

STYLE

I have tried to mislead you
I am not humble at all
I have no humility
I do not fear you in the least
I pretend to be shy
I appear to hesitate
only a sham to deceive
I suck my fellow men in
and seduce them of their trust
and then
if it suits my advantage
I lower the boom
mercilessly

I lied when I said
I have no sense of myself
I am very well aware of my style

My vanity is as vast as the scope of my dreams
My heart is that of a tyrant
My arms are the arms of the executioner

It is only the failure of my plots I fear

I wish to be the voice of reality itself.

I am angry at the insurgents of women
They have pulled the covers off me
and revealed to all
the potential behind my shy grin

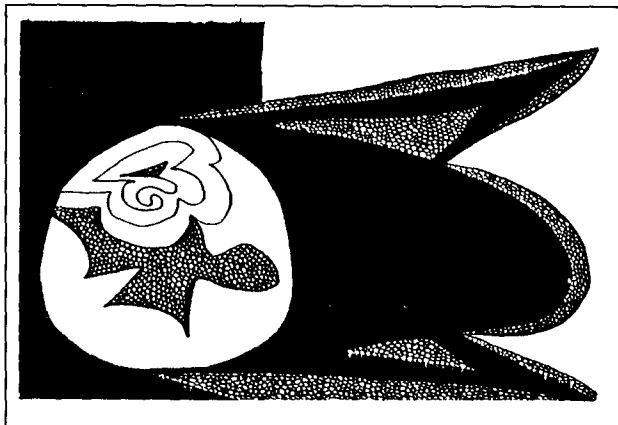


Illustration by Beth Jankola '86

all those years of docility
of being
calm
cool
collected

under any stress and strain
I will not panic in crisis
I can be counted on to be cool

and then came Women's Lib.

All my plans went up in smoke
and so

with worn out tools

I stoop
to begin again and again and
again.

Beth Jankola
South Burnaby, B.C.

Osteogenesis imperfecta

Imperfecta, delicacy of the word –
then what's perfect? the long black wisps
of baby hippy hair, the ear with its newborn fur,
the lashes, the tremorous fingers
of the broken hand
lying across the breast? the face
so dark, terrible and silent?
Nothing matters here against the fact
of this one child on its feathery pillow, tended
as seldom as possible and then
with the impossible caution of helplessness.
Whose skull in the pictures
"is in little pieces." Whose ribs
"break if you look at them."
Who was, unimaginably, born.