bpNichol

THE MARTYROLOGY



the martyrology



l

carrots onions celery potatoes cheddar cheese beef for stock salt pepper garlic

windy day keep the door open kitchen cool

core & steam the cabbages peel the leaves rice & vegetables for the hollopchis

sit around the table talk of nothing good feeling for the job that's done

walk the fields the wind blows blue sky above you always pray that will be so This page intentionally left blank

the martyrology Books 364

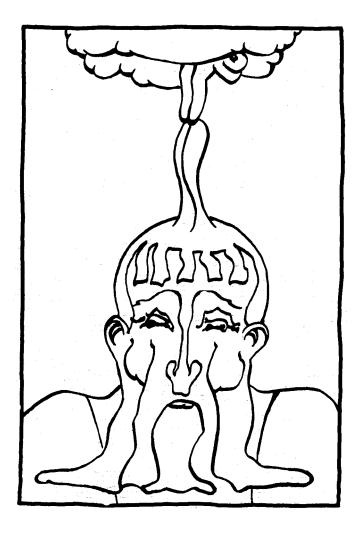
Bp nichol

The Coach House Press

Toronto

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THE MATYROLOGY in its entirety is as i said originally for Lea without whom quite literally none of it would have been written



'this is the 16th straight day of sunshine hot weather here in divineland bc so have found some little spots on the west van side for lots of swimming – maybe i should have been a fish. deep breathing floating i learned all those years ago, body totally relaxed back slightly arched & just letting the ocean hold my face up to the blue sky. sweet heaven, who needs the jesus freaks. spine, which was wrenched again at work (in the valve factory, if yu can dig it, & i can't thus this is my last week & then taking a carpentry course) is feeling much better, thanks to hands of mother ocean.

i think it's becoming a good summer all in all. Pat & i going well. have much to love together. its been hard. lots of work to do. there are images we love in common. that's the most important thing i've ever sd. i don't believe in islands but our house & garden has an oasis like look abt it. the garden coming in good with the sun & all the trees around it.

> ★ some paradise a slice ★

well, i tend towards the rural in my soul – never was big on sophisitcated city images. we're moving right along, its our time now.

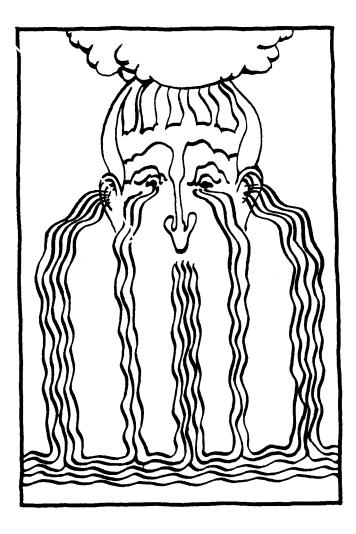
hope this letter finds yu & yours feeling fine.

perhaps less time will elapse between. i hope so & look out there for your poems & letters.

love David This page intentionally left blank

'Grant me a good dream, a beneficent dream. If I shall truly marry the daughter of poetry, if she is to be the companion of my well-being, the companion of my fortune, and if we are to grow old together, make it apparent to me, O Ancestors.'

Batak prayer to find a bride This page intentionally left blank



BOOK 3

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'The road which leads through the brush to the mountains is now open, The road which leads to the tatter-heap of memories is now closed.' Trobriand Island Prayer

a voice in a cloud a face in a storm distant drawn steps down from having been where yes

wrong moment wrong song urgent long breath half dreaming in the train i saw you visible death a scream saint of no-names free of lies as in a like an if nothing ends except pretending your own existence blessed

ears filled with echoes tongues with lies overlay la lu lu a w & a no another year of knowing you another life to go

this is not the moment when the writing comes only the awareness thru another light a choice of words moving to be said pray god do let the consonance lead me

broken rhythm as the mind is needing peace to sleep in language years or weeks white tips of mountains grey clouds blue sky

I

oh father

father

there has been that which i've been told faces in crowds i seem to remember dreams that are foreseen as longings caught as the eye is an error in the sum

often i awake in trembling nothing to be spoke of that can be seen hands around me to lead me gladly friends as family a kind of reckoning

there is a dance within the room a w a g walls on which my history's written songs of joy

an h in the sky an i at sea

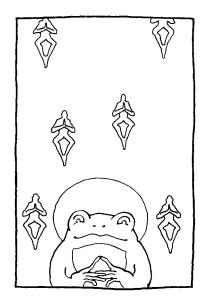
as was foretold me

i am not what i appear that straightness or fractioning

nothing like the face that floats above me crying always crying

this morning in the curtained room the fear or loneliness seemed unreal sensing as i did the higher plane or place you'd gone to

you have no name now only a being so alive i know you're all still with me linked as one energy moving into song



i wanted an image or a metaphor something to contain me within the flow of language presses in screamed so loud my father ran to save me not knowing i needed to fall in that place where all space holds you

david said of the bottle in his hand 'pouring the liquid you pour the container too gone your skin flows out of you' someone laughed we were all too drunk

it is disconnected

the drinks the ryme the too many times not thinking for myself

the flower or the root plucked from the ocean's floor eaten by the snake or turtle who knows his face who knows what eats what sloughs his skin or shell & walks away

suppose i had never come here

suppose i had done it that day jumped from the old stone tower on bigwin island pierced my body with ten stakes

i could walk the water far as the saints would carry me leave that skin behind & pass away

it is the full moon in the sky the rising sun

watching from the train window i am moved beyond it in a dream walk the fields dumb & trembling as in a poem i cannot remember writing someone walks beside me whispering

thieves THIEVES

you take a man's words to use against him twist language to such brutal ends i'm sick with your scheming too lost in words to ever leave them too full with love of speech as feeling

\mathfrak{G}

there must be a beginning made a starting over a writing down times when other voices do not distract

there must be an order in all things to be discovered not imposed

there is an invisible world opens a heaven or a hell filled with the men & women i have killed or disposed of who never made them

but thot the power his

there is a listing or a taking of priorities these things as i have noted them here are taking place have taken are the true & proper province of poetry & prayer

11

i wanted a portrait of a man so perfect it was weak in his weaknesses catch the leer the arrogant stare of one who writes poetry as part of a power play accumulating poems as one accumulates points on a scale moving up towards the ultimate chair or throne wearing the fool's cap

a black gown to cloak intention

i need to inscribe a circle in hell my need to see a wish to find the words for being held as i am within the limits of my vision we hold such tension within ourselves call it duality we never hear the moment when the words stop or the silence begins

lay in bed three days dreaming of this poem wrote it down the first draft it came out wrong the words stilted awkward as if there were no song to sing only the flat statement of what i'd seen a circle in which saint ranglehold stood holding the letter H within his hand taunting the man i described inaccurately a poet

the confusion of parital vision the agony of half lies the endless catalogues the exclamations oh

saint of no-names king of fools the days are spent in piecing things together the night's strewn with pages you do not remember writing third person to first person am i the fool sick of everything i've written fascinated by my own distaste keep placing one letter in front of another pacing my disillusionment

it is mistaken

silence & speech it is one

talking & listening there is no duality

'i have nothing to say & i am saying it'

listen to what i don't say what i do say listen to me

drove along the highway nine going west to arthur radio blaring 'don't leave me lonely tonight' is there a road to heaven along here somewhere a cloud-town exit before i go too far

there's a poem i should write some sort of image of the cosmic hitch-hiker thumb out it's a troubled life no one wants to pick him up he looks unclean

once he might've been saint ranglehold or reat now there is no name to give him only the knowledge he outlives us all we don't stop 'all i've left is a band of gold' growing old driving nowhere on these crumbling roads



