

Squibs

by Alex MacDonald

Footprint

on the journey of life
new wisdom begins
with a single cliché

Hesitation

suppose the first step is wrong—
every step further off
the one true path?

Ego

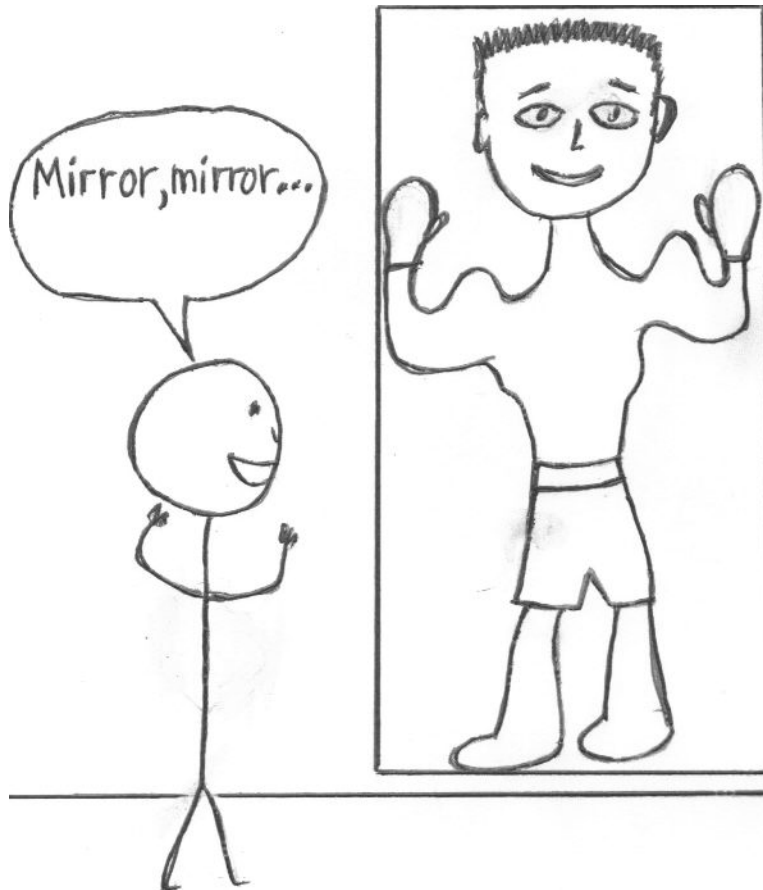
there's no shortage in the world
of that commodity—
take it from me

A Problem With Authority

they speak nails at him
smiling with their mouths
talking at cross purposes

Admission

yes, I'm glad you asked
in fact I do have a rather large
tragic flaw



Two Of Today's Events

sparrow hops into pine bush
and disappears—your eyes
avoiding mine

Field House

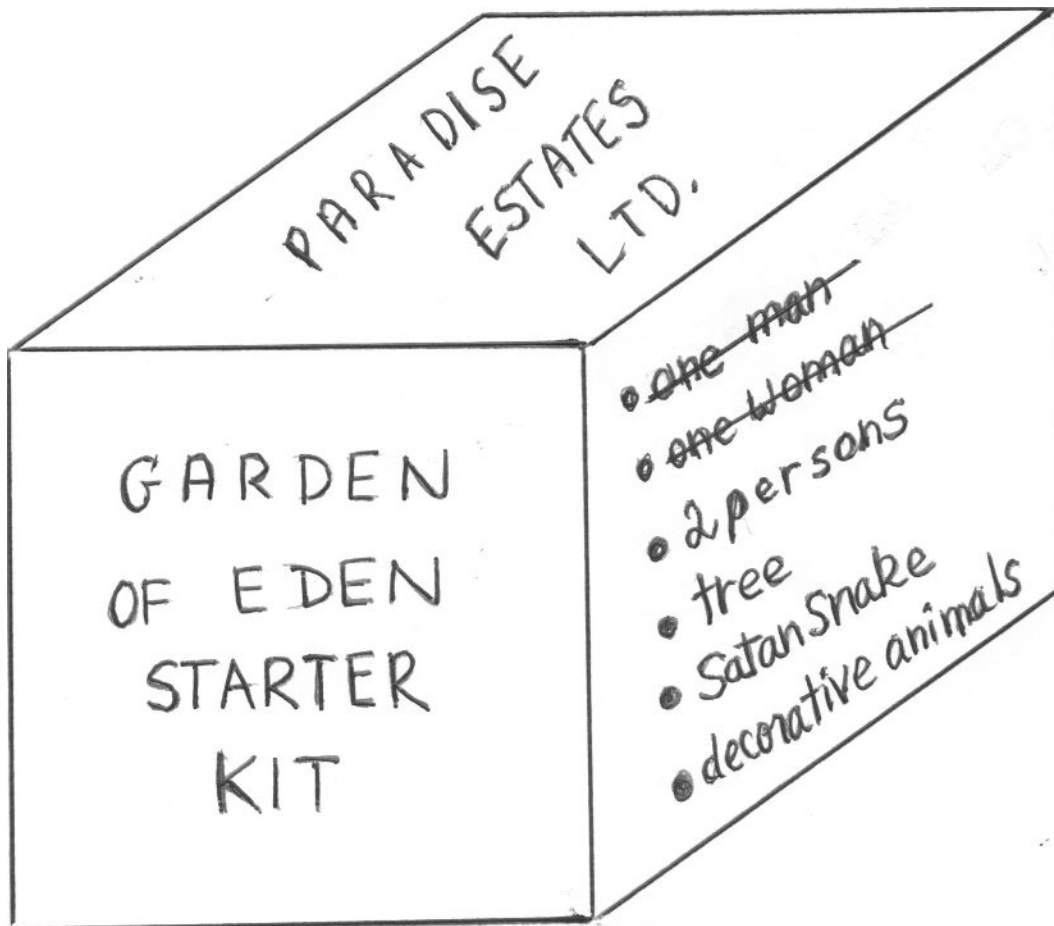
I'll look straight ahead,
my sister I'll not ogle you—
ach! with one eye

