

EDITORIAL

Why the *HAIKU* isn't *HIGH-SCHOOL*

The first clue is that professional poets have tried their hands at the haiku, again and again. Gary Snyder. Catherine Buckaway. Paul Muldoon. Amy Lowell. A second clue is that there are periodicals, magazines, and websites devoted to haiku. Simply Haiku. Haiku Canada. The clues go on – haiku is related to imagism, for starters. But above all, there are the examples

1. Basho (Japan, C17) is considered the greatest all-time master of the form, and here's one of his best-known ones (Kyoto is pronounced in 2 syllables – Kyo-toe):

Even in Kyoto,
When I hear the cuckoos sing,
I long for Kyoto!

-- Transl. Robert Haas

The terrible beauty of this poem lies in its use of future pastness: the speaker, now in Kyoto, imagines himself in the future, experiencing the consequences (longing for Kyoto) of looking into the past to an event (leaving Kyoto) which has not yet happened. The terror deepens when we learn that this very tic (being unable to live in the moment) is thought to be symptomatic (in the West, not the East) of neurosis (Lacan). Another beautiful subtlety – what is the seasonal allusion (supposedly a part of every traditional haiku)?!

2. Ezra Pound (America, C20), a co-founder of the poetic school of imagism, used the compression of the haiku style to write a two-line poem that has become one of his most famous:

IN A STATION OF THE METRO
The apparition of these faces in the crowd:
Petals on a wet, black bough.

Think of the title as the poem's first line (haiku normally don't have titles) – we then have three lines of 6/8/6 words – an approximation to the 5/7/5 syllable lines of the [strict] haiku. The poem's power doesn't depend only on its haiku-like structure (neither did Basho's), but on the image it presents. The first line (Pound's title) fixes a place (a station in the Paris subway); the second line uses a metaphor [apparition of ... faces] to give us an image of the ghostly faces in a crowded subway station; the third line is a separate image of [white] petals on a dark bough – and the colon tells us to compare this image to the image of the previous line, making, in effect, a fuller image out of the two. In sum, the poem compares the [pale] faces of the people lined along the glistening rails of the subway to [white] petals laid out on a wet black bough.

3. David McFadden (Canada, C21), who won the Griffin Poetry Prize (a meagre \$200,000) in 2013 for *What's the Score?*, published *Shouting Your Name Down A Well*, a life-long collection of his haiku and tanka, one year later. The very opposite of Basho, McFadden is plain-spoken, unobvious, wryly humorous – and his haiku are simply 17-syllable statements broken into 5/7/5-syllable lines. Here are two that illustrate his use of the form, if not the spirit, of the haiku:

- (1) I'm a subjective
Man. I never ask questions.
I just work it out.
- (2) Why do we worry?
We're merely leaves on a tree.
Let the tree worry.

4. The haiku in English:

So my personal check-list of the qualities of the haiku in English looks like this:

- (1) structure: 3 lines – short / long / short
- (2) season (spring was requested): alluded to, not stated
- (3) cut: two aspects or ideas or images or ...
- (4) image: sensory, detailed, clear
- (5) mood: poignant (sad, regretful, nostalgic, ...)
- (6) point-of-view: personal, not necessarily 1st-person
- (7) novelty: something that startled me

THE WRITE PAGE CONTEST NEWSLETTER #6 FALL 2016

Topic: Travel -- near, far, time travel,
any kind of travel, real or imagined.

Genre: Open.

Limit: 500 words.

Judge and Sponsor:
Lynda Monahan.



Contributors

WEYBURN

BASSMAN, BERYL
BOROWSKI, GARETT
GREEN, BERNADETTE
HOLTZ, JORDAN
MISSAL, TIM
SCHAD, NINA
STYRE, BARRY

SWIFT CURRENT

DRUMMOND, MATTHEW

SASKATOON

BECKER, GEORGE
BROMPTON, COUNCE
DUBÉ, DENISE
GODIN, YANNIK
KING, BRYAN
KOSHANE, CAROL
KOZLOWSKI, LARA
LANDRY, SYLVIA
OLIVER, DON
PARENT, MICHELE
SCHOENFELD, MERCEDES
SNYDER, JAMES
STRNAD, RADEK
WOOD, LINDA

PRINCE ALBERT

ANDERSON, CHRISTINE
BALLANTYNE, BASIL
BOO
COCHRANE, DEBBIE
COCHRANE, RANDY
FAVREAU, SHERRY
GREENWOOD, AYAMI
GUEDO, WENDELL
HOMENIUK, LLOYD
JOHNSON, DONNA MAE
KNIFE, HOLLY
MCINTYRE, IAN
MONAHAN, LINDA
NJAA, DIANNE
RITZU, LU
ROBERTS, TANYA

PRINCE ALBERT cont'd

SETTEE, DOT
SPRATT, HOLLY
THOMPSON, ROD
WILSON, SHAWN

MOOSE JAW,

MORIN, GLORIA
RITCHIE, CHRISTINA
STAITE, ADAM

EASTEND

BROTHERTON, RESSA
COOMBES, WILLIAM
GORDON, GLENNA
NEUHAUS, MAREIKE

ARTISTS

ESTEVAN

DEMAS, IRENE
GEORGE, CECILE
LEE, LOIS
MITCHEL, JEFF

SASKATOON

SKELTON, JAMES

Thank you



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Health Association
Saskatchewan
Mental Health for All

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very much appreciated!*

TRANSITION *Newsletter*

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THE WRITE PAGES

HAIKU contest

WEYBURN WRITERS

Bassman, Beryl

Bolts of lightning flash,
pidggy hears the thunder roar,
home again he went.

