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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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Separation

Mr. K. Barnes.

WHILE I waited for that line worth listening for
 you searched for something else. I found no use
 in the words you spoke. We met for food.
 I had forgotten to notice, abstractedly ate
 finding there was never time to be anything but late.
 Only at night could I spare a thought for those fingers
 limp along the sheet, but your breath was wordless.
 So, as you sit there opposite saying "Glad
 you are happy. I'll always be fond. Yes,
 I'm all right," I listen and know I am too late
 again. I hear and feel, but you dare not step nearer
 and I, knowing our distance doubled, hesitate;
 for since you no longer move or breathe beside me
 I have not found a word worth listening for.

KEITH BARNES.

END LABEL

busy sending up smoke signals to Mr. Jack Kerouac and anybody else who can interpret his hip lingo. But the truly classic confrontation of Cowboy and Indian has happened in this and a sense of humour which would not have been foreign to the author of the *Satires*. He is able, that is, to describe accurately something he has seen—a puma in a Mexican zoo or

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country, recently and quite recently a standing in relation and to con-
 ously, through the publication within vey his feelings about it with total

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