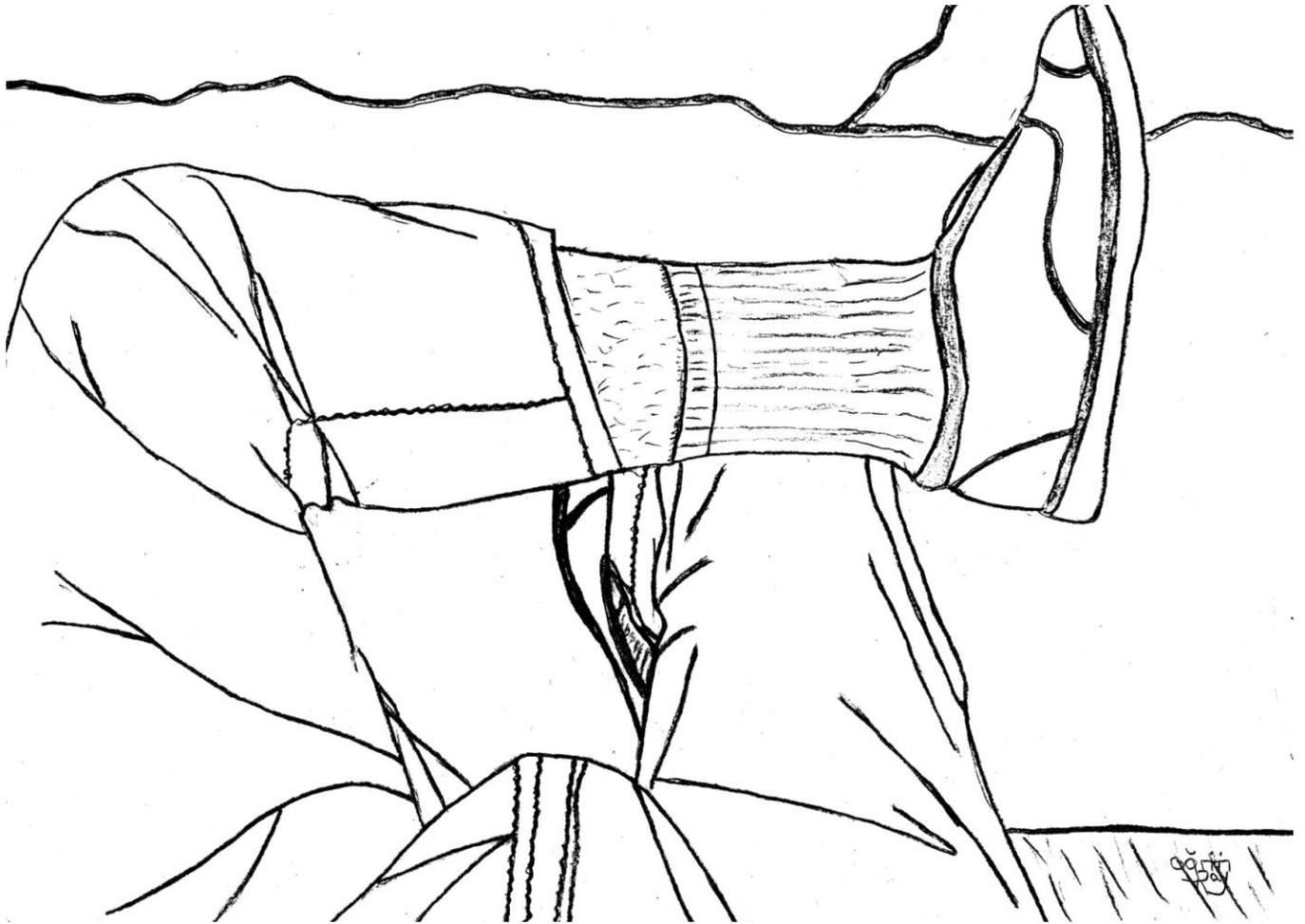


# POETICS: 1984 – 1994



**Wayne Scott Ray**

# EBIP

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**POBox 340 Stn B  
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**[literarynewscpa@yahoo.ca](mailto:literarynewscpa@yahoo.ca)**

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The Captain was written as prose in 1983 and published in '84 in a limited edition of 50 as a long-poem, in 8" X 10" format, accompanied by photographs of WWII, Korea, the 'Captain' and his family.

## **THE CAPTAIN**

The rusted lid came open  
on the steel trunk quite easily  
to my surprise,  
as it had been closed to me  
for some twenty and seven years now.  
I can't say why my recent rambles  
have brought me to this musty  
attic corner as I have been doing  
for hours, or years now.  
The lid lay open for a long time  
before I sat, reached into the trunk  
and slowly unfolded the flag  
of my patriotism.  
Wrapped inside was my trench knife,  
blood of my transgressions.  
Three years in Europe went by  
in that instant, men and machines  
destroying Brest, rebuilding Cardiff,  
following Paton in his endless flight,  
an endless night.  
So long ago and so far away, yet,  
it seems like only yesterday.  
Closing my minds eye to my life  
is impossible now,  
while I continue to pull things  
out of the trunk and the dice  
fell out of my hand,  
snake eyes in the dust.  
The trunk sat without a sound  
against the back of the truck  
as the men loaded on the H.M.S. Hughes  
at Marseille and headed for the Philippines  
on the first troop ship to pass  
through the Panama Canal.  
Five thousand men went into that little ship.  
Setting the flag aside  
I slip on my combat boots and  
stand in the rice paddies  
of that Hell hole, AnYang, Korea.  
Seventy-seven days without V.D.  
and then some private comes in with Leprosy.  
Bull dozers falling off of cliffs.  
Starving Koreans in the camp dump.  
I had opened and closed the photo albums

before I knew it and everything  
seemed to fall into place,  
that Emily Post arrangement of things.  
The trunk was put on a plane  
and sent back to the land of its making.  
It sits half full and half empty  
against the attic wall as my mind  
is loaded onto a dream ship,  
headed past the Philippines, past Korea,  
past the sixteen-thousand days of my life,  
past all those days on the air force base  
no, not past those years of my life.  
Those years in that frozen paradise,  
years of; clam bakes, lobster boils,  
parties, blue skies and February fogs,  
barracks and bogs, army protocol  
and vice chiefs of staff.  
I see that my manuscripts are still here.  
Transcripts of a time gone by,  
when all we wanted to do was fly,  
to live long and never die.  
No one remembers us but  
O GOD do we ever remember We!  
I hear my wife downstairs preparing lunch  
or is it supper time?  
I hear my sons coming home from school  
and helping set the table and,  
I hear footsteps in the trunk running fast.  
I fill up the trunk and lay the flag  
on the top and the running stops.  
I close the lid and there is  
knocking from within.  
Next time I'll bring my sons into the attic.  
The pounding grows endless.  
I'll come back soon, I will.  
The pounding ceased.  
The footsteps walked slowly away.  
The footsteps and I, walked slowly away.

*Arma Virumque Cano* began as a Grade XIII Latin class assignment at College Avenue SS in Woodstock Ontario in 1970, under the direction of Carol Sales. It was intended to be an updated version of one of the books of the Aeneid by Virgil, whereby Aeneas travels to Heaven at the end of the world, searching for God.