Hello ?!? write to me you lazy zucinni! POWER OF SOUL WITH THE ☆ ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE !! Jimi Hendrix what do you think what do you feel? do you know tears and laughter joy + sorrow anger + love asido, or under different faces ? APRIL FOOL IS CRUEL or are they mashs? YOUR PAIN IS YOUR JOY UNMASKED - Kallil Gibran why am I so scatterbrained?

love Suzette

different faces different times places & people remembered not recalled 'lonely days are gone i'm going home' the roads run into one another

sometimes i'm sorry i stopped for you sunny as today is yesterday it rained driving north out of toronto circles in the sky i saw the face of ranglehold enraged red clouds against the blue

why?

letters from friends joy of speech each moment shared with someone melting snow fields emerge as brown horses in the meadow occurrences that ryme it is accidental or

- suddenly the sky opened -

it is all blue (bluer than blue) it was all blue

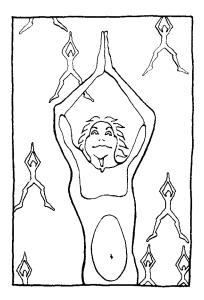
bluer

BLUE

more than meets the eye meets the ear fear of that as the basic proposition mo asked 'what if the bias were reversed' 2000 years the eye has ruled theory that the architecture of greece & egypt was based on the ear now every architect says there is no exact science of acoustics

the ancient gaelic poets lay with stones on their chests pressed stale air out fresh breath poetry springing from lungs that were pure

you in the back seat leaning forward asking where i'm going i've no good answers the stone on my chest won't let me breathe



the ear the ear it is all there the mouth fitted to it with such care there is music in every sound you make

the air here is clearer wind in my hair it is a moment the poem has occupied before the words are shapes the sounds take it is all there it is all there

breathing over & over history's written in my body architecture of the too tight muscles will not bend where they should startled eyes moving in & out aware the sound is there occupying space i am afraid to enter



blue sky & wind beginning green of trees began a poem about your death ranglehold i had not thot to write about it earlier forgive me

standing with andy in the greenhouse studying the seedlings for the planting leaves so much the same cauliflower & broccoli i wondered at first if a mistake had been made

it is hard to recall how you died probably you were lost at sea laughing stupidly at the irony undertow dragging you away

sometimes now the hitch-hiker addresses me asks me if i ever care if i ever share with someone other than myself this feeling of trembling

is it a selfish act to write saint ranglehold to structure space this way for yourself

i'm trying to learn

it is hard

help me

father i have so much to say i can't throw my pen down in the old way when retreat was easier than continuing

i see visions or images in the sky perhaps only in the mind's eye faces of saints or lovers now forgotten may my father's father bless me may he care for me well

may his father know my intentions are good

may the father of his father watch over me as i would were i he

bless this poem this road that i have taken

bless my friends

bless me

love we know so little of it disconnected it's never clear we play a game of distances juggle faces & positions lost among our own intricacies

you there in the air before me i know your name you were saint ranglehold in that old game we played of one to one how boring that seems we all need so many friends

this evening the this seems too present watching mike leave rain fall the open doorway knowing the long drive to london lay ahead fascinated by the figure moves thru this poem as dave or him poet friend

something of the search we share in common as if words could save the mind i only know it was bad weather to be driving home in sense let us make some of it too little presence or suspension of belief that man i called a thief a poet the one saint ranglehold tangled with where is his place in all this

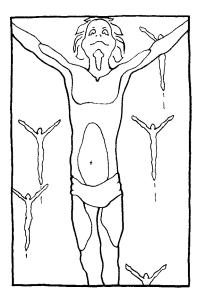
i ask questions they are not rhetorical expecting answers or acknowledgement at least i've never stopped even when you died knowing someday you'd really hear me

father if i address you in poems it is to dress you beautifully the body needs such sounds to live in embodies your beauty in its form as women are in body beautiful breasts & belly tender to the touch it is too much too often we have our own ways of handling these things

an order is perceived it is mentioned the task is once again begun all of us who occupy this body linked as one an ear for an i want to talk to you

Ш

'you have to pay old debts before you catch the moon' rumours was what richard called them states of mind a whole geography real to me then i cannot recall



i want to write a history of this present moment brings me here pen in hand late sun of a spring day my own shadow on the dandelion 'magic words of poof poof piffles make me just as small as sniffles' the saints are so much smaller than the real worlds this poem is peopled with

move among you all as bumbling in my mind as leo was marmaduke always could put one over on him the teams were all the same the duke & the dope the dodo & the frog you saw it all on the silver screen stan laurel slapped down by oliver hardy we cover ourselves in fat or longing anything to keep the lean one in scream when we can or laugh sometimes it is much the same

rob crosses the yard pauses to talk not wanting to disturb me in the writing i remember how we first met me reading KULCHUR was it issue 10 'i was so much older then' nancy later looking for liz

julia her skirt swaying

the dandelion is not a weed its perfect golden flower i could sleep there always

friends

friends

friends

this is how the false 'i' ends

i do not remember what i could remember the simplest things stick in the mind i know there is a blindness which is hiding do i understand

this music is one of touch utopia as more must have seen that necessity for a community of feeling the saints never knew kept wandering places by themselves the stupid fucking fools

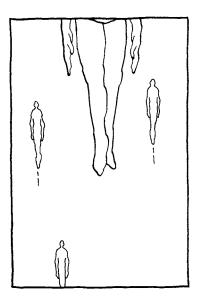
rob keeps writing me these poems talks to me as his mother did spring of 63 so far from language anything i told her of my fear of living

we all need teachers

friends

people we can talk & read to as the buddhists saw it no 'i' stands alone its base is 'we' all the universe embodied in that term

the song the bird sings high in its tree



white clouds

tear down these wires that obstruct my ear

INTERLUDE: The Book of OZ

i have imagined a heaven which is another place a landscape i was born in fields i walked the saints were at my side thru the woods a glade animals dwelt within smiling pool where longlegs fished his breakfast with his beak bob white rising up to sing his cheery song into the morning cheery as everyone was cheery then smiles freeze my lips remembering how you died saint iff fell from the sky i saw you fall thot it was a star that day as a kid i ventured places i'd never been before set out to find you who were you are you anyway we start there write it here yes

the river they called kaministiqua lay beyond the tall black stack of the incinerator at the end of the trail lead by the tiny valley we caught the garter snakes in

i remember winter nights in my room the bed dj & i shared i had a friend torn as he was from the funny papers crazy jutting jaw stupid yellow hat i talked with him

it's not easy remembering a lost language words i have no tongue to use

my life changed when i saw you fall set out to find you as a son should took the books the maps that i could find followed you into that country the mind recognizes met the animals ones i knew by name peter rabbit reddy fox those i did not know faces frightened or insane or

this morning i listened for your voice somewhere in the howling heard only the rustle of what could be straw clink of metal four countries that were different colours & the centre green

green as i had never seen before

green

there are many roads to that centre many ways to go underground thru the valley of voices overland or follow polychrome the rainbow's daughter as the saints did long ago there are many men in that land of strangers faces i should recall you most of all saint iff i do not know it's noone's fault

surely the blue that i have talked about was there a sky that ended where this sky begins these chronicles of kingdoms & emperors pass from forest into meadow from meadow to desert's edge a vast place full of emptiness or less

i don't know what to say father i confess ignorance of what the next phrase is

it's not easy living out our history we want oracles or visions they come they don't come that's as may be

in that green place there is too much glare they give you glasses to wear & you see

ruled by wizards or princesses scarecrows or rebels

let our passions rule us father let our longing free

'How long do you live after you're picked?' Dorothy's question to the mangaboos

that well you died beside saint iff fell thru the morning sky was that the one the braided man fell down not a well but an 'adjustable post-hole' he'd hoped to make his fortune on plummeted thru to the pyramid mountain even your final moments a dream thinking you could hear the water you longed for skin dissolving into meat meat to bone it was only the lapping of clouds flapping of gargoyle's wings things you had no frame of reference for

at night in the garden i see the mangaboos full grown ready to be picked hear the mutter of their vegetable voices feel their thorns prick whisper the prayers i said when i was young

