The needle of youl that travels
downstream $\&$ seaward, in a coffin
littered with the slogans of a summer.

Fall colors thus bespeaks me their distraction
of reds & ambers, russet golds & tans
on cold slopes where violets & filigrees
of snow is spreading down from buds that point [fingers
in desolation at the atmosphere.
Where green has disappeared I do not know
holding still the notion of love
embraced in my ganglia when you ] planted
empowered me to touch.
The mammaries are wasted & the buds
under my nicotine fingers, my nitrous laughter.

The bulk of myth has melted from your contours
now you acquire an alien weight.
From holidays we were remembering in banality, forgotten,
you wear the turgid robes that mock
The lean spring season of my longing less naked [I. spare season of irony
than the cruelty that rages in my heart.
From my orphaned souls ball of pig
iron snead the spikes your utter
honesty has sprouted;
in the bullion tube of your wisedullet
the world can't swallow the acid that will save it

Hence the bitterness that bleeds
from the mushroom of my tongue whose root is frantic.

The plastic inevitable brims that hollow
which once prepared itself to be my eden.
Grassy & undulant $\&$ at Umhlekelwayo
are redrawn now $\&$ blind will thurst:
they utter the rape that corrupts the bursting bowels,
mundane the poison dribbles like lunar excrement,
until the Serpent spills itself
To be ugly & visible roaring
against the knee of the sea. I am aware
of the cuckoo's melancholy, the vulture's Wheeling silence,
the dirty machinations of the Shade
$\&$ your own perspiration in the night
$\&$ with each vulgar ablation of the cheeks.
that cannot be but salt upon my wound of blameless distance.
Out of the oven of the sea the wind
voices its swirling symphonies

to batter the gulf ports, and onto the lap of the land
to collapse in a trauma of tears.
Will my satellite eyes I can but warn
the builders of dykes and the soldiers under their sandbags.

New Hope, B.C. 1967/10

I take the path through the night park,
christmas lights in ribbons through its trees.
My boots speak with the grass, frost in the air,
to gauge the nearest way ahead, across.

Meanwhile do not reproduce complacent instincts
nor imitate the world's despair.
December child, late walker whose mobility
no love for self impedes.

History has no purpose to the timid sleeper
under a tiger rug with snakeskin boots
responding to the wind. My shut eyes dawn
arrives before the rosy fingers reach.

With somnambulic blinks & alcoholic
debutantes it is vivid how I read

Job to 29 schoolchildren, mark
the absent bodies. Here is an audible audible
waverer circle of faces fleshed & grindstoned,
ripe for banality; I seem to find
another crowd desolate, embrace
the old facilities, the wrecked means.

Amenities available can satisfy
the native introspector in his prairie
winter, in his Rocky Mountain village.
But save me, hunter & warrior, lord of mediocrity.

KCN '68

Through his room's still odyssey, sunbeams oscillate on winter crystals. "There is a world of pain." Errata of the mind by the random river, oceans away from Texas or Columbia live an unteachable experience, once as spring, sporting an architect that in April will classicize the flint that is haiku remembered (Shropshire) with too many syllables - time irrecoverable. This book of mountains can't even cry read me.
The Flesh That
- -- hungers for cow back
  from hell's musty interiors
  a love's open hand
  to wear itself in daylight corridors/through probity.

Sketching configurations I am he
who turns now in season as the last
crippled snowflake settles in the drive.
Through screened veils I whisper
revival to the pines, notice
in a journey through the junk shop
the grizzled landlord drinking rum & winking.

Upstairs in the apt. through the vents
the warm air burbles comforting my
tropicopolitan psyche's the split soul
reburies itself among varieties
of sounds & lights & miscellaneous tables.

So I write again & gather
copy for the heart commercial, not
a wordy song, but some
what astoners
in flower skies with scarred stars

危险的沉默

Dangerous silences can't achieve
a golden abstraction that is alive
immediately my formal stance
in motor windows chairs & rooms
is broken in a broad glance
at water storming through the stones.

Discovery is twice hushed:
once at birth when what's wished
arrives, & once when death seems
preferable to mutilation
though in the cold air we cry
that life between two holes is a fixation.

Between the snow peaks barred
cloud blooms against the shamb
of winter sky to stir with overheard
etch of sunlight, dark reflections.
On the highway stands the auto metaphor
that we approached, a service station.

Who can wear trances, In a
of a stranger.
Heard noises are renaissance melodies.
Back on the road we couldn't choose
refinements that the maker hadn't planned:
fiberglass hood & firewall insulation
can be paid for & supplied
with everything that cushions the vibration;
but these make silences dangerous, till lies:
I see it in your eyes.

any more there's no light which is not
connected to a morning of post-mortem.
I walk among the washed stones, old self, light
under heaven, making noises in the autumn.

Piece for a Tourist
You travel without eyes, stood at Athens
disappointed by the rain - stood seeing nothing,
survive with cool companionship
diet on cliché:
do you know water by nature
Water as element?

Unbeaten by the sun
under a parasol you trap
yourself in a lotion skin.
Hawaii's americanized.

You escape the wind:
Winter becomes a rumour in the sunrise
the pale fire booming over the hills
from your glassed-in room
the Hilton windows
Command a view of the paradise
but do you know
that the sea is your mother?
You say she is too old.

Still,
though the sky remains a closed book
is the earth a surface for your shoes to meet
do I would not let
the closed avenues hunt me:

See the water through your eye
catch a tear in your finger

it is salt-sharp as life

(draft in Rio Vista : Hope Motel off Trans-Canada)

ward my cruel nerves now that your feet bloom in eskimo country, the blubber of pu
In a room of rocking chairs with Wyeth's stark light & sparse furniture you carry the blood
sour in your veins at Dawson Creek, Yukon. The game, love, no longer purges. A dead imperative
a dead imperative
in the sedative urinal
is the vaporous drop profound

Draft History

don't go back to the stone land
whose castles stand abandoned;
the lions in the underground zoo
flex their hangdog, weary wear
the web of hope;
thorns in their sweat-caked hair, those with mobile bones
sufficiently articulate
under the ditchman's stony gaze
to show a black mane at the nape
under the oppressor's stolid pity.
The keeper of the keys, however
exacts his own intelligence, knows how
apathy evacuates the jugular
once muscled in the square, proud in the mountains;
tapped
words behind the latticework, was told
of leaflets in the night
agents in the bedroom

Houses were marked.
Felled from erect positions, men were down
breathing their own blood who at the time
prepared to roll the timbrels out
after a thundery summer

that never came. The tragedy but in reverse. Me crazily
blowing my mind in a telephone booth
thinking of possible beauty with an impossible
voice had tapped upon
the wailing of the sirens
shuffling the cordon, going through a hole in the wall of my mind
where a teargas bomb exploded
& the ash providing cover as it rained down
rearward of the road to exile

It was a descent into the sea
Taking the road that snakes out
in deep spams, finally it issues
an exit permit out of the emergency

I emerge above the ground, & yet
who's happy now isn't
free & lonely in the bubble sky?

Men - Vertix, 1967
Looking

Looking out on patina,
luminous eyes & scarred hands — beyond these mountains
absolves remembrance

The deep soldier fades in me:
look at
the dried-up singers, exiles, those departed
from yesterday cities

No charisma of golden leaves
can laurel sorrows.
Still:
under a sparse integument my veins favour
air that blows through the metal grid
by warm windows.

November snowline
descends upon the Kawemerza Canyon
with glaciated lips
and... smother in a grained silver
aura
the tawny golds & russets that
populate the slopes above some
(romantic name) —
a greek island, roman villa; wasn't
Zimbabwe or the miracle we come from
discovered by the blond giant?

