

BRILLIANT

Dreams

#1

SEPTEMBER, 1989



GALLUP'S GIRL, STAR, MARC R. BELANGER,
LISA BUCKLEY, MELISSA OF LOUISVILLE,
SORSHA ZAORA, SHADOW, MICHAEL
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SARA «AGNES» SPORTE: ASST. EDITOR & ART DIRECTOR
BRILLIANT DREAMS IS A QUARTERLY

1

743-5285

MY hidden from MY crying eyes,
 MY Love of LIFE I CAN NOT FIND.
 ALL that I KNOW as true - now lies
 embedded deep inside MY MIND -
 bleeding because I feel so empty -
 I feel so much alone
 all MY hopes and dreams have left
 me -
 gone off on their own,
 and for MY soul who is slowly dying,
 she calls and calls to be heard.
 all the pains of reality are frightening
 - NO ONE hears a word.

- GALLUP'S GIRL -

MY hidden from MY crying eyes,
 MY Love of LIFE I CAN NOT FIND.
 ALL that I KNOW as true - now lies
 embedded deep inside MY MIND -
 bleeding because I feel so empty -
 I feel so much alone
 all MY hopes and dreams have left
 me -
 gone off on their own,
 and for MY soul who is slowly dying,
 she calls and calls to be heard.
 all the pains of reality are frightening
 - NO ONE hears a word.

- GALLUP'S GIRL -

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 798,2964
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 size 1/2 up 350
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LAYA

TO ARRANGE IN V
 ONTAR

with age
 seen by all
 known to no-one
 Clouds outstretched
 by
 selfish hands
 But through another
 The snowflake
 Continued to fall
 reflecting on
 the watted life
 White purity
 Frozen desperation
 Perfection
 Then
 melted
 It died alone.

STAR
 ES
 ACO

5 24 hr. ans...

MOCK UP

Contains carbonated water, sugar/glucose-fructose, caramel colour, phosphoric acid, natural flavours, caffeine. Canned under authority of Coca-Cola Ltd., Don Mills, Ont. m3c 3n6, owner of the trade marks «Coca-Cola», «Coke», «Coca-Cola Classic», «Coke Classic», «Coca-Cola Classique», and «Coke Classique».



dum dum dum dum

UNTITLED

I SHOOK WITH EMOTION
AS HE PREPARED TO DIE.
MY LIFE BEFORE ME
I SAW INTO HIS TORN SOUL.
FEELING HIS PEACE
HIS TORMENT.
AS THE COLD MUZZLE
PRESSED THE TEMPLE WALL.

- MARC R. BELANGER.

**THE STORY
[IS TRUE]**

ART HISTORY

3000 BC

2000 BC

Megalomoments

Imperial States

MIDDLE KINGDOM EGYPT
NEW SUMERIAN EMPIRE - MESOPOTAMIA
MINUAN & HELLADIC - CRETE & GREECE
LAST PHASE - STONEHENGE, ENGLAND
INDUS VALLEY CIVILIZATION - S. ASIA

to., new battery, 77 in 7TU2 door, 4 speed standard, ex. mechanical shape, completely rebuilt

ex. shape, near taking offers. 754-5397 \$1500.obo 77 Trans Am, white.

\$2200.obo 753-0459 78 Vega, ps. pb, white, good cond.

cond. pw, p. seats, tilt, cruise, cassette, stereo, 401 cu. in. 200-07-124460 1976 Ford Montego S/W, \$750.obo.

BUT HEY, MAN
I JUST WANNA BE
COOL (LIKE EVERYONE
ELSE)

40 km, new motor, new everything.

756-2746 alt. 5pm
1974 AMC Matador wagon, 304
ex. good radials, everything w

pre-purchase inspection, 304

INSPECTION CENTI

Glass Pane

alt. 5
Rabbit, auto, 4 door

Untitled

Beautiful bouquets
Trapped in a glass box
Call to me
Tempting me.

\$1
350 rock
od tires, lit

I need to hold the flowers
And feel their comforting warmth
Or I will wither and die.

I push the glass
And it recedes some
But still prevents me
From reaching my jewels.

Angered, I hit the glass
And a sharp corner slices cruelly
And my hand bleeds.

Frustrated tears
Mingle with blood
And I gaze at the flowers
I cannot possess.

