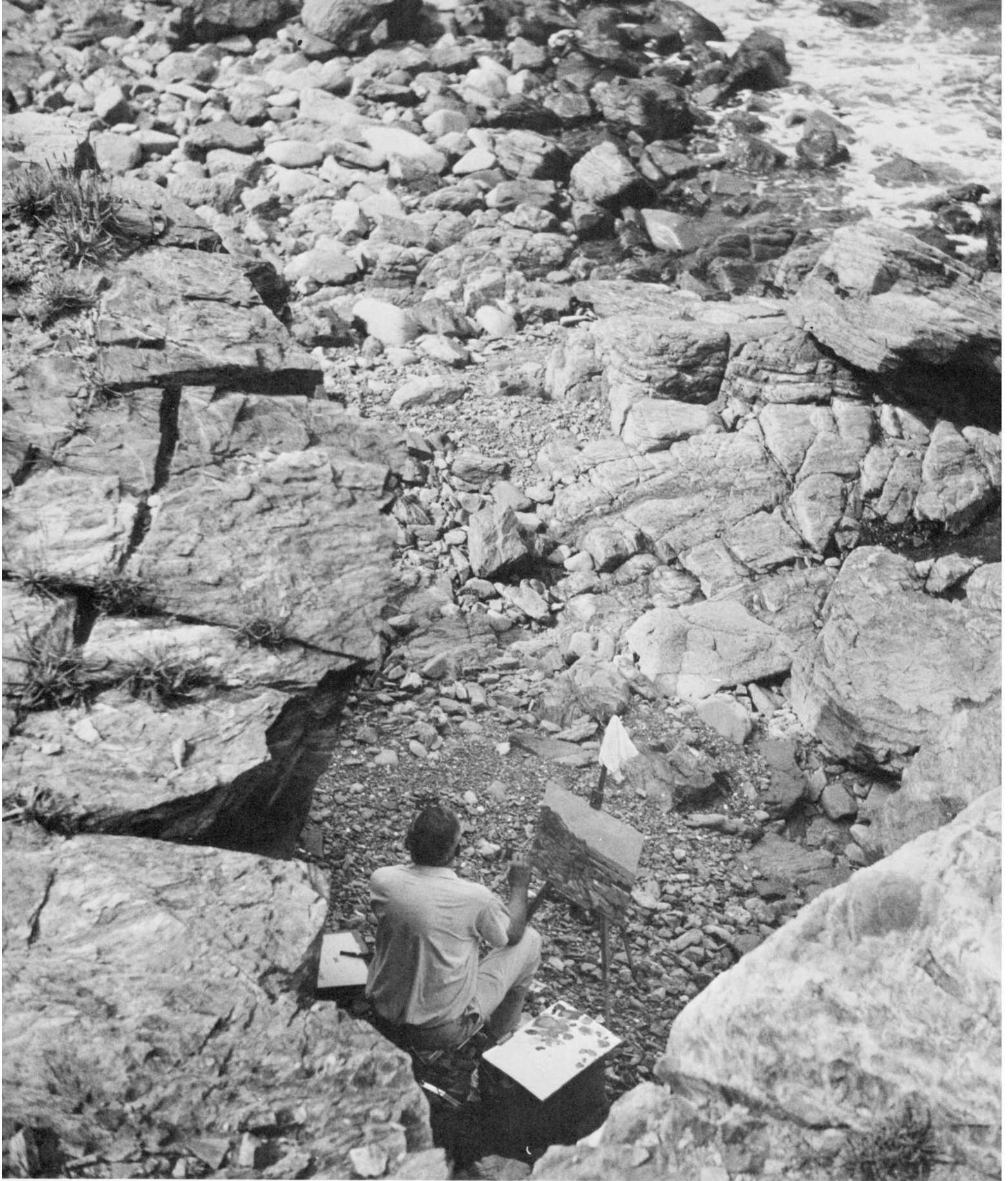




CREATIVITY



CREATIVITY

Dear Teacher,

We know in good faith you'd correct,
Any miniscule flaw we'd detect –
What your students might find problematical.
However unwise – Do we dare criticize
What grammar belies, to ensure the demise
Of the exemplified error grammatical?

Herein we explain whereof we complain:
Now – a word such as “endless” precludes termination,
But people persist – and here lies the fault –
A negative added – so dictates education –
“Unendless” alludes to definitive halt.

Such is a similar misconception
To that which we find to be your transgression.
We know you'll aver – we ought not demur,
Which could only perpetuate what we elaborate.
Thus we care not retart – lest
Such impropriety cause more anxiety –
So with sobriety beg grammatical piety;
So we implore you (while still we adore you);
So we beseech you – May WE this once teach YOU?
And thus unconventional (harm unintentional);
So may it content us, before it dement us –
Without disrespect, which we truly reject –
To put it succinctly, and no offence linked – see:
THERE IS NO WORD “IRREGARDLESS.”

– Doreen Solin –
level 5





TIME

Eternal

Speed, motion, infinity, turns and turns.

One circular endless abyss

Filled with life and love

And smiles and happiness.

Reminiscence of ancient

Thoughts and times

And back again

Into reality

FLASHBACK

To long lost

Memories and cherished

Acts of forgotten peoples.