'God bless mother & father dj bob & dea grandma & grandma all my cousins aunts & uncles all my friends all the plants & animals forever & ever amen'

IV

'ah you sing with gods then' man in a bar in ottawa – may 18/71

four hours monday in the sun to ottawa nothing but drink & talk late tuesday walk beside the rideau canal the locks flew out wednesday for tampa cottage by the sea present occasion for memory



palm trees are so foreign to me remember that time in nassau i could not find the words to fix them here this act this moment of confession or prayer pelicans flying low above the waves crest over our heads salt in the eyes the nose the tongue five white petals of the jasmine five saints names upon our lips sweet smell in the evening air

spring you are with me again a dark woman mysterious but fair place does not dim the focus is there that time in 63 talking with lea i remember the sound of her voice how it held me this poem a singing back to her all she has given me & told me to share

\mathcal{D}

one woman who was all women to me one woman who grants all women to me the process of transition the choice names seem irrelevant or i name in any case

no place which is all places to me no time which remains the same blurring & overlapping we exist within a loop or stillness time flows both ways it is always year I day I hour I of our lord praise him write his name in sand water or the wind blurs

one ocean which is all oceans holy remember my father's words having driven from pacific to atlantic 'my god we're a long way from home' return to that water salt in our gills it fills us

hands together to the sun

breathe in breathe out

alokanorée

aloka norée

breathe in aloka breathe out norée

aloka norée aloka norée aloka



weeks to watch the sand shift crouching low watched it blow up from the water's edge waves catch me smash my face into the beach each cut reminds me 'i'd rather be in heaven with my loved ones learnin my a b c's than in hell praying in greek & latin for water to quench my thirst'

rex humbard

so many things done in your name father so many curses or blessings less of one thing more of another excess works both ways

we have too much happiness or sorrow we have more than we can handle one will lead to the other that's what who say?

bowed south sun on my right i am surrounded by the sea touch my fingers to the earth & praise you

you have made me granted me friends given me reasons for singing their praises as i do & in the praising name them as i cannot name you

do you think the poem will change

the oracle did not say

spoke of the right time for each thing the mantle that must be assumed

late night

such a tiny room

the sound of the ocean fills me



supper at sean's breadfruit mangoes soursop goat's cheese with crackers green tea his trip to Ireland following the family name reaching back 900 years earlier than i can claim knowledge of talked of poetry sitwell's 'facade' speech & voices voices voices

late at night writing words that will not wait till morning nothing no time for anything it seems we draw nearer & nearer to that moment when poetry & living merge i need to make my dreams of loving real

if i could speak to you openly gather you all in this room i'd let my fingers talk for me touch you as i long to

sweet jesus it is clear

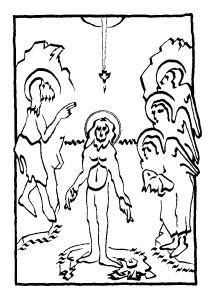
oh saints we are one

the father & the father & the son the son the son

V

'you must lay down a new language, a new tongue enlightened by the spirits' – anthony ellis

ellie & me another form of we



rob & i or connections

4 or more

friends

no ends or means

living

move across the prairies planes geometry of abstract confession

i am nameless father we are free to move as we please in a land where boundaries are a frame of mind

reference

single word

visvaldis told me 'you do not take yourself seriously' hackneyed image

clown

you can see the way it moves now shorter lines evolving into longer statements of place or time the history of the poem recapitulated last night listening to victor read he was *there* seated in his garden watching the gardiner

expressway?

there is no single path or token rob & me we drove out along that highway west into the mid-day sun neither of us talking too tired from too little sleep relaxing in the place we keeps alive for us i thot of victor's line remember how i first met him letters i kept sending him poems he kept rejecting them helped dave aylward & i set up that GANGLIA reading he & margaret read at that night the east coast of america blacked out short circuit omen 'someone up there's trying to tell us something' dj was there

& joe

chewing that cigar i've never known him to smoke

i call these poets friends tho i cannot attend to them daily there is a we

there is a we

different the same links us in the law language comprehends i have to trust to carry me thru into somewhere

driving east again metropolitan toronto population 1,916,000 suddenly hit me watching the concrete walls of the QEW some sense of history

a we that lacks connections

passing the elevators the terminal buildings where i worked that one day burning books the workmen in the furnace room grabbing the 1908 encyclopedias 'i want these for my kids' i threw the rest in the incinerator final DADA act convinced as i was then the uselessness of words of print the job made its own sense

there is no we encompasses city only the collective place poverty or pressure brings you to my people who are not my people i fear you think me strange you lacks meaning for me becoming them

once

once when it all makes sense the cycle which is history

the sphere

gathers us in

we with we

a kind of litany i know i need to bring together my friends & my friends

make them understand each other

at least that's clear

i am afraid of writing something which does not end as we does not only the link which is i

to be replaced

other i's to see thru 'in the true time & space called meaning' love as many as i can in whatever way is that not true father?

afraid of the words even now threaten to overwhelm me i am carried away thru the slick glass buildings the dirty streets the we which is not we but slabs of meat stacked up to feed the mouths of commerce the smoking chimneys the burning pages of the burning books



i wished i has a ship would carry me over these asphalt streets ive burned my feet on back when i wanted nothing more than running the marathon i was in training

held the manitoba under 16 record for 2 miles fame sure is fleeting broke it that day i helped carry the torch into the stadium starting the pan am trials

certain rhythms recurr

themes

i have dreams which end up as poems poems that shldve been songs

we's a long way away some days there's so much i you rise from bed aware of your collectivity no sense of one to move towards we from carry yourself over water forgetting it is your own bones you sail upon settle the shores of lakes we do forget we

our sails are full

our ship is called SAINT ORM

we set out early full moon to sea tide run the ship the ship spars against the black sky i have a dream returns sometimes i'm running by that water i was born in screaming waves smash against me sand

walk along the beach when the tide's low shell gathering sand dollars holes in christ's palms that sense of coin

blood money

the problem is it is all blood money won by our sweat in some way the currency takes over as language did becomes not a symbol used in barter but the end product of bartering relates to nothing real we never see the gold it's based on

SAINT ORM rides high against the storm the currency is wood carries us safely into harbour

we sailed from english bay my hand upon the tiller first time i'd ever tried to steer a ship couldn't get the hang of it main mast swaying from side to side the captain a german screamed at me

the charts lack accuracy

cloudy skies

broken spires the saints left behind we cry for you now

not for oracles

for friends

receding shorelines

carry us into each other's bodies

'geography is space history is time' city is the place that bore me those few square feet we call our yaid measure is accurate you know your neighbour's wall

wordsworth conceived of going *back* to nature we talk of going 'back to the land' where are we we is a human community bounded more by space than time we push against it as need presses spread out over the earth

this path

another

could've been the one to Dilmun lead thru the desert where saint iff lay when he died turned to dust

as each of us must eventually

K'an a pit danger Ken arresting progress

the superior man knows where to stand in the pull of things moves with not against the flow

no runners carry the torch here the ships have yet to learn about the horn

i was born in a dark time

it is my legacy

His will?

