



Sun Spots



Ice cicles

By John MacLean

ice cicles that hang from the frost laden rim
Have no appeal to the eye because of light
that's too dim
To bring out the rainbow that hides there within
Those daggers of ice that hide their wet drops
of sin.

Tradition

by T. Franks

The clock is sliding out the window, off a pile
of battered books. Someone says this could be
serious, but I know it's better than it looks.

by D. MacDonald

Butterfly quick: your touch
kisses me - into a rock solid mass - of
raging motion:
a rapid burst of foaming meeting: bubbled
over stone lumps in my throat:
Eye blazed relentless mid morning:
sun hazing:
where finger limbs stretched leaf shaking:
touch
to wave: sand gritted against my teeth,
ripples churned brown edges:
caught.

Emptiness embraces me with both her hollow arm's.
Tickling ice cold palm's up and down my warmth.
Cruel and sudden, winding both her legs
Of frozen gaping space.
Laughter cracking like finger joint's in my ear.
Singing and whispering my silent contract.
Pushing, knee's drawn up, I slide onto the iced floor
Laying flat, my warm trickled a snake path.
And my finger's stopped on that froze thin glass;
Left little fat O.S.

Tribute To The UPEI Soccer Club

from the genius of Patti Bradley

Once a month the moon turns full
And brightens the entire sky
I recall seeing a number of moons
But these ones fastly flew by.

It all began on a Wednesday afternoon
Two UPEI squads to play
The field hockey team was off to Moncton
And the soccer team to Sackville, Mount A.

After the games it was back home once again
Both teams met on the dock
The field hockey team had Barb at the wheel
The soccer team had Sandy, the Doc.

Back in the vans and onto the road
Barb took a gallant lead
Way in the back were the soccer boys van
Just waiting and planning to tease.

Up like a shot came the van red and white
It passed to the left of Barb
All eyes were glued to the bare little bums
The bare little bums and their bods.

Seven little bums all in a row
Shouts were heard from the girls.
"That's Larry! No, it's John, No it's Scottie I'm sure!
I know I've seen that one before!"

Bird; Bread

Finger's, sensible warm, dived single bird's,
desperate trapped in stupid flight.
Twisting, wrist thick, thread's of bread dough
knotted, damp and dumb in a pool of crusting flour.
Eye's now mute to mime: an echo of breath expelled.
away from mine; your hand, now raised, wipes
sweat from your lip, like a child clear's tear's
in a shadowed corner.

The blind erratic flight, halted, breath caught
in a empty mid-air you patting mound's perfect
stiff dusted, seeming musty like the iron over starched cloth.
Dress caught, below tunneled thigh's, fluttered
thin breezes outward, from plodding hip's.
I sponged hand's over open lip's: eye's poised for purpose;
followed your eye glide - someone's stolen hand -
traced the flight to sky.

Waiting for you,
I touched the surface of things;
brushing and smoothing
Away sudden wrinkles and crumb's.

this morning the wind
as it passed over my definite shoulder's,
moved like high clear shouts.
And, I waitingly touched the surface of
things:
like a forgotten lyric that made me jump at
a school dance once:
Who are you, here one hand outreached to
touch me?



The girls proceeded to pass once more
Up to the van they came.
More bare bums, but this time, oh no!
Someone saw more than their share.

"There's Kevin, and Mitch, and Andy I think
But who is the one over there?"
The girls laughed, and pointed, and shouted together
"The one with the dark black hair"

Three times the vans were in hot pursuit
And each time it never failed
The bare littel bums were completely exposed
Showing almost nothing but tail.

"Three point five" was a common cry
For what the girls had seen.
"Three point five" for seven little bums
The point five for creativity.

A little embarrassed and shy were the guys
When confronted by the girls from behind
The girls felt and pinched but could not decide
The best bum they had seen during the night.

So now the situation is up in the air
To decide the winner in the van.
I say they all win hands down this time
But who's the one with all the dark black hair?