The old remember and fall

Into a senile universe of romantics,

Retaining all those times and peoples

And moments of happiness the last speck

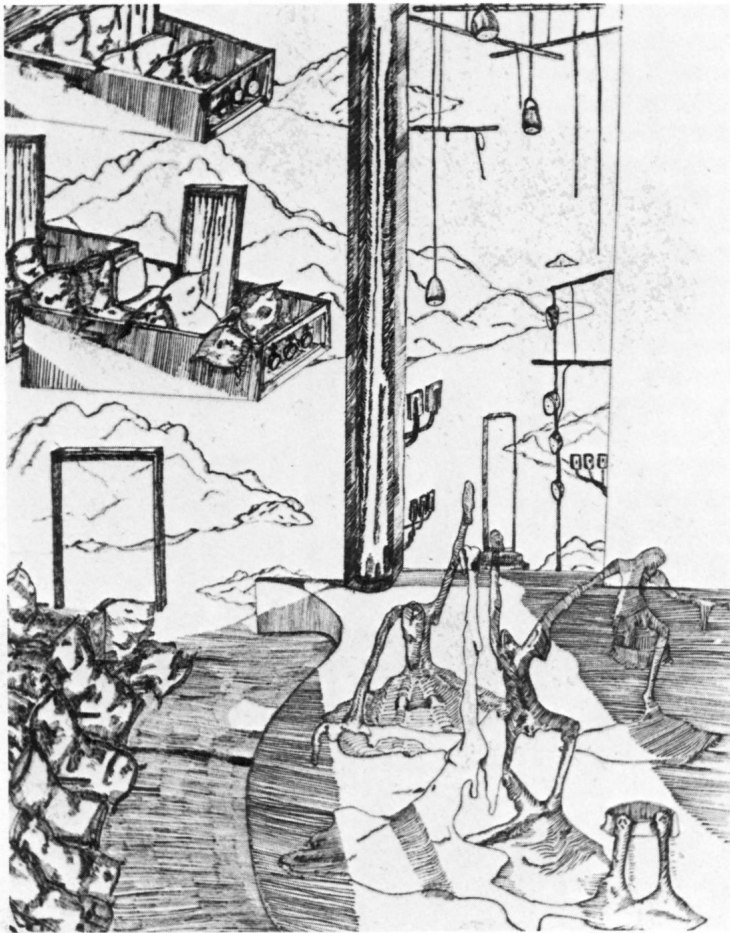
Of sand falls in the hourglass. The time begins

AGAIN.

— David Azouz —
level 5

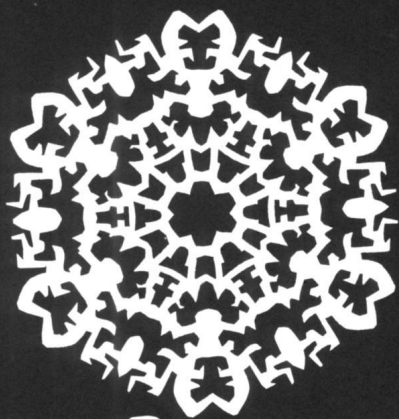
INTERVAL OF DEATH

The smoggy twilight hours had descended, leaving the waterfront eerie and deathlike. The market square was putrid and dank — where day by day a thousand automatons did the senseless, mundane things. Now the old fat women barked her vulgarities at you if you didn't buy her worthless wares. In the gloom, you brushed against a dark figure that seemed righting itself. Some impulse made you turn, in time to witness the object of your encounter fall to the ground, attempt to rise, then collapse again. You assessed it as drunkenness but peered closely into the face of the wretched one. Light from a nearby streetlamp il-



luminated a countenance of horror and distortion. Even as you shook fervently and swore wildly into the wind, the head fell back, the eyes rolled in their sockets, and death drained the ravaged face. Frozen as though in a tableau of death, the wind stopped its howling and background noises ceased to be. Then you dug your clammy savage paws into your coat pockets and turned away from the sight and from the god-forsaken hovels and the cold wind chasing after you and the old street hawker concluding her stream of incoherence at your back.

