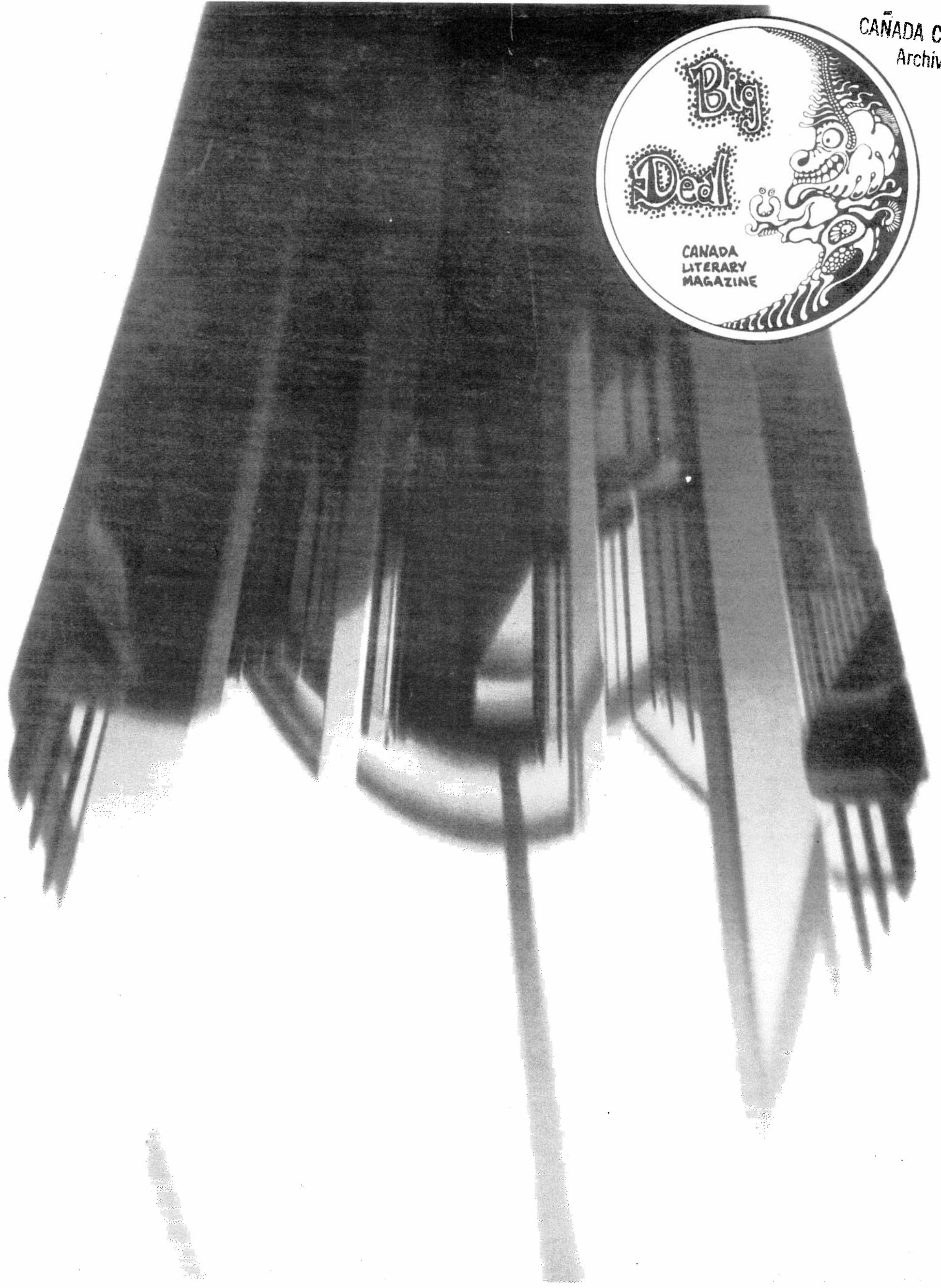


CANADA COLLEGE
Archives





bruce pearson

A Given Smile

A spark of blue flashes
across the distance between,
a sparkling blue with a crystal gleam
from the corner.

