

## Watching

From this window, I see all;  
The busy people, the leaves of Fall,  
The birds which fly overhead,  
And this cold grey night from which I've fled.  
All of these things I truly see,  
But not one of these things compares to thee.

For thou holdst a beauty in thine face;  
A beauty which I long to embrace.  
But I cannot, for fear of Fate  
Which might turn friendship into hate.

So here I sit, seeing all;  
The busy people, the leaves of Fall,  
And the honey which drips from Heaven above.  
Oh, how I wish that this were love.  
But love takes two; and I am but one.  
So here I sit till this dream is done.

Anthony Chandler

## Notes from Circle Number Seven

I'm halfway under and halfway above the ground.  
It's damp, not cold, just sticky and uncomfortable. I  
would like to open a window but it's not safe. Some-  
one could crawl down from the parking lot.

Earlier this evening I went for another one of my  
walks. As I was out I saw this bedraggled old man  
cowering along some dark and dingy street. I'm not  
sure what street it was but I did recognize the old  
man. It was me. I wanted to stick a knife in him but  
he turned a corner and disappeared.

Some people may think it's funny but it's not.

Tomorrow, I'm to look for a job. It's going to be  
tough though. I haven't worked for over four years.  
It's not that I couldn't, I just didn't want to.

Oh yeah, I still have that lump in my armpit. It's  
swollen, not sore, just itchy and irritable.

- Darrin McCloskey

## A Bizarre dream

by Chris McCarron

It was a chilly August evening. The exhibition -  
Canada's largest & cleanest was in Charlottetown.  
Paul and I were sleeping in this cold building on  
University Ave. I woke up, startled to see a small  
green light which I knew was a ghost. Paul saw it  
too. Then the frightening happened. Paul saw the  
green light in my left eye. I dashed to a sink and  
tried to wash out the light but it wouldn't budge.

Next thing I know Paul and I were fleeing the build-  
ing which was occupied by these people who were  
trying to kill us. Leaning out of the second floor we  
spotted a delivery truck parked in front of Sam the  
Record Man. We jumped onto it and drove off. The  
killers were right behind us, fast runners were they,  
yet not as fast as the truck.

Now I'm at the exhibition grounds looking for Greg  
Gallant. I found Greg in the House of Mirrors.  
Derek Roberts gave me a long hand gun, much like  
the one Clint used in "the Enforcer". The gun was  
heavy and loaded. I stuffed it inside my jeans. I told  
Greg about the killers and ghosts inside the building  
on University Avenue. Greg is tough and agreed to  
go with me back to the building. As we walked past  
Eatons two Triceratops made their way down Kent  
Street, we kept on the sidewalk away from those  
ancient animals.

Then we entered the building. I now had the gun  
drawn and was pointing it ahead of me. Killers were  
staring at us but they backed off fearing I would  
shoot them. Greg & I needed to get to the next floor.  
The stairs were too dangerous to take. We entered an  
office and shoved a desk against the door. There was  
a square hole on the ceiling which could serve as our  
route to the next floor. I went thru first, then Greg  
tried, but he needed a hand so I pulled him through.  
Greg and I checked out the adjoining room. It was  
horrible. This room belonged to a killer who stood  
about six feet high, who wore all black, resembling  
the undertaker from the WWF. Inside the room was  
an old tree saw. The kind used in the earlier years of  
this century. It was 5 feet long and 1 foot in width.  
Two men would use this saw to cut the trees. I knew  
that the rusted, jagged saw sitting on the bed had been  
used many times to slice up victims. The bed and the  
saw together made a horrible nightmare. Greg and I  
split that room quickly. We ventured onto the roof.  
A Doberman barked and thus informed the killers of