Sing your christmas carols son for everything is lots
of fun at Christmas.
Three-thirty and my eyes are bent but open to the
scathing.
Why must my soul soak up the sins and suffer so much
lathing.
Four-thirty and enough has passed,
I think I'll have my rooms all gassed
For existential termites
And all those tiny small frights
That itch just like the devil
For now that all is level
I think I'll go to bed.
What was it that my lover said?
Yes, I think it was she loved him.
Well Lord look to your right again
I think you've found another friend,
His arms outstretched,
His feet both pinned,
Unlike you Lord I know I've sinned.
Let me be with you in Heaven.
Just then He sighed (some said He cried in a loud voice)
His spirit left with all His pain
And here I am alone again.
I guess my faith was all in vain.
But Maybe He'll be back again.
I'll give Him three days just the same
For who am I with all my fame
To quibble over dead-lines.

Ron Guay

FARMER

Olde hands gnarled on hoe handle
Olde feet caked with flaking mud
Olde lips holding bending straw
Hair blowing in the wind
The tender wind that sparks the memory
Harsh old wind that wrinkles skin
Cold old wind that brings the winter
Laughs at all the sombre trees
Held dead in silent slumber
Can't you tell the crops are dieing
Cows lie bloated in the fields
Olde man farmer
Time has left you
Hoe handle in gnarled hands.
And olde.

Ron Guay

when we have finished
with our building you
may look
we alter
everything on request

we yield
alone to
matter and the spirit
which is you changing
us alive

such joy
within your building
never is
until you see and we
are done

Bob Simmons

we are not

happy with

ends alone

nothing is

easy to do

virtuously

even their

redemption

Bob Simmons

-in

the dress of flesh
we put on giggling

sensually we dance
our warmth growing

until the cool web
burns & we go with

out

Bob Simmons

draw the circle of
the mind carefully

when we create our
selves an emphasis

is to be placed on
fragilityfragility

Bob Simmons

Mattawa

Mattawa est sur l'Ottawa.
Mattawa est une ville.
Une ville, qui, reste tranquille.
Mattawa est sur l'Ottawa.

Champlain vient à Mattawa,
Qui est sur l'Ottawa,
Dans mille six cents quinze,
Où il reste pour une quinzième d'heures.

Les Indiens à Mattawa,
Regarde l'explorateur Champlain.
C'est un homme plein.
Champlain à plier de Mattawa.

Dans le chimérique de Champlain vient,
Le Bûcheron et le Forgeron.
C'est tout qui vient,
C'est tout à Mattawa sur l'Ottawa.

Mattawa est une ville dans la vallée.
Mattawa est la mère du nord.
Mattawa est la mère de la Bay, Nord.
Mattawa est sur l'Ottawa dans la vallée.

Dans Mattawa ce jour,
Se trouve aussi le Bûcheron toujours,
Cette une ville historique,
Mattawa est sur l'Ottawa.

micheal-lee de valois

Out on the parade square the men stood in three close-order ranks, the sergeants ranged in a line behind the rear rank, the Troop Sergeant-Major in front of the centre man of the front rank. All were at the at ease, feet thirty inches apart, right arms extended in front holding the rifles out at the top about six inches, the rifle butts resting beside the toe of each right boot. Even from the distance it was clear that the men were neither tense nor stiff, but standing, evenly, in a position that was, for them, quite fully natural, to be adopted with a suppleness and ease outsiders would associate not with soldiers but with dark, lithe warriors leaning, quiet and alert, against their spears.

The uniforms they wore were much faded, of heavy cotton drill, a small variety of pastel shades of soft greygreen, and, from many washings, soft and smooth against the skin. Only new soldiers and pedants ever prized new "Bush", stiff, dark green, almost black with dye and sizing fresh from the quartermaster, and sometimes men would leave a uniform washing for hours to help it acquire, from bleach and the sloshing, the patina of faded splendor that marked the clothing of one truly professional. On the hats, on the shoulder where sleeve met epaulet, on the belt buckle at the waist, the brass gun crests and RCLA flashes shone brass-yellow even on grey, dull da

Poetry

Poetry is a selfish thing,
A mirror for dreams
Too deep to write in prose.
In coded rhymes and rythms,
Double meaning words,
The truth cowers,
Afraid to come out in the open,
But, oh, so wanting to be found.

Christine Lundy

The Dime Bag editors wish to announce that there was available for this issue far more quality writing than the budget would allow them to cope with. Accordingly, a goodly number of poems was held in reserve for the next issue, and those writers who do not see their work in these present pages should by no means despair - yet. In the meantime, our thanks to all those who have submitted work for publication, and keep those poems and proses coming in. P.S. The Dime Bag is sponsored by the Creative Writing and Dramatic Arts Programme.