Message

until I pick up
enter the access code
it could be anything

god thought

so little to do
so much time—
how about a nice world with problems?



Tug of War

If freedom is what you want
don't dig your heels or hold on tight—
let go.

March

birds burst from bush singing
(God signing)
Winter now glorious Springing

Telephone Poles on Highway #11

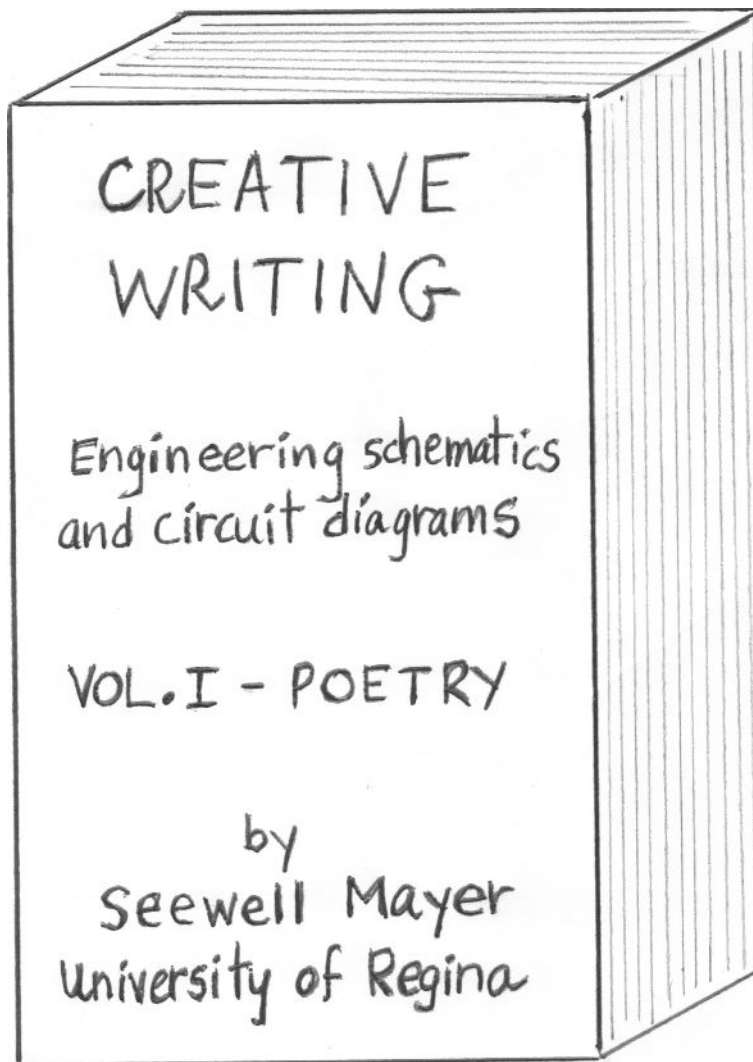
“Hello? Can't hear you.”
“I said—today you'll be with me
in paradise.”

