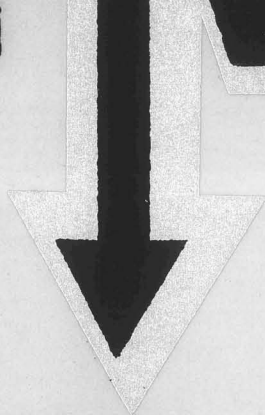


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The DIME BAG

Glendon College, Toronto

April 1971

Lazarus
And where has he gone
Pallas Athene
caracoling
soft and sliding
the cool fences
Creativity should be presented to the public looking its
best, and we are pleased that this third Dime Bag of the current
year approaches, in physical terms, the quality of format that we
feel the effort and energy and vision contained within it deserve.

Our thanks, then, to those associated with the Creative
Writing and Dramatic Arts programme who found us the wherewithal
to improve the publication's appearance. But, of course, our
greatest thanks to the writers whose interest and growing support
for the Dime Bag as an outlet for their work make our editorial
effort worthwhile.

PEACE

Caryn Miller
Linda Smith
David Stubbs
John Thomson

Getting Ready
Lazarus

And where has he gone

Pallas Athene

careening through meadows
soft, and sliding off the cool fences
of dewy paths.

O Lazarus mid the lilies.

Your land he has traversed a thousand times
and will again, a thousand times.

(trees whisper his passage
and the breeze sheds a pale light
on your altar)

A candle burns and flickers in the hesitant dark.
Then passes on. And you, you old and royal fool,
lie spent on a heath of form without substance.
(yet silent above

the moon waxes and wanes
with the precision of a pendulum)

The bedsprings of a nation play out their role
drumming a slow and steady rhythm
and beneath shrouded pillars our Lazarus comes
heels to the heavens
for the laying on of hands.

A.B. Gumms (the name on the package)

In the living-room, the television, spewing
Clairol hair-colour bull-shit.

In the kitchen, me, rummaging through a
Bag of groceries, finding a package of
Jelly candies. Dare I mention the brand?

They are shaped like the bucket I took to the
Beach as a boy. Their granulated sugar
Coating is gritty like the sand.

Brian Rainey

Getting Ready

That's Right!

Stand on the sunwarmed
Spring driveway
in your cleansmelling short-sleeves
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
with
puregold strands
blinding you with silver flecks in sun
and her pale
fishbelly flesh
is more tempting now,
under its homely-floppy
cleansmelling sweatshirt,
than ever before,
and everything is more
than ever before,
as it has been
only rarely before,

but its worth it now,
any sacrifice
you may have felt
you made
and may have felt
made you miss out on something,
is wildly worth it now.

And the stirring is hard to deny
as she glides
her javexsmelling handback
across her perspiring forehead,
and the few wet strings of hair,
matted there
in childlike earnesty,
make the stirring
stir again
and again its hard to deny.

And she laughs
at your ape-like antics
and says,
Isn't it warm!
and laughs again
as you take a handful
of the melting
black-crusted snow
from the lawn
and rub it hard into your hair,
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 javex hand
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.

Dave Carpenter

Rain

So far three days of it
non stop
grey skies
dropping drizzle

Some vacation
When we left home
thursday
it was raining

Then the muffler fell off
and we sounded like
parnelli jones
all the way
to the cottage
with the exhaust pipe
tied to the
emergency brake cable
and the
(probably useless)
muffler
in the back seat
beside the record player

Damn rain
Saturday morning
and its still pissing

And here I am inside
sitting at the window
staring stupidly
listening to the beatles'
here comes the sun

Dave Carpenter

Par delà mon Coeur . . .

Le temps s'est inscrit derrière mon cœur
Aux sons d'or et lumière de bonheur
Il tourne mes pensées ineffables
Vers une enfance inoubliable;

Ils sont revenus mes jours d'autrefois
Mêlés au parfum silencieux des bois
Je les vois flâner au long des chemins
Et souvent ils me prennent par la main;

Ils me prêtent leur poésie du matin,
Pâle clarté pour l'enfant qui s'éveille,
Lorsque l'aurore donne ses doigts vermeils
À l'espoir se levant au lointain;

Ils suivent le cours de mon passé,
Comme ces êtres si chers disparus
Dont le tendre silence est tracassé
Par ce présent armé qui se rue;

Vous remontez en moi, mes souvenirs
Pour me faire croire à un avenir
Brillant du passé, pâle ami retrouvé
Au fond d'un cœur, un enfant oublié.

Edouard Brun

Souvenirs

Souvenirs âgés
Aux doigts noués,
Souvenirs trops gais
Diabls enjoués;

Toujours vous allez
Vagabondants
Sur les pas figés
De notre temps;

Tourner la page
De notre vie
Eprouver l'âge
De nos envies;

Jusqu'à la folie
Pousser le temps
Du monde joli
En nous quittant.

