

**here
lies
charles
fredrik**

HERE LIES

CHARLES FREDRIK

PREFACE

For the past four years, the writer of these penetrating and sensitive poems has come regularly to my desk, offering for my appraisal his efforts to reveal his response to his life and his world.

The more often he came, the more encouraged he seemed to be, and, with more and more confidence, his thoughts developed from those of uncertainty to those of security. The most recent poems, in my opinion, reveal considerable talent and promise.

It is with pleasure that I sponsor the work of Garry Cardinal, an honours student of our school. I commend him for his talents, his perserverance, and his example. It is my sincere wish to see him enjoy a happy and fulfilled future.

Mrs. Irene Glenn
Department of English
Salisbury Composite High School
Sherwood Park, Alberta

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

1. *Mrs. I. Glenn--for being there to accept and compile the efforts of the featured poet.*
2. *Mr. O. Grundholm and his art class for their contributions in providing all the art work in this book.*
3. *Mr. F. Neid and his business students for the production of this book.*
4. *Salisbury Composite High School for underwriting the cost of producing this book.*

Sally Cardinal June 15/72

All profits from the sale of this book will be used for the purchase of gifts for retarded and disturbed young people at Alberta Hospital, Oliver, and at Marydale Residential Treatment Center, Edmonton.

Price 75 cents per copy.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

<u>Poem</u>	<u>Artist</u>	<u>Page</u>
<u>Just me</u>		<u>1</u>
<u>Theme</u>	<u>Ruth Klein</u>	<u>2</u>
<u>Lonely Little Girl</u>	<u>Priscilla Richard</u>	<u>3</u>
<u>Love</u>	<u>Murray Walker</u>	<u>4</u>
<u>The Albatross</u>	<u>Ken Peters</u>	<u>5</u>
<u>The Game</u>	<u>Naomi Kiyooka</u>	<u>6</u>
<u>Which Came First</u>	<u>Roxanne Plunkie</u>	<u>7</u>
<u>To Cry</u>	<u>Murray Walker</u>	<u>8</u>
<u>Unity</u>	<u>Lorna Evans</u>	<u>9</u>
<u>Anthills</u>	<u>Gina Kravetz</u>	<u>10</u>
<u>Flies</u>	<u>Richard Bevington</u>	<u>11</u>
<u>There Came a Stranger</u>	<u>Lori Beer</u>	<u>12</u>
<u>A Bit of Fun</u>	<u>Doreen Mayter</u>	<u>13</u>
<u>Guest Speaker</u>	<u>Gisele Turgeon</u>	<u>14</u>
<u>Thank You</u>	<u>Gisele Turgeon</u>	<u>15</u>
<u>Souls</u>	<u>Janice Olsen</u>	<u>16</u>
<u>Around</u>	<u>Lori Beer</u>	<u>17</u>
<u>Nevermore</u>	<u>Karen Aveissenborn</u>	<u>18</u>
<u>The Loner</u>	<u>Lori Beer</u>	<u>19</u>
<u>Billy</u>	<u>Gina Kravetz</u>	<u>20</u>
<u>Gains</u>	<u>Priscilla Richard</u>	<u>21</u>
<u>To Lose Faith</u>	<u>Priscilla Richard</u>	<u>22</u>
<u>Sense</u>	<u>Gina Kravetz</u>	<u>23</u>
<u>The Idiot</u>	<u>Priscilla Richard</u>	<u>24</u>
<u>Rain</u>		<u>25</u>
<u>Julia</u>	<u>Gina Kravetz</u>	<u>26</u>
<u>Beauty</u>	<u>Gisele Turgeon</u>	<u>27</u>
<u>Passion</u>	<u>Murray Walker</u>	<u>28</u>
<u>Dialogue</u>	<u>Richard Bevington</u>	<u>29</u>
<u>Age</u>	<u>Lori Beer</u>	<u>30</u>
<u>Peace</u>	<u>Richard Bevington</u>	<u>31</u>
<u>This I Did Learn</u>	<u>Lori Beer</u>	<u>32, 33</u>
<u>The Basement</u>	<u>Gisele Turgeon</u>	<u>34</u>
<u>The Chemist</u>		<u>35</u>
<u>Sunshine and Swallow Trails</u>		<u>36</u>
<u>(back liner)</u>	<u>(uncredited)</u>	<u>37</u>

JUST ME

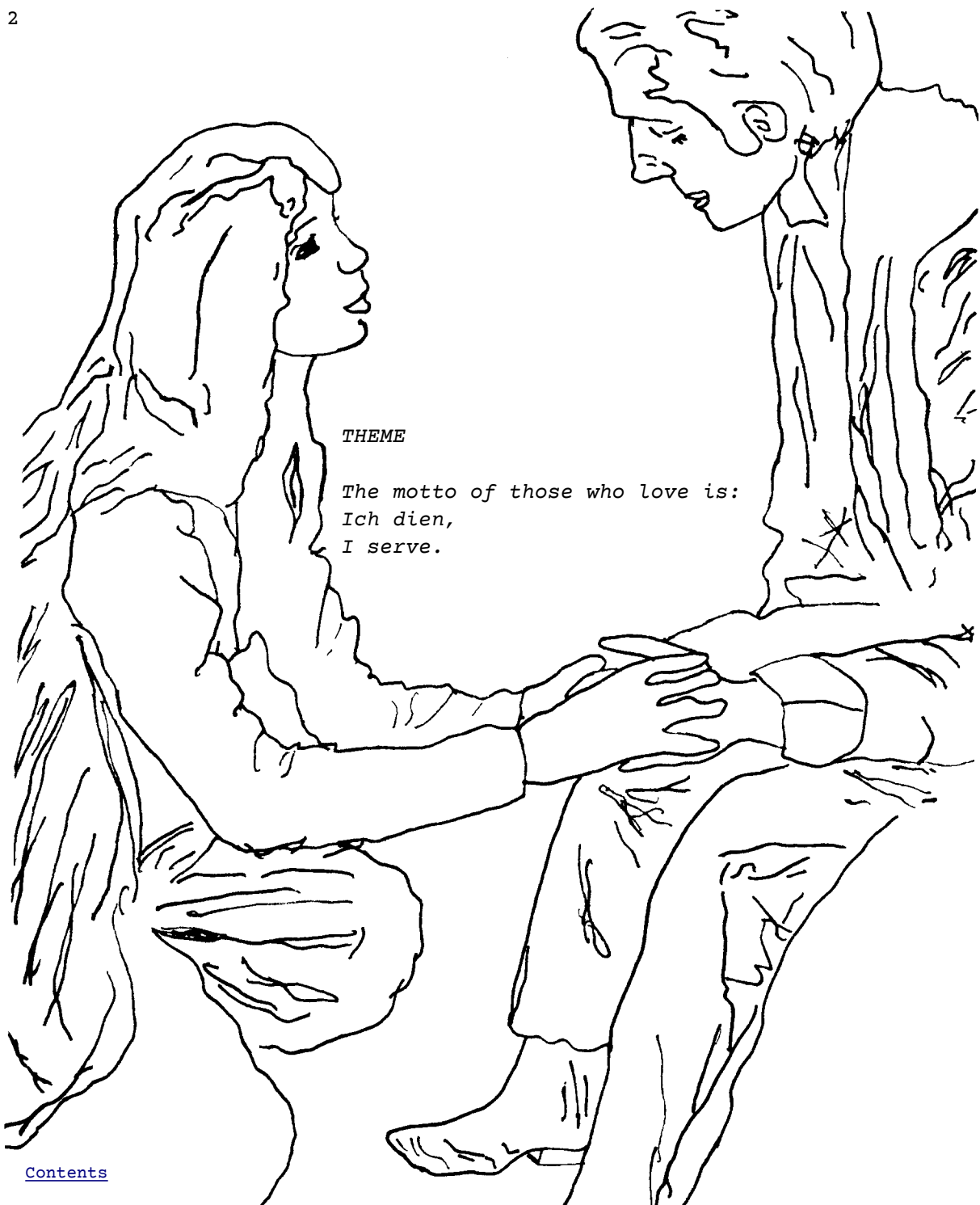
I don't want to be a hero.
I don't want to go to war.
I believe destruction will
never get me what I'm
looking for.

I can't stand to see a child cry--
somehow that child is me.
I can't stand to hear an angry word--
somehow the man who spoke is me.

Man's last conquest is himself.
He must find himself and all he's done
and live with that or perish.

