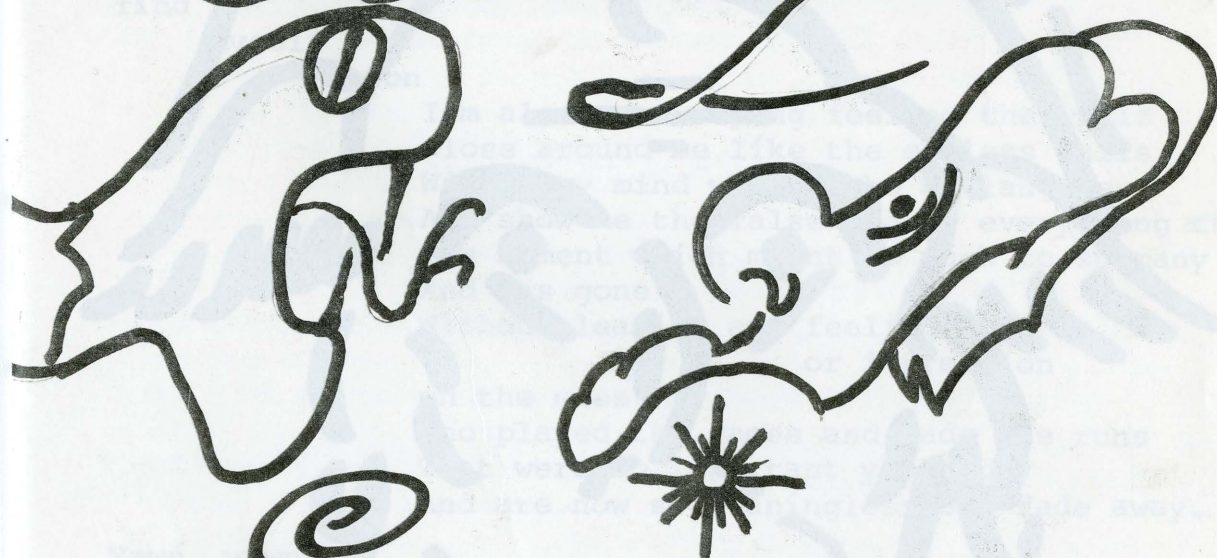


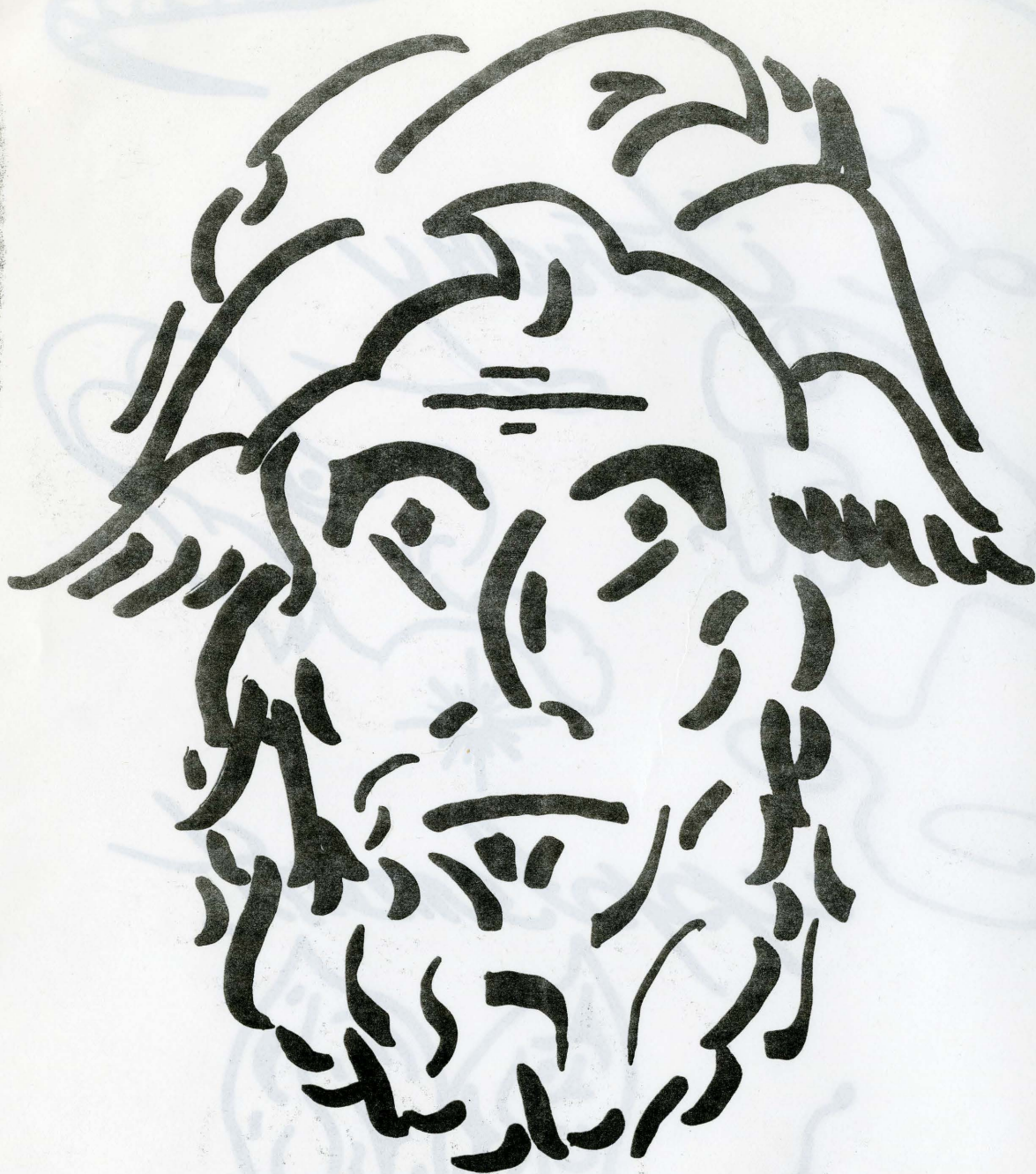


Literary



Supplement





am i blue?
Am I BLUE? I AM BLUE! the original
melancholy man.
humorous, eh? Burton, is it humourous?
no, it's the
tragic malady of the
student - however I'm so melancholy that
I'm no longer even the slightest shadow of a student, I think
I'm sick
inside - nothing excites much anymore - I've got to
find

myself

soon

I'm alone and crying feeling the walls
Close around me like the endless halls
Within my mind which echo my laughter
And show me the falsehood of everything after
The moment which meant so much to so many
And was gone
Without leaving any feeling
or impression

on the ones

Who played the games and made the runs
That were so important yesterday
And are now so meaningless and fade away.

Yawn, yawn
the fun's all gone
Classes are dead
my mind is force-fed
Chuck a-ma ruck
the prof is a schmuck
Understanding is fading

Classwork's degrading.

A mind untrained
is like a dog unchained
Disjointed thoughts
into a boiling pot
are slowly becoming
a burial plot.

and, ah, which way ya goin'
Ricky?

and God is dead, he hardly even
lived at my house, but he's always

god:
 an effective method of controlling the masses
 (he's here, he's there, he's everywhere, so beware)
 If triangles had gods he'd be an isosceles
 (because the holy ghost is smaller than the Father
 and the Son)

Eating cookies, drinking wine
 Three hail Mary's, you're divine
 The burning bush - her twat's on fire
 Joseph's cuckolded - Mary's a liar
 And Jesus, on the cross, can only say,
 "It's a helluva way to spend Easter Day."
 Catholics dancing 'round the altar
 Reigned in by the white light halter, priests falter
 For penance paltry in the pantry of good deeds.
 Six bits please.

Shiny pots and spooky voices
 Organs blare and the christian rejoices
 Are services meant for a crow or a child?
 Superstitious nonsense and adults beguiled.
 It won't kill you - so admit it folks
 God's a warlock and Jesus a hoax.

