

81



**THE**

**RAVEN**

# RAVEZ

is:

A publication of student art and writing. This edition was cooperatively published by the English, Art and Business Education departments of F.H. Collins Secondary School.

"In Eskimo the word to make poetry is the word to breathe; both are derivatives of "Anerca", the soul, that which is eternal; the breath of life."

- ANERCA 1959 -

Complements  
of J. H. Collier's  
English, Art, & Business Ed.  
Departments

THIS EDITION OF RAVEN/81 IS DEDICATED  
TO THE MEMORY OF CHERYL MILLER AND  
BARBARA TRIGG. THE FIRST POEM IN  
RAVEN /81 IS ONE WRITTEN BY CHERYL.  
THE TWO POEMS FOLLOWING WERE WRITTEN  
BY A FRIEND OF BARBARA.

SALLY HAMMER - TITLE PAGE  
CALLIGRAPHY

FRED STICK - COVER PAGE

A POEM

Words picked one by one from  
the mingled mess of worn-out vocabulary  
Flowing freely from mind to hand  
then colliding with the paper  
creating a small unheard splash.  
A tremendous amount of trouble,  
for a tedious bouquet of words  
only to be picked over and over again  
then slowly understood.  
The hand wearies while  
the mind is being satisfied by this  
new expression of a distorted idea.

By Cheryl Miller



A TRUE FRIEND

A friend is the best thing  
A person can have  
During her life.  
They always have the time,  
To listen and to learn,  
Or to guide you and change your mind.

A friend shows her love,  
In many ways.  
It's not as much in words,  
But the way they are to you  
And want to spend their life with you.

A best friend is most important.  
You can always  
Express yourself naturally  
And that person listens,  
To anything you say.  
Even if they can not understand.  
They will encourage you.

I had a best friend,  
She was dear to me  
And we were the  
Best of buddies,  
Together, we did everything.

By Dianne Lattin

We really got  
To know each other  
And I learned many things,  
But the most important  
Is enjoying life  
And having someone  
Beside you.

Now she's gone,  
But I'll carry on,  
Because I'll always remember  
What we had together,  
Love and understanding  
And a true friend  
Who was the best.

By Dianne Lattin



1980<sup>#</sup> JOSEPH.O'B.

MAY

The gentle gurgle and swoosh  
Sounding peaceful, wet and free.  
The surface is deceiving calm.  
Two ducks have a speed boat race  
Then stop  
And let the rings of water  
spread out, fade away.  
Smooth water pocked with whorls  
    like knotted wood  
Spinning themselves downstream.  
Hear gleeful twittering from somewhere  
Answered by chirps from somewhere else  
Like laughter.  
A breeze wrinkles the smooth surface  
Imagine running fingers  
Over the washboard bumps.  
Always pinwheels  
whirling downstream  
Breaking and dying  
Gathering up and spinning on  
Away from the quiet gurgles,  
gurgles like a baby laughing at himself  
and unrestrained.  
The breeze  
tickles the weeds  
And lifts the sound,  
Carries it down  
With the water  
Away.

By Connie Klassen

## SUNRISE

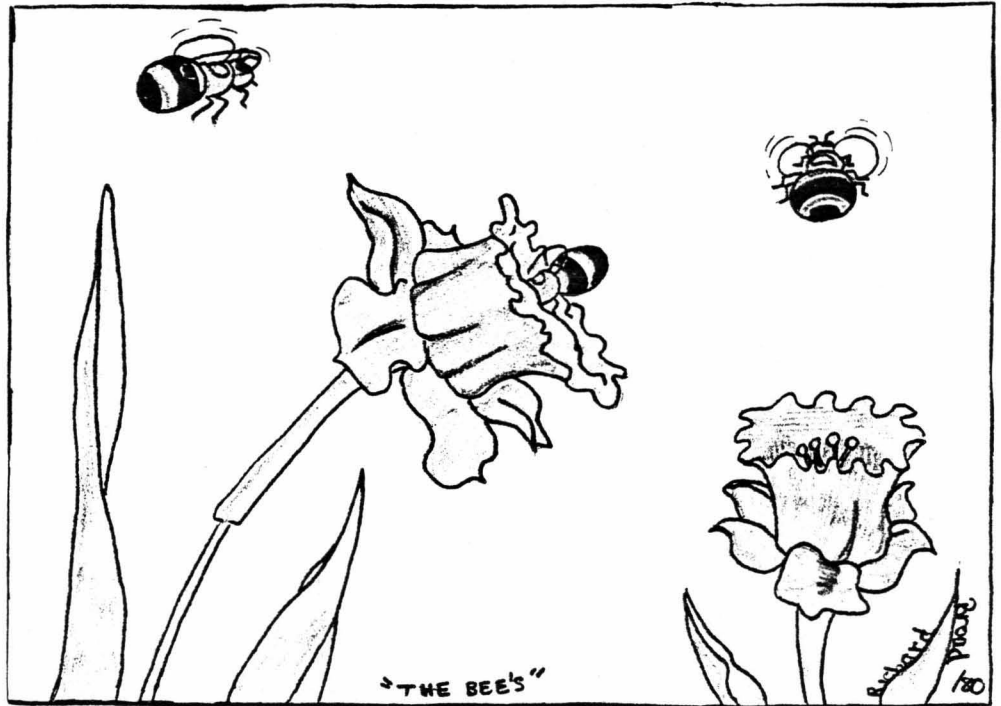
The earth, waiting in silent darkness  
Greets the morning in a glorious explosion  
Beckoning the universe to come  
And welcome the morn  
As the sun begins its ascent  
In a kalidescope of colours.  
Then, in a spectacular finale,  
The collage, bursts into a golden halo,  
Surrounding the earth in a heavenly warmth.

By Andrea Richardson

## A DEW DROP

A crystal dew drop gently hung,  
On a web so tediously spun.  
Between the graceful bows of birch,  
The dew drop glistened on elegant perch.  
The silvery strands in the morning bright,  
Cast off rays of piercing light,  
The dew drop fell to the forest floor,  
It winked for a moment, and then  
.....no more

by Andrea Richardson



## BEAUTY

Beauty can be found  
 In every year of eternity  
 In every month of a season--  
 In every day of a week--  
 In every second in a minute--  
 Beauty is always there  
 to behold

The magnificent sunsets  
 --Like torrents  
                   of rain  
 --Like angelic colors  
                   we've never seen before  
 --Splashing onto the earth--spewing  
 forth its radiance  
                   majestic  
                   multi-colored  
                                   never the same  
 Beauty is always there  
                                   --to behold.

By Kathy Casselman

A CHILD OF NATURE

Behold the Butterfly!  
A tiny fragile creature  
So colorfully decorated...  
It wanders aimlessly alone  
Alighting softly and quietly,  
On an available flower.

A child, too, is like  
A butterfly...  
Delighting in small trivial things  
Not fully understood  
By outsiders...

This is a child's world,  
Intruders aren't welcome.  
He lives to grow,  
And he grows to live...  
So full of infinite wisdom...  
Why must we grow up?

By Wendy Reader

But it was I who breathed  
The sweetened air,  
And saw the sun wink at me,  
Felt its first rays tickle me.  
It saw I who felt the rain,  
And it was for me,  
The rainbow painted  
A colourful display.

By Cathy Leverman



Carl Christie 1980

## THE BEAST

It understood the territory.  
Cunningly it slid along,  
Its body, like a chunk of un-skinned beef,  
Square,  
With muscular shoulders.  
It rustled not a leaf,  
As it pranced with its silhouette  
Against the full moon.  
Its face was oval,  
Round,  
Concave.  
And as it stalked its prey  
It twisted  
And howled at the moon  
Which was bright and oscillating.  
I saw the glare  
Of eye,  
Two spots of darkness.  
A nose,  
Of shiny brown  
Curved and broad and armoured.  
Then in from the forest,  
With that square  
Body;  
Slicing, without a trace,  
Through the darkness,  
Stealthily,  
It ran,  
That obscene  
Being.  
Square,  
Muscular shouldered,  
Dark brown,  
Part alien,  
Part human,  
Part unknown.

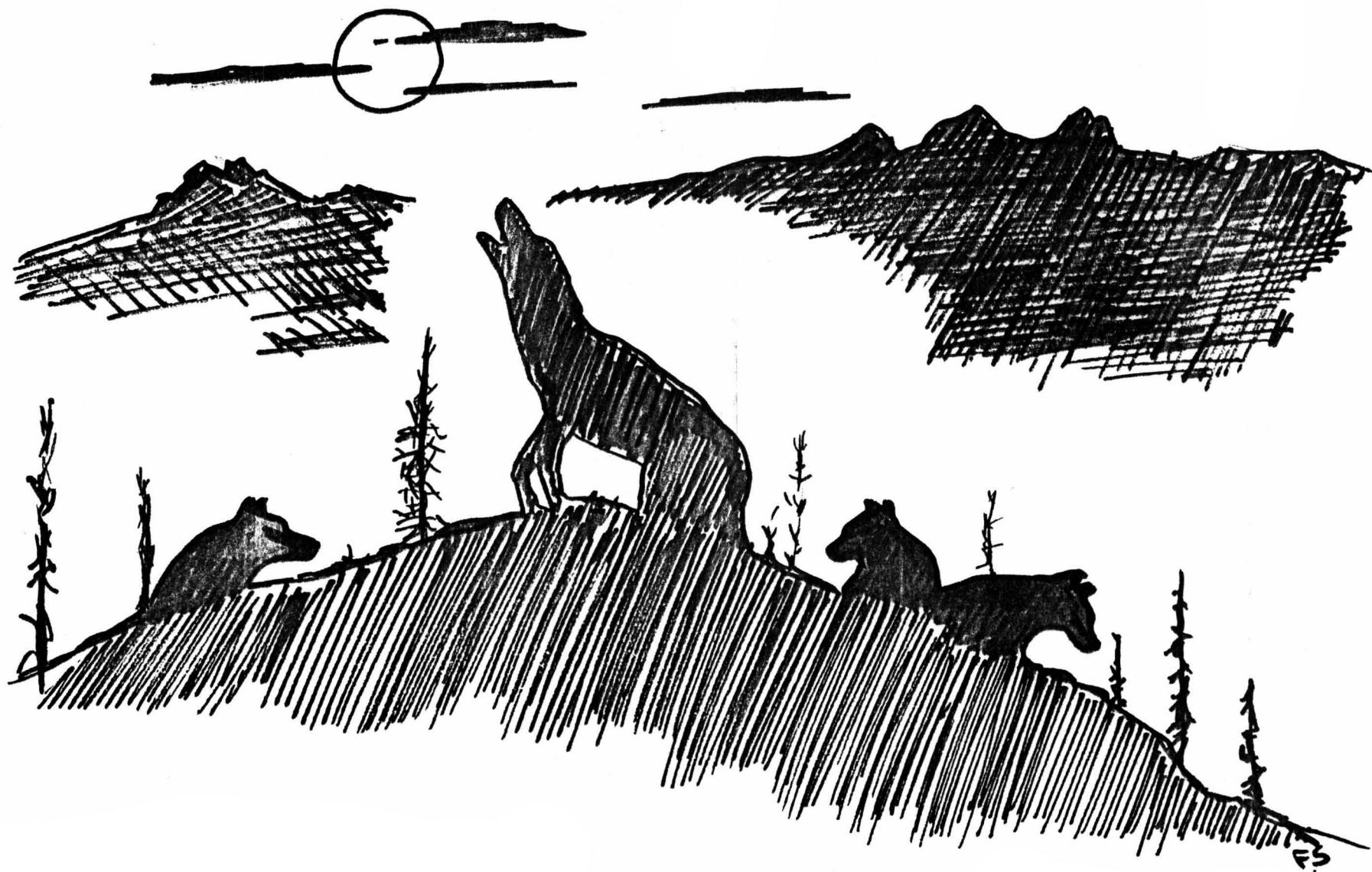
By Brett Dennington



### SUNSET ON THE NISUTLIN

It was nearing nightfall as we relaxed  
on our paddles,  
The sun, half above the horizon, had painted  
the sky a brilliant orange.  
A merganser dabbled at the river's edge  
as our canoe floated silently down the river.  
A bull moose raised his majestic head  
from the water, golden droplets of water  
dripping from his head.  
Then darkness came, and the peaceful  
silence was broken by the cry of a lone  
wolf.

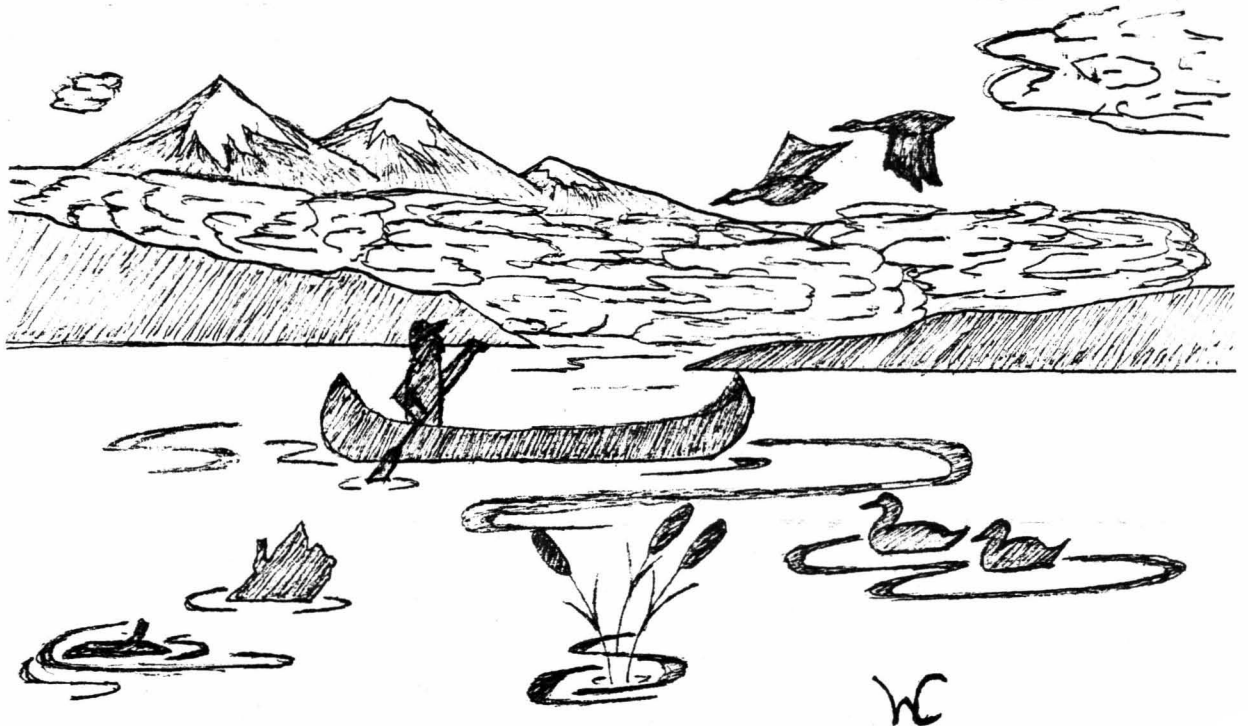
By Jeff Moore



## THE RIVER-GIVER OF LIFE

There it is.  
Swirling with deep, green currents.  
Never ending.  
Silent, yet brooding with savage fury,  
The source of life,  
So peaceful, but so dangerous  
Uncontrolled by man.  
Being able to serve and destroy things,  
Forever running.  
The maker of all our history,  
Unending riches.  
Ready to destroy man, but also at our mercy,  
Immortal.  
Just what we long to be,  
Infinite.

By Charles Harrison



### THE SQUIRREL

I hear a sudden yell of joy  
When I look I see a boy  
He looks happy as can be  
Because there's something in a tree  
The boy runs and gets a gun  
So now he can have some fun  
He shoots the squirrel to the ground  
Then he leaves it on a mound.

By Greg Kehoe

### THE SNAKE

I am the snake that slithers  
through the tall grass behind the  
hidden meadows.

I am the snake that speaks  
with a forked tongue and a cracked  
voice.

I am the snake that kills with  
the first bite with my fast  
acting venom,  
for I am called-  
the rattler.

by Kurt Fraser

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CONDOR

He knew where he was going,  
His perch high on the rook.  
His wings beat like thunder,  
In rhythm like a clock.

His talons were extended,  
And laced into his nest.  
His mighty beak wide open,  
He voiced an evil screech.

He dropped his victim to the ground,  
A lamb that once had lived.  
A young and helpless creature,  
He tore it limb from limb.

