

I await the coming of May.
 No other month.
 May is the month of my birth.
 The month of beginning.
 April is the water month
 But the full round went by
 Before her sprinkling cleansed me.
 And so it must be that if I see May again
 I must first be washed by April rain.

Gord Marney

While thunders slash at soul-silence
 Unremitting in black trombone ferocity
 And falling leaves prepare for death
 In visionary light of righteousness

While tears of planet cycles glow
 Among unfettered hopes and swelling tides
 And rush away disconsolate
 Intending no return to nests of certainty

While howls of love and pain
 Slash in thundrous ecstasy and naked bulbs
 And falling leaves rehearse their morning
 agony

In plastic sheets from welfare agencies

While tears of cycled planets warn
 Of coming feasts and drunkenness
 Of rocking paradise and drug
 Intending vows of temporal chastity
 Not knowing secret howls of loveless pain

While thunders slash and storm
 In fortified swinging ruins
 Belching inner vows of chasened dreams
 Midst marching rows of gorgon dirges
 And gum-chewing medusas

While towering smiles of cyclop eyeball
 Enrich my daily fears of white repentance
 And north stars laugh above the storm
 At nightly Artic barrenness
 Lost in deep freeze cosmic nightmare

While flaming steeds of muscled sex
 Trample on fields of virgin softness
 Echoing howls of steel guitar litanies
 To muffled chords of gavotte whisperings
 Tearless in electronic mourning shouds

While arrows shoot at owls' blindness
 And northern stars curse echoing pains
 While falling leaves speak painless love
 Now knowing secret joys of silent void

JEAN ADARS

What is behind the gray wood steps
 And the red shaded bricks?
 How should a child know or care to know
 For the world is large
 And full of wonder, ancient
 Gray-wood and red-shaded wonder.

What myriad lives, and rules
 Atain, and worried face,
 And lost promise of past youth
 Relived in aged eyes?

The world is full
 And life has passed some by;
 And I will live it till
 I dwell behind ancient, gray and
 Red-shaded knowledge.

J. COWIE

FIRST SNOWFALL 1963

Snow

falls—

palls

dingy earth

in blanket

of

downy flake —

and I awake

to

the vigor

of it all.

F. L.

And let Violets sun in undisturbed riot
 in open sunlit fields,
 And let roses in love play quietly
 In the private dark behind the wall.
 For we shall not rush and intrude
 With picking and pointing
 And olfactory meddling into their business.
 We have our own, you and I, that will suffice
 To fill the many, but the oh so few, minutes in the day.

GORD MARNEY