

Literary



MOTH AND DRAGON

Spiritpower flamed in
the windows of his soul.
It drew me (but I had
learned not to touch
fire)-drove ice from
my core.

Others came, too. Planets
to his sun.

The pyre in his soul
gave us life anew.

Did he know the meaning
of those words?

Dragons speak that way-
fire and symbol of fire
coursed through me.

Have you ever not wanted
something as much as
you wanted it?

Days of glass, quicksand
nights trap me in my
own being.

Sapphire lies (my mask)
hold away the world.

Dragon's-fire left scars
that remind me of him,
now that I am alone.

LM

MIND BOGGLES

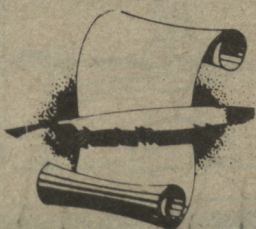
Glittering
with a multitude of colours,
like a rainbow after the
storm,
It descends down to
the reality,
a toss between the
subconscious
and the conscious
unable to
make the decision
that needs to be
determined.

Nancy M. Arsenault.

By Ed Orlowski.

Ode to the Kleeners Pet Brush

Neckel-de deckel-de
Do I crawl
Cleaning spitballs
from the wall
Pinned on bricks and
lipstick halls
Coffee Stained floors to
pop on walls
Poopie Grafitti
Yes I get them all.



Launder Matt's Lament

Round and round the driers worked hard
to please their customers. The blue
stripped night shirt peeked out of the
round window and saw them standing there
looking very bored indeed. All that they
seemed to be doing was smoking a long
white tube-like sort of thing and then
move their lips up and down.

"My, my, those people do look extremely
bored" she said to one of the brown socks.

"Why just look at them won't you?"

"I'm trying" gasped the sock as it
tried to right itself, "just a minute.

There. Why yes they do look very bored
indeed. Hmm I wonder what we can do to
see if we can be of any assistance to
them," he said.

"Let me see, let me see, screamed the
overalls" and pushed and shoved his
way forward to get a "closer look.

"Why yes your absolutely right they
are bored. Hmm, let me see. Ah. I know
what we can do to get their attention
Let us see if we can do it. You, yes
you over there. Come here and see if
you can press this button and it will
stop the machine and when our owner
comes over to see what is happening
we'll all scream at the same time,
a'kay!!!"

"Ready" said the blue jeans.

"Ready" screamed everyone else.

As the bluejeans pressed down the butt-
on of the machine it slowly came to a
halt with a low dull thud. No one breath-
ed as they waited for their owner to
come over and see what was happening.
After a minute or two, it did seem
longer to the brown sock but he never
said anything so as not to start an
argument with the others, the owner
looked over her shoulder and shook her
head as if she was upset at what the
bluejeans had done. The bluejean saw
this nod of seemingly disapproval and
quickly hid behind the blue stripped
night shirt.

"Okay fellas, quite now here she comes
don't move an inch until I give the
single."

The owner opened the drier and started
to shake the clothes around.

"Hey get your cold hands off of me you
beast" said the brown sock. Before he
could utter another word he was thrown
down into the clothes below....

Kleener's Kousin

FILM SOCIETY MOVIES

Nov. 5 Performance-
Great Britain, 1970. Dir.
Nicholas Roeg. Starring
Mick Jagger and Anita
Pallenburg. Roeg's debut
feature. A gangster on
the lam becomes involved
in an intriguing identity
exchange with a former
rock star- Jagger.

Nov. 12 Atlantic City.
Canada/France, 1981.
Dir. Louis Malle.
Starring Burt Lancaster
and Susan Sarandon.
Nominated for Best
Picture Oscar of 1981.
A witty, charming cinematic
poem set amid the tawdry
background of a gambling
paradise.



Time Patterns

The hands of the old clock
Move slowly round and round.
In an unending cycle, never
Ending never beginning.
Today is a tiny speck swept
Away by tomorrow.
Tomorrow is the hopeful's
Despair and the despairing's
hope.
Tomorrow is the hope and
Despair that never comes.
For today is tomorrow and
Tomorrow is yesterday.
And the hands of the old clock
Move slowly round and round.

J. M.