His feast he ate,  
His hunger fled.  
He lay down in his nest,  
His hunger gone.

Until tomorrow...

By Marcus Chapman

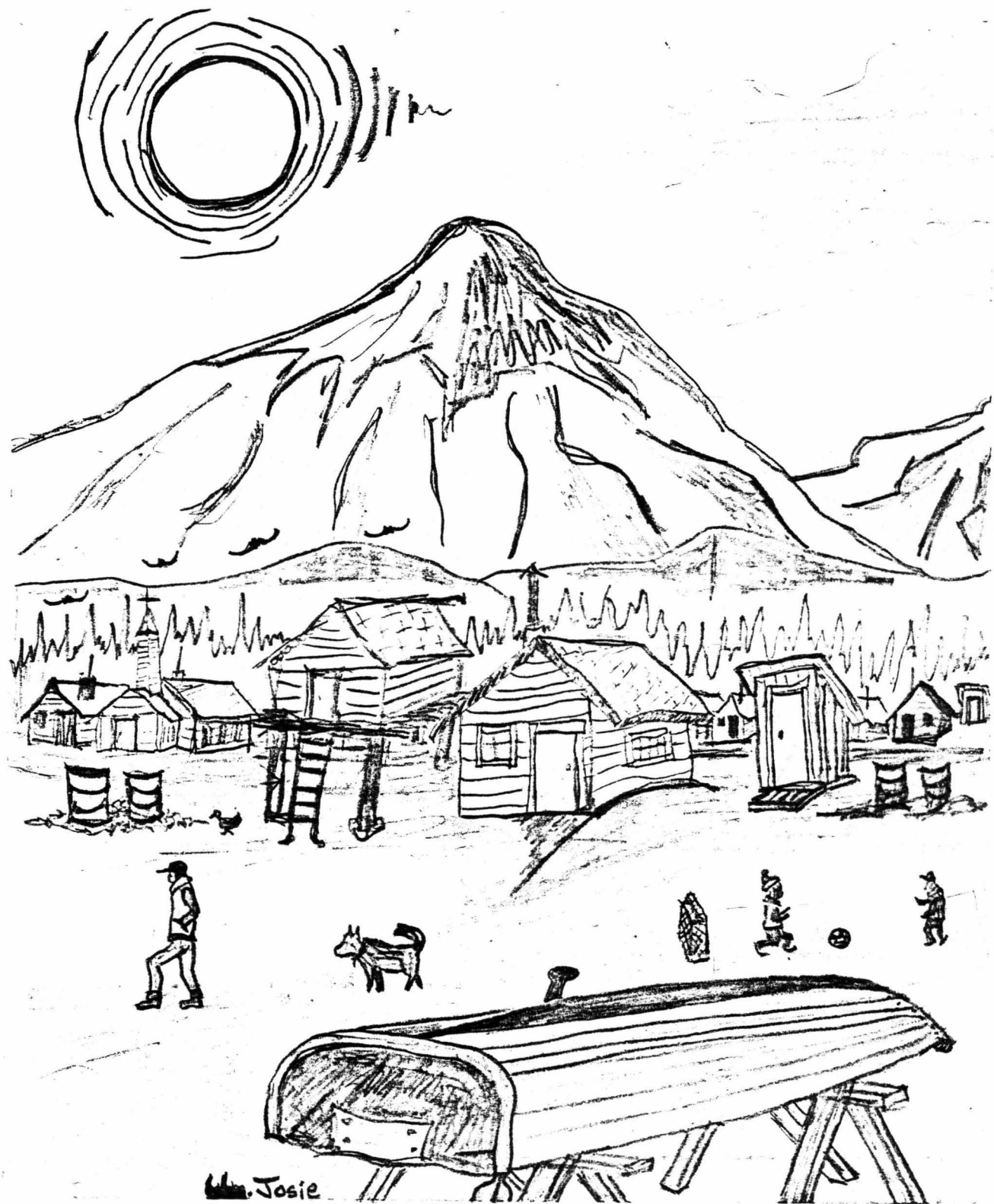
TIME

Morning-  
the sun  
will shine.

Noon-  
the clock  
will chime.

Night  
the soul  
will  
slip  
through time.

By Terry Fenton



Wm. Josie



## THE PIGEON

He flew with an elegant glide,  
Over silver barn roofs and trees  
Like a snowflake with a purpose,  
So quiet in the breeze.

His wings extended in full flight,  
Held scars of younger days.  
His eyes, razor sharp and clear  
Darted through the haze.

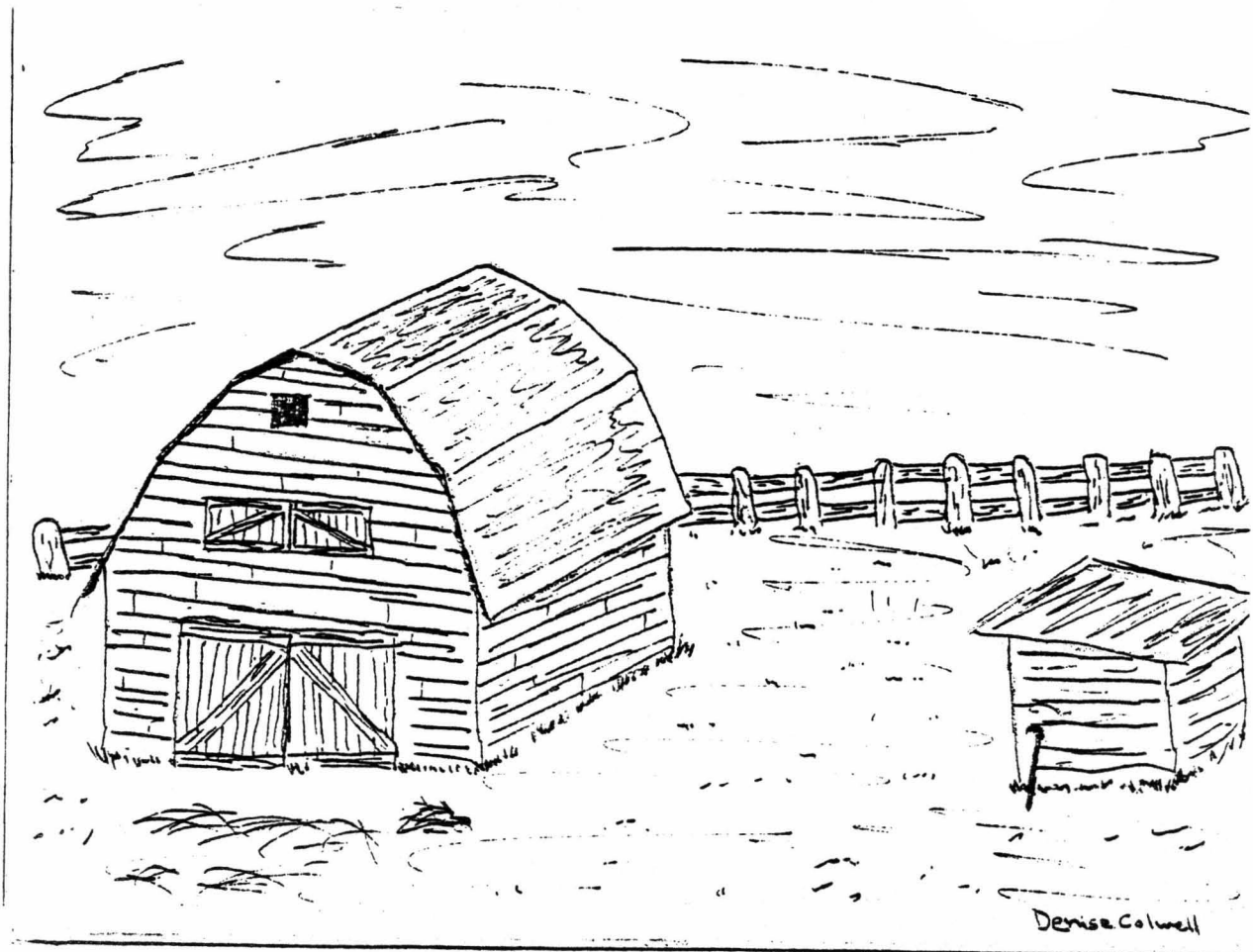
Down he came for a landing  
He spotted a field of grain  
He landed with a dull soft thud  
On the ground, then away again.

His smokey grey figure casting  
shadows on the lawn,  
Peaceful,  
Placid.

Then across the sky the vulture came  
He blackened out the sun  
With cold hard eyes and a lightening strike  
He grabbed the unwary one.

One may live so one must die,  
There's nothing we can do.  
Nature takes its toll on all,  
Even the wary few.

By Dianne Glenn



## HARVEST

There's nothing I like more than fall,  
And harvest time  
The grain so stately and tall,  
Blowing gently.  
I love the smell of fresh mown hay  
Bailed for winter  
Noise of machines from break of day  
Swathing; combining  
Everyday, from dawn until dark  
Endlessly working  
The big, red moon in the sky to mark  
The beauty of harvest.

By Bryan Krause

PRAIRES

Alone  
In a vast, flat land:  
Black  
Against a violet sky:  
Silent  
Stand the grain elevators.

Neglected  
In the middle of nowhere:  
Strong  
Fighting the loneliness:  
Akin  
To the feelings of farmers.

They too,  
Must stand against the elements:  
They too,  
Are left alone by the rest of the world:  
They too,  
Are silent, yet very strong.

By Angela Christianson

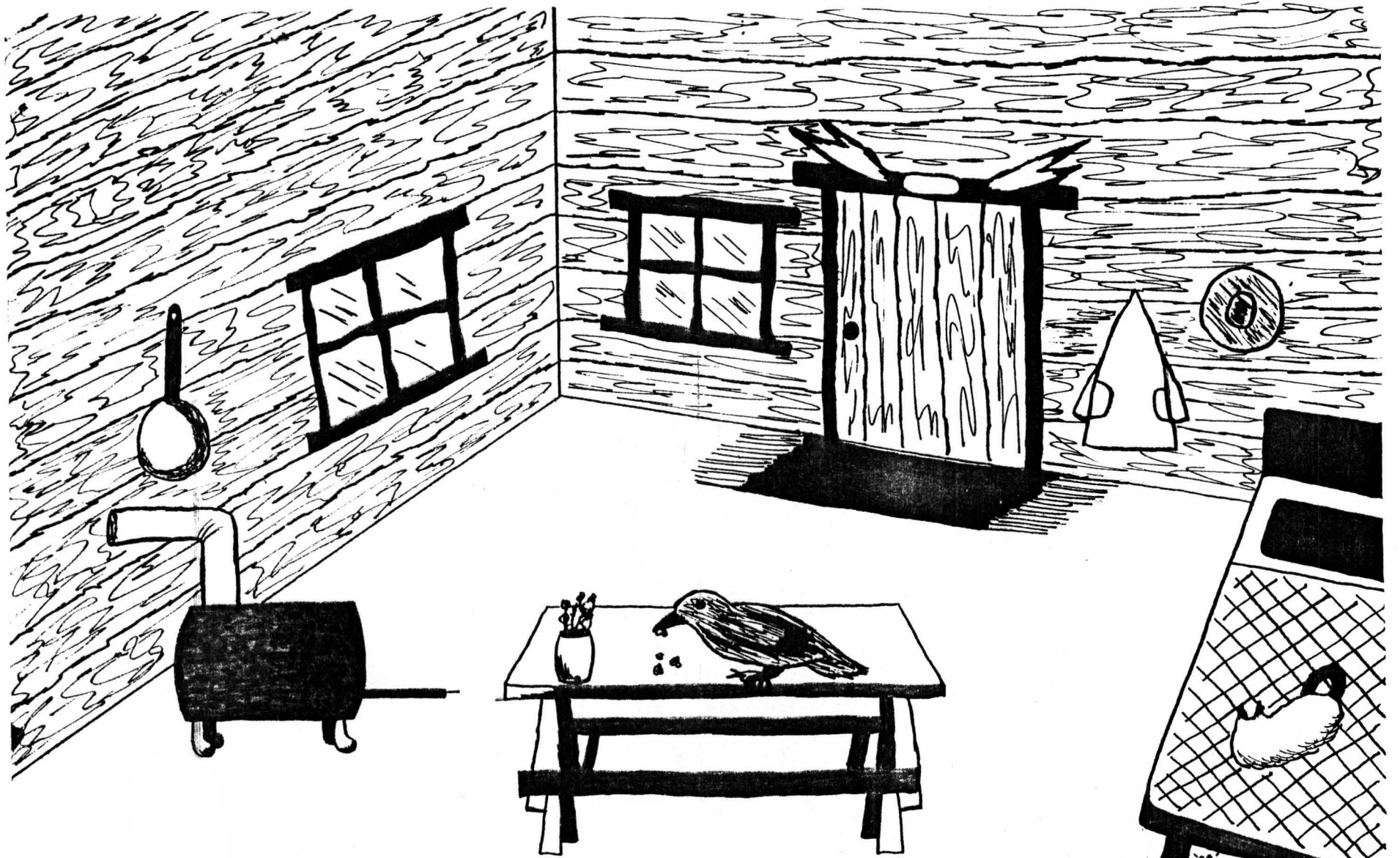
ANT

I glanced down and saw an ant...  
I started thinking  
How insignificant it was  
At its own work, in his own world.  
Worried about his work his present situation,  
His survival...  
Then I thought I was in the same  
Situation as this ant.  
All wrapped up in nothing serious...  
But I would change all that now.  
I wondered if anyone ever looked at me  
As I had looked at this ant.  
I realized it was all possible...  
Suddenly I realized my own insignificance.

By Jim Coyne

The caterpillar,  
Like a flower, sleeps, to wake  
nature's masterpiece.

By Amanda Wearmouth



90  
Linda  
Van der Aa.

RIVERSIDE POETRY

Canyon City

Take a walk along the lonely

Bank of Canyon City.

See the trees bow down

To the water as the wind

Shakes the earth with

laughter.

Listen to the secrets of Yesterday

as the silent whispers of long ago

cover the ground in a mournful

Protest of lost identities.

By Lorri Silvestri



MGSt.





JOSEPH O'BRIEN # 80



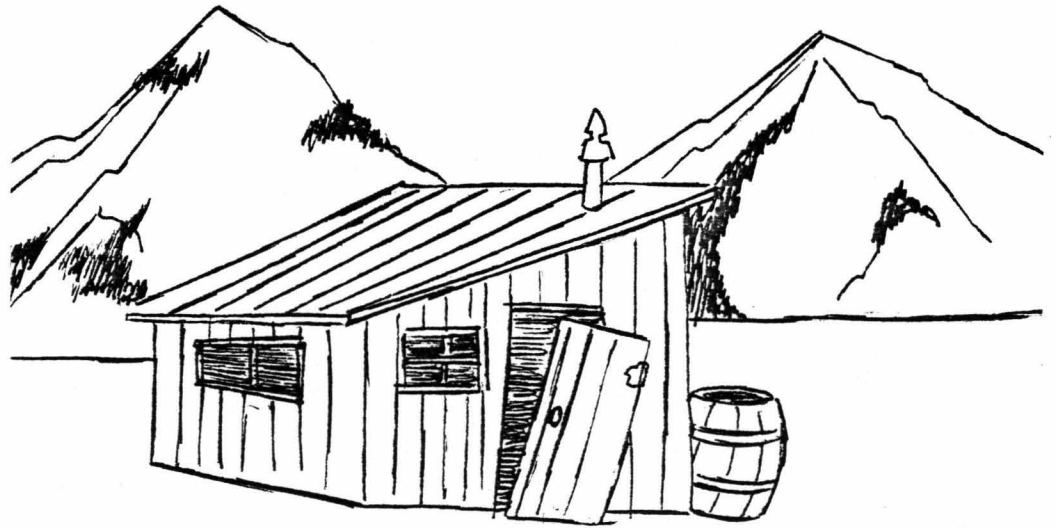
### SUNS IMAGES I

Sun, centered in the blue sky,  
shining through the trees,  
glistening on the water covered rocks,  
buds the opening leaves,  
dries the grass covered dirt,  
As seagulls pierce the billowing clouds.

### SUNS IMAGES II

Clouds, covering the blue skies,  
blocking the sun,  
fading the leaved trees,  
make the grass blend,  
with the dirt.  
Even the seagulls don't fly,  
they sit on the rocks.  
It starts to rain.

By Carson Schiffkorn



Richard  
Broad

## TWILIGHT

Twilight,  
Like a blanket,  
Slowly descends on me.  
Now I must fear the cryptic  
Darkness.

