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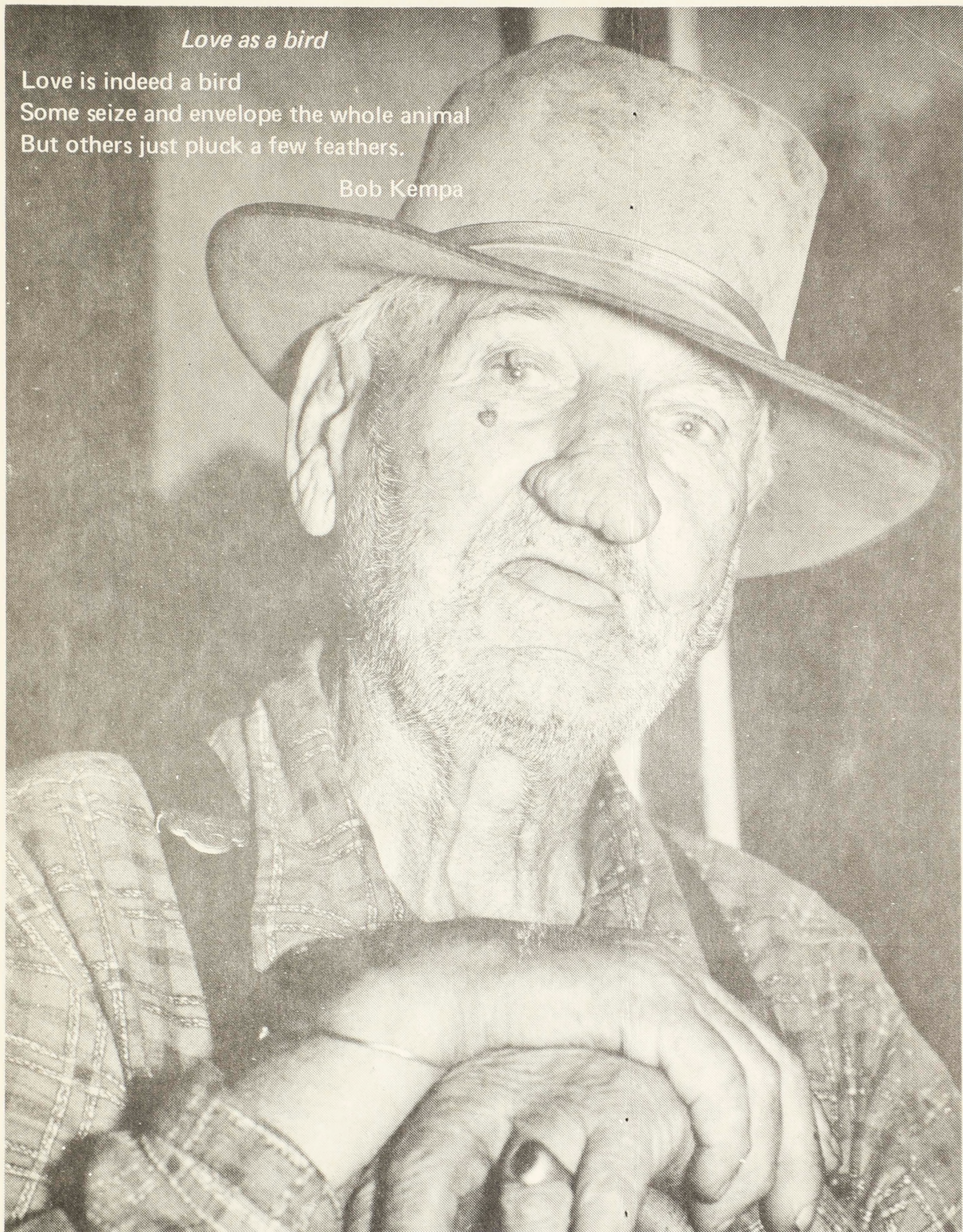
FOLIO

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Love as a bird

Love is indeed a bird
Some seize and envelope the whole animal
But others just pluck a few feathers.

Bob Kempa



— Arnim Walter



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Editorial 1

As co-editor, I might well be asked to justify the influence that I have exerted upon the choice of materials appearing in this year's **Folio**. Well, my view on poetry is simple.

I see poetry as an expression of the life that flows through one—of the life which one essentially is. Life is characterized by joy, by strength, by peace and beauty, love and by integrity.

But so much poetry is concerned with expressing the characteristics of death, or of the process of dying at least—suffering of all kinds: shame, fear, frustration, failure, anger, and arrogance, scorn and despair.

Do we not seek the truth of what life is? Why then do we search for it in death? Do we not all seek to transcend the suffering of the world? Why then do we revel in it, call it noble, or even dress it up as poetry, with powerful images which may be very impressive but which do not change the fact that we are looking in the wrong direction?

Who has not at sometime found in laughter the wisdom to handle a difficult situation; in patience the strength; in love the motivation? Who has not found in any other the ability to uplift another?

Our words, which reflect our attitudes, effect other people. It is time we began to accept responsibility for them.

Peter Bloch-Hansen

My love is not a vagrant smile
that can be twisted off my face and
be remolded, recreated
and hung up in the market place
for day time shoppers either to buy or pass by.

The thinder can be purchased
for a gift at Easter-time
but he won't make another think
or raise your heart to heaven.

My love comes from the pregnant veins
of that curled fist
and from the hole that is exposed
when it is open.

Jamie Hamilton

"The Island of the Soul" Appears

"The Island of the Soul" appears
Landmarked plainly by a recent quay.
On the wooden deck with child and dog
My friends are the first I see.

The ferry's horn booms, she winches in,
Hands break out on deck and shore,
My friends are smiling, lifting the child,
And I push to the gangway door.

One catches the fragrance of sun-swept hills,
Alert to the lightest scent or motion.
Smells the grass at the bitter shore,
Whose pools well up from river and ocean.

