



Jamie Teit

RAVEN 75

"The poetry of the earth is never dead..."

Keats

"On the Grasshopper and the Cricket"

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Student Contributors

Pre-Vocational

Abraham Shorty

Ed Shorty

Grade 10

Shiela Alexandrovich
Luann Baker
Kelly Buckler
Hugh Charlie

Marlene Fuerstner
Janine Gobeil
Anne Jarvis

Grade 11

Gary Bailie
Mel-Sue Bakke
Philip Branigan
Jennifer Cable
Peggy Chippett
Tont Clennett
Ramona DesRoches
Robert Lang

Breton MacKinnon
Donna Malhiot
Ted Parkinson
Keith Pineau
Donna Styba
Ulrike Wohlfarth
Mike Wren
Cheryl Young

Grade 12

Glenys Baltimore
Heather Bojsza
Bonnie Carson
Alida Frame
Pat Green
Mel Johnston
Sidney Maddison
Kevin Murphy
Susan Myrholm
Gordon Nairn
Dan Reams

Ken Repstock
Darra Sibley
Shannon Simpson
Barbara Smeeton
Jack Styan
Jamie Tait
Vickie Tait
Karen Taylor
Lorna Taylor
Jean Watt



Kam Walker

Sometimes

The immensity of my feelings
destroys my character.
I shrivel up inside
with only your ideas remaining,
smothered by my needs
and your sympathies.
I long to throw you off,
peel you away,
like a molting boa,
to reveal me
renewed in strength
to defend my own,
before it is too late.

Sidney Maddison

Life is the soft smell of flowers,
of blossoms still young in the air,
the peace in a slow summer morning
of knowing that you will be there.

Life is the warm taste of coffee,
of spring where the love needs not hide,
the coolness of air in the evening,
and knowing you stand by my side.

and ever you lift up your voice now
in chorus too brilliant to sing.
oh life! how it's joys ever alter-
and yes, yes I will wear your ring.

life is the quiet of evening
where sorrow no longer has place;
where joys must be ever recalled now
and always I remember your face.

Cheryl Young

The she cat
sleek, slender
eyes like amber
stalks silently...

The she cat
black as the sky
dazzles your eyes
waits silently...

The she cat
her burning stare
is always there
she is waiting.

H. Bojsza



Soul in Flight

A white image soared into the heights
through a vast eternal sea.
It was riding the gentle winds
then drifting into a low glide.
Its wing-tips shimmered of silver
as they met with the ends of the sky.

Heather Bojsza

Cattle Country

I'd swear Alberta is where God dropped a rose;
Rolling green and gold,
The warming breath of a chinook,
Rabbits and porcupines nibbling bark.
Elks bellowing;
Children laughing;
The smell of horse-manure from the barn,
Bawling of calves meeting the branding-iron,
The daisy-flecked meadows below the Dog-mountain:
Cattle country.

Karen Taylor



The falling flower
I saw drift back to the branch
was a butterfly.

Mike Wren

La neige,
La première neige,
qui
tombe
descend
flotte du ciel

Douce comme poudre,
Blanche comme sucre,

doucement

Jusqu'à la terre,

glissant
mouillant les rues.