The First April After Lucky Died

now the snow has melted
leaving scattered in the yard
piles of doggone

Literature and Science

instruction to poet
from aeronautical engineer—
wing it



Original Sin

patent rejected—
this has been done before
in other creations

Party Weather

mostly unpleasant
with occasional guests
to excruciating

At Mass On Mother's Day

she holds up the baby
blows barebelly kisses—
miraculous laugh

Ideal Landscape

she grins fiercely
at this rocky patch of prairie grass—
hands on the plough

Father Knows Best

Sigmund, here is my advice
on choosing a career—
don't be afraid

Sunny Side Up

cunning language to disguise
the brutal murder
of innocent eggs

<p>LEADER - PEST Regina, Saskatchewan</p>	
<p>"All the news, so you can schmooze."</p>	
<p>H. DUMPTY BODY FOUND BEHIND WALL. FOWL PLAY SUSPECTED.</p>	 <p>H. DUMPTY IN BETTER DAYS</p>
<p>The discovery of Dumpty's shattered remains was made by a dish and a spoon who were leaving town to get married. All the King's horses and all the King's persons are on the way, but the prognosis for Dumpty is not good.</p>	

Bethlehem

Slow. Donkeys keep right.
No vacancy. Stable entrance.
Angels crossing.

Barnyard Zen

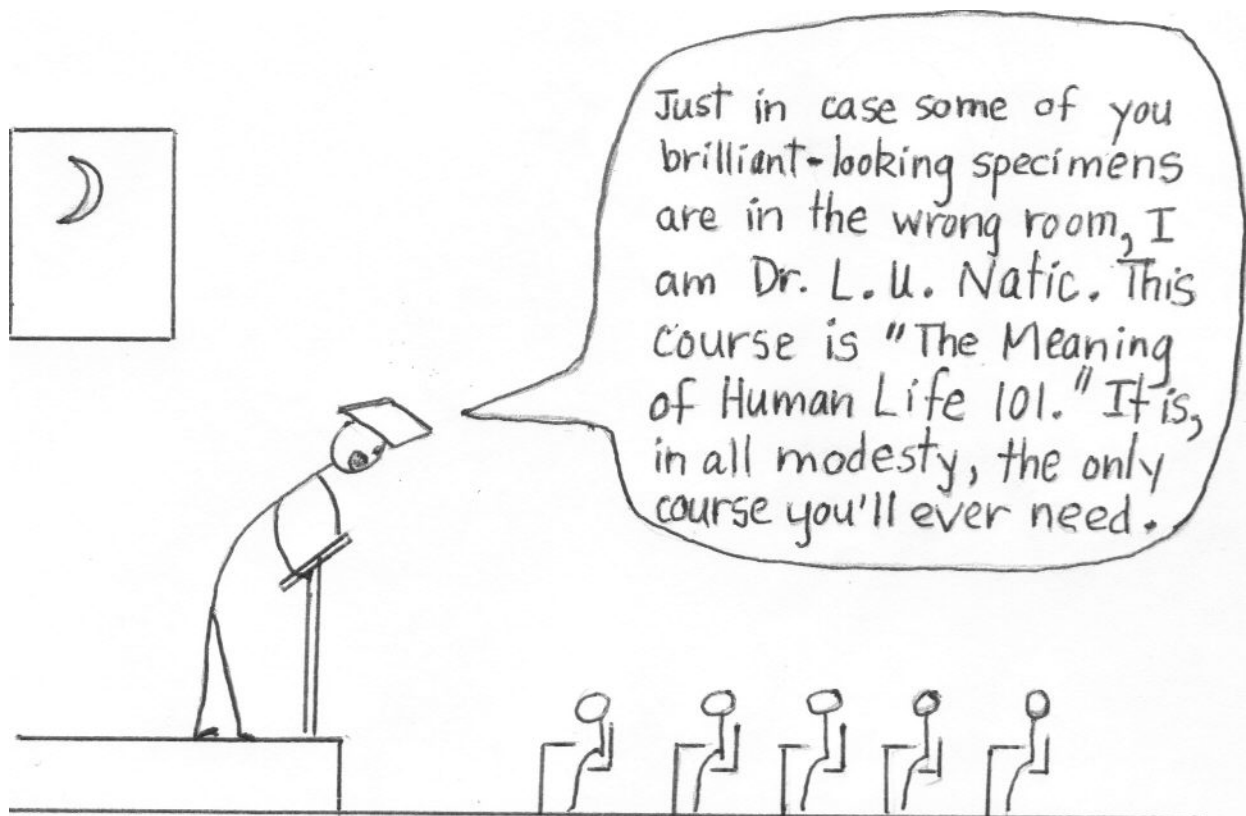
How now brown cow?
the harried farmer asks one day—
moo, she replies, moo.