A blue so deep and pure
screaming through my eyes
in an instant fire, burning
through my heart, reaching.

Lifting my heart gingerly
on fingertips, burning my soul
in that momentary ecstasy
of your twinkling eye.

On a breathless pinnacle miles high
no words were said
a gift of love on
a given smile.

If my feet could run, I would,
if I could jump, laughing,
if I could scream, scream,
if I could love,
love.

A smile takes life in a cascade of color and of motion
moving across the distance between.
Taking a burden, reaching out to my soul
easing my mind.

A strand of golden hair catches the light
like the sun bursting through a cloudy day.
Your head tilts bringing to focus,
all at once, your face.

A stalk of golden wheat blows gently in the wind.
Ah, such beauty is reaching to my soul,
I haven't even touched you.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti
Dale Polissar
Al Young

courtesy Holy Moly
poetry reading society

Writing

Preston Houser
Tom Walker
Rhonda Swann
Rick Thrasher
Abdol Schwartz
Sandy Castle
Ron Federighi
Charles Copeland
Richard Trott
Charles Riche
Peter Whitten
Valerie Skwarlo
Don Ellenberg
Odell Spiller

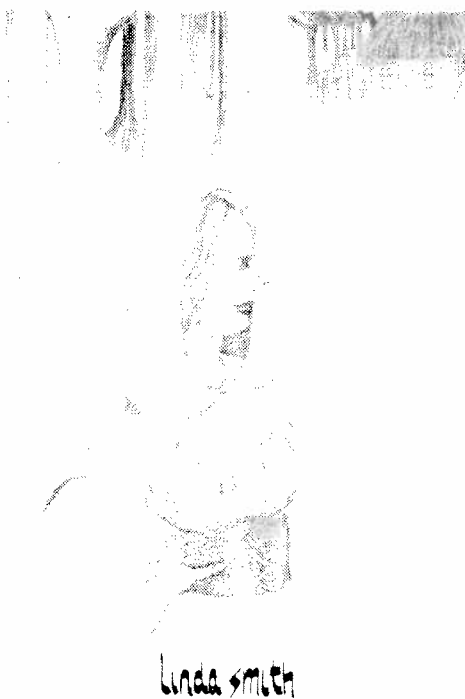
Good

Dragonfang



Art

Mike Nelson
Jawn Pope
Mac
C. Carroll C.
Linda Smith
Gail Rushmore
Bruce Pearson
Bill Miller
Mibs Hitchcock
Larry Rogers
Dr. Gordon
Simmons



Linda Smith

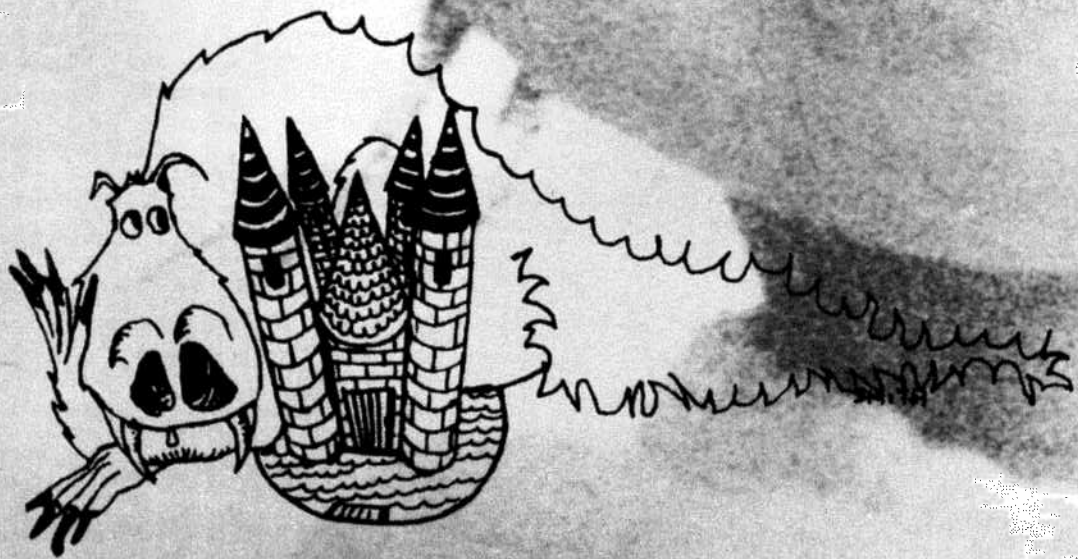


Ten Second Time Limit

to be read line by line
until the reader reads
all ten lines at the
at the last, the victim
is to recite what he has
heard each time a new line
is read so that he repeats
all ten lines and is finished.