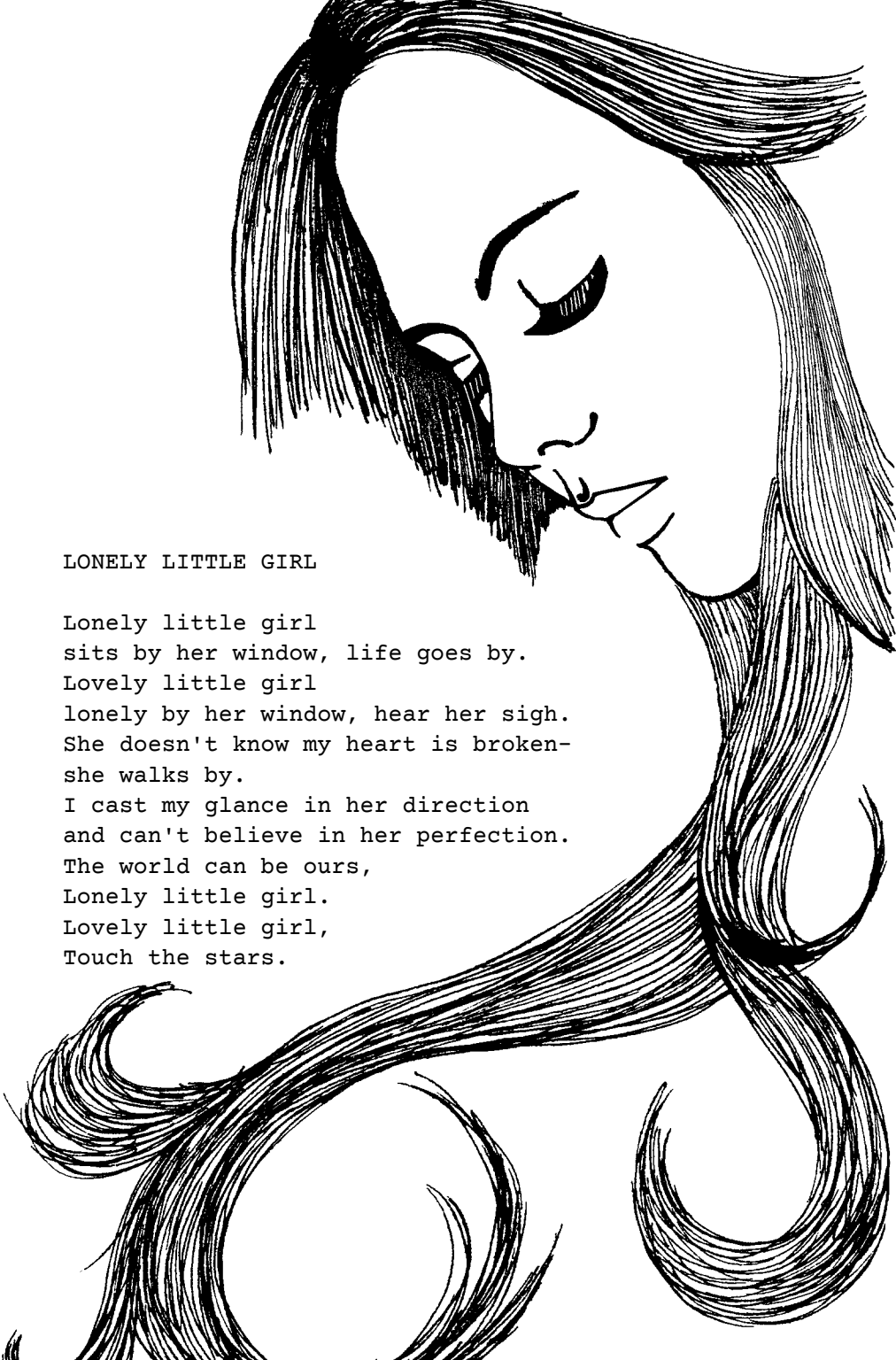
I want to believe in honor
 and justice
 and trust.
Can you tell me what they mean?

Here I am shivering,
the room isn't really cold.
Come, open the door,
there's nothing here--just me.
All I want is a friendly word
and maybe a
cup of tea.



THEME

*The motto of those who love is:
Ich dien,
I serve.*

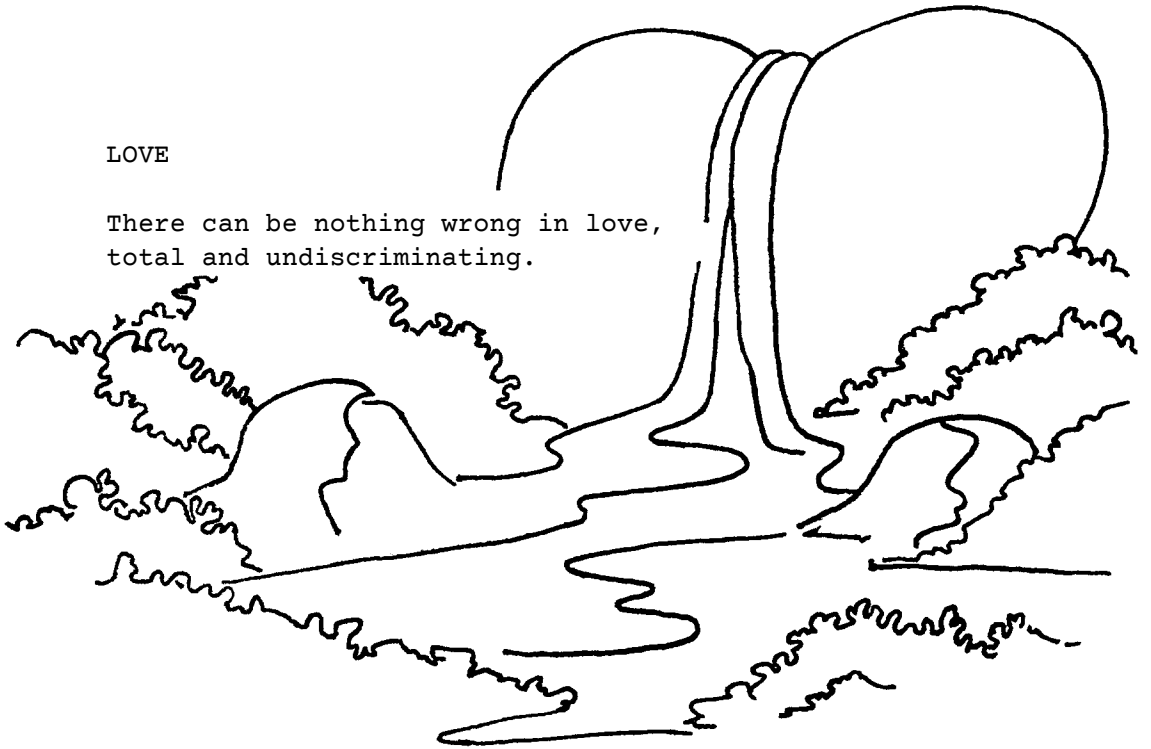


LONELY LITTLE GIRL

Lonely little girl
sits by her window, life goes by.
Lovely little girl
lonely by her window, hear her sigh.
She doesn't know my heart is broken-
she walks by.
I cast my glance in her direction
and can't believe in her perfection.
The world can be ours,
Lonely little girl.
Lovely little girl,
Touch the stars.

LOVE

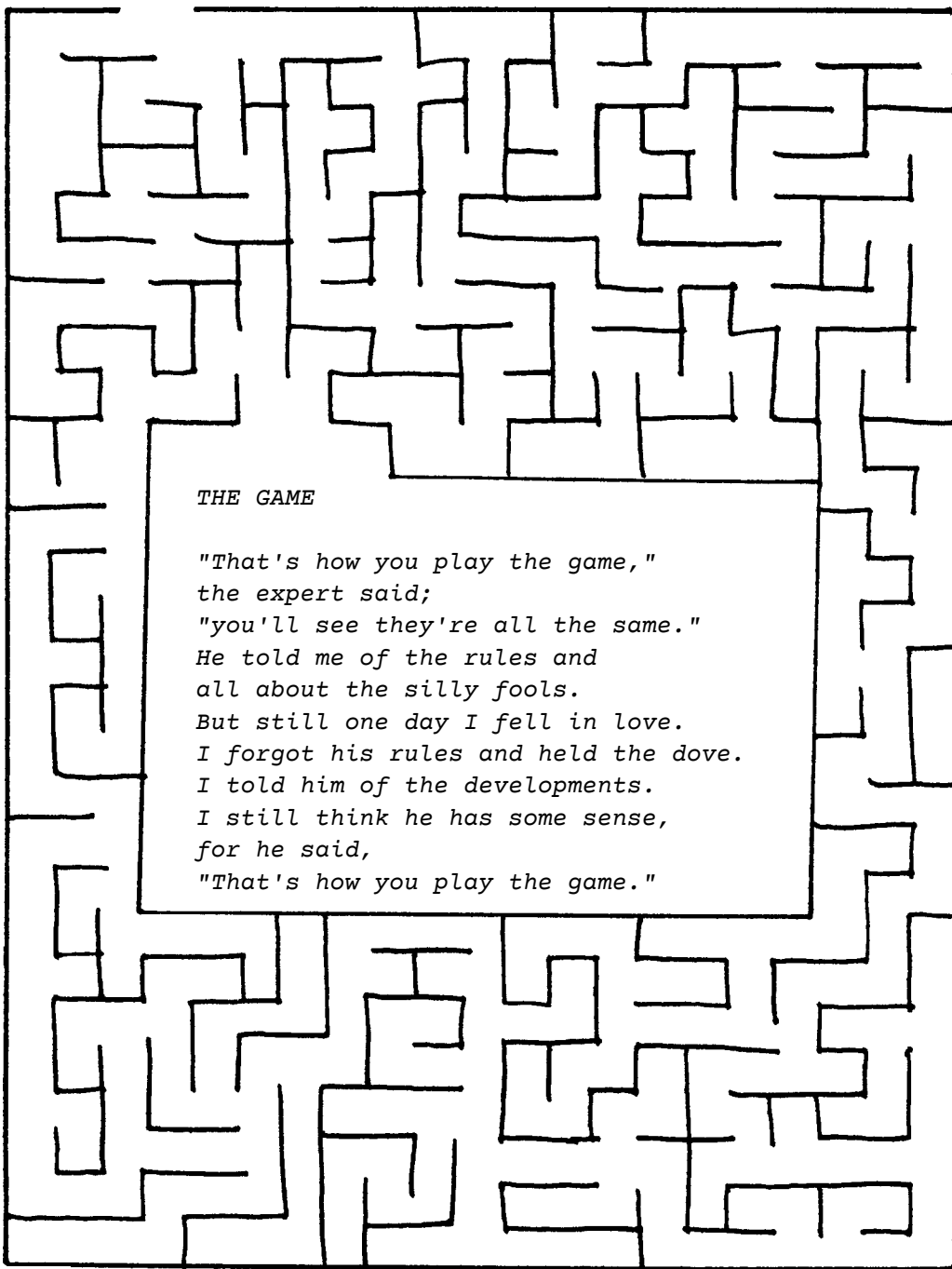
There can be nothing wrong in love,
total and indiscriminating.



