

THE DALHOUSIE REVIEW
 FRENCH QUARTER, NEW ORLEANS

Raymond Oliver

This stripper, now laid bare,
 Makes with the Prince of Air
 The two-backed beast,
 Showing, with twist and jerk
 The god at work
 Her lover is not there;
 But each believer, awed
 And self-released,
 Himself puts on the god.

RITUAL

A. MacKenzie

I am a fool
 to sit write this
 my poem when i should live
 But why when
 i am impotent i am near
 dead I am
 no force to force
 even
 stones at the ocean
 My choice has left me
 no choice I can't
 cry i cry because
 it means nothing because
 i am no cause because
 i am caused Tonight
 you go to hell Tomorrow
 i will not give a damn Then some
 time i will accept you because
 you will cause it because
 i can't i can't
 my ritual
 over and over