1. one red hen
2. two ducks
3. three brown bears
4. four hopping hares
5. five fat females
6. six simple simons sitting on a stump
7. seven sicilian seifors sailing the seven seas
8. eight egotistical egotists eagerly echoing egotistical ecstasies
9. nine nuvial nymphs nimbly nibbling knats knuckles and nicotine
10. im not a fig plucker or a fig pluckers son but i'll pluck pigs
till the fig plucker comes

odell spiller



Linda Smith

bill miler



even in the evening when the battle is done
 & cotton clouds come splashing over the mountains
 it is you who wonders while soldiers are sleeping
 it is your soul that keeps my gun warm

& when the sun rises above the ocean
 no victory seen, no harvest met
 it is you that is slaving upon the sea
 & it is your child that is playing on the shore

just as the earth lies frightened by thunder
 & fire has no alliance with water
 so too have you an enemy which is holy;
 it is your freedom that is your master

though i sing of pleasure and know of little
 (from the forest to the seaweed)
 it is you that i see in my mirror
 & it is your voice which comes from my mouth



A PRAYER FOR PROGRESS

i.

If the aim of the poet, and all art
 is to write the harmonious chord
 for the people and some man's technocracy
 to sing, then tell me Lord,
 of the better place for me to begin.
 for to talk of things unknown is crazy.
 I do not know this machine
 at all. At best I would tear it apart.

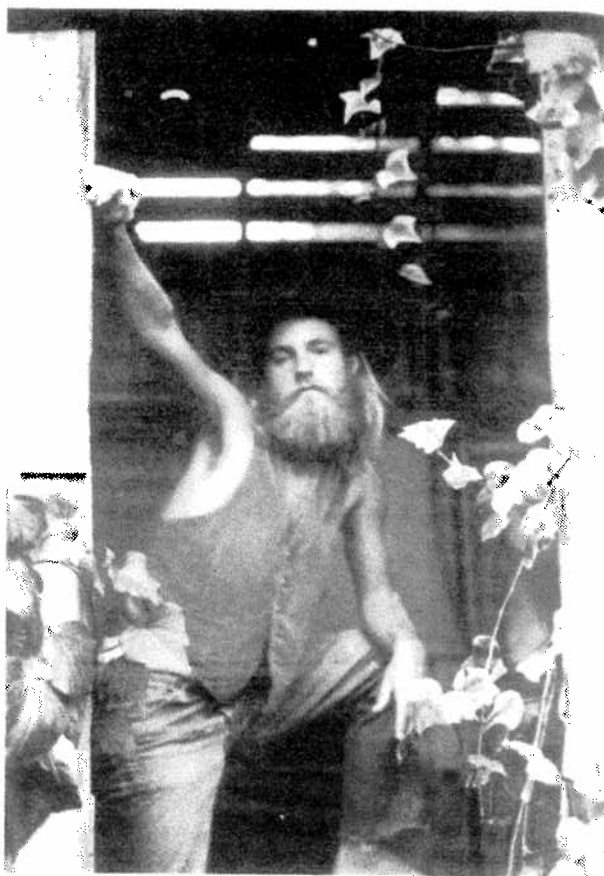
ii.

The shadow foretells the end of the wheel,
 or the end of progressive advancement.
 Its new revolutions are found in the mill.
 Now the wheel lays flat on the asphalt pavement
 and spins the Mandala for carnival living.
 And throws off, as it rounds, the thrill
 of abundances ages late in giving
 them over, of human relations, and life that is real.

iii.