THE ALBATROSS

A magnificent bird flies over the sea.
What a graceful bird is he.
He's been so long above the sea,
when he comes home to the sand
as compensation it is planned
he's forgotten how to land.





THE GAME

*"That's how you play the game,"
the expert said;
"you'll see they're all the same."
He told me of the rules and
all about the silly fools.
But still one day I fell in love.
I forgot his rules and held the dove.
I told him of the developments.
I still think he has some sense,
for he said,
"That's how you play the game."*



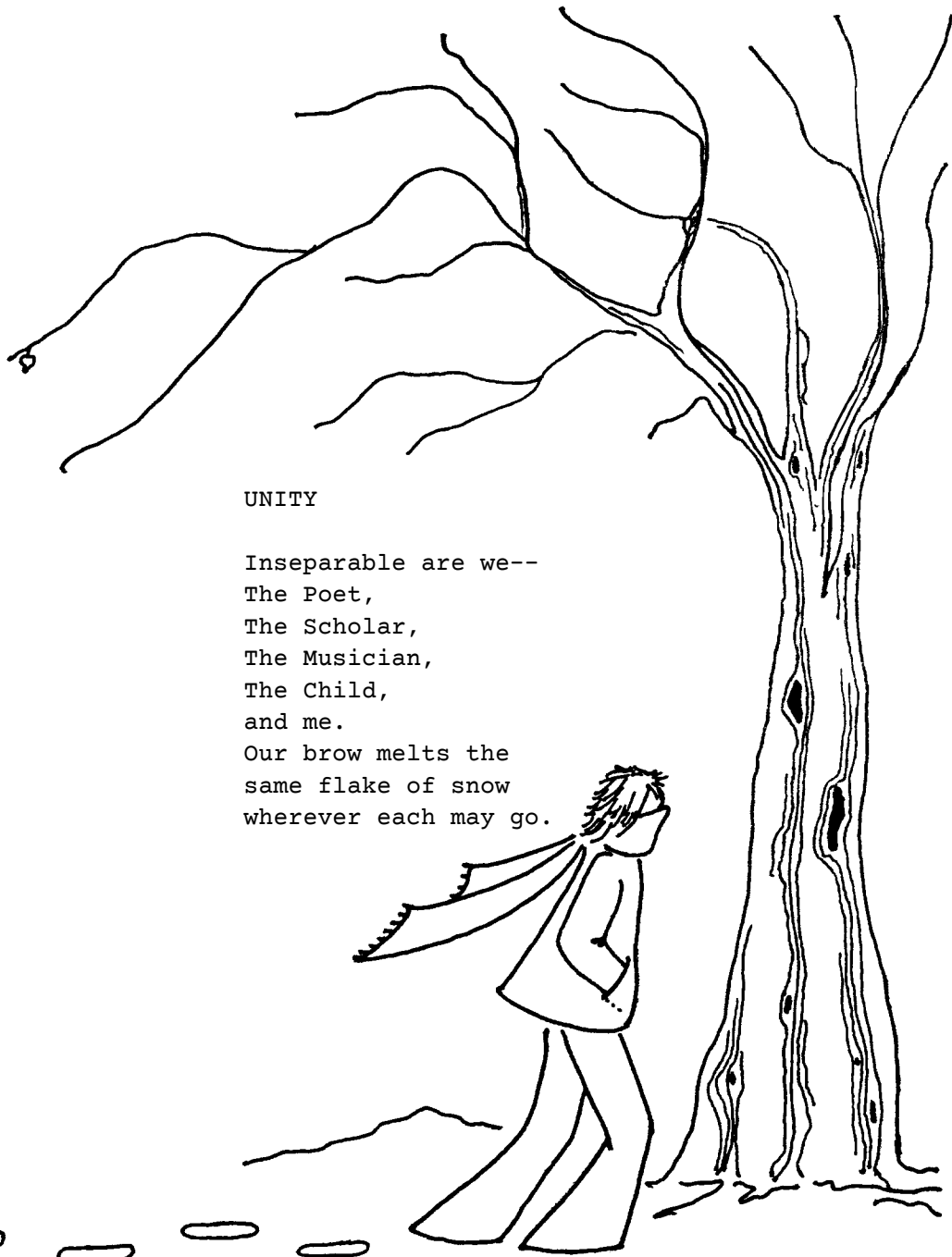
WHICH CAME FIRST

Love not war.
Love in war.
Which came first-
The soldier or
The general?

TO CRY

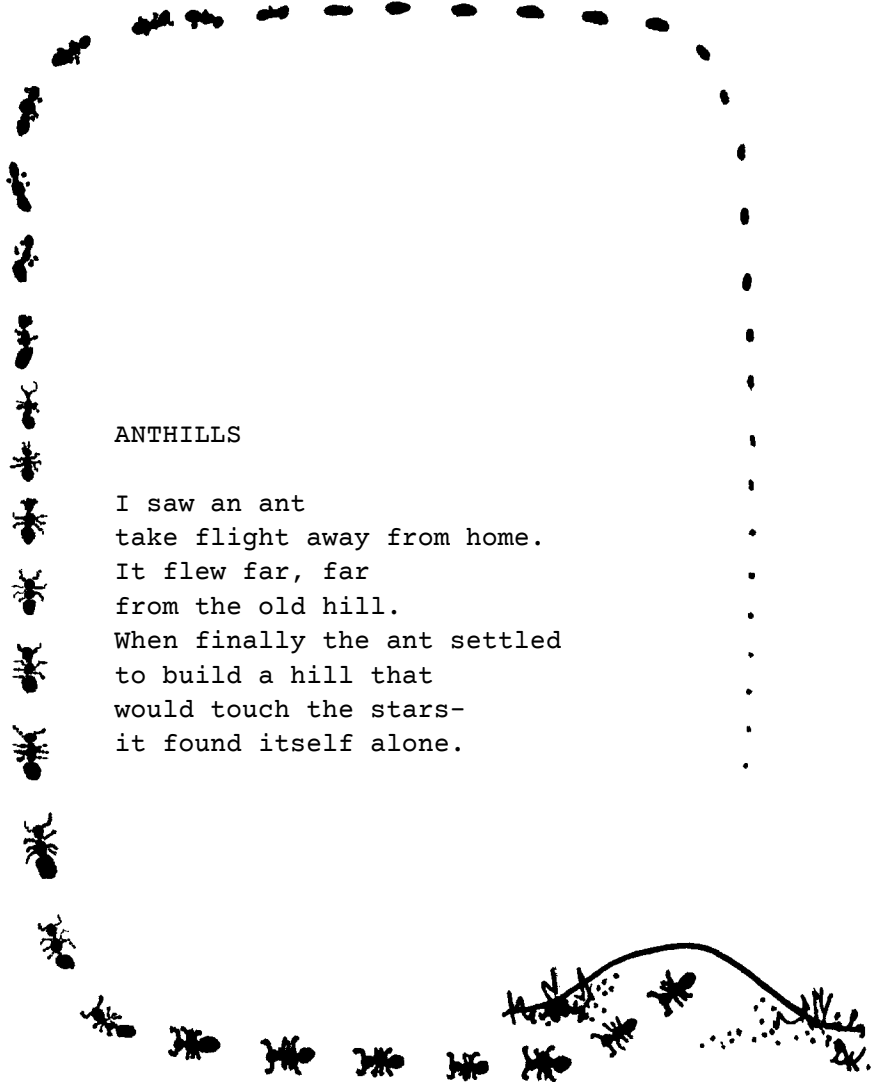
*Little kitten with white mittens
sitting in the hall.
Crying kitten won't be smitten,
won't be squashed at all.
On the kitten (there he's sitting)
all our eyes will fall.
Crying kitten outside sitting
makes no noise at all.*





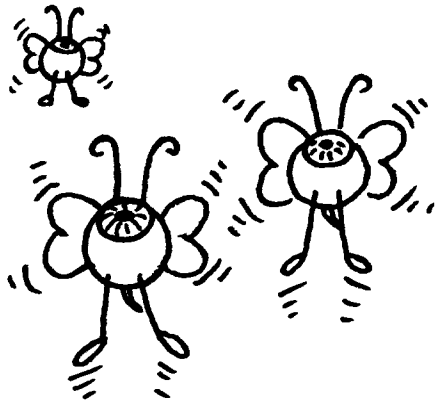
UNITY

Inseparable are we--
The Poet,
The Scholar,
The Musician,
The Child,
and me.
Our brow melts the
same flake of snow
wherever each may go.