K'an water

Ken mountain

Chien arresting movement

'advantage will be found in the south west'

'we have an election next wednesday. i guess it doesn't matter who wins. we have to work anyway.' letters to ellie from saskatchewan letters to me from home letters piling up around the brain the k the n the l or s of it so much shit goes down in the name of the people

Dilmun existed as a centre of trade first reference to it the Ur tablets later we know it is where gilgamesh goes seeking immortality

ten thousand years erases traces of what might have been the cities built of wood crumble into oblivion we find the idiots who lived in caves the ones, somebody suggested, the city sent away & theyve become nameless but immortal

the land reclaims its own Dilmun lying under tons of sand 'lost' for over 20 centuries

Ken	third son	
K'an	second son	
	Meng	youthful inexperience (Obscurity)

we carry the city with us everything 3000 years accumulates wordsworth wrote about westminster bridge so what if he lived *in* the country he lived *on* the land which is to say separate from it

earlier today weeding the cauliflower pulling out the grass wild potatoes lambs quarter definition of a weed – something growing where you don't want it the question being how do you live *in* the land the problem being you can formulate the problem we forms from some form of giving as the city shldve doesn't anymore more a huddling together in fear or famine against a world we dont understand the second & the third son dj & me all of our family that moved east we do not huddle together seldom talk anymore that blindness that does not let you see start our own families on our own square feet no we that can encompass each other

attribute symbol family relationship

saint and the first son saint rike the second

saint iff the only son of saint orm

first son of being Chen -

==

movement perilousness thunder

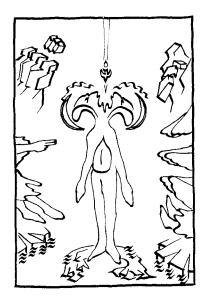
cities that lie underground so many years they are forgotten

ancestry

realities beyond these

hot night

sleepless in bed i dreamt of nothing tossed restlessly talked with el



rain in the morning air still heavy the city is everywhere drawing nearer i want a different music complex but clear carry these words to you

driving into the country 400 north towards Barrie blue clouds in a blue sky heavenly city ghosts or hosts their forms are all around us green men in the summer woods took the cut-off aurora road to schomberg 'the sky is falling' racial memory in a simpler form the point being there are things in the sky that do fall as that old egyptian pointed out to solon 'ah you greeks are all children' we know so little of what could be known

speech is the holy act linking as it does the whole body why did i say that?

'geography is space' west coast is sea & mountain prairie sky blue here east hills & fences some sense of history in the 'new world' 1850 william walker exploring death valley discovered a ruined city one mile long its centre a huge rock almost thirty feet high the remains of a large building on it melted and vitrified the indians had no tradition for it looked on it with awe

suggesting it was there before them?

Tepe Yahyā

there was a man hitched into the middle east rode the camel trains thru that timeless space Susa Kerman Mohenjo-Daro 'the name of the present world is place' crossed from the Tigris to the Indus basin back again towards Bahrein the greek 'springs of Ocean' Dilmun

oh father blinded as he was by grief gilgamesh found death for his trouble & the hitch-hiker watched it all seated behind the speaker as he always is i wish he'd speak to me sometime

there is a city grows around us in these woods a history which is american vespuchi never knew Tiahuanco

gate of the sun oldest city on earth one theory has it culture spread from there over Atlantis Mu Oz (as cayce mentioned) into Egypt & the east huge blocks of stone fitted within 1/100th of an inch technology we still lack the tools for the city outlives us all the we we talk as if it were the enemy as we use the word american derogatorily meaning 'that bastard from the united states' we lack any sense of real community define ourselves in terms of what we don't want to be give the symptoms the control talk about our helplessness as saint and did played that game of distances never wanting to get close

walking towards the woods saw the groundhog disappearing in the grass running from me who brings the smell of city with him that kind of death its come to mean carried along one bird another deeper into wood song dark places where the light is hooded by the leaves stand silent tip the head back blue imagine a point where the waters meet ocean to river to lake to stream overland to here

i thot i heard your sails creak SAINT ORM

i thot the clouds were you

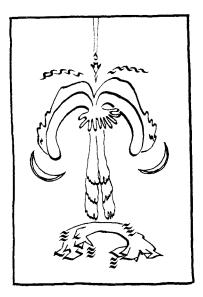
where is my place in this world father which is my time

how i'm to travel on without word from you puzzles me

how can i join such disparate facts as these a history of the saints

of prehistory

i need a space in this world to call home a place in these words a centre i can move from some way to say the next years of my life it seems the more i know the longer this poem becomes i need a ship to carry me now that ive lost SAINT ORM a road to run along some city which is nothing we have seen some way of being which frees me friends a we i have sensed the fringes of a new voice to speak with a prayer fill this air with your blessing father we are together in this holy place you made for us spinning slowly round our star how far do we travel will we find knarn that was the fourth world exploded you never did say why the aboriginees of australia have their 'dreamtime' meaning when it all began stories that stretch back 60,000 years that sense of place tell how there was a time they lived across the sea travelled to australia in canoes Kontiki father i need a sense of continuity i have no family anymore as you would call it no blood kin i can feel close to only a brother i do not talk to why? we is first of all a blood relation later a station you pay homage carry your cross of loss thru life midwife to your own grief friends are what save you it is like that in this new world we lack a sense of history a real sense of time claim our father's father's father as our heritage & press no further



sitasana

the easy pose thumb & first finger held together breathing in & out sing the song that body sings heart & lungs

measure

history is time myth is space gilgamesh was human sth king of the second post-diluvian dynasty Uruk third millennium B.C. how do you separate them the aboriginees never bothered myth being everything history becomes unreal binding in a narrowing of focus the man who has no 'dreamtime' goes insane we have travelled a long way 'on the road from which there is no way back, to the house wherein the dwellers are bereft of light, where dust is their fare & clay their food.' you were never fooled by any mask or pose we might have taken whatever aspect we assumed traced my own family back to the 1830's Ireland (the hypoboreans?) we are robbed of myth bereft of trust just a few hundred years of almost nothing dust piling on dust there are bigger things

this afternoon we returned to that spring i had not drunk from in /almost a year searched for saint reat in the damp woods he was not there drove back in longing the dusty road waiting for some sign father you have yet to show me

لايتري

there is a sign comes

'it rained' julia said` i hadn't thot of it that way

its true

that spring we returned to thru the back roads beyond mono centre the signs said PRIVATE PROPERTY

listening to the rain remember a time on comox andy dave barb & me

that form of we

place vancouver time 1963 leave here now bare feet in the wet earth rows of carrots & peas new foal in the pasture born this morning

5 a.m.

always there is something younger & helpless needing you is that the other sign father that there are things we must do to help we fulfill our destiny wherever it leads us standing in the rain in dufferin county walk over to the town line mono & adjala townships there is no way to encompass everything we need to encompass as much as we can the pain is the recognition the work outlives us we die before we's completion

whatever that is these memories of vancouver an older time are memories of a we that never worked existed in a timelessness which is not memory only a standing still as years go past a lack of destiny

earlier today woke from sleep a frog in my room caught it carried it outside

it pissed in my hand

terror of me let it free in the rain & mud watched it hop away thru the orchard the field where my eyes go most every day a sense of possibility watch the clouds pile up days the sun shines thinking of that place the saints left behind dissolving community the fall from place into space an earth they never felt at home on

it is a question of heritage relaiming the myths that give us history a geography of time

a chance you have given me father for which i thank you VI

snow across the prairies west into the sun a child cries in the room below me i cannot comfort

late afternoon grey edmonton november outside my window last night another message came intimation of a time or place to reach to blue against the white page pick up the pen again two days of reading talking bisset & i chanting in the late evening hours in that community of sound later home with doug & sharon reread your stories why do i return to you saint orm each time that i invoke your name wake you from that sleep so long desired do you hate me for it

now the window & my pen grow blue blue as the snow's silence beyond the pane to reach thru