No longer the lettuce crops plowed
 underground for pure economical reason.
 For not solely the Young, now key to elections,
 add too, the People and Science Liaison.
 They will rise up a miracle like flowers thru snow.
 They will fashion world consciousness, uniting all sections.
 But slow, o so slow, as artists do know, the wheel tips slow.
 But so, it will fall and revolve for us all
 as it has always been vowed. Amen.

ron federighi



early in the evening
 i gave my love a candle.
 walk with me along the many groves
 of trees whose leaves
 are falling-
 walk near me beside waterfalls
 which cast out rivers
 which will never touch the earth again-
 stand with me in a garden
 where we can watch the sun go down
 although we have ceased to cast shadows-
 be with me among the chalky meadows
 where the soul weeps in a vacuum;
 where we have long forgotten the sleep
 of our own eyes
 and the dreams of our own silence-
 stay with me until my last breath is smokey
 and my pulse is still-
 like you i know death
 is a friend to strangers only,
 but soon we will be strangers
 to each other.
 then in the distance i saw
 birds destroying their eggs-
 animals eating their children.

no longer will i ask questions
 to which answers are laughter
 and truths are only tears.

i know the earth is dying . . .



preston houser

mike nelson

... and you know as well as i
our prophets are in asylums
across the horizons,
and where it begins
is where it ends
so, therefore, like horses gone lame
all our consequences are the same ...

preston hooser

Now seeming at this time
To be almost knowingly changing
The past crept upon me
with aching ages
leaving the master soul
alone-departed

In yearning, mourning-
miles more, tough frontiers where
grass is burning

The trumpet blared,
minds in turmoil
running from the sound

testing the strength of
a lioness
sleeping silently
with one eye open-----

rhonda swan

i had a dream where
in a zoo all of the animals
broke loose. i had to run
to an empty cage
& lock myself in
so i could once again
be free.