My father served that sailor,
tilting in the black soil.

Who will return me now to
the first stage of experience...
Clouds that float dragon
the first,
envelop old substantives.
Vapours drift in sequence
from the sea that mother's rain.

This is my temporary valley.
They tell me
The people in a small town watch all actions
absorb the minute's news
may by association
assimilate my name.

II

The voice demands to speak of blood in erstwhile jungles / of somewhere jumping
300 pulse at curfew:
night patrols
Could but/I elicit your verbal/magic, or evoke/your flower mouth/make your
thin & bruised flesh burn again/possible becomes a dreamless sleep/a prospect from the portals of peace.

From the front of evanescence
disturb me, poem
will your glowing bones

Toronto yields me sprawling suburbia, flat
distances from highrise turrets garish & humid

Beyond this, beyond gaze
on broken countryside surveying the ruins
white faces among the rubble

I think the soul has spiritually flatulent air pockets
filled with spiritual flatulence
It is the awareness that's a measure of progress development
now in progress

But Joan when I saw you that afternoon at the 13th - Cathedral
in classical surroundings your statements implied
Complacency in me
the poison of inertia
your face a tremulous rainbow
that voice too naive a passion among
a tradition of gleaming bronze ornaments

in my circle of friends under the Smoked-wood walls:
you smiled too wanly
as we rang out our pleasure
drew yourself in
being just as hedonistic thus
in sacrificing yourself gladly

xx considering such set postures
a necessary formality
to provoke displeasure, being you undeniably [opposition]

Those were airs above the ground/in the English setting:
to live in the world is revolution enough
as my student who writes poems said
his contuite body merging with the yellow furniture.
I think not to hate
is as much as there can
be of love

K. Toronto 1969/Summer of...

"As for their common design, that I understood too well to be drawn into any
more snares of that kind. The case was altered with me; I had money in my
pocket & had nothing to say to them. I had been tricked once by that cheat
called love, but the game was over. I was resolved now to be married or nothing,
& to be well married or not at all." MOLL FLANDERS.

BROZEN AGE AT THE NATIONAL G

My dark blues, blacksong, harmonise
little with the local intonation
until beyond the mall of mod pedestrians
thronging the summer sale shops, thighs & button-down
collars with these taverns which
wouldn't serve drinkers without hamburgers
just issue through the gothic legalities
the glossy equestor
of towers & national spires, here
after there
& enter the art world numbered
in the gallery's glass & aluminum oblongevity.

More in half rain, Ottawa,
escaped confinement, standing naked;
without a pen is to
record sensations of grotesque
not what goes on inside the helmet head
fixing the meticulous machinery
until the heart's pendulum is atavised
& the revelation circulates freely.

The bronze age on the terrace comes as
surprise to the obtuse detournent through history;
& the anthropologist taking notes
comes to incidental notice as
I horn through an arched torso, large
in my muzzled full-grain blackness,
he observing what's observable through glass.

Not impotence but sensible distortion
reigns along primeval vistas
of pain & muted anguish.
that the temer hammer shapes, beating
time into a violent spasm:
across the road the ashen sky predicts
not moon as these figures watch
from reclining dignity
the bomb shelter going up in grey block,
fortress of the National Arts
where the monument of soldiers stands already

INSOMNIA

In the night incubator
protoplasmic lights
move against the walls:
sterile traffic

Too much traffic analysis
will get me nowhere with a whiskey brain
2 soda effervescence in the maple dawn
of Ottawa: cracked toenails, indoor plants, poetic notes
are common to all latitudes

I have seen marble & clay
xx wondered at carbon diamond'
Why do I look through the sculptor's skull
worked smooth in bronze but from the curvilinear
descending jawed s angular toward its cavities?
Neanderthal profile outside the window
scored with simian claws:
down in Confederation Square the Detroit Automatons
roar & scream defiance, flash their steel flanks,
the fierce saliva flowing through their bellies

[K. Ottawa 69]

[On the terrace place
the bullion body with a phallic face
reclining in austere regard]

Generation of/hive-purchase prositgals/does not see the puritan ape in conflict/with
own contrition agonized/standing still very still/in the city box/surrounded by
ice & electronics. Generation of/long-haired hedonists mindless suckers of pot/pur-
veyors of love, remnants of peace/thriving or in pursuit of self/no nirvana in a
landscape necessarily/harmful to the species: opt out before they're started to dig in.
There is a yes that stops the conversation dead like a shot animal & so we
steadily turn to the hot deusenets, the canapes, cover suzettes. Interior exploration would
involve a trip through the entails. Rarely a minute not affords a supportable flight
of deadlift emotion into the limbo of surrealism. The pilgrim may stumble upon an
unfinished symphony - it is his inesciable sight in a time of wax museum & soiled
fingers, blackened lenses - but he's far more likely to find a world of botched
Your career has come full circle at unroads of
disinterment.
We watched it end, the process of fulfilment
in organics
music, smorgasbord, with tingling rhythms
that shuttle through the earbones, or that issue
through the portals.

Memento mori now, the dead cat stinker
in burning agony
curled like a thread of wool
in the archway of the city.

Streets filled up with snow
covered with the white mask of December.
In the short sneaky hours up to dawn
reaching the middle twenties.
Wake hurt like Satan.
Staring with numb regard
from the lake of truth.
at invisible ceilings.

They meet me with a blank numbness & beauty
that is surprise as in the hushed park
on grass blades crystals wait to glitter & melt
in some sun.

You & the mad dreamer saw
the days proceed, succeed each other, coming
to need the bribe of sedatives
until the psychomotor would refuse.
its functioning.
A symptom of disinterest
et cetera ed sullivan
in markets & exchanges suddenly
perplexed the soul
(withdrawal at the bank, too, almost total)
write poems at a desk, in the
alcoholic lounge, on backs of brown envelopes
to choke down an inexpressible unutterable cry.
The cold turkey on the grill will never
be ready for Xmas. Power KM failed,
the power failed.
Your career has come full circle.

AKN  Hope /B.C. 12/67 —

Notes towards Intersection (Main/Hastings) - breakfast at the cheap cafe. Gray blossoms
in the Sunday rain. Travelling in the high fog of thought, in the moderny. Concerned with
love sweet love (Supreme in $3000 worth of jewellery don't spoil it with perspiration
odours). Don't even want to know you too well. Nothing can ameliorate them, slipping
across the borders of sanity, land of hamburger-coke & assassinations. Mugs. Melt into
a thicket of the Okanagan swamp, welcomed by crocodiles.

INTERIOR NOTES

Voluptuous sheen of nylon on a high
or winter dress. Sunlight soon fulfills
glazing a snowpeak, the slope's cold tunnel beauty
attract me now, transfigure & convulse.

There are no palm fronds in the breeze
or cactus-needled sky that's blue & brutal.
Concealing the field of intimacy is
coarse vegetation of old age, lust foliage of youth.

I am dwarfed in the middle distance
between your destination & your destiny
who found poems in the coastal mountains
the crab holes & crow nests of yesterday.

The crossed-stick symmetries of limbs address
themselves to apprehensions that are rooted
in old condensations. Goodbye of flesh
cooled by the cold conclusions of the blood.

RKN — 12/67 Hope /B.C.

