

Lucky Penny

He sits on a corner Arms outstretched Palms up Head bowed In shame

Had you known him before
You would never assume
That this man, who sits
Crumbling
Like a sand castle
Destroyed
By heartless waters
Could have been
Or maybe even
Was
Someone you could have known
Or maybe,
Even knew.

Some are ashamed
As they glanced his way
But for most
He
Is just another face
They choose
To ignore

And if he Makes no difference Why should they Make a difference Why care? Who Cares?

One little girl
Walking by
Tightly grasping her mother's hand
And in the other
She clutches
Her lucky penny

And when
He shyly smiles her way
Only she
Feels the warmth
Of his hollow smile
And senses the pain, behind it

She reaches over
Then scurries away
And when she is gone
He looks down
At the shiny
Lucky penny
Nestled in his palm

Not worth much But means life To him Afterall, If He's lucky, There may be Tomorrow . . .

Lauri Wolcowicz

LAURI





A Last Look Back

Grade seven, we learned to watch the school clock. And through crowded halls we had to walk. Carrying text books and binders galore, Our homerooms were all on the second floor. This new school of ours, we all found exciting. Except grade elevens, to us, they were frightening! We all learned to deal with pressure from peers Friends giggled, then fought and then shed their tears. Many complaints could be heard down our halls: "There's something wrong with these bathroom stalls!" "I failed a test. I guess it's bad luck!" "I'm gonna be late, my locker is stuck!" But friends stuck together through thick and through thin, Next year, a new school, CEGEP begins. Still one more question before high school is done: "Just how do I get to room 131?" Andrea Shuster

Andrea Shuster Art work: Rachel Scherzer Fattern: Erin Futterman

A River Run Dry

As I walked alone, I hummed a tune, That made me smile And whisper, "soon."

I shuffled my feet. And held my head high, The song taking me back To a river run dry.

A river that used to be Filled with crystal clear waters, Until summer months began To grow hotter and hotter.

By that river Many children were born, Some mischevious creatures Others looked at with scorn.

It was by that ol' river, I spent my first days, Met my first love And went seperate ways.

Now as I know
My last days are near,
I think of the past
And shudder with fear.

For soon I will leave
This place I've come to call my home
And good-byes will have have to be
said
As I continue into the unknown.

"Soon," I repeat to myself,
Soon I will see the sunset
Down by the valley
Where my husband and I met.

And over by the forest,
Where now stands that ol' tree
To my husband's proposal,
It was there I agreed.

In my life I'd seen many sunsets But never did never did one so differ, That eve it pink, yellow and blue . . . Like my ol' precious river.

Cheryl Blum

Conquest

I put one foot in to see what it was like and I got swpet underneath the waters of life.

Are we all soldiers in this everlasting flow?

With each stream of challenge I fight my way through, I struggle,

Tumble,

Pull myself up to see the "scars of experience", Marking me for the naked eye to see.

Will I ever find the quiet river of silver that seems to set others free?

I tell myself to remember that each stream leads to different waters.

But why has change washed away my path?

With my hands tied behind my back,
I hope in time the tides will turn and pull the blindford
from my face.

So maybe I can finally see where these waters have taken me.

Rachel Eggins

The Dream

Never have I seen or dreamt of a land as cherished,
As the one over and under the hills
Hiding the truth from my heart,
Never to be stilled.
The sky is clear blue,
Mimiking my love for you.
The forest is aged and tall like the thought of my gall
Never would I forgive my heart if I should fall . . .

On this bridge I stand,
Holding open my loving hand.
Waiting for the time when you and I,
Shall venture forth onto such a journey.
Together we shall stand and fall,
Find the path that is hidden to all.
And when we do . . . The land will be there,
Waiting as always.

Waiting as always.
The trees, the sky and finally,
You and I...

A Dreamer