ANTHILLS

I saw an ant
take flight away from home.
It flew far, far
from the old hill.
When finally the ant settled
to build a hill that
would touch the stars-
it found itself alone.

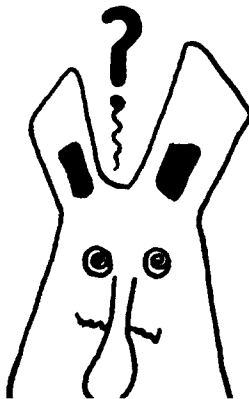
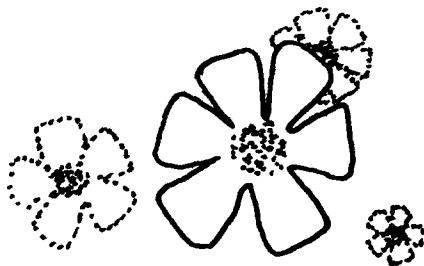


FLIES

Look at all the little people
 they're so humble, so nice, so sweet.
 They don't do anything wrong
 but they say they are selfish
 and conceited and cruel and stupid
 and hate those who really are.
 Listen to them talk of their hangups;
 they're proud of them;
 last one was a real gem.

Look at all the little sheep
 they're so innocent, so nice, so sweet.
 One of them drowned in a pothole
 none survived, not a soul.

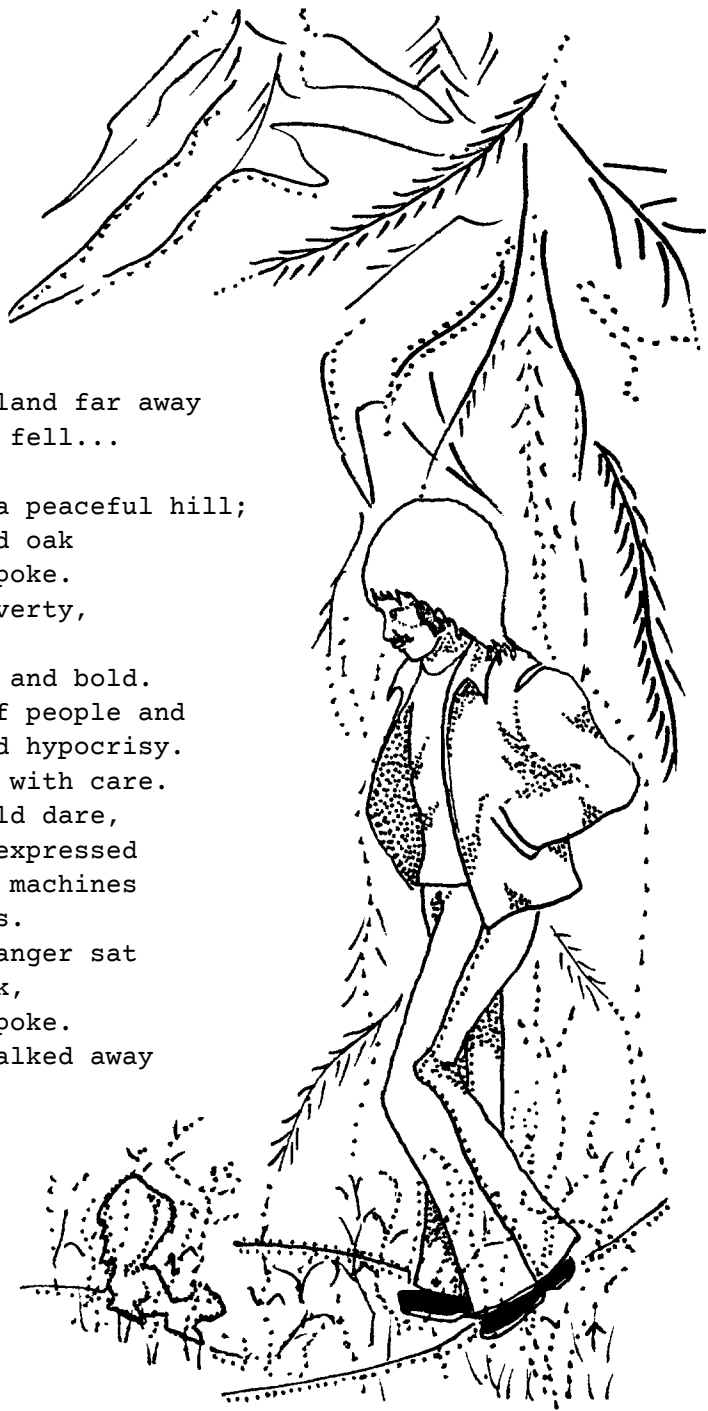
Look at all the little flies
 swarming around a corpse
 they're so mindless, so small, so many.

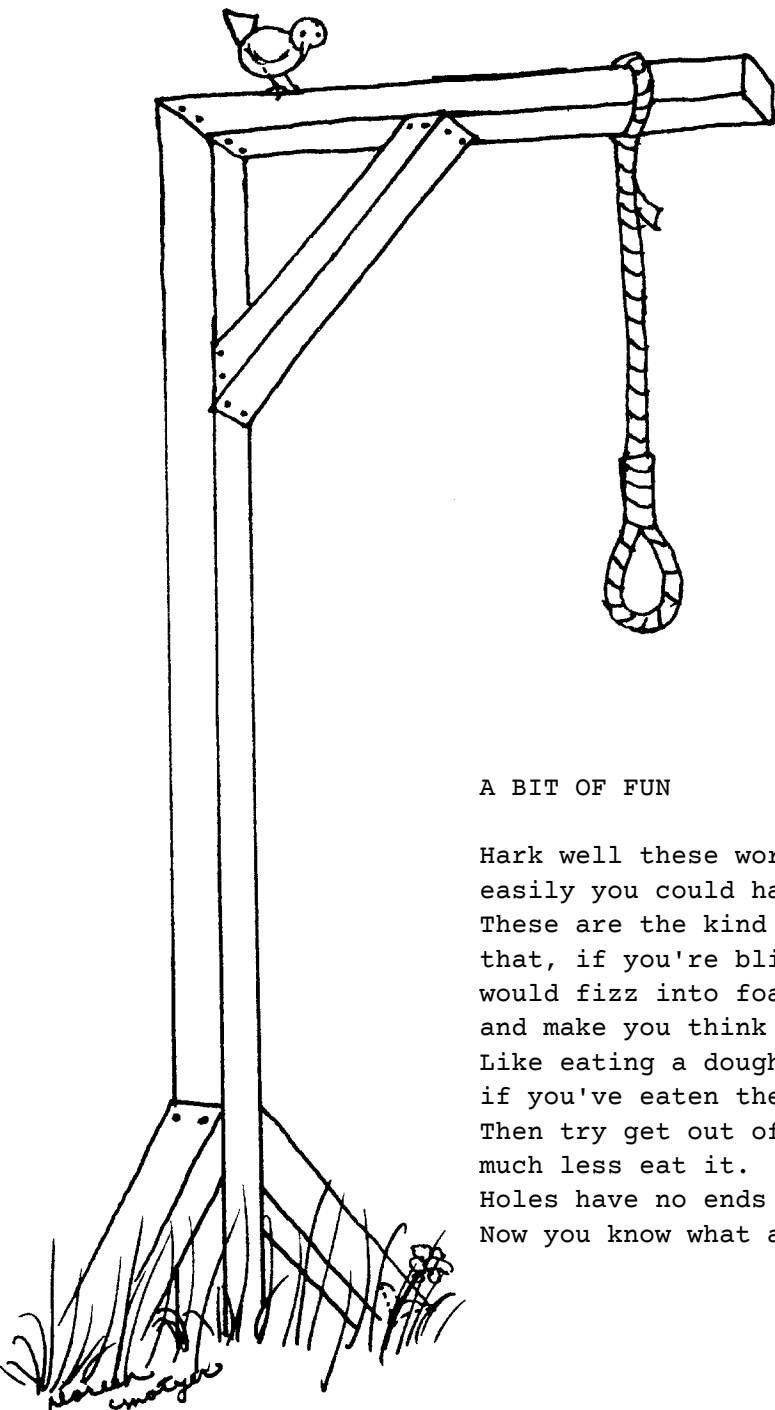


THERE CAME A STRANGER

There stands a hill in a land far away
and on that hill an acorn fell...