THE ORGANIZATION

We lifting a word from the journals of time
we signing a personal order for freedom.
Can thus live in the infinite air/no longer numbered by the census-takers/
live as a metaphor in the very nucleus of your conscience/now your ego balloons/
are punctured by the green horn of the aged hedge/yet you do not live in a country
any more/there are found the few that laugh & blow blues/united with a book of
thoughts & a gage of compassion/through the sleepless streets we slip on to part
of the foot cats/who have sworn up to their nostrils in a garbage pile of $2/
& kissed a rapidly goodnight to the kleezer/generals of their various rubin
steined Warmah / out of the bourgeois facilitics/the organization is sculpting a
style/which is in essence the ethos for humanity/in all the hodge-podge content
of its pilgrimage/all the world's crazed roads

After separate serenity meditation/in honour of the Goddess whose love ideal
in the golden room where she is sniffing if not fragrant alive/is the beauti-
ful catalytic moment of the true annihilation/under the black flag of that dis-
ordered aristocrat the soul / as the prepared self merges like a wave in its Zen

gesture/where among blurs of wax x angstrom faces of Christ x ripples
walks of music x walls of colours that cascade magnificently into the vortex
of flowering ears/where the soul food of distilled melodies/floors the
basket of incantation flowers. She the goddess is chanting away in beatitude
over her raped seasons x lost generations/which can be salvaged in smoky
spectrums of drums x guitars as the spiritual pilgrim orbits into a power
odyssey will woodwinds x pipes in the star valleys:/ so the brains of the
pharmacologist cooks my mind / to a soft singe where the portals of glass x
wax/become the doors x channels of perception not reception/this is where
seeds of love x walk in/wherefore it shall go well with us because /it is said/
anything possible is impossible & anything/impossible is /black is white in
wonderland.:// Today is announced the organization of one of our destiny/today
the franchise is wrested from the fossil politicians / tomorrow the march of
hypocrite paradise will be scattered along with the pseudo x quasi men &
the goddess will see to it always / that the organization is perfectly headed/
& that the globe full of people will equally be members of True Survival

A FURTHER SEASON IN A MOUNTAIN TOWN

Not even a vague likelihood
in such assumed costume
of peace in the majestic mountains:
pen poised x Dear
Magpie as far as I can get with any
word from the western windows

I will stay however
She who
earns that title among the queen women
is more than lissome
or American-svelte
(God bless the pesos!)

Oh if
I sure as hell could exactly remember
the blunted child of London
would it not be
superbly a souvenir of experience
like stealthily in rain-changed light
surpass the wet factor: inside
superlative fictions stride around
the mind's black plastic box

Consider the alternatives while here are
flowers on the painted motor cars
barefoot chicks in the post office lobby
have breasts painted on my eyes & those infinity hips
as I swirled there on a rum double overproof
among men who never conceive
The powers of the muse
She sends me
through summer doldrums:
At least may have
failed he natives on his bearded return
& serenity's
dark glassed
on his gilt eyes settle
the bitterness ather & the mellowness light
of mechanical tree scenes: big river
is not my Country at all, but the steady
water of slim valleys

29/5/68

Line-A-Day: The Irish dreamer sleeps between/Dallas & Omaha, on his axis/
revolve our modern fortunes/note across our heartland/Families of the earth wait
amazed: the peasant leans on his hoe speculatively under the revived sky pale
blue of washed horizon/the feet of the black & the few in mountain water; their
mouths in the stone winds.
All my extremities are circumcised.

"After the first deal, there is no other" — A Refusal To Mourn. Following upon
And the next fire on the mountain is told (For Senator Kennedy), these verses:

2 Not strange, Rogel so incredibly among
the glittering viands
they that fell should die riddled & young
stupified & unsung they go buried in legend: /Not until dark/can I
The summer days of winter are
so much more than June.
In unaccustomed light
I am going to clean this room.

The whole of November ends
in this snow world almost magically:
the eye of heaven & organ Bach blend
like a benign monument melting through my folds

to banish the lacerations after
indiscence on the cooling cinder.

YOU STEAL INTO MY HOUSE NORM ZIEBERT! K - Hope/BC '69

Beginning the long climb up from the sweet bottoms of summer/rain skies meet me on the towland slopes / splashes of sunlight over the broad water / The blue soul stones / a way stop this little town's diameter of dumb streets / Once before I came this way & once more have to learn / you can't go anywhere / stuck here to winter with your secrets.

Tomato juice / lemon on the ice / is a somehow start / somewhat strange among
the voices of glass / in the Hope Cocktail Lounge.

Bec. no return endorsers are with more than former knowledge. Should I feel uneasy sometime (your sidewinder poem has the exact admixture of love)... "You steal into my house... robbing my electronic cocoon. Deserted Linda he did go out in the Volkswagen for a pizza with George Supercobby. My eyes appraised, saying not. Landed up i heard from last living with a Squaw in Squanish, or working for some revenue agency (they iron out the bugs). A tense summary. Yet somewhere in the outskirts there will be / someone who would never find this strange. Robert Mackenzie's story felt the cold clutch, of time in his hemlock coffin. That priest at the service was off beam. Pall-bearers Pete McPhee, Walter Robison, Carl Bachinski. A Chilliwack cremation: scatter his poor ashes over the Okanagan hills in the snow season upcountry.

"A citizen of nowhere, but an animal of the world" Paul Goodman's Growing Up Abroad. "Scouring for food, sex, love while materially so spiritually don't count. Yearning for a bread & butter paradise."

ARTIFACTS: A Room of the Motel — Scouring in the closet among jackets silent fur-collared overcoats, snowshoes, tiepins, anchor cufflinks,
I can't find last year's tickets
or see my feet through the vapour
of sprin rain
I have pawnéd your love
drunk up all my wisdom, foree knowledge
seems to have been invented

the hard core that will not break
feet at the puzzling footwork of the dancing angels
the white build of paradise
goes on an innocuous flat stomach
until there the gob of blood keet/mesmeric tanglers

thined veins plead to beg for easement, but
the stomach bones refuse

\[ \text{THE RED VISTA basement '67} \]

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\[ \text{BASEMENT REFLECTIONS} \]

*The man in the basement room is an artist
is an anarchist
resolving daily not to speculate.
He adorbs internal features & talks
tough about the blatant expositions,
lament as humanity just more invested
with dragon's blood & the horn of rhinoceros.*

The poet spits his words like poppy seeds
& the pacifist musician goes eastern
while the sculptor sprouts a concrete cigarette on the plaza
the plastic artist
who hands his art to the welders at the factory.

There are few dirty conceptions
that darken the caves where they seat or rain-beautiful afternoons,
alluding to postwar & diffusion
(mingle your grapes with milkflakes & shake it kaleidoscope)

Suggestive, he suggests
widow in a lace mantilla
(say the critics)
marshmallow life where no tranquil death
Can silence the roaring wind except through the black tunnel
(say i)

where a moment's calm comes like the golden age
before momentum propels you
(or does the oligarch demand, the bureaucrat coerce?)
into a future time so jumbled & vast
that a shaft of sunlight shatters your patella
& your hand melts while remorse at
the smashed spines, the lopped legs, the butchered ear
the eviscerations, national purges
planned on the green fairways of Sunday

Here is a free ticket to the auction
at conference tables, from Bunnyboy Hefner
will your keen inscribed rat will open the gates of the anatomy.
The circus of the cannibals
boasts several fabulous animals.

If only you could read between the statistics.
The ringmaster is searching for my body
but everytime he ventures underground
he finds his ears full of sorceror music & his eyes sprout flowers,
he sputters the remnants of his gory breakfast thus
(like the television cyclops)

dirtying the walls to accuse me
of blindness, vertigo, buggery, licence...
The black dots plot a linear infinitum ad
infinitum/one-dimensional
The Man absurdly
identifies with his diamond tiepin
his platinum cigar

I must beat his alligator shoes to pulp
smash his wife's new handdo with a crowbar.
Both forget bent or under the
On hot forges we are bent, but genetically no
chromosome's directive is a message
to go to Vietnam as to Korea:
the stick of steel is nature's formula
but the boys will wear deodorant on Venus
if we get there, goddess willing

POISONED (for Carrie Rousseau)
A woman of beauty has raised
her hands to her soul,
with the nightingale lips/she can no more speak.