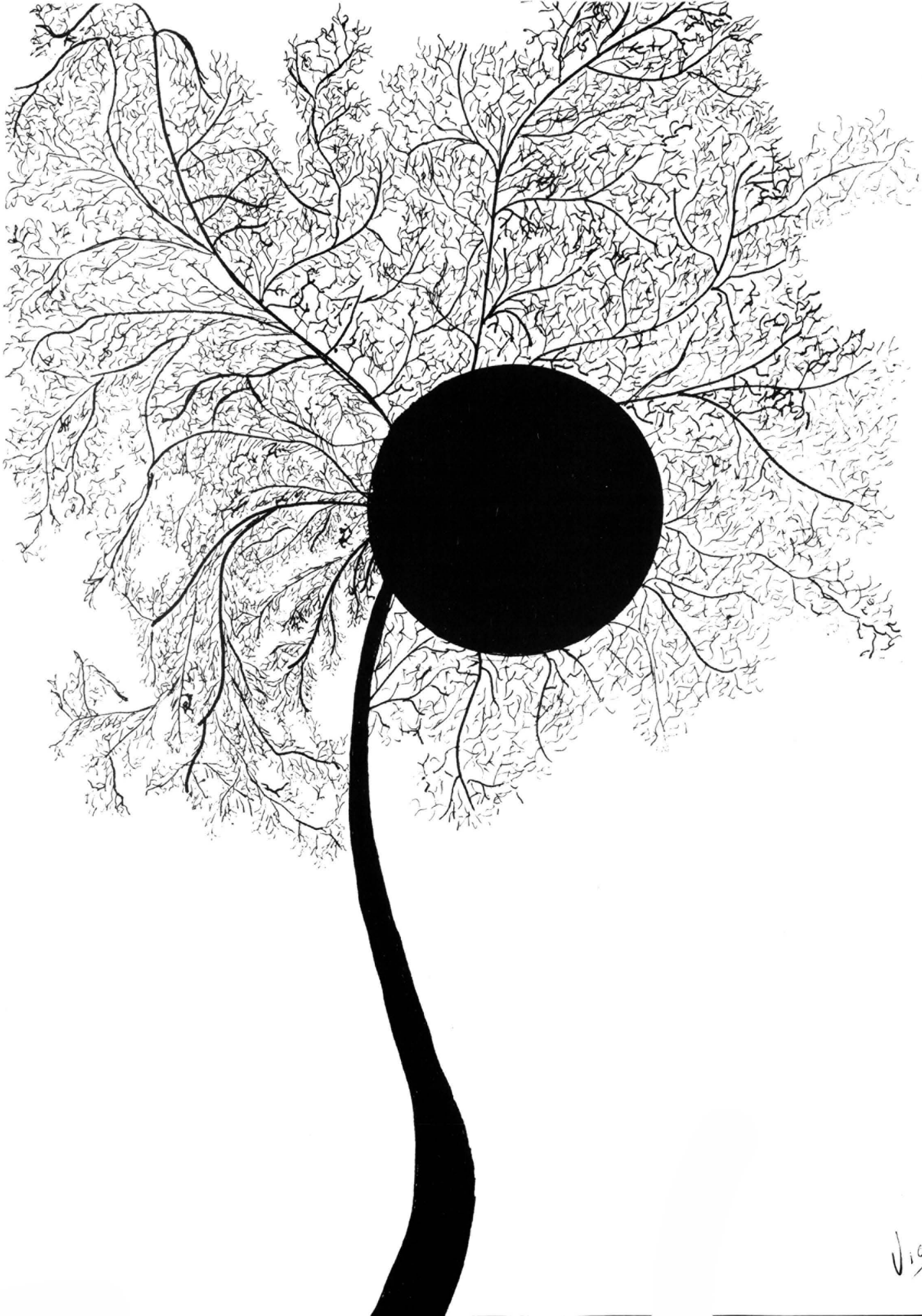
Les pneus soupirent-

le cri aigu.

Ulrike Wohlfarth

There it lies
the thick white blanket of snow
just waiting to be wrinkled.

Peggy Chippett



Vicki
1914

Mountain

I blunder over boulders
And am gratified that I am the first to
touch each.

Up, up I climb
To the hurried little glacial stream
But its only solitude is to numb my thirst

Again I struggle up, up
Across tired shale and through low, thick
brush which twines itself around my
ankles
In an attempt to slow me.

Still, up
To the mats of pink buds
But 'though my legs and eyes are free,
I move slow
My chest is very small.

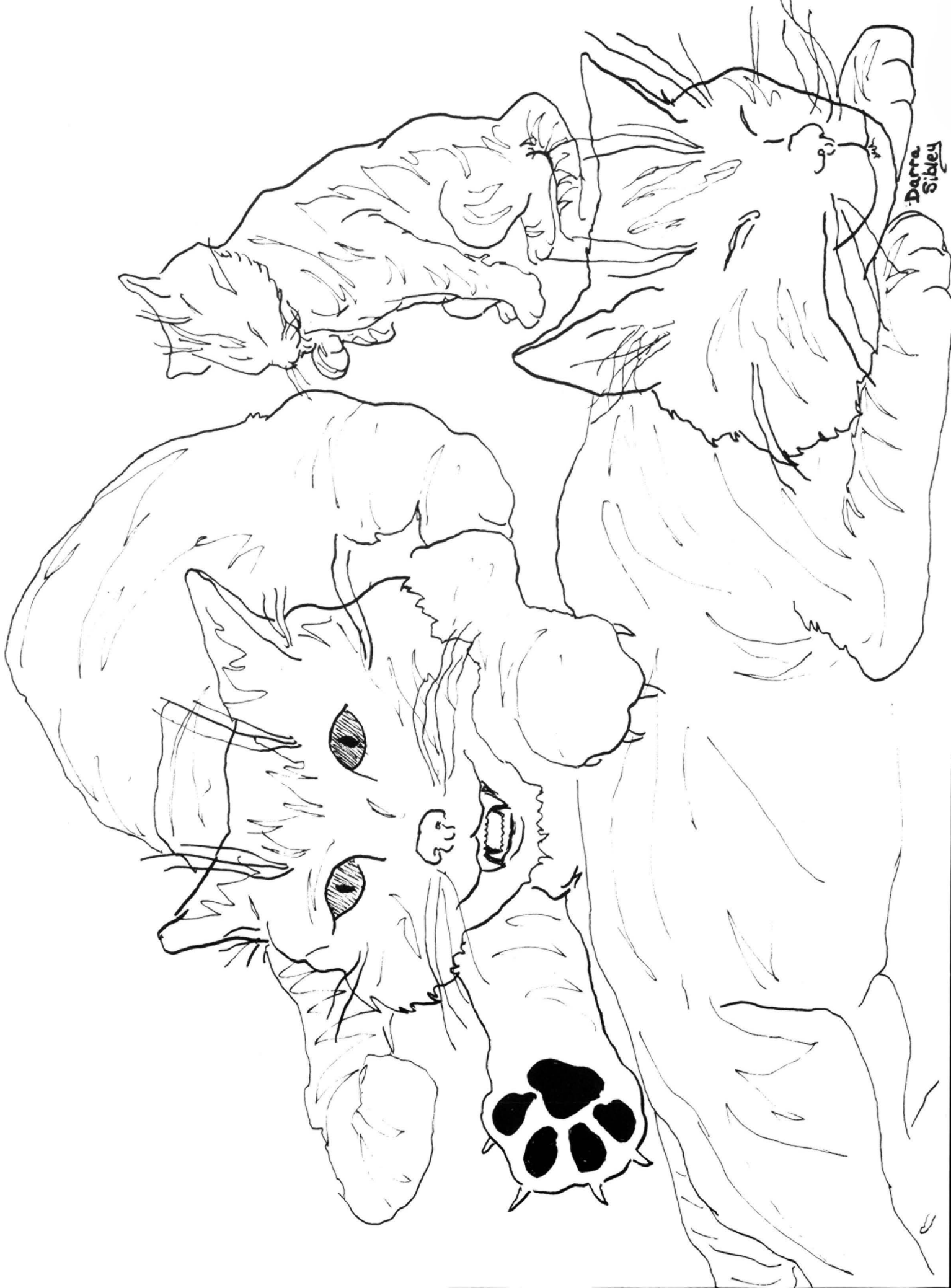
But I win.
As I stand on the mountain's head,
surrounded by air,
I am nature's maestro,
And I command the sun and wind
To release their musical freedom.

When I look down, I see

WILD POPPIES.

Glenys Baltimore





Datta
Sibley

The Eye Spy

An eye can be a world,
For in it are the things it sees outside.
And the eye is troubled.

An eye can be a clown,
It makes a merry fool of merry fools.
And the eye is laughing.

An eye can be a soul,
For in it shines the hope for things to come.
And the eye is wisdom.