There came a stranger to a peaceful hill;
he sat beneath a weathered oak
and to the creatures he spoke.
He spoke of wealth and poverty,
of culture and society,
of young and old and meek and bold.
In solemn tones he told of people and
democracy, of humility and hypocrisy.
His words came slowly and with care.
Then, when he felt he could dare,
in words his emotions he expressed
of guns and ships and war machines
and men that kill in teams.
Quiet and pensive the stranger sat
beneath that weathered oak,
and to the creatures he spoke.
He begged his leave and walked away
to some other hill
for some other day.





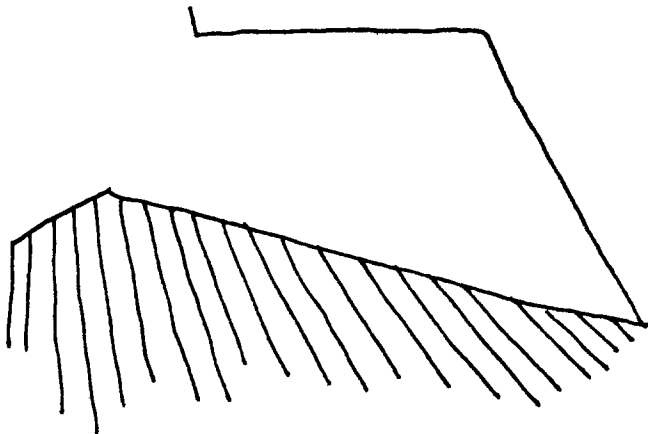
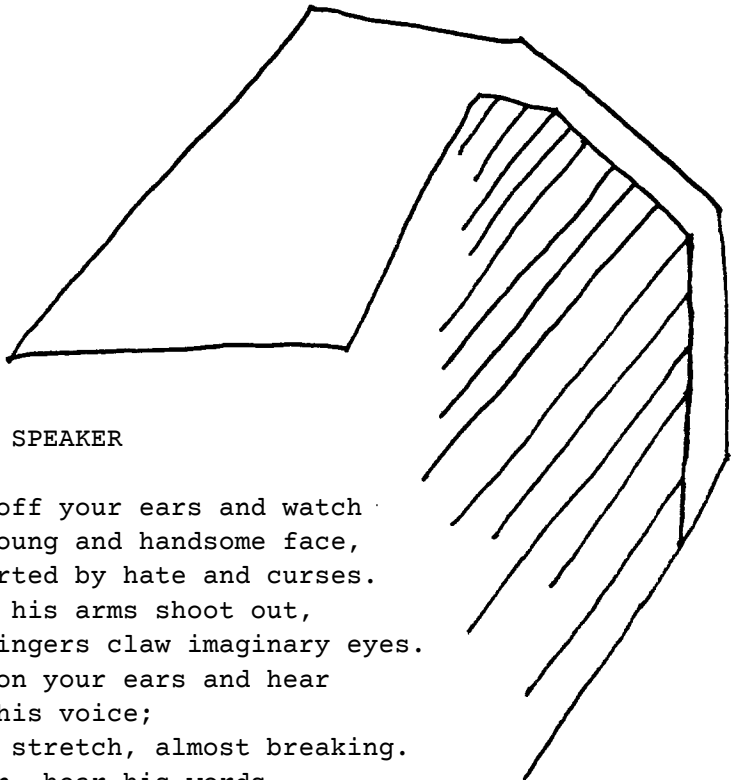
A BIT OF FUN

Hark well these words of wisdom,
easily you could have missed 'em.
These are the kind
that, if you're blind,
would fizz into foam
and make you think they've touched home.
Like eating a doughnut hole, impossible,
if you've eaten the stuff around 'em.
Then try get out of the hole,
much less eat it.
Holes have no ends if they have no edges.
Now you know what a mess is.



GUEST SPEAKER

Turn off your ears and watch
The young and handsome face,
Distorted by hate and curses.
Watch his arms shoot out,
His fingers claw imaginary eyes.
Turn on your ears and hear
Only his voice;
Cords stretch, almost breaking.
Listen, hear his words.
You can't believe
He speaks for peace.





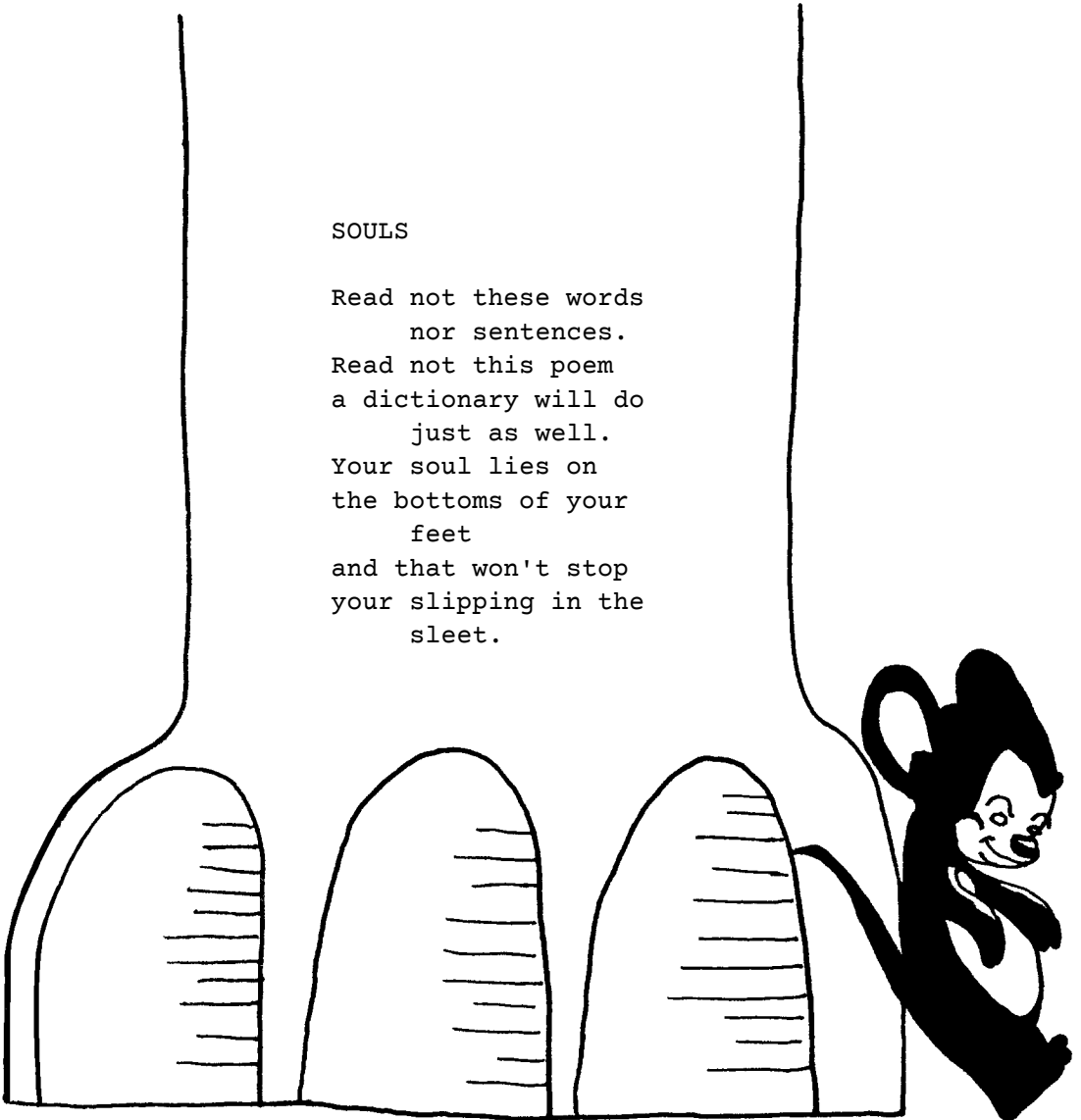
THANK YOU

Thank you for saying the things I could never say.
Thank you for teaching me the want to live the day.
Thank you for not handing me on a tray
all the things you gave me so I may
cherish the bird when he sings.
Thank you for not telling me things
so I would learn to trust you.
Thank you for what you and I have discovered together,
I will forget you never.



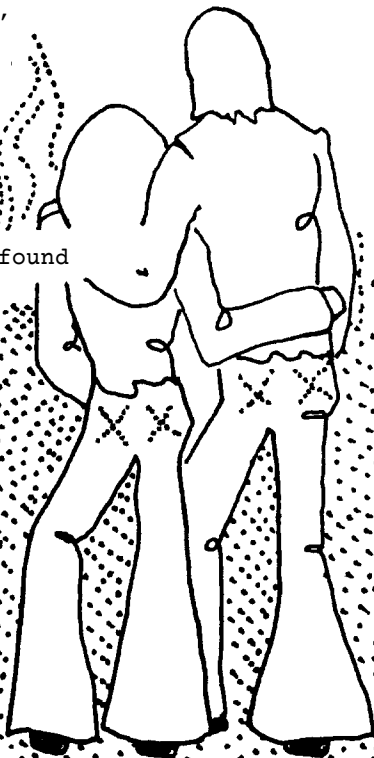
SOULS

Read not these words
nor sentences.
Read not this poem
a dictionary will do
just as well.
Your soul lies on
the bottoms of your
feet
and that won't stop
your slipping in the
sleet.