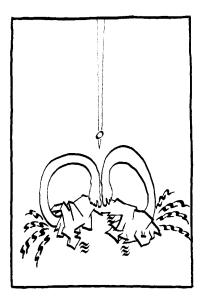
into your past some present

tense or easy absence of wind on these frozen plains

morning blue sky & the faint tracery of white clouds shattered remnants of the town you founded

it is the time of the white sun the stillness at the heart of the storm the frozen image of your sails saint orm shook out across the prairies

who is your crew but me burning in the sun of so much cold folding crack of frozen sheets ice on the blue dome of the world we drift thru helpless as imagery



another place a later time traces of snow upon the mountain peaks looking over vancouver at sunrise a face in the mist above the lion's gate you move towards me from the prairie your presence invoked you follow where i go watching as i sleep or try to

& your eyes are blue orm blue as the sails on english bay this early november day & your face is sad is blue

slips off a blouse to reveal her breasts slips off the skirt & reveals the rest is history

hers & mine how come i keep thinking of the first time saint rain made it plain saint orm she loved you i remember such random details things that don't make sense we made love in that tense hurried way you sometimes do & after she cried

'i don't know why' she said

'relief i guess or'

for every poem i write about you there are two that go unwritten on your name a loneliness claims the mind moves me to write these lines to you

saint of storms i move on troubled seas clouds mass but do not break the heart aches even when i hold her

was it like that for you i want to know did she love you after all orm did she

did she

drove over the malahat to duncan north to nanaimo in the fog & rain read poems & drank came home again

details of a life lived out of ryme beginning without hope of ending loving

where does it lead you

this morning caught the plane out victoria to toronto at 37000 feet high over the crumbled roofs of cloud town the empty streets statues they raised in your memory orm two weeks after you went rain dead nothing to live for you said that bastard ranglehold your pupil you never shldve given him a thing sun in my eyes so that i barely see the peaks of the cloud range where you hid two years after rain died talking to noone

nothing to say

rike came to find you begging your return

i burn with knowledge most days mistrust the arrogance of speech poetry's a kind of prayer daily devotion to your teaching 'trust someone mistrust names given you as praise'



a message to myself years hence having returned in a different form hear these words the key clues to unlock the private memory

north from toronto mono road station sleswick lucille important when the coaches ran an inn on this spot we build upon wine bottles found in excavation accumulation of such detail

(if i die

if there is truly a death of all thot as i have known it shock of passing thru into that nether world numbing the mind so that i can never even if returning in time remember this speaking now when horses ring the dusty road me thinking it was the coach & you saint orm perhaps the coachman there is no sense in these clues i leave behind i speak simply to empty the brain of ryme or reason) lug the blocks walls rise joists & columns frame the windows

glass

saint orm sails past

your death's a tragic thing

you can't die can you

i remember the story of the saint who tried vainly slashing his throat discovering what immortality meant his image grew fainter & fainter mark of the unsuccessful suicide

torn as you were between so many feelings fleeeing to the cloud range you found a cave & lived off berries seeing the folly of your lives i's lacking continuity

(the morning lengthens

its length measured

not measured ancient burning circle in the sky we could move closer & die knowing some day its bound to explode flames escape to burn our bodies we move away long after i am dead me alive inside some other head not me a million years hence

useless concept of eternity

now that it's over now that the long road's gone your wife dead your tongue stilled saint orm we are left as we are always left moving on after the thinking thru after the theories run their course after the instances of forced conclusions realities thrust upon you you cannot escape the knowledge that life is that tension between the public & the private the we & the i remain the lack of conclusions is the same the superior man moves as he stands in the flow of it learns to sing happy to be more than that single thing those others around him he attempts to know endless learning which is living

6:05 a.m.

halifax december morning

roy in the other room writing me in the kitchen getting this down

now i am here 4 hours puts the here there mind already travelling ahead down the dark streets under the trees towards the harbour waiting for the bus to pick me up begin the journey back towards toronto

everything comes together

the sound of roy's typewriter the image of your face this sense of place which is canada everything strung out in a line narrative runs thru all life a sphere we move within poets friends lovers saints caught up in carried out on the current of a we which is history language our currency banked in time laying down the base for what's to come 6:30

blue light against the buildings edges of the blue sails move out in early morning over the ocean where they came from

we

INTERLUDE: Double Vision

december 71

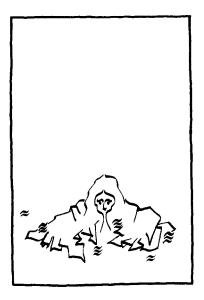
the dated poem flounders

carols on the car radio

snow falls all around us ice & the crunch of snow

walked up the road past the barn deatils of a winter day horses breath in the frozen meadow dissolving bouquet of speech flowers now in the last hours of the day the sound rings clear exhaust from the truck parked in the field well yield of 2000 gallons per day

two months searching for water we have sunk five wells this one 140 feet 'nature hides water' tom says water's surface nine feet below me face visible as an obscuring of light shudder in my jacket when the wind blows



three days ago i took the trek back thru the fields towards the valley looked at the well we'd dug there colliform count 80+ valley disturbed by machines & drilling sky pale passing the cemetery to get there graves of the typhoid victims so many aged 2 & 3 1903 dufferin county memory death takes the youngest in war & famine horseman you are not fair the one well closer to the house sunk last year bad water too much salt & iron below the sweet spring we first struck the driller ruined in his haste his greed

walk back thru darkness what the mind yields as well as if the sky fell in daily the bright blue pieces scattered on the ground found & forgotten passes like glass & shattered images of faces glitter in the night snow pale lighted windows of the house we live in

did you?

no

but he remembers remembers well the at least the memory of snow inside his frozen face what his eyes show

ඌ

felt as stillness in the brain or vortex or the whirlpool as if the mind were a river (it isn't) where the thots flow filled with creatures you hadn't thot could live there still water like the heart reflects grows stagnant putrifies in time becomes a stain thinking can't erase traces back to source veins it sprang from under the weight of steel or

& i asked him to be still

for once

to stop think ing

blank face

you place the feeling behind the eyes the love or terror error of the tear or rip in the whole cloth the hole in holy earth we name it well



actual source or origin the old man on the train in 61 or 2 who told me how years ago in winnipeg the circus came to town the main street made of wooden blocks it stormed elephants turning the wood blocks over everything covered in mud the old man was travelling the wrong way they took & put him on a different train

elephants meant circuses & peanut brittle because my father always bought some when he took us there because he liked peanut brittle (the actual source or origin) because it is a happy memory (clowns clichéd faces & despair) this song's gone on to change my tune

runes

against the old airs

music

& the new dance

dancer

the new dance air

the elephant caught in the well one foot or leg plunged into in the field they'd gone to set the tent up figuring it was safe pole in his trunk ass upended how many pounds of elephant ass & hole leg intact when they hoisted him out trumpeting his panic