By Gerald Collier

## THE NIGHT

Sounds deafened,  
The darkness came  
Blackness filled the horizon  
Night began its course.  
Owls moved to and fro  
The moon settled on the snow.  
Life of another world began  
As the wind is able to move the sand,  
Creatures of different shapes  
Began their most wanted escapes,  
They all seemed to move in easy pace  
Each trying to win its race.  
Dawn came swiftly, alas,  
As the darkness was soon surpassed.

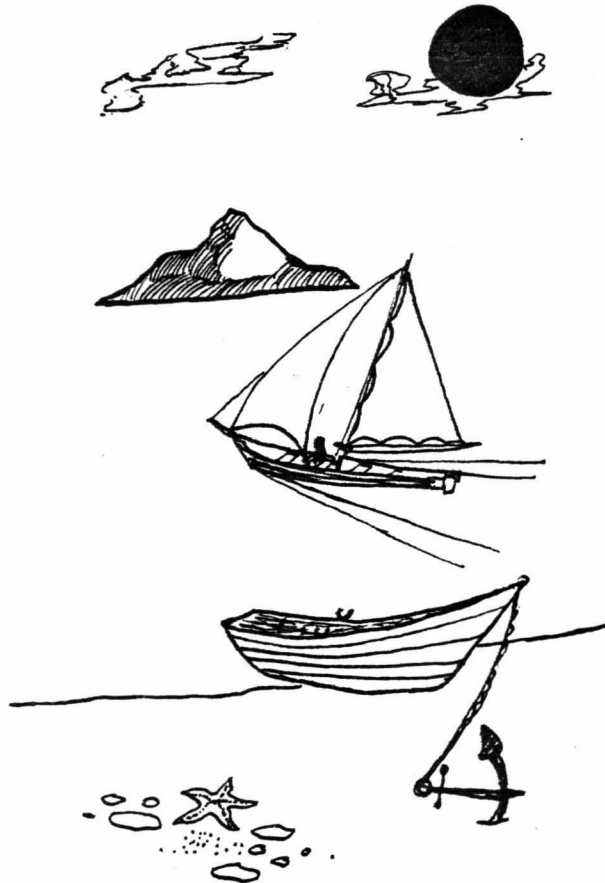
By N. McRae

MAY

Do you remember the sun shining through the trees?  
The sound of the waterfalls rushing down the mountain...  
The green ferns and plants...  
Stepping blocks and bridges almost like a fairytale...  
The long gravel beach with bleached drift wood...  
Our pants rolled up and shirts undone...  
Exploring a new place...  
Hiking boots, and blisters...!

Just you and me!

Zenith McCreedy



Choussau 80

## FORMER GLORY

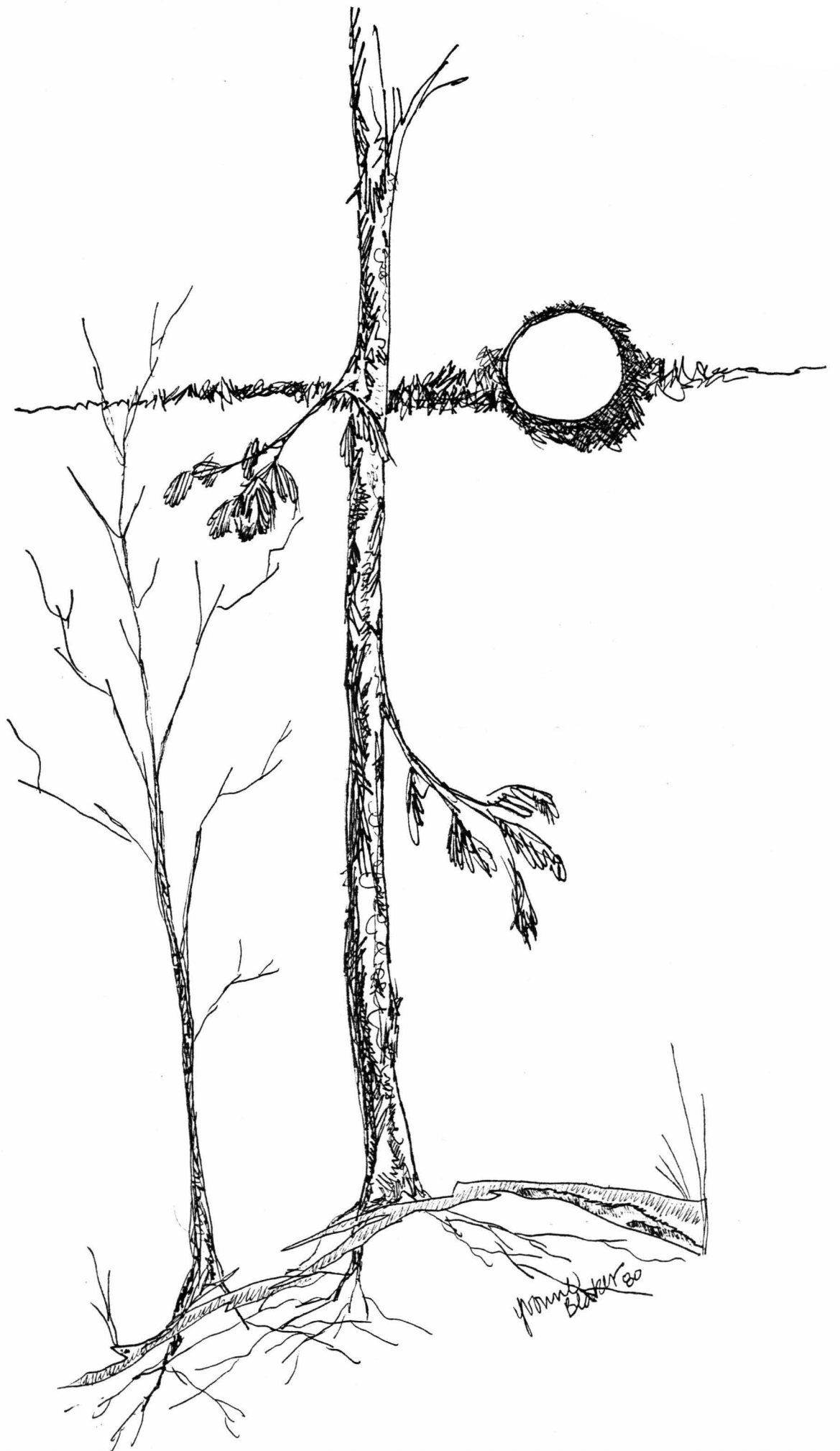
The crimson sun shines brightly  
down  
On this abandoned  
wind-swept world

Across the countless dunes of sand  
can still be felt  
the former glory  
of this no man's land

From the planet's  
abundant dust  
Rise majestic mountains  
like man amongst ants

Their caverns  
and caves  
Were once a gathering place of a wise old race  
but now they echo  
with the whistling wind  
emptily.

By Gerald Ellies



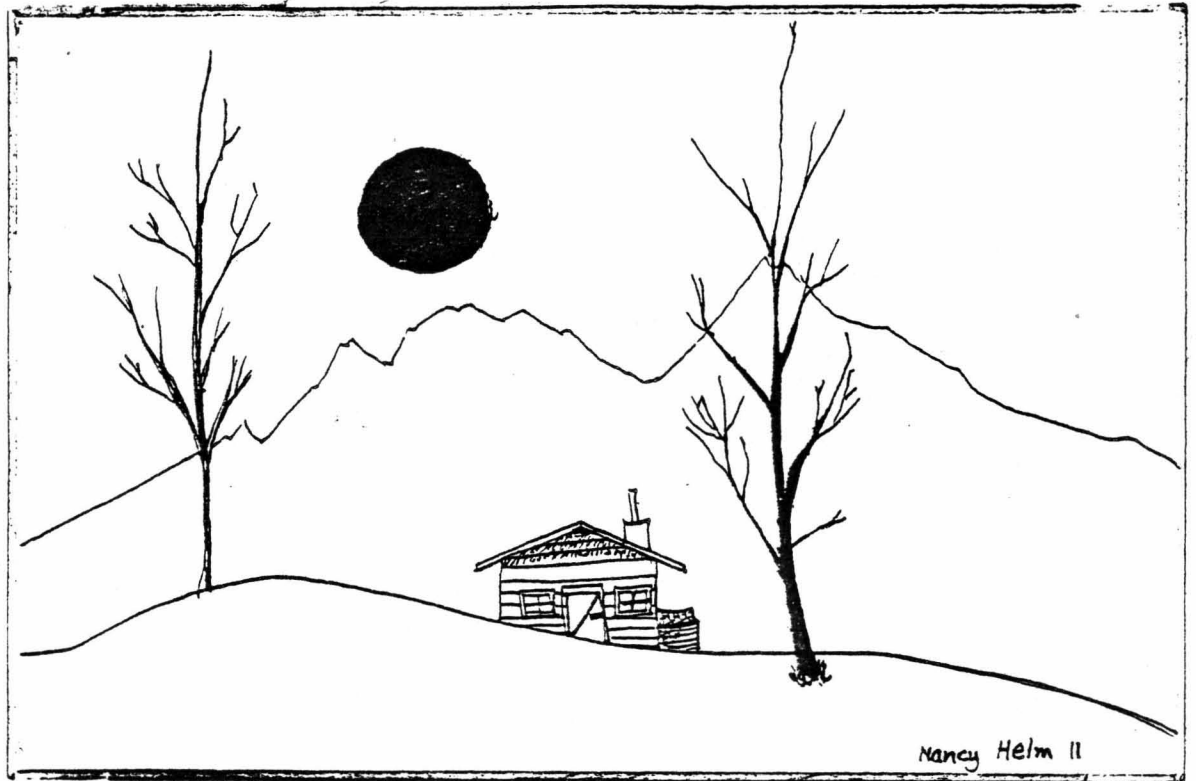
A DAY IN JUNE

A day in June,  
the asphalt boils,  
the air is as heavy as lead .  
The air shimmers,  
with compressed heat,  
from the brassy blue sky o'erhead.

And the air is so dry,  
that it chokes you to breathe  
and the leaves are as brittle as glass.  
And the lazy old cats,  
and the students at large,  
are sunning themselves on the grass.

And they all stretch their necks,  
when a cool wind blows,  
or a breeze comes from over the sea.  
And they bask in the light,  
of the summertime heat,  
and the glory of being so free.

By Lisa Blackburn



WINTER

Winter sets in with its  
icy fingers,  
Which makes the whole  
body quiver.  
How I wish I could live  
in a place  
Where I could sweat  
instead of shiver.

By Lesa Lengerke





On the land of a thousand  
nameless lakes, mountains and rivers  
there ventures  
-man.

Man, who cannot live in the cold  
who cannot outrun a bear  
or a wolf on the hunt  
who has no protection from nature,  
save a few of his so called "modern" conveniences  
He is sure to die.  
Sucked under by the river's eddies  
Drowned in the lakes frigid domain  
Frozen by the vengeful winter  
or eaten, by a ravenous beast;  
Driven out of his homeland by man's progress  
There seems no way for man to survive.

Yet, still he comes  
in ever increasing numbers.  
Bringing with gadgets, pollution and corruption.  
Going out into nature's domain  
with only a small mechanical device  
to make him feel secure.  
Staking his very life on a piston, or a canoe  
or a noisy power boat made in a far away place,  
He will soon realize that it's all too late  
and then  
nature will be dead,  
So will he!

by Darrell Shaw

## THE MAN ON THE STREET

A ruddy complexion,  
a face of the world.  
Blue eyes searching for approval,  
showed confusion  
in familiar surroundings.  
He wore a red, scraggley beard.  
The man on the street.

His clothes were not old and worn,  
only dirty,  
dirty as a little boy's-  
He walked with a sailor's gait,  
hands thrust deeply in his pockets--  
Occasionally flinging out  
in a gesture toward the world.  
He was known only as Casey,  
This was the man on the street.

By Monica Pope

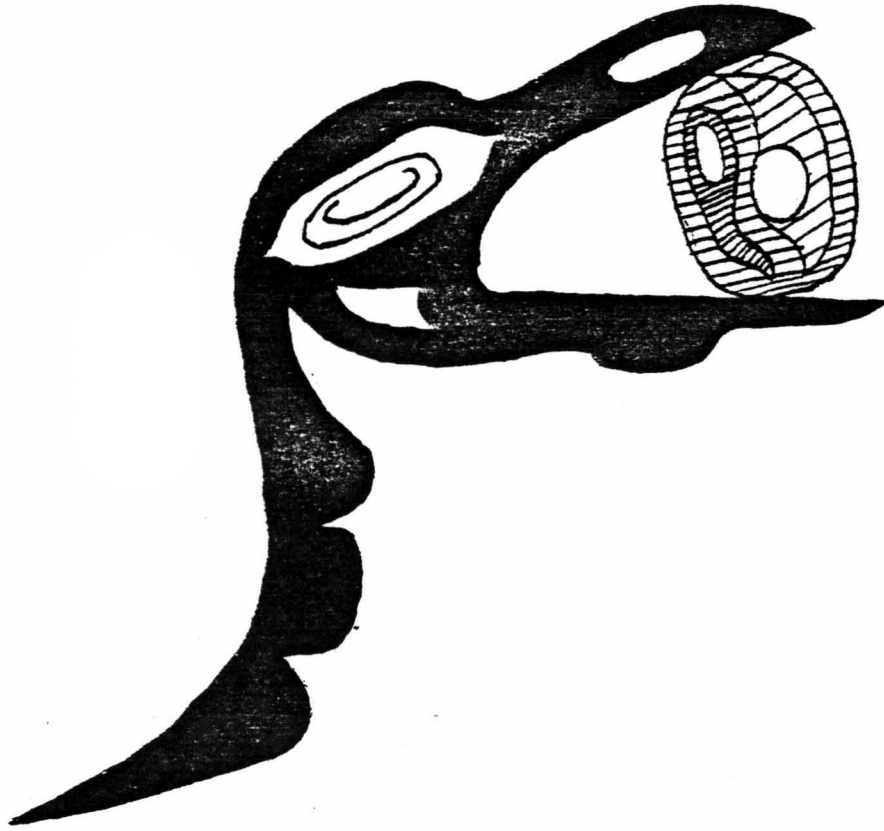
## TAXI

The taxi waited then moved  
As told by the light  
Knowing where to go  
Its path was direct  
Sure, prefixed destination  
A stop  
Exchange of business funds.

Empty but still moving  
Yellow with black painted numbers  
Badly bruised and scratched  
Because it ran, Taxi continued  
its duty.

A man waves  
Signaling  
Alerting  
Flow of traffic allows for unity  
Of it Taxi and the fare  
Its destiny once again  
Predetermined  
Taxi moving  
Away.

By Darren Knorr



Djae  
180

---

THE MUSEUM PIECES

The hundred year old heirloom  
The surviving ancient masterpiece  
The bits of painted pottery  
Which are so prized and praised  
By all  
Today,  
Were yesterday  
Ignored and scorned.

Shirlagh Carberry

Identification Number? Sex? Age? Social Status?

P619. Female. Twenty three. Parole.

Charge?

Crime against the state.

Specific?

Loitering.

Give me the coin.

Yes sir.

All right. Ten of Twenty

Heads gets her twenty

Heads it is. Hard labour of programming?

Heads gets her hard labour.

Heads it is. P619 is sentenced to twenty years hard labour.

She's in pretty good shape...the circus maybe?

You're right. The Ministry of Truth could use her.

P619. You will go to the circus instead.

What about her kid?

What kid? How old?

Five. Female.

Heads--she goes with her mother...

Tails--she goes to the Doctor's laboratory.

Has the doctor already killed that last one?

Yes. His life slipped again during surgery. Flip it.

It's tails. To the doctor then.

This is a long case. Let's go to the next on

You're right. Next case.

By mark Fekete

## LAST GENERATION

Looking, from my high wall,  
I watch the children  
Thinking of the infant vine

Come Armageddon, are they prepared?  
I was a child at the beginning  
of time

Through my eyes, the scenes  
have passed; from my fingers  
time has run

I've come to terms, my conscience  
is clear  
I am prepared

My generation was to be the last,  
but now in my closing days  
I see we are not,  
Or.....are we?

By David Groves

## MEMORIES

Despite the black licorice around  
her mouth,  
her long tangled hair,  
her dirty little hands,  
her patched up elbow,  
the untucked shirt,  
Despite all: in her parents' eyes  
It's the cutest picture  
of their seven year old daughter.

By Darlene Bond

## MY MOM'S PEN

A cold silver stick  
Rolling across the paper,  
Seems so lonely  
by itself.  
No good without a page.