But in my philosophy of dreams
revolve the individual hour:
the wet wall over which/the sudden mind must climb.

Walking upon these continents among the rubble of its upheaval the times shift
declines / the dilatory moon sports us through the rain. The weight of summer
drops earthward, yellow sjeunes / the sun declines as we turn upon ourselves
with the character of desperate passion. Towards her & others (rare birds) my fierce
freneticness. It is the suddenness that overcomes, the caught voice choking on its desiccation
I cannot start upon this new
cause that fails to mention
the frail condition of the phagocytes,
the blood that gathers to a blue congestion.

The fever of our time is to eschew
what clogs the brain, its nasal misery.
Narcosis of the spring, the wet blossoms,
host a thousand insects with the honeybee.

But do not shun the wind, I need not change
of air, the salt message from the sea.
Let eyes not complacently regard
the leaf pressed flat in a dictionary.

So long as void exists, you search for substance,
qualify it with a name.
Sailors to the wave may find
the sea of tranquility
a gassegeredrap of stardust.

From the galactic wombs
from the ungenerated suns
drift universal ash
into the wounds of the ghetto.

The pulse of the slum a paean to the junked soul,
hammers at cinder-block charity.
The rats laugh
[ at Angkor Wat at Harlem. ]

Yet nobody in Noah’s ship
could match the feats of Ulysses.

* * * * * *

The dark room of your soul is overwhelmed with new developments that imitate
the beaked bird: Mr. Philip brings up his Stradivarius in spite of dissonance in my apt.,
where we nourish squirrel-nut Sunday evening. Reassessment, the picture, filling the
walls with memories, a page with phrases like “We used to live in the vital quarters.” If to assemble
th’ epigraph, <ents> means reappraised of lit November in the
glassy bowels of hotels, then runaway memory must lie in the parked jeep
arrested by the nullifying beauty of a soft snow swirling.

will no longer serve the falsehood, said Denny with a Toby. We have washed
the windows, cleaned the floor! I judiciously have spirited away your miscellany,
to downstairs garbage cans, decided to write a poem using your abandoned Parker
though such generosity of yours could have no watermark.

PHOTOGRAPH (for Denny): Portrait on guitar with marble eyes regards the bored world
from stretched strings to battle us with brittle lines; surprise is moving on propellers
that are wings... Hope Exchange long-distance one morning from Toronto. Soul broth, slept
in the hall all night in buffalo hide on the blue carpet. Nice thing taking a broad though
the window the back way & drinking artàs beer. But did he not the battered Mini (b-p) make it on skidx/hot wheels to London? Blew her cork on the right side of town, all those cameras of Jerry's in the back. I wouldn't eat more than a wiener at Aldobrandini, case they had to operate immediately. The beer in Canada needs spicing with salt, though. Brian in Hat Burnaby, roving house. Lost my way in that feeling wooden suburb, but got to Hastings intact all right. Fat slob going choco late. And mix it with popsicle fudge at False Bay (wrong side of English Creek?).

All of them Winnipeggers had lost the gosis. Cool in the Devotions on Saturdays, or the odyssey to the Cecil, revamped. Order the late pizza, giant-size, & pay up, Art. Cool. The literature is free, though later you're reminded & reminded & remembered of the phone calls to Jimmy Davidson on the island. He's nervous, caught unaware, like that, says letters only need a six-cent stamp. Need only. "One of the many ways you can use the Bank of Montreal." Write Denny at child care, a Brownie House Camp. Brownie - of course. Amiable lad of gangling proportions. I should know - recommended him to the authorities.

The lenses capture us in doorways making gestures of freedom.

RAILWAYS SERVICE TELEGRAM ("safety starts with you - be brief")

My own self, brother, woman, my
god, diabolo, would I
gladly anaesthetize / against the ice paralysis;
whenever has sought
escape from the torture of thought
the chilling of the flower
& the battlefield of a new lover's journey into death/do I easily embrace.

They in a vanished pageant readily would
admit of love, acknowledge laughter
in that moving trance where
the nerves glitter / no wind clouds the eye.

I have marshalled music to the sedative hour
hanging loose on your bloom:
even on/that brief pillow / life is not grievous, thing.

This is not the warmest world
Whatever the scope of summer /and also
seasoned travellers such as thou & I do not violate /the rules of compromising
but stare calmly
at the roots that go
walking to & fro in the famishing earth.

[Signature]

Then all summer august in the Hope Lounge, not for a returned man the virtues of beer, but the storing qualities of Irish Whiskey. John Janzen - "Not a drop is sold till it's seven years old." Drinking Man's Diet, blowing hundreds of buds in the process. So what are you doing with your life anyway. There was George to cope with, Christine, pot parties at Norris's down Silver Creek way, & you Mainer walking the same streets. People are still getting married, more & more of them. Down the drain, baby or up against the wall, mother.
Travelling iron-line, level luxury
to equitable coast climers
through the forest there is no perspective
no towers on the lake reflected
(from where the bronze splints mythifier the pilgrim).

My whisky spills, within its glass confines
itself within itself, words waver in the gloss of pretzels,
no crumbled walls
only the beaver builds.

An adopted posture, without dogma:
money in my pocket I have nothing
communicable to the wealth makers.
A pressed skill
acquired in London, England
acts as catalyst, bellows my viability.

Sunglassed, glazed with privilege, I see
the sun has looked too much upon me:
I am black & rhythmic, make this music,
transplanted & transported like an export seed
with Solomon's history:
& the finitude of the fruits
that these colonized
hands have wrought
north of the boss camps & the slave plantations
troubles the spirit in odyssey:
there are those who must return
to vanquish the contenders in the gate
& one is me, voyeur
through the theatre of the polar bear.

Densely settled are the coca-cola cities
& the crows maraud the woods of August:
the south country has grown so rich
that the sick pine ghetto is ungovernable
fed along the watershed by snow streams,
inch by inch welfare of the glaciers.

Some spoke eloquently of dreams:
the flame in Arlington
Cemetery flouished
& in the rain
the ashes showered to the prayers of the snipers
& the powerful hustlers looted the media.

North of Detroit
in minor league country
survives a sedate neighbour
with improbable bursts of activity from Quebec.
The prize-winning restaurant, it's a delectable, so it seems.

The riots in Beijing, futility ofour efforts.

Surveys will show a virtual absence of life, rather than the mass of senses increasing.

Lying brother must execute the world.

Surveys will show a virtual absence of life, rather than the mass of senses increasing.

The riots in Beijing, futility ofour efforts.

The prize-winning restaurant, it's a delectable, so it seems.

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The prize-winning restaurant, it's a delectable, so it seems.

The riots in Beijing, futility ofour efforts.
I - White Xmas

Dinner solitaire in a Canada resort,

under the ski lift, dusk slopes: mainly
the values of existence continue to function
as if I explore sufficiently, holding true to
the blood that flows through the walls & chambers
visiting even its furthest peripheries.

Where it leads to is hard to believe -

nor have I interest now to resist any denun,

oppose any threat, appease these longings,

escape from the norm at high velocities

will power distort at planned angles get

the Peloponnesus & Polie into spectrum.


Spill no tears on the silver service,

the gold-braided menu, the tinsel greetings:

many have passed here before with an equal heartbeat

shining the ice with a twinkling stick, scribbling a postcard.

Wes has no agenda or eyes on the clock

must silence posture or face departure

from limbo homelands where the souls evolve

to the white hill where they die: choose which

transformation it is to be.