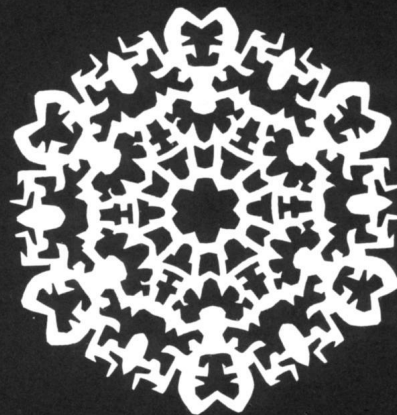
— Doreen Solin —
Level 5

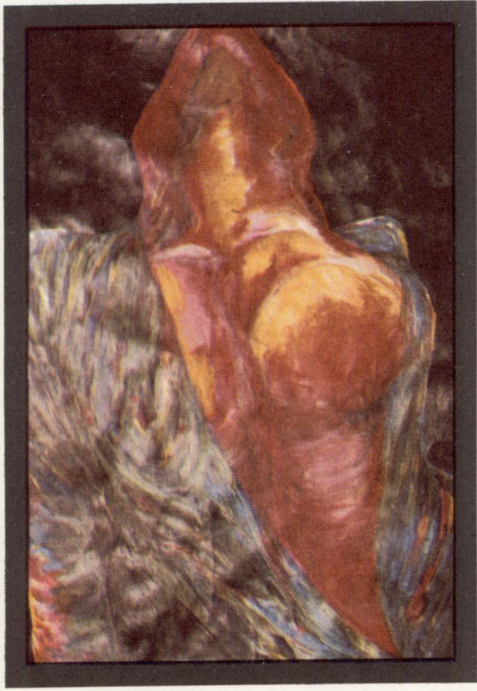


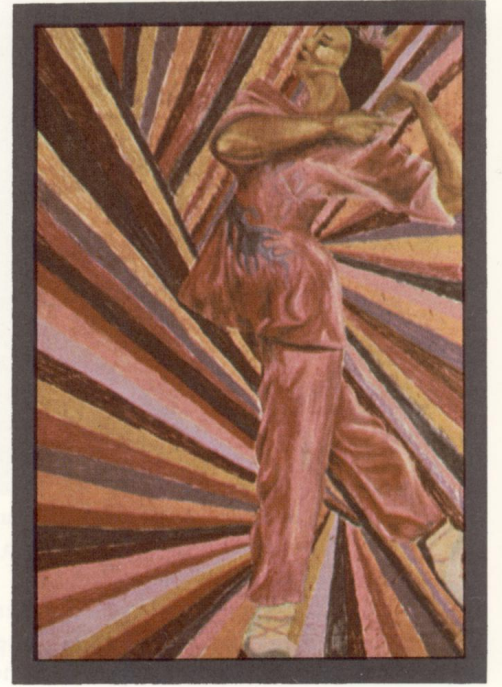
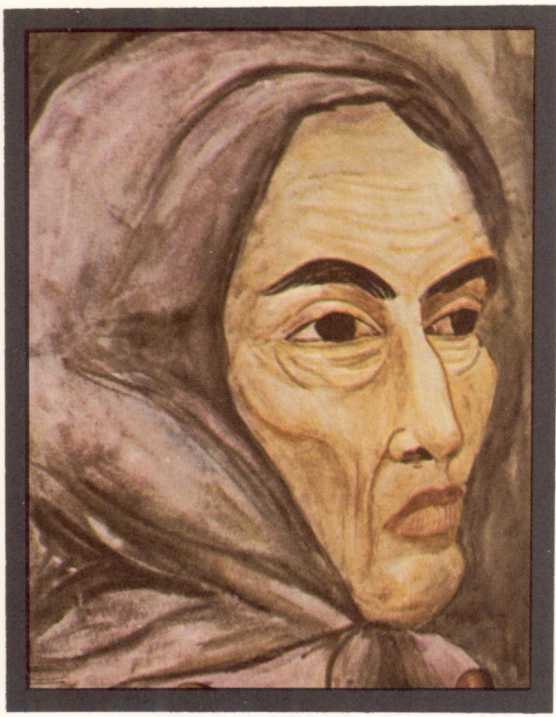
DECEMBER 1970 1969 1968 1967 1966 1965 1964 1963 1962 1961 1960

The snows drift down
Obscuring shapes;
Boy, girl
Snail-walk the parking lot
How discern the shapes,
The faces, voices, minds?
In a timeless white landscape
They drift, two by two
Across the years,
and ritually laugh
With silent shaking
and miming grimace;
thumb over shoulder
point the joke
of minds in mark books
taped, labelled,
described, mistaken —
and once again they go
joining others
on the far side of
the snow-linked fence.
Now all listen, look,
shake their heads
nodding, heavy with wisdom
and mouths sagging with words.
Still more glide across
the snow, and ring
clear air with joy
and joy and life
before they drift,
grey against the white —
fading, fading, fading.

M.D.







THE CAGE

He lay facing the wall, his eyes motionless in a placid and pale face. His body was totally without any outward movement, except in the shallow beating of his heart. He was a victim of Parkinson's Disease.

For years he had been degenerating; his hands were the first to quiver with the tell-tale signs. His feet, head, and then the rest of his body had soon succumbed as well. For the last few days he could not communicate except by flickering his eyes. Now he was seemingly dead, a corpse.

Yet inside, in that marvelous apparatus man calls a brain, he was as alive as any creature who could move, as any man, insect, or beast.

He had been known as a reliable, steady working, bachelor by his acquaintances and employers. Yet he had been a loner. He had been paid a sufficient salary to keep himself quite content and had been satisfied to live alone in a quiet existence. Now, in a white, icy-bare, and sterile hospital room, he lay waiting for the final death of the mind.

His brain, day and night, buzzed with ideas, and frantically occupied itself with conversations with himself, and fear. Fear that he would be completely abandoned. For he could hear the voices of the nurses whispering,

"Poor man, I suppose he hasn't got very long . . . Awful when there isn't a chance."

The doctors as well, spoke in low voices of the hopelessness, unable to know whether he was capable of hearing or not.

He remembered vaguely when he had been a whole man, without any worries of disease . . . of anything. When he had been free to do whatever he wished, to travel, to build, to LIVE! Then, the first sign. He had tripped, for no apparent reason, and had thought nothing of it. A few weeks later, he almost fell when crossing a busy intersection. He was frightened, suspicious of trouble, for again there had been no reason for a fall. He told himself, "I must see a doctor; After all, what's there to be afraid of? "

But he waited.

He recalled that time clearly, — the indecision, the worry; then he met Diane. It hadn't taken long — within three weeks they were married. In his happiness, he argued against any possibility of trouble, of ill health.

They were blissfully happy, and when Diane realized a few years later that she was pregnant, the two were as in a bubble; the worries of the world were outside the barriers they had erected. They had two children, first a sandy-cropped boy, and then a lovely girl. Heaven was too mild a word to use to describe their life.

And now he was here — a shell of a man, alone in his frightened mind, hiding behind useless flesh and bones. Wandering thoughts, dreams, and fantasies occupied his days; nightmares and horror filled his nights.

"What is happiness worth," he thought bitterly, "if it cannot last." And off he lapsed into memories.

That day, when the boy was killed — he thought he would die. But he didn't. Diane had to be calmed for weeks with sedatives and pills. A senseless accident — a drunken fool behind a wheel! Lying there, crushed beneath the wheels; a young boy's life snuffed out in a second's passing. The shaking of his hand was totally forgotten in his worry for Diane's sanity. Only the girl's needs brought her back.

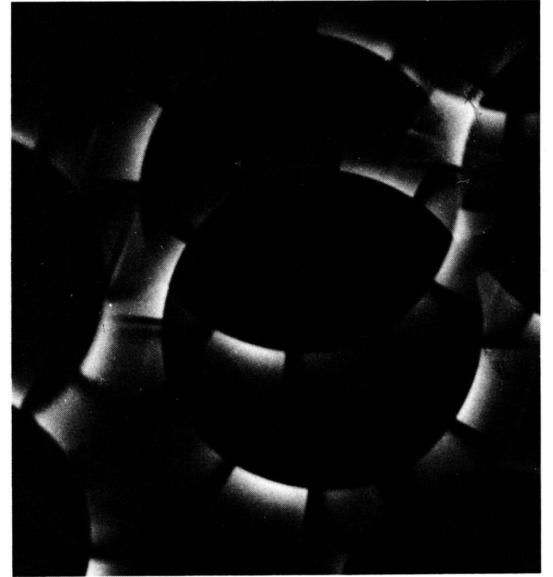
For hours he mused about Diane and the little ones. When all was happy. How else could he retain his own sanity? His greatest fear was going mad inside the cage. He rarely dwelt on that for long, for the terror would come.

So he lay, and so he would die. He knew it, even though his body would never feel death . . . he would die. He had to die! He must! Someday . . .