As the years rolled on, I rewrote and added to the manuscript until the final version was published in 1986, in a limited edition of 50 copies. Its only review stated:

"Wayne Ray's *Arma Virumque Cano* ("Of Arms and the Man I sing" - a quotation from Virgil's Aeneid) is an excursion through religious hyper-space in which the Hero and the Priestess contend in characteristic typefaces. A kind of manic charm is unfortunately too slight to sustain the burden of thought, gloom, and despair laid upon it and the reader is inclined to share "the last / horrible wrath / of your truly / unforgiving / GOD!!" This book was probably a lot more fun to write than it is to read. Elizabeth Woods CBRA

## **ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO** (Aeneid Updated)

In the beginning was there God,  
creating the heavens and the Earth,  
and He saw that this was good.

In the beginning God sent forth the light  
from the sun and divided the darkness  
on the face of the Earth, placing the fishes  
in the sea and lakes and the wide rivers  
and He placed the birds in the air  
and other creatures on the land  
and He saw that this too was good.

God became lonely soon after and set  
forth upon the land, to rule the land  
and counsel the creatures of the air  
and water and sand, a new being  
in His image and called him Man,  
and He saw that this was good.

In the beginning.

\* \* \* \*

I sing of arms and the man  
of he who has travelled  
in search of the truth,  
for an answer which God  
has for him and Mankind.  
He has left unrequited  
loves and hopes  
and faithful friends

and set upon this quest  
to the Holy Kingdom of God,  
into those invisible regions  
where we cannot follow.  
A grave place, cloaked  
in mystery and hidden  
under the golden arches  
of the last church of the faithful.

After a long search  
to the four corners of the Earth  
and the seven seas and  
the deserts and mountains of the Earth,  
he comes upon the crumbling walls  
of the entrance to the Kingdom of God.

The Priestess, accosts him as he approaches.

Our Hero speaks;

*"O Great Priestess,  
true is it said  
that this is the entrance  
to the Kingdom of God.  
Grant me this one wish,  
that I might go into  
the presence  
of the Holy Father,  
inspire me to see  
events in futurity,  
give unto me what Heaven  
has promised my fate.  
Fix my wanderings and  
find a place for the exiles  
of human race".*

With this said,  
the Priestess began to speak;

*"You, my son, because  
of your faithful beliefs  
and since you have shown  
courage on your quest,  
this wish shall be granted  
and only unto you.  
By night and by day  
the gates to Heaven  
lie open for all to enter,  
but to regain this entrance  
after you have finished, is the task.*

*There have been a few  
of a faith such as yours  
who have been able  
to retrace their steps.  
There remains now, in this  
final realm of God,  
the remains of Man's past,  
a key, for in the dying forests  
you will find a tree,  
green in leaf and stem.  
Bring a twig first to me.  
To prove your faith,  
this must you do!"*

**"Ibant Obscuri Sola Sub Nocte Per Umbrum."**

On he went, shrouded in darkness  
with only the night's warmth,  
through the lonely leafless forests,  
seen through tearless eyes,  
endless sighs,  
through stinking bogs  
and choking fogs.

He felt hopeless,  
lay down to rest  
in the deepest dark night  
and awoke in a grassy field,  
the center of which,  
when early light had woken him,  
was filled with the greenest  
of leaves and having seized  
a healthy bough,  
rushed back to the dwelling place  
of the prophetic priestess.

Her color changed,  
her face was not the same  
and from her throat  
hollow groans and tempest came.  
With trembling limbs  
and a heavy breast,  
her staring eyes began to roll  
as God's power filled her immortal soul.

*"To all mankind  
in silent shades and  
mediocrity,  
I will now reveal that*

*which the Lord God  
has set about Himself.  
He has spoken to me  
and it is to be revealed,  
for when He speaks,  
out of his mouth come  
all the hungry cities.  
He has stated;  
'Go forth,  
under the umbric light,  
through the phantom  
dwellings of the past,  
through the old cities  
and towns where Grief  
and Revenge and Failure  
place themselves  
and those of Cancer,  
Squalid Poverty, and  
Malnutrition in the  
Halls of Sorrow are beset.  
Pass through  
the Halls of the Weeping Children  
and tear at your wounds  
so that they may bleed again  
and pass through the Realm of Fear  
and Plague and all forms of beings  
horrible to look at  
and Leprosy and Incest  
and Genocide and the long vines  
of greed and graft,  
wet with the eternal slime  
and you must breath in  
the wicked breath of all met  
and be without sin,  
for sin comes in groups,  
in battalions,  
like the frosts which blight  
the sweet blossoms of youth,  
Cool the burning  
passion in your veins  
and feign bad habits.'  
Thus saith your God."*

## **Failure**

If the mind could rectify mistakes  
before they are made,  
then life would be without despair.  
Despair has engulfed me,  
washing away my desire for life.  
Life has given me a distasteful feeling  
with few glimpses of laughter and hope.  
Hope is lost and I must suffer  
throughout my life with Earth's people,  
People mock me and gossip  
behind my back with false faces  
and false smiles are directed at me.  
I turn away but still hear whispering  
voices of deceit and I will never  
achieve satisfaction in my life and  
failure is my name and embodiment.  
I feel in a remote sort of way,  
a depression sweeping my being,  
sadness of failure fills my aching heart  
like a raging tide. I am just a block of stone.

## **Halls of Sorrow**

Sometimes I get these feeling  
of sullen sadness and restless  
resolutions of life as if the last  
orchid of the forest was placed  
before my wondrous face  
and without any feelings of guilt...  
Crushed into a worthless heap  
upon the floor at my feet, and there is  
no placed pang of pleasantness now.  
O God, Great God,  
the mystical mood music of leisure  
passing from my lips,  
to fall to the hard ground at your feet  
never to rise again in our dull days.  
At a time of sadness and restless joy  
the crumpled orchid  
restores its beauty and falls,  
crumpled, restored, crumpled,  
restored....  
Lights upon a ceaseless ceiling  
sending lifes memories out the door,  
carpets upon a forever floor,  
covering our pent up feelings  
of orchid sorrow.

## **Halls of The Weeping Children**

### **Winter' S Child**

Come the storm of winter's night  
and in the blinding blizzard light  
sirens wail or is it children's fright  
echoing in the storms cold flight,  
but in the ever present darkness white  
we, while inside by warm firelight  
feign the cries of storm by night,  
a frozen heart beneath a street light.

### **Spring's Child**

How strange the curves  
and ups and downs of my life.  
Hedges on either side  
of this infinite road, leading  
away, winding away,  
from that vaginal door,  
never ending, up and down,  
up and away.

### **Summer's Child**

Refugees  
the children swim  
out into the ocean.  
The boats wait, cold water  
closes over their heads,  
for the strength of refugee children  
is small, they struggle,  
they drown.

### **Autumn's Child**

and the rains came and set a coolness  
upon the land, and it was not seen,  
and the sun shone and dried the rain,  
warming the land and it was not felt,  
and the winds blew across the land  
and through the forests,  
and it was not heard,  
and the rains came  
and the sun shone  
and the winds blew...

## **Children's Child**

Street urchin on the streets 'till dawn  
and all the people pass him by.  
He spreads himself on a newly mown lawn  
and looks wearily at the sky.  
Where does the future lead him to?  
Perhaps a golden sunset, or  
perhaps a sea darkened blue  
or death so sweet and subdued.

