

## 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



Canadian Mental  
Health Association  
Saskatchewan  
*Mental Health for All*

for publishing the Writing  
For Your Life Newsletter.  
*Your generous support is  
very much appreciated!*

## TRANSITION *Newsletter*

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David Nelson, Executive Director  
Canadian Mental Health Association  
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### EDITOR: Ted Dyck

MANAGING EDITOR: Lynn Hill

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ed to CMHA Division office c/o  
TRANSITION Newsletter, at  
2702 12th Ave.

Regina, SK S4T 1J2

Call 306 525-5601 or

toll-free 1-800-461-5483 (in SK)

Fax 306 569-3788

E-mail:

tdyck@sasktel.net with print material

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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.

### 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.

## 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.

# 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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