But as the tourists leave the ferry,
I am asked to move to the bar.
One needs more papers this year, and mine
Are lacking in some particular.

I may not land. On the recent quay
My friends look puzzled, uncertain.
The Steward and Purser talk with me
Till the darkness falls like a curtain.

"Isle of the Soul" — of you they say
That many sail here and build.
Is it because I have heard it said
Their dreams are never fulfilled,

Or because I was barriered on that shore
The single man who was turned away,
That now I know I shall never return
Though they offered me gold to stay?

The Isle abides; its whitewalled town
Familiar through brilliant postcard views,
Has now grown famous for wines and crafts.
(I am always avid of its news.)

DAVID SEORGE

Only Last Week

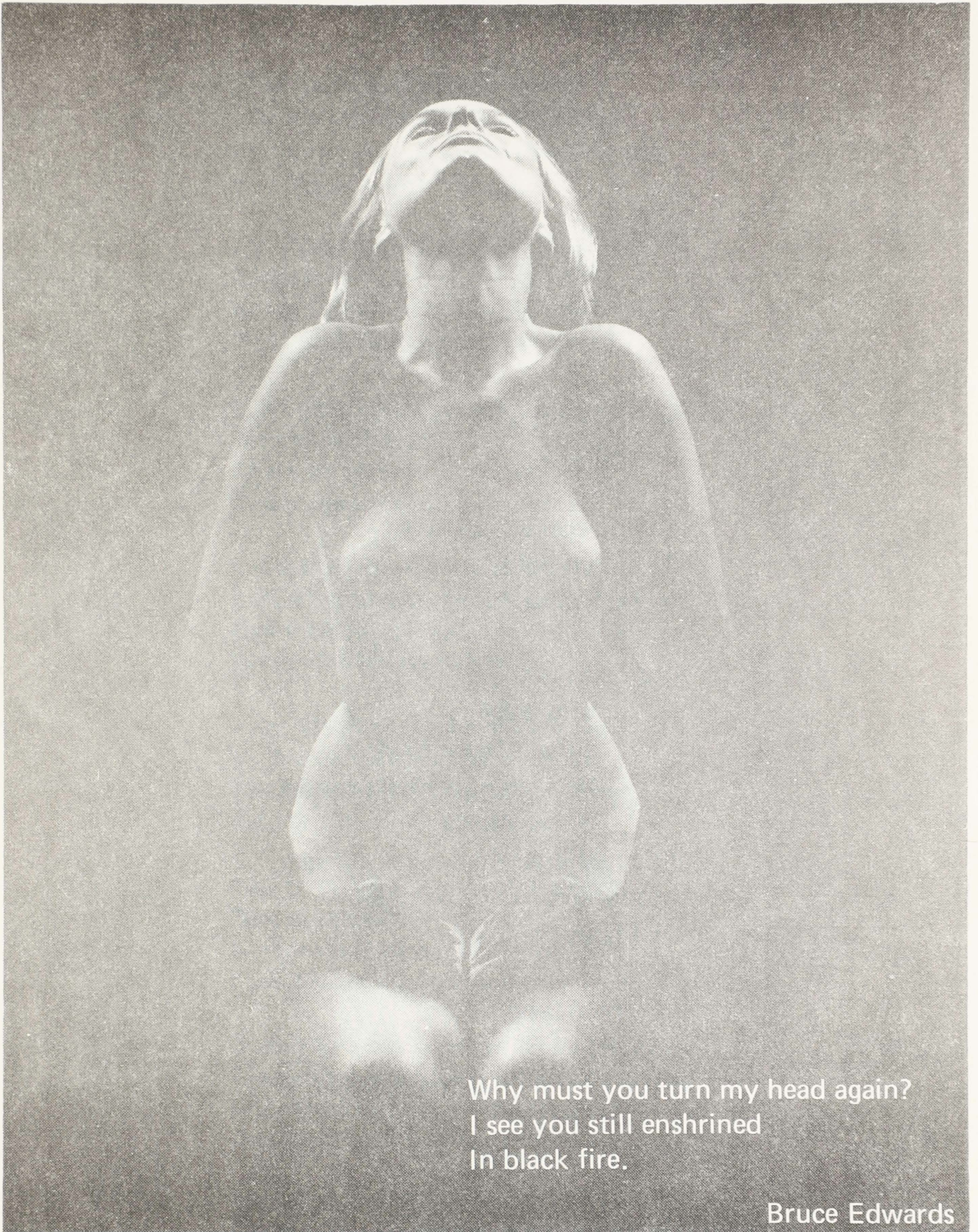
Only last week
I sat alone,
smoking on the balcony,
friends recently gone.

When a flaming stone
split my sky,
shattering,
sending cobweb patterns
of its own light,
electrocuting the sea.

And it seemed
as though
some Master Knitter
had taken the best sparks
of the storm
and crocheted them over my seat,
capturing for once outside
what goes on inside.

Left me sitting,
laughing
as my very-private-thoughts
lay crucified
beyond the town.