Borowski, Garrett

Lightning strikes water,
emulates in the distance
A boom! A loud crash.

Green, Bernadette

Crazy mosquito
buzzing, piercing into skin,
SLAP! Aaah, peace again.

Frosty winter air,
runny nose, frost bit fingers,
eyes peek through wool threads.

Chilly winter air,
snow crackles under my feet,
steps turn into miles.

Holtz, Jordan

A bridge laid out there,
a magpie rests on the bridge,
the bird flew away.

I went into town,
I saw Magic Johnson,
he was at the store.

I had a nightmare,
I woke up fast with goosebumps
I was boiling hot.

Missal, Tim

Air doesn't resist
the author's hand stills the scene
easy goes the wind.

Under open sky,
many can see the brilliance,
starry, starry night.

Imagine the breeze
as petals decide to share
fragrance in the air.

Effortless effort
green grasses grow, upward bound,
the hummingbirds too.

Schad, Nina

The fresh water pond,
mother cares for her baby,
father loves them both.

Styre, Barry

The moon came out bright
you could read a book by it
you could hear crickets.

The snow drifts are blue
colour in the evening light
the air crisp to breathe.

The wind in old trees
creaks and groans tonight all right
no one there to hear.

A gopher whistles
in the pasture, get your gun
shoot the farmer's foe.

SASKATOON WRITERS

Becker, George

The thing is to spring,
jumping as tried conclusions,
skillfully, lucky.

In spring, flowers,
burst out of the ground, deploy
and glad to be around.

Brompton, Counce

The sap of the yew
is tough and coarse in spring
like tears of ravens

Godin Yannik

Cinnamon kisses
Of grass rooting as star shards
The water breathing

The ancient spring high
Umbrellas' petals in sight
For the towers bloom

King, Bryan

Landscape of soft rains
Blueberries in the distance
Picture of synonyms

Koshane, Carol

At the sunny pond
The muskrats are foraging
Spring returns again

The dandelions
Are clamoring again, wild
In the lawn, luscious green

Spectacular blooms
Scattered indiscriminately
Beyond patio

Oliver, Don

Haiku of spring
The grass and flowers arise
Spring has sprung

Parent, Michele

Cocoons are bursting
Butterflies are alive
Spring is flying free

Schoenfeld, Mercedes

Fleeting sky shine high
Starlight bright brings on snow
Flowers gone, up we go

Dark trial and error
Changing seasons for reasons
Weather forever

Snyder, James

Ice forms on everything
Ice cools my forehead fever
"I see" his cold breath

Continued next page . . .

THE WRITE PAGES - HAIKU CONTEST

PRINCE ALBERT WRITERS

Ballantyne, Basil

my nieces and nephews
like to gather flowers
they are showy begonias themselves

my name is Basil
like the spice
I make everything nice!

Boo [Levesque, Bernadette]

she is very old
I will go to my mom
I will help her

Cochrane, Debbie

shouting through the sky
a star oh how it goes
where might it land?

recently it snowed
landed on the ground and trees
the last winter day

times are rough
when I look at the snow
I feel cold

Cochrane, Randy

a lot of things
I used to do when I was young
seems like only yesterday

if I could have
a little more music in my life
I'd go to those places

SASKATOON cont'd

Wood, Linda

When water rains down
The smell of gentle ground breaks
Plants nod their sleepy heads

seeds split open soon
New plants push through arid soil
Reaching for warm sun

Return of the loon
Sound of Canadian twilight
Spreading peace and cal

Favreau, Sherry

I have mental illness
see me and my soul
not my sickness

The sun is bright
a seagull takes flight
waves fringed in white

birds spread wings
nature births a new season
we've all bloomed

I'm at a place
an eagle flying in the sky
where I feel free

Greenwood, Ayami

the rush to lush
makes spring
look like a wild thing

when you're away
try as I may
I cannot reach perfect euphoria

Guedo, Wendell

have you ever been
all alone and spoken and shuddered
at your own reply

falling in
love is a long way
to fall

Homeniuk, Lloyd

spring brings new life
flowers reach for the stars
birds bring their voices back

Johnson, Donna Mae

if it rained today
the roof would surely leak
the floor would flood

the morning dew
glitter in the sunny breeze
there on the leaves

mosquitoes
when it is raining out
were about
here it comes
one thing after another
let it go

Knife, Holly

sun is rising
flowers are opening
air is so fresh and nice

devil is messing
though God is still helping
humans are impatient

McIntyre, Ian

my plans
for the season won't involve
me shoveling snow

its okay to be afraid
but its better to be safe
lean over here and listen

when the greedy faced dude
provides you with his loot
stolen from his lady's purse