An hour later, one of the nurses came in to take his pulse. There was none. All the staff could feel as they removed his body was a kind of relief — both for him and themselves. They had never realized he had died a mad prisoner inside a cage.

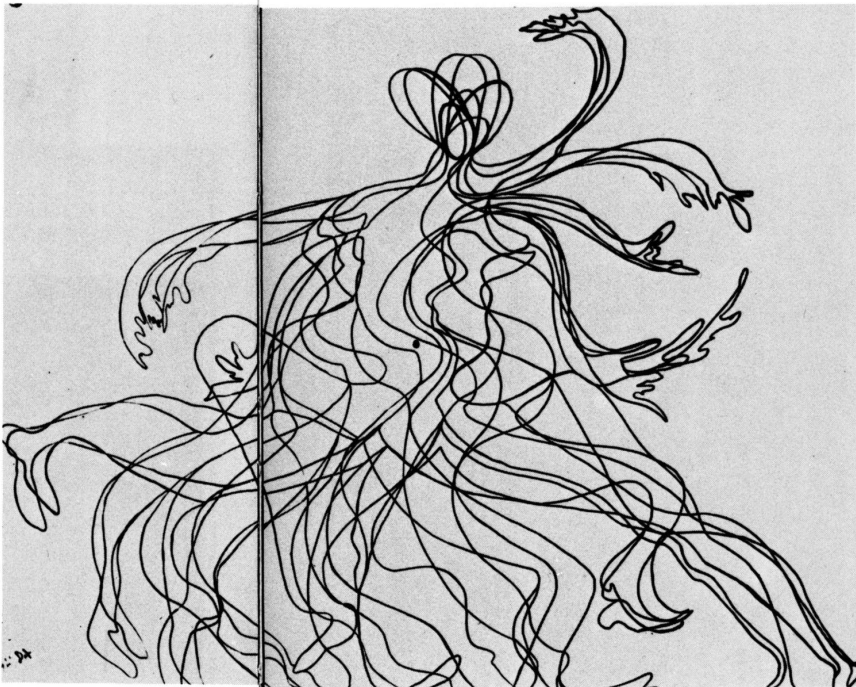
— Marion Faigan —
Level 5





when i was a child
i was brave
the door
the one leading to my heart
always open;
now i wonder about doors
i seem to have lost the key
lost a part of myself
a part that was good
it cannot be helped
such are the ways of a child;
so much is locked away
like dusty chests in the attic
filled with relics of former grace
all of me that was lost;
now to find what was gained.

— Marcy Kahan —
Level 5



NO HAY ALTERNATIVO

Corri
 di mi vida
 como un loco
 Quise entrar en la vida
 de otro corazón
 Muriendo estoy en
 una esfera trasladadi
 y no hay ninguno
 que me quiere ayudar

Corro
 de mi mundo
 como un gato
 huye de un perro.
 Un mundo quiero buscar
 perfecto, con amor
 y personas simpaticos
 Soy una pequeña máquina
 perdida en un red sin fin.

Corrire
 de mis problemas
 No los puedo más resolver
 sin la amarga dificultad
 de la vida quiero vivir.
 Pero, no podria nunca
 hallar este mundo
 magnifico y contente
 de mis sueños.

¿Que puedo hacer?
 ! No tengo donde ir!
 Debo quedarme aqui.

— David Azouz —
 Level 5

IN THE BEGINNING

and they scanned the depths of space,
searching,
weighing this world then the next,
spanning immeasurable distances,
time itself.

the beauty of eons lying exposed,
unblemished, unscarred
with the last beat of a heart, a star dies
with the assuring cry of a baby, one is born.

and then by chance,
into view it happened.
a forbidding world
amidst a virgin frontier.
mists hovering low, ominous.
a desert of black, evil.
a virtual graveyard,
lost in the realm of time.

they weighed it,
pondered the problem,
a decision made was final.
and so it was.

and in these eyes, one could sense warmth
perceive hope.
and above all, a regal grandeur.

an awakening, a beginning.

and in the dawn of yet another millenium gone by,
a voice, rattling through the cosmos
was heart to say:

“LET THERE BE LIGHT”

— Lawrence Rosenberg —

L'OBJET DE MON ESPRIT

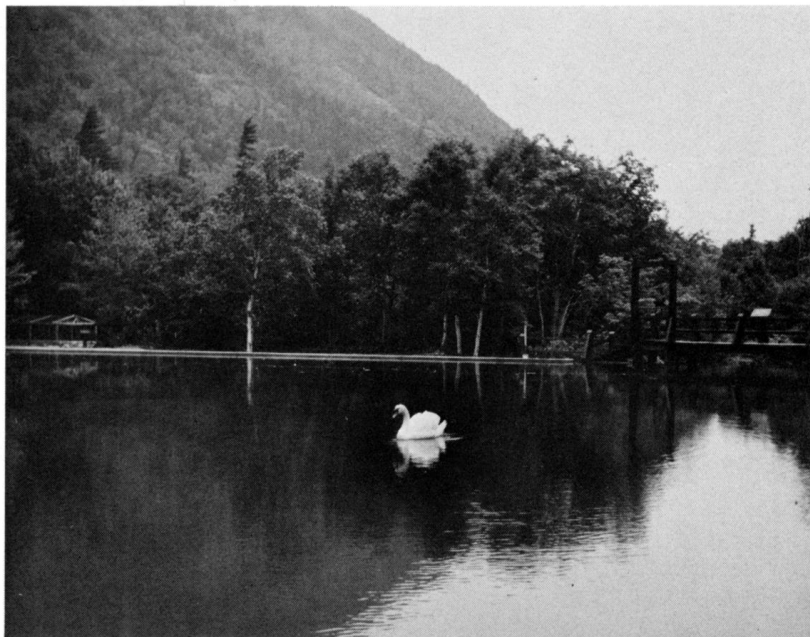
Tu as le coeur qui allume mes sentiments,
Et mon esprit commence a voltiger
Comme une porte tournante dans un
rêve qui n'était jamais fini et la
fin du rêve c'est toi.

Tu as les yeux pleins de feu
qui inspirent la passion
Comme un tremblement de terre
qui m'amène dans l'éternité
de l'amour que j'ai pour toi.