Keith Pineau

The Searchlight

I can't remember when
 its beauty first captured me,
Perhaps it was when I was two
 and Dad would go on walks
with me, in the evening.
On clear, spring nights it would move
Swiftly across the dark.
I called it the rainbow, white rainbow
 night rainbow.
It flashed like a floating star
 across a sky,
And lighted what I thought was the
 whole world.

Jean Watt



Edoardo G. Mariani

Solo

Her head, slack, loose, fell back
Against the pillow.
Memories of love and love lost
Flooded her brain as though,
A mighty dam had burst.
Tears of joy and sadness inched
Along the hard, coarse lines of
An aged, forgotten face.
Her time had run out
As does the sand in an hourglass.

Bonnie Carson

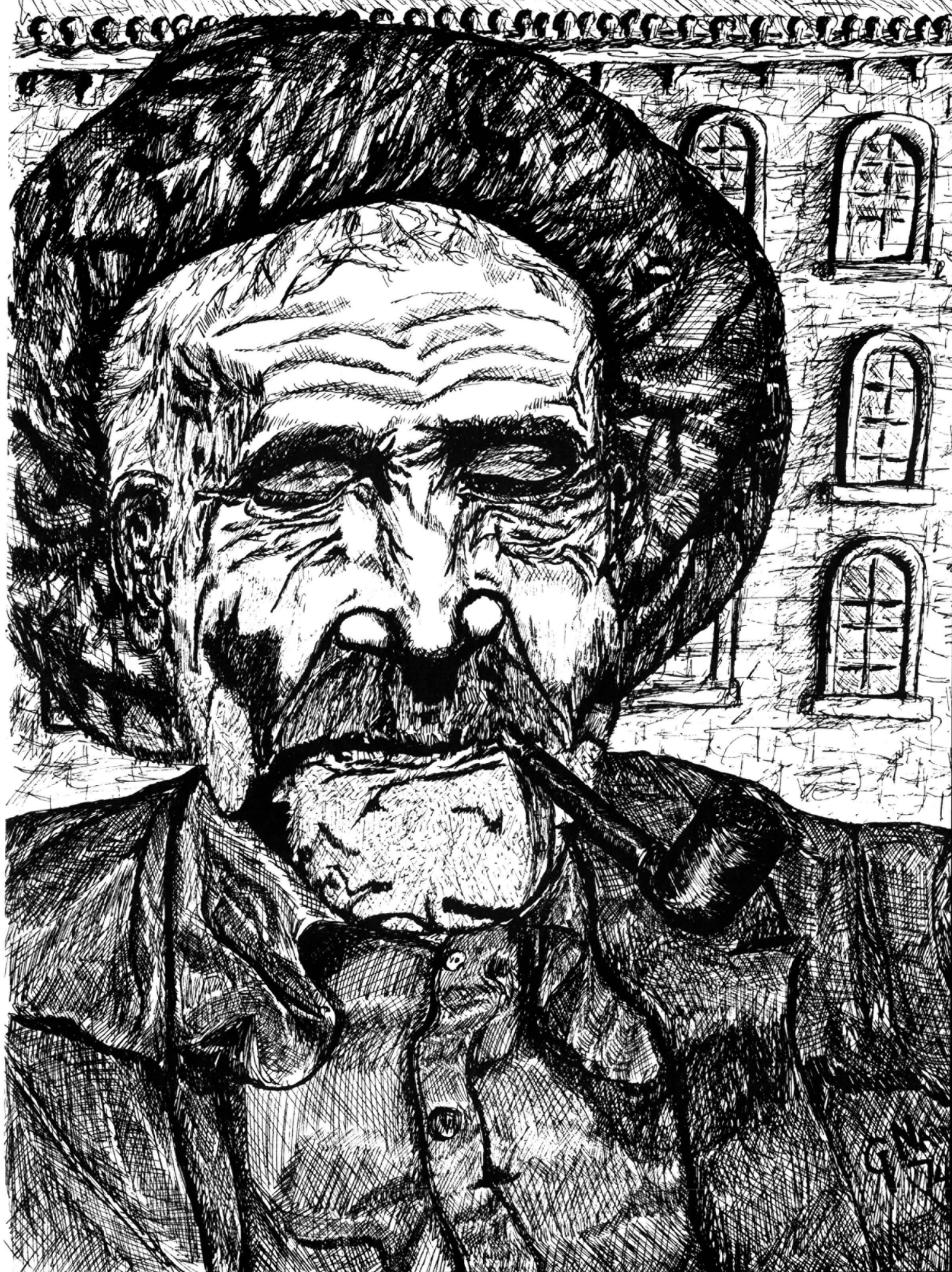
Yukon Strawberries

The wild red strawberries
Are many in number
But very minute.

In the mouth they are savoured,
In the bowl, seldom seen.

As I kneel in their midst,
I can't help but wish
Just one would grow as large as that bowl,
And finish my task.

Glenys Baltimore



Dream-whip

Winter mountain
 ranges--
Some one scraping their
 fingers
Through the icing.

Karen Taylor

Rosemary

A child so quiet;
 peaceful,
 still,
Is it possible that she
 . . . understands?
 Her dark staring eyes,
 her sweet simple smile.
She's not afraid.
 She doesn't know.

Shannon Simpson

Trombone

The ready trombonist,
The fastest slide in the north
Forgot anti-freeze.

Kevin Murphy



Bohke

North

Come up to the North
and see all the animals
but don't become one.

Hugh Charlie

THE VICTIM OF HEROIN

To where leads the ever-climbing staircase
with angels as guides to heaven or grace?
Unexpectedly, one day you will reach the top,
dazed and stunned with what you'll have to face.
"Keep going, you're one of us," the so-called 'friends' say.
Stop, don't kill yourself just to be with it.
When you reach the branch, you'll long for the stem.
Looking in the mirror, finally seeing
not just you as you appear, but through yourself.
No one can help you, your soul is black as tar.
Curiously wary, what have you proved?
This time, buddy, you've really gone too far.
No pain for you in death, but to those left behind.

