

De Literary

LARRY LeCLAIR

The literary section of the cadre is pleased to be able to share some of the poetry of Larry Leclair with the university community as a whole. Laurence Eugene Leclair, better known as Larry or Apple, is a nineteen year old third year student at U.P.E.I. He was one of the Seven Island Poets in the Centennial year. He has

toured different Canadian universities, reading his poetry. Apple is one of several published poets we have within our campus body. In searching out some background information I learned that he received his nickname Apple from a column he edited called MASHED POTATOES by MR. APPLE. He recently received publicity in a

dispute with one of the proffs in the English Dept., and as well, is known to have committed the sin of writing a final exam in high school on paper toweling. I found myself extremely impressed and moved by Larry's poetry, especially the Scizphrenic Play Poem, and hope that the reader s will enjoy it as well.

Pamela Sexsmith

SCHIZOPHRENIC PLAY POEM

I am I You are you
When I confront you I say
you.
When you confront me you
say you
When through out confronta-
tion we become together
I say we and you say we for
We belong to the same emer-
gent tree.

Tis I who am thou / that is
you / that is me
Strange to belong to the
same emergent tree!
Playing the mime lost in
self made darkness
Mirthful in our self made
light when pandemonium all-
over abides.
Should we not resign from
such implacable subterfuge
to realize
We all for long cannot par-
take of the diabolical and
survive
Come, come my brothers let
us regurgitate all nonsense
Let us create a new milli-
fluent life
Let us realize what is said
but hardly ever believed
Tis I who am thou / that is
you / that is me
We all belong to the same
emergent tree.

Damn you miscreants who laugh
at my verse
Your day will come and the
world won't be worse
You're part of me and I'm
part of thee

But know that I'll kill the
worst part of me!
Yet it is not for me to dic-
tate to thee
But one thing's sure as blood
rushes through my veins.
To dictate to me will mean
the preemptory death of
thee.

But tis not this absurd for
how can one with threats
be heard
Go my enemies / laugh till
content / but know you've
not beaten me
I've only been bent
Your death will come and
so will mine
Yet then there will be others
who will repine
All the atavistic desires
of selfish men
Assiduous brilliant selfish
men
Who have not yet learned
from their brother's blood
The lesson of life oh pitiful
fools they are
They still remain in strife
But know this my enemies
Though you stuff my mouth
with melted wax
I and others like me will
be heard
Though you bind me and stake
me with your rusted knives
I shall soar,
Verily I shall waste away
you knives with my acidic
blood
Yes, Yes I know the truth

I know at least the spirit
of truth
And though from sin and death
there is no respite
Can and must we shall change
our life!
No more is there trepidation
in my stomach
Your emetic perfidity has
made me throw it all up
And I am filled with the
guilt and wrath of
stupid silence.
For letting you destroy some
of the best parts of me.

Yes, I know the spirit of
truth
It is as angry and wild as
a typhoon
As soft, as comforting as a
mother's breast.

Yes, Yes, I know the spirit
of truth
It came to me as if in a
D-R-E-A-M
And now serves me and others
like me
As an enlightened team - to -
To convey it - to you
Hoping you 'benevolent' mis-
anthropic souls understand

Understand! Yes! that is the
key!

For tis I who am thou that
is you that is me
We all belong
to the same em-
ergent tree / we all belong
to the same emergent tree.

Spiders on the Snow

i.

On Sunday they go to church,
walk 'neath the bells,
smiling. I, grimly faced
forward, left with street
cats. fiends in this weather.
all heathen and silent,
waiting. they dissolve,
feet first, "we are all
well" then they kneel,
to keep the sky from
falling. Sunday. I
await myself on every
corner. knowing.

2.

Their hands on the door, it's
over.
Lisen: I have visions as
well.
In the eyes, on the thin
lines dividing their lives,
separating their fingers,
moaning
for excess, some private
serenity,
the painful joy of contact,
secret palms that unite
in order to murder
each moment of union.
I see them as you see them,
on a white day,
Sunday,
spiders on the snow

impression

We see them daily
failing among cosmetics
beer sliding where there is
no thirst.
Pausing in this place
beyond discovery
remembering between
insults
stories they should
have been told.
We watched them
scattered like sports
scores from places
without people
numbers on a page.
But sometimes
betwenn accumulated
lies
begrudged and given
weeks later
and hours building
bridges
they smile about
bad weather and
luck.