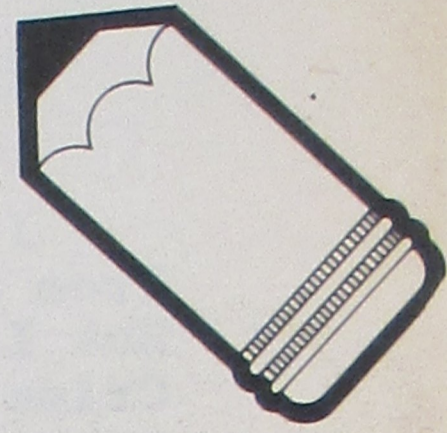


Imaginations



Poet's Creed

I don't set out
to surpass
Atwood, Cohen
or anyone
Don't desire
to be discussed
in academic chitchat
at upper canadian luncheons
Don't even crave
the taste of immortality
to live forever
in dusty shelves
This is all a deeper river
than I can swim in
I just once
one time in my life
want some poor soul
to ask my autograph
to dance.

Steven C. McOrmond

What About You?

There you are.
You don't belong to any group;
You're not a born-again hippie or
Another one of those Jim Morrisons
Why, you're not even a popular dude.

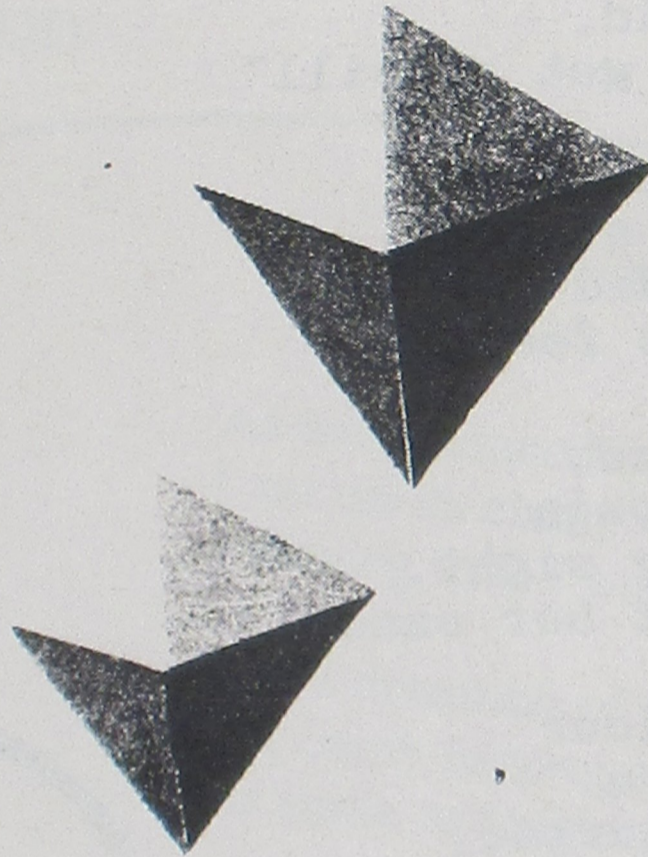
There you are.
Just minding your own business,
Occurring at your own rate while
everyone around you
Struggles to "Find Themselves".
You don't think anyone notices you,
But I do.
I'm another you.

S. Clow

Literary



Supplement



A Different Kind

Pardon me, I am but a starter at
this game.

I have not yet been spoiled by the
illusions of fame.

Such a shame.

My thoughts R of gnarly wood, lik
they should.

And that derisiveness should have
broken me, but I stood.

This is good.

This Kaleidoscopic Society doesn't
fit my soul.

It only spoils & hinders the artiste
precious role.

Shawn