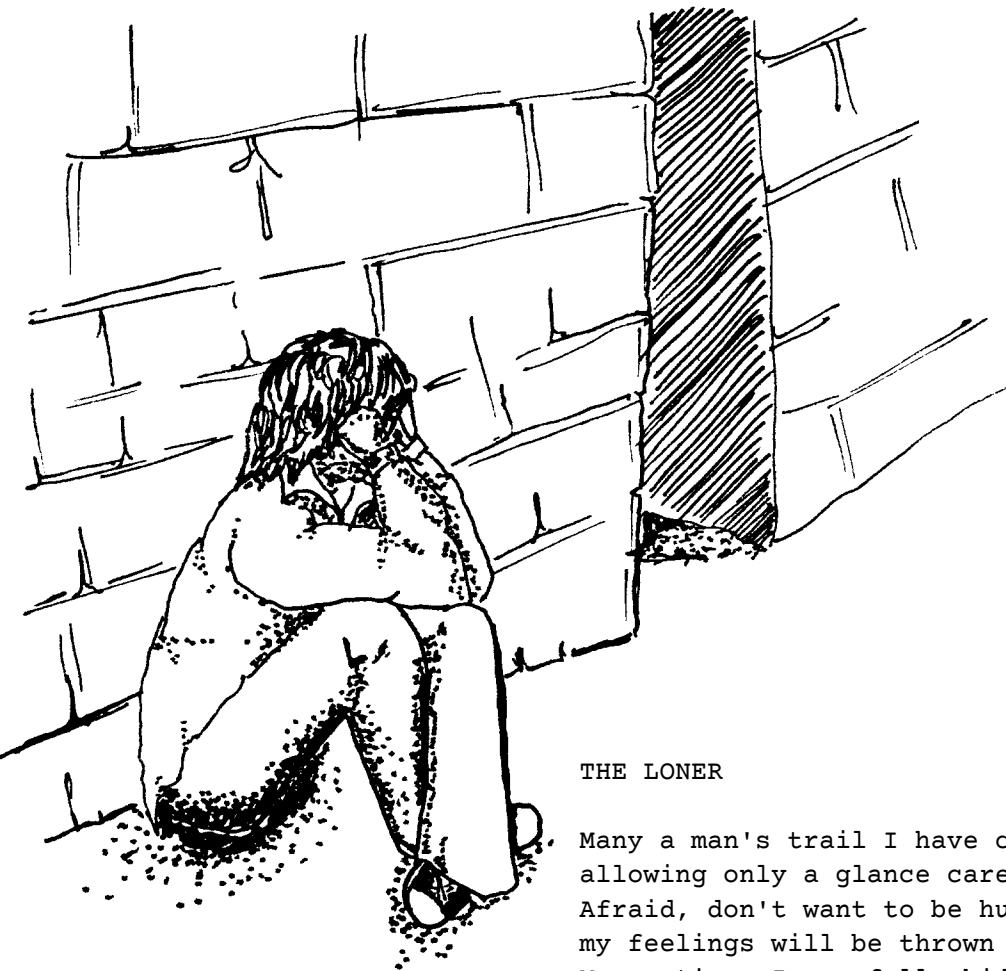
AROUND

Come with me down the quiet road.
The end is there, around the bend,
along the trail.
Where all our dreams are sowed.
where peace and love set sail.
Where evils try to no avail
to rock the stable ship
for a boat that cannot tip
rests on solid ground.
Around the bend our goal will be found
around and around and around.



NEVERMORE


He wondered many times before
why the birds and bugs encore,
said the raven "Nevermore."
Hard and shiny, the machine,
sniffing the fumes of toluene,
said the raven, "Unclean."
"I've lived a million years,"
the raven said, "just to see your tears.
For you I down a trillion beers."
He wondered many times before
why the birds and bugs encore,
said the raven, "Nevermore."




THE LONER

Many a man's trail I have crossed,
allowing only a glance carefully tossed.
Afraid, don't want to be hurt,
my feelings will be thrown in the dirt.
My emotions I carefully hide.
Forever I'm crying all inside.

BILLY



Billy, will you smile
 Though you walk a solitary mile?
 Billy, will you laugh?
 The god of joy struck you with his staff.
 Billy, will you speak of how you feel?
 Tell them, Billy, tell them love is real.
 Your feet are shod in silence.
 You never make a sound.
 You don't know what comfort there is,
 just having you around.
 Oh, Billy, we need you.
 Tell us of the happiness you have found.



Oh, Billy, help us. But you never make a sound.
 Billy! Your time is now! Just having you around.....
 But you never make a sound.



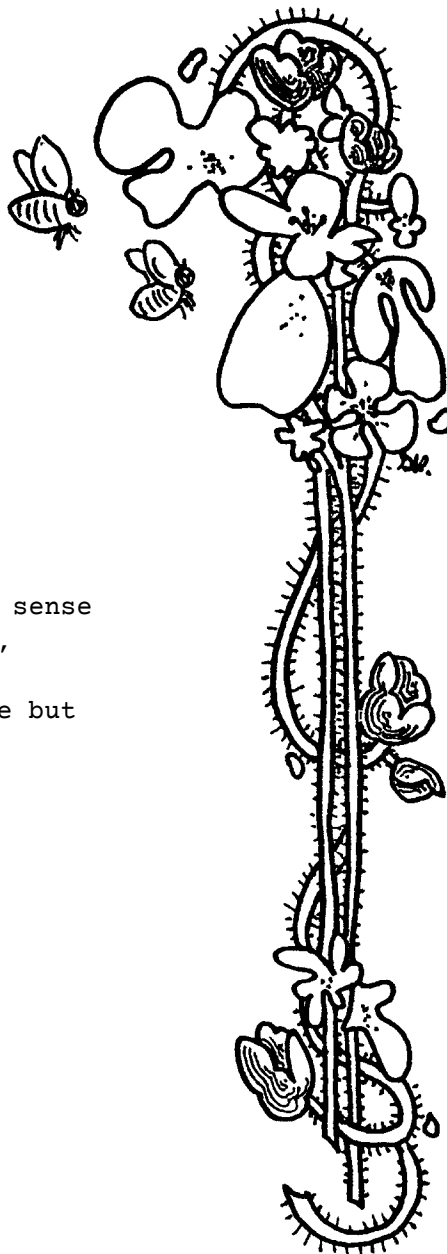
GAINS

No thing is gained
without its first
being given.

TO LOSE FAITH

*I've lost faith
in humanity;
in nature;
in God;
in myself;
No one can help
me now.*





SENSE

Love does not make sense
but, if it doesn't,
what does?
Love makes no sense but
all the sense that
matters.



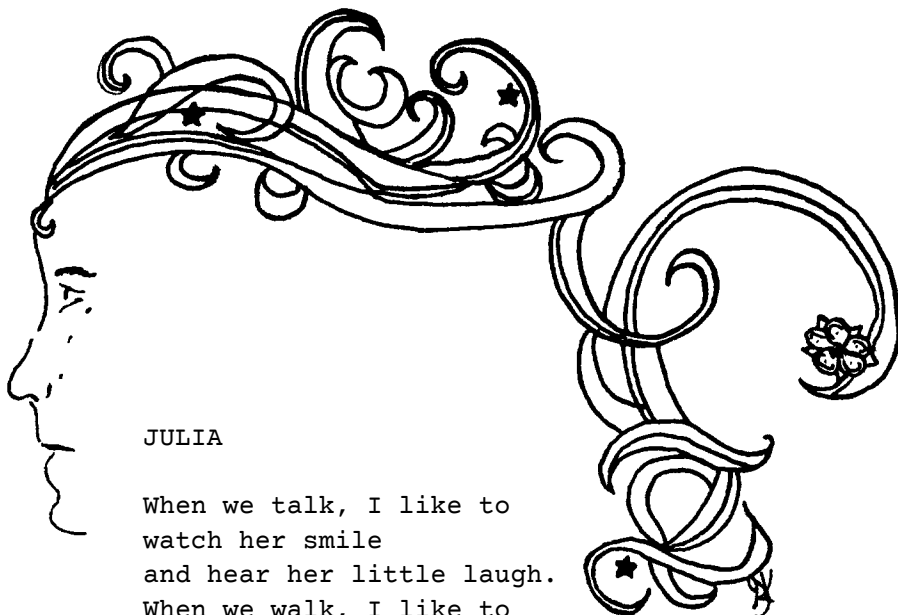
THE IDIOT

The idiot passed me on the street.
He wasn't shaved
and his clothes weren't very neat.
He walked with a boyish shuffle
when I saw him on the street.
One thing I'll always remember
about that unfortunate child-
he always wore a smile.