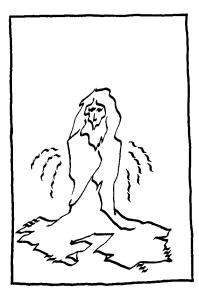
ladies & gentlemen in our centre ring the amazing saint and performing feats of sleight of hand the gambler the damned one who can't tell his ass from a hole in the ground & ladies & gentlemen it's so nice to have you here inside these poems you make the lonely hours far less lonely if you dance along

out of the side of the buddha's mother having circled her three times as i saw in the well at world's end everything crumbling you look within the vision semblance seeming of the real seams on the skin of that lady opening lifted him out open as he was as the lady was the elephant trumpeting ta ta ra sun god & chosen one

saint and

i need to know a lot of things your city government outline of the sewage systems carried away crap that must have flowed from even your saintly bodies these marks of the citizen what sets him apart from the non/man who believes ONLY in his own self interest sees himself as just in his demands of ownership couldn't see as we saw the well has no bottom no boundaries you can mark as real estate spreads out as large as that legend of the circus you began with was it all as this city is no legend but a lie i walk thru convenient myth of neighbourhood even the walls the gathering places interiorized the idea of privacy grows as the space shrinks perceptual tricks false notion of perspective you demand more because you have less riding the elephants towards the sea beneath which is earth

your future history



the accounting what each man acknowledges as his own must be done sense of emotions as this is mine this also a reckoning in terms of what you have become not own shown returned to & the present realized

beginnings terms of reference lists of images facts what can i offer of the world as real?

words?

motherlodes?

(i.e. mother's load birth (the obvious symbols) well as cunt elephant as prick the trunk the obvious tipping of the scales blind as justice is as the trite phrase trips out easily catches the unwary tongue) but he was young then saint and it is an old man's story he stores these memories up as words excused by phrases different phases linked by such coherences as give them meaning never clear how many years of mornings asked this evening under the street lamp on admiral road no one to hear as i did not voice it loudly except to you in your deafness in your proud listening



from the lake's edge ontario the city rises the hill just north of admiral road you climb taking the highway up the roads take vou out of toronto over the flat stretches hills reaching the top of the old lake bottom dufferin county cloud range stretched above you i so wanted to walk long as the mind remembers that vision history is the sea that covered you standing here the great lakes are memory & what you can't remember where the larvae mutate (one reported last year 18 times its normal size) utnapishtim or noah they are both the same saint orm built boats set forth when the flood came sailed above me closer to the cloud range where you slept in your ignorance of what went below passed on that dark sea unaware of each other set down on mountains at the flood's end it is a tale we all know

utnapishtim tenth pre-diluvian king of babylon granted immortality dwells in Dilmun where gilgamesh finds him at 'the mouth of the rivers' where the sky is blue that sea you swam in after knarn when this world first existed

the stories are too familiar

the faces change we know their stranger origin could be truth some common source sumerian or before or the wall of water rushed across the prairies as the indians told in the old days saint orm in the days of old

\sim

starting from vancouver a line (transpose windsor & that southern tip) which is the straight line trip gives you some sense of canada

it is a question of volumes how much you displace in the travelling one edge to the other boarding the train as i have in toronto takes you east & west divided heart cunt/tree

perhaps the journey is into darkness enter the well between your lady's legs how for ulysses women (the shore) tried to lure him from the world of men yet it was his mother (the sea) he travelled on 'set down roots if she welcomes you in'

it is a matter of permissions a full partnership lets you take the trip (here it gets confused) earth lets you thru if you do it willingly as orpheus say or saint rand did or mohammed when he hid in the cave spiders spun a web covered him in saved him from the men who would've killed him that one went down into hell (the earth) & up into heaven (the sky) the question of why such connections is never answered

that one goes west (to vancouver) or east (to halifax) is a matter of facts geography placing yourself relative to 4500 miles of country whatever the journeys up or down that might have gone have yet to come before you

VII

you walk thru the door into the room filling the mind with (quaint phrase & i said it today somewhere ive forgot the mention of (mentioned to catch dimensions the way things travel truly in the mind) said it with the whole structure fallingfrom my tongue) thots

not

that its that simple he opens the door she steps thru she gains shelter or is first into the unknown the unknown is that image of the closed door &

sky

dark cloud

lost in the crowds that do not know your name how can i address you openly father feeling the fool in grief or joy it is the boy behind the man's mask cannot ask the boon of ignorance the chance to learn

how the days burn winter sun in the closed rooms rythms

so that you turn

around

or is it too simple to put it that way when after all it is the the ocean of air between you & day to day struggle presses on you vast distances you cross every travelling the loss you the door feel hearing the doors close windows shut behind you the next day scene: a small room orm: two days and: (holds out his hand) not sure orm: ear and. orm: return to and: form orm: meaning and: blue orm: there is a silence followed by the door opening the dialogue is meaningless & is not recorded father

> for you this song

i am learning to dance as a man's hands move what material he chooses but cannot claim conversation preservation of an old mode of touching

(here the closed door opens or a wall falls the frame dissolves standing in a field how many years down the time line)

no clouds at all

waiting for snow to fall & cover it in

there is no scene to encompass this names mentioned are here the length that they appear important as their reappearance makes them clear unclear they are what they are no more than what occurs in the poem that is their shape & tone their reality



pile up the words sixteen past sitting as you are at last there is the transformation not as flowering but as in older times the mind changes the face rearranges itself the very skin how do you follow it thru the swift shift connections i am talking of nothing she hits me in the face out of place the whole conversation there was no song no singing only the bringing forth of facts stacked up against the lack of logic the magic thinking trick of seeing yourself as other than what you are laid bare & the crumbling as the self is caught unaware gasping strange air we breathe in

east coast morning salt in the air you are nowhere near me saints left to walk where i choose i place my feet with care

the bruised face of the stewardess her cheeks purple & her eyes the terror two days later ascending air to find you the madness that is in us all oh god we do fall down

i wanted to say more i wanted to tell you what i'd seen or make you see as i did that moment the vision inside the person's skull the wall falls the talking that is done no longer matters so many friends whose lives have been rumours of what they should've been hours lost on wards 'i knew i'd have to get myself together to get out of there' i wanted to let it be i wanted to let the whole thing go in one last piece of poetry every sweet dream of sanity i longed to share if you're there saints

if you exist give it that twist of humour keeps me sane

the listening

that these ones make it home again

wheels folding down

frozen ground

how is it done how is it said the head sheds the lies its lived by what comes screaming into focus we talk about the real world because the unreal exists inside us beside us the ones we meet the streets are full of us the woman said 'you've got a real father fixation in your poetry always crying after him like a baby' i said nothing the voices those few who speak you take the chance of getting broken

father i seek that speech cleanses address you as is your due your sons get lost father the madness takes us confusion one of the many names we wear

i rode it thru the other side

whatever rips the mind apart survived

younger days as are remembered the thing builds up takes over as the poem ends when the sphere of thot is moved thru all directions similar one word at a time it ends faint words in the evening air send you looking for paper to write them down someone to read them to



if you wait out the dream the waking comes if you carry it thru the whole thing

cold february day

looking out towards the bay windows across from me faces & doors what for

voice: do you act out your drama consciously over & over again this story what that lady said about the father fixation do you play it out before us

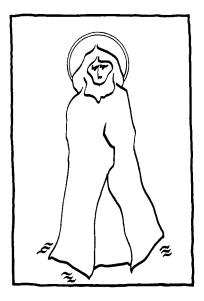
& the sky looms blue as i have said before so perfect word to take it in