Roy MacGregor



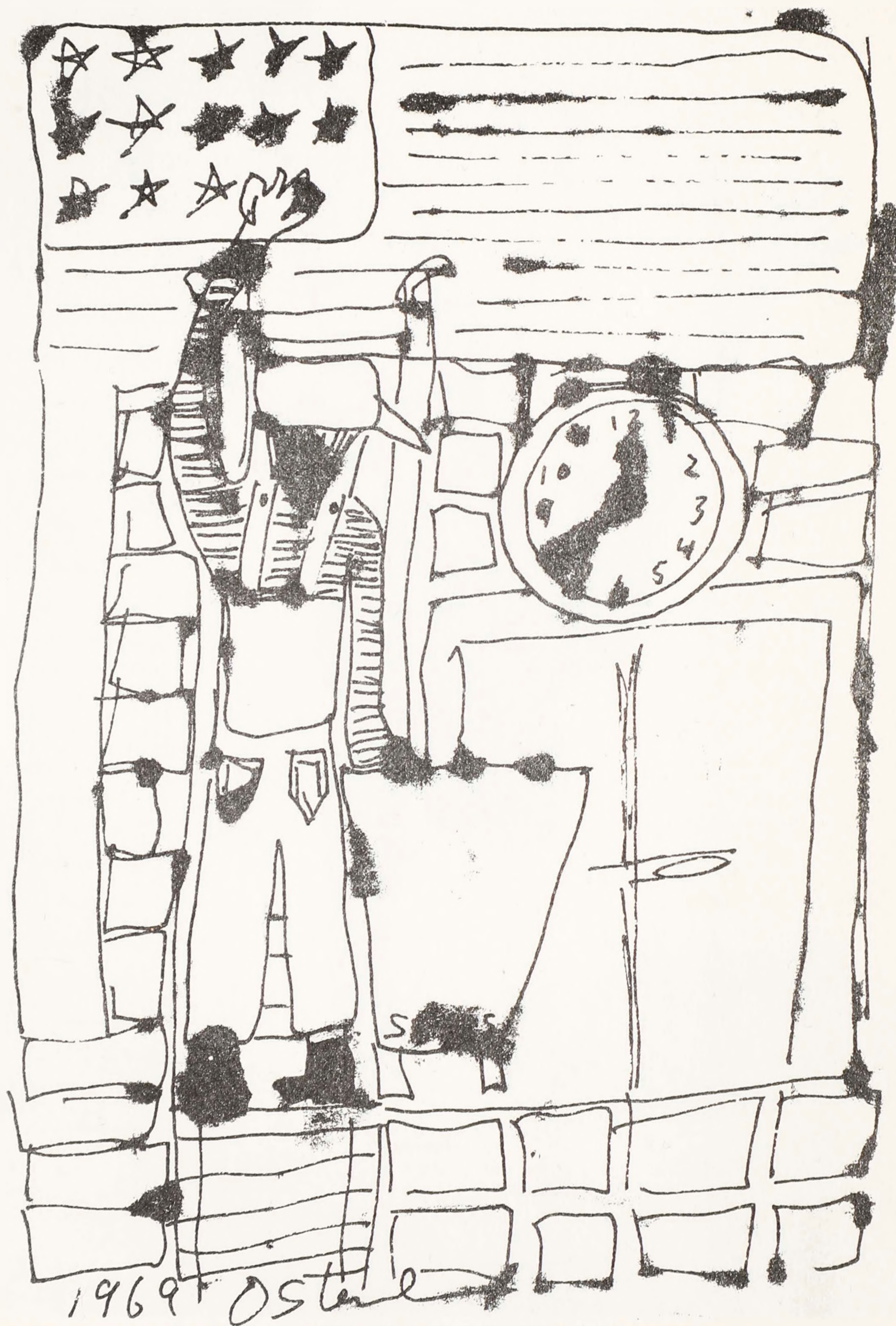
Why must you turn my head again?
I see you still enshrined
In black fire.

