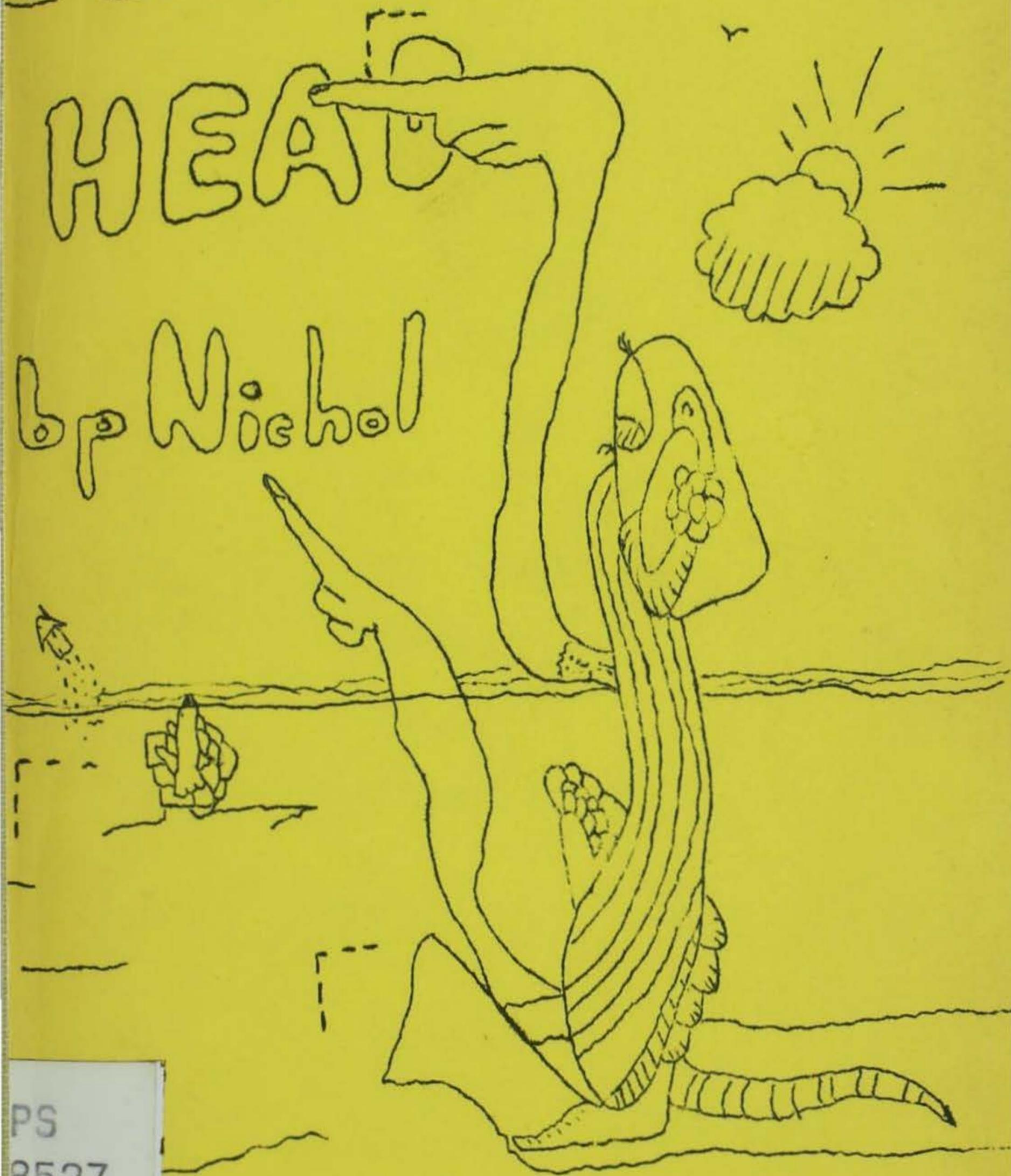


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BEACH

HEAT

by Nichol



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BEACH HEAD

by

b p Nichol

transitions 66 & 67

Runcible Spoon
Sacramento, California

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Other PUNCIBLE SPOON
books by bp Nichol
include:

SCRAPTURES FOURTH SEQUENCE (o.p)
BALLADS OF THE RESTLESS ARE

cover by D.r. Wagner

SEA

**

this night the sea moves into me

dark street

no way of sailing over it
& so i must move thru it alone

nameless

& walk beyond my lies

but the words are on me hang heavy
& the voice cries to be heard

inside me all inside me

dark world

* * *

we can say the myths end
return full circle &
the actual untangles its confusions

the world is given its history

his story never changes

some journey is done
& the ear gathers the words near
to measure what one has won

SEQUENCE

morning:

morning spreads
its soft fat fingers
over our faces
pokes them
into our eyes
sur-
prising us awake
with soft punches

afternoon:

a-
way. a way
of looking at things)

keep moving, shifting
perspectives

(never see into it
never get close

evening:

being becomes
counting the ways
you've
trapped yourself
or(i
should say) can
come to that. be
careful
of lies like "i
love you" ties
that bind you
when
you really can't

RELATIONSHIPS

for Dave Phillips

the space
between

a leaf
fills

all
possible motions

touch
both sides

leave us
here

THE FUGITIVE

for issac

1

the law is
inside me
bids me bide
my time
& tide . . .
is the daily
rising
of emotions - "who
are they? what
do they
want? when
will they
fail me?"

2

"how far
to go to
the border?"

sat tall in
the saddle

now they
hunt him down

stoop-shouldered
half-a-
day's ride from
the other side

3

the problem at
this point

how to
face yourself, the sun
inside

your eyes
burning

4

"locks open
very
easily" the key is
in the statement
she had said
he knew

5

to get
inside the border
is to be
inside
a matter of
living
to get out

LAND

as I
is eyes

as
I am now
able
to see
clearly
the way
before me

as
I am now
whole
and able to be
here

so
I would give you
vowels, vows
that my nouns
make, breaks
in the silences
my mind
had made
as it moved
(not thru
the I
for
the eye
was closed) in
the past -

tense (as
I was
then in
my speech
even) uneven
the rhythm
broken by
the to & fro
motion of
the eye
lid

as I hid
the light
from myself
saying
others
had done so

so
my eyes
now
open
letting
the light
in, as
my mouth
opens
letting
my tongue
order
the verbs
the light

has moved
to action

as impulse as
now
my blood
races, the heat
the light
brings bringing
the words
forth in
such heat
the heart
flows
with them

as
I do
now
flow
the eye)
open, one
continuous
circling, light
into light
into light

what visions i have come
not with the night
not with the chaos but
the memory of chaos
as now

at journeys end
i have emerged from chaos
into the infinite order
of light, my eyes
open

to the suns light
the moon reflected
as cold surfaces will
when i walked in chaos
when

the chaos was in me
and ruled me

what visions i had then
were of the chaos
seen as

an infinite jumble
of shadow & dark thots
the head remembers
long after the dark is gone,
long after the light has come
penetrating
the farthest reaches
of the soul

& the soul remembers
in speech (the scarred
syllables) & the speech
flows
& cleanses

up
 into my eyes,
the words
upon my face
in the moon's light

speaking
from our eyes
in the darkness,
the outer edges
of our skin
touching

the grace
of touch
gone, a
stumbling
motion
we spoke of
(then) as love

•

under the sea
we were poor fish creatures
our desperate voices
crying to each other
in the darkness

tho she was land and
i hungered for her
my floundering drove me down
further and further from the light
till only the dark was there
(the silver bubbles of her breath) and
she was not there
and
 i could not reach her

we move

separately

the knowledge
of
each limb
assures

always
the memory of
the darkness
clings

a darker opening in
the heart of things

D.r. sent these back to me & said could i make any (questions) changes to these i wanted to and send them back. i couldn't. i made only one poem different & left it up to him. i am no longer the person i was when i wrote these. my musculature is different & (as a result) my breathing. breath lines that made sense then no longer make sense. the LAND section (one long poem) has the panicky short breath line i was in at the time, that poem written in a period of time that terror ruled me as never before or since. if i changed it now it would make no sense. what could be more illogical than to look back & say that the breath line makes no sense when in fact that was how i breathed then? these poems are offered up in friendship to whoever hears them and breaths them with their own body.

bp Nichol
Toronto, Canada

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bp Nichol lives in Toronto
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