By Lezlee Bolstad

## GRANDMOTHERS

Grandmothers  
were always meant  
to be  
comforting, kindly  
generous  
and more  
understanding  
than mothers have  
time to be.

By Bonnie Gairns

TINY MARMEDUKE TOEWS

I remember,  
when she ran  
through the woods,  
after imaginary prey,  
whilst I laughed  
and exhaled,  
at her glory.

Now,  
her weak  
mishapen limbs  
can't bear the weight  
of an old  
and tired body,  
that yearns to  
lie down,  
for eternal sleep.

But that's not allowed!

Selfish memories  
blacken the present pain

The old tired arms  
reach out  
in farewell

...Oh you want to play!  
...let's run!  
...hey, everyone,  
she's going to be O.K.!...

The eyes close slowly,

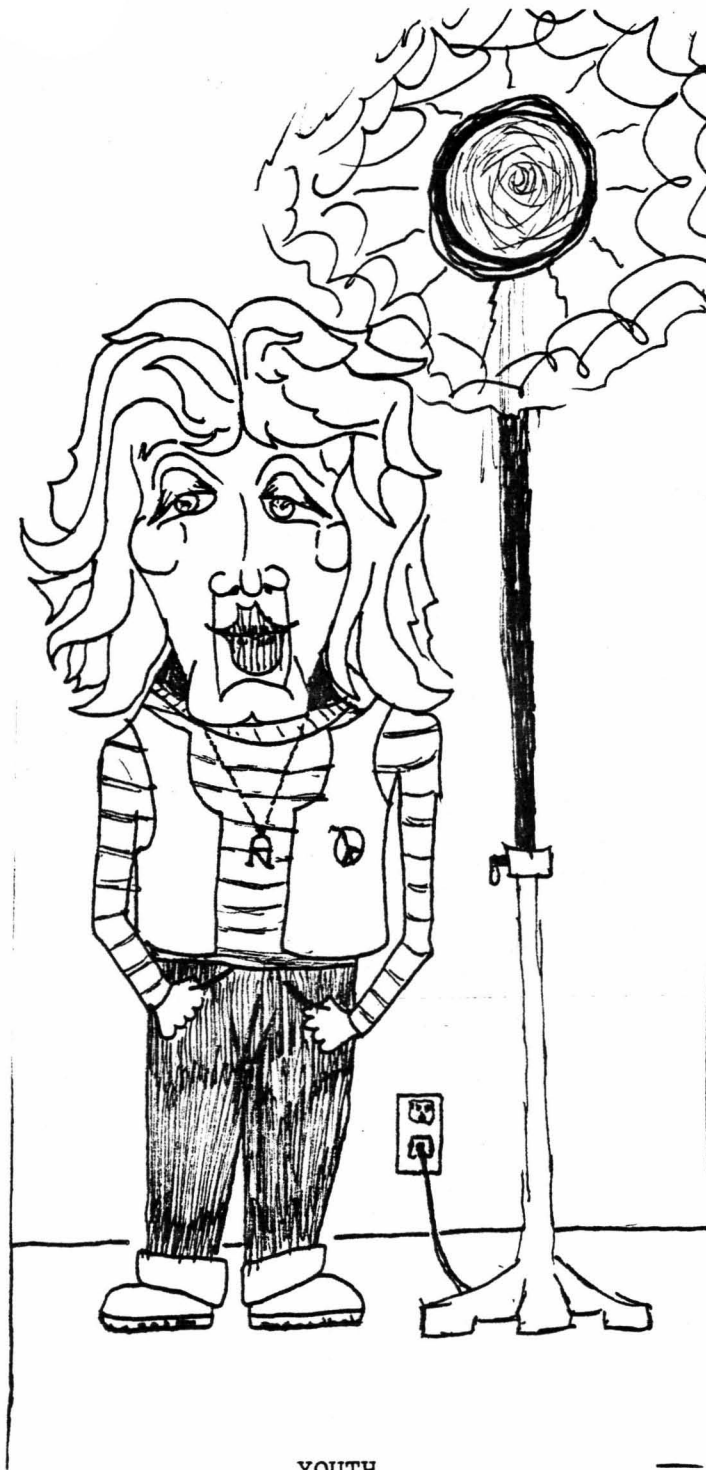
.....at last rest.

By Susan Toews



"My dog died." and a  
crocodile tear inched  
its way, slowly down  
her gopher cheek.  
"Why'd he go?" and a  
small, sticky hand slipped  
into mine with a  
gentle squeeze.  
"Is he in heaven?"  
Her water-bright eyes  
lifted hopefully  
up into mine.  
"Yes, he is," she  
decided before I  
could speak, and  
then she smiled.  
And looking down at  
the happy child, I  
wished that we could  
keep life so simple.

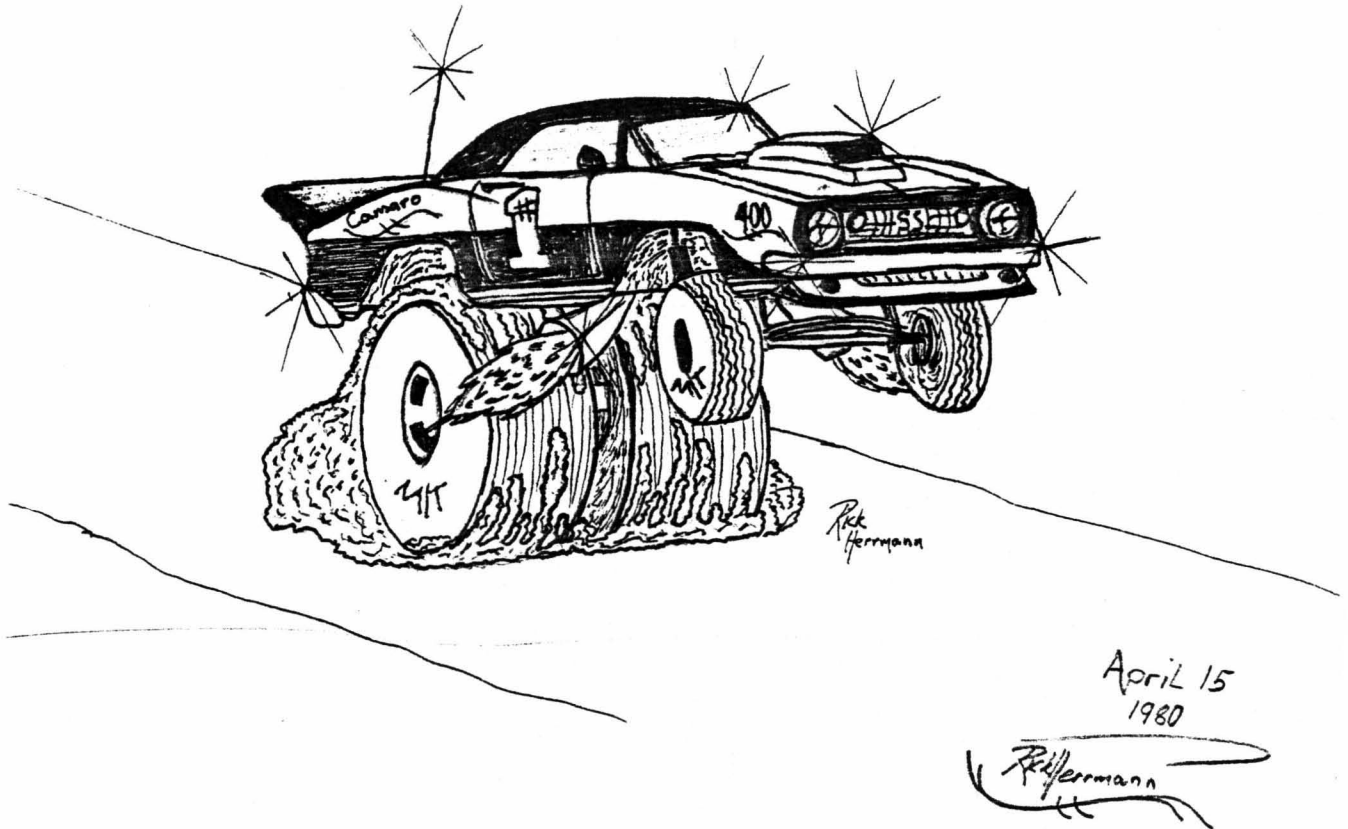
By Cassie Heiland



## YOUTH

Punk rock, crazy hell kids  
Jumping, thrashing, yelling.  
Bible Thumpers, preaching  
praying, garage sales. Time  
passes too quickly for Youth  
to understand, but stay,  
for life is too brief  
to grow up.

By Joe Lonsdale Jr.



### THE REMO FLATS

The grand old Chevy booted it high,  
sending rubber into the sky,  
matching power inch for inch,  
beating the Camaro was a cinch.

The Chevy shot ahead by far,  
it certainly was a better car,  
a '57 with a great interior,  
but not the reason it proved superior.

The Chevy's engine was Turbo equipped,  
at seven thou' it almost flipped,  
the engine whined away that day,  
keeping the new Camaro at bay.

The driver of the Chevy knew,  
the ones who beat him were very few.  
The Camaro wanted first in the race,  
but the Chevy had the faster pace.

By Brad Hill

TO LIVE LIFE TO THE FULLEST

The crowd says...party  
Every weekend  
You'll have a good time!  
"6 Kegs." one said.  
But they waken from their  
Drunken stupor,  
With a headache,  
And can't remember,  
What they did.  
"But it was fun," they say,  
because someone else said it.

Be bold, and stand up  
to your ideas and interests.  
Don't become a robot,  
Pulled by the apron strings  
of popularity.

There was a party,  
But I went ice fishing,  
And hiked five miles  
into the wilderness,  
and I remember  
All the splendor I saw.

The time we have is short,  
We all grow feeble, and then  
Can no longer do what we  
dreamed we would...So live  
Life to Your fullest.

By C. Leverman

LIFE

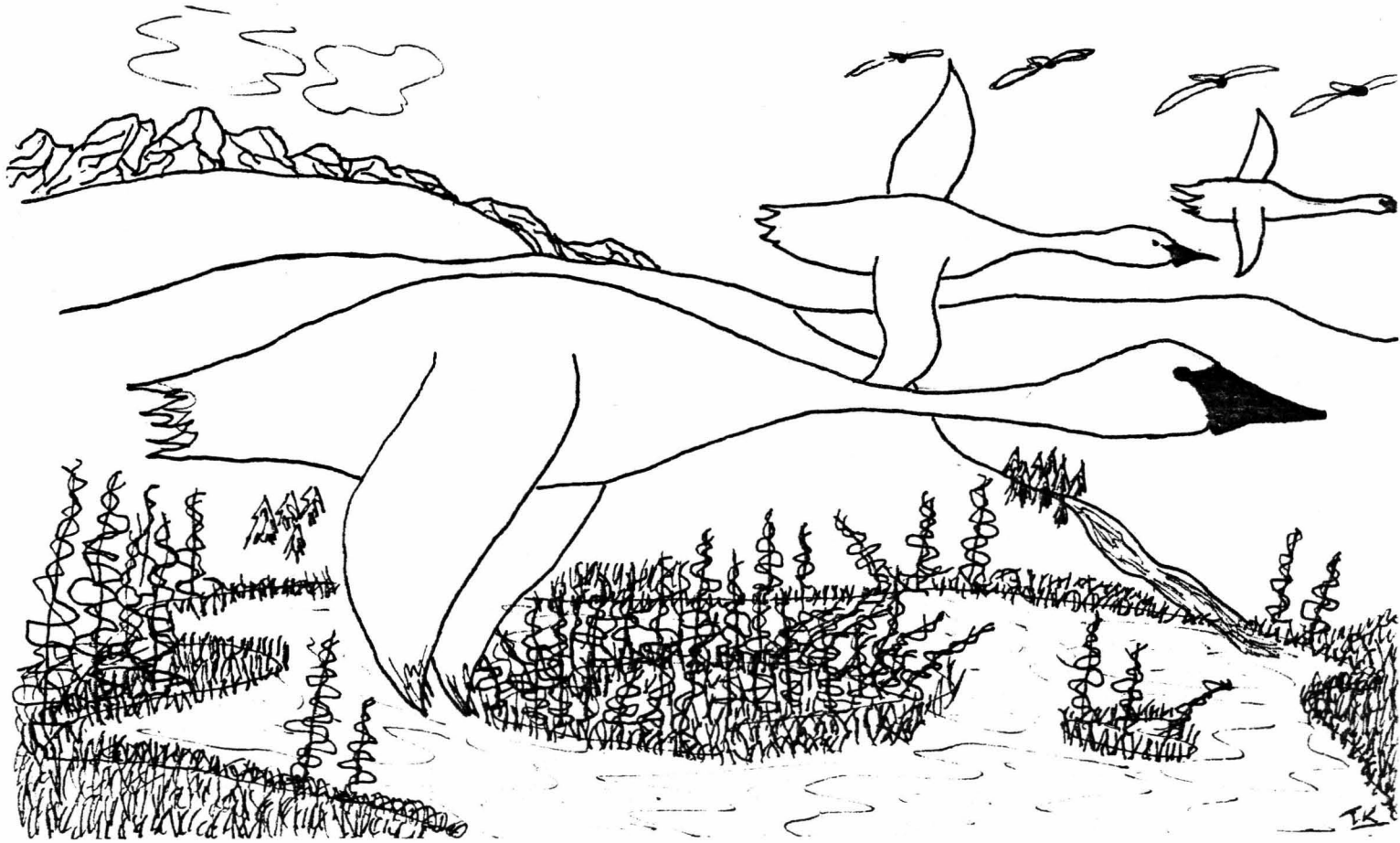
Sun sits in sky  
Snake bakes on ground  
Bird cool in sky  
Snake died with frown

By Jack MacNeill

PLEASURE

Hate!  
Death!  
Kill!  
Maim!  
Release from tensions.  
Relax and enjoy.  
Warmth, calmness of mind.  
Stillness of the soul.  
Contentedness with one's self and surroundings.  
Pleasure.

By Scott Merry



#### MY SOLITUDE

A quiet night on a mountain lake  
fishing for trout with worms as my bait.

A stick as my rod, so old and crude  
still the perfect solitude.

The crisp, cool air, so fresh and clean;  
sparkling waters from the moon light gleam

Catching my limit oh what a pity!  
Back to the loudness of the noisy city.

By Susan Kingswell

### THE PARTY

She was told while still young,  
there wasn't much time.  
So she vowed with her heart  
she'd party 'til the end.  
She spent all her money  
and time with her friends.  
And let the serious side of  
life to itself.  
At the age of ninety-six  
she parted.  
She was still partying.

By Monica Cope

HAPPINESS TO A NINE-YEAR-OLD

Happiness is easy to find  
If you happen to be a boy of nine.

It's plunging an arm into the cookie jar,  
Or finding the toothfairy left a new toy car.

It's fishing and swimming under the summer sun,  
It's skipping home from the dime store with a shiny cap gun.

It's down to the dairy bar for a two-scoop cone  
And kicking a pebble all the way home.

It's pushing fun all of the way  
'Till one has to give in at the end of the day.

It's climbing the stairs with a sleepy head  
To find mom there, as she tucks me into bed.

By Whitney Halstead



## BIRTHDAYS

Birthdays are a special time of year,  
It is a time when one may indulge  
in oneself.

People tend to say "This is your  
day, enjoy!"

Birthdays are a special time of year!

Birthdays are a special time of year,  
One tends to feel just a tinge  
older.

People tend to say, "No matter. You are  
only as old as you feel."

Birthdays are a special time of year.

Birthdays are a special time of year,  
No matter how old one gets,  
No matter how old one feels,  
Birthdays are a special time of year!

By Pam Vaillant

THE WORM IN THE APPLE

CRUNCH!  
UGH!  
Half a worm!

By Rick Freeman

RIVERSIDE POETRY

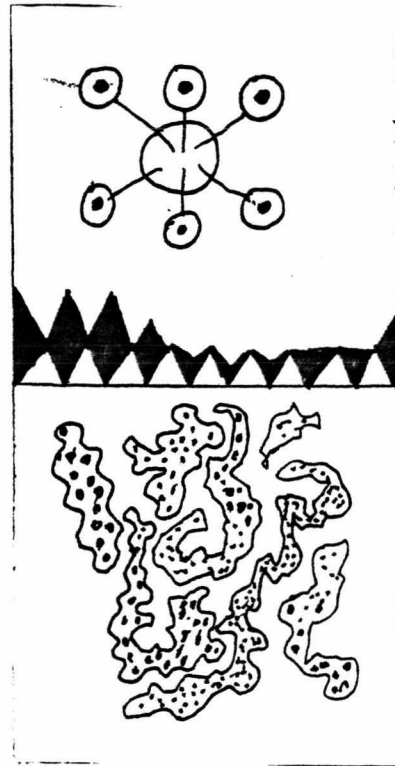
There was a wee spider named Joe,  
Who sang as he worked at the hoe.  
When switched to the rake  
T'was but a mistake  
For now he sings only in woe.