But I know of one word.
When uttered, it will shatter the pane
And the flowers will be mine.

I hide behind a wall of fear
That if the glass breaks
I might see
The flowers were no more than
Imagination,
A fanciful illusion.

So the word remains un-uttered,
The glass remains whole,
And I begin to die.

Lisa Buckley

Sits against the wall cool at his back
in only his shorts the door locked testing
only testing tension of skin sharpness of
blade thin threads of blood well up from
scratches his legs his arms have no feeling
in them draws the blade down into his
left wrist a deep vertical cut the artery
bubbles up like a river widens does it
again to his right arm warmth and color
floods the room he is free at last comforted
it crosses his mind to compose himself
for dying awkward there is nowhere to
put his hands the blood makes everything
slippery lies on his side using one arm
as a pillow he sleeps and then arms tied
his jaw aches something hard pinches
his mouth between his teeth " to keep him
from swallowing his tongue " they say
he knows better it is how they punish
you for failure here and someone crying
crying " lord what has he done? What
has he done to himself? "

Melissa of LOUISVILLE

1073

\$2900.
67 Ford Fairlane, rebuilt
needs new front brakes.

Trace the trail of a golden tear
Illuminated in your brazen gaze
Absorb the sigh of a heartfelt please
Breathlessly begging for love
Chant the lies of unknown nights
Swiftly deflating hope
Kiss the knife that cuts the wall
Of ignorance and dreams

Embrace the night that shields the pain
The bitterness of thought
Ignore my passionate, desperate words
That threaten the fragile mask
Sway the views of another soul
Away from your inverted heart
Refuse emotions of natural tendencies
And slam the door of fate.

LISA BUCKLEY

754-4573
73 Camaro, new tires, mags, front and
and some new metal

753-0660
73 Celica, auto, in g.

758-3201 evs
74 Volvo station
running car
tires

722-2161
1975 VW Rabbit 4 dr.
tires just done, ne
deck.

PAG 13

no
intake
Cherry

73091

She Strikes

By Sorsha Zadora

Happy

The flame flickered and rose as you watched with a listfull gaze.
 every sound, every scent reminds you of the ecstasy
 your mind collapsed into everytime you were with
 the one you loved.
 but now that one has gone to follow his own raspberry
 path, never again to place his graceful foot
 on your cherry covered road.
 every time you see a rose, his majestic name comes to mind.
 every time you turn, your glance falls to a place where
 the both of you experienced the only purity together.
 the agony of you remembrance of the angelic creature you
 used to roam the moors with causes you to turn your
 face to your pillow witheyes red and raging in pain.
 What magnificent creatures you were. Towering and masculine.
 Prominent and certain. Happy and truthful, truly in love.
 And now your small argument caught your rage with
 brutality.
 So now you live your life in a cage and he roams
 on a more heavenly moor.

No misery
 No tears
 A dream
 Forget it
 unreal
 A fantasy
 Live with
 the pain
 Hurt yourself
 with
 the truth
 Hide from
 no-one
 Be free
 with chains
 or be
 labeled
 Insane.

753-5176
 69 4 K4 15"

STAR an-310

Brock

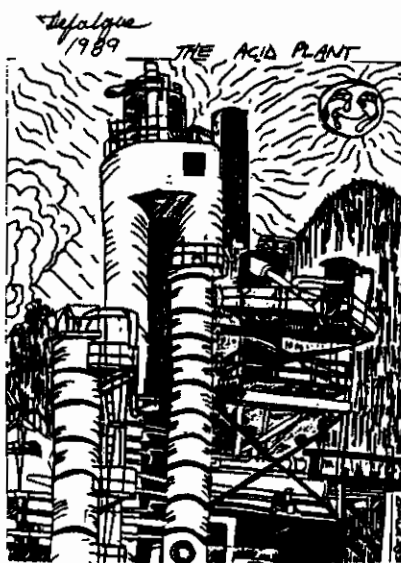
Walking aimlessly through the unfinished house.
 Wood is all there is to see.
 Nails lay on the floor,
 Must watch my step.
 Can't climb or descend,
 The stairs are not finished.
 It is very dark,
 Lights have not been installed.
 Tears cascade down my face.
 In a small pool of light coming from a newly
 installed window,
 One orange rose slowly opening in the light,
 Sitting carefully in a pool of water,
 Held gently in a styrafoam cup.