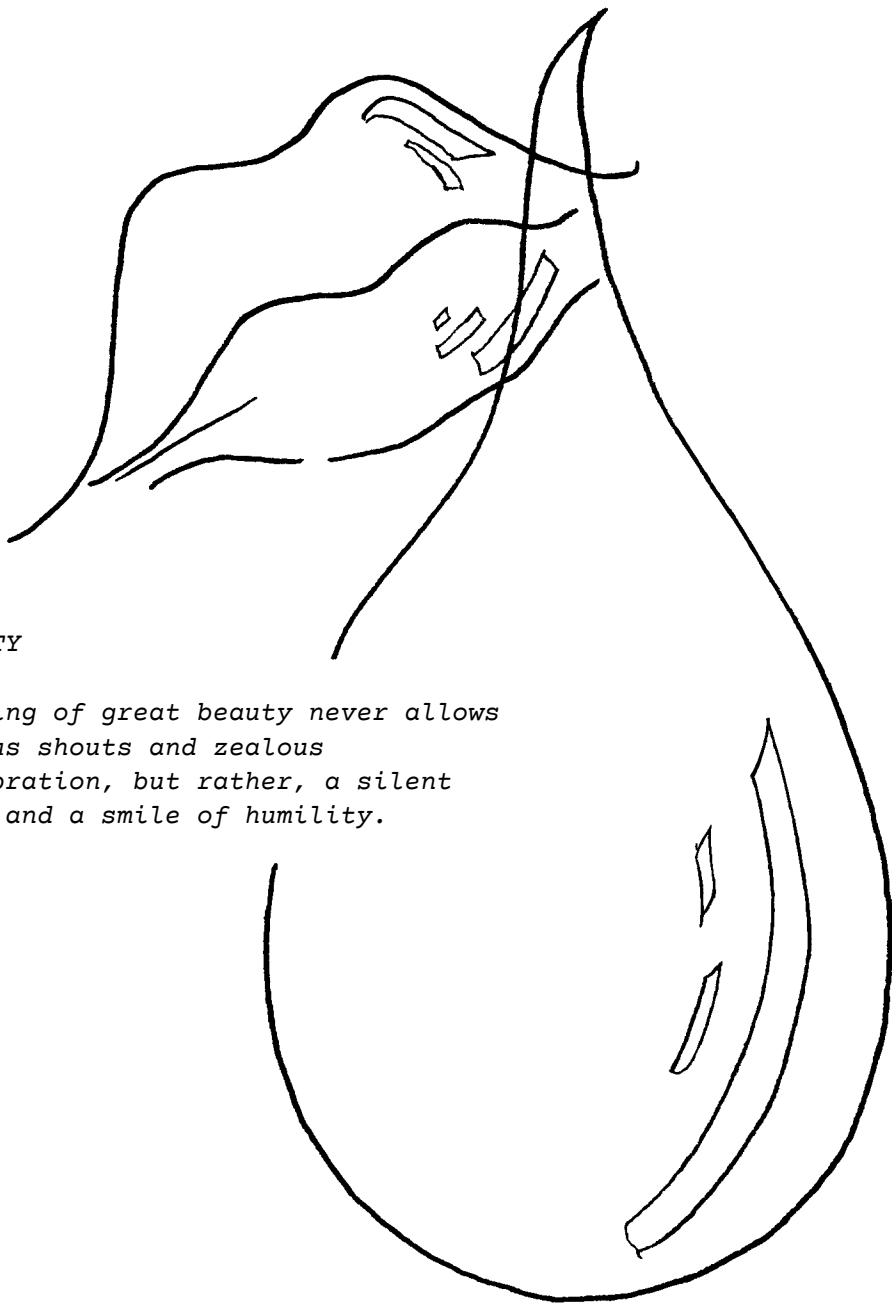
RAIN

*The rain falls on the dusty ground.
Children have their puddles to splash around.
A bird sits in a tree singing his part
of a love theme which warms the heart.
Two people under an umbrella holding hands
would rather be here with the warm white sands.
The day is dark and cloudy and quiet
but for the rain.
People feel many things in the rain-
love, loneliness, pain.
And me?
There are many things yet to see
and I want to see them with you
again.*



JULIA

When we talk, I like to
watch her smile
and hear her little laugh.
When we walk, I like to
go quite slow
and hold her to me near.
She doesn't try to deceive me,
she couldn't if she tried.
She tells me of her faults and
fears
and I tell her of mine.
Every time we see each other
she greets me with a smile
and laughs her little laugh
and sighs her little sigh
and I love her.



BEAUTY

*A thing of great beauty never allows
joyous shouts and zealous
celebration, but rather, a silent
tear and a smile of humility.*

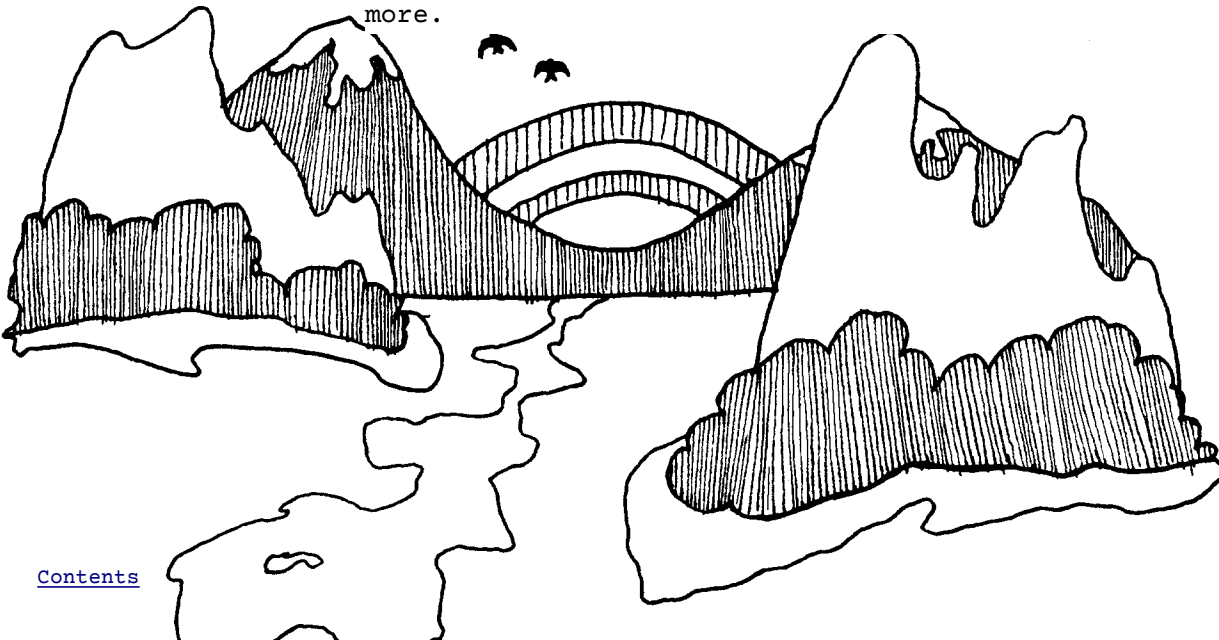
PASSION

In all the confusion and haste
there have been and still are
rivers of that precious fluid
spilled for less noble causes
than mine.

Such need no man ever suffered;
such want no man ever survives
as I do now, as I surely must
and have, more, a blot of hope
for tomorrow.

Will God have mercy for me?
What joy there would be when,
divinely, this prayer be answered-
a pool of ketchup for this cold,
dead, sandwich.

On my knees I could easy fall
so intense this longing be
and in my blindness, blast!
I fail to see behind the empty-
more.



DIALOGUE

"-mommy! he's all bent and broken!-"

"-but consider the problem in-"

"-ooh that's very good-"

"-come on, KITTY!-"

"-on his own trip-"

"-and now the time is come-"

"-well if you don't like it in this-"

"-like I say, never say die-"

"-so it was like this-"

"-oh! excuse me-"

"-phase inversion-"

"-and it begins on-"

"-you really must have liked her-"

"-nobody sang at my birthday-"