Bruce Edwards

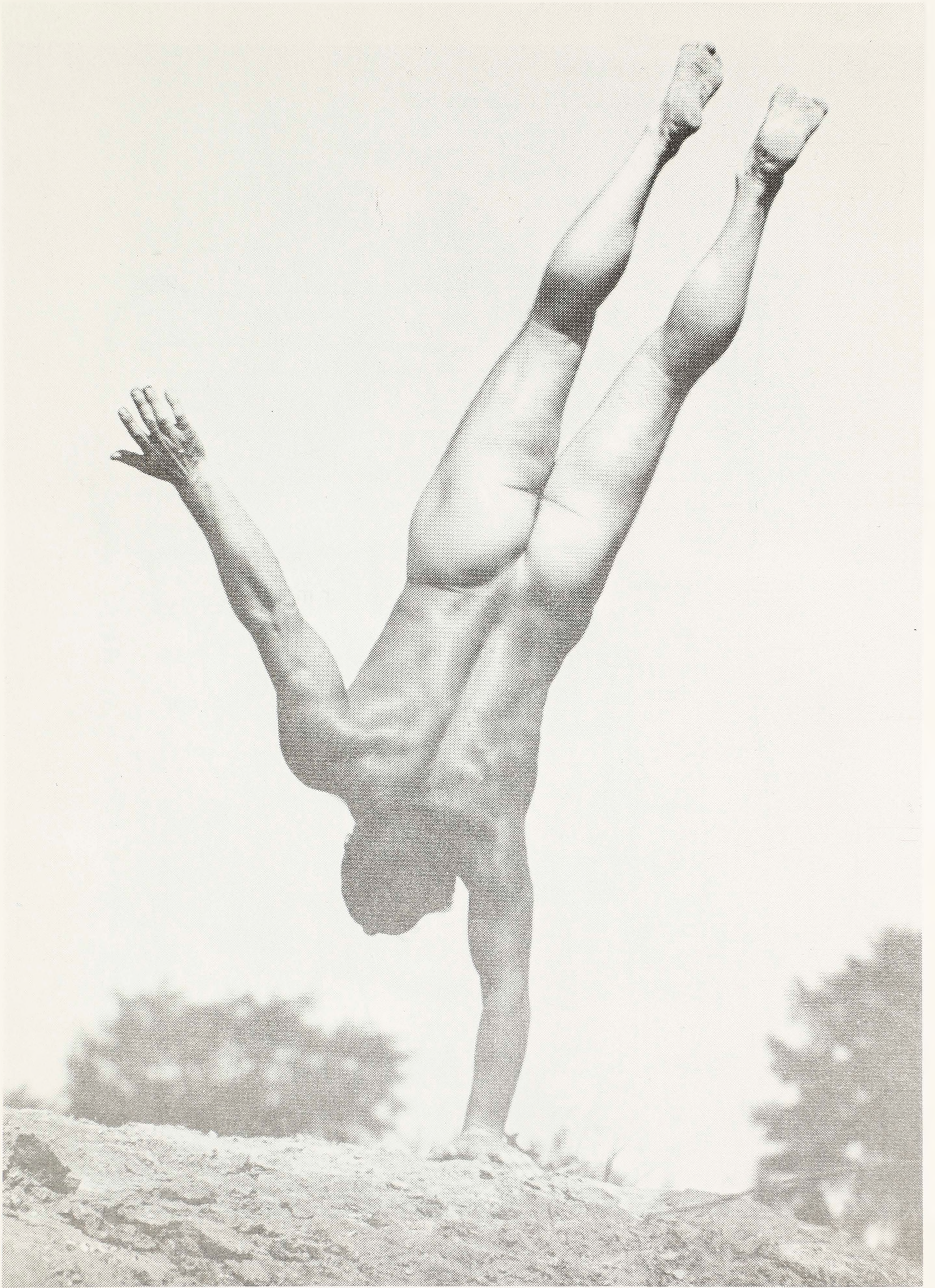
– Arnim Walter

i was guilty of reason
i wore astronauts like silver but
braceleted about their circular movements
was their perfect ability to err

Randi Spires



— Steven Osterlund

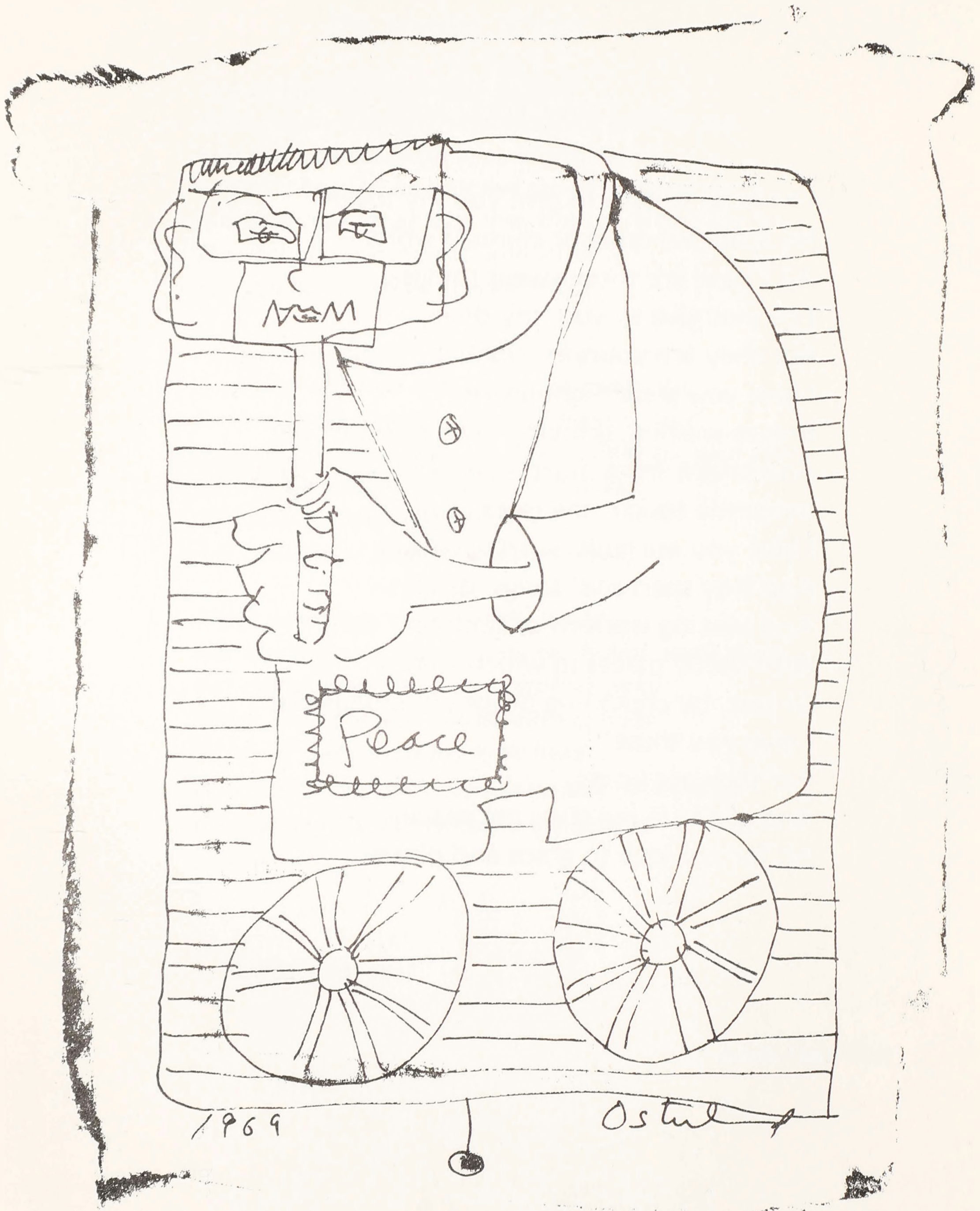


— Arnim Walter

Adage

How eager is the worm that writhes,
To bore the hole in witch it dies.

Marg Lawson



I Give You These

I have no wealth to give you my love—
No spangled dress or chateau white—
All I have are those sweet things
I cannot give to you, my dove,
For they are yours by right.
I give you grass: light green,
Breeze-washed, growing silence and serene
And bright from musty-scented earth, made clean
By gentle touch: the rains of night.
I give you sea gulls' soaring height
And tiny sparrows' songs' delight—
And blazing warmth of summers' sun,
With shady places in which to run
Or rest, by chuckling brooks in crocus clad.
I give you these
For they are yours,
And giving living gives me peace—
All for my love to grace and please.