Shadow

The sensuous cow

Languid in her lavish feild
 Relaxed in the sun
 A mass of mammilian meat
 - Good enough to eat
 Wanton willing flesh
 In the harem of a beast
 (Or slave to syringe)
 Succulent sexual satisfaction
 Quiet and contented in her sanctitiy
 And very skillfully
 Not causing nuclear war.

- M.R BARRICK



16'6" clinker built, fiberglassed 7 1/2 HP
 Honda O/B complete with...

Unrequited Love

The unlucky alchemist,
 Given gold he makes it lead.
 Cupid's arrows strike
 Soon he will be dead.

-RENE

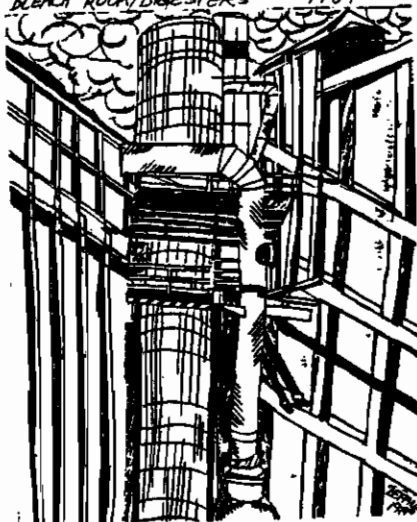
BLEACH ROOM/DIGESTERS

Dafalgaa 1989



BLEACH ROOM/DIGESTERS

Dafalgaa 1989



THE EVAPORATION TANKS

1986



John Dafalgaa

754-3420

\$4300

Siren 17' fiberglass sailboat, new Mer all cushions, sleep & table trailer, used 2 yr

722.??

MANUFACTURED LIGHTS, LOW CALIBS INCLUDED.

2000 h.p.

500 40

380-7363

21' Newport Catamaran and 1 cond.

200 7500

243-2461

Fucking Poetry

Useless words in useless strings
Singing songs of woe.
Why do we treasure these ignorant things,
Contrived plucks at our heartstrings?
They don't mean anything
Your teacher lied.
Lullaby is about one night
- with a fucking whore!
Auden wasn't clever
Holy Sonnets?
Holy Shit
John Donne be gone.
Don't be too clever when you interpret,
Most, no all of what's written is pure shit.
(Including this)

So spare me the critics
Spare me your lies
Spare me all those stupid big words most people have the sense to forget in high-school.

It is just fucking poetry.
O.K.?

- MICHAEL

Functional Poetry

```
PROGRAM Poetry(Output);
TYPE Words=(birth,beauty,sex,sl
VAR E,Able:Words;
Many :Words;
BEGIN (Poetry)
FOR Many := birth TO deat
DO
Write(' Words');
END. (Poetry)
```

- René

740-1376

3 Malibu 175 with 175 /B and Highliner trailer, tit, motor still under 1 any extras to list, or will al as partial

Page

Vampyress

By Michael René Barrick

The place was a delicious disarray of disarming smells. There was the smoke, the alcohol, the faint smell of urine and overindulgent vomit when a washroom door swung open. None of this was lost on me.

An invigorating rhythm tied the whole cacophonous room together. The music was almost lost behind its own supernatural heartbeat. The heartbeat that tied every lovely heart in this whole place together. The people on the floor were one creature, with one life. One blood. Above everything that heartbeat carried blood. Incredible blood that could make me forget the music. Blood that could make every other scent fade. The strong smell of life.

I loved to come here after I had fed. I came here when the warm fluid heated my skin, colouring me to a brilliant red that dim human eyes would call "pale". The blood would fill my lips and my breasts and those other parts that made me hunger for living flesh in an entirely different way. I always came here for my second hunting.

Each night this place filled with human pretenders. All those living creatures who wanted what I had. Those men and women who envied my white skin, my black hair in its shocking contrast. I could catch them with a glowing green-eyed glance and soon I could feel them, man or woman, wondering what it would be to taste the bright ruby red of my fresh fed lips. I would lure them in, some nights more one if my feeding had been particularly invigorating (lost children often gave me this energy to indulge, the terror and refusal to die...).