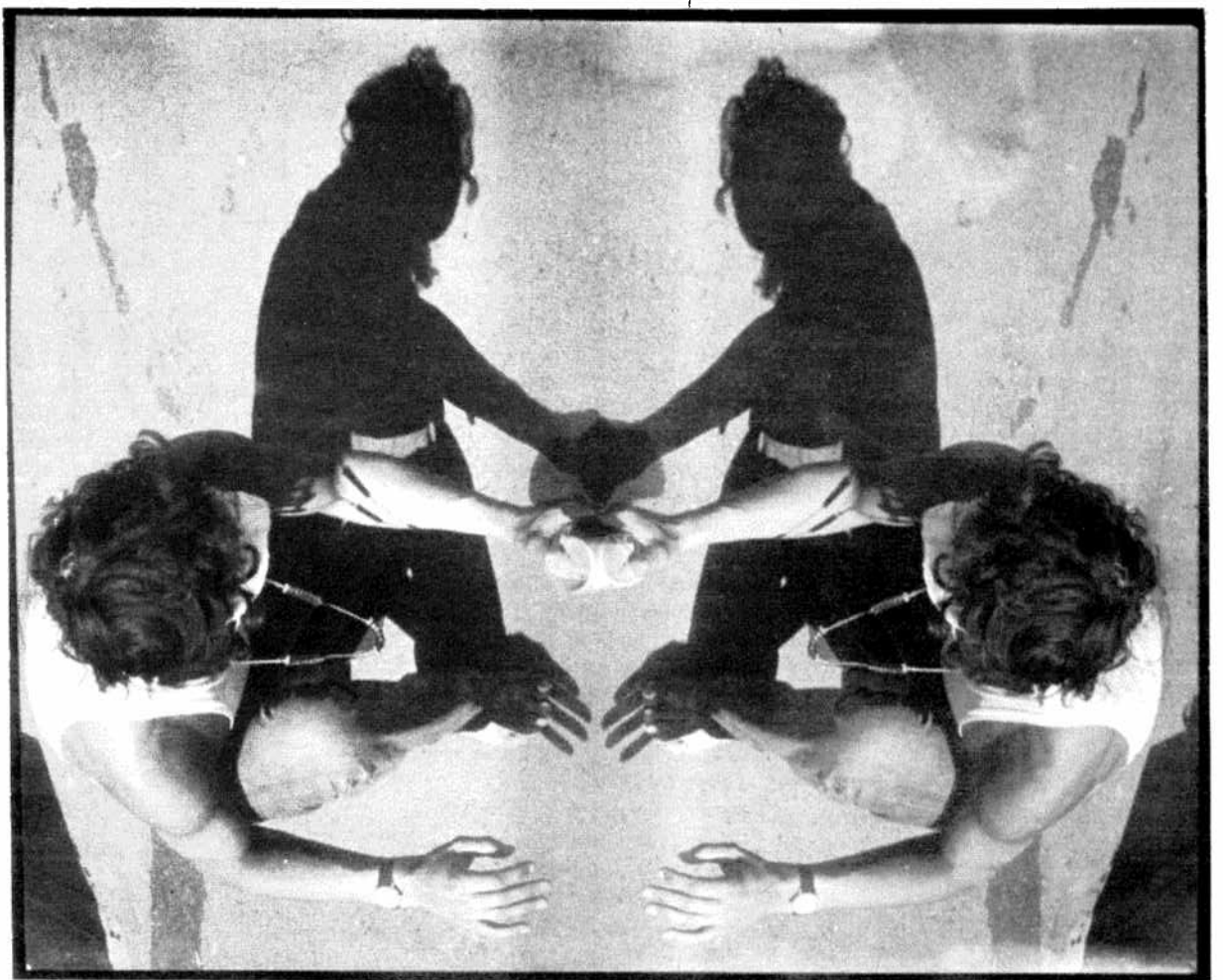
Preston Hooser

SWEET MORNING
Honey dew morning
Green carpet of grass

Rings of white clustered flowers
Scatter on the hills

Sunshine orange buds of brightness
Burst out color and life
on the hills

Valerie Skwarlo



don allenberger

Fall's Afternoon

The light flashed across the court as the clouds covered and uncovered the sun from her hiding place in the heavens. A large brooding black cloud hauled his intense mass over the dazzling brightness of the rays not without some amount of difficulty. The afternoon was young and promised never to end. Life seemed to pass by slowly here for anyone lying in the warm grass as the frolicking game of the sun and the clouds alternately warmed and cooled him. A few people walked slowly by talking to one another easily and confidently, and with the familiarity of being old friends. And some walked silently together.

To one lying back in the tall warm grass with his eyes closed the motion of the earth would become apparent and he could almost feel the astronomical weight of the earth turning away from him and pulling him under and around. As he daydreamed in the sun with his eyes closed he could feel his life slipping away from him like the earth. He dreamed of living forever in the solitude of peace and warmth while the earth rolled his life away beneath him.

Thinking of the smile of a friend nearby he remembered that his life was at hand. And then a strange feeling rumbled from his brain and sought a center of consciousness in the lazy awareness of the afternoon. He opened his eyes turning on his side, and propping his head up with his hand, he stared across the lawn and waited for his eyes to regain focus. And as he watched the grey blur separate into distinct colors and the images sparkle and snap into focus he became aware of a dull and droning feeling. Somehow he could not remove the feeling that while Fall's colors lept and danced in the theater of man all that he would ever be able to do would be to bide his time and wait as the days and years floated by.

i live in unfamiliar surroundings
though the lives that began here will not end here
they are empty in my memory
i have long forgotten the times when,
like a tree bent to the ground,
i wanted to return to the place where i was born.

(i awoke from the womb
only to sleep in the earth
but like a tree bent
with its ear to the ground
i've often wanted to hear
the music of my birth.)

preston houser



jones meerkaten

One Magic Moment

Wedges of dark silhouettes slice
through the icy night blue air
of early morning;

and your heart swells-
pulled upward by the passing wings.

But we can only stand shivering
and watch-
until the sun creeps up
and melts our magic moment.