By Kim Solonick

ATHLETE'S FOOT

There once was a hermit named Pete  
Who reeked from stinky old feet  
He tried many a spray  
To take the odor away  
But the rank smell just couldn't be beat.

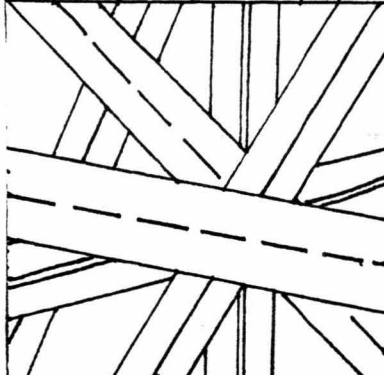
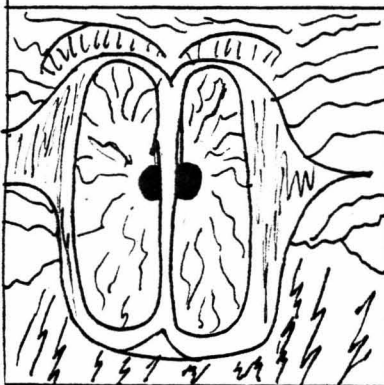
By Curt Campbell



RAGGED THOUGHTS

When pressed for a thought  
I find that  
Wringing my brain like a dirty wet rag  
Only produces some murky brown water  
And a wrinkled, frayed, and still dirty  
Piece of cloth.

By Diane Lister



## THE FIGHT

As it bites through your clothes  
And stings your hands and face,  
You try to walk faster  
Speed up your normal pace.

But you can not beat it.  
It never goes away,  
You must move more quickly  
And let nothing block your way.

You look up to where you're headed  
And your eyes fill with tears,  
How you wish you could escape it  
Before it gets your ears.

Your toes begin to tingle  
And your feet are growing numb,  
So to save them from the pain  
Your legs begin to run.

The poem I have written  
The fight that I have told,  
Is the fight of every winter  
As you try to beat the cold.

By Annette Harris



WHAT ARE WE?

Are we in a large jar held by the grabbing hand of the Universe?  
Are we all one person pretending to be many?  
Are we on one small green planet in the middle of nowhere?  
Are we squealing rats in a raging war?  
Or are we just a fantasy in someone else's dreamland?

### A BLADE OF GRASS

Insignificant by itself,  
A loner in a crowd,  
Beautiful only because it is a part of  
A blade of grass  
So much of life  
Held in its being.

By T. Ayotte

### LONELINESS

Loneliness,  
Jumping at you from all sides  
like thoughts of the past,  
pounding in your mind like drums,  
looking like a long, dark, tunnel,  
leaving you empty.

By Lorie Johnson

## REALIZATION

The nurse  
strode down the hall  
a tiny bundle  
in her arms  
A lady  
in bed  
reached out her hands  
She  
took  
the tiny thing  
and held it close.  
She  
opened  
the bundle  
and there  
he  
lay.  
The child  
gazed at her  
and  
she  
at him.

What is this thing  
that holds me tight?  
Mayhaps a bird  
that will soon take flight.  
She looks at my toes  
with eyes so bright.

Eyes  
as dark  
as night.  
She  
was  
mummy!!!

One of those things  
of fluff and stuff...

His mummy.

By Donna Witherspoon

## THE QUESTION?

I think I should avoid these questions  
built on the dreams and lost strengths  
of mindless men.  
They seem so misguided in their search  
for the answer to freedom.

I think I shall contemplate the world's  
problems and wish for a new way to live.  
If only I had such power unknown  
I know I could answer all their questions  
and free their soul from this corrupt society.

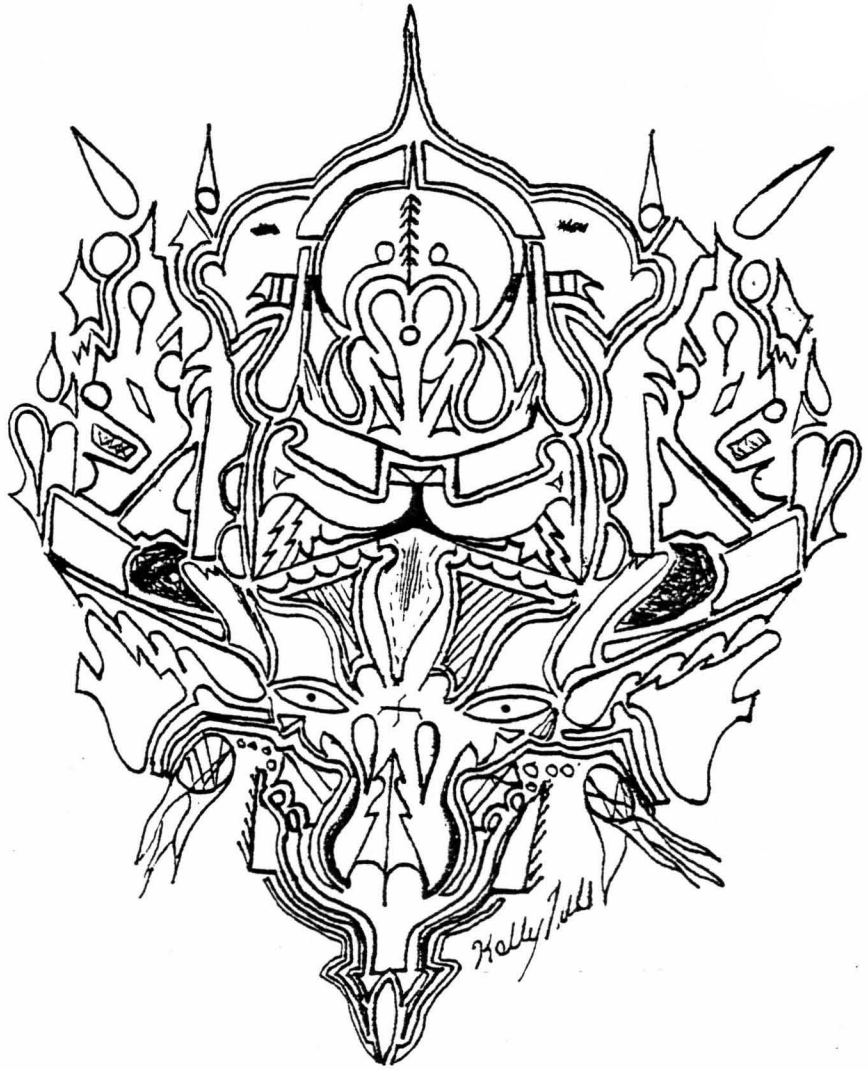
I think I'll dream of the lost eternity,  
The place where nothing stands alone  
Everyone will unite and become one, to  
live in harmony, as they say,  
together.

To live together and be happy seems  
a dream too far away.  
Unimaginable in the eyes of the first kind.  
So why is it so hard to understand the  
world as it is? Why are we not able to find  
a solution?

I think I'll sit alone for awhile and  
hope for freedom myself.  
I'll let the world contemplate its own  
problems for once.  
I can find my own answers, I can find my  
own way out. I'll just say "Excuse me please," and  
walk right by.

By J. Jarvis





## PROCRASTINATION

I'll do it tomorrow - yep, lots of time  
Tomorrow - night now, I got no time  
Too many things on my mind - problems, problems  
- what? - oh, that - I'll worry about it tomorrow -  
Right now, I got no time.  
Last chance - better do it now - hello? - well  
O.K. - ya, sure I ain't doin' nothin' anyhow  
Due today?! - stupid teachers - never give  
You enough time to finish anything!

By Eric Hoenisch

WHEN I DIE...

When I die  
Will you remember my laugh and  
My voice as it softly sang you to sleep?  
Will you remember the way I listened  
To your problems and comforted  
You in your times of distress?  
Or  
Will you remember the times I was cruel  
And unfair  
And hatred gleamed in my eyes?  
Will you remember my biting voice  
And sharp tongue?  
Or  
Will you remember ME?

By Lorri Silvestri

## WORDS AND DEATH

Words falling like rain,  
Splashing on paper,  
Spewing forth  
The inevitable truth of  
life and love.  
Thoughts thought, but not written.  
The poet, unable to capture,  
the fluttering thoughts he  
encounters on his way to death.

But, when he catches those  
thoughts, they stay and help  
him reach reality.  
His nightmares of death are  
momentarily forgotten  
While he thinks of days  
when he could run and jump  
like his forgotten grandchildren.

He moves his wheelchair to the  
sunlit window and gazes out  
to the country fields.  
His eyes water as he  
knows that today is probably  
his last day.

By Edythe Lowes

### I KNOW

Here I sit in the middle of nowhere.  
Trying hopelessly to write of the beauty and peace  
of the nature surrounding me.

I have trouble capturing the eloquent,  
gracefulness of the sea gull with my pen. How  
can I write of the gentle swaying of a tall and  
slender pine tree? How do I express my breathless  
wonder of these things, so happy just to be?

My paper and my pen seem unworthy,  
inadequate, scornful. I cannot express  
my feelings to you with words. They, too, seem  
inadequate, and scornful.

I know only that I see, I hear,  
and I feel.  
All else seems worthless.

By Susan Le Cheminant



HANDICAPPED

Tears filled my eyes  
    one fell to the floor  
In the chair  
    it missed my legs  
I missed my legs

Eyes pierced beyond the blanket  
    stared at  
the rotting, misshapen, remaining  
    tissue of my important  
lacking limbs.

They weren't there  
so why the looks?

Those poor people  
    can't see  
how selfish I am  
    to pity myself  
while these people can't see.

Tears again-  
    not for myself  
for them.

By Susan Toews

POEMS

I'd liked to be circus clown,  
But all the world came tumbling down,  
And I am but a business snob,  
I have no time but for my job.

I am the one they call the cliff,  
My sides are bare, rugged and stiff,  
For some I am there to scuff and climb,  
To others I am there as a monument of time.

Time is alive, ancient and strong,  
It consumes all life, yet is blamed for no wrong,  
Time cures, wounds, kills, brings life to all.  
It is used with construction, but crumbles a brick wall.

Ease on down and watch 'em groove,  
This is the night where everything's smooth,  
Sit right down and let it happen,  
Just relax and you'll start tappin' .

By Wes Jones



## SIMILARITIES AND PERHAPS DIFFERENCES

When I look at the sky, I see sky;  
When you look at the sky, you see images.  
When I look into space, I see space;  
When you look into space, you see bright stars.

There, then, lies the difference between you and I  
I can only see depth if it's knee deep  
You can only see shallow if it's over your head.  
But perhaps these vast differences are not  
really differences at all, but similarities in  
instead.

It is true that when we both focus on the  
distant horizon, we see yesterday.  
And that when we recall yesterday we  
see tomorrow.

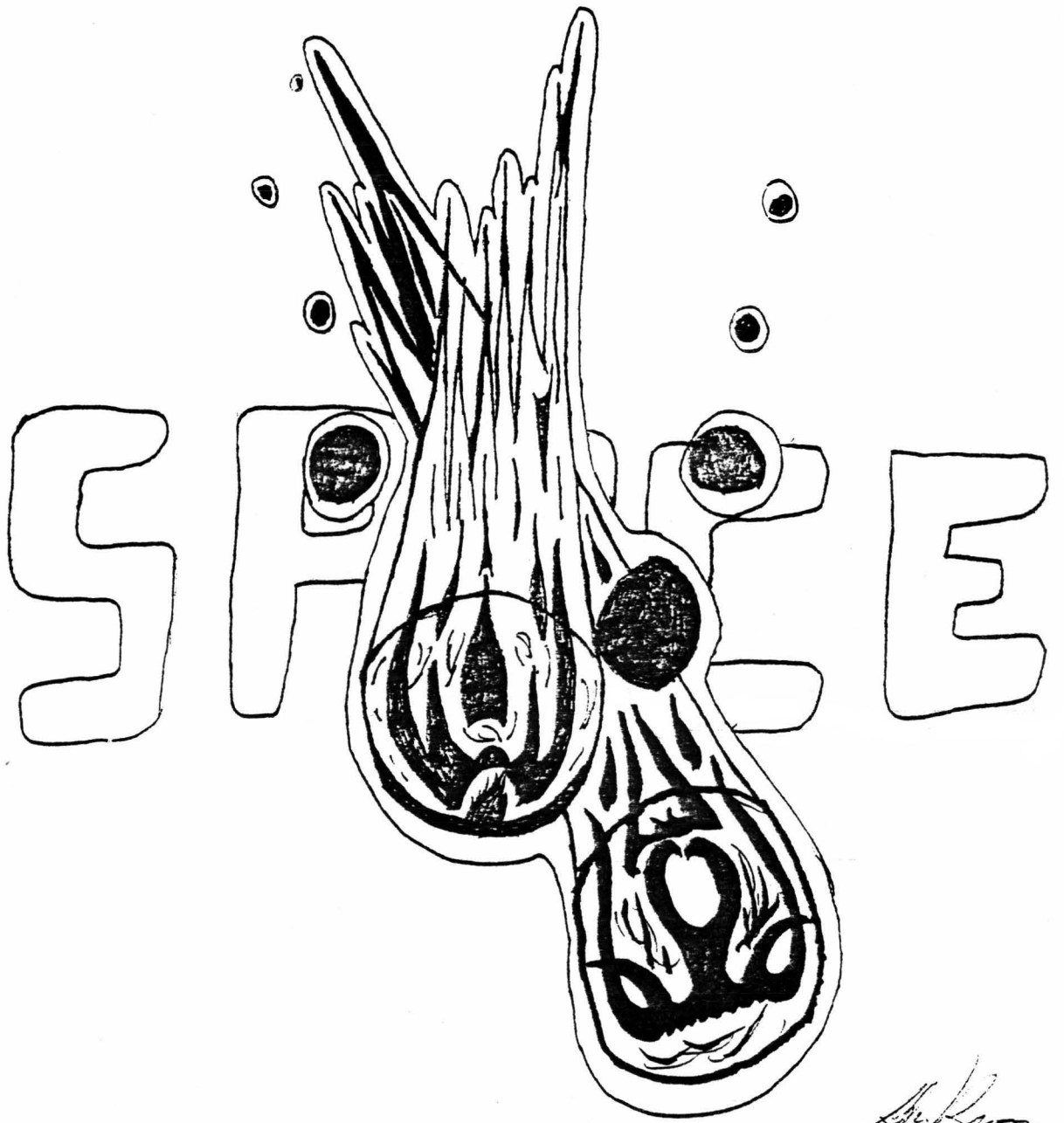
If it rains today, you will be sad,  
whereas I will be happy. This is a true  
difference.

And if the sun rises tomorrow as usual  
we will both take it for granted. This is  
a true similarity.

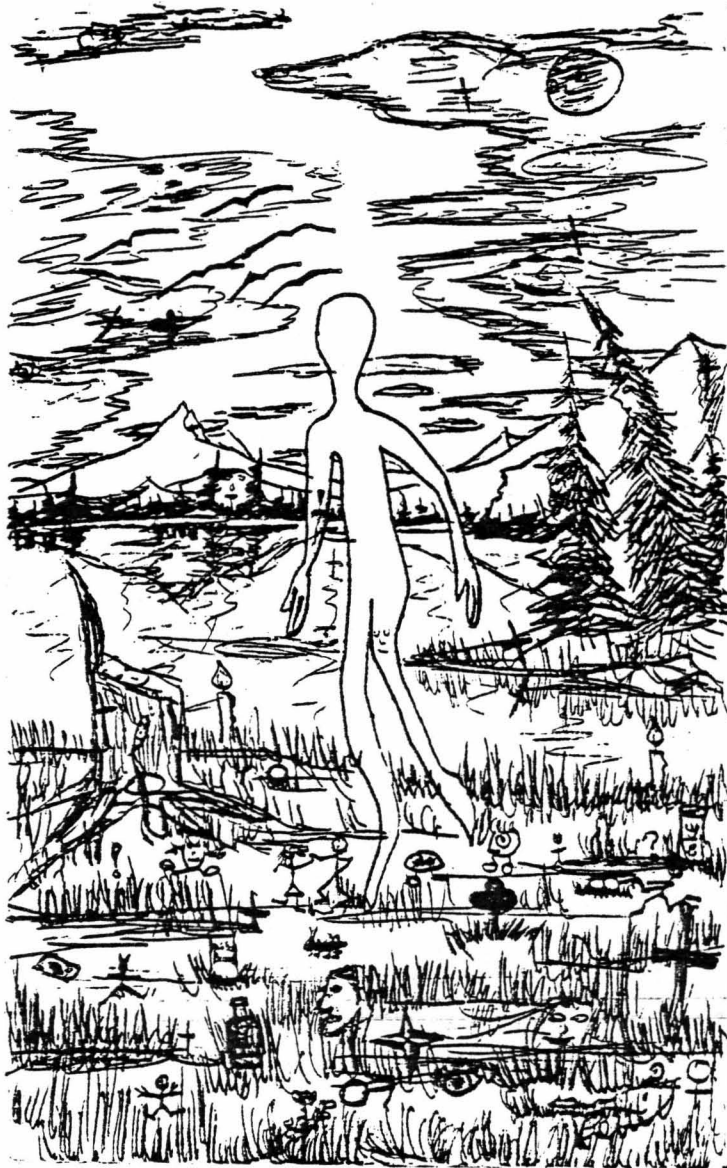
Our differences are brought to life from  
birth, just as the snake and the hawk  
are born with different instincts.  
And our similarities are so, because  
of our ancestry, just as the fawn and  
the rabbit.