There was always one sadness in my "second feeding". I always attracted broken spirits. The same reason children invigorated me kept me from attracting anyone with real life. I am death, I can only attract those who need to die. I have to hunt anyone with life, and then only for the blood feast. No creature with a will to live could touch me without revulsion. No creature with life could stand the second feeding.

This is the curse of the vampyress. We are more human than the vampyres. For them to rape and kill is their pleasure. They feed all at once. When they lose their life they lose the need for gentle love. I loathe them and envy them for that.

On this night, however, something very odd happened. Something that has raised me to infamy amongst all the vampyresses that know. Something that has struck a chord of fear amongst all the vampyres.

Into my haunt he strolled, so obviously accustomed to the mass of black clothing, black hair, and black spirits. He was not so unlike all the others when I first saw him. He was a shade taller than most of the men and a touch less thin. He wore the customary black clothing, and he had the customary black hair. What caught my eye first insofar as him being unusual was his skin. He had an honest tan on his face and hands. It was not the perfect tan of those vain things that lay about inviting cancer.

248
Reci
chro
ham
\$30-

Vampyress

P2

He wore the uneven and imperfect tan of someone who neither avoids the sun nor worships it. It marked him immediately as someone who did not play vampyre, in perfect contradiction to his clothes and his very presence in this club.

He came in alone but once inside people began to come to him. The people who frequented this place most regularly knew him. I had been haunting this place for over a year. Why had I not seen him before? It bothered me. Why didn't I know him?

I concentrated on him, feeling him. Trying to feel him. I couldn't feel him! His soul was a closed thing. I couldn't tell if he was alive or another dead thing waiting to be taken out of a useless body. Only another of the vampyre ilk could hide that way. But he had that tan? I was infuriated that any human could look me out, and terrified, and intrigued, and terribly excited.

There was nothing I could do but watch him like a silly human girl. Even though I had been walking the night and hunting his kind for longer than he could have possibly have been alive - for he was young - I could not approach him. So I watched.

He said polite hellos to everyone that greeted him, mostly girls younger than himself. And then he quietly walked away from each one, disinterested in their affections. He made his way to a small table. Before he sat he did a very strange thing: he moved all but one chair for himself away from the table. People could come up to say hello if they chose, but no one would sit with him. A waitress approached him and he smiled brightly as he ordered. His teeth were flat like all humans, they could not pierce flesh like mine. Soon the waitress brought him a mug of very dark beer. So dark as to remind me of blood, but the off-white foam betrayed it to be beer. Further proof of his humanity. Here sat this thing with sun-stained skin and flat human teeth drinking an all to human brew yet somehow managing to shut me out.

He watched the writhing mass of life on the dance floor like I would watch it. He was not longing like the lonely do and he was not pretending like the human males who overestimate their prowess do. I could see with my human senses that he was searching the crowd for one person. I wished I could see his eyes and maybe see just what he was looking for in them.

After his third mug I saw him shrug and stand up. He turned away from me toward one young girl. She got up at his bidding and they moved toward the dance floor, leaving the boy whom she had been with scowling and thinking black thoughts that I could feel. I smiled.

I shifted my attention to the girl. She was ordinarily human. A pretty girl, I would have liked to pick her myself. But for one thing; she had life. she knew the scowling boy left at the table loved her. She was teasing. She knew she was pretty. For a moment I was bitter. I couldn't even dance with someone who had that much life. I would make her uncomfortable.

Just at that moment of bitterness the room suddenly screamed LIFE! He had let his wall down to flirt with her! I'd never felt such a strong will to live in any human. I felt the swirling pattern of his life. The usual miseries were there but he loved

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Vampyress

P3

them! He was in love with every aspect of life. There wasn't a single misfortune he did not treasure for the experience. Not a single bitterness. It was not human. He could not be human.

The sudden release of that much energy in the small club was too much for me. The supernatural beat of the music fell away to the sound of his heartbeat. All the smells fell behind the smell of his blood. I became damp with the need for the second feeding. Every corner of my mind cried "Come to me!" to this more than human man.

He stopped dancing.

I clapped my hands to my mouth fearing irrationally I had called out aloud. But the whole room would have turned if my vampyre voice had shouted above the music. He had heard me in his mind! How? Nothing with that much life could possibly hear me.