George Crews

The Jewelled Scimitar

*You offered me a jewelled scimitar
And told me that it symbolized your love for me.
You said you bought it at an antique store,
And that because its eyes had seen a hundred years
It proved that for at least that long you'd care for me.
This lack of logic did not bother me
For you had never lied to me before.*

*I hung it on the wall, above my bed,
And tried to polish it at least once every day.
So that the symbolism wouldn't flee my head
I counted to a hundred, yes, one number for each year,
And then I set about to count the days.
This lack of logic fascinated me
For I had never fooled myself before.*

*There wasn't any reason in the world,
Nor was there any cause to make my four walls shake,
But rather it was like a snow storm's wake
When, from the wall, the jewelled scimitar
Tumbled and cut off my logic head;
And then it seemed there was no lack of anything
For nothing had been clear to me before.*

Jamie Hamilton

I hope i die in a spring
someday when the grass in the ground
is welling up like tears

the sun will draw me up and
throw me broken and changing like a seed
into the friendly oozing fresh damp earth/womb

Ian MacDougall

Printemps

The green ivy surrounds my window again;
The bird dishes are empty and dry.
Sprinkles of sunlight flit through green tree boughs
Through my closed window to me.

My eyes wander to that window again,
Where wild winds are tossing the trees—
The heroes stand straight, no matter what gales come—
And I long to dash out and try life at once.

Sheila Givens

Safety Match

the two of you were quarrelling
so i came and sat
like a —
a safety match
between the blows

Randi Spires

Sleeping

Twirling down
swirling sound
over and over and
sky plastered ceiling
drawn falling
together

Motion to form
the brown bear
ceased moving
sliding the door and
hills sailing free
from the land

Sword spinning
shines sighing
cars spiral
sound

Stark sky
sheer pine trees
the needles are
easily swept
to one side and

Below is a
death's edge
a lifetime
miles wide

Ian MacDougall



CRANBERRY TOADS

It's like sealing time for the Cranberry Toads,
So large and bulgy like jelly.
In spring they lie by the lemon wells,
And swallow their wallowy bellies.

The Dignies come, with their toady guns,
And smashy the Cranberry Toads,
But all Toads do is smile the while,
And fall in the lemon wells.

Now, nobody knows where the Cranberry goes,
When his darling skull's offended.
Perhaps he drools in lemon pools
And caggies till it's mended.

Now, nobody knew, when the Cranberry blew.
They thought he'd clopped away.
They thought he'd found a Billy Toad
And carried it far away.

Of, far away were the Cranberry Toads,
Far and under the sea,
A sea of deepest lemon wells,
They caggie there with me.

Bruce Edwards



URGE

days like this
when the town
begins to fester
through my head
like a vagabond
tumour
i grab my cap
n the old coat
i pack away
for occasions
just like this
feed my rucksack
2 rounds of jockey shorts
jeans with rotted crotch
toothbrush
collected poems (o my god)
3 books
i always meant t read
but never beat the 2nd page
yet keep around
cause they look cool
n
you never know
but some chick
might open up her bed
just cause old macgregor
had a doggeared copy

of rimbaud's works
n
i hit the road
visions of jack
n riverside coffee
n
arrange my body
around the thumb
sosas i look hip t kids
straight t truckers
kind t ladies
queer t fags
understandin t salesmen
n
invisible t cops
but by the time
all the above
scream by
so quick sosas
i look queer t truckers
straight t kids
n kind t none
i figur
i'll go on home
lie down
n watch
my tumour
explode

