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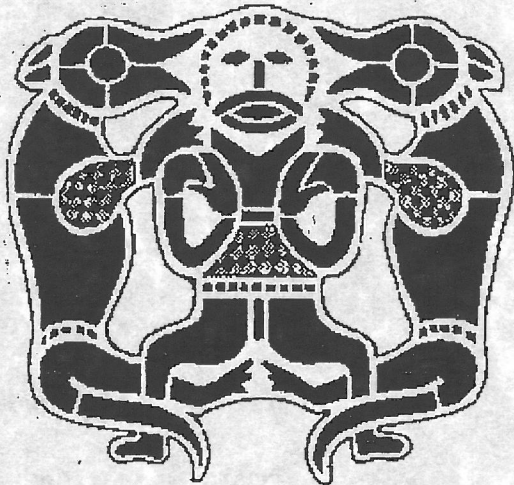
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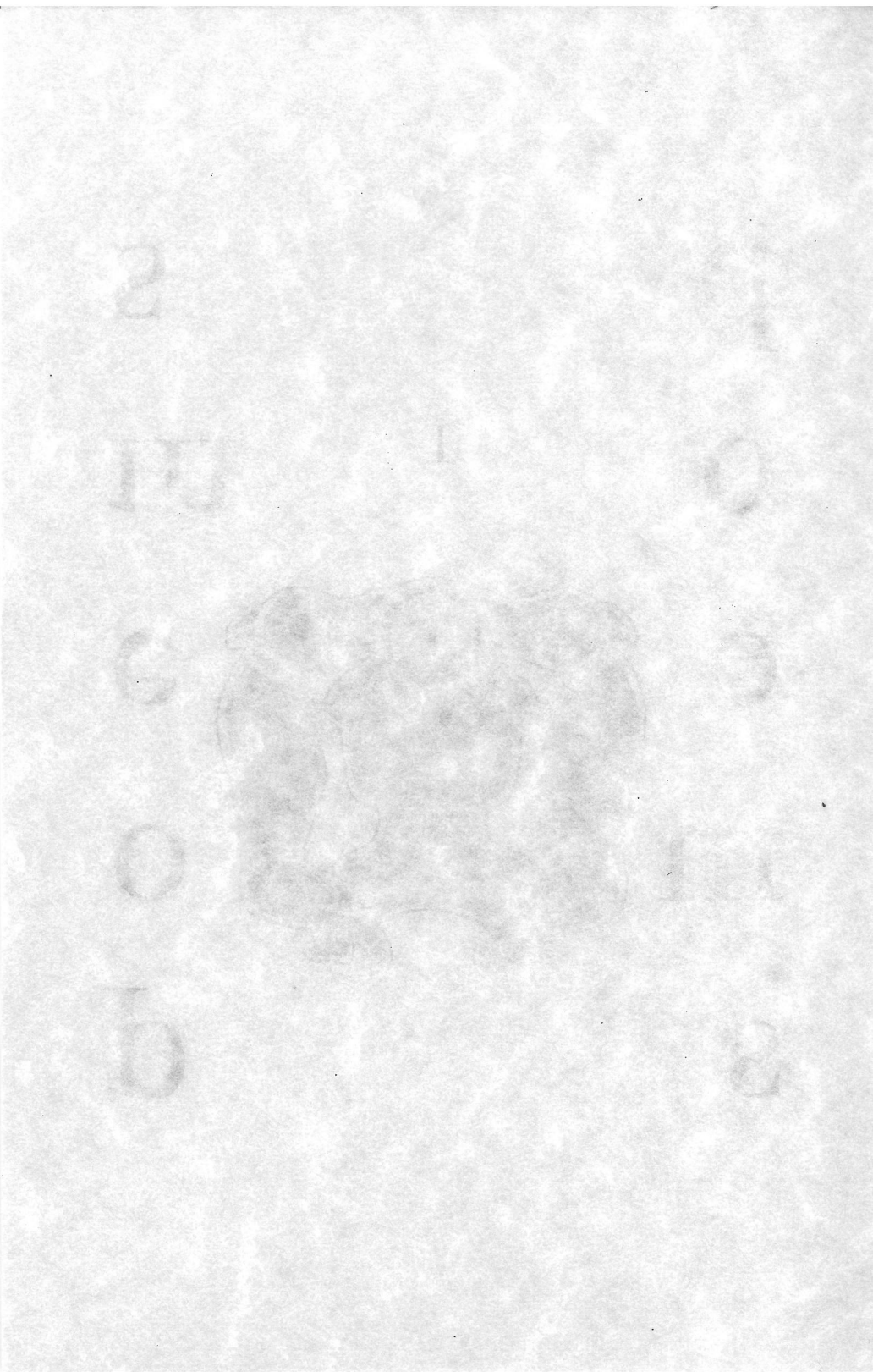
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**MARK SENTESY**

**against introspection**

while there's a mirror  
    breaking the random light out  
of its chaos of

lengths  
    and drawing them  
    into order,  
            in place of  
mine i will never

see your face.  
            but out-  
    side you could be anywhere  
around a corner

sitting in a square  
    alone  
            with your lonely scarf  
and your wending mind.



before a mirror  
i am at a loss  
and think  
i  
am only this skin

and what's behind the eyes.  
while there is only order  
even the light  
binds.