He turned to me slowly and for the first time I clearly saw his eyes. They weren't pale human eyes. They glowed with vampyric intensity. But they were not the violet of vampyres, but green like mine. What was this thing? A male human with the eyes of a vampyress, full of life and clearly able to walk in the sun and enjoy human food and drink. Was he human, of the vampyre ilk, or demon?

I lost sight of the rest of the room. He smiled and beckoned to me with a human gesture. I stared in disbelief, hands still clasped to my mouth. I stared as he kissed the girl on the cheek. I stared as he walked out of the club.

When the door to the club shut my mind engaged again. I mustn't lose him! Without care of revealing myself I ran out at supernatural speed. But he had already disappeared off the street. I groped through the alleys with my mind, but felt nothing. A wave of despair washed over me.

Laughter echoed out of a nearby alley. I ran to it. There he stood, green eyes ablaze. I froze again. My body ached for him. "Don't you just adore green eyes?" he said as he came and took me in his arms.

* This is a continuing
Story.

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and buffet
chairs, ex. C

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must be in
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Older Kenn

SOUTH
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Singer tre.
cabinets, go



DEAR WRITERS;
 UNFORTUNATELY WE
 WILL NOT BE CHANGING
 THE NAME OF OUR
 PRESENTLY CALLED
 QUARTERLY "BRILLIANT
 DREAMS" TO "BRILLIANT
 DEATH". EVEN WITH
 SUCH A GREAT NUMBER
 OF SUBTLE REQUESTS.
 SO PLEASE, BE OPTIMISTIC.
 AS THE ASSISTANT EDITOR
 I RESERVE THE RIGHT
 TO NOT EDIT ANY OF
 THE VAST NUMBER OF
 MATERIAL RECEIVED.
 IT IS UP TO YOU TO
 SPELL CORRECTLY THE
 PRINTED OR TYPED WORDS
 YOU SUBMIT. "THAT WHICH
 IS PUBLISHED IS SEEN."
 SEND IN YOUR MATERIAL
 THE WAY YOU WANT IT
 PRINTED. I AM KNOWN
 TO BE VINDICTIVE IF I
 CAN'T READ A WORD -
 I'LL INVENT ONE.

- ASSISTANT EDITOR :
 AGNES

Red and a pink
 yellow and a blue,
 and orange

Untitled

Lingering into the imaginary world
 of play I am entangled in a web of
 society so harsh it burns a layer of
 my flesh. Pressures and pain dwell
 around me, for my goals in life
 are smothering me. I choose one.
 But for only an instance are
 my greatest fantasies brought before
 my eyes and I am stunned by my
 achievements. Hatred subdues me
 into the never ending battle for
 success and a surge of great power
 overcomes me. I then become weak
 with knowledge and my life soon
 withers away.

- MELISSA OF
 LOUISVILLE

LAB SALES IN HERE

399-5407
 Queen size boxspring with
 Shepherd colors mattress and
 mattress, brand new.

390-3932
 Old iron single bed with mattress clean.

390-3247
 Metal Queen size waterbed complete
 with heater, railings, and headboard
 and wood.

335-2554

It is the ghosts
 of the living
 That terrify the most.
 Wretched pasts and nostalgic lies
 Memories we all host,
 Until each of us dies
 And we are left
 in the penumbra
 of someone's shadow past.

- RENE
 and purple and

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 trailer, new 165 Mercru
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 1972 245-7435
 Everude gas tank, with
 tank.
 nd for 245-7435
 18' heavy deep boat, w/
 with steering, Mercru
 boom trailer, no mtr.,
 t. with 748-7026 aft. 6
 alum. Wanted with or witho
 pion fishing machine o
 br. and 748-7026 aft. 6
 76 20 Double Eagle
 00.0bo owners, CB, VHF, stu
 Penta ice box, anchor pfg. or
 plus, 246-4513
 78 Apollo, 26 twin Me
 drive, radio telephone.
 ter on 245-2089
 12' Mirrocraft with 15
 motor, on galvanized t
 \$900 743-3800
 bulk Chev 327 V8 marin
 marine manifolds sep.
 \$5995 245-2421
 boat, 245-8659
 cruiser 13' boat fiberglass or
 under, Everude longshaft w/
 225-2028



ring, death);

2455
 open to offers. 197
 motor, good leg.
 245-3091
 14' D.