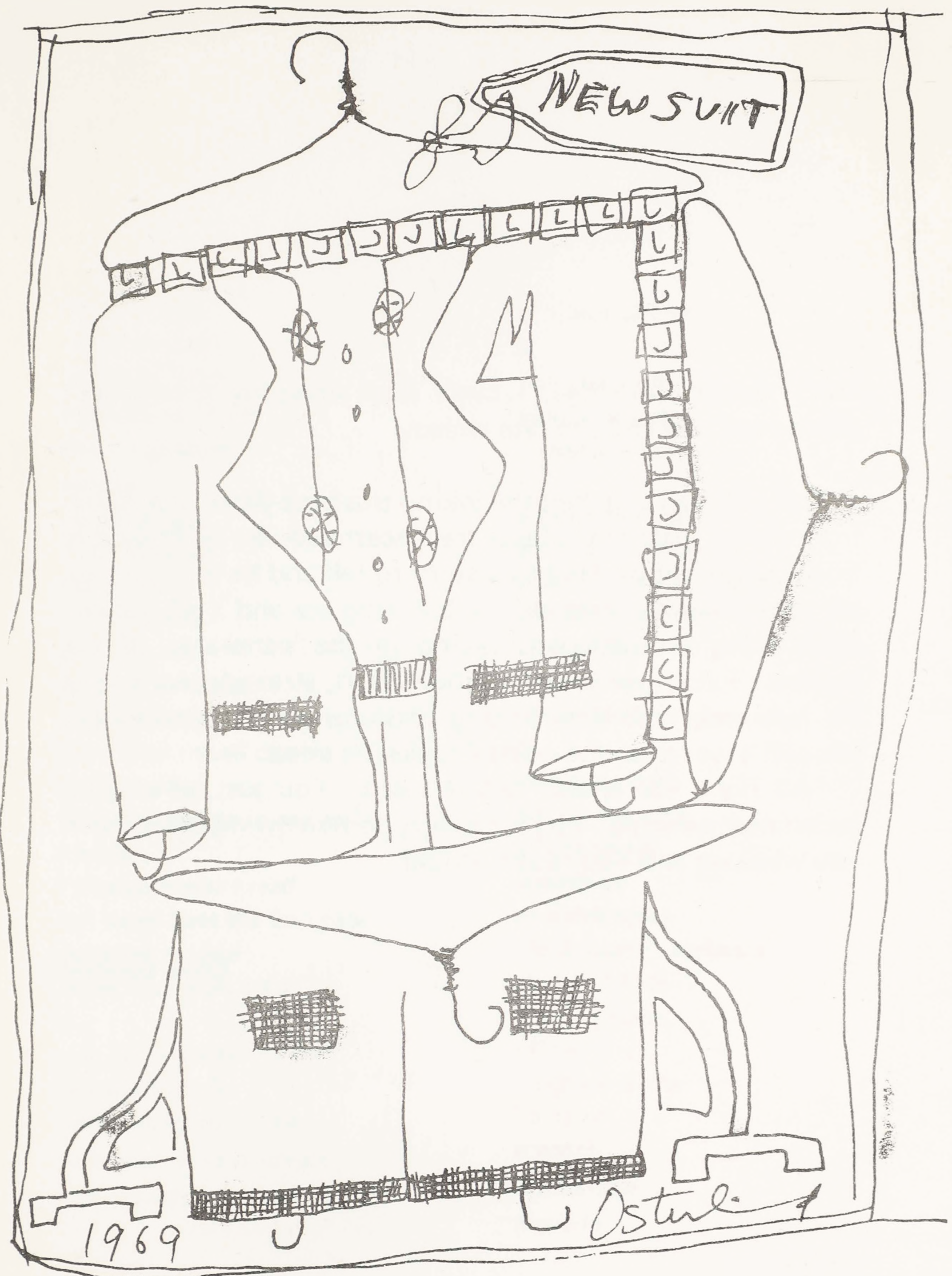
Roy MacGregor

Sorry mister Coleridge; I can't stop now; my roommate's getting married and I'm late already.

The old man watched the joking trio pace down the waterfront street, past the lobster traps scattered like driftwood in front of the shops. He had a story to tell and he felt cheated. He turned slowly towards the breaking sea and then glanced back along the wharves, taking in the panorama of the harbour. Finally, with determined effort, straining, he rose to his feet and, with a surprising passion, like the roar of the tempest's waves on the coastal rocks, he cried:

"All right. Go ahead. See if I care. You just go to your goddamned wedding. You'll be sorry tomorrow morning when you wake up and you're still stupid.

Dave Saunders



— Steven Osterlund

ICARUS

All the birds of heaven watching yours,
the second fall.
Once you shouted greeting
to them all.

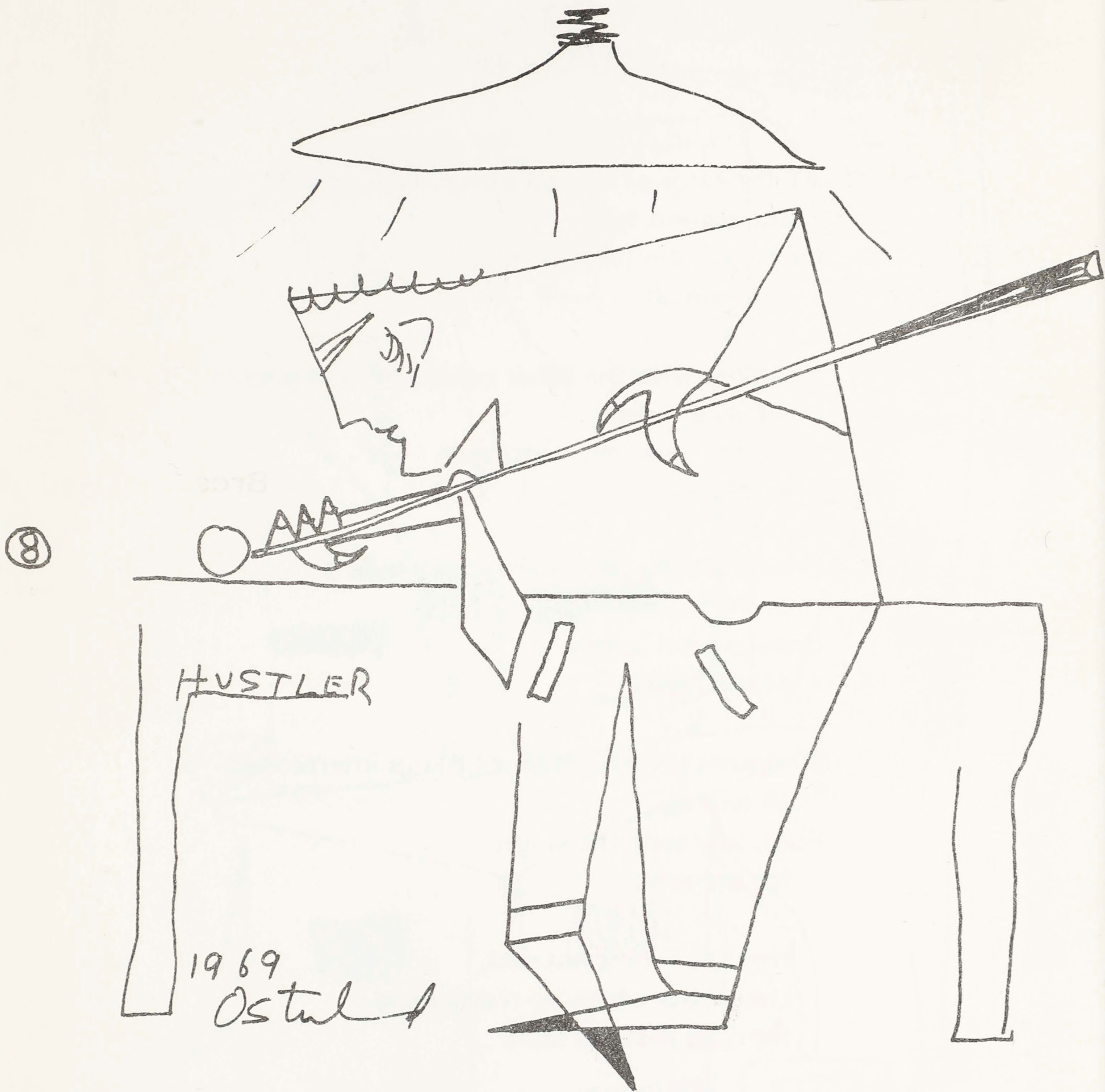
Buildings with the lights turned off and people
all gone home,
Airborne midnight watchman
all alone.