Marlene Fuerstner

Un jour d'automne
Dans les montagnes
Un petit oiseau se réveille
Frissonnant sous la neige qui tombe
Neige qui tombe douce et lente
Neige qui tombe blanche et fraîche
Neige qui tombe et habille les montagnes
D'un chandail propre et brillant

Ken Repstock



7 10/10/10

GAMES I

It folded in an unrealistic way:

The Prophet preaching his fantasies,
madly trying to persuade.

The little girl on her first drunk clinging
to a baldheaded man as if he were a God.

The greaseball in his own separate corner trying
to get someone rattled.

The hippies playing games with their minds.

And me

The spectator watching; waiting and wanting the
realness of life.

Barbara Smeeton

GAMES II

Playing a game with the trees
running

in a mad

craze

Scared

paranoid of

people's thoughts

running from god-knows-what

shadows chasing and laughing

loving the game and the control they have

Heart keeping rhythm with the wind

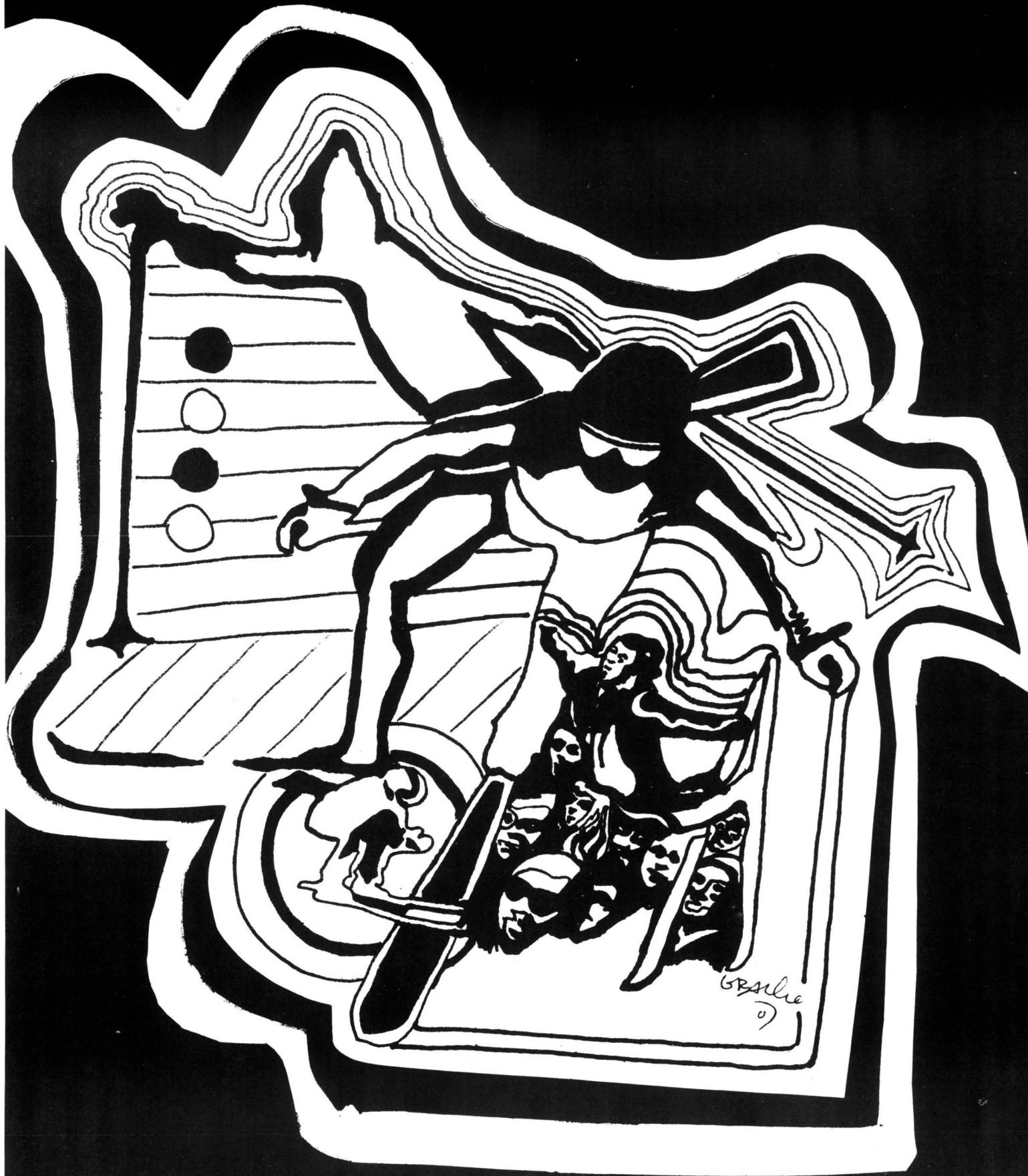
racing and running wild

swallowing the fear back that controls your

stomach and wanting to vomit

so badly dying inside.

Barbara Smeeton



Love, in the wind, like
soft misting clouds, surrounds me
Caressing my heart.

Cheryl Young

The Game of King's

Based on an ancient Indian war;
Chess is a game with something more.
Although to some it seems a bore,
(This makes a chess freak very sore!)

On an eight by eight battlefield,
A combination is revealed.
A King's defenses away are peeled:
"It's hopeless, surely now he'll yield!"

One move to queen; but it's too late.
At last he sees his tragic state:

Checkmate!

Philip Brannigan

If you had listened hard
enough you might
have heard what I
meant to say. . .

Nothing.

Donna Malhiot



GRACE

Moods

At first the notes flowed softly.
But, as man has moods,
The music changed also.
Bursting into a flurried frenzy
It took flight to the heavens.
However a dissonance sounded.
Angry, Obtrusive, and Vulgar.
Burrowing into the realm of Hades.
No sooner heating up,
Than returning to Earth.
A seemingly comforting passage,
Dwelling, but for a moment,
Ending in self-defeat.