Monahan, Lynda

birds float
on spread wings, small skyboats
of bright song

fiddleheads unfurling
their small question marks
beside the tumbling river

THE WRITE PAGES - HAIKU CONTEST

PRINCE ALBERT cont'd

Njaa, Diane

I live in a group home
can't have my children near me
this is not a good time

woodland creatures
scurry about building homes
but not for me

Settee, Dot

Snowfall
on my husband's birthday
he is gone, I miss him

Spratt, Holly

crown of thorns
pierced hands
love was scorned

Baby blue
lightning crashes, fallen
blood bouquet of roses

Thompson, Rod

muddy footprints
down the lane
your scent gone

chickadees flutter
from the feeder
the hawk cries

wonderful melt
snow pack parts
around fall's garbage

Wilson, Shawn

classic sentinel
sits and watches the TV
trinity prevails

the red lioness
looks to her left while hunting
her prey

Nebuchadnezzar
eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth
I see an exit

MOOSE JAW WRITERS

Morin, Gloria

The tiniest crack
pale blue against brown feathers
anticipation

The tenderest shoots
under the strengthening sun
steady, grows and greens.

Ritchie, Christina

Butterfly will you please stay?
Give me hope today.
Your will not hope is in me.

Biting cold is in the air
It freezes my hair
But my heart is warm and true.

Little bird I want to be
Leave my misery
Be my destiny, be free.

EASTEND WRITERS

Brotherton, Reesa

Territorial mockingbirds mimic birdsong.
Gunshots riddle students. Reverberate into silence.
Song resonates through moist air.

I am limp green grass.
North wind pulls ferry across the bay.
I long for snow to leave.

Gordon, Glenna

You raise your graceful head
As I cross the first snow on the meadow
the spice of sausage on my tongue

Neuhaus, Mareike

a drop of water
running down a budding leaf
my eyes reflecting

ON JUDGING THE SUBMISSIONS TO THE CONTEST

1. Many writers submitted two or more haikus; some of these writers designated one for the contest; others didn't designate any specific one. To be fair to all writers, therefore, I put all haikus into the contest (unless instructed otherwise).
2. To judge the submissions, I deleted authors' names / writing groups, numbered all the haiku, and submitted the list to a writer and Japanese cultural specialist. I reviewed his ratings and mine and chose the haiku that got the highest combined rating.
3. The winning haiku received a prize of \$100.
4. All other haiku authors received our usual fee for a short poem, \$25, which was bundled in with the authors' fees for their regular submissions (if any) to this issue of the newsletter.

PRIZES AWARDED

First Prize: Reesa Brotherton, "I am limp green grass"

Honorable Mentions: Gordon, Monahan, Morin, Schoenfeld, Spratt, Thompson, Wilson

Poem for a friend

DRUMMOND, MATTHEW

You deserve better than what this world has thrown your way.

No one should have to live with the burdens that burl within the depths of your soul.

I don't know the half of it. Yet in my ideal world you would have none it.

You deserve all the love you put out to the world times a number so high my mind cannot yet comprehend.

I wish certain people in your life realized it too. Till then and beyond remember we got this.

There for so many, how many there for you? I have failed to be there more than once, for that eternally pained.

Realizing now that love for a friend as close as you must always trump butterflies and nerves.

You deserve more than a copout. No more not being there because I'm a little chicken.

It starts now.

Whether you believe it or not you are beautiful from the tips of your toes to the depths of your soul. Beauty right to the soul says a lot in this day in age.

Just know that deep in my soul it wants to hug you till the pieces of your soul are fixed, held together with the love of not just me as a friend, but others in your life that will never let go. Even if sometimes it may not show like I would hope.

Love ya Sista,

Your Brother from a different mother.

I shall have them for tea

DRUMMOND, MATTHEW

I think I'll invite my demons for tea.

Starting with the voices in my head, condescending as can be. Sometimes I join the fun.

I love these conversations and how they pierce my heart like bullet from a gun.

Great, compulsive eating is stopping by.

I hope he brings sweets for his fellow demons and I.

If not compulsive spending and I will have it covered.

Sweets will fill my void and the inside of my cupboard.

I find comfort in my weight.

Using it as an excuse not to date.

My demons make me stronger.

For that I am proud.

Despite these friends, alone in a crowd.

I no longer wish to exorcise these demons.

So I shall have them for tea.

Sometimes I forget

DRUMMOND, MATTHEW

Sometimes I forget what a wonderful job you did.

I don't always look past the negative to the positive.

Today I will because people need to hear it. You need to hear it.

The world liked to rain on our parade.

You built us an ark.

Life wasn't fair, but if there was injustice you went to hell and back to right other's wrongs.

Sure our relationship was rocky at times. Despite that, I know you loved us kids, even if it didn't always show.

One thing I'll take from those years, sometimes you gotta laugh if for no other reason than not to cry.

The sacrifices made – no longer unnoticed.

At times the cupboards were bare, but there was always food to eat.

Decades later I look around my home: Insight.

Was life just too much too bare most days? Just too overwhelming?

Is this why we had mountains of mess?

As an adult I feel that pain.

You did what you thought was right. These days I'd agree, 9 times out of 10 is quite the record considering the cards you were dealt. No one's perfect.

My strength would be minimal, wisdom dismal if not for those formidable years.

Forever grateful,

I love you Mom.

WEYBURN GROUP

Imagine a life

MISSAL, TIM

Imagine a life
where people's words
spark the air.

Imagine a solitary life
that sparks renewal.

Renewal comes in different forms,
for different people.

One may be solitude,
another may be wordy.

How many different kinds in between.

Imagine a life.

