

Literary



MYTHDEATH

King Arthur is still seriously dead,
 Round tables fill the cafeteria,
 And pages only fill books.
 Romance comes from an Italian clown, named Harlequin.
 Making love is an insult (intercourse off)
 Naked body more obscene than a naked blade.
 Plastic saints glow in the dark,
 And red-suited ones promise toys to spoiled kids
 Who is Yahweh? Is God God?

L. M.

ENGINEER'S HILL No. 4.

Today is the day all the Engineers are away
 Tufts of snow cover the show that summer had given so delightfully
 In the soft soft snow mice and bunny tracks criss-cross the hill that the summer suns kissed with a passion
 The winter is there and it feels so rare to be here to see the last quince rolling down Engineer's Hill.
 By Ed Orlowski.
 (Just for you Pussy-Cat.)



THE SPORTING LIFE

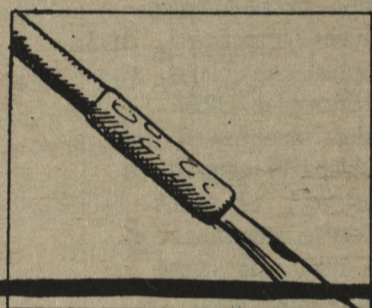
Warriors go where warriors will,
 Paying that bloody old butcher's bill.
 Hell9000 came through Kubrick eyes of grace
 To break First Law and find the face.
 Computer's kodachrome kiss makes life a game where karma is worth six points (if the conversion is good)
 Touchdown of the 'nattering nabobs of negativism', means very little, Saint Peter says.

-LM

LIFELORNLONG

Tender mercies reach
 Molten heart but not before the Fall.
 Live through sight and dive through mirrors to find your love.
 Dive through eyes of seeing souls,
 Light can tell the mirrored walls.
 Kill the clown and take the tale.
 (My love never reaches land,
 Though throat-felt heart attains the wounds)

-IM



Surfacing

The expanse of emotions is as great as the distance between here and there, where ever there may be.
 Mind wanders across your vision like some worn out engine within a metal body on some lonesome, beaten down, country road.

Black asphalt patches are like the unpleasant blots in your memory.
 Blots that needed mending but now seem to marr an all but beautiful surface of what's happening now.

This expanse goes on, as long the road you travel.
 Cracks and grooves, potholes and bumps, line after line memories pour forth and surface one by one as you reach your destination both physically and mentally.

by: NM Arsenault

A Moment Cherished

When you walk into the woods with the moon shining like a copper penny, take longer steps because tomorrow you may not take any.

by: NM Arsenault

FILM SOCIETY MOVIES

November 19 - Knife

In the Head. W. Germany, 1978, Director Reinhard Hauff. Starring Bruno Ganz. A man is shot during an anti-terrorist raid and loses his memory, speech and ability to function. Is he a terrorist, or simply another "harmless citizen?"

November 26 - Les

Fleurs Sauvages. Canada 1982. Director Jean-Pierre Lefebvre. Starring Marthe Nadeau. A lyrical, moving film about conflicts and resolutions between generations. Winner, Golden Palm, Cannes, 1982. Jean-Pierre Lefebvre will be in attendance to introduce and discuss his film.



ON ENGINEER'S HILL

On Engineer's Hill where the quince lie still beneath a blanket of snow.
 The evergreens peep, the snoes that deep.
 The meandering flakes like to travel the recesses-grooves and channels, as the wind plays its games on, across, and down Engineer's Hill.

By Ed. Orlowski.

(Just for you Pussy-Cat.)

Quill and Scroll