Edouard Brun

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

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

Margery Fee

the canvas skirt
broad and rucked
against the bone
of her thigh

she

bends

and ridges
picked out clean
on the cloth and
her solid weight

all in the green
triangle sliding
pounds inward on
oh my nerve

ends

Bob Simmons

your nude eyes draw me

to a close

i slip into

the bones of your face

try me on your breasts

for milk

feel me grown

long in the lengths of

your thighs

wear me in

until i am all answers

to you all questioning

Bob Simmons

i like a girl who
jingles
bracelets
earrings & chains
that hang
peeping
through hair
bind
leather in places
against the flesh

love slave to her
own body she acts
the fantasy which
orders us to live

Bob Simmons

the clothes we wear
are gowns gathering
the shapes we're in

a bunch of nuns and
priests pretentious
in our own overwear

are we to reveal by
ourselves what goes
on beneath the robe

Bob Simmons

her eyes dark

dark

beneath locks

falling

her sin

why gathering

womb

still welling

what light is

to tell

whose singing

will

her eyes dark

dark

beneath

locks falling

Bob Simmons

now we see
each other
(infinite)

now we are
each other
(infinite)

now we see
we are now

(infinite)
each other

Bob Simmons

Telling Tales after Christmas

1. Christmas tales

trapped behind bedroom doors;
but hush!
too much rum
nothing can be done
now

2. sunless city;

walks either gravel or white
reply with little shelter
for young mothers
or any others,
who depend on their poems or
their bottles of wine.

aimless and almless
ailing from ills
they die,

not simply
but the death of a thousand men
all wrapped in a trench coat
of the Saturday edition- New York Times.

3. Then back to the room

at the top of the stairs
and back to the Christmas and rum.
Memory of sin;
that paid for its living
with sullen cold deaths
in the breeze/under the trees
in front row centre/big city parks.

Paul Johnston

Atlanta's rebuke

I

count the dawns
when life
is
fighting the turbulent
desire
to stay asleep;
I see
with failing sight the once vibrant
waters
revile their governors
rejecting the undines
forsaking
their rôle.

I hear the final
peace crashing
that last
short distance
thirsting
for nothingness
while holding man's destiny
in
her tightly clenched fist;
Then gasp
in the dying day
when the sun is no longer
mightiful;
and grasp
for the perfumed
scent
of man's wilting bloom.

(over)

I
of feel the agony
the man
from Nazareth,
and perceive the glory of
an incarnate god;
I experience
the urge
to throw off one's burden
and hide - hide from
the imminent - - - - -
then taste
the temptation
still wet
on my lips.

I prepare
to run away
to run
run
run away
far far - far away
far
far
far away
further, till fatigue makes me to lie down
and meet
with fainting breath
peace's open
hand.

in a theatre
now on stage
solemn gestures
black costumes
sorrowful faces
name people.

but
sensitively
and sometimes with humour and music,
as I sit in a theatre
I see
the audience's smiles
that send me
solace
and salvation

— Amy

Nearing the North Country Farm

Early morning mist

is

wet to the touch

is

wet on your skin

is wet on your eyes as you look up from the muddy lane

to the freckled auburn-hair'd Ageegirl

standing nervously beyond the damp rail fence in the

early morning mist

Standing nervously —

beseeking

teasing

fearing —

her doe-brown eyes

dew-dappled

her white potato knees

sparking aching recollection of the original love

and innocence and purity which

burned to irreparable ash with the house-high hay

Dave Carpenter

Winter Travelling Song

I dont think I can stay here too much more.
I know I said I would but that was before
The smell of cold lanced my nose,
Before the coziness left my clothes,
Before the colours 'came sharp in my eye,
Before my muscles urged
And ordered lazy winter plans purged,
Before my mind and soul cried 'Fly!'

For there's nothing like winter on the road
When there's purpose and weight to your load,
When the sun's brilliance blinds you
Off the snow and the sky's so blue
You can reach your hand through
A cloud and touch another hand.
Your dreams are alive and manned
By hope and cheer proving lifelove true.

I know, I know, I said I'd stay,
I guess I'm just not built your way.
I could promise to return in May
But Spring's a season like today
When the road's the only place to be.
And so I'd best just say good-bye
Forever. And if you're ever like to cry
For things you haven't done, just dream on me.

Dave Carpenter

On Being Orderly and Wise

The orderly admires my beard.
He comments on the number of kids today
Who wear their hair long and how dirty a lot of them are.
He says an actor from downtown
Stayed in the hospital recently
And that his hair and beard were filthy
And crawling with vermin.

The orderly admires my beard.
He says it suits my face
But that the important thing and admirable thing
Is that I am clean. The woman
In the bed opposite mine agrees with him
And they both decide the future safety of the world
Depends upon responsible self-respecting people like me.

The orderly admires my beard.
I feel humble and proud.
I feel responsible and self-respecting
For showering this morning before entering hospital —
And for having the foresight to backtrack
And realize I last showered
A week ago yesterday.

Dave Carpenter

Symphony in B Major

Bagnet, Bagstock, Bardell, Bailey,

Barkis, Barnacle, Blackpool, Barbary,

Blandois, Blathers, Blimber, Boffin,

Bolder, Boodle, Bounderby, Boythorn,

Brass, Brittles, Bucket, Brownlow,

Buzfuz, Buffy, Bumble, Bung, Bunsby.

Dave Carpenter
(for C. Dickens)

poetry

is

not

a note

struck

to rim

a time

poetry

is

the

mirror

making

what i

become

Bob Simmons

3