Writing is important

BECKER, GEORGE

Writing is important because it is a means for the mute or those disinclined or too shy or awkward in speech. It's a good way to get your thoughts together, ordered, out there to look at, judge, revise, or approve. It's a way to answer those assured, confident, dominators of conversation who perhaps don't let you get a word in, or tell you to shut-up. You are your own audience apart; writing to yourself has, or can have, great benefits, a sure and generally sympathetic ear. It's like talking to yourself in a way. They say it's all right to talk to yourself: if you're listening. Maybe no one is listening or reading your stuff now, but it's a good exercise. Keeps you fit, striving, and improving. Maybe a legacy for posterity. To kick butt in the future. To elevate the masses and their asses. Preciously oneself!

Untitled

BROMPTON, COUNCE

Writing opens my mind
As a silver moth in spring
Breaks to the dewy marsh

Correspondence

GODIN, YANNIK

Outer science through letters,
biblical syndrome,
emotional wisdom,
the sharks shooters,
bombers streets of chaos in the name of ideologies,
my sector grapes of skylines, canine and wolves
the samurai pending between auras
as correspondence to myself
for divine seizure feline capture,
crests of the fleshes rotting on the hive of puritan.

Why writing is important to me

DUBÉ, DENISE

Writing is important to me because it lets me write down my feelings and also it helps me narrate what I've done in my life and what is to come up in my life. Also, sometimes it gives common sense to what I'm going through and to let me know something pertaining to the word or words to write about.

In the one story I had for the Newsletter, I had some people dear to me figure I was moving again, but what I meant was that I was waiting to go to Sherbrooke Community Centre for the Daycare Program that I started in February this year: 2015. So I realized later I should have written more specifically to the point.

When I'm writing I'm hoping to show interest as I love people and I like to get out to meetings and to enjoy being at Writers' Group

Also writing is very therapeutic!!

HAIKU

Writing opens my mind
It brightens my dreary days
Bringing sunshine in



Art by Lois Lee, member of CMHA Estevan's Art Therapy Group

Writing

KING, BRYAN

Is important – ignition – freedom – speech for your resources – combined with creativity.
 A less stressed, important way to change the week's topic on a page.
 Crafted a craft topic – different a non-stop term of expression
 Listeners and visits to other people's poetry stories and creativity
 Focused on project to cover mindset
 To open doors – to close doors in your days – mouths outlet to understand.
 Your day's writing past is important to cover ground – impact and clarify an outlet.
 Maybe must salvaged but published and interesting.
 For me, that's my Thursday, Writer's Group, and work.
 I always hope to improve.

Writing opens my mind
 Stories, page, portrait, an end
 Beginnings and then

Why writing is important to me

KOZLOWSKI, LARA

I get to express my opinion without being interrupted or judged. I learn what matters in my life and heart. It's an inspiring process of learning, showing, bouncing back, helpful criticism. It boosts my self esteem, awareness of my beautiful mind. People don't label me here at Writers' Group. We all want to be listened to, understood, and respected. It's a powerful emotion – words in a few short and sweet lines or more than a page or two.

- W Wisdom from my words expressed from my heart on paper.
- R Relaxes my mind, body, and soul.
- I It makes me feel my words are interesting.
- T Takes time to think positively in this negative world. To be a team player, friends learning to express their thoughts and opinions and to open to share them with trusted, worthwhile friends.
- I Important part of my week. I look forward to coming to Writers' Group every Thursday.
- N No idea, thought, emotion, feeling, as Professor Jeff Park says, "it's not stupid."
- G Good news from last Thursday. Well that's another thought and chapter to discuss at a later date.

Writing

KOSHANE, CAROL

I've done so much reading
 without studying or writing
 as I read that writing
 gives me some clarity
 and the potential to be
 able to mold something
 out of my head.

Why writing is important

LANDRY, SYLVIA

It is important to me because it is a release for pent up emotion. It is an outlet for energy that needs to be uncapped. Writing is sometimes mind-calming and at other times quite the opposite. Writing speaks to the heart and soul. Words in writing have power.

Writing opens my mind
 To exciting horizons
 And fresh challenges

Writing

OLIVER, DON

I enjoy Writers' Group because of two reasons. I enjoy the people at Writers' Group and the various topics given to me to inspect into things that I did in my life. It's like my past was for a reason

Untitled

PARENT, MICHELE

Writing opens my mind
 It is an awesome release
 I love writing so

Writing

SCHOENFELD, MERCEDES

I write to release on paper what I cannot express through spoken words. It helps me discover depths of thought within myself. It shows me things I may not have realized. It allows me to be creative and free. It's fun and adventurous. It lets the imagination flow and allows the subconscious a way to speak to a writing - and is healing. It is empowering and lets you be with yourself and to work with your thoughts.

Scrutiny

SCHOENFELD, MERCEDES

Scrutinize closely
Keep the focus strong
Aware, depth
A minuscule vision turns into magnification
A blunder, a lens
Watching everything
Observation tailored by the viewer's eyes
Sentiments of judgements from their inner soul
Opening the curtain of perception in their visual field to view the image
The see embracing, taking on
Handed, a font
A skewer, a simmer, a glimpse of the soul
A flicker, some glitter; in with new, out with old
Travel, remember
See what you can
It is now December
So, be where you land
To expel the pus from a wounded interior before the scars become your story and your life becomes the real you, the you are truly meant to be - Your best self.