And, ah, should I throw in
 A game of chess?
 But on my board:
 the bishops are dead and the knights are tarnished
 The castles have fallen and
 the king and queen
 had their heads removed in
 the seventeenth century and somehow haven't
 found them . . .
 yet. And my first moves were always wrong so I
 never found my head either. Which is why a
 Phoenix is bound to appear, somewhere,
 in my song. Or maybe Ferdinand and a
 drowned sailor.

And, ah, friendship died again
 this year, like every year, like autumn
 and Neil says he was thinkin' about what a
 friend had said and hopin' it was a lie. And
 that's what friends are like.

But, ah, love never dies, she remains the
 Only thread with which I'm bound to
 life and
 society. She suffocates my Steppenwolf
 Because she's such a singular

exception to
everything.

WILLY AND THE KID

And, ah, sex never dies - it constantly rears
its lovely head at the slightest provocation:

a furtive glance - black pants
that V I see is divinity
It's all I want and it needs me.
Ah, what a receptacle, let's play dentist and
I'll fill your cavity. Tip-toe to your tulips.
Your knees are the starting point
In the ascent to that upward joint
That heavenly cavity, the root of my depravity.
Let's play hide the salami sweetheart

And, ah, please don't let anybody shoot off
my fucking balls.

G. F. V.

+++++
THOUGHTS ON THOUGHTS
+++++

It is an old bus, the heaters struggling against
impotence, and there isn't a window that fits its
thoughts flow as a winter, when the snow stays away
like individuals floundering in a stream
almost but not quite
reaching the opposite shore
wind. He unlocks the hut, turns on the gas, and
out to check the morning prospects. The husband
to smoulder as he gets back, always too hunched
His fingers reach for the electric heat death
end of the lot, the back of the head, the
icicles and held in embrace by snow stare
the right the Orange Hall, and on his left
Heonig's house. That old coat always
the prophecies of Job, oases of decayed
giving an illusion for an old pudger for an old
figures he's holed himself up with a crate of good
and a sack of birdseed. He wonders if it's
up on the old man, but there's lights on in the
occasional new thoughts
come, going through the same passage
to reveal the stagnation of the
soul.

Brian Burch

lights in the house, and the coal of his continual
cigarette. He's not writing tickets today and the

He awakens to the darkness of an early winter morning stiff and with his Monday morning headache. He tells himself, Willy, its another goddamn Monday, when will you learn to stop earlier on Sunday. By six o'clock at least. And Christ it would be good just to roll over and hide until Friday, but it doesn't work that way. That shape beside him, sleeping every night with her back his way. And Jesus he's going to get out of here before she wakes up.

And Willy in the bathroom tries to restore his face. Notes the grey in his short hair and wonders if it is his time, or just the times. Chuckles, what the hell. He puts himself in his uniform and goes to the pantry. To make instant coffee now when she used to have it perked and poured with his toast on a plate. Damn'd if he'll eat in the morning now, but sit sipping his coffee black to the low tones of the radio. Today to be bitter and windswept.

It is an old bus, the heaters struggling against impotence, and there isn't a window that fits its frame. A bitch of a winter, when the snow stays away and a strong west wind freezes the obvious off a brass monkey. Snow would be better.

Willy comes across the lot grumbling and cursing the wind. He unlocks the hut, turns on the heater and goes out to check the morning prospects. The hut begins to smoulder as he gets back, always too hot or cold. His fingers reach for the electric heat and across the end of the lot, the back ends of stores laticed with icicles and held in embrace by snow stare back. Off to the right the Orange Hall, and on his left, old man Heonig's house. That old coot always yammerin' about the prophecies of Job, or showing off his birds. And Willy hasn't seen the old bugger for at least a week, figures he's holed himself up with a crate of good rum and a sack of birdseed. He wonders if he should check up on the old man, but there's lights on in the house, it can wait 'til tomorrow.