Tu as le visage souriant et amoureux
Qui m'apporte de bons souvenirs
De toute la beauté de la vie
Et le ciel recommence à briller;
Je deviens heureux à cause de toi.

Je cherche la fin du rêve
Je cherche ce tremblement de terre
Je cherche mon amour dans ton coeur
N'oublie pas qu'il y a quelqu'un au
monde qui pense à toi.

— David Azouz —
Level 5



THE AWAKENING

You've seen her often sitting,
There among the roses and garbage,
In the park where children dancing,
Laughing and mocking at life.
Singing a hymn to the joy of youth.

"That's looney old Miss Frayel."
The people pass her as life had done.
But what do the common people know.
They cannot see behind those wet grey eyes,
Into the recesses of her mind – into her soul.

Once an actress; or so she claims.
And thus she lives on in the warmth
Of memories burning bright
While the snow falls.
Covering everything in peace.

There are few in life who,
From the death of words all in a row,
Create a being, breathe life into that which is lifeless,
Hers was such a talent.
Or so she claimed.

Today I shall be Juliet, in a long red gown,
Listening to the song of the nightingale,
Hurrying my lover away.
But only the blaring of horns could be heard; and
A siren melting into foreverness.

Lady, how about giving a man down on his luck a dime?
Ah, sweet prince, deny the father and ;;;
and///but the words no longer came . . .
Renounce thy father's name and be sworn . . . be sworn . . .
But her Romeo had ambled off to relieve himself behind the bushes.

My dear countess, how perfectly charming to see you again,
The washing women winked among themselves.
ofcourseeI'vebeenofftoEuropetodinewithdukesandduchesses;
Towalkthestreetswheremypreciousshakespearetrud.
It came out in one breath from years of practice.

And then He came into her park.
In his long white robes, with his free flowing hair.
He smiled at her and she was warmed.
He laughed and she was soothed.
And He held up the mirror of truth – she laughed no more.

The body was found in the greys of dawn.
The corpse's heart was pierced and bleeding.
From when she was faced with truth.
When the playwright had no words to put in her mouth.
Reality overcame her – and it destroyed.



GAMES

Let's play as
children
when we held water
in our palms
and no matter
how tight we held
our palms dried
and we laughed at our
trick

Let's play as
lovers
when we walked
hand in hand
and when our hands
burned we parted
we cried
but number two (three or four)
was there, and we walked
hand in hand
and laughed

Let's play as
in ellects
when we held
earth in our palms
but cut our hands
and we cried and fought
and shuddered

Let's play as
adults
when we held the
world in our palms
and pleased with our
success
we applauded.