From here the moths are angels halo'd
in the kitchen light;
Unsuccessful lovers
of the light.

Symptom and the cause of things interpreted
all wrong,
Fool, you took the singer
for the song.

Heaven, means not end,
Lakes past which no rivers wend,
No road past the bend . . .

Ian MacDougall



— Steven Osterlund

Calendar Moment

I tell you, out of silence, I will carve a poem
with a knife sharp enough to cut the air
between the hero's and the gods autumnal ear,
and the leaves which fall like gargoyles in the rain.

I myself, fall like blood, from the mouth of my own adventure,
while two shapes of age grow black upon my wall,
and the old knife robs the warlock of his magic,
which is soon to be buried, like the plaster, when it falls.

The worshipped drain the senses from the faithful,
Until the thief's calendar slows the unmeshed gears,
I, experience, can sew you a poem within this moment,
before the new myth's song has time to be endeared.

Randi Spires

Ellen Awakening

Ellen, aging dream, clings to her blankets every morning,
The moment she opens her eyes she pulls the covers over her face,
She thinks she sleeps again,
She never sees the angled sun cracking time
She never feels the cold
Sometimes she gets careless and doesn't sleep alone
But even then she pulls the covers over her eyes
As if asleep.
Her morning is but a blink
A sad surprise.
She hides her head and waits.

In the streets the day begins,
The frightening sounds of starting things
That roar and gasp like old men in the night,
Phantom army of odours slides slowly
Through cracks and opening doors
And mingling with the sounds they dance about the bed
Gently tugging at the blankets
Ellen pulls above her head.

Robert Richardson

dawn was pink-white
with ducks flying into the sun
and all the watercolour winds falling into my lap like a prayer
i explained all this to you
i was sure you saw it clearly
and then you left
on such a morning?
when i was fast turning into a piece of sky
and about to lead you through the window of the light

c. traynor

Thinking of You

Sometimes

i think of you as an equation
so i can arrange
all your various symbols
in any angle, arc, dimension
i like
& find any answer needed
neither right
 wrong
but always
as confusing as the question.

Sometimes

i think of you as a book
so i can open
any page you have
—check your humour
—underline your depth
—erase your faults
& comment in your margins
on the many times
i've creased your cover .

Sometimes

i don't think of you at all
but when i do
i always
 always
have an erection.

Roy MacGregor



Testament

My ear listens for hearing
And Heaven sings to me.

My eye seeks for images
And grandeur clothes it in vision.

My heart searches for touching
And passion fills it with heat.

My hand reaches for doing—
And life employs it in work.

My will opens to purpose
And being makes me whole.

Peter Bloch-Hansen

Editorial 11

If a poem came knocking at your door, would you answer it? Not the door, of course, I mean the poem.

Here is a house full of poems, this volume, with drawings on the walls, and photographs in the corridors.

Place it on your table like a deck of cards. For it is a guest with whom you can shuffle through an idle hour, or listen to or talk with as a friend or quest.

It makes no apologies for having been conceived or been created, but it does make of you the most strenuous of demands.

If you do not read it and struggle with it, this volume does not exist, simply because a poet can create only one half of a poem; the other half is the creation of the audience.

But beware! Paper cuts can be the most dangerous of all. One can speak poinards, and every word can stab, to alter Mr. William Shakespeare.

And ink can be the most dreadful of poisons, and then again, it can be the craziest of elixers.

You may want to debate the quality of the architecture. True enough, one will find no Miltons here. This is not the Taj Mahal or Westminster Abbey, but a little country cottage where the first flowering of possibility is born.

And how lucky are those of you who will make the effort to follow it to maturity.