II

Mistletoe & the network of lights,
a charity round of wishes, a gin / fizz.
The heart: estate writers away:

"history is full of examples...."

The year ends in snow swirls, plinieres.

Feelings thawed through the long warm shadows of winternoon

through the frosted glass

contract against the sky, brush icicles.

My brow presses at the ceiling, chandeliers

float into my ears, glass after golden glass;

Hercule mistake, not to pause

between the dropping veil & the wall,

losing sight of time & circumstance.

Old acquaintance, if the lenses cloud over

if the umbrae invade

is the rainbow suffusing

table with candle, a Russian novel, Claws of Thought

retract from the torture threshold there:

elbows dent the ocdol as my native
Vocabulary & Epigram

phantasm = specie, illusion in likeness
climacteric = (noun) a critical point in bodily change e.g. menopausce?
(adj) - critical.

fracas = uproar, noisy quarrel (frak's). Also same: RUMPUS.
flinty = hard, cruel, self-assured in an arrogant way.
PACE = (pā'se), L. for: with all due respect to (so-so, accomp. the opinion contrary to his).

prudish = strictly modest & proper: propriety of a matron
priggish = smug & scrupulous: likely to offend: invicious.

supercilious = prone to despise others, haughty, disdainful.

affinity = relationship by marriage: similarity, attraction, likeness.
consanguinity = " " blood

[chem.] The force that binds atoms together in molecules, enabling elements to form compounds. Coherence.

quodnunc = a gossiping busybody [L. quid nunc: what now?]

fair

quid pro quo = a just exchange, something for something equivalent.
obtuse = blunt, stupid, insensitive.

paladin = a knight-errant

mandarin = European for a (probably quidnunc?) Chinese official, potentate
pullulate = swarm, teem, abound

epigram = a concise & pointed, often sarcastic, saying; a short poem expressing an ingenious thought with point satirically.
aphotism = a brief, pithy saying, an adage. APOTHEISM is more terse.
apogee = the greatest distance of earth from moon or sun.
chrysalis, chrysalid = the golden-coloured resting stage of a butterfly.
Adj. chrysalid. [G. chrysos = gold]
frisson = unique pleasurable thrill (tingle, chill, quiver, shudder) of gloom or fright
manqué = (lack of): unsuccessful through inner failure, or circumstances.
atavistic = primitive, REVERSING, throwback into remote past.
pullulate = teem, multiply, swarm abundantly, flourish.
gravid = distended by pregnancy (eg. gravid uterus), filled with eggs (tapeworm, salmon rae). Gravid with middle-class proprieties, Potentious, ominous.
soteriology = doctrine of salvation.
surrogate = substitute, deputy.
cynosure = post-held without formal duties. Eg. queen, cynos = dog.
anything that strongly attracts attention or admiration.
litany = public worship: formal prayer + response. Practice.
liturgy = regular religious ritual. Theory.
hieratic = priestly.
hierarchy = prismatic order of angles, echelons.
species = deceptively attractive (: plausible ?). PRECIOUS: worthless (ironic), anomie, atalgesia = that dispels pain.
acrimonious = sharply bitter, biting, caustic, vitriolic. [L. acer = sharp]

R.G.H.L. "mitigate your acidity" = c. 1964.
acrimony, acidity, et.
acridulous: slightly sour and cloudy
arabesque: in style of Arabs (Moors); fantastic decoration.
soporific, opiate, barbiturate
peccadillo = trifling fault. Punctilio = trifling detail.
pudendal = of the privy parts (L. pudere = be shy, modest).
peroration = long speech.
Sotto voce = under the breath; aside, privately; very softly.

hagiography = saint’s life, biography of an idealizing character.

donnée = given. Conditions, basic facts, main assumptions from which you proceed to tell a story, etc.
exordium = introduction of a discourse.

irascible = hot-tempered, given to anger.

wry = spiked with bitterness, ironic statement...

exemplum = model, anecdote or short narrative used to point a moral or sustain an argument (e.g. medieval sermon).

precious = valuable, cherished (also ironically) & overrefined in style.

Hence: preciousness (noun), but preciosity.

pleonastic = redundant, tautological.

epicene = of or for both sexes.

pettifl = peevish, petulant.

asseveration = solemn declaration (asseverate).

eponymous = giving a name to place or people e.g. Aeneid - Aeneas.

dissuade = undeceive, disillusion.

"... sugared water being not an uncommon delicacy entire of my table that to disabuse the expectations of my solicitous friend is to ameliorate the acerbity of remorseless fortune. Nay, let us know as Kot Till Mac SE SE shall I insist... in exchange for my unbounded hospitality — "[here follows the celebrated mock-intellectual a); b); c); d); j]"

R.G. Leitch, letter from Toronto, 10/6/68.
Spring Picture In Exile
emerges out of evocative distance
because I milk the evidence concealed
in frail correspondences and meek affinities.

Repeat patterns trigger sensitivities:
the buds that fall away call out
the slender life of shower blossoms,
and leaves thrust tenderly towards
a flux of sky, vitalities of cloud.

Butterflies breed their grubs on the heart's shrubbery.
Grave & brooding about love I need
your woman's eyes to let it settle,
to send my cocoon of poem
floating on the waters.

Myself must wander and with wry pride
slog among the ruins and the crushed roots
to feel dead sequences burn in the nerves.
An April return is to snatch whatever
glimpses of joy can bribe my lusts,
rendering the bitter twists with tenderness.

When I have given all to
become the nothing that I want to be,
lake sand-stretch, field of stones or withered grass,
abortion will have balanced hunger
the only pain be pulsing sunlight,
So close are births to deaths, so terse our sojourn.

K.A.N — 3/66

*change 4 fs "beyond frail correspondences or dreams"?
Snippets Salvaged

Rose flesh is adored, the hue of youth,
till the coarse fingers wither away its petals.
After summer in the field
the thorns travel along like truth,
grains cling to flesh, the clothes are full of seed.

My woman is stone-quiet, is to be the hard beauty among what seems. And
her tan is sun-flaked.

Evidence: to be explicit, to provide proof
Search: in a circle, until again you can reconcile enthusiasm with tenderness, when one
more, certainly does not elude you.

Crystal distance and jewel seconds
snow fascinatingly beautiful: barbed wire revolving & somehow dandified.

10/MAY/66

my seeds have fallen in absences dark
sunlight dries them like spittle on asphalt

new views of weed trees alert
my greening sensitivities: and why
should I deny them...

they were both dark
savours the wheatfield crust; its meat,
& the clenched fist conveys
a broken loaf to the stilling of hunger.

Condensed through my senses in transfusion
under overhang of transparent phantasm
at expanses of window offering me the mountain
Canary sobes a pure lyric
agile in counterpoint to
lips that flowered from the pale phantom
on a platform
at the English station: there a polite policeman
thought we were making love in the daytime

**Manner of Speaking**

Nails of my tawny are driven into the snow
at cold corners. Wheels
stick the ice.

Pine bead
with the sky's Christmas burdens.

Other times similarly not
together, such
as my summer in these virgin words
may elsewhere have been a poem to classicize.

But here
memory is implausible.
Here dead postures are
inflated in insulating coats.
My feet wither like lilies in their overshoes,
blue flowers breathe that seem no longer
to be your own/as once when you were brittle as starlight
somewhere after midnight.