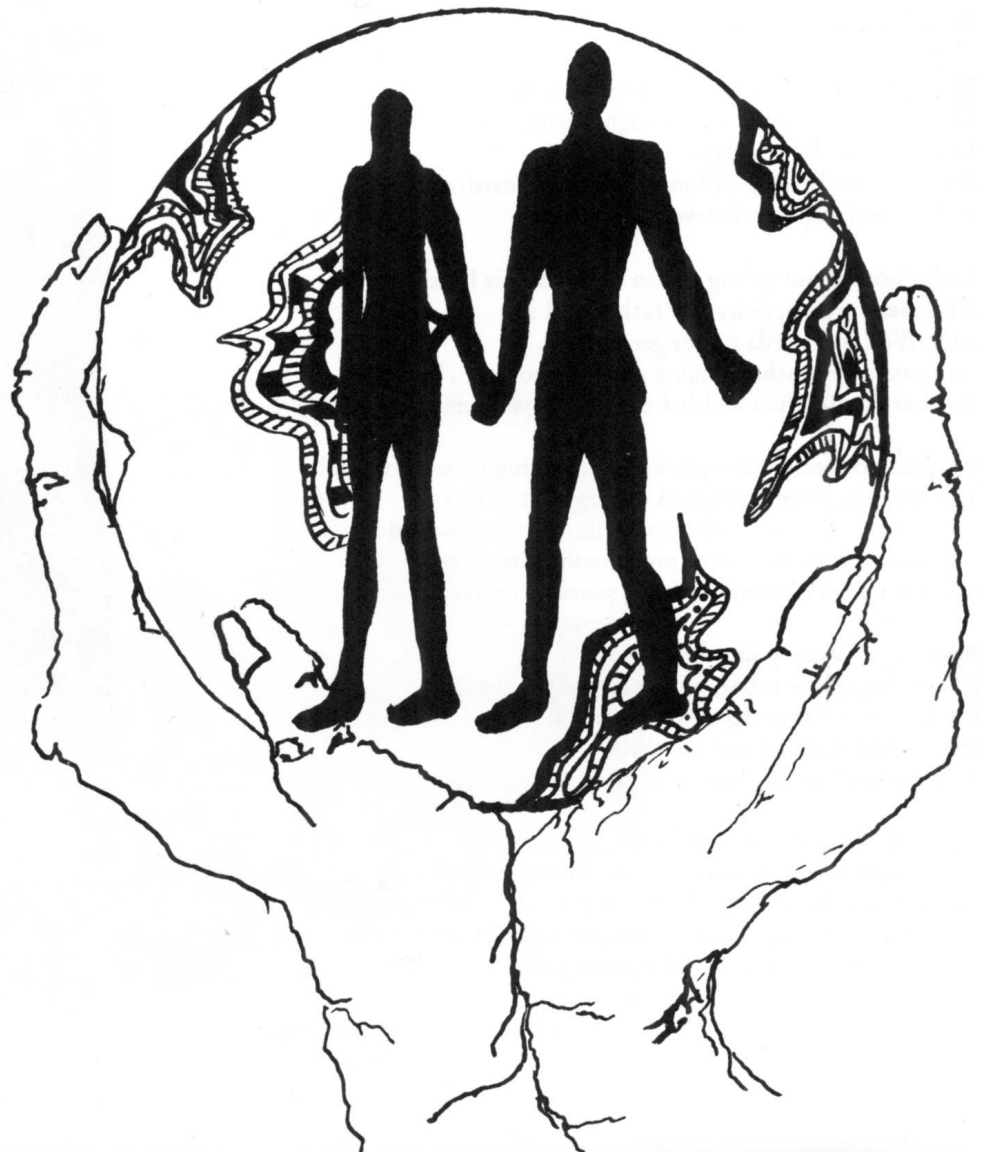
— George Burger —
Level 5

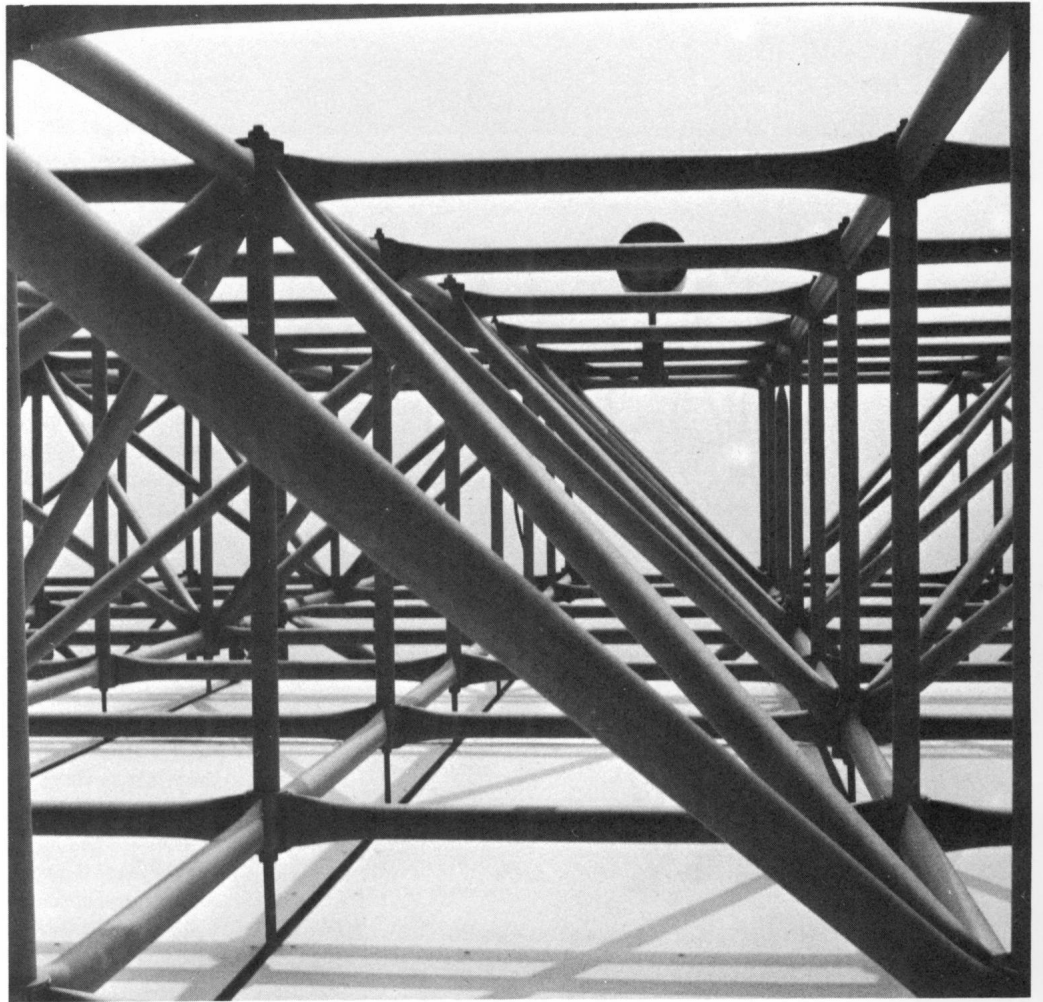
Pipe dreams.
Opium fantasies.

A leprechaun's pot of gold
At the end of a rainbow.
Cigarette tobacco,

Is the nightmare,
Of death.

— Louise Freed —
Level 5





BE THAT YOUR DREAM

HERE AM I, DAY YOU.
 LIKE AN EMPTY CARDBOARD BARREL LEANING
 QUIETLY

AGAINST ANOTHER
 ONE.

LIKE A BLEACHED ELECTRIC POLE CUTTING ACROSS
 THE BLANK FACE OF

A DESERTED SKY.

LIKE TWO SIDETRACKED BOXCARS, WHILE
 OVERHEAD, A CATWALK

HANGS

AS A PORTRAIT IN PROFILE OR OUTLINE
 AGAINST THE MORNING SKY.

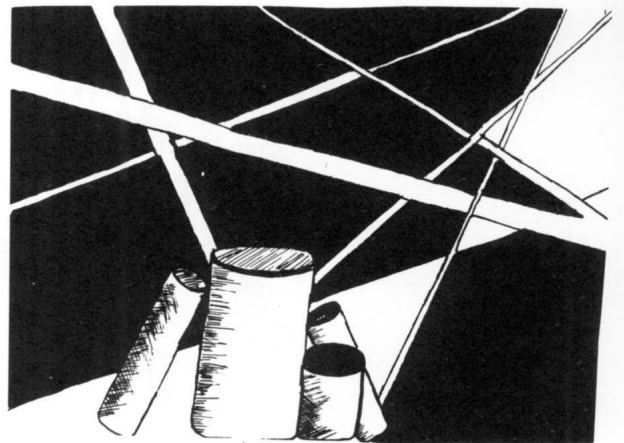
LIKE AN ENTRANCE INTO ADULTHOOD'S EXISTENCE.
 LIKE CHILDREN'S DREAMS LEFT BEHIND TO ROT
 AS A CORPSE

LIKE A LOOSE. LOOSE TOMCAT
 RELEASING MIND AND HEART
 TO PREY ON LOST IDEALS YOU HAD ONCE AS

A YOUNG ONE
 LIKE ONE OF THE MIDNIGHT DIM SUMMER STARS
 THAT SHINE

JUST SHINE,
 WITH A SUCCESSION OF GLEAMS AND FLASHES
 -THE

NORTH STAR IN ALL THE HEAVENS.
 LIKE A PASSIONATELY MAD LOCOMOTIVE ON COURSE TO THE STARS.
 LIKE THOR, THE GOD OF LIGHTNING.
 LIKE LIVING I THE CITY, "DOING THINGS AS THEY WOULD BE DONE,"
 I MUST HAVE MY VISION COME TRUE OR RALL TRYING FOREVER.
 EATING AND SLEEPING.