Scruples

SNYDER, JAMES

Scruples, pupils we are all one
Writing and reading and having fun
We come to Writers and write to our content
On subjects given we write and vent
Our anger or job we give and get
As Heaven is within we are all set
For Jesus' second coming. He's coming to forgive
Us who love each other, eternal we live.

Patience and writing

STRNAD, RADEK

In my bipolar world a month seems to last forever, but a year flows by like a rushing stream of water. I feel like I'm getting old, but I know if I'm patient I would flourish better. I am always seeking some form of redemption but I encounter delays. Writing helps me cope with these delays. Contradictorily I feel like it is my duty to be patient. My contemporary feelings of loss of impact on my environment, I think, pleases the Cosmos. The Cosmos is cruel and the powers are pleased with my current lack of choice but to patient.

Ghosts

STRNAD, RADEK

In German, there is a word: zeitgeist. It literally means "time of the ghosts." I am haunted by ghosts of my past. I am inspired by the ghost of my present. I anticipate the ghosts of my future. I want to be published as both a poet and a novelist. Writing keeps my ghosts tamed. Writing keeps my ghosts at a safe distance. If I didn't write, I would be tortured by my ghosts. The sins of my past are serious. My present socio-economic situation would be almost unbearable if it wasn't for the serenity that Goddess Sophia gives me by Her grace. I feel both positive and negative about my future.

Writing makes me able to live with my ghosts.



Art by Cecile George, member of CMHA Estevan's Art Therapy Group

Rain

ANDERSON, CHRISTINE

I love how the rain feels
Warm on a blistery day
Pouring down on me
Washing all the stress away
Cleansing all my thoughts
To put at ease my weary mind

SASKATOON GROUP

The writer on writing

WOOD, LINDA

If I couldn't write and move the words around the page lovingly I'm not sure how I would express myself.

These are the ways that certain people adapt and change.

Listen to the pen on paper.

How close the two shall meet.

Sometimes writing is lyrical, sometimes narrative.

If one is to write poetry or a short story, what would one come up with in a few short moments or drafts? How many times would one correct a word or syllable before it comes out just right?

These are the ways that writers express themselves.

Nothing is as it seems.

The pure power of language electrifies the page, bringing it to life.

What would one say if one could not download from the universe to paper and feed the masses with literature?

So it is with writing, including the five senses.

What would a novel be like with out a hidden world, character growth and theme?

These are the items that invent the story.

This is what makes a writer.

A reminder of my dad

BALLANTYNE, BASIL

My dad used to go into the forest to cut wood for our wood stove. I went with him and I tried my very best to cut wood with him. He would often help me cut the wood. I appreciated his help.

In the wintertime I got to go for a snowmobile ride with him. It was a lot of fun. I hung on really tight so I wouldn't fall off. The wind on my face felt wonderful.

I couldn't believe it when my dad passed away. I miss my dad very much. I miss visiting with him. He loved me a lot and I loved him a lot too. I have a photograph to remind me of my dad.



Art by James Skelton, CMHA Saskatoon

Sometimes I feel like violets

BOO

Sometimes I feel like violets

And I smile

Sometimes I feel cloudy

And feel like laying down

Sometimes I feel like playing catch

To sometimes win

Sometimes I feel like cats and dogs

Or birds of many kinds

I like to try, on a beautiful day

To catch them, but I lost!

Learning

COCHRANE, DEBBIE

We have little to say
A lot to do in order to
Have a life

I don't know
What to say in order
To get the stigma out

We have to learn
How to live our lives
Know who we are

And what we do
When we write it down
We gain a lot

About letting go
When we write it down
In order to keep living



*Art by Irene Demas, member of CMHA Estevan's
Art Therapy Group*

One moment of peace

FAVREAU, SHERRY

There was a time in my life when I struggled with mental illness, that there were moments of brief peace.

It was with prayer and meditation I would go into my room and shut the door. I would sit cross legged on the floor, a candle lit in front of me.

Because of the fear I had that my family and I were in danger, I would envision myself and my two girls surrounded by a blue/white light. We were all walking together. That was when I felt a powerful emotion overcome me, a feeling of such peace like I'd never felt before. It was only seconds but it totally consumed me. It was the most wonderful feeling.

Another moment, as I meditated and prayed, same place, same scene, and I suddenly felt this emotion again, only this time it felt as if someone had placed both hands on my shoulders. This was my one moment of peace during all my struggles. This is a true story and I believe God was there. I have never had that feeling again.

The day the sun came out

FAVREAU, SHERRY

For so long a dark cloud followed me everywhere
I struggled with darkness and fear
Did anyone care?
The things I imagined in my mind
Seemed so real, always searching for help but could
never find.

I felt so all alone, no one believed me,
All they had to do was look and see this was not
the real me.

For years I lived this life, so dark, so real
Finally help came and slowly I began to feel
Like myself again, and it was all gone,
The pain. That was the day the sun came out.