Mel Johnson

The Costume Party

To a costume party I did go,
my vesture of a tree to show
my car I fear was very small
And I, well I was much too tall
so, along the road I did walk,
to no one 'round me did I talk
They looked and stared at silly me
to be dressed up so funnily
And then he came so big and brown
He walked beside me up and down,
I tried to run, I tried to go,
O Doggie please Don't, NO, NO, NO.

Ramona DesRoches



The Cry

A song was born in the depths of the city
It cries out in anguish to greet the new morn,
It sleeps in the gutter and runs down the sidewalk.
Crying come help me, to all that were there.
The people they turn and call back in anger
Why should we listen, and soil our hands?
Its not our business what happens outside us
We help ourselves, that's all we can do.
The song silenced, it bowed its proud head
The people are guilty of killing the dead.

Luann Baker

La neige
au matin
tombante
sur tout le monde.

Brillante
sur les côtes
de la campagne,
sur les trottoirs de
la ville.

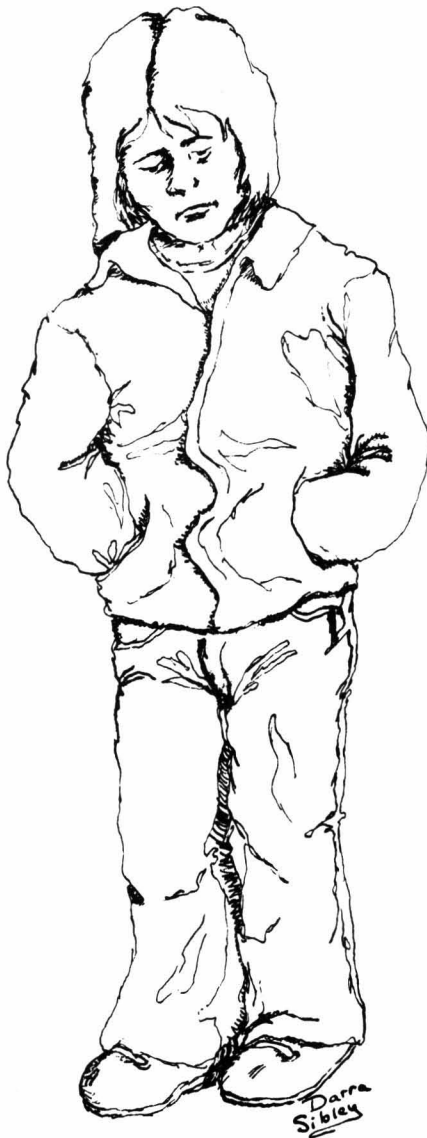
Les flocons de neige
doux, étincelants
dans le soleil.

Ah--la neige-elle est belle!
Mais les gens
qui vont à leur travail
frissonnent
et se plaignent.

Les écoliers font
des boules de neige
pour blesser leurs amis.

Où est la beauté d'un glaçon?

Alida Frame



La Monde

J'aime la neige qui tombe
sur le monde.
Elle nous dit que les maisons
sont blanches, aujourd'hui,
mais demain
Elles seront brunes
Comme le monde qui a été
blanc mais aujourd'hui
est brun.

Jean Watt

Cam

His body was twisted by a cause,
which only, "the higher being"
knows.
Patience and years taught him
to walk.
Operations taught him to see,
Teachers taught him to formulate
choppy words.
Now at eleven years it is hard
to tell him that he will
never (it is impossible) run and
jump and play hockey
and basketball and football
like his brothers and cousins;
that he must sit
and watch and try to be
happy that he can write, and
talk and see and walk.

Jean Watt




Fun Poem

I remember down by the Beaver Pond,
And that frog.
That *slippery* frog
So small, yet such a goal!

There he is! There he is!
Get him! Get him!
Careful.
Careful.
Quietly, step,

step, *lunge* - - -

There he goes! He got away. Grab him, some-
body. Get after him



Where is he?
There he is! In the grass.
See him.

Sneaky fellow.
We'll show him.
Again.
Quietly, step,

step, *lunge* - - -

Squish!



Dans la nuit je suis toute seul
Pas de sons, pas de bruits
Il n'y a rien

Un seul
 flocon de neige
 tombe
 du
 ciel.

Il se pose sur le sol durci
Et nous apporte une paix tranquille
Mais il n'y reste qu'un instant
Puis il disparaît...

Dans la nuit je suis toute seule
Il n'y a rien.

Susan Myrholm

Riding the School Bus

"Do you have a ticket?"
That's the first thing you hear.
Find a seat
And plug your ears.
Did you ever hear
The kids scream
On a bus?
What a headache!
Jumping over seats,
Stealing your hat,
And hiding your books.
The ride seems
An eternity. Minutes have
Passed and you are
Old when your
Stop arrives.

Anne Jarvis



Civilization

She sits
staring out the window
out of her cageless prison
 wanting
 longing
 feeling
 with every fiber in her body
to be
where she was meant to be
 out
 in the woods
with
 flowers
 grasses
 trees
 winds
 sun, and
 storm
Living through it all
And with that silent memory
grows a resolution
To break out of those invisible chains
 To be free.

