

# Fresh Point of View

By Kaberi Dasgupta

Midwinter blues. Must be what it's called. Or perhaps "young adult" (not mid-life) crisis.

How else would you describe perpetual headaches and an intense desire to strangle someone?

The pressure of growing up. I remember how I used to listen, crouched in front of the radio, waiting for the announcer to proclaim that school was cancelled.

Never mind poor Dad, who was out there in the cold shovelling snow.

Well, perhaps, urged by a twinge of guilt, I would go out and shovel a couple of inches, coughing and blowing my nose the whole time.

Dad would suggest that I go inside, and I would jump at the long-awaited words, ignoring the hint of sarcasm in his voice.

Now? Well at about five o'clock in the morning I hear

the wind trying to break my window.

I roll over contentedly, thinking that I may be able to sleep beyond seven o'clock.

The alarm rings, but I sleepily ignore it, reassured by the howling storm.

In about fifteen minutes, my sisters bound into the room. It always astounds me that on holidays my sisters are bounding at six o'clock in the morning, but on school days only the combined yells of my mother and father will arouse them.

They tell me their school has been cancelled. I look up expectantly waiting for further news.

"Oh," they say, "we didn't hear anything about the university."

With a cry, I jump out of bed, grab my clothes, and run into the washroom.

I dash downstairs to have breakfast and look at the condition of the car.

Luckily, Dad, who is also in a hurry, is also outside shovelling snow. My mother manages to send me out with a shovel too. By now we are running late, so I really have to shovel.

Relieved, we learn that classes have been delayed for one hour. I start to shovel a little slower. One more scoop to go.

What's that yellow thing heading in our direction? No. It can't be. I see the driver of the snow plough looking maliciously at us.

A five-foot snow bank appears in front of us.

Before we can recover, the bank becomes five feet wide.

My Dad, trying to get the suicidal look off my face, reminds me that it is their job.

I grab the shovel and begin to attack the snow pile.

An hour later, we stumble into a taxi and head for the university.



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## POETICS

### MEN OF WORDS

We men of words find passions through the poisons of our pen,  
Curse with our creativity —  
People's lack of sensitivity —  
And wonder why our world is not the way it should have been.

We men of words are martyrs in a lonely world gone mad;  
So to ourselves give penance —  
As we sigh within a sentence —  
Always questioning the logic of the good things and the bad.

We men of words are forever lost in the erroneous zones of time —  
And the more we sit and think —  
The more our blood turns into ink —  
Until the rhythm of our heartbeat is the reason to our rhyme.

We men of words find solace when our mind flows with our heart,  
Realization comes in stages —  
As we stain lifes virgin pages —  
Always searching for the light inside the dark.

Sunday, September 9th, 1984

by Ian Robertson

### ONCE UPON A TIME

I could have loved you — once upon a time  
To warm all those cold mispent nights of youth;  
When I was longing for romantic truth,  
Never was there a girl I could call mine.

And I think it must be life's one true crime,  
That as time goes by the body gets old,  
And whatever's left in the heart turns cold;  
I wish I'd known you — once upon a time.

A girl like you, I would have loved to meet,  
When every bell had a resonant chime,  
And the entire world was ripe and sweet;  
I wish I'd loved you — once upon a time.

Robert Bodrog-Goodland  
Late Twentieth Century

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