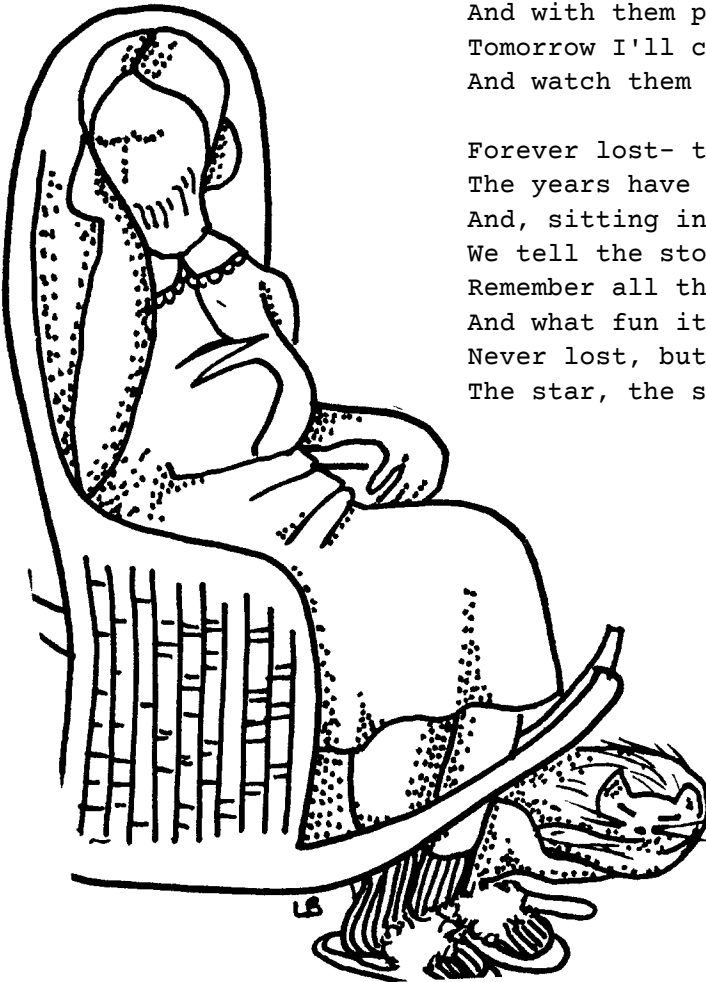
"-fromage please, cheese-"

Yeah-.

AGE

I know you are no stranger to
 The sorrow life can bring;
 And, though the days are longer now,
 You have no time to sing.
 Gather your best colors down
 And with them paint the snow-
 Tomorrow I'll come sit with you
 And watch them as they go.

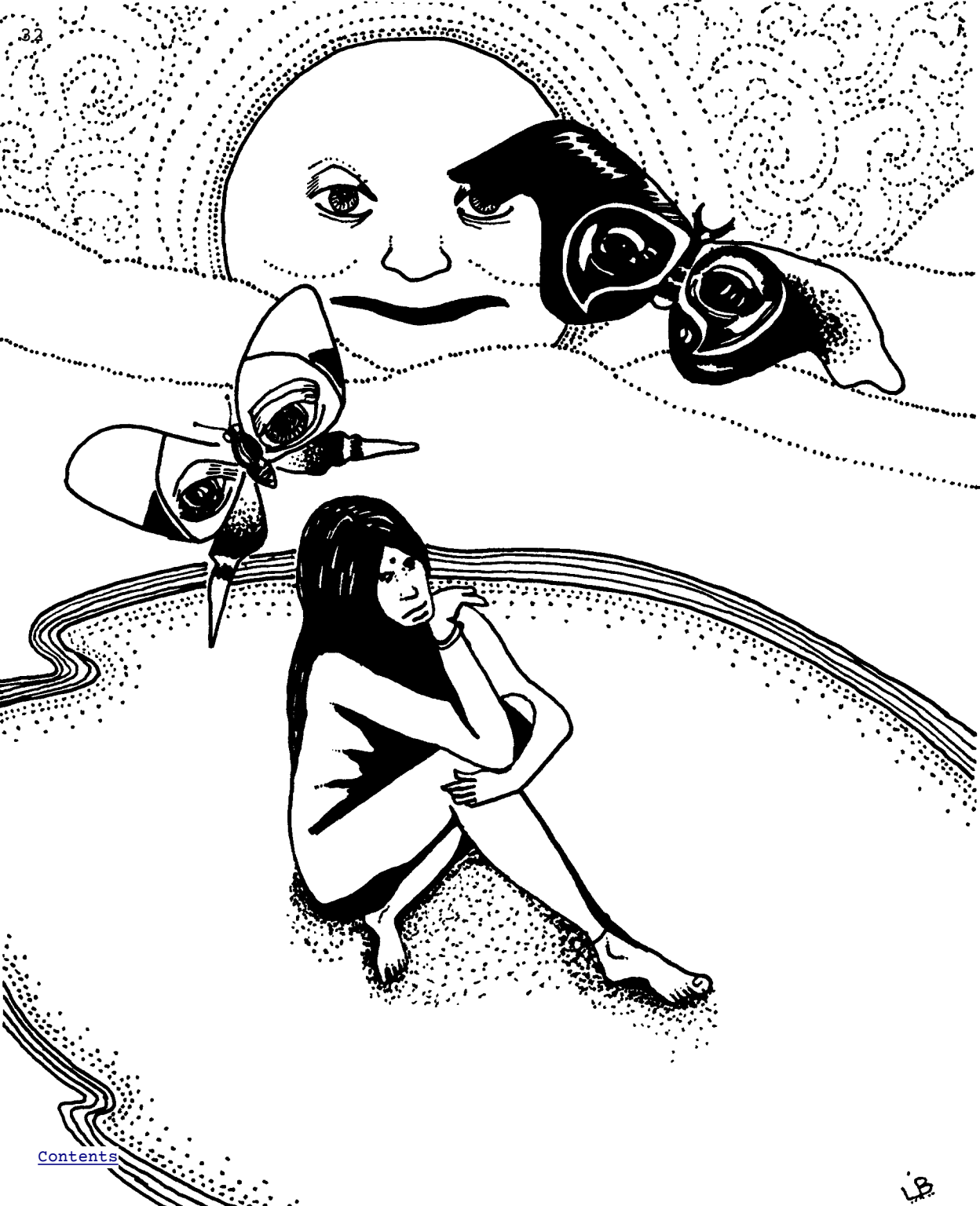
Forever lost- the days of youth-
 The years have come and gone;
 And, sitting in this great old house,
 We tell the story done.
 Remember all the good old times
 And what fun it really was.
 Never lost, but never lost-
 The star, the shield, the cross.





PEACE

*Silently,
 Patiently,
 It waits.
 Possessed of free thought,
 Sentient in a void,
 It waits.
 Knowing no magnitudes,
 No direction,
 It ponders it's purpose--
 Waiting.
 Annoying little thing--
 Pain.
 Reaching out with nothing,
 It seeks,
 Trying to hold to itself--
 Substance.
 Annoying little thing--
 Anger.
 Zaps it all to hell--
 Peace.*



"THIS I DID LEARN"

*Have pride in what you have done this day--
 Tomorrow is an illusion; yesterday, but a dream;
 In this day find your soul and your life.
 Be not proud of what possessions you may have
 Or what with these extensions you may do;
 But find in some way to help your fellow man,
 A reason to live on and inspiration to better yourself.
 Walk among the common people as an equal
 And be not embittered by what ugliness you may find--
 Soon the strangeness will fade to understanding.
 Find strength not in ideas or morals,
 But look within for your soul's own nourishment.
 Look not for similarities in life but differences--
 The doors to endless treasure will reopen.
 Be kind to all you do encounter--
 They, like yourself, can be so easily hurt.
 Have compassion for the sore and the maimed-
 All too soon you may yourself join their ranks.
 Be patient with the aged and the young--
 Known to them is your image, past and future.
 Have no fear of death- it serves the purpose of life.
 Tread carefully, for constantly the world is reborn.
 Speak not of what you will do tomorrow--
 Have pride in what you have done this day.*

*"...and as the wheel turns
 so must I learn
 and relearn..."*



THE BASEMENT

Come with me to the
basement, my lovelies,
and I'll show you my
dried-out peanut butter
sandwich with the
polarized dust flecks
peeking through the peas.
If you're lucky, I'll
even let you feel the
grease on my old '78
phonograph record
collection with the
holes all shot through.
On the brick wall
near the green sewer
pipe, I have spiked
my mouldy toadie legs.
Theirs, stupid.
Well, you never
can tell.

THE CHEMIST

*"Molten mantis maniples...
 Nickeled narc's nipples...
 Freezie beesie knees...
 Fuzzy froggie fleas--"
 What's that?
 "Eh?"
 That.
 "Oh...
 Well my son, my son...
 That is ah...
 Read the label."
 It doesn't have a label.
 "Oh...
 Calibrated carpenters callus'."
 What's over there?
 "EH?"
 There.
 "Iambic pentameter."
 What's it for?
 "Hmm?"
 What's it--
 "Greases my slide rule...
 Finished?"
 Eh?
 "Go away."

 "Green gopher gizzards...
 Coagulated cormorant cackles...
 Blued steel ball bearings...
 Flushed frog fingers...
 Crumbs?"*

SUNSHINE AND SWALLOW TRAILS

Angels that are crowned
watch us two way down below;
say something as they see us grow
and guide us to the place where
rainbows touch the ground.

Tomorrow far away
tells us that we're doing fine;
finds fortune in todays sunshine
and gives us both his blessing
now and for every day.

Now we understand;
now we have our eyes to see.
Let me take your hand
and promise you will stay with me.

People that we know
ask if we are rearranged;
notice just that we have changed
and what the difference is
they just couldn't know.

Dancers in the air
find patterns to this song we sing;
know we've found a wondrous thing
and fly within the tune that
we have let them share.

Now we understand;
now we have an everyday.
Let me take your hand,
and lead you from your yesterday.