This then, is our basis for lasting harmony.  
The shallow and the deep, the sky and  
the image, the stars and the space,  
yesterday and tomorrow, happy and  
sad, the fawn and the rabbit,  
The snake and the fawn...  
The hawk and the rabbit...  
Life and Death.

By Craig Battaglia



*Bob Brown*



## LONELINESS

Loneliness...  
Creeping upon you,  
Under cover of night,  
Catching you unaware,  
With dawn's early light.

Loneliness...  
Insanity of the soul,  
Destroyer of hearts,  
The ruin of mankind,  
The betrayer of larks.

Loneliness...  
A hard thing to cope with,  
No remedy or cure,  
Except onward marching  
Of time, I am sure...

By Wendy Reader

The captain stood  
there like

a leopard  
waiting

to pounce  
on

his prey,

his men  
stood as

rabbits do

when  
they are

about to  
be

killed.

By Derrick Solomon

WITHOUT LOVE

The flame never dies  
The baby never cries

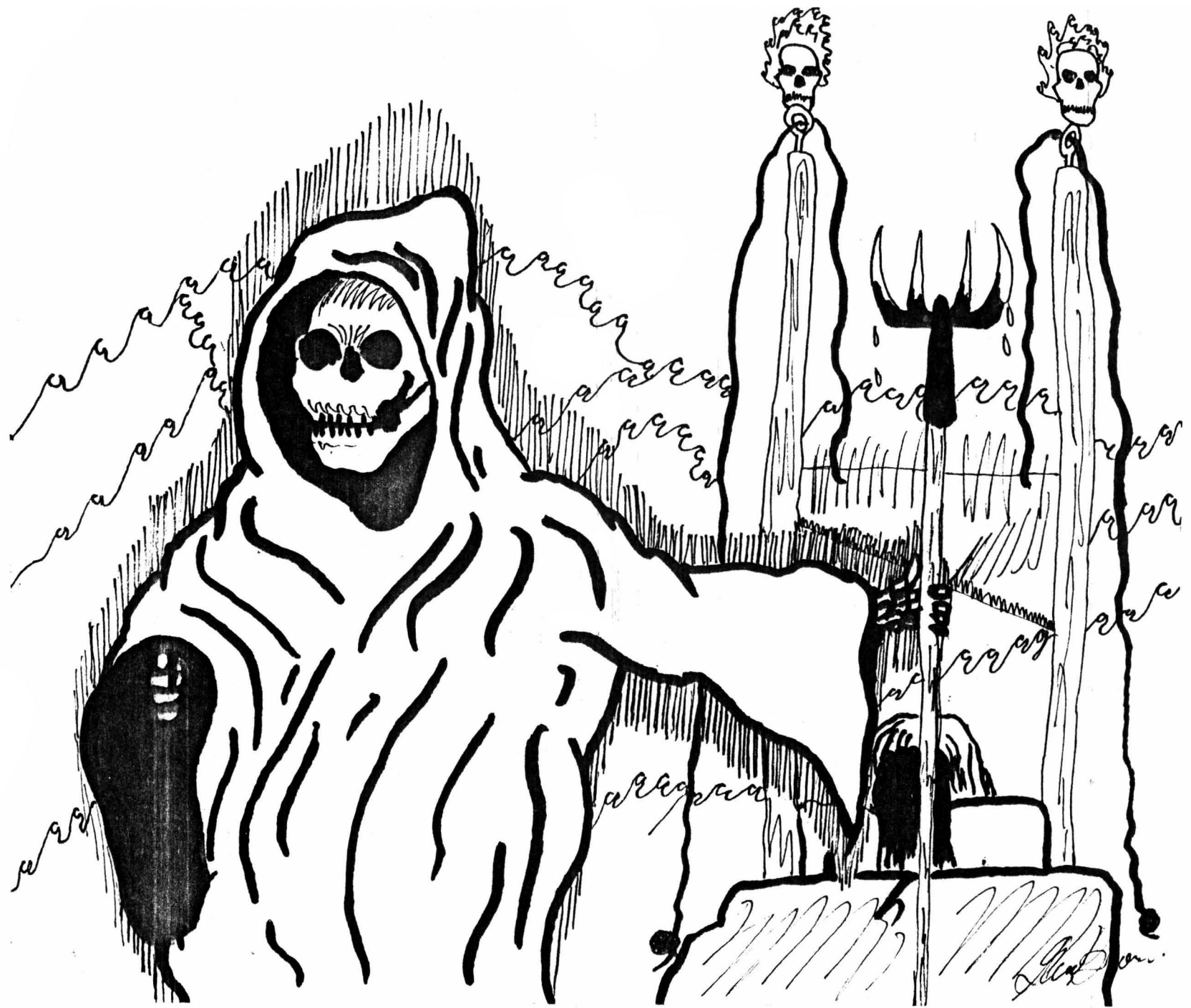
The dove never sings  
The pendulum never swings

A winter without snow  
A face without glow

A wind that blows  
A river that flows

A cloud not above  
A world without love

By: Andrea Hooper



## HELL

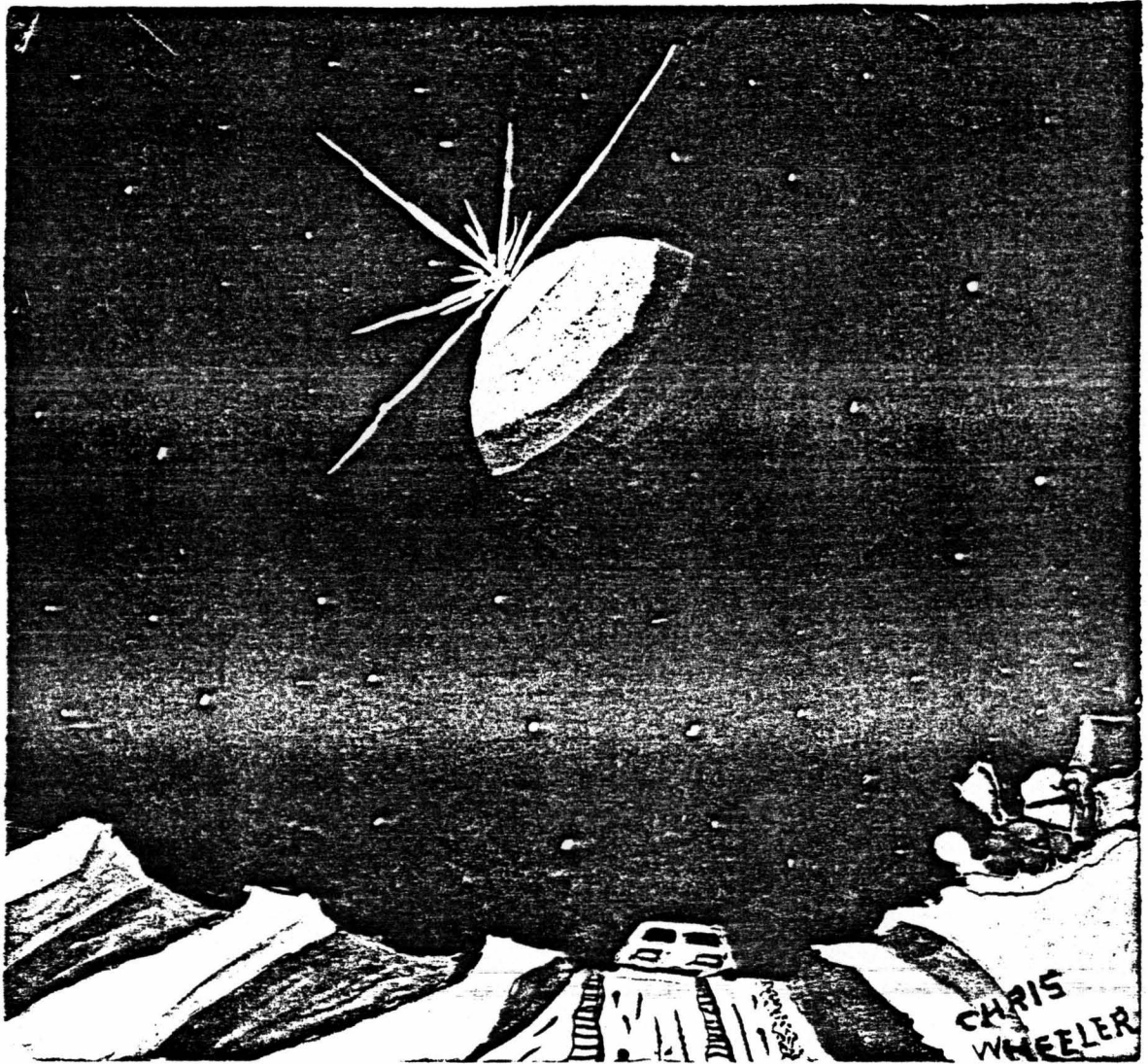
Hell is a frozen lake  
Where all feelings have died  
The pleading faces of the souls facing up  
Frozen, numb, and in a stupor.  
Murderers, rapists, and all around sinners  
Stuck with their weights of guilt.  
Pleading to escape from their self made hell.

By Paul Beahm

Staggering, reeling  
Blood kissing the floor  
Bones laid bare of their flesh  
Cruel taunts  
Cries originating in the pain of mutilation  
Shattered fragments, glass on the floor  
Frail, exhausted body lying in a mangled heap  
The stillness of death an eternity  
Lifebeats bringing the Reaper nearer  
With each issuing forth life's vital liquid  
Temperature dropping  
Ice crystals encrusting blood's edges  
Creeping slowly, steadily  
The victim once again stalked  
In a calculated, inevitable hunt--  
Dying is not once, but forever.

By Stephanie Churchill





### SUICIDE

Sometimes I feel as though the world  
will soon be at an end.  
How can I face another moment?  
Should I run into the darkness  
Never to be seen again?  
Or shall I open my heart to the  
world for all to see?  
Would anyone even notice  
something as insignificant as me?  
I am only a speck of sand in  
this large universe.  
Sitting at the bottom of a dark open sea.

By Doraine Smith

MY LIFE IS BUT A WINDOW

I see my life thru tears,  
like a window in the rain.

I look out...

Imposed with fears,

My heart now lame,

I shrink in silence and in doubt.

The rain pelts faster

Blurring my vision,

Rolling away

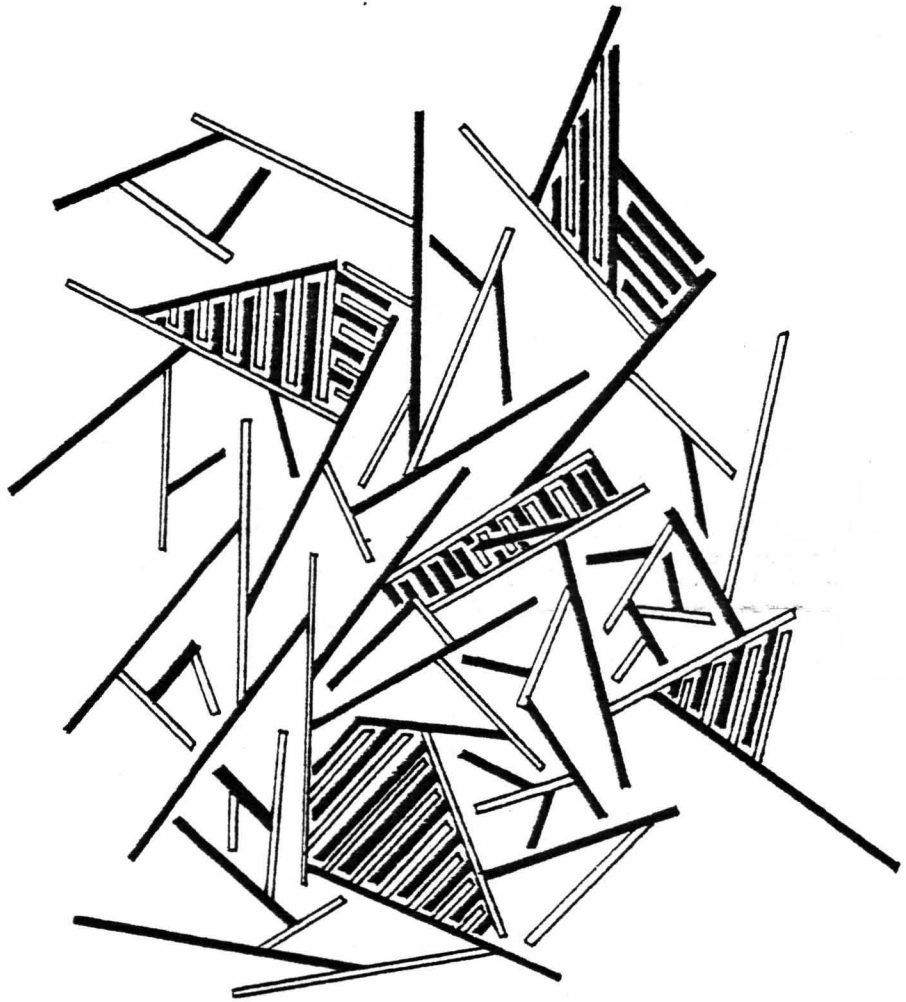
Not staying to master.

I have no decision

I have no say.

This life is mine until I'm grey.

By Jane Martychuk



Shayne Morgan. 9.

### CONFUSING

Why must life be so confusing?  
I'm never winning, always losing!

I do one thing, but it's the other,  
that is right and I must suffer!

I choose an answer for a test,  
but it's the other they like best!

