

THE VILLAGE THAT WAS DYING

BY Lennie Gallant

Have you ever heard the sound
of a village that was dying?
I heard it - just last night it was,
Like a heavy, hollow sighing.

I heard it in the Legion Hall,
In talk of oil rigs and big bucks,
"And three more leavin' tamara!"
"A round of beer for good luck."

I heard it in young girls' voices,
Their young men they will follow.
And in the young men's nervous laughter,
As the jokes got hard to swallow.

It was there in an old man's salty eye,
It's his last year on the sea.
"Six generations it's been," he says,
"And now it ends with me."

And in the echo of my footsteps,
as I stumbled towards my home
and passed my old deserted school,
Empty, unfamiliar, alone.

It was in the creaking of the signs
That swung among the fishing boats,
Crying out for tourist dollars,
and a chance to stay afloat.

Yes, last night I heard a sound
of a village that was dying;
And tonite, far, far from there
I hear a distant seagull crying.



SECOND CHANCE

by Judy Whitehead

Friend of my college days
It was defiant then, the sex and fun,
But the knowledge of loving you did not come
and when it did, we had parted
The damage was done.

But later and oftener I wanted you there
to be my friend.

Friend again of my older days
It is joy now, the shared sex and fun.
We know ourselves and can plan ahead
We are together, the rift is healed,
and our love unsaid.

So now you are here
And as we live, you are my friend.



Friendship

by Beverly-Anne Bishop

Shy and unsure
they clung together.
Necessity held them firm.
To other the confidence
to mix and laugh
came easily.
Uncertainty held them back.
And so,
Between them a
warm friendship slowly grew.
Until with each other
felt a calm.
Secure, accepted in
their web.
Unaware that others watched
with longing gaze,
to have that
feeling of companionship
with just each other.
Merely two,
without the rest.
A boy and girl,
flung together.
Dependent on one another,
Shy and unsure
they clung together.



The Christmas Tree

by Pat Ingraham

In dark December comes a day
With Christmas not too far away,
When someone, puffing and cursing it all
Drags a naked evergreen into the hall.
Then out come the baubles, the tinsel and lights,
And after some struggling - and one or two fights -
It glows in its splendour, announcing with cheer,
"O.K. everybody. Christmas is here!"

And there it stands with its twinkling lights
Through the busy days and the firelit nights.

Little by little around its base
The parcels gather, like garlands of lace,
Until with the dawning of Christmas day
The children descend to whisk them away.

But the tree still stands with its twinkling lights
Through the busy days and the firelit nights.

Though it slowly fades and its needles fall,
Its spirit remains to remind us all
That again it will stand in majestic glory
To remind us all of the Christmas story.

And next year it will stand with its twinkling lights
Through the busy days and the firelit nights.