Gallery

nearly naked they pose—
he raises his eyes
to boldly look at them

Root

they knew what they were doing
when they called this pretty coin
a loonie

**Hommage à Claude**

Clair de Lune—
Dancing shadows and this tune
Translate perfectly the mune

Fishing

soft breeze and bird songs
peaceful water laps the boat—
this spot is no good

Fetching the Ball

behind the bushes
suddenly this other world
of deep dappled shade

Storm

water rushes down the mountainside—
chooses a path faster than
thought

Web, Tobin Lake

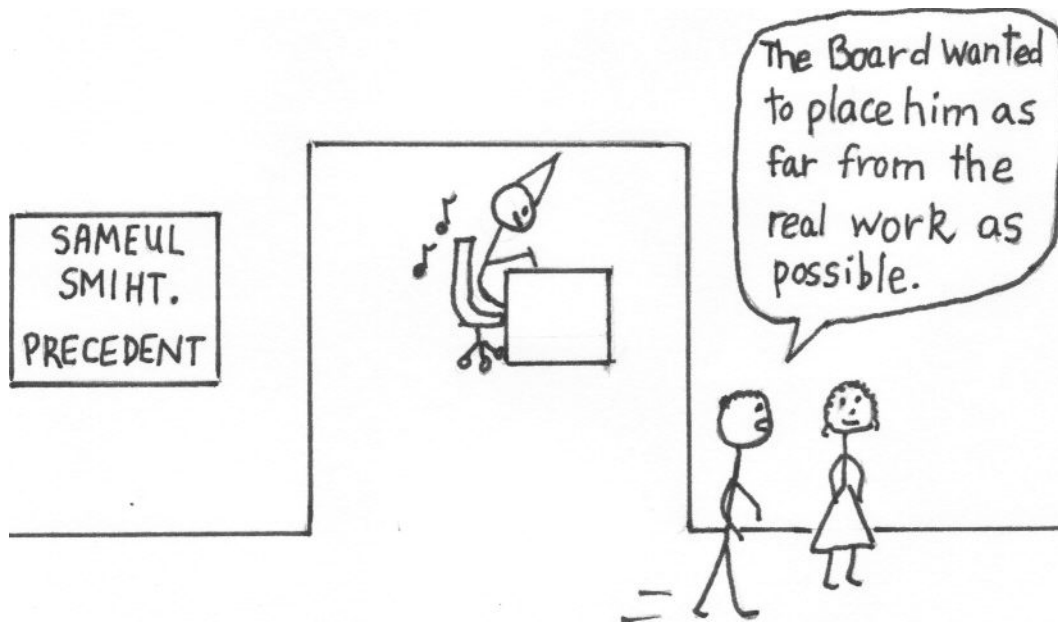
since it all began
how many spiders
have written about poets?

Anchorwoman

company, but little chance
of a relationship—
I turn her off

While Reading Othello

brand new miracle product
grows philodendrons in your office—
dirt

**Morning**

watching them ride off to school
knowing just where to go—
how amazing

Teaching

at last I learn, after many years
not to block the view
of the board



Point of View

I make a frame with my fingers
hold it to my eyes—
look at those stars!

Complaint

there's impeccable authority,
we know what the world should be—
t'ain't.

Exam

now I am afraid to write—
the eraser is gone
from my pencil

Temple

his voice falls
to a hushed and reverent tone
when speaking of himself

Hyperbowl

quarterback rolls out
world's fate depends on this pass—
Oh! he overshoots

Small Things

this new underwear
which I am sporting today
makes me want to smile

Consolation

everyone looks slightly
ridiculous standing there
in underwear

Sunday, 30 June 1912

1. dig weeds
2. repair steps
3. fail to anticipate tornado

LEADER-PEST HOMES AND GARDENS

**REGINA CYCLONE
LEVELS DOWNTOWN**

A man boating on Wascana Lake was swept into the air. The man in the flying canoe knew that he wasn't really in the air but up the proverbial creek. His craft was carried over the Hotel Saskatchewan to land in Victoria Park. Rescue workers rushed him from the scene to O'Hanlon's Pub.



The illustration depicts a man in a simple flying canoe, with a stick figure body and a circular head, being carried by a wind current represented by two parallel lines. Below the canoe is a multi-story building with a sign that reads '1926'. The building has several windows and a set of steps leading to its entrance.

High Level Negotiations

after due consideration
I'm sorry that I must say—
bullshit!

Cello Music

beautiful girl
her face an ugly mask
plays intensely this last note

Comic

I reach between us
delicately to find the spot
and make you laugh