Deep, deep death

GREENWOOD, AYAMI

This grief is much worse
Than I was prepared for
Its horrors ravage my heart
The child in me has been abandoned

Mother is gone
And I am left alone
Stuck in deep, deep mud
Desperate and in tears

Who will save me?
Who cares enough to come?
No one brings relief
To my grave and growing grief

I thought I could be smart
Brave and strong
I thought I was prepared for death
I thought wrong

The belief that “it gets easier”
Is a lie
All I do is cry
Wild fears overwhelm me

Mother send me a dream
Pick me up and clutch me to your breast
Tell me you love me still
End my extreme agony

Just the same

JOHNSON, DONNA MAE

I want to be a person
And treated just the same
With dignity and power
Not just another name

For I'm only human
Just the same as you
I'd like to feel the self worth
And be treated fairly too

Maybe you don't realize
I have feelings too
And they get to hurting
Much more than others do

There are times I'm lonely
And need a place to go
A friend would sure be welcome
If it were only so

Paradise

GUEDO, WENDELL

Silver streams of liquid cream
Flowing gently through their dream
Bringing all the ecstasy
Of eternal escape in fantasy
Bringing all to heaven's height
Through silent darkness of the night
Beholding all the face of the son
Awesome fullness of the only one
Shining through the winking eye
Dreamer awakens but it will never die
Puddles of heaven in eternal hell
Breaking through the empty shell
Cosmic egg again gives birth
Another planet, we'll call it earth

Mystery

GUEDO, WENDELL

Mystery infinite
Mystery deep
Cannot awaken from my sleep
I am forever
And thus I choose
Always win
Even when I lose
Locked it tight
Threw away the key
The answer lies
Inside of me



The prisoner

HOMENIUK, LLOYD

Long days, lonely nights
Early to bed, early to rise
Never dropping your guard
Sometimes there's disorder
Then comes lockdown
Some leave, sooner or later
Others never leave alive
My prayers
Are with the prisoners

The legend

HOMENIUK, LLOYD

Everybody knows him
Or so they think
They don't know
What happens to him
When the lights go down

Years of lies
Come pouring in
Hits the bottle heavy
After a while
The blues lift

Temporary of course
Sleep it off
Over and over
Same routine

Get the thorn bushes out of the way

KNIFE, HOLLY

Sometimes I'm angry
Sometimes I'm sad
Because many have been bad to me

Sometimes I try to throw it out the window
Sometimes I feel just like dying
I'm totally out of control

Sometimes I don't want help
Sometimes there's no trust
But I believe in miracles

And I believe in you
No matter what we are
I believe in you

We are mistakers
We are dream makers
We are loved from afar

Sometimes we are roses
Sometimes between thorn bushes
But that is when we weed 'em out

Get up and pause
Add a flow of hope
Strive to trust

And get the thorn bushes out of the way



Art by Cecile George, member of CMHA Estevan's Art Therapy Group

Blood from a paper cut

MCINTYRE, IAN

from the tip of my finger I see red
can hardly be seen but it hurts so much
edge of the pain drives me insane
how so thin can barely touch from such a rush
dripping them pouring with a camouflage band-aid
can you stop the bleeding on a dime
rage in my head circles spin circles inside circles in the open sky
blood from a paper cut be damned for all it is
and take the world in your hand
and shout let me go here on a blood painted roof it spills and
thrills
content that I can feel in time little wound can heal

Transparent epidermis

MCINTYRE, IAN

Stay outspoken in your best way
Tattooed to show no pain
Pain and fashion at the turn of the page

My skin tells a tale
Across my gaze of heaven's gate
If heaven forsaken I will obey

Annoyance as known
Unknown foretells the realm of misguided terrain
Not spoiled by acid rain

My thoughts measured by the time I awake
Chase the stars and shatter the moonbeam from the sky
Caught in a blend of colors new and unmade

Mentally ill down and lost in the maze I call my dreams
Though I am awake and enjoy reflections of many yesterdays
Harnessed and held behind the true sight of society's lies

Your guess is as good as mine
Collect my foundation of a million days
I erase and build a maze to chase my demons away

To chase my demons away
Away....

Saturday morning confusion

NJAA , DIANE

Saturday Morning Confusion used to be a song on the radio, when I was raising my rambunctious children. Now my children have children of their own, my grandchildren. I remember those Saturday mornings when all I wanted to do was sleep in, catch some rest. Now here I am listening to nature music on the TV and waiting to change the clothes in the laundry. Later I'll vacuum the floors, probably after lunch. I had a chance to see some of my grandchildren last weekend. My son and his family are leaving for Disneyland. I'm glad for them. They are hard workers and can afford to do this for their family. When my children were young we did a lot of camping.

I think I've got a touch of empty nest syndrome. It's Saturday morning and the snow outside isn't helping my mood. Saturday Morning Confusion won't be back in my house, except maybe just to visit.

Broken winged dove

RITZA, LU

Sometimes I feel like a white dove
With a broken wing
All the people that I love dearly
And have lost lately

I just want to pick up and fly
But I can't take flight
Because something is missing or broken
It keeps me grounded

Not up in the sky
With the wind and the warm sun
Where I want to be
Feeling free and alive

Officer Tanya

ROBERTS, TANYA

I want to succeed
To become a cop
Has always been my dream
And it's never going to stop

I want to fight crime
And keep this world safe
It'll take a lot of time
But I will always have the faith

Can't wait to get my badge
My uniform and gun
I can't wait to start training
To pass all my tests
There'll be no complaining
Cause I'm going to do my best



Art by Jeff Mitchel, member of CMHA Estevan's Art Therapy Group

Living off the land

SETTEE, DOT

On the trap line dad would catch beaver and muskrat. After skinning he would cook and cool the meat for the sled dogs. Dad said never give animals fresh blood or they become mean and act like wild dogs.

