Saskatchewan

Our dusty bus
files down shiny asphalt
pulled straight and tight
over miles
of rumbling tan

Saskatchewan offers grain and weeds
and strange floating seagulls
......too far from the sea.....

Barren earth...as if stretched by a spring
....invisible trees lie tense
under the land--

I wait restlessly for the
catch to release......
and send us zinging back
to the instant crowd....

after all,
fingers full of PEACE have little meaning
here.

by
TERRIE HAMPEL

Eulogy to a Rat

The grey rat prowls.
The lonely beach,
Eating the carrion on the shore.
And the dead sea
Licks the endless shore,
Leaving its spoor to the hungry.

The dead rat lies
On the lonely beach,
Stripped clean to the bone.
And the gulls fly off
Over the dead sea
To bait the Fisherman's hook.

Peter Fernandes

* * *

Ode to Skinner

Behaviorism is our saviorism.
Fill up Skinner's box and heads
With rocks--instead of thinking.
Give me an S and I'll give you an R.
Who gives a damn what the reasons are?

Irene Nantz

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