

some extent is an abstraction. And a compensatory dedication to the finite and the abstract brings its own special kind of emptiness and frustration. Closing the gap between the life of self and life in the world, is a fulfilment of self which is at the same time a denial of self.

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**AFTERTHOUGHTS: PARIS ON HELEN**

*Douglas Barbour*

She was the shadow of perfection's shadow cast  
along the wall of rare dull massed humanity's rough face—  
this was her charm.

Her mind  
the bough of some exotic tree although  
the sparrows fed there  
nor nightingale nor simple dove  
and I, an eagle as I thought  
brooding for a quiet night  
while passing through  
upon this green-gift perch,  
but Ah! she held me  
caught me in a net of ambiguities  
too intricately woven and vast  
for any mortal bird to fly  
And so I made her home.  
You'll tell me she's inconstant, Hector,  
and I vow you're right  
but deception is a gift from her  
and to be rarely praised.

Menelaus received it not  
and he suffers now.

I'll die soaring  
through the clouds of my sad sophistication—  
but to try to touch her soul  
is worth a thousand scattered Troys  
and all the blood of Greece.