Kelly Buckler



A Man's Job

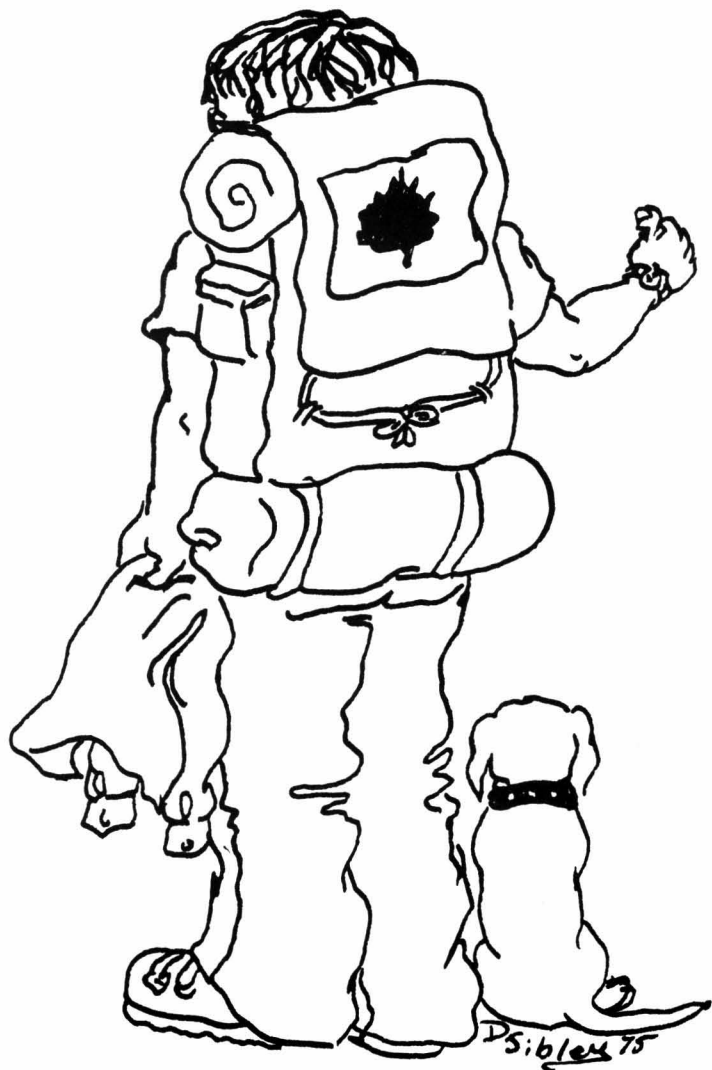
The new boots, the shiny hard hat;
Your chance to be a man
Up at six with the rest of the crew,
But you can only down seven pancakes.
Joking with the men. They laugh, but
It wasn't much of a joke.
Riding in the truck out to the bush:
Your stomach is queasy.
The boss shows you how to run the
Power-saw and it looks easy;
You're confident.
The skidder operator brings in a
Drag of logs; you rush over
Efficiently ignorant.
You hang on tight, but the saw
still jumps around.
What, some more logs--already?
You're sweating (like how), the chains dull
And the logs are still coming.

Lunch!

You're bushed and a peanut butter
Sandwich never tasted so good.
With a full gut you could almost
fall asleep on the spot.
There goes the skidder operator back
to work. Says he has a low tree count.
You curse the guy. He
Doesn't even look tired.
The trees are coming faster now.
If this ain't hell, what is?
Your arms aren't yours, your eyes are
watering, but no, no...
You're a man?
Finally it's over, "Call it a day".
You call it torture.

At supper you eat more than you
Dreamed possible. The guys are going
to town for a few beer, but you can't,
You can't hack beer. So, you hit the
sack wondering, can you be a man
At sixteen?

Dan Reams



Sunlight Spots

Sunlight spots on the water
glistening in my eyes,
tenderly loving,
shining up my day.

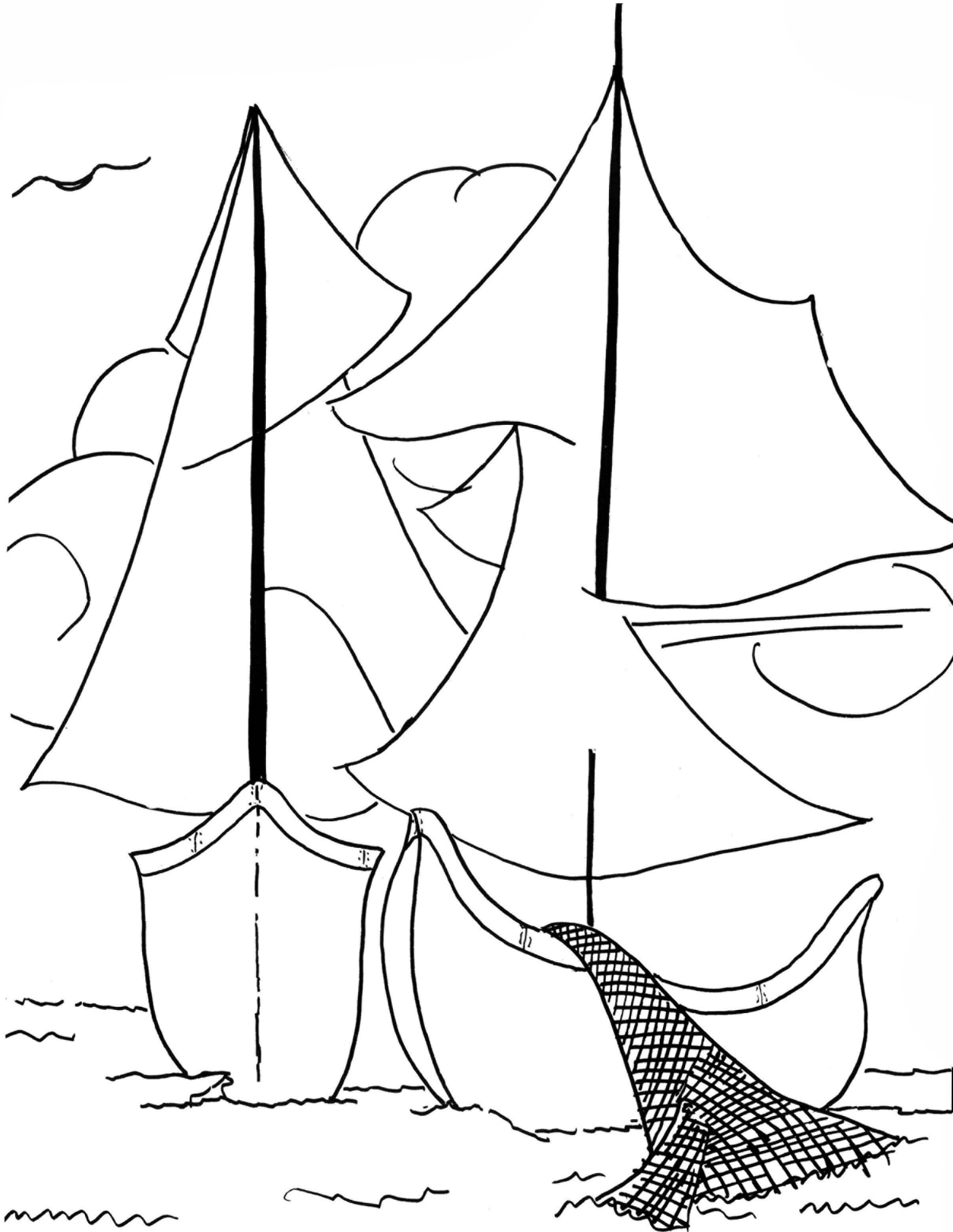
Tears come from the brightness
a misty world I see-
ideally good,
making me so happy.