& the trees facing this way into the landscape

VIII

gazing into the sky as i would like to or imagined the eye doing the other eye interior detail broken up by translation transfixed in migration that sense of travel takes you out of your mind into an imagined other this pen put it down then pick it up again returning into the north

looking out across what we've accomplished the land worked the planting six months taken to construct a place we can call 'home' i'm coming back again saint orm out of the wish to be no other place but here to try to make the process of what's been done as clear as possible



sounds of aircraft distant in the air bombers carrying their death above us we's home free if we goes where we wants to be as we did out of the indus basin travelling north from the palatal k into the ordinary kentum tongue conversion to the consonant h hundert honderd one hundred years of solitude of speech reaching back 4000 b c indo-european still a linguistic unity pre babel by 2500 the satem & kentum groups emerge the sibilant s serpent on the verge of our discovery white trail of death's birds in the spring sky higher than i could fly saint orm

who am land bound as my ancestors were

every dream of reaching to the stars beyond the limits of my own mobility

we build extensions things that fly or sail carry our differences with us set them up there the tribe already drifts apart third millenium b c meeting utnapishtim pre-diluvian pre-babel king gilgamesh suffers disunities of language of time he knows he'll die utnapishtim's immortality includes linguistic unity the we's ascendancy into eternity lie back in grass to watch your shadow pass over me you ride the clouds saint orm dead or alive the tribe of saints goes on its not the town but what you founded the land you claimed carries your memory every bush haunted by what went before history is with us in viscera & bone holy places filled with stones & trees we let the landscape write us as it did then architecture geomancy arts the poets were part of knew scop & gleoman integral to a community spoke its tradition as the gleewood went the round the tables of the long halls in the country they founded north of the euphrates scania land of clouds & trees

mysteries blue or green the colour of the countryside of what's seen

an issue of names

Tiwes-daeg yesterday

wednesday may 31 1972 travelling thru rain to montreal Deivos Zeus Tiw the land falls away towards the lake the train takes me where it will

bring forth a hymn to your memory fader old when utnapishtim was young you made saint orm upon the world you formed out of the void was part of you your names many your attributes the same it is the parallels & not the differences confuse us

gilgamesh & beowulf wrestling for days enkidu & grendel the one ends in friendship the other in war it is the difference 2000 years breeds in stories in points of view

enkidu who was one with the animals & was seduced out of his innocence into the world of men & grendel who was animal & killed lost his arm & left a trail of slime the mire time makes of remembering

we travelled north out of fire into cold no cloaks to warm us we made them on the way from animals we killed made shelters from their skins & bones the many tribes slowly parting ways set our singers up to tell the tale then our scribes what had been part of memory only written down destroyed in the reformation's sickness

sink back in my chair aware you are near me who inscribes your story as best he can i understand the necessity of destruction the fire that purges the urgency forced you to destroy the four worlds went before but there is more father we need our history the slate is not clean too much of what should be seen can't be lost in man's repetitive stupidity the aztec libraries the spaniards burned there is no joy there is no joy

Wodnes-daeg

the son to follow the father as Thunor followed Woden saint rand saint reat each of us ekes out our destiny as best he can

utnapishtim the father of gilgamesh's tribe the irony is he cannot die gilgamesh cannot supplant him as Woden did Tiw a time between gods when no one god holds sway as this century's become the elders we can respect are few we suffer the confusion disillusionment brings raoul duguay & me chanting late evening 'we are each other's echoes' keeping the shadow away we set the axis in motion father holy sound to bring death's birds down find our way thru the time you fail to govern in this season the cycle is renewed you will return to us under some other name

Thunres-daeg

driving thru rain to fly away high over the plain stretches into the unknown reaches where saint ave went that one day another story to be told another time i watch it fade entering a low range of hills i do not recognize rumoured in the stories of saint reat sweet madness to say i see this thing & yet i sing the man asked dave 'aren't they just his fantasies' how can i make my way to you father your name dead your son supplanted you Christ or Woden as Thor (Thunor) supplanted him

it is a game of shifting allegiances

i seek the one name by which to call you

Jupiter Jehovah

sky father i praise you out of need i praise you

'from a word to a word i was led to a word from a deed to another deed'

a frog drops in the pond rocks the drowned image of your face Tiwaz Tig Tyr out of fear you are destroyed out of here your name moves vague words heard over water away

into the bright air

dufferin county skies are blue roads dusty fields green as much as hold together we can call we moves into future memory

Tiw you had attributes Woden never knew fickle as he was & treacherous you gave justice a sense of law sat over the assembly of all the people it is with awe your name's recalled

still calm of the afternoon disturbed something within calls me away i must right the day to day order of things if i am to sing your praises as last night within me i felt it move seeing the red planet bright in the sky ellie brian & i driving north to be here the journey is always from home to home who was the god of war Mars replacing Jupiter in importance lundi mardi mercredi jeudi so that in the equivocation which is translation who was Jupiter by another name Tiw replaced Mars in the english version Mars-day becoming Tiwes-daeg in the long run the father wins it back from the son

st reat there is irony here not in a literary but a real sense your son having brought you back from the dead it teaches us a lesson who pursues his father to the end finds him again

restores the we

tribal unity

regains that sense of what his place was not to praise falsely who should not be praised but to give him due the one who was before you & fathered you

helicopter landing on the farm asking 'is this the ponderosa' he'd lost his way rob laughing at the unreality of the name the naming it is the stuff of myth or lies out of this stories of arrogance are born visitors from the sky who punished men for not answering their questions /properly that we are always being tested

that we are always being tested paranoia on a cosmic scale you were above that Tiw the jews knew that if they never named you they would never lose you



it's the name's destroyed as you rise from the ashes who flies above me not the word holy bird dove

into the endlessness we named blue

driving west thru albion's hills adjala climbing over the top at mono mills turned right towards the hockley valley

it is an interlude a time between who holds sway nothing but the ignorance of arrogance false superiority lack of knowledge breeds

mills that ground out plenty mills that ground out salt mills that stood on the spot i drive across torn down to make way for this highway mill stone covered in crushed rock it is not forever what we are or wrought we fades or will your name father changes goes beyond the range of human speech it is always your home remains the same the heavens

that geography

where does the arrogance come from destroys us daily to make my claim as creator having thot it for the first time pride in that sense as the buddhists saw it such men hold themselves beyond karma outlaws

thieves

because they take away from the one that made us

scene: the landscape moving one tree the next there is a harmony stated by transition the transposition of one image in front of another saint orm speaks but is not listened to we assume it is some older time Knarn perhaps that fourth world moved closer to galactic centre

ascendancy

late night

reading of the deaths left in the hurricane's wake agnes agony flooding & the great tide carries us all forward into unimagined destiny

(there is so much is not known why Knarn was destroyed is left obscure the texts we do only a single singer's song have tell us little that their sun turned nova as someone theorized all stars at galactic centre must be older black dwarfs drawing us closer to be crushed into the nothingness from which we came only to form again some other era that sense what came before was a mistake shaken apart by its lack of harmony inability to keep in tune with the music of the spheres) it is all here father as it has always been all language names you all description as i make it clear the nine billion names of god writ out in tongues no longer spoke these billion billion years



we gather round to talk at night within this house we've built discuss the problems of the day the way things went how we felt about it

so many people loved so long so many names mentioned before the course of this poem filled with their presence final filling of such longing absence