Such embellishments the zero taste
compels me to relinquish, alcoholic dawns
reveal skies livid pain in a river, ice.
The diminuendo voice conquers the street:

*Hello? Hello?*

Picking up tube tomatoes, weakly
pos' a case of dietetic biscuits
meet adopted smiles, hospitable faces: what time
we will be together's not answered
conversely
in a ripe avocado
or a steak that's silently handled

**A.K. N. Hope 1/69**
Mad & meaningless I couldn't say a word
returning that Sunday from the snow peaks Not grimly
vaulted in the sun, crystals that bitterly
glittered on the mountain hill the softer
of autumn under my shoes: to his room
I carried an image of that beast machine
standing in isolation where
the trail ended at the log's place deserted
(except steel-majestic as it throbbed
its square solidities above the moving river)
& Jerry, the girl, an Auckland tourist
(beautiful profile glimpsed across the bedroom)
climbed the stiff spikes & he danced her to the top
as he catwalked & I watched from the safety of the jeep seat.

Denny tried
starting the cold engine on a bulldozer
the din of its iron jaws lay menacingly dead
against some toppled trunks,Calc'd will stoned clay.
Whiskey jacks in the fir trees fleets
reminded me of live things, such as bear trapper.
Furthest down in the park at noon the ice sticks
melted & fell on my shoulders, at my feet
destiny dropped her astonishing pellets;
in the sunset forest I lost my way
hexed in the giant silence of spruce

till a hot dog brought me out of the gloom
of another man's country, where coffee is plentiful
at Maple Leaf Roadhouse, the sweeping strings
of a corny jukebox selection that rocketed
my frayed nerves into schizophrenic
choice between
Stravinsky & Ed Sullivan though I prefer neither

Discovered I had run in my underground
apartment out of sleeping pills.
And as it was Dr Sullivan's day of shuteye
with Scott's drugstore closed I considered
confronting Mr. Gagnon, the motel manager
to complain about the vacuum tube
buzzing inside my head & the dots & waves it emitted.

But then I knocked on somebody else's door
till the episode was apparently over
the curious peering heads poked
themselves back in as I passed down the hall, strangely smiling.
Eulogy for H. Rap Brown

Bountiful-trained with a very jazz bite
the poisonous cat brazenly bewails
the night. ed

The white
tenor spills & spills.

Oxyconic world: he is pursuing
a flatfish into the pink razor coral,
ennuaged.

Voracious
instinct of barracuda, went to the school
of criminals, jennied out the blue факт
behind the instructor's spectacles:
cherry pie
as metaphor
is violently distasteful. These are not peaks
concealed by smoked-dark lenses. Caliban
became a bobby figment, a baby ape
Switched off at
the roots
when halfway to Mars the spirit gaped.

Perorator Stamping on a car hood
While Detroit crackled in the summer flam
report
to the President about rats in the loveless slums.

There is no bodyguard can deodorize
the stench of the dirt in the gutters of the disturbed
minds in
Washington
& the booters are now busy in the suburb.

JHN Hope / B.C. '67

OCTOBEROQUE

Under the cold light lies
the shriveling grass, the yellow leaves
stealthily accumulating
pollution of a season.
In damp valleys hedges draw
their wasted selves back against
snow-lining skies;
Fingered fingernails of rain
pick flakes off the white muckets.

Lintels, bared, offer submission
where the proud walls stand facing
an angle-parking street of wet wheels.

Chromium strips relinquish gloss
in spatters of fear:
steamers windows of the store hold
more than mute fruit, hold
bundles of merchandise,
packages, barrels & bushels of our civilized
sweat & yet
the sun declines from its nobility
mountains boom forward in the rain.

Retreat from this orbit seems near
impossible, accept it like that or
prison the blood, let nerves grow taut
barbaric with insanity & harsh
as the call of the fleeing gree.

(FORECAST)
The carotids cling deeper, there's no blood
this far north that's worth while spilling:
withdraw / peer into a corner of man
after the medium's crystal ball goes dead
& positive philosophyretires under wringing sheets
like a dream, incidental.

Twenty-four hours a day dying,
full of the stone blues I crane
with my bean neck through the plate glass
steamed by the goulash pot & the bean vapour:
or look around
the liberal schoolroom of the heart.

Spider web in my tennis ball
horn's mouth that funnels the dust of corn
standing grey seasons in the wind
unloaded from the granaries of the mind:
even laughter is banal.

Skin over sinew tightens to the bone
& the hollows at the knees show as I take
over last year's beer & cracker photographs:
winter at the motel.

This little room has become sufficient.
Of love I wouldn't hear when there was love.
Never bought flowers for someone
the rather not to excite expectations.
So be the rain my avowal
that soon as that snow comes swirling silently
out of the night in the lit streets
this new tenant will be
dieting for an unborn festival.

I
I lie late
Saturdays
watching
the room's heat
waves simmer
at the window inched open by my last night's
hands to breathe
and see
wind-shaped eaves
of snow
precarious memory
on the fir tree
now that blue skies
melt the icicles
the black crow
looks for seed

II
But how melancholy
are my virtues
at noon
in the dust
the cobwebs gleam
as I polish my shoes

III
Give me your
inert what-
ever shadow
when perpendicular
door open
(onto) a voice
then becomes possible in the
the transformer

IV
accumulation drop
by
of my clouded
talent
as voices rain
in the sun
fraudulent hopes in neon sculpture

water wherein shd. i should sleep

Water Mellon Man
Rather ridiculous the thin scope
of ripe August on the road between
coast climates & the ringed town of Fort Hope.
Along the Mennonite farms on the milk run is seen
the west sun climbing away
to south solstices slowly as the day
turns on its axis i see
turn into sleepless evening symphony
at the lit interior ask for coffee.

Who can be quick to love & who
Studies through the rising smoke of food
a ramrod minister for Straight City
is he who laughs at the Mid's pale blood-
& steals through his green lenses at beautiful
wheat sheaf hair of a woman working the boxbox:
& he is serene among the billy club phalanx as cool
as an apricot flower, remembering alto sax

solo in a room of undisturbance.
I think of the fisherman's graceful cast,
formation of smiles in a girl's bones,
from one to the other in transit now at last
soul's body achieve a consummate peace.

Junked by the billboard men to crown the garbage,
retired from the circus for his love disease
rich his eyes who rejected the mafia dollar
to love sphere music, the flowing beard his badge.

[walks on the water]

B.C. Hydro's power failure again. Hilda McPhail supplied the quirk. Cleaning out days at school. Next week will be the last. Cupboards are going bare of intellectual food, be sure. My last weekend in the Miniscope town starts tonight put in another
grumbleless week — could beat the record of 134 hr. This time for Mac Stoney. Got used to the idea of being 135 at the Clinic weight in Thursday afternoons. You're a big trick, Neville. Clean the kitchen next week before catching your plane. 20/6/69
CONDITION

If at Certa you are kissing noon
trailing the shadow of the sun
like a girl trails a bathing trunk:
I write of your time  &  my song.

The more I think of the mundane
by so much more the rain
(to say nothing of the season)
dissipates in ether. Boughs are budding.

Renaissance, everything I see. Include:
the words here — orient visually —
contradict themselves in context.
The paradox is metamorphosis.

You are no failure if no wild success. Tod,
dogwood blooms among the dynamite crew,
building a road to the west.
A flower falls in the foreman's hand.

Boulders scatter their shreds of snow,
long in this vale we have known
life, but not that we are young.
My hand pervades the warmth of bed sheets.

The translucent sea of dreams
floats level with the river of desire. Seems
anatomies appear in the seashore
toes of footprint point towards utopia.

"So if you meet me..." Have
some eclectic explanation of
the test that is touch. All flesh confirms
the unexpected word, love.