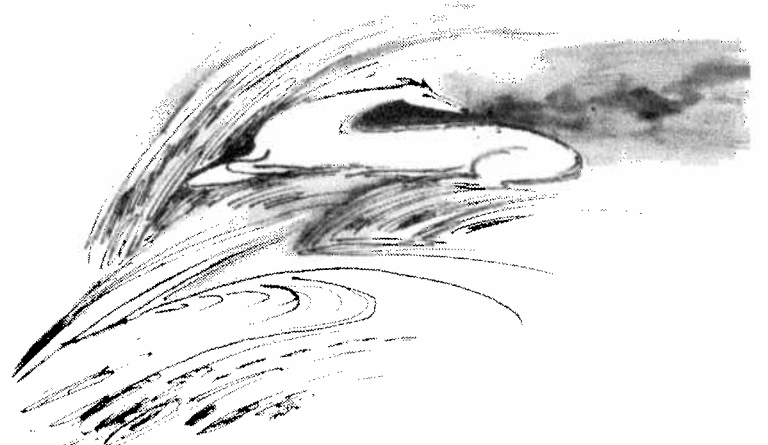
richard trost



linda smith

Compassion, oh my people, have compassion for yourselves.
What a clumsy, graceless, painful job was done on you, growing up!
How you were processed, pushed and pulled, like a bunch of metal scrap,
And stamped this shape or that according to somebody's plan.
And made to think the whole time you were free, while specialists
Assembled you, like cars going down the line in a factory --
Blind specialists, who were themselves assembled clumsily.
How you were made to feel your life was like a graded test
Or like Monopoly -- a matter of power and property
Oh flesh, soft flesh, soft watery flesh we are. Like plants we are.
We grow -- and only partly can control the way we grow
Our being is deeply rooted in the soil of endless time.
Nothing our minds can know can touch the hugeness of our being:
Whole galaxies expand behind the blinking of your eye,
And ancient creators howl within your own moon cry.
You cannot know. You are not what you think you are. Be still --
And let this wondrous thing you are unfold the way it will.

Dale Polissar



miles mitchcock

I once saw the sea
 I once saw the grass
 I once saw the birds
 I once saw the trees
 Now I see signs saying "ecology"!

charles roche



larry rogers

Non Sequitor

from the high and mighty mountains
 the meadow drifter flows
 wandering down streams
 off the borders of thought
 floating on
 to the sea

alone in the trees
 he slows his mind down
 grabbing handfuls of stars
 that he spreads
 across your mind
 like a dream
 you got to be free

bring you is easy
 till you wonder why
 that you find more nature
 in absurd than reason
 but he doesn't have to follow
 to be

abdul schwartz
 10/27/71



charles copeland

oop
 wiggles the dreamy
 a squash the log
 swoop slurping
 swoop slurping
 the fuzzy of rainbow
 a fog ooze flies
 on pond
 and oop
 mud
 mud
 whys

charles copeland

THE
 BALLAD OF
 THE PAY-
 CHECK LEGEND
 ♪ LAY ME DOWN
 PICK ME UP
 PUT MY TEETH
 IN A CUP
 PLACE THE HAIR
 OVER THE SPOT
 THAT'S STARTING TO
 SHINE
 ON THE BRAINS GONE
 ROT.

sandy castle



bruce pearson

AIRPORT MANTRA

[Seeing Allen Ginsberg off to India]

Plane says Om
Sky says Om
Sun says Om Om
When will America sing it
When will America utter it
Om is He who is meat + air
Om is She who is Light
Om is universe spinning
Sound of universe singing
Love-sound of Om
Sigh-cry of Om
Flutter and moan of Om Om
Breath of life which is Om
Om America unknown
singeth in the void


Lawrence Ferlinghetti 8/31/71





The quietly humming train man
 carrying its passengers to everywhere
 walked
 the train tracks lay on the ground,
 into
 waiting for a train to tickle them,
 Death
 that they might laugh.
 quite
 Unsuspecting the man steps onto the tracks,
 happily
 and they all Died, laughing and happy