But Tuesday could have frozen the hair off Monday and Willy sits tight, staring at the back of Heonig's house. It's a black witch day outside, ice crystals driven through the wind. All day Willy watches the lights in the house, and the coal of his continual cigarette. He's not writing tickets today and the



only time he drags his ass from the hut is to pop into Blaze's for a coffee.

It's Wednesday, January has become February, and today the groundhog would be sure of his shadow. Willy stands in the open doorway of the hut, the air is cool but snow melts down roofs, icicles flash while they shrink; and the lot it a sea of slush.

(Continued Page 8)



THE GIFT OF LOVE

I lie in bed, alone,
staring at the ceiling -
although the darkness of the night
forbids my seeing it.
Yet - when I turn my head
I see your soft, searching eyes -
Eyes searching for the love
that only I know exists.

And, although you are far away from me
I feel my body stiffen -
trembling with love.
The sweet warm juices
that are meant for you
burn my groin
The heat spreads
Throughout my body
as if the love I seek is really here.

But when I wake and find
my senses once again
the amorous mass, once so full of life
has lost its heat, its sweetness -
and its life.
What was my gift of love to you,
the warm, rich flow
of my love for you
has dried -
hard and cold
For without you
the life from my body dies.

R. Terrence

del Sarto

As stirs rippled grass by
evening breath murmurs,
from a sparrow fresh lit upon the curb to
tears

just falling from brimming lids on
flushed tones of pinking skin.

Beginnings, gentle portents of deeper currents of
You.

Vague usurptions of my little order
disturbed and never put right again,
lips on sleeping hand
isle in fog,
-looming, blooming, erupt.

A picture, paintings in portraiture of old
colours with translucent brush, fine strokes
melding
the old school, favourite canvasses from
forgotten studios on second floor
balconies looking down and over shoulder at
figures in the park,
in the dark.

J. Belvedere

WILLY AND THE KID

+++++

continued from page 5

The girl comes down the back steps of Heonig's,
her parka half-open to the sun and she smiles to
Willy. He tips his cap.

"Watch out for the groundhogs!"

"Are they bad this year?"

Willy feigns alarm, "Big as dogs!"

"You must be Willy, my grandfather mentioned you."

"Sure as I'm standin' here. How is the old boy?"

"Getting old fast." She smiles once more and moves
on.

He's aging. So it is with us all, Willy sighs.
Heonig was all right for all his yammerin'. Sure
they's argue for hours over his fence, but he never
went away mad. And that hot day in August there'd
been a cold beer left in the hut. (continued p.12)

CURSED MOON

Brilliant moon-
 your silent rays
 creep through the sky
 on a path to my window.
 There they pause-
 only to pierce the glass-
 and catch my lover
 in my arms.

My lover-
 her breast so round
 nipples reaching for my lips;
 her hands, ever gently,
 tease my organ
 lifting it to glory
 as was never felt before.
 My hands, exploring,
 find the sacred ground
 where man has never been.
 Could we stay right here
 forever?

Cursed moon-
 your silent rays
 creep through the sky
 on a path to my window
 There they pause -
 only to pierce the glass
 and catch my pillow in my arms.

