

De Literary

The literary section of the Cadre was conceived with the idea of sharing some of the creative wealth of our University community. In my search for material for this section, I have seen and felt soom of the creative forces that are alive and well at U.P.E.I. However, it seemed unfortun-ate that there appeared to be little exchange of this creative spirit. Rather, I found it scattered here and there; finding someone who-knew-someone-who-wrote-poetry. As well, I have

experienced rather good poetry that one of my profs decided to share with his class. It is our hope this section will reflect the many styles, moods, and perspectives that one finds within a university body. I have seen writing that caught some fleeting moment, a full one, or an empty one; in a song, in a poem, people capturing the daily flux of their lives, or the long term themes that thread themselves in and out of our dreams and mythologies. Such creations captured the

flow of streams-of-consciousness, search for self, identity, a strong Island pride, perhaps a longing for a home far away, amger and rebellion; poems that manifested themselves as a secret place where one could find, unburden and celebrate oneself. Possibly this literary section will encourage the creative spirit to become more active on our campus and Poets, as yet silent and unknown.

Pamela Sexsmith

Little pieces of me everywhere;
in a drawer,
under a chair,
in an overcoat pocket
hanging on a closet hook,
packed away in some box
in some long forgotten
book,
in a family Bible
withered and old,
in an heirloom chest
with the silver and gold,
in the heart of a woman,
in the soul of a man
lost in some child s eyes
or in some garbage can,
be it in the hand
or just in the mind
everywhere you look
you re going to find
little pieces of me.

Dale McCluse

The last quiet snow melts
with a quiet laughing
trickle
And small rustles of falli
falling snow.

Small mice rustle and sque
squeak
Through the dead dry grass
Digging homes for new
families.

The gentle breezes fan
the golden sun s warmth
Dancing with the cricket s
song.

And the new grass grows
straight and tall to
entice
And sing to the wind s
harmony.

With gentle whistlings
and rustlings
it murmurs with the wind s
caress
And roars with the wind s
roar
bending to the fierce storm

He sings to me
we walk through the grass
And my heart sings with
him
the meadow our couch,
The sun and wind our
witness ,
and the cricket orchestra,
Our attendants.

Geraldine Baker

My Contrast

The sharpness of the day
And its ugliness,
Is hidden at night
By its softness.

How cruel is the day
To expose all our secrets
But how friendly the night,
To leave them concealed.

The day,
The night,
How much more contrast,
Do you want?

Louise Mould

A Distinct Sixteen Line Impression

Sun. Meaningless through
glass,
catches an eye: her face,
exhaling.
She is silent.
An old lover comes by,
and now they assume poses:
mid-room, mid-afternoon.
Groping for memories
that never were,
they are satisfied by
renewal.
Love. Meanwhile is
on the street,
alone,
dealt through dirty
hands.

Larry Leclair

If one wanted to count the
number of things,
How could one be sure that
They weren't running behind
behind you,
getting back into the list
again?

There is so much I love in
this world,
(You for your confusion and
honesty)
But I cheapen it so often!
It must hate me for that,
But of course it's
indifferant.

This may sound like
something you might have
read in another time and
space.....
I wanted you to anyway,
We are self fullfilling
propheisies,
But I am not, as you can
see,
free yet.

Pamela Sexsmith

How long does
It take to
make a
poem
?
How
long does
It take to
Draw a Breath

Rand Nicholson

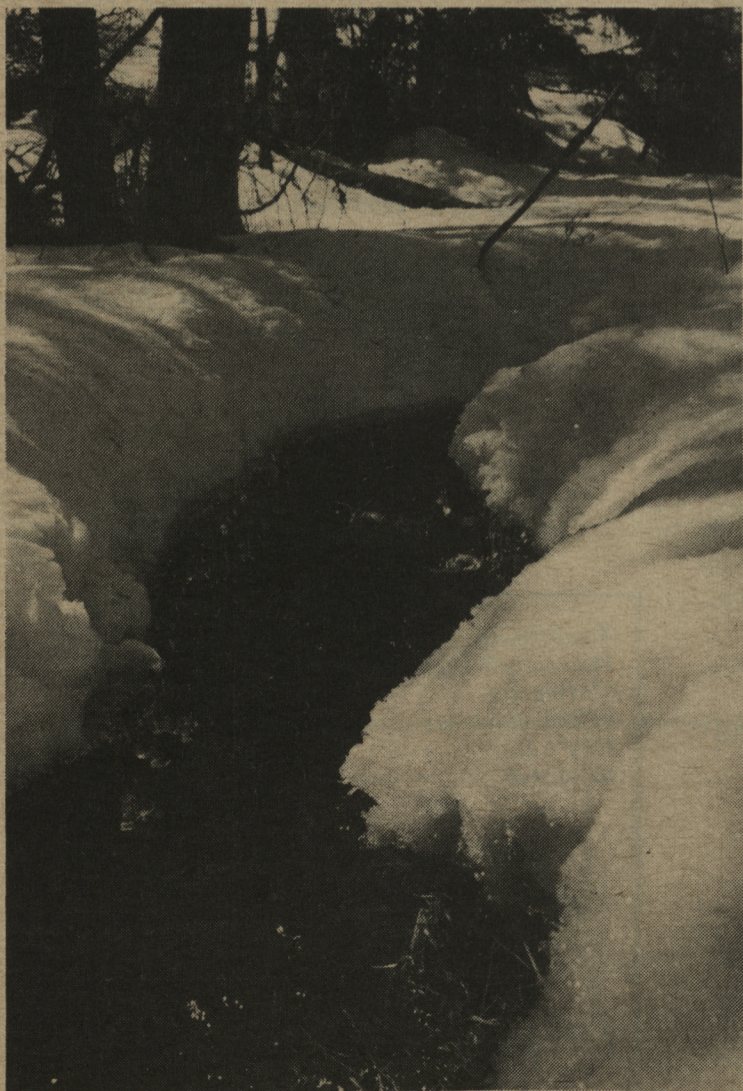


Photo by Winston Maund