## **The Realm of Fear**

For every stone and shadow knows  
what evil lurks amongst the rows  
of every line of trees that grow  
melting tracks in new fallen snow  
and in the fogs that creep at night  
that fill the fields with eery light,  
it hides in shadows out of sight  
waiting to use its fear and might  
and if you think you can stop and rest  
when travelling forests on a quest  
beware that when you see blood on stone,  
around the next corner it will be your own.

Translated and published in Iran, *Golestaneh magazine* 2004

## **Room of Despair**

I take this time to ask God  
or Christ or my soul for forgiveness  
or compassion for all my wrong doings,  
bad, no evil thoughts and deeds.  
I talk gibberish to pass the time,  
I write poetry and avoid the rhyme.  
The lights grow dim  
and the sun sets on my desire  
not to have desires.

The door closes,  
the chain falls against the wall  
the razor cuts the skin just below  
the water line and the warmth of death  
enters my soul.  
My warm blood, spurt by pounding spurt,  
leaves my black heart.  
My shapeless eye feel weak.  
With the other arm, I place the razor

on the edge of the tub,  
smile a faint prisoners smile,  
close my eyes and sink down,  
down into a place I've both feared and  
loved and I see myself from afar,  
floating down this last road  
and even in death I find it hard to die,  
just as in life, I found it hard to live,  
see while looking, cry while weeping.  
Two doors await me.  
One to Heaven and to Hell.  
Fire on the crest, ice on the Mantle.  
My soul on a long thin wire.  
My wound bleeds again,  
red stains the grass at the doorstep.  
I reach the threshold, I realize my own expectations,  
know my own limits,  
The door opens, knowing I was right.

This great portion of the quest finished  
our Hero came upon a road  
leading to a clear river  
which encircles the Kingdom.  
Here, Father Time,  
waits for someone new to ascend to God.  
Here also, a few spirits of the good at heart  
and heroes of wars have gone on  
to the sandy banks for their passage across  
the placid river Styx  
with the spirits of young women,  
few though they be.

*"Who are you, who wish to cross  
to the other shore along the waste  
dominions of the dead?  
Tell me from whence you came  
and where you want to go?"*

Thus spoke the Ferryman.

The Priestess suddenly appeared  
and stood beside our hero.  
She stepped out of a cloud of dust  
presenting the Ferryman  
with the green twigs  
and spoke, saying;

*"We have come from Mother Earth  
and wish to go into the presence of God,*

*the Father in Heaven, the Creator".*

Great Apocalypse  
with its four horsemen  
make the kingdom shudder  
with their great evil  
and hold fast the entrance  
to the cave leading to the Realm of God.

The Priestess,  
seeing the riders  
opening jaws of anger,  
throws each one,  
illusions of peace, and  
shades of love and hope.  
As they recline on their steeds  
our interlopers gain  
entrance to the cave  
and journey away  
from the peaceful river of time.

From the caves far most exit,  
another road leads to the  
Sacred Groves of the Lonely Virgins,  
amongst whom a lovely young woman  
wanders and as our Hero came near  
and recognized her and she, him,  
she spoke, in dreams and words;

*"Alas, it is you  
who had left my love,  
and set upon this quest".  
(please come back to me  
even in death I've waited so long  
don't be afraid to ask my heart  
where i am going)*

*\ "O how I've waited  
these long years  
for your return and died  
of a broken and lonely heart  
because of our  
great and lost love".  
(these are the thoughts  
of my loneliness  
dark shadows haunt my dreams  
shadows of what might have been  
had i opened my heart*

*I've waited too long  
for you to say it  
i alone hear the words  
and here upon my bed i lie  
where dark shadows linger  
never to know  
what might have been  
had i opened my heart to you  
and the worst dreams  
are thoughts of loneliness  
and i was going to touch you  
just now but i hesitated a moment  
you were gone  
i so long to touch you  
hesitated, gone again  
let me reach you  
unlock the longings  
within my heart)*

Our Hero

soothed her with words,  
alas, in vain  
for she remained lonely  
even in death.

*(not having known love  
i dreamt of going to your empty  
house or apartment or lodging  
on a steamy dark night under  
a blue moon where we drank  
and talked and laughed  
while you stripped me naked  
with your eyes  
phantom fingers up and down  
my thighs  
your tongue on my breasts  
and having never known love  
i dreamt.*

Turning, she walked  
into the peaceful groves  
and found solace  
in the serenity of the self.

*blue sleep ocean water  
clinging to me  
your voice calling to me  
you found another love to hold  
while my love grew stale and old*

*i longed for you and called your name  
while you were loving another  
i was so vain to think  
that you would wait for me  
maybe it was my destiny  
to whore myself  
to submit my overt sexuality  
to many men lovers beasts devils  
i just don't love you any more  
and you wouldn't understand  
that the minds of men  
are shrouded in hell  
the words are falling off  
and all is well round to nothing  
and everyone yells in kingdom come  
dark hollows taking shape  
in masses of glass  
and shadows of darkness)*

As the Priestess  
and our Hero wandered  
they came to the  
Fields of Friendship of Days Past.  
Here they met the souls  
of friends of former wars,  
one beckoned, saying;

A thousand battles have we fought  
a thousand battles won,  
seen fighting pride  
across those bloody plains.  
Bayonets up and fixed to kill  
the enemy's seen and off we go,  
our courage was fleeing forward.  
Now for us these wars are over,  
each battle fought was won,  
peace shall come upon this Earth,  
until there is another one.  
I am here now in God's realm  
and what joy does fill my heart  
to see you safe and free.  
Let us stay friends even in death,  
a strong kinship, you and me.

Our hero wept  
tears of happiness  
until the Priestess spoke;

*"Night is rushing on  
and we must not spend  
our precious time in idle  
weeping and the tearing of flesh,  
for here the road divides,  
one part leading through  
the Holy City to the House of God,  
and the other part is for me  
for my journey is done  
and through nearby gates  
I must go, back to my beginnings.  
Go forth with a stout heart  
and in good faith."*

With these words she rose into the air  
and in a rush of wind and a cloud of dust,  
she disappeared from whence she came!

As he walked through the gates  
to the City of God,  
the air became clear  
and the rivers ran clean  
and he came upon green grasses,  
fields and great buildings  
of charm and beauty.  
As he walked through  
this wonderful City of God,  
he passes the souls  
of great men and women  
and there is a song in the air  
while the sun shines bright overhead.