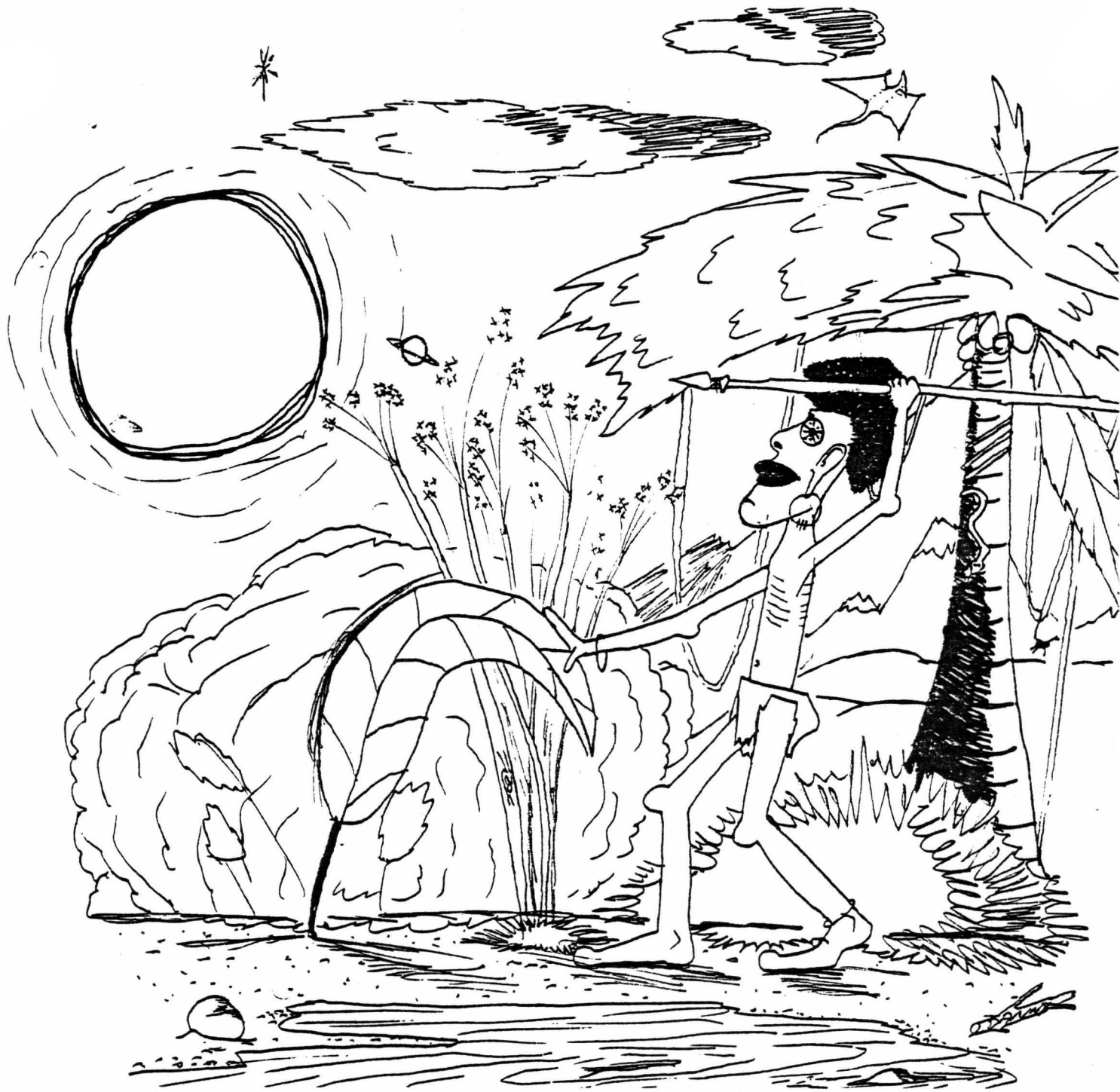
I try to use the proper words,  
they come out wrong, it's for the birds!

I pretend I'm not superstitious,  
instead of mirrors I break dishes!

I try a diet, to lose weight,  
I gain instead, for goodness's sake!

Why must life be so abusing?  
don't ask me why, it's too confusing!

By Melanie Helm



ME,  
A story of a man of character.  
By Ken Quong

## SLIME

Slime.  
You know,  
    that green stuff  
        in a miniature garbage can  
that you buy at Jim's.  
    You can get purple worms in it,  
...if that's what really turns you on.  
    It's cold,  
you know like icky, wet coldness,  
    'cept after you've touched it  
        your hand is still dry.  
Pick up a glob in your hand,  
and let it h  
    a  
        n  
            g down to the other one.  
Plop! Then the rest shrivels down  
    in a slippery string  
        and sorta melts into the blob  
            in your hand.  
Kinda reminds you of the slugs  
    at your Gramma's.  
Except the slugs shrivel up  
    when you put salt on them.  
Stick your fingers in the can.  
Cold, eh?  
And the worms feel like  
    those underdone spaghetti-things  
that they put in Chinese food.  
What do you do with it?  
Who knows?  
Just play with it I guess.

By Colleen Schneider

ALL BECAUSE YOU KISSED ME GOODNIGHT

I climbed the door and opened the stairs,  
Said my pyjamas and put on my prayers,  
Turned off the bed and crawled into my light  
All because you kissed me good night.

Next morning I awoke and scrambled my shoes,  
Polished my eggs and toasted the news.  
I couldn't tell my left from my right,  
All because you kissed me good night.

That evening, at last, I felt normal again,  
So I picked up my mother and called the phone.  
I spoke to my puppy and threw Dad a bone  
Even at midnight the sun was still bright.  
All because you kissed me good night.

By Lisa Lengerke

There was an old lady from Treer,  
Who was a little bit queer.  
She'd walk on her hands  
Behind marching bands  
That queer little lady from Treer.

By Liz Row

#### HOW FRAGILE

Oh how fragile they can be  
The sacred vows of fraternity  
Sharing conquest of virginity  
While disgracing he, as well as she.

By Carolina Scheck



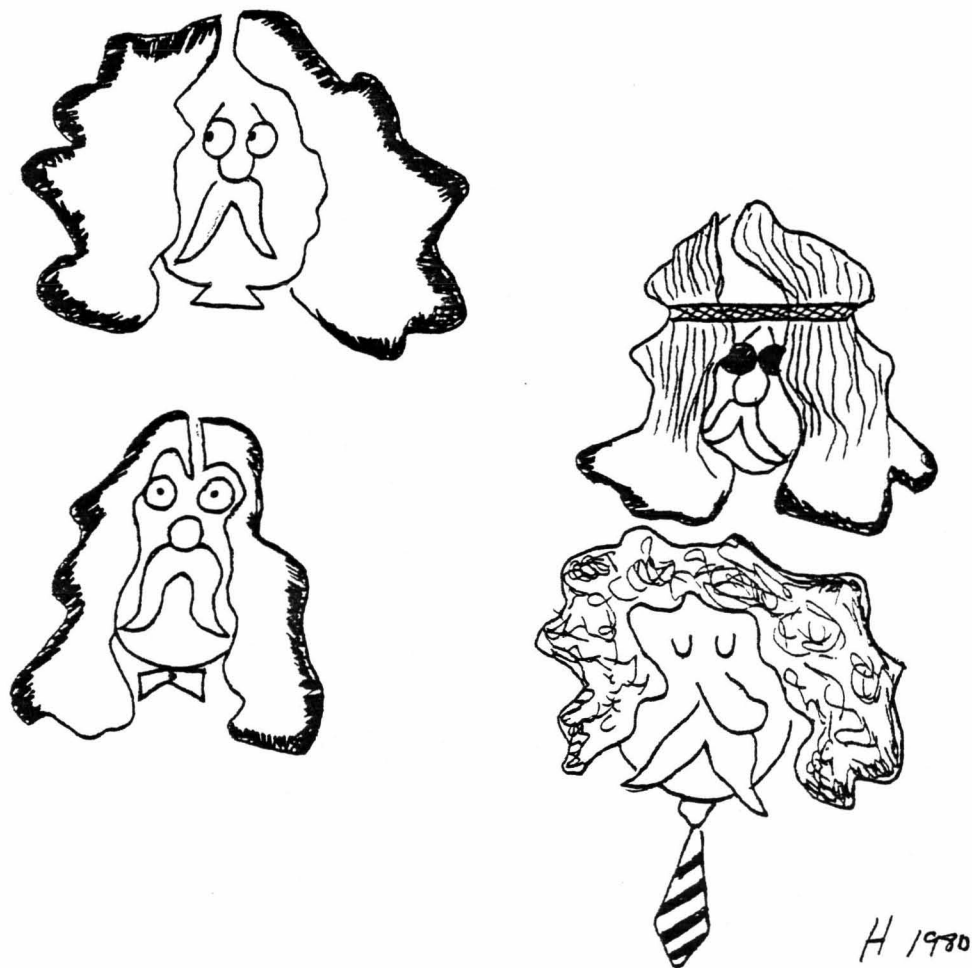
GRAMMAR

Grammar is like cod liver oil.  
You're given a mouthfull and  
You feel it all the way down.

By Nicolle Verm

inglish iz Tuf  
i find it very difikult.  
to spelt evrything write!  
to poot mi thots on paper,  
use korect write!  
an' to Remembur too  
Indent wen i Shood indent;  
i Think, it iz hard two  
mak mi; leterz Kleer  
"Reed" , so that mi teecher can  
an' em  
sentancez is hol!  
inglish iz Tuf.

By B. Hobson



---

STRETCH MARKS ON MY EYEBROWS

I have a problem;  
--stretch marks on my eyebrows.

It shouldn't bother me,  
because the stretch marks,  
are covered  
completely  
by the hair  
up there

but it does bother me,  
I know they're there

for the rest of my life  
I'll be haunted by  
stretch marks

on my eyebrows.

by Peter Stirton

## WAVES

The waves,  
Strong, commanding, free,  
the owners of the sea  
Dashed to their deaths  
on the sandy shores.

By Kerri Kellington

## YUKON RIVER

Racing, whirling,  
Angry  
As a raging buffalo  
Roaming the plains.  
Yet peaceful,  
Untouched by the world.  
Until a leaf,  
Falling,  
Lands in its torment,  
And is swiftly  
Pulled away.

By Heather Avison

## THE WIND

The wind blows  
and slams doors--  
Sometimes howling in protest,  
Other times, sulking in whispers,  
Never really quiet  
Always moving.

By Jenny Lee

## POETRY BLUES

"Write five poems." said Mr. Yakimow.  
"Write five poems." I thought, "Oh no."  
To me that really sounded hard,  
He must think I'm a terrific Bard.

But, I sat me down to think it out,  
Mind you I had plenty of doubt.  
My mind began to wander a bit  
And thought of places I'd rather sit.

In a quiet café was one  
Eating a big cinnamon bun.  
Watching hockey was #number two,  
But I knew that that would never do.

I finally thought of a poem,  
Although my mind were heavy as stone.  
I finally got a few things down  
But thought that he would only frown.

My page had doodles all around  
But I knew that I was poetry bound  
Right then you see, my greatest wish  
Was just to pass that En-gl-ish!!!

By Kim Henkel

## ODE TO A J-CLOTH

Oh J-Cloth, oh J-Cloth, old buddy, old friend  
I'm sorry your time with me has come to an end

You once were so useful for wiping the walls,  
But now you're all ripped and you're no good at all.

Your blue stripes are faded, your white ones are gone,  
You once looked so handsome, whatever went wrong?

I've tried to be nice to you, Gosh! But it's hard!  
I've sprayed you with windex and smeared you with lard.

And even on picnics, I knew you were there,  
But Johnny used you to hit bugs in the air.

Remember when Dad took you out to the shop?  
He spilled all that oil, you served as a mop!

I've washed you with Tide, but you still are quite tanned,  
So I used you to wipe the dog poo off Jim's hand.

You've been such a help to my family and I,  
I hope you have fun in that "Sink in the sky"

By Colleen Schneider

### GOOD FRIENDS

I once had a good friend ...  
We were close as family.  
We could talk about anything ...  
Anything that came to mind.  
We could even sit for a time,  
And not say anything at all.

We shared all our dreams,  
And planned our futures, too;  
We created games and puzzles,  
And played music and sewed;  
We made and joined clubs,  
And made new friends...together.

Then we grew up;  
The search for someone special  
Took us on our separate ways.  
But no one could ever  
Take that good friend's place.  
Nobody.

By Karen Doll

## SCHOOL

We go to school to learn  
to talk more better.  
Our teechar is a very good  
speler and he learns us  
to write good.

We went to school for  
12 long years, and now  
we talk more better English  
than our teechar.

By Pauline Maruk

## SCHOOL

Thinking back in my later years and  
how I really hated going to school.  
How I felt like battling with the  
Teachers, every now and then.  
But as years fly by, its all a change  
and a pass.  
Now back in my years  
I kinda wish, I was back in school.  
Starting all over again.

By Fred Stick

BOBBY AND ME

Bobby went and spat at me;  
I spat back.  
Bobby tried to kick me;  
And I kicked him back.  
He punched me,  
So I punched him back.

The teacher made him stay  
after school.  
The teacher made me stay  
after school, too.  
So, you see Mom,  
Bobby and I did a lot together  
today.

By Stacy Holt



## THE LAST SUMMER

Two months ago, the caps and gowns that go with graduation,  
(Our school years, the best years of our life, they say) were behind us.  
Then we had summer to look forward to,  
A hot summer filled with the beach, parties, and nothing  
important to do,  
But now September is back.  
We sit each morning watching the "children" waiting for the  
school bus.  
We are adults now, out in the world, looking for jobs,  
ready to earn money for an apartment, a car, and all the  
important things in life.  
How glad we are that those "best years of our life" are  
behind us, we say, as we wander down to the school yard.

By Roberta Profeit

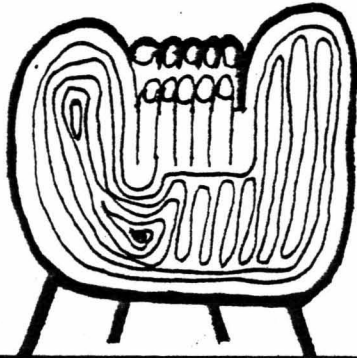
## SYMPTOMS OF LOVE

Butterflies in the stomach  
Girlish giggles  
Quickened pulses  
Thunderous Heartbeats  
Catches of breath  
Rosy cheeks  
Shining eyes  
Heartstopping smiles

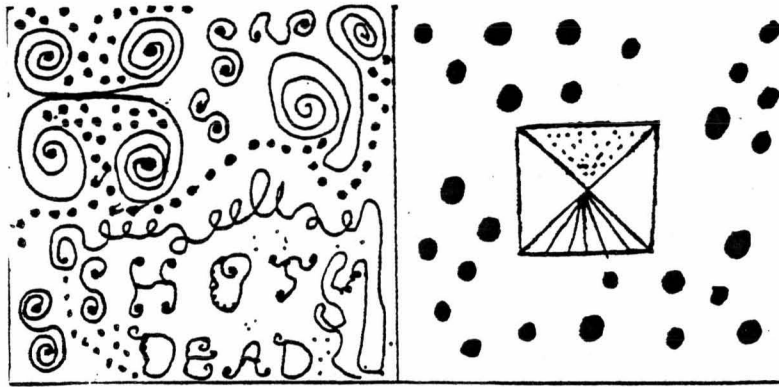
Remedies...none.

By Lorri Sylvestri

THOUGHTS OF A PERSON WHILE  
HER SISTERS ARE WATCHING T.V.



It's so hard trying to  
Do this assignment while  
Those two brats are watching T.V.  
My hands feel so cold  
And so cramped, that I can hardly  
Hold my pen  
The furnace gives me a reassuring  
Rumble that the house will  
Soon be warm but my feet tell  
Me that it isn't telling the truth  
"Well, worst thing's that I gotta  
Go back to work," is what  
My ears pick up while sitting  
Down and trying to warm  
My hands, arms and feet  
It's so hard to concentrate  
To keep my head from turning  
I look out through the faces on  
The grey curtains to see a  
World that is much like the  
House—cold and frosty  
I hear the thump of silent, padded  
Feet jumping onto a counter.  
They go into the sink and explore  
It for water to drink  
Disgusted with what sisters are  
Watching, I turn back and  
Concentrate on the sound of a  
Pen scratching on the paper  
It's a busy, busy day although  
It's Saturday and I regret  
Being born first instead I wish  
That I was the youngest--  
How carefree they must be and  
How lazy they can be as well  
The furnace gives another reassuring  
Rumble and in spite of the coldness,  
Warmth rushes up and down  
My arms and feet.  
Too bad they don't like radio  
But they're too lazy to get  
up and change the channel.  
I hear those two chuckling  
As they wrestle on the newly  
Cleaned rug.  
I wish I were somewhere else  
Doing something different  
Such as in a nice, warm place  
Like Bermuda lying in the sun  
I turn around and try to take  
The gum out of my braces--  
It's sticking!  
I go to throw my rough  
Copy away and find someone  
Standing over my paper and  
Scrutinizing every little dot  
And syllable.



DORM DILEMMA

A shout is heard, in the morning  
 At supper you hear a bell ding  
 Meanwhile there is such a commotion  
 You're sure the roof will cave in.

From the very first second you rise  
 Until you finally close your eyes  
 You hear strange music all around  
 And wonder what new rock group has been found.

