

Lit

Page

On slowly becoming rapids

The south shore rocks are melting
 into the hands of the strait
 slowly fertilizing the Gulf
 if it happened in a day
 we'd all become deadwood
 adrift
 to light in New Brunswick
 harbours
 and Cape Breton inlets
 tipping slowly through St.
 Lawrence
 locks and draining in the in-
 terior
 rusting away in the salt wa-
 ter brine
 dotting the beaches with our
 smiles
 but instead they build uni-
 versities
 to stop the driftwood
 from slipping out to sea.

—Arik Duparq

Fade to Grey

ornished, junked
 and forgotten
 Piled high against the wall
 Consumered out of existence
 Everything fades
 Into the background
 After one moment of bril-
 liance
 Until all about
 Has turned grey
 And we search frantically
 Amid a world of relics
 For a glimmer
 One piece of shine
 One reminder of heaven
 In this hell of rust

—Greg Murray

Let's brood over this

i think, in the subjective
 mood,
 that the art of thought
 in some sort of
 anti-conformity
 biased, in Cerebrumand grey
 matter
 when we trip over cobwebs
 and
 dust out the corners occa-
 sionally
 brooding over uncertain mis-
 placed memories
 i remember and i thinking
 of thought quite similar to
 something
 i can't place, on the tip of my
 tongue
 i'm sure it was something to
 do with
 i remember her and that it
 wasn't
 anything like smells like
 tastes like
 sounds like looks like not
 quite
 but almost and then there's
 love.

—Arik Duparq



The Puns of Clio

One day as Clio was browsing through the library he noticed a book entitled, A Study of Punography: The History of Puns. Clio went to a carrel and began reading.

Clio had gone through several bad puns when he came across a passage describing two people martyred for their beliefs in medieval Europe. An unidentified observer quipped: "They shared the flame!"

Another page discussed one person's observation that a medieval European religious leader once said that priests were often stereotyped as sitting on donkeys and throwing fruit at young girls. This observer then stated that this passage likely gave rise to the expression, "Grapes of Wrath".

One page concerned illnesses. One author quipped: "When someone has a migraine, does that mean that it is his graine, or can anyone have it?" Another historian wondered whether athelete's foot came straight from the heart or straight from the horse's mouth. And one psychiatrist speculated that a

child who often puts his foot in his mouth will likely become a politician when he grows up.

One author found it interesting that one could regard words as playthings. This was evidenced in the definition of a pun as being a 'play on words'.

One chapter was devoted to science. One early 'scientist' speculated that the first two clouds that hit each other halfway between earth and the boundaries of space had constituted the first 'mid-air' collision. Another scientist claimed to know the origin of the word barley. Years ago a great fire swept through Europe. One farmer just managed to save his wheat crop. When somebody asked him if he had saved his crop, he replied, "Barely."

Finally Clio put down the book in disgust. He had had enough of bad puns. He decided to urge the library staff to remove this offensive book from the shelves. If they did not comply, Clio felt he would be forced to take 'punitive measures.'

ST. PETER ON A REALLY BAD DAY.