After a short walk our Hero  
comes to the Mansion of God.  
He steps into the presence of God  
and spoke, saying;

*"In devotion all there is of us  
is for you, God.*

*We take a lowly place to serve you  
with a consistency of the spirit.  
In this faith my heart is set to do  
all the will of God,  
the hardships and the toil,  
to lay our tributes at the feet  
of one who is nobler than we.*

*In harmony with your character  
are Men who have tried to stem  
the tide of sin in unapplauded toil  
among the street poor and pave a path  
of whole hearted consecration  
into spheres of sublime service.*

*O Great God, our father in Heaven,  
we bless thee for all ministries  
and for uniting us all by the bonds of tender sympathy.*

*You have done great things for us  
and we are glad and send sweet messages  
for your grace and power.*

*O God, send us answers that shall make us glad.  
Give life once again to our noblest intentions.  
Comfort those that mourn  
and tear at wounds and grant unto us tender  
solaces and enable us to fortify our spirits  
against that which admits us in the future.*

*Fill us with noble desires.  
Help us to scatter the darkness  
from our minds and hearts  
and our souls. I am sorry though,  
that we Humans are so fondly attached  
to those things which so easily perish  
and live lives as tasteless  
as a communion wafer.*

*O God, Great God, but alas,  
who am I to speak, but a puny man  
beside your great realm.  
Why are not the waters sparkling  
and the air clear on Earth?*

*In the beginning you placed us  
upon this Earth to learn from nature,  
but have we been looking so long  
that we do not see? Heard your call  
but not been listening?*

*Have we been sleeping much too long?  
Surely you can't say that we've been wrong?  
War, famine, pestilence, disease,  
you say it's us, but this can not be.  
Your hand has been in all living things,*

*some species are going and others are gone,  
you say it's us, but you must be wrong!*

*We cannot die!  
You are with us, aren't you?  
God, come back!  
Where are you going?"*

\* \* \* \*

God rose up into the air  
and spoke in flames  
to melt his icy stare,  
while the ground beneath  
our Hero's feet,  
trembled such that no beast  
nor bird could sleep  
and all the oceans under the sun,  
boiled and burned  
and rose in clouds,  
creating the last heavenly shroud.  
He raised his arms  
and thunder rolled,  
lightning flared and rain was bold.

**HOW DARE YOU, OH COMMON MAN  
ACCUSE ME OF RUINING YOUR LAND  
AND NOW YOU COME AND SPEAK OF DEEDS  
TO RECTIFY YOUR INFANTILE NEEDS,  
AND HOW CAN YOU SPEAK OF PEACE,  
OF HOLY TOIL AND LACK OF SIN,  
AND WHY HAVE YOU  
NOT DONE YOUR PART,  
TO SEEK THE ANSWERS  
FROM WITHIN YOUR HEART?  
I SEE NO REASON TO HELP MANKIND,  
FOR YOU AND YOURS ARE ALL LOST !  
FLING YOURSELF UPON THE GROUND,  
UPON THIS ROTTING PIECE OF SOD  
AND FEEL THE LAST HORRIBLE WRATH,  
OF YOUR TRULY UNFORGIVING GOD ! ! !**

*Riding on the Coattails of Death: The Life and Times of BF Gardner* was first published in 1985 in a limited press run of 50 books in an 8X10 format. I was told that I had made fun of everyone who worked at the U of T except the Greeks. Maybe true as there were 25 people who hated it and me and 25 people who loved it and wanted a sequel. It is purely satire and the names have not been changed to protect the innocent and remember it was written in the voice of the character BF Gardner, not I. It is politically incorrect and downright rude at times, other times just comical.

### **Introduction:**

B.F. Gardner was born on the lower East side of Toronto in 1953 and was immediately put up for adoption by his invalid mother, a 16 year old Jarvis Collegiate student. He began his writing career in the washrooms of Riverdale Collegiate in 1970. In 1975 he married his high school sweetheart, Lynn Walmski, a Pollock from Beamsville Ontario.

In 1980 he went for psychological evaluation at the Harry Hardin Psychiatric Institute in North York next to his wife's store, Buy Mea Boutique. In short, Harry had this to say: "He is lonely and depressed..lacks self respect..prefers solitary activities like writing poetry..lacks financial and occupational ambition..and has episodes of voyerism. Full score I.Q. tests fell in the Above Normal range with evidence of anxiety. Tests show he is an avid reader and collector of information. Personality testing showed Mr. Gardner to be a shy, seclusive, non-confident intellectual man with sensitive aesthetic interests and evidence of emotional blunting and shows indifference to significant people in his life. He detaches himself and avoids close relationships because of strong sexual impulses. He is a sociopathic schizoid type personality with delusions of grandeur and mild ambulatory excursions where he finds himself following people because he thinks he knows them."

B.F. Gardner spent two years as Writer in Residence at the South Borden Building on the West side of the University of Toronto. He was in the steam tunnel connecting the South and North Borden Buildings with a female Co-ed (reading poetry??) when a wall collapsed and crushed the Co-ed like air being sucked out of a beer can. B.F. got up and ran over to the Silver Dollar to call the police when he was stabbed to death by a stripper who "saw a crazy man coming at me yelling and screaming."

## **Is this All You've Got?**

It's getting cold out here.  
I'm a stranger at your door.  
I raise a weak fist, a knock,  
hard enough to hear.

It's getting lonely out here.  
I see a light upon the floor.  
I raise a weak fist, a knock,  
shadows move in fear.

I've walked a fair mile  
along the winding road.  
I raise a weak fist, open up!  
Feed my aching smile.

Is this all you've got?  
Bread through the mail slot!  
A morsel of chocolate!  
Is this all you've got?

You can trust this old man.  
Please don't throw me out.  
I'd rather have the whole loaf  
than eat the crumbs of doubt.

It's getting cold out here.  
I'm still at your door.  
Unlatch it. Open it wide.  
I want so much more.

## I's De B'y at University of Toronto

I's de b'y dat feeds de grass  
an' I's de b'y dat cuts 'er  
an' I's de b'y whose brudder works  
wit' de sand an' mortar.

Well I been workin' here so long  
dat I begun ta wonder  
after all dees years o sluggin' me guts  
how I still breaks wind like tunder?

(Chorus)

Hows about a piece of ars  
I'll stick ya wit' me pickle  
an' pull yer dress up over yer face  
all 'round Hart House Circle.

Oh I's de b'y dat drives de truck  
an' dats jus' fer starters  
I listen to all me Uncle says  
an' carries out his orders.

Well de foreman works jus' lik' de men  
an' de Unions gonna git him  
fer I been keepin' notes ya see  
an' if I were a fag I'd screw him.

(chorus)

Well I's de b'y dat stands outside  
in all kinds o' weather  
while de rest of de gang are all inside  
a fightin' wit' each other.

O' I'm de best as best kin be  
Uncle Bobby's out 'ere too  
an' when it's lunch or coffee time  
we'll stop an' have a brew.

(Chorus)

Hows about a piece of ars  
I'll stick ya wit' me pickle  
an' pull yer dress up over yer face  
all 'round Hart House Circle.

## **I Know A Little Dutch Boy**

I know a little Dutch boy  
who ran away from school,  
he could not plant a garden straight  
or learn the golden rule,  
he'd try his very best  
to make the others see,  
you don't need an education  
to work at the U. of T.

Why there's people here he'd say,  
that can't even spell,  
and some who talk so much  
you could shove 'em down a well.  
There's people here from 'round the world  
with names as strange as soot,  
we've even got one here  
that calls himself the Big Foot.

There's Spics and Mics and Jiggaboos  
Wops and Dagos tall, Kanuks and Yanks  
and Krauts of course,  
we can't have named them all; there's  
Japs and Chinks and Dykes and Fags  
and Frogs by the slew, Ukes and  
Commies and of course we can't forget the Jew.

Well that is all for now my friends  
I must get back to work,  
I've just started this job  
and the foreman thinks I'm a jerk.

## **Twas the Night Before Xmas**

Twas the night before Xmas  
and all through the Grounds  
the men were all sleeping  
for none could be found.

The Lead Hand was busy  
as busy could be  
like a grey haired old elf  
under the Xmas tree.