**a gentleman describes Mary's hands**

like running along the path, or having stepped  
into the empty flurry of  
a trackless desert,  
a sandstorm

**Dingle pub**

so drunk he can hardly hear a thing an irishman.  
a girl takes his frames carefully off his face you've  
got some guinness on your glasses she wipes it off.

why is everyone  
more reasonable than i?

they each carry their  
baskets in their right hands and

in the metro their  
eyes stay overhead on small  
signs

i want to watch the  
world, the red sand, the seashore  
more, and myself less.

yesterday i saw with the sun falling along it a green  
billboard  
like a roadsign on my street

Monte Carlo	6, 985 km
Casino de Hull	5 km

and a tramp with a dark blue hat and a brown suit  
jacket with his head  
coming up to the bottom of the billboard,  
pissing under the sign.

**FERGUS O'CONNOR**

**take no photo**

I want to live now  
not a little bit tomorrow  
this precious mix of time and space  
    and you and me  
must die  
but please take no photo

Lenin was embalmed  
his crumbling body replaced  
    year by year  
with plastic skin-coloured chunks  
but he is there no longer

what is here cannot be repainted  
no enlargement or glossy finish  
or artistic black and white  
can be other than a sad paleness  
of now

so don't step back  
love is here  
live it directly  
put down the camera, my sweet  
come back into my arms

**foxglove**

another fearful driver passes by  
my skyward thumb  
as the sun lights up  
each pink dangling bell  
on the foxglove by the roadside



## KEITH EBSARY

she must have known joyce

i.)

i dont take the bus for my health but im happy  
going by. voyeurism minus the sweat and run on diesel  
padded over the ziploc walls counted nimbly  
by streetlights. the segments make an absurd  
whole and shorten ideas of forever.

strollers and rooftops. young girls let  
down  
by their pop groups. all timeless and timed. all sun and  
machine shops.

who decides layout and creation. i fix my name outside  
the window and find it comes back common.

only the boring are abnormal and the  
pathology

is truly modern. scream jesus or abortion near  
parliament

a dinner invitation for next friday.

who made the citizen a freak  
and vice versa. i had an answer but degenerated too  
quickly.



ii.)

shes on a bench and the young girls are somewhere else.

call her mother or anything formal.

    circe without her charms and cosmetics  
for potion. alone she says i am among my friends.  
husband and child buried. curtains pulled down and

radiator leaking water. war office telegrams she would  
be the same.

    inscrutable and unafraid. still. stark.  
molly bloom after the mountain. the rose of so many  
vanished lovers who made her life a vow.

    paperskinned and sensual in lifes desperation  
grown sad and wise.

    (yes i will yes)

something the newspapers forgot to tell you  
    an old woman fixed her hair. smiled.  
    agreed.

## five and ten year photographs

so this is what happens when youre lonely  
television or beer one hand plucking the past from a  
drawer a desk  
you never use  
an old girlfriend you loved and thought youd marry  
pictures of friends who moved away  
have them all holding bottles of beer laughing man  
everythings fine

but to see them again you sink awkwardly back  
remember that it was better  
than you thought  
(must have been better anyways)  
make plans for holidays or when money arrives well go  
out  
like the last time and get pissed in the old haunts  
stagger down the road just a bunch  
of college boys thank god no one has a bald spot

christ how it happens  
we pick up people and let them go  
maybe no ones that different inside and lover is only a  
pair of breasts away from a stranger  
but who wants that  
i should love everyone and not those i choose?  
the screaming child the school bus masturbator

ah yes the briefcase hero of our time  
lermontov be damned heres one who duels in a tie

it is fitting that a memory undeveloped is called a  
negative

**a short poem to let us down**

for i would  
if we had already fallen

left the rest behind.

as simple as that, lover

all glory  
and flowing together

**JAMIE BRADLEY**

I would like to buy you.

Are you for sale  
for so many pieces of silver?

I require your services for an exorcism.

The spirits of the past  
-so many fresco paintings and Ming vases-  
tear through the air around me  
-raping it of half its marvel.

The sea is an empty thing;  
an eggshell bruised and punctured;  
a refugee metaphor  
stretching its parched roots,  
looking for solid ground  
on which to stand

Will you mumble the sacred words?



Will you descend to the lower places,  
stretching out your water-laden hands  
to give us birth?

Will you die for us?  
Are you for sale?



The t.v. saints are on the warpath  
Giuliani needs his ego trip  
Hillary Clinton is the new Narcissus  
All the kings horses and all the kings men  
Suddenly have art degrees  
Humpty-Dumpty is dead  
After a failed lobotomy attempt  
The pope is planning a coup  
With a council of Vatican dictators-in-waiting  
In New York it's raining  
Watch for falling swastikas

Just one political song  
For the counter-culture  
Dung fetishists

Just one political song  
From a catholic school boy  
Who's never seen a Virgin Queen

poems provided by the letter S and his minion, number 6

**issue #1**

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