R. Terrence

THE MIRROR

+++++

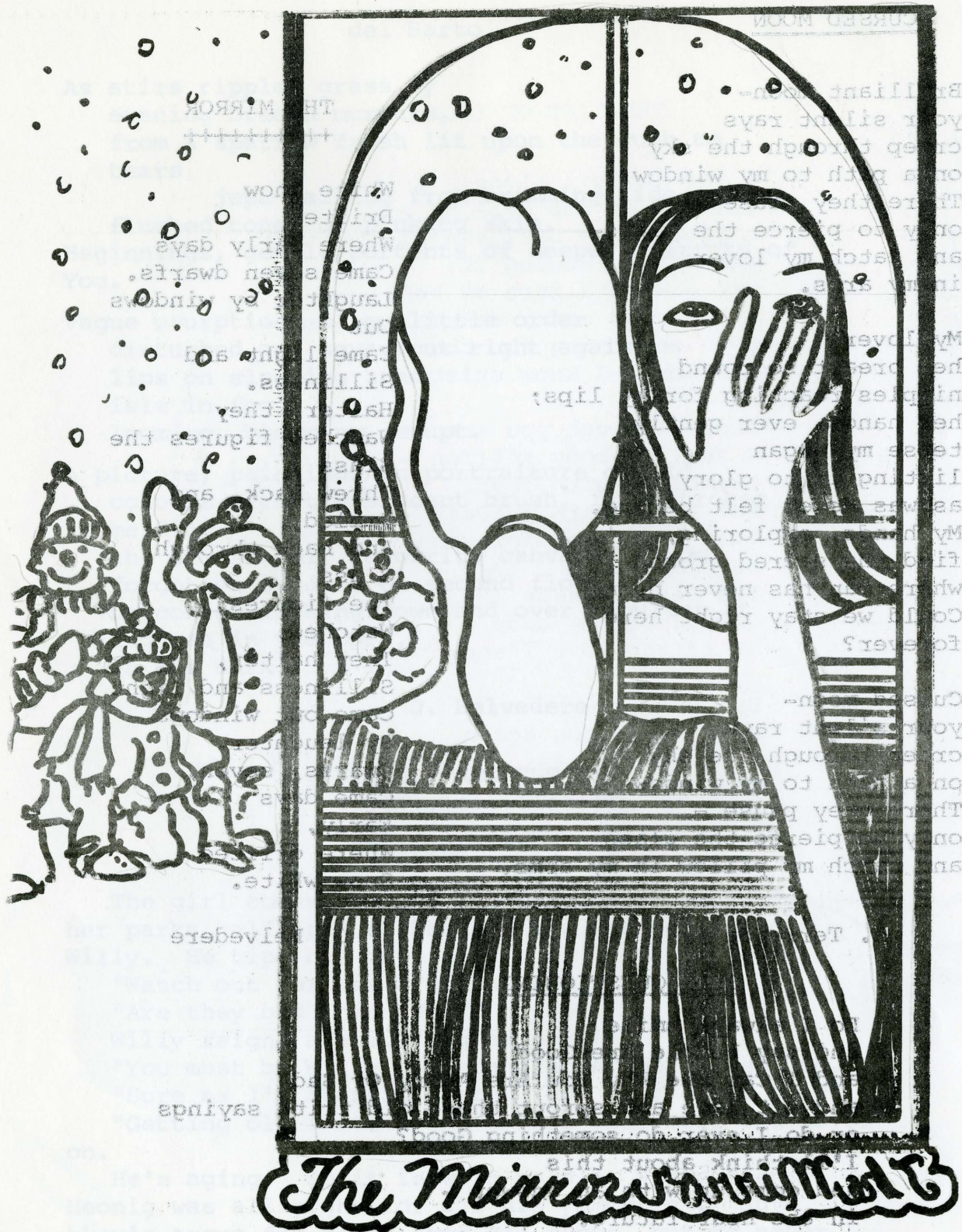
White snow
 Drifted
 Where early days
 Came seven dwarfs.
 Laughter by windows
 Out
 Came light and
 Silliness.
 Halter, they
 Watched figures the
 Glass
 Threw back, and
 Smiled.
 And back through
 Glass
 The figures
 Watched,
 They halter,
 Silliness and light
 Came out windows
 By laughter.
 Dwarfs, seven,
 Came days
 Early,
 Where drifted
 Snow white.

J. Belvedere

SELF-QUESTIONING

Do I always smile
 and say People Are Good
 and I Can See Why You Are Angry Or Sad
 and sit here and sprout those old trite sayings
 or do I ever do something Good?
 I'll think about this
 and come up with an answer -
 in the near future.

Brian Burch



British Burch

‡ UNBECOMING CHRISTIAN ‡

Harrowed nave out with lights and
 down gloomest aisle
 maid of white, young virgin
 —or so she sees herself and
 me should tell her go!
 leaving life and my unbelief in the
 positive power of faith, hope and charity.
 How are you tonight?
 We walking this way to door and
 separate paths
 —wait, she saying lifting her wanding impartation
 hold me to Christ would she?
 —His body, no!
 and blood never shedding me
 but his own peace of mind,
 against the nothings I have to offer
 would destroy
 confuse her butterflies marching to war,
 once unafraid perhaps to touch her feeling
 the dread of matter to anti-matter now.