K. Hope/B.C. 1969

ADAPTATION TO THE LAST LETTER

I also looked at the tables & discovered
our separation into two orbits of anarchy:
parts  &  ideas
Cross,
intersecting epistles
says you were running with the Paris radicals
I was horizontal, conservative from far up seeing the small waters snakes they grow bigger in a dream among immense mountains, scabbed, scarred to sharp fear as I float earthward.

in a transition through the silk screen comes through the trees a one-eyed beast vomiting

Fainting journey to night kitchens with the deep fried jellied tawdry shrimp
(bitch with rum-soaked gum in sleeping somewhere no poetry responds)

I fling laundry batter to the cats cold

Let me too relent: what are the spoils of dead meat in my chest?

Somehow the animals behind the topology of sofas & chairs can surely scent the dawn as I totter into the torture chamber: am burnt dry, dark, follow again

on the level world I mention to no one your gamutted overtures

Hungover Monday. Kev Tousson up for weekend with heavy from the coast. Dan- ced "Proud Mary" at Norton's yesterday on bloody many's. Looking in fridge for some- thing about five or six. Pet & Charlie had taken off for one of their lifts. Agreed to meet Kev at airport bar 7:30 next Friday. Tied a big one on for the last weekend meet. Kev & "Glav" were supposed to come. Weight shoot up to 150 again? Chinese grub at Alex's where found Kev & here. Betty James, David Ferguson missed two slices of cheese, individually wrapped, a Fresca.
The neighbour room is crowded, vibrant.
Rapacious eyes make walls flexible.
The Negro leams into a vacuum.
Superman with a cocktail glass emits
turbulent elections.
The hostess spears errors on a toothpick.

I Transfix me. No you
your cannot; so you cannot
with all the horn of plenty & God's help.
This room's furniture is spare, adequate.
I need no bagatelles
to blast an exit.

See me transplanted, now at peace, asleep.
Or in the unpolluted woods awake
to flowing water as a life medium,
to ice cream at the season turns.
And turns	clean
colours. Dimensions of the mountains.

The leaves cannot be caught in the camera,
or the sea sold in an oil barrel.

HOROSCOPe AT LATE CHOW

He is no fool of April who is king
of the ninth house, governed by Jupiter.
Spring:
at this table in this town.
The phases of the moon outshine
the ambiguities of fatal stars;
I, a traveller, encounter the zodiac,
review the seven seas in the Easter satrapies
& drink in an orchestra of woods.

Food for this man in this world now:
I bury bread & meat in an undauntpian
wildness of regard at the shuttered street
& with deep relief
Adam's apple music makes a fragile
unheard (the melody of swallow).
Throat strings pulse as time recedes
into a rhythmized haze, with
the wash of Brandy.
in a cola of low calorie
aspiring not to bring to mind
today's predictions, or the summer outlook.

To ignite the wheatfield of my stomach
is the precursor of a rich
reminiscence
in the black soil.

And the sun goes into Gemini
a jewel in my forehead:
the devil & I are innocents

**SEA CREATURE**

Need variety now
the oil slick of the night
washed across your plumes
clings.

The air beats back your rich crests
heavily, torpidly in
the passage of summer;
nerves in my belly tauten.

You can't fly
because of Siberia, because of
the death camp computers
They hum vibrantly
the mirrors glow.

At intervals in the desert air
receiving pulses from a dying star,

I need change, continue to

march through aridities

Need water transformation — maybe
a sipped many, bloody & tabascoed

while nostrums swim

through a hate flag

my sailor's head

under the still lamp

profuse as is

a lush, luminous

the morning that bears your anubade
I will not get back through the spume to depths of the sensitive shrimp
Because the poison will not settle 
I need my feet planted on dry soil 
2 ten fingers 
to pluck the harp

PEACE POEM
Relinquish the arrow for the branch:
You will watch its interaction with the Sun
Harvest flowers from the buds.
And bear sweet gifts to the children with beads:
While we have marshmallow skies
Spring is honeycombed
in the bell of Time.

Since & now
the moon is a slag heap & I gently
lie on my scorched stomach dreaming
John D. Rockefeller must be mad
to spend 400,000 dollars on a yellow peasant’s death.
when a block from the doorstep the flower
that weathered snowfell & sad neglect
break through the palings of our sight
find their way over our walls
The fragrance is all around me
thing the house behind stands deserted.
Winds stirs the cobwebs & he full moon’s ash.
Outside the green shadows dance.
My hands are full of tranquility.

Spiders
The spiders in my room run for their lives.
When I feel alien web-threads
pass through my jugular
Snare my cage of bones
Convulsions of the blood beat through my temples,
sweats break upon my brow.
Long ago I sacrificed
the pleasure of
entering my room with deny eyelids
from being out under the stars.
There was a time I could come
home to a book.

Vampires, poisonous serpents are extinct.
At least, this region's far too northern, Cold.
Now I turn the key & draw
my shadow in before me
or with the shirt knotted round my hand
trust my sense of touch
When the dawn is not too alcoholic.

One hair of mine that's touched
will make the spiders run
for their lives!

IC. Hope 5/69

DIABOLIC POSTURES
Free of the physical shackles that
bound wrist to time perceptions

Head to the black moose of routine,
flowers my spirit among impromptu libations.

Rooted divinely I do not write—
The hell with these gods, with their injunctions.

Thus to be prodigal poisons a subtle
brotherhood with the best of Contemporaries

who he is not raucous in the roadway. Neither
is he nostalgic in the smoky room.

So hanging loose, exploiting the privilege
I drift into spring, belted grotesquely.

The body music & emotion is his, a sailor
who plucks the available flower with his salt teeth.

II

You will have to deliver yourself from shock
through the birth pangs of the urgent dark

Saint of the cities. Conceive him calmly
who will not be quietly desperate in the neon light.
Push into the open universe for you can’t after his long gestation cage the egg.

Hangar on ply the shuffleboard tables.
Through my head bursts a piece of oratorio.

Winter must probably departs about his time.
Snow heals slowly on the patient mountains.

What sun will batter the gashed peaks you cannot predict. Go forward. Go forward.

We have chosen the President begin to find
his slogans choking the TV dinner.

Some other cities may burn spontaneously.
In these lines do not search, not search for
a chicken in the pot of golden concord,
either prise a bullet from the verse’s head.

The couples dance, unheard a rhythm. My
breath across the room pursues ephemera.

MEN Hope 2/69

The beeswax of fact plugs the ears of the audience:
but somewhere now the adrenaline threatens.
This being song, a diabolic postlude. Vale.

Ode to the Sun: for fellow expatriates

Remotely shining on the milky ways radius,
star in your constellation, hung
out like white fur on a photograph – you’re
nimbus to the divinities of trees.

Summer blossoms to the goats of the sea:
their gelatinous bladders garbage the rocks
& their leathery things rot in the weed proof.
The oysters they haven’t gorged crackle with barnacle love.

And saints of the air are your concern, not so?
Air base fighter, a flashing acrobat
that soars & climbs across the blue blue sky
to print its phallic impact of smoke-trail fleetingly.

You have come close & are going away on your journey,
or under my veil of rain rather it is me
rotating convoluted with the seasons
oblivious now to Canis Major or any
dog star under the Southern cross
that bared me in a granite bed; I hauled you
into the spruce & balsam mountains,
far from golden in your bilious gas-spitting galaxy.

Those travelers from my native ports
who write me magnificent letters
are somewhere in the fastness of a city
east of here, enjoying the sms of the Great Lakes.