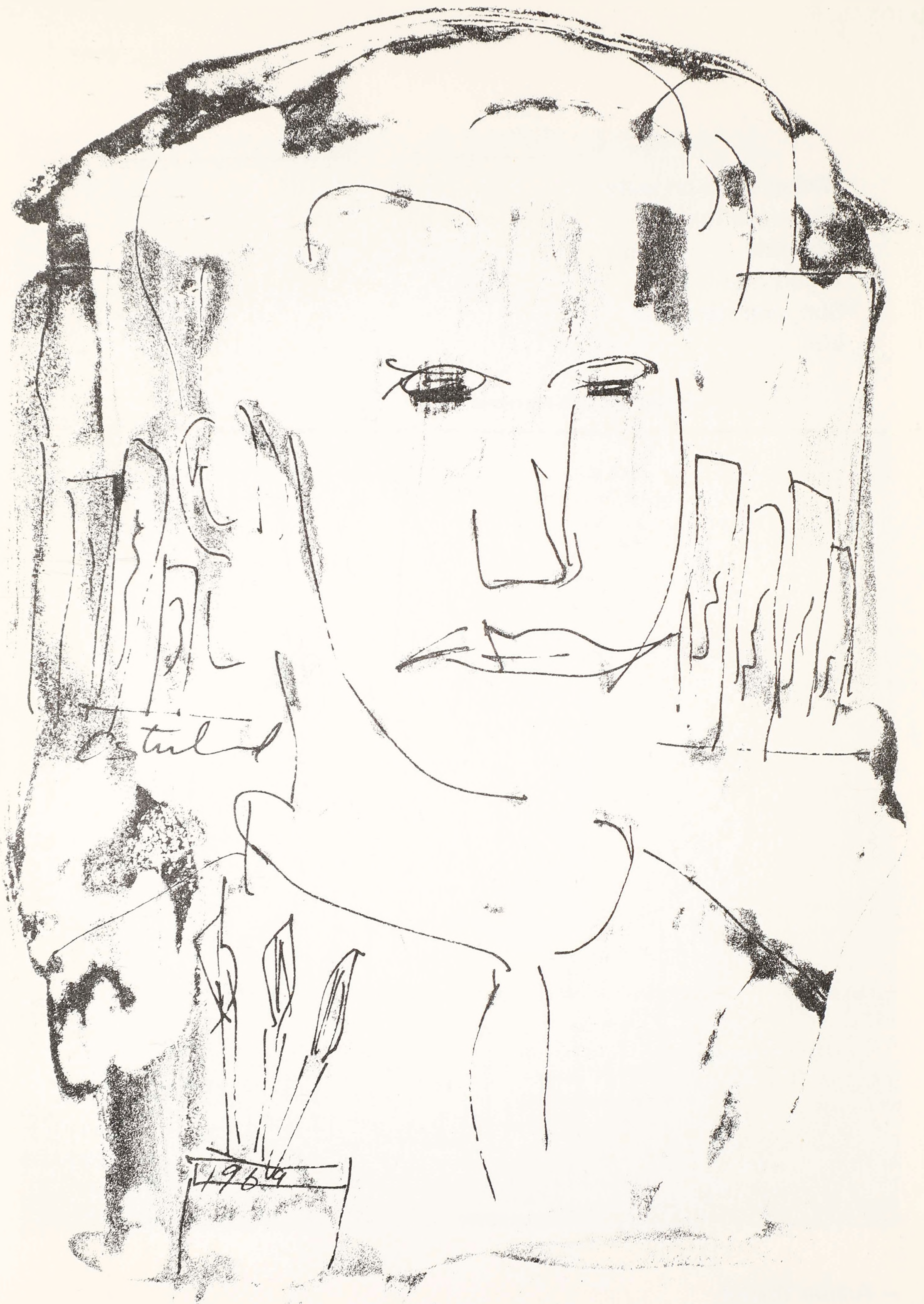
Randi Spires

So, the silence of things unsaid
settles in.

Steve Elkerton

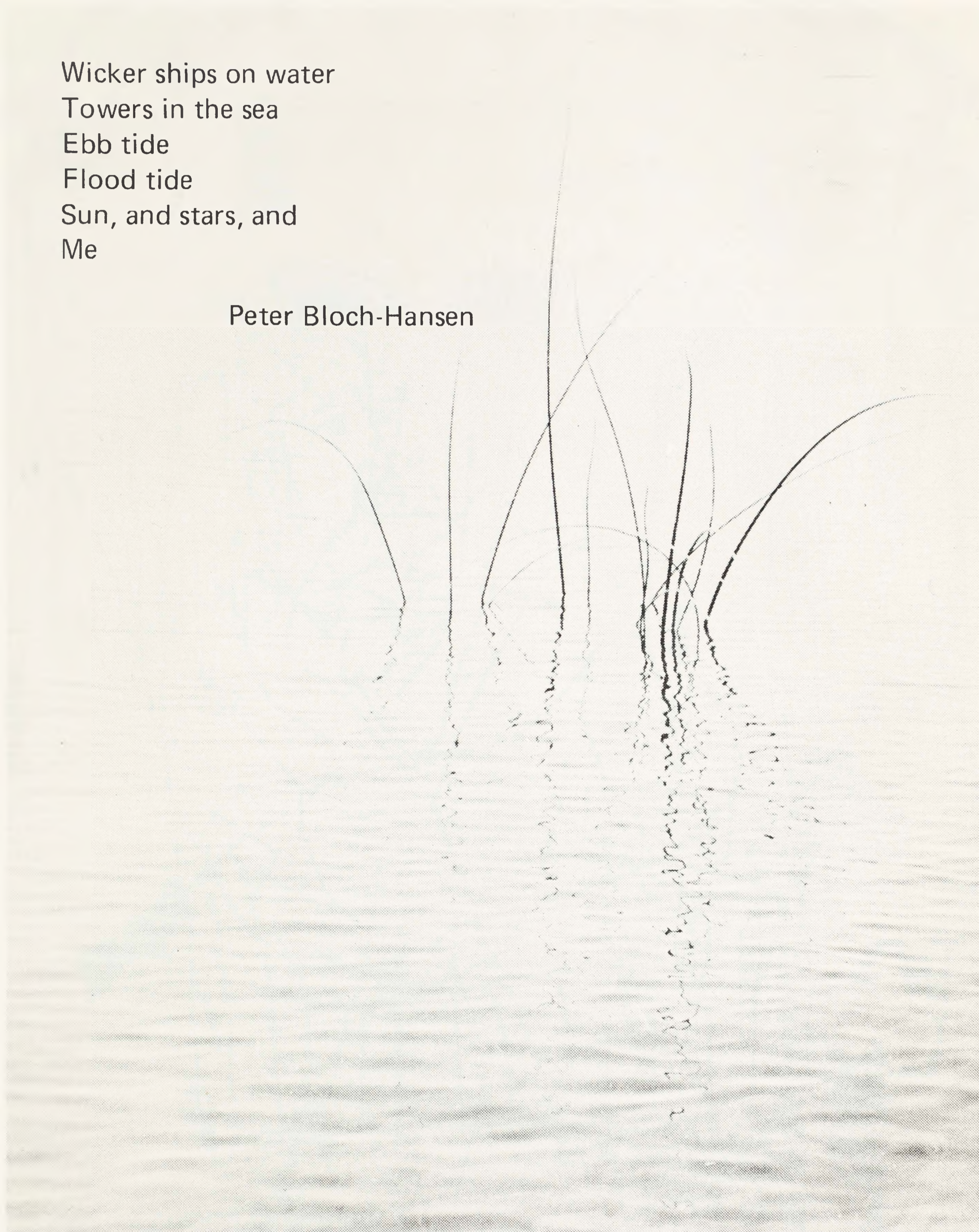


— Steven Osterlund



Wicker ships on water
Towers in the sea
Ebb tide
Flood tide
Sun, and stars, and
Me

Peter Bloch-Hansen



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— Arnim Walter

Taller than reality
Is its reflection
In the growing weave
Of the imagination

Randi Spires



— M.C. Illingworth