THE DALHOUSIE REVIEW

long since fled, gone nomad
with country spirits over
fog-bound seas, though you may
sense them at closing time
if you brave the moon and
marauding drunks, furious without
bottle openers, scouring the bay
for a perfect end.

ONLY THROUGH A LOOKING GLASS DARKLY

R. D. MacKensie

To be or not to be,
who is to say
that is the question
which faces the churches
which faces the lawyers
which faces the women,
the woman in pain.

Where shall this zygote go,
bucket or beddy-bye,
that is the question
which faces the pregnant,
question:
"to be or not to be"
and the answer is seen
only through a looking glass darkly.