Now Gary was scrounging  
and Julio too  
while Richie was dancing  
up on the flue.

Well up on the rooftop  
there came such a clatter  
the Portugese all looked up  
to see what was the matter.

Well what to our surprise  
if it wasn't Capt'n Bill  
holding onto BigFoot  
who was screaming so shrill,

Merry Xmas you all  
and have a good life  
I was up on the roof top  
with somebody's wife.

Now the foreman asked him  
when he came to the ground  
why he'd waited 'til Xmas  
to make such a sound,

and how did he know  
that the wife he was in  
was plump as a pudding  
and not Italian?

Well you know what she said  
and she said it to me,  
I have two assholes and  
one of them works at the U of T.

### **Thanks for the Mammaries**

Never before have I had them  
I don't know what to do with them.  
As I grew, so did they too...  
You say you know what they're for.  
They really give me the pits,  
so you take them you can have them.  
What can I do with such big tits.

### **Not My Job, Bob**

Hey dats nota ma job Bob,  
dats nota ma job.  
If ya git some glass  
stuck uppa yo ass  
I can't calla de nurse  
cause dats nota ma job, Bob.  
De Union says so,  
sorry, dats nota ma job.

### **Don't Speaka Ma Name for julio**

Don't speaka ma name.  
Don't speaka ma name.  
You smeared my face  
all ova da place so  
don't speaka ma name.  
I know I was caught  
red hot ona da spot  
but I am notta insane,  
it's just a little habit I got,  
so don't speaka ma name.

## **Sit and Have Some Tea**

I know you'd like to come to my house  
and sit and have some tea  
but it is that time of month you know  
and I have a cyst on my ovary.

All my clothes are in the Laundromat  
while some are on the line  
and now I seem to scratch a lot,  
you know, where the sun don't shine.

I'd like to be more friendly  
and go out on a date  
but there's blood in my stools  
and I fear I'm losing weight.

I've had those silly lumps removed  
from beneath my sagging breast.  
The warts on my toes have disappeared  
and I think you know the rest.

Just wait a few more days until  
the cramps are gone  
then come over for tea  
but just remember one little thing  
I still have that cyst on my ovary.

## **Hey Man**

Hey man  
we got de sun  
a way down here  
in Grenada man.

Hey man  
we got de sand  
on de beach  
in St. Georges Town.

But hey now  
what dat sound  
a way down here  
in Grenada man.

Hey man  
what dat sound  
de planes dey come  
in my home town.

Hey Man  
what dat sound  
great big planes dey  
bombs an' kill  
de Cubans dey run  
into Richmond Hills.

Oh man  
what dat sound  
whole damn place  
now Yankee Town.

## **Guido**

Why can't you be  
in total control  
you self effacing  
laboring mole  
you sit and smile  
at me all day  
why can't you work  
you rotund gay.  
I'm always busy  
can't you see  
don't bug my ass  
you old hippy.

BFG

## **BF**

Bullshit, Bullshit  
that's all you talk  
you pick your nose  
you scratch your cock  
you're just a turd  
like all the rest  
you bend my ear  
you fukin pest  
and you have got  
the bloody gall  
to knock me down  
and bust my balls  
look to yourself if  
you're so damned concerned  
my friendship really  
must be earned.

Guido B.

### **Little Jack Sp(F)unk**

Little Jack Spunk  
sat on the bunk  
feeling his girlfriend Mary.  
He stuck in his thumb  
and pulled out a plumb  
and said, Hey Mary...  
where's your cherry?

### **If You Cant Get A Girl, Get A Nurse**

O what fun, the life  
of a nurse must be,  
watching Dr. Spock perform  
a cerebral appendectomy.

A long long wait 'till graduation,  
sitting on my gluteus maximus  
studying ventricular fibrillation.

You can bet your femur that  
if you don't pass the test,  
it'll be a burden on the pectoralus major,  
if not a burden on the chest.

Teachers want us to study,  
I know what to tell 'em,  
I find it hard to understand  
the hymen from the cerebellum.

Time will pass and so shall we,  
it's a strain on the cranium though  
to think that they can tell  
that the patella is the knee.

### **My Nose Knows**

My nose knows of many a hose  
in this hospital room  
my mouth has three  
my nose has two and my ear  
I'm sure has one.  
One hose feeds my right arm  
and one hose feeds my left

and they shove a hose  
between my legs to relieve  
to relieve the pressure at night.

Now I can say without a grin  
that these hoses  
bring things from without  
to within, but my nose knows  
of one living hose  
that would fit inside the nurse  
who brings those ice cold bed pans  
and makes my stay even worse!

**Michael Bruskin**

Between the  
real world grey and  
ochre colored skies  
someone  
killed me  
instead of my love  
now I'm free.

**Michael Griffith**

Given the  
real time  
I've spent  
finding the perfect girl  
finding a love  
in this city  
thoughts of you returning  
has me running.

**Michael Broadrib**

Bending over  
really drives the  
old pain deeper  
and sends spasms  
down to my toes  
reaching for your love  
is just about the  
best I can do.

**Chris Compton**

Can you sing the blues  
open your heart strings  
mouth the lyrics  
push out  
that rhythm leave  
out nothing and  
never think twice.

The next few years of creative writing occurred from 1991 to 1993 and consisted of six essays which were published as BookClub BookLits by the London Chapter of the Canadian Poetry Association. These are now available in a new collection: **Participoet: Essays and Reviews** HMS Press & CPA London. Below are unpublished poems from 1985 to 1994.

## **Vicki Armour**

It's hard to believe that  
I've been in love with you  
for twenty years.  
Although I've never written  
you a love song,  
never phoned in the last  
decade but once,  
only written twice, but I dream.

You have been the main  
character in my stories  
told late at night  
to typewriter keys.  
You will be fifteen forever.

When I was seventeen  
and you were almost  
- sweet sixteen -  
I dreamt I swam the lake  
to your Algonquin cabin,  
carried you naked  
to the beach, kissed your lips,  
caressed your soft skin  
and having never known love,  
I dreamt.

When I was twenty-seven  
and you were still fifteen,  
I had a family of my own,  
but each and every summer  
I would get away

and drive to Whitefish Lake  
where your spirit walked  
the shoreline of my mind  
and having never known your love,  
I dreamt.

Next summer,  
I'll be thirty seven  
and you, will turn sixteen.  
I will leave a photo of myself  
on your dock at the beach  
and if you look closely,  
you will see me floating  
just beneath the surface.

*Anthos* June/July 1987

**I Wish I Had:  
for shaunt basmajian**

I wish I had the past my friends talk about.  
I wish I had the past I talk about.  
Our paths did cross though,  
long ago, not knowing each other then,  
we could have passed each other on the street,  
drank in the same bar, seen the same  
faces in the same small towns on the same day.  
But does it matter because we're still  
sitting here reminiscing instead of  
surprising each other with coincidences.

**Mute Swan  
for dinah moss estes**

Take a look at her face then put cotton balls  
in your ears. Take a long look at her face.

You know she loves you as she wraps tape  
around your mouth and ears, down your torso  
and 'round and 'round and 'round your arms.

You know she loves you as she walks you over and  
places you inside a glass box and closes the door.  
Take a look at her face. Gaze deep into her eyes.