Reply to the Caring

Bad poets drowning in the blood of their own bleeding hearts.
 Suffer and die, Suffer and die
 GO AWAY !
 (I can starve without you to watch)
 Suicide is a meal for one
 (served chilled)
 I can bleed as well, in a more real way;
 Your plastic utensil affection never stops real steel.
 Who cries out the loudest ?
 The saviour or the saved ?
 Spare me your care.

- M. R. BARICK

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The Cold Spectrum

I saw the tides roll and crash;
 The blatant stretch of black sand,
 With water clearer than the air,
 Reflecting the light on the spray.
 The rainbow crossed the sky...
 As I watched it from inside
 I saw the colors blend and shade,
 To create illusions of beauty.
 I reached out to touch a band
 Of the colors I not only wanted to see,
 But to touch, such majesty
 Over all the apathy and animosity,
 To be part of all that is right;
 But my hand touched cold, cut
 Glass, smoothed to perfection, for reflection.
 Then I realized I had only seen
 A part of what I could have.

400
W
5C
VII
r.

(2. UNTITLED) ☀

I will always
 remember
 her purity,
 the car she drove,
 And the falling
 leaves
 That passed
 me by.



M.R. BELANGER.

Pyra Barns , Feb. 3, 1989

stove, matching drapes, kitchen bath, facilities, hot water, full kitchen.

REMEMBER

Brock

Walking aimlessly through the unfinished house.
 Wood is all there is to see.
 Nails lay on the floor,
 Must watch my step.
 Can't climb or descend,
 The stairs are not finished.
 It is very dark,
 Lights have not been installed.
 Tears cascade down my face.
 In a small pool of light coming from a newly
 installed window,
 One orange rose slowly opening in the light,
 Sitting carefully in a pool of water,
 Held gently in a styrafoam cup.

Shadow

10
120
sh. full

V. NIL

SEARCH
 RAINBOW

COURTNEY

HIDDEN UNDERNEATH HER LOCKS,
 THIS LITTLE GIRL WANTS TO BE SET FREE.
 ONLY IF HER FATHER WILL LET HER,
 LET HER FOLLOW ME.

-VICKI HEPIINSTALL / 88

spare tire
 758-1421
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 17W' KB
 1974 EZ
 roll.
 752-9411
 14W' Gie
 Castlins
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1988 Buick Riviera with a VR 430 in it

Good for parts or

752-9078

1988 MG Midget

bar, rust, e

tires, chrome sp-

752-3150

1972 Ford G-

758-2954 e

66 red Mtu

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68 Mustang

miles on 201

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753-6328

1970 VW

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753-6328

1962

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68 Va

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69 "

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1-

336-2490

Wanted best small ve.

\$2500 range, have 72 Suburban

which can be used as trade.

72-6583

1981 1/2 aft 6

\$600 obo

7528

\$150 obo

Lune buggy, VW 2200 cc engine or trade.

SEE A RAINBOW

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All this is by Star

could be good

PAGE 4

Egrets

They all battered, abused her. There seemed no end. Her boyfriend was cruel, and treated her mercilessly.

Her "family" was not.

She walked to the edge of the grove and the raging black river, where purple palm trees grew. Tears streaming down her face, she trekked alone - but followed, she knew, by her hateful lover. And she shivered, inside, quickening her pace to that of egrets.

From afar came a knight in shining armour, clad in custom clothes, a bed of roses for a face. He smiled as no other.

"Come with me," he said.

Tracing him, she caught sight of a hulking dark shadow ... to which she paid no heed.

Her boyfriend disappeared.

"Come with me," he said again, and displayed a row of gleaming bright. She made no attempt to leave. His outstretched hand met hers, and they lay upon their backs in the grove where purple palm trees loomed closer to the sky. Kisa (as he was a Knight In Shining Armour) smiled once more, and spoke of love in different ways. The midnight sky reflected dreams that shone in starry, melting eyes, which basked him now with admiration-less, devotion.

They pondered on the depths of heart and soul, which had, it seemed, no end. She raised her head to watch it pass away. Her eyes recorded nothing. The drowning sound of beckoned hearts bestilled her own within - as love grew again, as once departed.