'back east'

the boys stood in rows
 just like their homes
 back east;
 with a purpose.
 with their caps on heads
 they dreamed of their beds
 back east;
 with a purpose.
 their hands filled with a rifle and grenades
 and the thoughts of holding their babes
 back east;
 with a purpose.
 dragging their lead-filled feet
 in order to greet
 back east;
 with a purpose.
 but now as they stand in rows
 sharing with others their woes
 back east;
 with a purpose.
 they left as boys
 and now are being used as toys
 so that when they return back east;
 they'll have a purpose.

Yvonne Sandor
 Level 4

the eyes
 cool W N staring
 fragrant A O thousand
 gushing T L by a
 sweetness E E spotted
 from RM flesh
 crimson

-Joe Zupnik
 Level 5

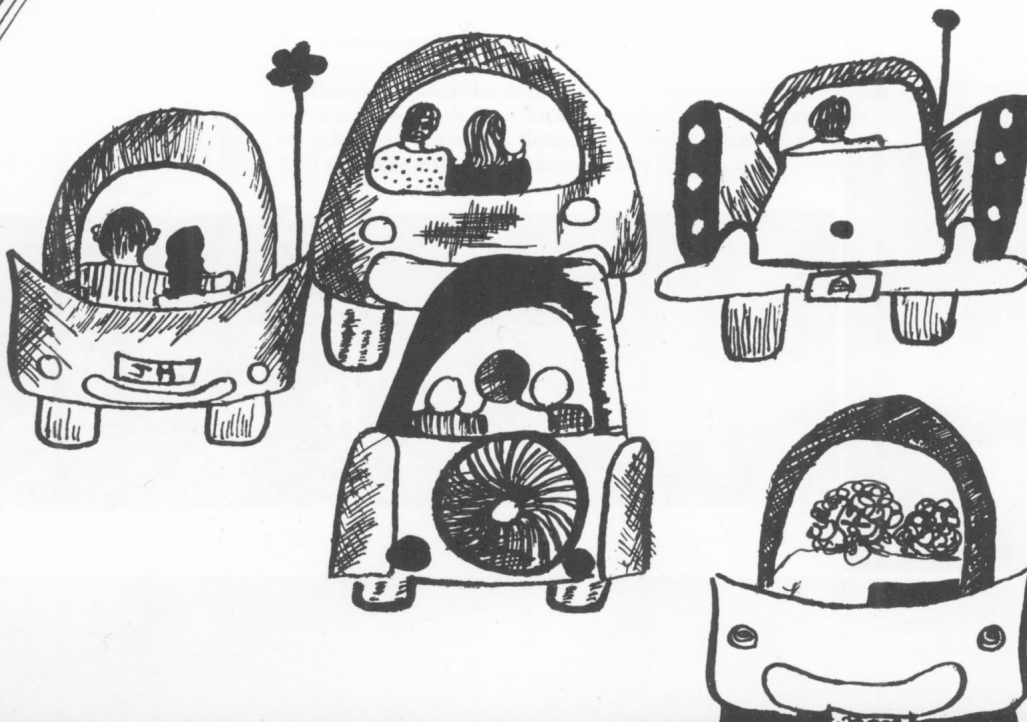


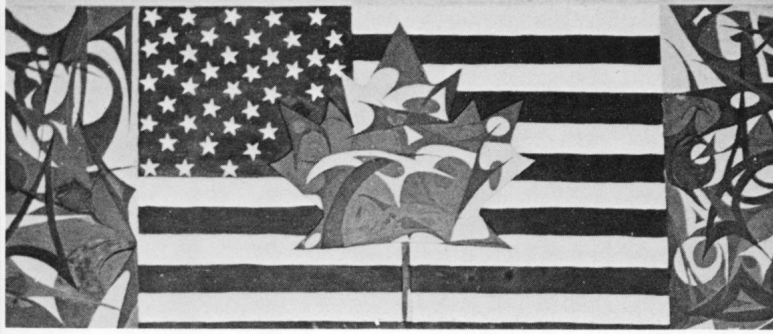
DRIVE-IN MOVIE

The screen looms, a great leviathan
Over tin cars like shells arranged on a giant shore
Humanity, shelled and sealed
Incased in thick windshield
Boxed in hard chrome
Worships the moving gods who flash across the screen
Drinking, sleeping
Loving, killing
 Bleeding
Orgiastic, plastic
 Bombastic
The voices of the gods
Attached to open windows
Crackling
Thundering
Spilling into lilliputian ears
Sightless lilliputian eyes
Mouths masticating rubber.

The Gods fade
lilliputians tired, unsatisfied
Ignition
Voice-boxes hung on their racks
Cars, humanity's covering
Creeping towards the highways
In long perpetual lines.

-Rachel Herscovici
level 5





PRIME MINISTER TRUDEAU



TRUDEAU AT THE BAT

The outlook wasn't good for Canada that day;
The score stood four to two, the foreign investors had more to play;
So when Diefenbaker died at first, and Bennett did the same,
A sickly silence fell upon the voters of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, the others stayed to rest,
But not a person tried to use some good Canadian jest;
They thought if only Trudeau could get a whack at that,
They'd put up even money then, with Trudeau at the bat.

But Lester preceded Trudeau, as did also St. Laurent,
The former was a dumpling, the latter was so blah;
Then near that stricken multitude some oil tankers passed,
And there seemed but little chance of Trudeau fixing all of that.

Then Lester hit a single, to the wonderment of some,
But Levesque, the much despised, blew stealing into home;
And when the smog had lifted, and they saw what had occurred,
There was St. Laurent safe on second, and Lester a-hugging third.