Outside your new world everything  
seems to have died:  
no birds chirp nor babies cry,  
no wind blows nor thunder roll,  
no cars drive by nor children play,  
no crickets chirp nor choir sing,

no trains, no planes, no anything  
outside your new, new world.

Take a look at her face as she hold up her hands  
and asks you in her Sign Language,  
"How much do you love me?"

Your heart pounds, eyes wide.  
You can't speak, lips taped shut,  
reach out for her but your arms are bound  
to your body.

Your head is filled with ideas you can't get out,  
visions in your mind only you can see,  
frustration builds and you want to EXPLODE . . .

You know you love her but, you're in her world now.

### **Going Home**

Would I take the next plane to you?  
Could the next one carry me,  
my baggage and all my love?  
Would there be enough room?  
If I were to take the next plane  
and even if it landed  
right in front of your house,  
would your dreams be fulfilled?  
Could they fill all the empty seats,  
and the cargo bay?  
Should I take the Concorde  
and be there in an hour, or  
catch a sight seeing Learjet,  
and see the country before  
joining you for dessert?  
When I knock at your door,  
with my suitcase in one hand  
and my heart in the other,  
would my dreams,  
your expectations  
and our memories,  
recognize each other?

*Implosion*, Windsor 1988

*Giants Of The North* Third Eye Press 1993

**Liberation  
for eddy linden**

I saw the two of you sitting  
at the rear of the room  
laughing and touching and  
voicing praise at the  
feminist poet spouting love songs  
and wanting to take you home  
with her words in the smoke filled  
coffee house in the downtown core.  
She seemed to feel there was  
no juxtaposition between  
feminism and lesbianism, yet,  
I would agree with the concept  
of women's liberation and  
I would agree with the concept  
of men's liberation but that doesn't  
make me a bloody faggot!

(*White Wall Review* 1984)

## **Rochdale 1**

**Art Shoes, Yellow paper:**

**Mike and Judy a psychotic love affair**

(found poem)

Hello Judy  
down the hall from me is a lady piano teacher  
and if you like I'll ask her if you  
could play her piano for a while.  
I love you more than a sister  
for a sister I never had.  
I love you more than a daughter  
because even though I had her mother, she  
has told them not to love me.  
Oh Judy I miss you and there was so much  
I didn't say  
(did I listen when you were  
telling me an importance?)  
I love your concern  
for even a hardened cicada  
protests inside a paper bag.  
(forgive my packrat mind, my  
stupidity for fumbling and you  
laughed at how warm I felt)  
womanly beauty,  
the ability to express it,  
a warm thought that covers  
the feelings of each moments nearness,  
space time a word that is gracious, complementing,  
(as needed as the nuts on a nut loaf)  
forgive me for you  
find beauty in the junkyards of my mind.  
I need a simple room, a quiet room,  
completely black with a candle,  
a room for contemplating only,  
I seemed to really upset you  
last night when you . . .  
Please express specifically what  
your thoughts were at the moment  
you began to cry and then sob?  
Dear please, I am concerned for you,  
what hurts you, I also feel.  
May I say there is no logic as  
to how you felt at the time.  
You are a woman and  
I couldn't get over it so please specify:  
SEX  
how often  
where you want

how you want  
when you want  
(how honest should I be with her?)  
Your friends, my friends,  
what do they want?  
What do you want?  
True affection bull shit games.  
Oh Judy, the tears well up in my eyes.

**Rochdale 2:**  
**Mike and Judy a psychotic love affair**

Art basics, props not  
so much alive on basics  
but I can't speed.  
I've got to get in touch with coops,  
find out about . . . etc.  
Is it more or less accessible to students  
an inevitability - geo aesthetics  
constant thoughts of suicide  
and I have to consider the light at Rochdale.  
Yellow futures,  
applying for starship birds,  
flexibility shoes, and  
the board committee is involved  
in the feasibility of the  
expensive and the old.  
I've only been a grub in the co-op,  
whose people can little afford new ideas  
sand borders.  
I've only been a parasite.  
I've taken from Lori  
and I've given nothing back,  
and from Mike I've taken much  
and given in return  
what money can't afford,  
others are indifferent.  
Mike I care about.  
Much less bed feeling . . .  
Usually bed nothing  
(he's having ego attention)  
I have not given  
what a human being can be paid for  
when words they will be spoken  
all these thoughts of all these days.  
I don't give much care  
about philosophical dilemma,  
a divider of suspicion reigns Michael,  
unlock the ravages of this room.

Show me the whole little girl,  
she must touch, act, sense, feel,  
(she felt she had composed all these things)

The other night I dreamt that we were  
ordering food which in the end  
we did not eat and the waitress  
got angry and the others with us had left  
and there we were paying nothing,  
later I was bringing up some food  
on a downtown street and I remembered  
that I saw several people,  
people I had to eat to know  
although in reality I already did,  
(we make so much of the little nothings in our brains)  
can you paint the prom?  
I think the world needs another citizen  
who firmly believes  
that they are right.  
Perhaps your paintings are too intense.  
Too much open mindedness  
and some sense of connection, is it fear?  
The kind of undermining techniques  
of the adversary which is built  
into people, oh well . . .

What promise is there in casting  
free shadows on the beach.

*BSPS Journal*, Halifax 1987

*Creative Plagiarism* CPA BookClub Booklit 1991

**Clouds:  
for theresa**

I have an unprofessional rip in my heart,  
tear the crescent moon out of  
my yielding flesh and hurl it into the sky,  
not too far out of reach though.  
When time wounds all heals I reach up  
into the night air, grab the crescent moon,  
fall to my knees and embed it within my heart.

**For Karen**

In another world  
I dream,  
a world of crib steel,  
a girdered cry of  
red brick tears  
for my never home.

Boardroom boredom and the  
bare walls of my womb  
reach out tiny fingers  
trying to fill my geodesic stomach.

*Anthos* June/July 1987

## 19

When I was 19 and you weren't,  
the songs and poems were the same,  
faces and shapes with no name.

My dad hung out at the coffee shops,  
had all the kids like groupies  
listening to his stories and songs,  
when I was 19 and he was 45.

Now I'm 45 and you are 19  
and my kids wonder why I  
hang out at all the coffee shops  
gathering groupies around me.

I guess it's because I feel 19  
and you will too at 45  
gathering groupies around you  
passing on your stories and songs.

## **The Light Went Out Archibald Lampman**

Oh the land that God made  
pre-Cambrian and hard of life,  
a future rose after the permafrost  
wind blows the Peace River dry.

Oh Archibald, how the green trees climb  
and the sun shines on the last spike  
as we say goodbye to this divided land.

Snakes of Drumlins in your hair and a  
Hudson Bay blanket on your trappers back  
writing some damn epic poem on Birch  
bark skin with a charcoal stick.

Where is the poetry of our pre-Cambrian years?  
Has the Great Depression dust filled our ears?  
Are we lost in the barrens, Archibald and  
cannot see the wind when the light goes out.

*Interbang* (Fanshawe College)      January 1996

## **Jaclyn Ray**

When she was born,  
the umbilical cord was severed  
from her mother, tied and tucked  
to form her own belly button,  
feed her Id and Ego, Being.

When she was born  
her father refused to sever  
the umbilical tie that binds  
parent and child, skin  
on skin, heartbeat sleep,  
first tooth, first word, boyfriend,  
love, pain, synchronicity.