We would never eat the meat that was caught but we ate the beaver tail. We could only eat a little chunk at a time, it was that rich. I remember dad preparing the tail. We would always have a campfire going. Dad would throw in the beaver tail on the hot coals. The top skin would blister and dad would scrape off the black blisters. If it was not ready, into the fire it would go again. After it was done, dad put it in boiling water for a long time, an hour or more.

When the beaver tail cooled off, we had a delicacy. It was so good. I never had beaver tail to eat again after we moved to a foster home.

We would eat prairie chicken as well. If dad got a lot of chicken, then my step mom would fry them, but if it was a few, then we would have soup. I remember dad would blow up the chickens' stomachs, there was a lot of seeds in them. He would hang them onto the wall, waiting to dry. They were my rattles.

In summer he would catch ducks and geese for our supper. We always had something to eat. When we ran out, dad, with gun in hand, would go into the forest and bring home deer or moose meat. He gave the hide and some meat to our neighbors, Polly and Joe. After dad boiled a deer or moose bone he would break the bone in half. We would take out the marrow and eat it with bannock. Yum!

Dad would have a lot of snares out to catch wild rabbits. I would claim the kidneys and hearts. They were yummy, too.

We would also go out onto the lake and catch clams with our catchers. My brother and sister and I had a can with holes on the bottom with snare wire tied to a stick. I would watch dad open the shells and scrape out the clams. We would cook them in hot lard. They sure were delicious! I know I loved them then, but now I don't remember the taste. I have never eaten them since then.

Black or white

SPRATT, HOLLY

Is your skin black or white?
Is your heart as cold as stone?
Have your hands a sunkissed glow
Or are they wrinkled, growing old?

For bitter is the love that's lost
A winter cold and etched in grey
My hair fell out, blue day's cost
The day you went away

You lost my hand
Your daughter's gone astray
Feel my love behind these walls
My hand has gone away
For I am one hand that only you can know
I am one hand of many
The same, I've told you so.

Classic

WILSON, SHAWN

Every day I get deeper in the stigma,
Constantly approached by the dogma,
Nothing matters except that there's hope,
Hope encroached upon, like a dying crop.

It was summer, but soon it will be winter,
The undying heat will soon not matter,
The leaves have fallen, have changed their color,
The cold will last for what seems like forever.

Plenty-o-thoughts accompanied by fear,
Winter and depression are near,
Time for a rebirth of the soul,
Eating steak, being rich, a golden bowl.

Fill my heart like a cup of sorrow,
I will live past today and tomorrow,
Happiness, euphoria, excitement and joy,
Manipulations form my mind, mindless toy.

Listening to real voices, surrounded by laughter,
Implants first, then fake voices after,
Boundaries trigger, my personal space,
Caught red handed with a palmed ace.



*Art by Jeff Mitchel, member of CMHA Estevan's
Art Therapy Group*

Prize in his eyes

STAITE, ADAM

Im one with a twisted life so you'd best wear a helmet avoid my turns be sure theres lots of em all over the road is how my life is Im the actor Deaths my director he demands for a climax never good always bad I live cos Im not the finest livin shit thts whts got me by Im living shit true testament to not being flipped authority can eat bags of dicks TS forbidding to tuck letting the power stick hang Id like but my compass has been broke pirate to this ship my anchors never dropped to keep me in place People just wanting tens no chance to be found tens how am I to fish ratings too high so Im on standby Ima small but large fog just finding ways out doubt in tht Small dog large paws running off at the mouth good luck catching keeping up with this Twister Ima desert Deaths my ultimate parental idle always willing to adopt any of us by the handfuls not like U or my own n couldnt do one but having always more thn three Master I dont know how to oblige U anymore walking into traffic always straight line as I walk lost in this soul nowhere to go a non fired bullet and cant fathom whts inside my heart my head are even still real cases coses of me been left shattered broken glass Screwed up n different sumtimes it whispers under the yells I like this but peoples greed is a disease I dont need Turned faces those in need discriminations killing me never used hands for hand outs use hand with pen to plead to disagree this imperfect make believe