Softened branches of pine
All blended within my tears,
one colour
yet so individually green.

The hills rise to the mountains
the sky bluer than I've seen,
so happy
I feel like shouting inside.

Sunlight spots on the water
glistening in my eyes,
radiating inside,
shining up my life.

Kelly Buckler



The Ordinary Guy

Where was that great man when
The Greeks and Romans fought
Their bloody battles?
Where was he when Davy
Crockett died for Texas
At the Alamo?

Where was he when young men
Fought romantic dogfights
Over Germany?
Where was he when Jews and
Arabs died on the sands
Of the Sinai?

He was toiling in hot dirty fields;
He was working in filthy factories.
Without him there would be no history
Which he heard from a distant traveller
Or listened to on the CBC.
And wished he was there
Or was glad he was not.

Jack Styan



Death is the end of thought,
The end of life.
To be dead is to be nothing,
To be forgotten.
The Suicide is a fool,
The end comes soon enough.

Robert Laing

Can you hear

can you hear the music
- on the hill?
No I suppose not
you seldom stop to listen
or wait to watch things grow.
Oh you're so busy, of course, you may go.
oh I'm so sorry you can't hear it.
I wish you would stop,
Just for a minute,
Just before you die,
Just to hear the music,
or just to see a small flower grow.
Please don't wait until you die.
Stop now! Just for a moment.
Just listen.
Can you hear it?

I can!

Ramona DesRoches



Reality found

in the exacting pace
and pre-measured calculations
of the city detective.

Peace found

in a gathering of world leaders
still undecided about the
shape of the table.

Security found

in the country's latest
ultimate military defense weapon.

Love and Understanding lost.

Laurie Baker

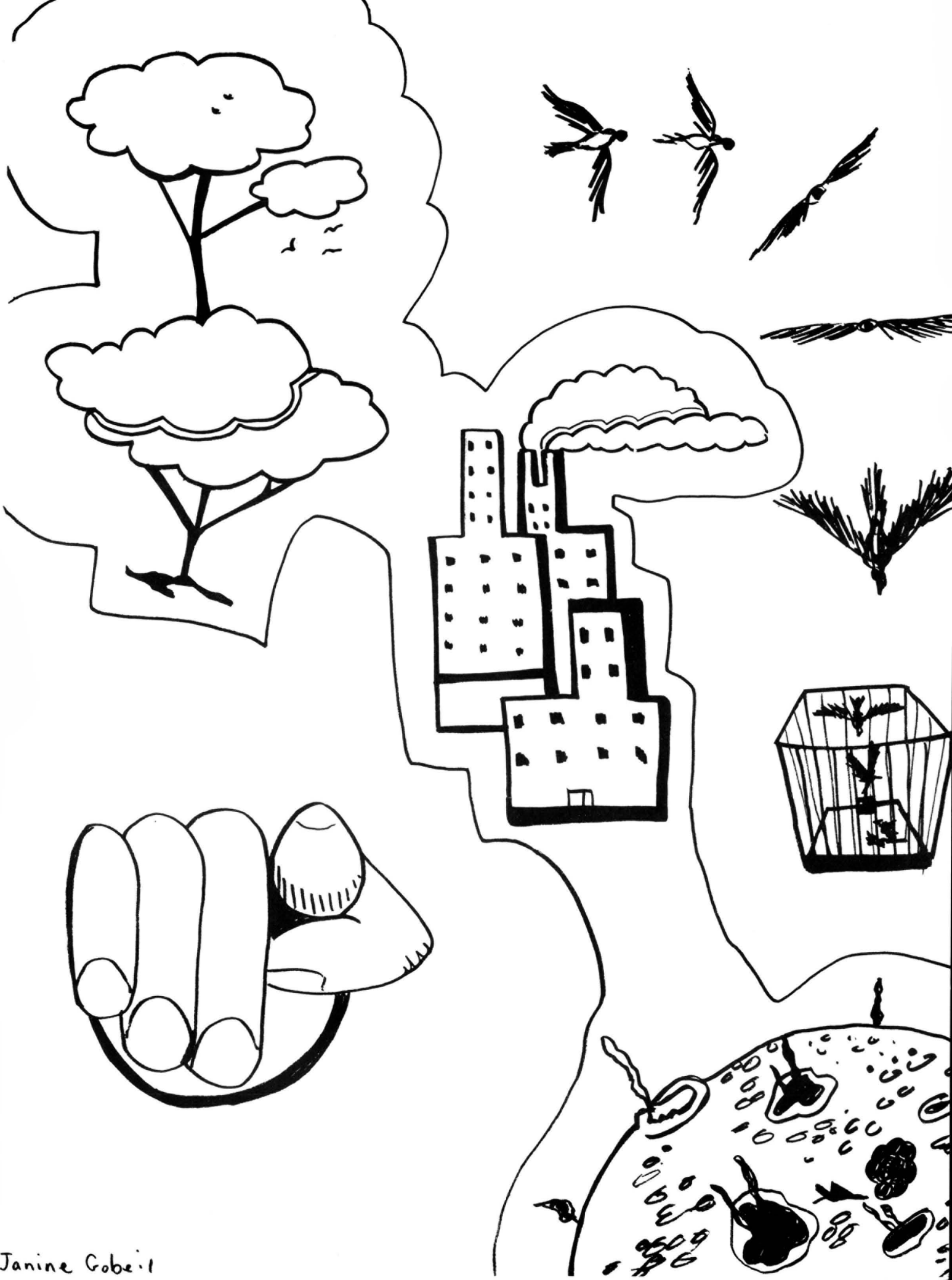
On Atomic Energy

There was a flash;
A blinding, luminescent, split second flash.
Mr. Everybody was blown up.