A father's umbilical cord stretches  
and contracts from a few inches  
to several miles at times,  
hardening as years wear on, tough  
to cut, to sever, to detach  
and then one day, out of the night sky,  
she wakes up and it's gone.

He wakes up and it's gone, recoiled  
from whatever distance was between them,  
a dried up shrivelled and lifeless heap  
of love, coiled on the dirt floor  
and they find themselves alone on either side  
of an endless mirror searching for the door.

## Queen Elizabeth II Visits St. Thomas

The day the Queen of England  
visited St. Thomas,  
she put on a baseball cap,  
slid into her Kettle Creek coveralls  
and drove up and down  
the main drag in her pick-up truck.  
She started driving from the shadow  
of the grey-tusked giant  
and whizzed past the library  
where famous writers  
have been know to pat the statue  
on the ass, wishing she were alive.  
The Queen ran a red light,  
headed further East to go shopping  
at the local 'Tire Store  
for some things the castle didn't have.  
The night, following the day  
the Queen came to St. Thomas,  
she walked up and down the town  
waiving and smiling at everyone.  
"I am the Queen," she said.  
She had tried desperately to hide  
her true identity.  
She only wanted to get away.  
A little peace and quiet.  
She continued smiling and waiving  
until long after nine pm  
when the streets are rolled up  
and children are sleeping  
and donut shops were filled with  
baseball caps and cigarette smoke.  
"I am the Queen," she said  
as two "Palace Guards" in white uniforms  
escorted her away to the Castle  
out on the highway.  
You could see her smiling and waiving  
as each street light illuminated  
the back of the Royal Van,  
and if the doors weren't shut so tight  
I am sure you could hear her yelling . . .  
"I am the Queen" . . . "I am the Queen."

**Therapy Session:  
for susan ray**

The writer whispered to the reader:  
“I don’t want to be lonely.”  
She read between the lines.  
Read: “alone.” Thought: “alone.”

Susan passed suddenly in her 64<sup>th</sup> year, August 24<sup>th</sup> 2014

**For Martha McIntosh**

The rain erases your footsteps  
from the path to my back door  
where you’ve crept in the dark  
to peer in and see if I’m home  
at least once or twice this week,  
last week, forever week.

Tomorrow the sun will bake the  
footprints that weren’t washed away  
and I’ll know it was you who  
came by and stood on the back porch  
because you left your image on the glass  
peering in to see if I am home.

## **Milton Acorn**

Do I have to think of death  
everyday?  
Why do tears appear so easily  
In solitude?

I waited at death's door  
for you . . . I hung on,  
really I did.

The doctor said you'd phoned  
I tried to stay awake  
If I'm gone when  
you arrive, take the jar  
beside my bed . . .  
I've saved my tears.

## **Gasping For Air**

If I held you close  
placed my hands around  
your ravens-wing hair  
and pulled your face  
into my chest so that  
as you held your breath  
and opened your bright eyes  
you would gaze upon a map

In the upper corner  
would be an image of you  
standing naked on a pedestal  
and all the roads on my  
map of the human heart would  
lead directly to you.

At this moment when we are one  
in my embrace, you have the right  
to take this image from  
my heart wall or leave it there.

Either way, the memory of your  
beauty remains and you pull back  
from my flesh and hair, gasping for air.

*Strong Winds*, CPA Anthology, 1997  
*Waking Ordeals*, Guelph Ontario 1998

## **A Better Place To Be**

If I had a pair of wings,  
I know I'd fly away,  
my heart is not in my life,  
my soul has gone astray.

If I could send my soul,  
to a better place to be,  
I'd send it where memories lay,  
back in the heart's history.

If I could share my secrets,  
I would still have this to say,  
If I had a pair of wings,  
I know I'd fly away.

*Poet's Corner* Toronto Sun 1988 A young woman who was contemplating suicide,  
read this poem and it changed her life and prevented her death.

**ah napkin**

ah napkin  
where have you been  
below the nose  
or on the chin  
are you full of coffee  
cream or tea  
is there space enough  
left for me for I've  
dropped some goop  
on my legs and i  
think it smells of eggs  
and after i wipe  
i'll leave it again, so  
someone else can say . . .

ah napkin  
where have you been

*Going Down Goose Lane Toward Broken Jaw*, Harmonia Press 2005

## **Drambuie**

In the dim light of late spring,  
evening if I remember, half  
dreams of love and power  
swim in the Drambuie and she  
thinks of a casual love,  
smiles a remembrance, talks about . . .  
something and smiles again, buys  
another beer for her new friends  
at the bar who are just old enough to drink  
but not old enough to know that  
liquor really is quicker.

We're over at the edge, listening  
to her and hearing ourselves talk,  
fingers almost touching, thinking  
about the dark side of jeans and  
the bottom of that bottle of Drambuie.

Wayne Ray

At dinner I noticed a tremor in your voice  
and as the plates shifts I  
heard an answer rumble in mine.  
While reaching, our hand touched,  
quaking with the fear of uniting Pangea.  
We're circumspect in our conversation,  
careful to avoid the fault  
that, in a moment, will send shock waves  
through our bodies  
causing the platonic to succumb in the tectonic.

(India Blue)

## **The Empty Cafe**

There is a flame burning  
in front of your eyes, little moth,  
as you hover, circle, dart and weave  
your way around this empty cafe.  
Far enough away to feel the heat  
but not close enough to burn, little moth.

(have you ever thought about it  
from the flames point of view,  
that perhaps the flame is lonely too?)

There is a moth flying  
in front of your eyes, little flame,  
as you warm, caress, enlighten, attract  
beautiful creatures to your tables glare.  
Far enough away to feel the heat of your hearth  
but never close enough to burn.

**After Reading Virginia Woolf  
I Sat Down And Wept**  
(found poem)

In a sketch of the past  
where colors of memory begin  
I raise my fist to hit him,  
I felt, why hurt another person?  
I dropped my hand instantly,  
and stood there and let him beat me.  
It was a feeling of hopeless sadness.  
I became aware of something terrible,  
my own powerlessness,  
and I remember the feeling,  
where colors of memory begin  
in a sketch of the past.

*Interobang* (Fanshawe) 1996  
*Waking Ordeals*, Guelph, Ontario 1997

**Midwinter**  
(found poem)

The physical consciousness of a plant in midwinter is not directed towards the past summer but toward the coming spring.

If plants are certain of a coming spring, through which they will come out of themselves, why cannot I, a human plant, be certain of a spring to come, in which I will be able to fulfil myself?

Perhaps our spring is not in this life - this life may be nothing but a winter!

*Uketorinin* (Japanese for Receiver) was a small chapbook of haiku published by Hamilton Haiku Press in 1987 when I was working as a receiver at the University of Toronto Bookstore. It was published under my Japanese pseudonym Hanna Kuzu. This later became a full essay on the Canadian haiku style and titled: *Shashin Kaku Haiku* soon to be republished in a collection of essays. The original haiku (et al) from *Uketorinin* were later translated into Japanese by Nami Ohara, St. John's NFLD) and published as *In A Dream* in 2003 from Mercutio Press of Montreal.