harmony We bleed we steal be free no damned corporations were cows behind fake walls still we feed each others misery Consuming all these lies is whts hiding U from me from us legend for resistance all this a tyrant to much pain My name my soul a trophy belt he wants to hold goes thru U like a street sweeper to get a taste of this Im screaming screw everything as this heart beats lungs pump no one gets ahold of this If I were U I wouldnt bet on the other guy if U knew wht I have inside U strong me weak Ive gone to the gates n the far beyond how far have U really gone Couldnt buy enough cover-up to hide clean up my seers afraid Im stained n scared red the bully who only beats up on himself as hands choke me trying to relinquish my breath Im lost n dammed looking at this its only alil taste how are we a treasure if were never sought to be found This papers been my only escape been gag balled n beaten in the head with a shovel twitched alil bit got backup with smile on my face Ive gone this far so U can chew on my shoes fallen rubber U see or know not the soul in the eyes of this metal face poet All Ive ever wanted was just alil place just alil space so I could go n yell got many holes in this corpse already to not sketch extra lines to let out whts inside out paper has many lines to take pain out on Gifted... or am I just forcing myself to be stitched ripping apart I dwell In a glass house n yes I throw stones even at my own place Thanks for the bite but I could do with a chew maybe whn gone or one day recognize this metal face poet for more thn the emptiness within eyes Time bomb atheist I like Death if Im not killing ya Im screwing ya up permanently you'll wish I had if cant be us thn were better off dead Need a place in someone's heart like a mothers to reside in Whn was kid introduced to a band aid of hate tht covered tht so called home now got problems escalating stacking tall like these empty bags of green medicine Mr clean with tongue can handle polishing any of your 2000 parts Point laugh stare U think your fat ill agree with tht acne on your face I entice tht your ugly if U start with about how U look So powerful Death practically given up on me am I such an invention nobody wants to touch tattered n scarred got nothing to give to offer ur stupid ass material alter Screw property n tht guy relaxing on tht cross Im all about the surgical knife like it or not Had us to look after us but took away my everything left empty n dry from the core out An apple eaten by worms Im hollowed by pain Ive digested Known to be born failures but why couldnt U have just let me do it myself instead forcing me nothin within this destruction Save tears cos all they will do is evaporate in the sand Needing only one weapon n thts me ur glory will be hailed by me for eternity whn I go to U Got a large hole in my beer cup its my mouth if U dont understand me thts fine I dont myself U better know I wont die by anyone like a fly in a house no matter wht is tried to get rid of me Just too strong to understand under match is why U treat me as if I was invisible or weak never cared for this whn breathed worthless tears if its up to me you'll never be able to see me as I lay dead Like a T.V. issues besiege me I gotta feet too a short fall now enough of my shit to let someone else breach their cages

Tongue twister

STAITE, ADAM

Still scales small snail separate shallow
 slope show such sight species shadow
 silly statements satisfy seduction spineless
 skin sweaters slacked shyness sipping
 sauce sensational satisfaction struck stupid
 slow shit should slippin shell sleep silently



Art by Lois Lee, member of CMHA Estevan's Art Therapy Group

MOOSE JAW GROUP

Bottled to anquish

STAITE, ADAM

Feels as though Im a raindrop fallin until I hit the ground n splatter like smashin rocks with a hammer Climbin this stock Im not Jack but this risk has been like walkin to clouds Been stepped on like ants but my spines still straight so I wont lay or fall down Ive asked for nothing but have had everything taken from me by people I dont even know If I was to ask for anything Id ask for U to burn this corpse whn Im gone burn it with flames tht hug the sky Building my life with purpose to fall I was tapping on deaths door but my soul found a way to survive It wanted I guess a purpose to stay could of thought it deserved to stay Do something to change urself act something decent Why dont U just fix urself I dont need to fix myself cos were all different Im doin fine U must have sum bullshit in Ur eyes complain of bad days whn schools

arnt gettin filled brag Ur materialisms taken up too much space People cant get clothes eating up all these phones n others cant afford homes Oh my lifes no fun anymore you've gone everywhere huh Most of us dont even know wht fun is Ur daily intakes fast food childrens bellies are swollen n sore complain whn they cant really speak English or have troubles doin so Wht of us learning their language so they can keep hold their own cultures Into big homes U walk I walk two floors sit in a little room others dont have none I was like U once n embellished my feet hurt I dont or cant walk HAAA until I saw others who had none U have all these kids n brag about thm whn others cant have any out right madness theres millions thrown to the streets daily buying this bottled water like its going out of style people walk miles for just a cup of dirty liquid The homeless situations stock piling n U bitch U cant make one payment Im on welfare n if I wasnt U may even see me staring to the sky for answers whn the ground is where we go to be feasted on like a termite mine trying to grow tall achieving nothing to how far in the ground we really are

EASTEND GROUP

Explosive imprint

COOMBES, WILLIAM R.

Victoria Day was celebrated when I was a youngster and the adults referred to it as the Queens Birthday. As children, we never thought about her birthday really. To us it was firecracker day. And as it drew closer, we begged for money from our parents, collected and cashed in pop bottles, did errands, and stole savings from piggy banks to get enough money to buy firecrackers. One firecracker day we were at our cottage, in the Village of Magnetawan (near where my adopted father was born) a three or four hour, automobile drive in those days, north of our southern Ontario home. It was after visiting my cousin Sandy, the Bell Telephone Operator, who mesmerized me by the sound of her voice saying "Operator," that I hid between small trees overlooking the roadway. I flicked a cigarette lighter against the fuse of a large red bomber and tossed it out onto the street. At that moment my adopted parents blue gray station wagon sped past and fear lightening flashed through me when I saw their car driving over my red bomber. I remembered a gas tank fuel leak my adopted father had said he was going to repair and the mental image of my adopted parents exploding car made me vomit there in the bushes. I was 8 or 9 years old and I ran fast, and I ran faster, back toward the location of our cottage, gratefully relieved to see my adopted parents car in the driveway. Looking back now, my panic was of course ridiculous, because if the car was going to explode, it would have happened right in front of me and I would have witnessed the entire event. I would have been responsible for it too. Nonetheless, I never played with, and have been afraid of firecrackers, ever since.



Art by Lois Lee, member of CMHA Estevan's Art Therapy Group

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