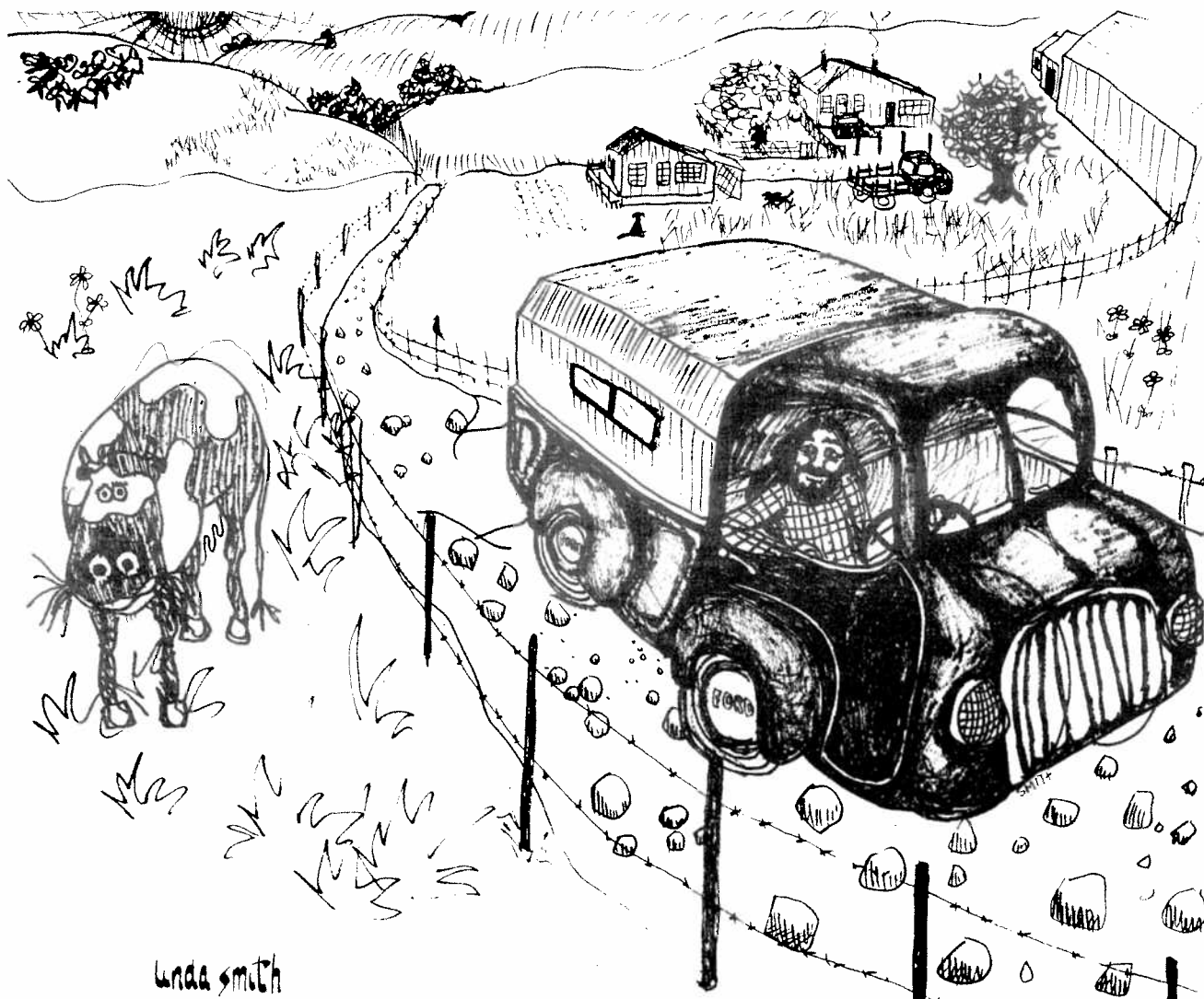
rick thresher

You said
 there was no time
 to stop and taste
 the warm eternity
 of each other.
 Yes I tell you
 Yes, and always yes;
 The earth
 has yielded to us
 it's freshness.
 Besides,
 there is something moving
 through your body and mind
 that draws me
 like the laughter
 of distant planets.

tom walker



bruce pearson



Linda Smith

A cloud of moisture,
 forms,
 It blows on icy,
 winds,
 Towards the mountains,
 rising from the earth.
 Darkening towards the rain.

The moisture begins to condense
 To form droplets,
 Almost ready to start,
 Their long fall to the darkened earth
 Just a head.

The droplets floating downwards
 Collide
 And form drops,

And the first drop falls.