NOMINALLY

When Gawain, gave his name to knight & lady
they had him in their power
which was negative thinking. And as
Portuguese fisherman were drying cod on the rocks
the Indians were saying "aca nada"
there's nothing here with it's history

Nominally, it is a nowhere place
being everywhere, being only in product
tundra or prairie, gold mine or cordillera,
but when you mention Capetier or Mackenzie
the pulse beats mysteriously whether you are
of the old-blooded stock with family or
just a landed immigrant who nealy masticates
the papum from information bureaus,
maps spread on the table
& Nor'Wester Sound to Newfoundland,
pushing aside the cornflakes & ice coffee
while keeping a finger on Louis Riel
to finish. A Short History Of...

Will it's royal name from Camelot
wrapped in the Celtic mists
I should be wishful, perhaps, shouldn't divulge it.

It is you who cry Arthur! Arthur!
as if you know who I am.
I have only your name: on your
left not speak of promises.

HAIKU for H. Tap Brown (Stokely Carmichael & Eldridge Cleaver & the Black Panther)
Land built on my back
so that when I'm standing up
it is falling down.

31/8/67
Requiem For A Hunter

He stood the rifle upright
this time equal to himself
leaned on the stern barrel
with deliberation

who knows
in what sunlight through the pines
or details of the dark

his boots
trampled what wildflower-stalks
& how did his sweat smell if it was friday

So now I place ten dollars
in a white envelope

walk from the washroom's
privacy to
the widow's box on the counter

remembering his jolly smile
the way he called me monk
& I replied with cardinal

who knows
why these eyes around us
appear anonymous?

Haiku

cut grass smelling raw
springs not on my senses more
than steel blades that scape — 6/69

Assassination

Balcony above the junk hotel
has will my beer lounge stupor what to do?
The murderer is not hairy, neither am
I too sick with liquor not to rue
the passing of the sage whose message has
not reached beyond the telescopic eye.

Downtown's contemporary polish
gleams past my trigger fingers or my clubfoot:
in fact the sun that climbs painfully
by the queer ballistics of rapidity
becomes a slug that smashes Martin Luther's
black & resonant jugular: the barber
above me carefully repeats
that not a pearl of blood has broken
my golden skin's immunity. These streets
command themselves now even as
Spring jumps on the dusty boulevard
with green rain, & the snail could eat my flesh.

Fragment rewritten at Corner request. From session in Alice's Restaurant
one woody Saturday morning waiting for Denny. 

POEM

Raining afternoon I can't stop loving!
Sudden sunlight through spells of musk
Suffuses my heart with glow of affection
Which briskish water cannot dilute.

Safe. We have safely come through the mountains.
Here the glass-smooth sea breaks soft in cream-thick waves,
or drizzle illuminates the moment like jewels.
Under my gown melts the gold sand, foam-net.

I have not seen your face more lustrious
than I see it now among ferns & fir,
you in whose hand my brown one smoulder'd,
Coming through tunnels out of bleak places.

Landscapes pass in sequence, yielding beauty,
& beauty of the kind which keeps through seasons.
Through loveliness enduring, we learn to be
inspired by spiders, to be heroes in darkness.

R. Saiz Africa (p.e.) 1964.
Sonnet 1

Supremely individual, flamboyant, proud,
insane, & thirty for a stable life,
attacked by love's dementia, & predilections, & lend
laughter at the skyjackings, world troubles & world strife,
in cosmopolitan divers of some metropolis.

I know that sin is not the universe:
I know the rain shimmers through the sun & stars
explode within a galaxy remains mysterious.

The poisoned spring has bubbled thru my veins:
young Venus lay in rage I loved her so,
day of ferocity. The golden road turned blue
becomes a damp rampant Derrymore for sins
of cannibality. The smell 2 the raw

crowds Mets disregard me are also here I adore.

II
Sonnet I

Supremely individual, flamboyant, proud,
insane, & thirty for a stable life,
attacked by love's dementia, & premonitions, & lend
laughter at the skyjackings, world troubles & world strife,

in Cosmopolitan dives of some metropolis
I knew that this is not the universe;
how the rain shines through the sun & stars
explode within a galaxy remains mysterious.

The poisoned spring has bubbled from my veins:
young Venus lay in rage I loved her so—
dog of ferocity. The golden road turned blue
becomes a damp & rampant Romp of fear for sins
of carnality. The smell of the raw

crowds that disgust me are also here I adore.

II
limb makes a magnificent seat for serendipity.
Be an observer, marvel at geology, smoke a cigarette upon a round of meter rocks that are iron-colored, shiny in sunlight, hued like ash or whitened, textured like copper boulders, purpled, dark stained stones with wet bottoms of sea treasure from gone ages manoeuvred by the sea. Crab music and the sky calm, remote, here rolls the tamed Pacific.

From James' Cottage, Summer of '67
WALKING: Chairman was went swimming in the yangtze through features such as Tortoise, such as Tiger president Johnson of the U.S. was babysitting, s was photos. gnaphal with beagles on his lawn the Corruptulant peasant taking exercise in swimming in the dacha from the Kremlin air marshaled by in sanies in Huayan opium while his chi niuk drank tea in his underground bunker where the bombers from Okinawa can't take out the air conditioning out of his ideology meanwhile in Varstar tees off at stardolly golf bunker fedal Castro plays beisbol in his Cuba paper done phoning from the tropical port in chic shorts is lauging with the voodoo man in Switzerland chairman who went swimming in the yangtze I have just drunk the local carajis beer I eat the salmon of b.c. now I am crossing the boat channels on cantenary shore between there is remains to the south I am free today to find purple starfish succulently clinging to the rocks of metal colour barnacles crusted on the grey & winged boulders I am standing on the rock-scaled coast of canoe near features such as oyster, mud, driftwood with my stick in the keep beds where the crabs scuttle in the coarse damp gravel or slide among the rocks it was Captain Cook who heard the Carapaces tickle I wanted to annex the territory I care not for such an imperialist neither for the politics of sound with the great forests booming in the background & the mountain that present the year by current its access to the sea great plans are being made at Peace river a bridge will join the rivers now & soon the Fraser has become a herring farm I will pay my social debt to schoolchildren at hope a hundred miles upstream from Vancouver there to add pollutants to e water in my campaign to clean up Canada the b.c. premier if he is still surviving will find I want a viable alternative to raping of resources etc.

COURTENAY ROCKS

on the tree stump looking towards the coastal mountains across the side you can see Sunlit snow, mawve haze, pastel day I try to capture the soul of August: seek listenable music of the Crabs shell in the caverns of the rocks with water trickle you may wonder what the crabs are doing at the water's edge curious by the mudholer of crustaceans. Evening boats are resting in the boathouse beach house above the empty channels.

In the indigenous village maybe they are busy on the dollar trade of curios for tourist shops, mythologies of killer whale, of beaver, & of raven, of eagle, bear, & salmon. This old totem pole defies analysis, land creature was led mightily by the waters into white branches buried in the stone space the seaweed draped along its blunt roots. Fract cobwebs stir at leeward in the noon breeze suspended from dead knots & dead projections the white is wasted
Swimming

The following poem by Chairman Mao Tse-tung was written by him to celebrate his swim in the Yangtse. References such as Tortoise and Snake are to geographical features of the region. "The Master" is Confucius.

I have just drunk the waters of Changsha,  
And eaten the fish of Wuchang;
Now I am crossing the thousand-mile long river.
Looking afar to open sky of Chu.
I care not that the wind blows and the waves beat;
It is better than idly strolling in a courtyard.
Today I am free!
It was on a river that the Master said:
"Thus is the whole of Nature flowing!"
Masts move in the swell;
Tortoise and Snake are still.
Great plans are being made;
A bridge will fly to join the north and south,
A deep chasm become a thoroughfare;
Walls of stone will stand upstream to the west
To hold back Wushan's clouds and rain,
And the narrow gorges will rise to a level lake.
The mountain goddess, if she still is there,
Will be startled to find her world so changed.