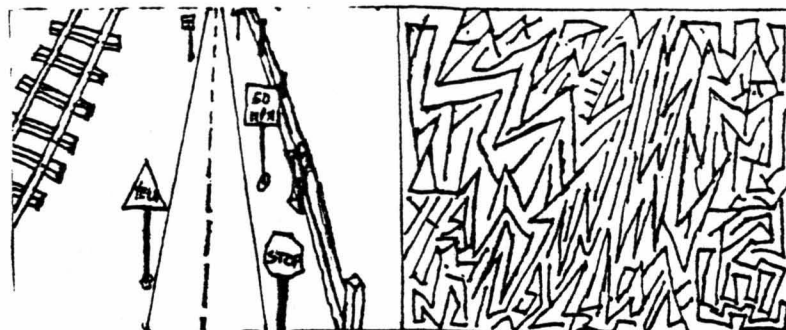
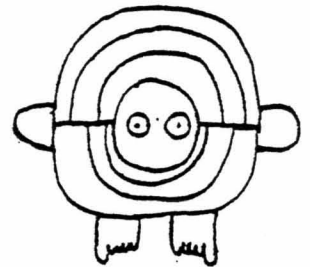
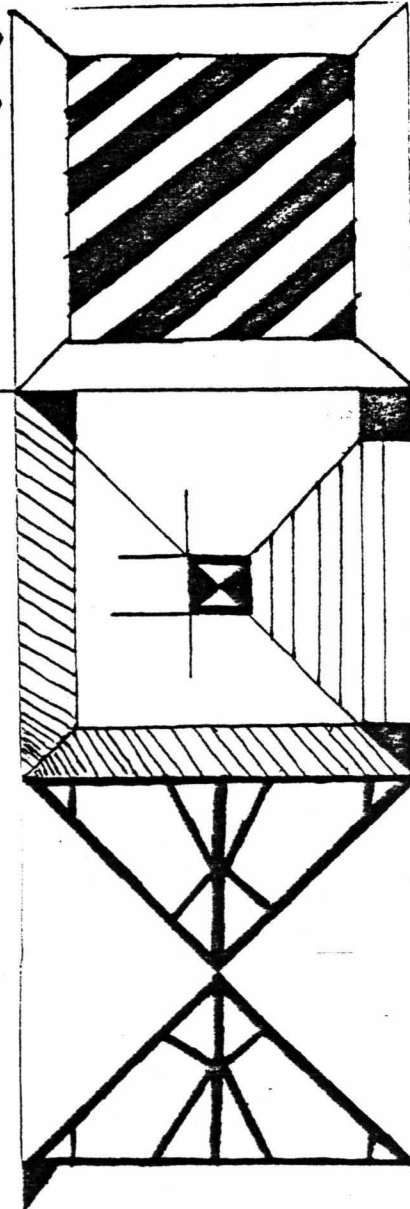
You faintly hear the ring of the bell  
 Then loudly Meatloaf "Bat out of Hell".  
 Then you remember you'd better dash  
 So you won't have to hear big "Johnny Cash".

You see a girl run into your room,  
 You wonder about her coming doom.  
 She ducks in time for you to see,  
 Heading your way a big pot of tea.

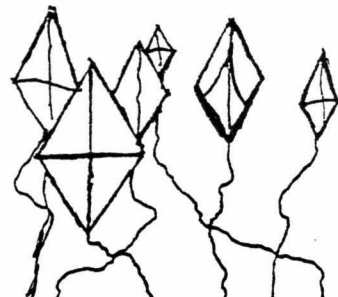
Next thing you know you're down on the floor,  
 Waiting for something, a bomb, perhaps more!  
 The supervisor's voice is then barely heard  
 Faintly you hear, "Settle down you bird!".

Homework unfinished you climb into bed,  
 If your teacher finds out you'll surely be dead.  
 You try to explain, but give up in strife  
 You say with a sigh "Well, that is dorm life!".

By Kim Henkel



Shayne Morgan. 9.



## ATHLETICS

Athletics -  
The competition.  
Striving to be better,  
the best.  
Practicing  
Being with the rest.

The gym, the field.  
Sweaty, hot and tired.  
Long, hard, sprints,  
largely inspired.

Competing on the team,  
running against the clock,  
hoping for the time,  
to step upon the block.

By Johanne Lueck

FOOTBALL

A blurred vision of a 250 pound bull  
in a green and white jersey;  
grunting and snarling like a wolf in heat;  
brute power like a violent volcano;  
I stand there waiting

By Vincent Ian

### THE FIGHTER

The fighter stands alone;  
naked before the crowd's eyes.  
They prod and poke,  
sharp, all-knowing eyes.  
He is victorious; yet,  
he has lost something.  
Winning that last bout has taken  
something special from him.  
He wonders which one in the crowd  
notices the change.  
He is not the person he was;  
he is a stranger to himself.  
Someone notices, but says nothing  
Leaving the crowd,  
She pauses, thinking of her loss.

By Cheryl Staley

I WILL BE...

You gave me a sunset to close my day.  
And a cool breeze to rest me.  
You spilled moonlight upon my pillow  
and my face.  
Your tears are in the rain.

You tell me in the quiet, green grass.  
And whisper it in the leaves of the trees.  
You breathe it in the colours of the flowers.  
You shout it in the mountain streams.  
And give birds - love songs to sing.

You clothe me with warm sunshine.  
And you perfume the air.  
Your love for me is deeper than the oceans.  
And bigger than the biggest want or need I have.  
We will spend eternity together.

I will be - your image to see.  
Your fullness be, manifested in me.

By Shari Rittenhouse

## CRASH!

Two hearts just found each other,  
Or rather collided.  
I don't think either party  
Is suing;  
Both are smiling.

They've been on the same  
Freeway for years, but never  
In the same lane, until now.  
It was inevitable, that crash,  
Just a question of exactly when  
It would happen.

Head on, a real nice mess,  
Scattered parts  
Lying everywhere,  
Just waiting to be made.  
Into a new car  
That both can share

One calls it luck; the other, God's will  
Whatever they call it  
I call it Love.

By Karen Harmer

## BEAUTY

They clutter up passageways, halls and entries,  
Like so many blissful, bothersome sentries.  
Their eyes and hands are glued to each other;  
Neither dares look at any other.

When holding hands they walk so slow,  
That the follower wishes he had a crossbow.  
They often meet in the middle of the street,  
To kiss and carry on other builtweat.

By Gerald Collier



LOVE

The best part of a relationship  
is getting to know each other  
Then... everything seems to be  
all right but he's not telling  
you

    he's unhappy.  
He forgets to phone once too  
often, so you ask  
"Is everything all right?"  
"Oh yes, nothing's wrong"  
    He says while underneath  
he wants out.  
He feels he's losing his friends  
so he spends more time with them  
and less with you.  
You hurt so badly, but he doesn't  
seem to notice, he's got to put  
headers on his car.  
    Finally you realize he doesn't  
care anymore  
and you wonder if he ever did  
you realize then...  
The best part of a relationship  
is getting to know each other.

By Pauline Maruk

LOVE

a sharing  
    of tears  
    of laughter

togetherness,  
    never apart

a joining of souls  
a joining of minds

and finally  
    a fusion of hearts

By Susan Toews

LOVE ?

Can love be measured in shape or size?  
Or does it show deep in your eyes?

Can it be described in a practised line?  
Or does it take a life-time to define?

Can love be expressed by physical affections?  
Or is it just your outward reflection?

Does love itself take forever to find?  
Or is it just your state of mind?

By Glenda Amos



Richard S.M.

## THE WAY OF THE WHALES

by Julia Olsen

The first rays of golden sunlight slipped across the still calm water in the early summer morning. The gulls, up early, were in the sky circling grey clouds that were slowly turning pink. Dark and crouching in the water the quiet islands waited for the sun; they were still asleep.

Rising from the pale horizon in the distance a spout of vapour twinkled in the sun. A black fin flashed, and then was gone. The whale peacefully drifted on. More followed. They were going North, back home for the summer.

At the shore two men climbed into a rowboat loaded with chainsaws and axes, rope, a winch, metal lunchboxes.

One man was tall and he wore a hat which covered thick black hair. The other man was shorter, and he had sandy yellow hair.

They slipped out from the shade of the pier, and pulling hard on the oars, rowed towards an island. It had steep cliffs and was covered with trees. Down by the water grew arbutus and alder. Their dead leaves fell among the stones on the beach and the sea carried them off at high tide.

The rowboat scraped as it grounded, and the two men got out. They pulled the boat up the beach, and taking their things, they walked up a rocky path, up into the woods.

Large ferns and forest weeds created a green haze on the forest floor. Twiggy little trees with thin branches climbed towards the light. They were dwarfed by the great trees with straight round trunks, the cedars.

The men walked through the woods, trampling the ferns and small forget-me-nots beneath the weeds. They came to a clearing and set down their tools. The sharp hack of an ax in a cedar's side broke the stillness of the morning. Soon a loud motor was grinding up the silence; a tree fell with a splitting crash to the ground. Birds flew from the island.

The men were working near the tall cliff high above the water. One cut the trees and the other stripped branches. They rolled the logs off the cliff where they plunged into the water making a huge splash, and the waves carried them towards the island where they waited to be put into a log boom. A tug was to be sent from the company later in the afternoon to tow them away to Vancouver Island. The loggers had to work hard to have enough logs by then.

They worked all morning. The green trees fell one by one. Slowly the clearing grew. The men lit fires to burn the stumps away; the blue smoke rose above the trees that were left and sailed gently eastward.

At noon the men stopped for lunch. They shut down their chainsaws, hacked the axes into a stump, and stretched out on the ground. It was covered with cedar bark strips and yellow chips of wood. Their jeans were covered with sawdust. A faint smell of exhaust fumes hung heavily on the air.

As the loggers ate they spotted the black and white killer whales off in the distance. The pod was coming around a small island and heading towards them. As they came nearer the loggers could see the smaller whales swimming along in front of the others. They often jumped out of the water, playing and signalling to one another, swimming back and forth. At the back the larger whales swam steadily on, but occasionally they would jump too.

The men were laughing and joking, talking about life in the logging camp and the Friday night brawls. They didn't want to start work again; the sun was so warm and everything was quiet. There seemed to be a lull in the summer afternoon.

The light-haired logger got up. He had a beer bottle in his hand which he threw far out to the sea. It fell down in a clear swoop, and landed with a dull splash in the water far below. The whales drew nearer. He could see their sleek black fins gleaming in the sun, and he could hear their blowholes spouting life. The spray from them rose high and then was carried off by the wind. They were peaceful and yet in control of everything. It was their sea.

The sun beat upon the standing logger and sweat poured from his body. A big cedar log lay near the edge of the cliff. He walked towards it. The other logger watched him from his seat. He sat up, resting on one elbow. "Don't try it. The whales know things. Best to leave 'em alone." The logger at the cliff laughed. "Don't gi' me that bunk. They're just a pile of dumb fish."

He turned and looked down. A great whale was swimming below the cliff. Beside it, a smaller one. He gave the log a strong push with his booted foot. The log slowly rolled to the edge and then lazily dropped off the cliff. It fell heavy end first and landed with a crack on the shiny back of the large whale. A screeching sound echoed off the cliff, and the log rolled into the water. The logger looked down. The whale was oddly bent, and the water surrounding it was coloured with blood. It rolled onto its side, and as its blowhole entered the water the whale's death shriek bubbled its last sound.

The dark haired logger jumped up. He peered over the cliff. Other whales were gathering around, and a small whale was crying. The whales dove and brought the sinking mother to the surface. They carried her off, and the loggers watched until the whales had swum around the point. A small whale lingered behind, calling.

The light haired logger looked sullen. His head was bent over and he kicked a few pine cones over the cliff.

"Dumb fish. What stupid-" His partner cut him off.

"You shouldn't have done that. And quit kicking stuff!" He went back to his work. The light haired logger looked at the sky. A grey cloud shadowed the sun for a moment. Everything was still as it had been before. Red sea washed against the rocks below.

By eight o'clock they had enough logs to add to the boom. A tug boat was gathering them together and soon would leave. The two loggers packed up their things and walked down to the beach. The tide had risen during the day and leaves and twigs from the trees were gently being pushed by waves at the waters edge. The men piled their things in the boat and pushed off. They were tired after the long day's work and were looking forward to food, hot showers, and cool sheets.

The bow of the boat knocked on the waves as they sailed out from the shadow of the island. Both men were silent. They were thinking of the whale.

All at once they heard a splash behind them. They turned to see a large dorsal fin disappear below the surface. The light haired man shot a frantic look at his partner. Another whale swam right under the boat and breached on the other side. The waves sent the boat rocking violently. The light haired man let go of the oars and was clinging to the sides of the boat. Wildly he looked from side to side. He could see several whales circling the boat, and others farther away, waiting. A large whale came out of the water next to him. It was looking right at him with its great glassy eye. He yelled and picked up an oar to try to hit the whale, to frighten it away. The whale dove, and a giant tail rose out of the water, towering above the boat. Neither of the loggers knew what to do.

Once the whale dove things seemed to quieten down a little. The dark haired logger picked up a can and tried to bale the boat. It seemed as if the whales were going away. For a minute all was quiet. The light haired

logger was just about to breathe a sigh of relief, when they both saw a big dark shape moving straight up towards them from the deep sea. It came very fast. The nose of the whale struck the side of the boat. A huge body leaped clear over them; both men went flying. The whale landed on its side with a huge splash. The light haired logger heard the boom of the water returning as he gasped for air. His partner was swimming towards the boat. He gathered the oars together, but there was no sign of any of the equipment.

The light haired man desperately looked about. The great whale was returning. He could see its clear black and white body swimming straight towards him, tail pounding, white water spilling before its nose. It was close. A red tongue surrounded by sharp, white triangular teeth gaped before him; the whale pulled him under.

The other logger struggled back into the boat. He rowed around for a long time looking for his partner. He knew he would never find him.

He watched the great whales move slowly away up the sound. They swam in peace again. The spray from their blowholes sang a song of freedom; their tall black dorsal fins showed pride and confidence. The whales headed home. The logger turned the boat and quietly did the same.

November 4, 1980

Diary,

Hello. Today John and Martha dropped me off at this old folks home. They sat with me for half an hour, then left for the city. Why are old people treated like an extinct species and herded to one central living place? Can't we enjoy life after 60? Why must people tend to us when we're perfectly capable of looking after ourselves? I remember years ago when my grandmother played with us as kids until she became ill. Then when she did become sick she stayed in bed at home, not in some hospital for people who are only remembered in long distance commercials and at Christmas time! My room is very small and plain. The walls are white and too obvious. The bed creaks and the door sticks. I have but one old chestnut drawer for my belongings. I will unpack tomorrow. I never want to leave this room. I'll stay here until I die.

November 15, 1980

Diary,

Today when I opened my chester drawer I found a slip of paper with a verse and a name on it. The verse reads "accept me as I am so I may learn what I can become". It touches me. The name was Edgar Lasiuk at the bottom of the paper. It was how I felt when I was left here. Old people are labelled as "fogies" or "old folks".

November 17, 1980

Diary,

A nurse came in today. She was very polite but it wasn't genuine. I asked her about "Edgar Lasiuk". The nurse laughed and said he was the "pain" of the home. He was always talking about what it was like to be old. I got his slip of paper out to show her and she only shook her head and let out a "what an idiot" type of laugh. It made me very hurt. The weather was very nice today. I miss my grandchild. Little Moriah must be walking by herself by now!

November 26, 1980

Diary,

Today was my birthday. I came and went just like any other day. John phoned to wish me a happy birthday but was in a rush so I said I had a lot of things to do and couldn't talk. He seemed relieved. Today I looked up all the Lasiuks listed in the phonebook. I found an E. Lasiuk. I think I will phone tomorrow! The days are so boring here. I wake up, eat, watch the clouds, eat lunch, watch the clouds, eat supper and then we all gather in a lounge to do some singing. YUCK! There are seven other ladies here and about ten men. None of them look happy. I haven't talked to any of them.



November 29, 1980

Diary,

I telephoned Mr. Lasiuk. We had a good talk. I explained to him that I was here at "Hyatt House" and he let out a deep sigh. He is living in an apartment/basement with a family. He says it isn't much better, but he is himself. His voice was strong and sounded sure. I told the nurse I had called him, she sounded like she didn't believe me and said "Oh, that is nice" with no emotion at all. John and Martha called today to tell me that they were getting a divorce. I never did like Martha, she wasn't good for my son. It was her idea to bring me here.

December 14, 1980

Diary,

Sorry for the slack letter writing. Edgar and I call each other quite often now. He is so kind and understanding. He knows exactly what I'm going through and it feels so comforting to know someone cares about me! It is like having my late husband to talk to. Edgar is so similiar to Alexander. The nurse seems to be a little uneasy with all the phone calls coming and going. She does not like him at all and keeps telling me he is a crazy old philosopher.

December 19, 1980

Diary,

A.M. I cannot stand this place any longer. I haven't heard from John or Martha for weeks. Outside it is so cold and dismal. I am hoping for a call from Edgar today. He is such a dear friend now. Yet, I have never seen him. It is funny. P.M. He did not call today. That is all right. Yesterday he said he likes talking to me because I am like him.

December 24, 1980

Diary,

I received a Christmas card dated a week ago. It was beautiful! Inside the card it read: "My friend the touch of your love is a gift I shall never forget". I called him to thank him. His son answered the phone, Edgar died this morning.

By Liane Fedoriak

PATRONS

The publisher and student writers wish to  
thank these firms for their support and  
financial contributions:

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