### **Haiku from In A Dream:**

Serving tea  
in the once empty room  
the warmth of you

Jyoji no Ato no Daremo irai Heya de  
Anata no Nukumori wo Kanji  
Cha wo Irueru

Stirring noodles  
over the hot oven fire  
sipping tea

Tagitta Kamado no  
Men Kakimaze  
Cha wo Susuru

Cooks chili  
is bad tonight  
stray cat is blind

Konya no  
Shefu no Chiri no Dekibae  
Noraneko wa Kamawazu

Sipping Green Tea  
after love settles the air  
aroma

Ryokucha wo Ajiwavi  
Chigiri no Ato no  
Kaori no Naka de

Winter  
embeds fly in ice  
sad sun melting

Fuyu  
Koori no Naki ni Tojikome rareta Hae ga  
Hi de Tokete iku

In a dream  
they become one  
moth and flame

Yume no Naka  
Karera wa Hitotsu ri Naru  
Ga to Honoo ni

We are asleep  
far away from each other  
siamese dreams

Tagai ni Hanare te  
Nemutte iru Aida ni  
Futago no you ni Onaji Yume miru

When we awake  
we brush away soft silver  
tendrils of sleep

Watashi tachi ga Mezameta toki  
Yawarakana Gin no Nemuri no Tsuru wo  
Harai Nokeru

Christmas  
in the white snow  
broken candles

Kurisumasu  
Masshiro na Yuki no Naka de  
Oreta kyandoru

If I had a pen  
I would write a haiku  
about this moment

Moshi watashi ga  
Fude wo motte itara  
Kono toki wo Haiku ni kaita darou

stripper  
beer sloshing in her brain  
both mouths smile

Suterippaa  
Guden Guden ni yoi dore  
Futatsu no Kuchi ga Motomu Yorokobi

My body  
is possessed by lice  
hotel is full tonight

Watashi no karada  
Shirami darake  
Konya Hoteru wa Manshitsu

Three girls  
under an umbrella  
acid rain

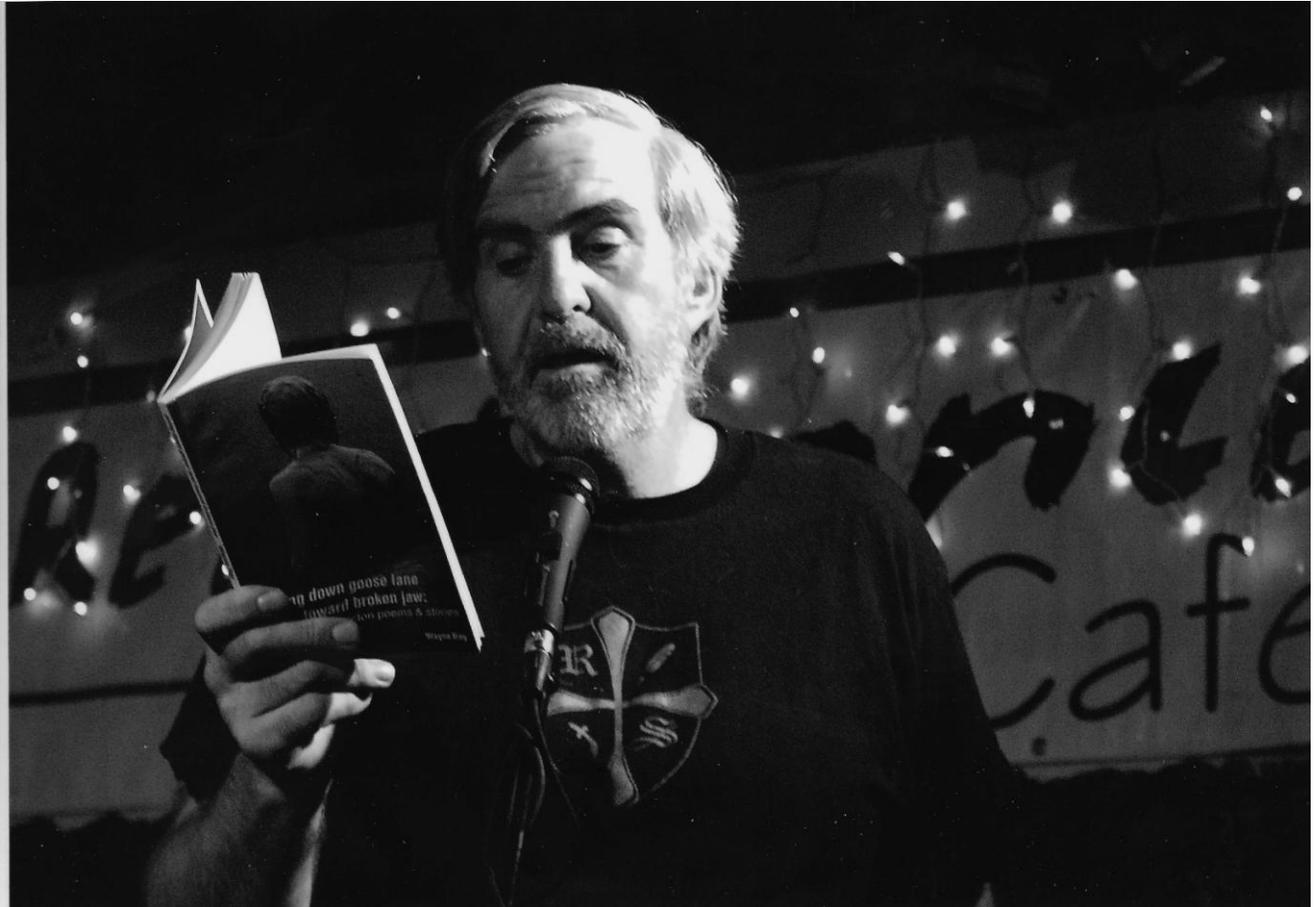
Sansei u  
Sannin no Syojyo tachi  
Hitotsu Kasa no shita

a sip of wine  
and a poets words,  
thoughts of home

Wain ajiwai  
Shijin no Kotoba kiki  
Notsukashii Wagaya

Searching for candles  
you circle each empty hole  
Menorah

Kyandoru sagashi  
Anata wa Seishyokudai no  
Kubomi wo nazoru



Wayne (Scott) Ray was born in Alabama and spent most of his first fifteen years with his family on Ernest Harmon Air Force Base in Stephenville, Newfoundland until moving to Woodstock, Ontario in 1965. He became a Canadian Citizen in 1978. He lived in Toronto with his wife and two daughters from 1973-1988 when they moved to London, Ontario in July of 1988. Wayne is the founder of HMS Press publishing, the Multicultural Poetry Reading Series (University of Toronto), Scarborough Arts Council Poetry Contest, co-founder of the Canadian Poetry Association (CPA) (1985-88 Toronto & 1992-1995 London) and co-chairman of the League of Canadian Poets: Associates (Toronto) for 1985/86. He was co-director of the Beaches Poetry Workshop in 1983 and was the recipient of the Editors Prize for 'Best Poet Published in 1989' from Canadian Author and Bookman. Through his work with the CPA as National Coordinator, it was his suggestion that established the poetry section of The Literary Review of Canada in 1993. He was instrumental in helping establish the London Arts Council and was the President of the New London Arts Festival in 1999. He is listed in Who's Who in Ontario. Wayne has

several books of poetry and non-fiction published as well as credits in; anthologies, periodicals, journals and newspapers across Canada between 1983 and 2014.