

De Literary by PAMELA SEXSMITH

The Literary Section of the Cadre is pleased to be able to share some of the poetry of Douglas Gallant with the university community as a whole.

Douglas is an Island born poet of Irish and French background. He calls himself "a professional socializer" and a "drinker by nature", and says his life centers around, "sex, dope, cheap thrills and killing time". Doug can be found any night of the week relaxing in the can of the Charlottetown Hotel.

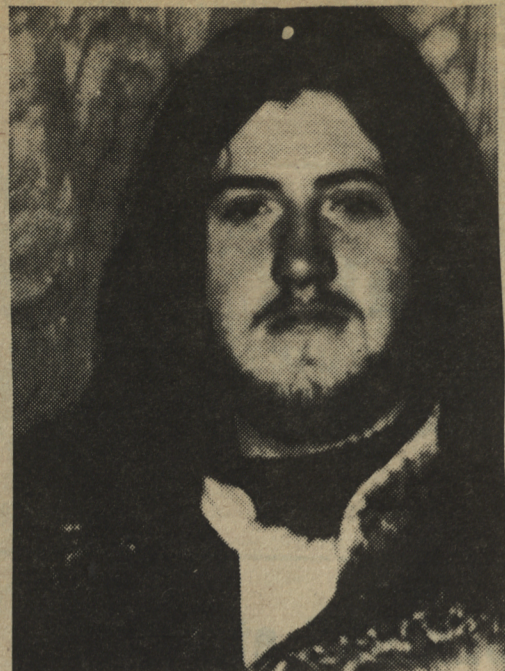
His favourite poets are Spike Milligan and Richard

Brautigan, (the latter who wrote the well known Trout Fishing in America and Watermellonn Sugar)

I very much enjoyed the unaffected warmth and mellowness of Doug's poetry, and as well was able to read and appreciate his rather beautiful and sentimental love verse.

In closing I shall once again quote Douglas, who said to me (in a rather serious tone, so that one knew that he was expressing a rather heavy bit of Philosophy)

"I hate cats, perfer them to frogs, If I had my way I'd feed cats to dogs"



DOUG GALLANT

WRITING

It feels good to be writting again

Damm Good

It's like waking up next to someone you love the morning after the first time And finding that she is still there.

ROCKING CHAIR

When the wind of summer rainstorms Blows the droplets everywhere I like to sit out on the porch
In my old rocking chair I love the little tingle When the droplets hit my face There is no fresher feeling There is no better place I've been many other places I've seen many other things And there are few things anywhere that match The joy the raindrops bring

LAMPOSTS & SNOWFLAKES

Lamposts are memorials**
***They light your way in fogs**
***They support young juveniles*
*****and drunks*****
***And they're toilets for your*
*****dogs*****
They light your way down**
*****darkened streets*****
Till you reach home**
*****sweet home*****
They give you power for**
*****electric-type things*****
***And wire for your telephone**
***If all the lamposts were cut*
*****down*****
And planted underground**
***you'd have no place for punks
*****or drunks*****
And no toilet for your **
*****hounds*****



QUESTIONS AT YOU

What do you do on that inevitable day when you run out of words

All your adventures have been recounted so many times the people you are recounting them to correct your mistakes in them

All your stories have brought their last chuckle

All the poetry you memorized in high school escapes you which isn't too bad because you've recited to her the last four nights in a row already

Be yourself? Let it bleed? Show her the side you've been hiding?

Don't be ridiculous Find another girl who hasn't heard your poems Witty stories and best lines.