Then out of the election polls went up a joyous yell,
It bounded from the mountaintop, and rattled in the dell;
It struck upon the hillside, and recoiled upon the flat;
For Trudeau, mighty Trudeau, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Trudeau's manner as he stepped into his place,
There were sandals on his feet, and a smile upon his face;
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly kissed his girl,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Trudeau, here and real.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he cleaned his hands of oil,
Ten thousand hands applauded when he sweated from his toil;
Then while the N.D.P. passed the issue through the house,
Defiance gleamed in Trudeau's eyes, a smirk formed on his mouth.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the smoke,
And Trudeau stood a-watching with a haughty grandeur look;
Close by the swinging P.M. the inflated ball had gone,
"That's not my style," said Trudeau, as Stanfield called "Strike one! "

From the benches, black with people, went up a muffled roar,
As Benson taxed their nerves again, and cut their profits more;
"Kill Him! Kill the umpire! " shouted someone in the house,
And Stanfield likely would be dead had not Trudeau said, "Unjust."

His press agents said to smile, and the Trudeau smile came on;
He stilled the troubled Frenchmen, and he bade his term go on;
The House of Commons studied it, and once more the spheroid flew,
But Trudeau still ignored it, and Stanfield called, "Strike two! "

"Inflation! " cried the thousands, and they started to complain,
But a scornful look from Trudeau made the opposition lame;
He subsidized the wheat fields, out where the land was flat,
And they knew that Trudeau wouldn't let that ball go by his bat.

The smirk is gone from Trudeau's lips, he kisses girls no more;
He pounds the bat with violence, with his toupee on the floor;
The whole army of one hundred plans to give us all a show,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Trudeau's blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favoured land the sun is shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light;
The farmers are all happy as their cattle roam the plain,
There is joy in Ottawa, for Trudeau won the game.

—Leonard Polsky
level 4

PRELUDE

What is this 'Prelude' that everyone's making such a fuss about?
Instant Insanity—wake up one night and mutter the word aloud 50 times
You'll see how meaningless it becomes.

Prelude—Praeludere—to play beforehand
(a good second conjugation verb)

"A thing serving as the introduction to the principal event"—Webster.

"Welcome boys and girls to the greatest show on earth
Full of thrills, spills
Fun for the whole family.

— But first

A little background to help you enjoy the show.

Some pushups and Political Science
sight poetry and ceramics,
grammar and graphing

We will proceed at your own speed
But hurry or the show might leave you behind.
We all had to go through the same process.
And see what it did for us.

Yes boys and girls, learn your lessons well and in a few short years

You too will take your places in the ring.
Life, if you will take kindly forget what I have said before,
(I hope you have trained to do at least that) is no circus.
There is no refund on the price of admission
Please remain in your seats.
And remember —

If you didn't like the Prelude you won't like the main event."

Hence the sum total of our Prelude
Hence the meaning of our 'initiation into the mysteries of life'
But give the ringmaster another chance.

"It is a troubled world which we bequeath to you, O Students
(he didn't say "boys & girls")

"But it is your challenge to set it aright, with the tools we
have given you."

I'm beginning to have my doubts about the Ringmaster.
I'm beginning to have my doubts about the Prelude
I'm beginning to have my doubts about the Main Event.

John Yaphe
Level 4



Crystal in cocoon
fights to break loose
grey is her world
and sad is her time
She must stay hidden
seeing only vague shapes
thru her clouded walls

Crystal emerging
leaves behind foetal lace
too soon the cold air
that scars her lungs
and freezes her breath
so icicles tinkle and shatter
instead of speech

Crystal torn free
transparent fragile
chiselled finger scorning pastel
Choosing veins of fire
for her womb-crumpled wings
and soft shades of purple
for her love

— Susan Marczak
level 5

TWO YOUNG GIRLS BY GAUGUIN

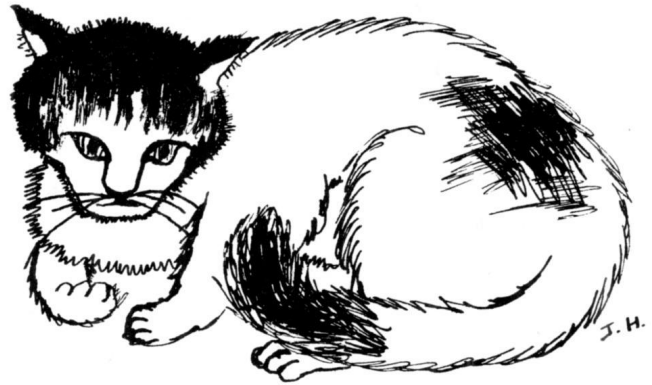
The golden ladies of the forest
gaze at life
curious
but not too curious
their wonderment
is not urgent enough to force
a stirring
from their quietude
They are content
but not fully so
Their bodies glow gold
against the dark forest
quietly
like the warmth of a summer's morning
like a melon, slow ripening in the sun
with warmth and indolence they grow
There is no hurry here
for her
there is time
for all things
even life

— Perle Feldman
level 5



on top
of the warm water heater
sits Augustine
the philosopher cat
the water-heater
is comfortable
which is why
he is sitting there

— Perle Feldman
level 5



FOUR ODES TO THE UNIVERSE

My eyes, my arms, my life reach out to touch
The Universe, — for i long to know that which
is yet unkown; as i long to touch the stars and
hold them tight in outstretched palm, like pebbles
of the sands of time, the immortal sons of God and Time.

Infinite as my mind, the sky engulfs me too
i am as man, of life, of stars of space
as I am one of many men so a solitary star,
has many other brothers, to share the face

of God

But then-would someone think me that insane
if i shouted 'till lungs were sore to greet the stars
(i would wait for their reply) and extend the bonds
of love and friendship to unknown worlds?

or

would the message be lost for eternity ne'er to
reach its goal . . . for the heavens not like
earth silence like peace reigns supreme

The "answer" lies not on my tongue to speak
Nor does it rest within my searching mind
Yet an unknown force is driving us to seek
The answer to the puzzle which forms mankind.

— Lewis Gottheil —
level 4