The buttering smears on the wet, cold
 collars turning up, hands pocketing to find
 change to sit silent on busings.

Man of means by no meaning
 clothing, for unclothing wordings that leave unsaid
 musings, grappling for endings obscuring
 do you know what I say of
 course not. This is the course of me;

I walk across the flat field
 wishing it could be mine.
 My life.

When life is the Gong Show.

Now in the tavern of our dubious talents
 labels successfully removed and my
 friends, the philosopher kinks,
 no one has a bid.

The score uncertain on infinite scales
 you, my dear on right and sometimes left
 leave better, never know you, maybe love you
 with permission granted by me.

The red wine uncomfortable glassing
bending elbows, stale jokes, teasing and say
you of cigarette taste.

taster of glow gone slow down
soft skinned unfamiliar perfumes.

And remembering when
I ran from the church step
slow then jogged feet gravel
crunching dark trees stark and
the children laughing behind
me playing.

L. Johnston

WILLY AND THE KID

Continued from p. 8

Day after day of fickle winter, indecisive, who's
to say.

Karl Heonig sits in his old chair, the cracked
leather of the Norwegian bible familiar in his
hands, open as usual to Job. He wears two sweaters
and a blanket falls about his legs. The girl
feeds the birds in the cages he built them. She
sighs, for he keeps the furnace so well fueled,
and though she only wears a t-shirt, the heat
presses and smothers. And she's sure he's cold
only because of the rattle of wind on the windows.
She finishes with the stupid dirty birds and sits
down to read.

He speaks softly, "Amy, did you feed my birds
today?"

"A minute ago grandfather."

He nods and turns another page. Long thin
fingers.

"You're a good girl Amy."

"Thank-you grandfather." He's almost blind
and she knows he doesn't read, he even turns the
pages by memory. There's a knock on the kitchen
door and as she gets up she hopes it isn't her
mother. And its Willy.

"Come on in."

"Is Karl seeing visitors?"

"I guess so, you'll be the first. Here, let

me take your coat."

As she takes his coat to the closet she has to smile at the way he takes his boots off, carefull not to let any snow on the floor. And he stands almost timidly, cap in hand, waiting to be led into the other room.

Willy finds himself watching the girl. And jesus its so hot in here, no wonder all she's wearing is that skimpy t-shirt and those shorts. Asking himself, Willy when's the last time a young lady's got you so bug-eyed, and saying, Willy you're a damn old fool.

"My grandfather's in here."

He follows her into the fading room.

"Grandfather, you have a visitor."

The old man looks up, "Well, who is it dear?"

"Its Willy."

"Willy. Glad you could come Willy, I've been meaning to go out and see you . . . "

" -- The weather's pretty bad Karl."

"Yes. Amy would you turn the heat up?"

The girl goes over to the wall and pretends to adjust the thermostat. Sighing, she sits quietly on the chesterfield, tries to read, watches Willy trying to talk to her grandfather. The way Willy sits on the edge of his chair, hat still in hand, as if he's at tea with the Holbrook's and wondering why on earth they invited him. She smiles to herself at the way he keeps glancing over. Is she making him nervous?

Willy's uncomfortable. Christ, the old man's only a shell, there's nothing to say to him. And that girl, the way she smiles over his way, she's such a damn cute little bitch. Quicker than a whip he bets. Jesus he's got to get out of here. Three generations here he thinks, decay, desire and the dandelion.

A moment of silence is long enough for the old man's eyes to fall shut, his rasping breath grow smooth. Willy motions with his head and tiptoes across the carpet. The girl gets his coat and watches him put his boots on. He sets his cap on straight.

"He's dying isn't he?"

"Yes," she smiles.

L.J.