But wait,
there goes someone,
walking amidst the blazing ruins--my son!

It was not I who failed;
or maybe it was.
I gave them their sharpened
pencils, their reading glasses. . .
their caramilk bars. . .

Pat Green



The Corporation Song

Oh...the Corporation makes it.
Yes, the Corporation does.
Oh...the Corporation makes it
And it's them that we all love.

Chorus:

Corporation T-shirts...we'll all wear,
Corporation bottle caps and Corporation hair.
Look around the corner
And see what you will find--
A Corporation company car,
Leaving you behind.

Yes, the Corporation divvies up
The profit in the end:
The chairman gets the money,
And shares it with his friend.

Chorus:

(As above)

So take your wife to sleep with you,
So comfy and well fed,
In your Corporation P. J.'s
And your Corporation bed.

Chorus:

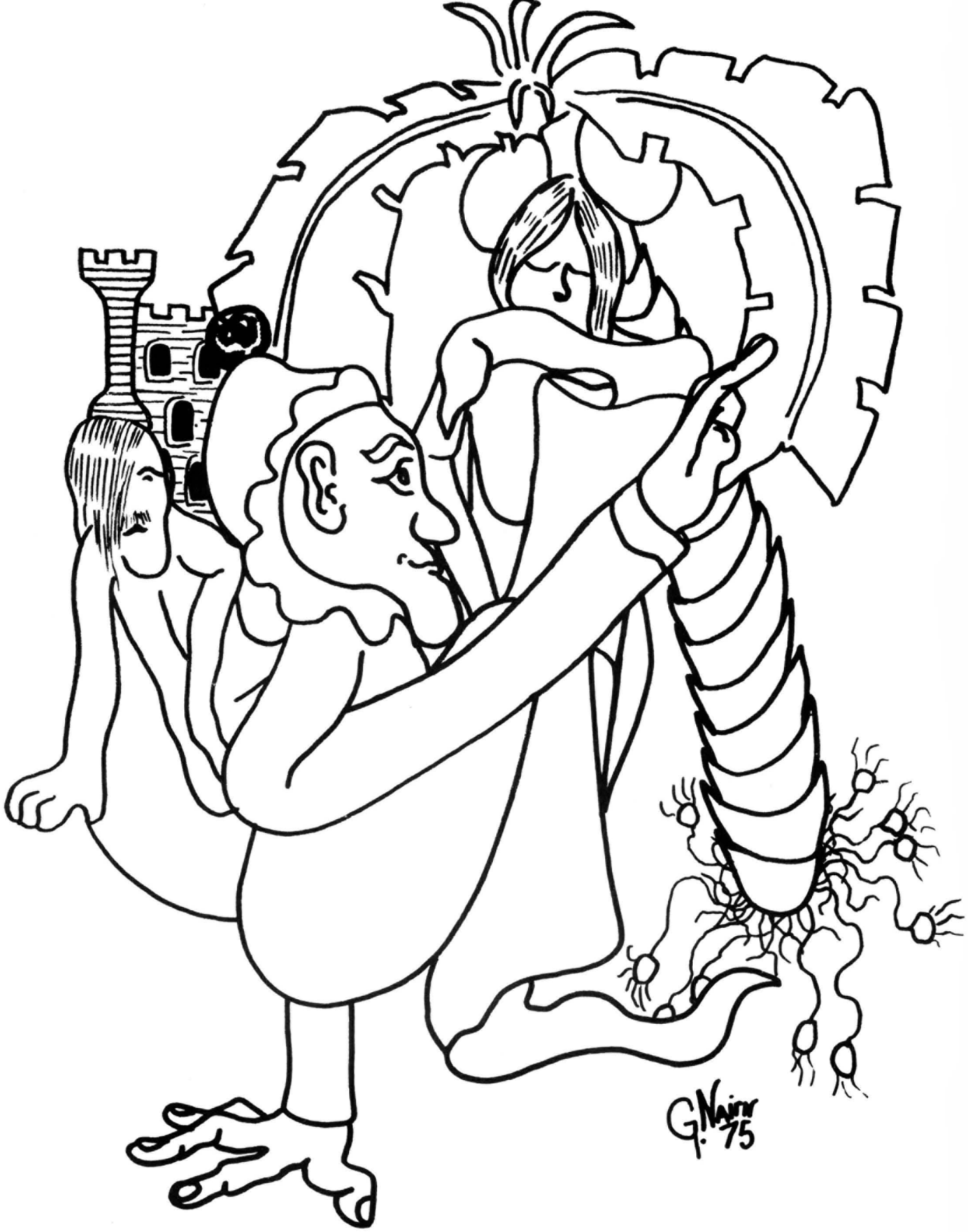
(As above)

Be happy in your work,
Be joyous in your play.
The time to overthrow
Is delayed another day.

Is delayed another day
Is delayed
Is delayed another
Is delayed an other
Is

"Please do not adjust your poetry
books. Printing trouble is temporary
and the Corporation will have it
fixed by the next poem...peome...p...."

Ted Parkinson



Old Tales

Tell me more--I'll listen!
You were saying--"It was all over then,"
When she came in and said it was time to start
forgetting the old days. Just when you reached the
good part!

Now I'm here and she's gone. Start again;
about the old days--you know--when the men
were out hunting and the bear came around,
and you were alone, all alone, until you heard that
sound.

And how they returned from the hunt just in time.
Seeing the bear from afar, they rang that old dinnerchime.
How they rang it! That bear took to his heels running.
You were so thankful--and the men started singing.

That song they sang--you still remember it.
The ballad of how brave you were. Just a minute.
Here she comes! Goodnight Grandma. I'll dream of your
story.
Someday when she is like you she'll remember, and be
so sorry.

Alida Frame



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