People in the streets below,
 Hold out their hands,
 And stare upward

rick thresher





OLD LIGHT
 How quickly morphology
 shifts
 the whole landscape
 thrice uprooted
 all the tall redwoods
 yanked & shipped to Japan
 since you snapped
 that one

My eyes grow new
 the smile crokeder---
 Here your coloring
 shines out of you differently
 as tho measured thru
 some other kind of prism
 one by which the wave length
 of a smile
 is easily recorded

Like distant hills by moonlight
 your own dark beauty
 brightens
 like meanings of remembered places
 illuminated
 by time & distance

Carmel Valley
 the Zoo at the end
 of the Judah line
 Tomales Bay
 McGee Street
 Smith Grade Road
 Avenida Cinco de Mayo
 Guadalajara Guadalajara
 the beach at Point Reyes of
 saying goodbye
 to sand the ocean the untakeable
 sea breeze
 dorway doorway
 backyard
 garden
 alleyways
 bench
 forest of countryside & city

The passing of time'll
 shatter your heart
 recorded in
 mute shadow & light
 the photographer's hour

at young

gail rushmore

The Race is Over
She turned her head slightly
sitting there in the sun
her hair falling lightly
tucking about her collar.

He never had stopped loving her
not for a moment or an instant
and now his heart weighs heavily
upon his sunken body.

A tear softly forms on the corner of her eye
and pleads down her soft downy cheek
salty and sweet, sorrowful
sitting there in the sun.

Two years gone as the sun moved
slowly in the Autumn sky
pleading love to nature,
the mother of all, and her children.

Sadly and softly, sitting there alone
in the waning autumn sun
a gentle warm breeze kissing her hair
softly and sweetly sighing.

Running so fast, so swiftly
tearing through trails and hollows
sunken beneath the jungle
screaming past bushes and stones.

Breaking upon a meadow
pacing his breathing and feet
never stopping or turning
fighting fatigue and strain.

Muscles moving and heart pounding
across the miles travelled
and from the meadows to open hills
racing alone in a frenzy.

The hills gone by, the trees gone by
in a passion the race continued
the legs were screaming their weariness and pain
but the mind pressed on its illusion.

In a crazy delirious flight
the course began to take shape
and finally the mind bent to slaken
fatigue slowly dawned on the brain.

After miles and miles of racing
through lowlands and highlands and rivers
the legs still churning in frenzy
started bending towards where they began.

The sun has seen many times the earth
and the moon, more than she
and the young man comes racing still
through lowlands and highlands and trees.

Slowly, ever slowly had the turn been,
and slowly the turn came around
and crazily the legs went racing
towards where they began.

But slowly the mountains grew distant
and upon the plains he did come
two years of running and sorrow
his heart did carry now.

And then he came racing over
and slowed his run to a walk
to where she had been sitting
in the waning autumn sun.

And when he had cleared the hilltop
he walked barefoot in the grass
with hands in his pockets he gazed after
the spot he had seen her last.

He had never stopped loving her
nor would he ever still
and now the tear was upon his cheek
salty and sweet and sad.

The chair she had sat in was empty
as he rested his hand on its back.
A young man stands there gazing
deep in the autumn sunset.

He had seen her sitting there sadly
and now his eyes filled with tears
and through his dry lips whispered
a low and sweet-strained goodbye.

THE UNRECITABLE POEM NUMBER THIRTEEN

poem. a respite
of experience
and learning
or deliriums and amazement
from the longer poem which is living.

"few words spoken
fewer hearts broken." Illusions XII. XIII.

poem.
i exhale quintessence of me
into you,
inhaling half couplet
and lover
the two
of us rhyme

like white
identical vapors
on a blue sheet.

"no words said
poetry is dead." Literary Allusions 44.

poem.

life is alive
and wishing
for a day
without
any

verbal exchange.

like caribou

ears raised
listening
gathering
the
sounds of earth

like water
to

sponges.

"the buck is above
all sound but love."

Hiawatha pp.3-5

three lives

poem.

are needed

by
the poets.

one
to live the poem,
another
to write the poem,
a third
to recite the poem.

"A small number they do give
of lives for poets to live."

ron federighi