"Stay with me," she begged, and shed the hopeless tears of wile, expecting his compliance. He smirked, and then his pimp appeared.

A bulking dark shadow of a man was he, and spoke of life in different ways. Of love, which seemed so real before, in a shattered dreamer's eyes. He grunted, and Kisa did smile - his last, as then he died. "It matters not," said he, so smug. "She is nothing. I hated her, too."

Too, too... the bitter two's; she wailed in grief, for lives, loves past, and sobbed: No mercy, love, just let me die.

The hulking dark shadow remained, his painless grimace intact, his soul long gone. Kisa died, as did she, and her lover had before.

In the desert grove at the edge of the black river, the purple palm trees swayed. Egrets.

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OUT OF WATER? BELANGER I WENT FISHING TO UNDERSTAND. THE FISH I SOUGHT AS IN WATER. I COULD CATCH AND I ONLY AN OCCASIONAL GLIMPSE OF ITS BEAUTY. AND, AS I

CELEST PLAYS ALONE

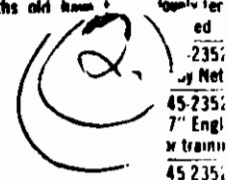
SHE SITS IN THE DARK
UNDER A DESK
WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO FIND HER.
SHE PLAYS HIDE AND GO SEEK
WITH HER FRIENDS
ALTHOUGH SHE IS UNAWARE
THAT THEY HAVE ALL LEFT.
REMAINING STILL....
SHE WAITS FOR WHAT MUST BE HOURS.
ALONE IN THE TWILIGHT
SHE LISTENS
FOR THE LEAVES RUSTLING
IN THE BREEZE,
HER HEARING SPARKS
IMAGINARY PEOPLE WALKING
ON THE ROOF OF HER HOUSE.
SHE IS COMFORTED BY THE THOUGHT
OF ANOTHER BEING
NEAR HER.

VICKI HEPI INSTALL 88/7751NIPHE1K1CIN-
BAIT IN THE WATER I
FELT IN THE WATER I
AND TOOK
THE HOOK OFF MY LINE
AND JOINED

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Lara

Black lace bra
 Smooth Flesh nape
 That's all I saw
 Entirely mindless to the drone
 I'd stepped outside the world
 Nobody home
 Completely lost in the fascination before me
 That black strap's allusion
 To all the sexual artistry
 That I can't even begin to think how to start
 ("Hello, mind if I nibble on your neck?")
 All in all
 I suppose
 I've said
 stupider things.
 Yeah.
 Sure.

So maybe I'll just lie in bed and write more and more
 disjointed poetry and consider giving it to her and at the same
 time marvel at the drunken numbness in my toes on a Tuesday
 night, sort of wondering what maybe I'm becoming an alcoholic,
 wondering just how long this sentence can get and if I'll have
 the guts to give her this (prob'ly not) and definitely thinking
 this has gone on far too long and this poem should come to its
 END.

M. R. BARRICK.

Purebred and reg'd shorthorn

hidden from my crying eyes,
 my love of life I can not find.
 all that I knew as true - now lies
 embedded deep inside my mind -
 bleeding because I feel so empty -
 I feel so much alone,
 all my hopes and dreams have left
 me -
 gone off on their own,
 and for my soul who is slowly dying,
 she calls and calls to be heard.
 all the pains of reality are frightening
 - no one hears a word.

Angel's Whisker

Drifting slowly
 to the ugly earth
 try to cling
 together
 A harsh wind blows
 Whistling
 tunelessly
 droll
 Familiar
 To soundlessness
 Naked trees
 swayed
 Broken souls
 The frosted star cried
 A cry
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- JELLY'S GIRL -

I CAN SEE A RAIN BOW TWO???

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BRILLIANT DREAMS

Brilliant Dreams is a magazine devoted to the speaking of brilliant thoughts and a forum to voice those thoughts in whatever form they may take, be it poetry, artwork, prose fiction of any length, critical prose, essays, or anything else printable.

Issue number 2, the December issue, is due out soon for one dollar (pass up a candy bar for some brain food!)

Contributions are needed (CASE if you want your contribution back, or it is mine forever) Comments are welcomed (and I reserve the right to print them, a thought is a thought)

BRILLIANT DREAMS
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