M-51 a spiral galaxy the arms whirl out 2000 light years from the core mapped by radio astronomy 15 million light years away

we will never encompass it never fix it with that name home even our own galaxy how much can you grasp in any real sense at what point does the mass or density of it all overwhelm you retreat to details of shoes how you tied your laces or what it would mean to you to lose them

sit in my room sky beyond the window darkens friends say goodnight to one another lean in the door to wish one more to me

in this northern place stars are different chained in the underworld Lupus rules world under ours the other side of the earth the worth of taking the phrase literally takes you out of that tangle of ambiguity

friends friends friends we build our lives together with each other's hands so much of what i love is all around me

looking up where would Knarn be no part of these constellations that was where ave came from went with orm when Knarn exploded her whole life folding in

it is here the prayer fits the face

who would praise his friends turns towards them words found no false name or phrases to distract not to cling to 'position' a notion sainthood still could be but for love of something one or some human gesture

creed

the writing 'is' as 'we' can come to be the end form or token coin age rage against corruption fallibility to praise falsely granted the process shown & not believed shown still who will listen 'himself' (my own head) as the voices said 'when?' as i began seven long years ago (so many ways language can be used ignoring the categories 'poem' or 'prose' speak as we choose knowing friends are there 'i' dies seek out solutions in whatever skies need be that much closer to the answer whatever the question is pass on the quest when this life ends drawn in perfect calm of the universe

of chaos

os

S

ts

death the infernal fire i am burned alive daily the failures

lac des deux montagnes ice fisher's hut the hitch-hiker sits in driving thru the blizzard into montreal sandra melissa ellie & i imaginary number factor fact or ring of factories vision fractures faces & names the beginning

if speech reaches it is some other place the nervous system social or whatever falls fails

consumed by its weaknesses

sandra talking about our uncle clarence ten years in the veteran's hospital bright's disease gradually losing motor control they stopped his leaving privileges took off over fences his whole body in perpetual motion asserting that right till he could no longer stand confined to a wheelchair & someone else's mercy

the last time i saw mark the contrast 4 days before he died standing in the ruins the fire had made of 59 admiral his old home the resignation his comment 'what a mess' i was to remember hearing of his death late november 72 how he & i had buried terry spades to turn the frozen earth

november 1970

december 31

travelling west thru rain from montreal toronto ten minutes ahead the dead & the living all around me

midnight twenty or so we stood in a circle in a room talked about the need for honesty the will to push ahead help each other face the changing reality no names pending dead saints of wisdom

dead friends

new visions for the march winds?

last take

late february 73

dave & i look out towards the lion's gate

years mass

events we made it out between the lion's paws rear shocks gone swerving to avoid the bumps spell of spelling cast around us tiny ripples in the blood stream the brain stem's rooted in a body place & time the lion's month before us the lamb's born in the door you are not permitted to open again enter thru the lion's mouth the man's root gets planted in not to be consumed as tho the use of lips weren't speech a doorway into the woman's soul intelligence comes out of SCREAMING a complete thot born from the dialogue between you

or what comes forth from my mouth born from the woman in me handed down thru my grandma ma & lea is what marks me most a man that i am finally this we this one & simple thing my father Leo my mother Cancer she births herself the twin mouths of women w's omen it turns over & reverses itself the mirrors cannot trick us our words are spun within the signs our fathers left the sibilance of s the cross of t there are finally no words for you father too many letters multiply the signs you are the one the unifying no signifier when we cannot grasp the signified saints in between the world of men women the sign complete the w & the circle turning add the E the three levels linked by line or the two fold vision H to I the saints returned to this plane



the emblems were there when i began seven years to understand the first letter/level of CODA: Mid-Initial Sequence

faint edge of sleep a literal fuzzing in the mind as tho the edge of what was held clearly became less defined the penalty paid & your father recognized for what he is

for W

HA!

the is



orange

the vague light closing the eye

's lid

home plate

the late P destroyed leaving only b & n

αΠ

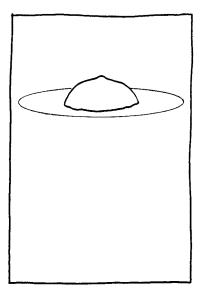
beginning again

b n a

all history there

t here

opposed against the suffering we have yet to bear





last note

no t no e

l as no

l body l where l w here

no w for w's sake

no is e against the silent sleep

bushes

dawn

the r rises brushes drawn the whole scene

the w hole into which the world disappears

d is a p pear shaped

dear H a p edges into the sea

sun

the unenviable s



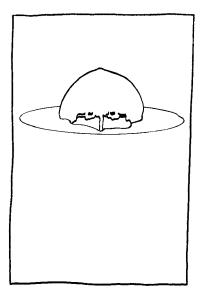
there is no desire for speech

there is no desire to spell

each gesture against the chaos must be made well

there is stillness in the heart of the power as there is stillness in the heart of the storm

between the w & the d the in side of the mind / 's a quiet place from which the power unwinds



in vocation i am a singer

every letter invokes a spell ing is the power letters have over me

word shaping

addition of the l

within the difference if exists

tensions a polarity

who is moved or moves a distinction a disparity

a.d. a.d. history's spoken in the first four letters

all e to z outside the head's measure of our kind

man's time

(variation on a line by H.D. – in memoriam)

A.D. on is dead

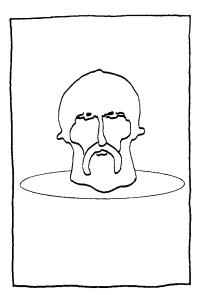
let the H supplant the D in your sweet poetry

adonis head HE is the A.D. HE is not dead

The H is gone from your lips H.D. soft consonantal breath

the vowels are locked between the dark doors

dead



whatever dies the secrets do not die with you the lore we all seek (l or e) choices are not disinterested

d is in t it is the old story HE lived thru HIS death & suffering 33 years into HIS time 22 letters left to pass thru what birth will herald the change

if the formula remains the same the era F.G. to follow A.D. E.H. is the next to bear HIS name reversed

mother muse you come before HIS time incarnate in a name now passed away

H.D. HE follows after you again

11 years since i first conceived myself a writer took up the task to earn that name & now i see i (n) am e

can i speak in the midst of suffering address the cross we wear too carelessly

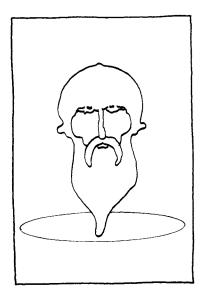
t i'm e part of the movement out of this dark time are we all trapped in a D we do not recognize

i will never wear the H never see HIS face it is the apprentice's hips i spring from her loins oh ladies i have named my muses the groin aches to serve you

it is the apprenticeship continues sail decorated with the single emblem P

let t err as it does in this time i'm struggling to learn my a b c d of our/HIS story

'dogma i am god' it is all that's said woke this morning these words in my head a palindrome linked with an image of friends two poets i knew disagreed were not speaking with each other



d is a greed a gluttony of shape swallowing the era which it ends discorporates casts itself into its whirling quarrel with itself bdpq the first two separated by the c christ his birth ends the era before A.D. is it the D of devil then the apocalypse the bible prophesied ends the age we live in in dogma the d is on the left encountered first has the upper hand in our reading we are led into the devil's works by our very view

god asserts the balance the cypher for our cyclic ages the g that will dominate at the end of F.G. leading on into E.H. His reign of peace

'dogma i am god' heresy hearsay in the worst sense false pride who thinks to bestride the world

because he feels crushed by it

1971-1973

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BOOK 4

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'They steal the saint while you're making the shrine'

'Looking for it all over the place three years carrying it all the time like a baby'

> Korean proverbs translated by w.s.merwin

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purpose is a porpoise

a conceit

is there a sea

yes

is there a cloud

yes

everything elemental everything blue

the precision of openness is not a vagueness it is an accumulation cumulous

yes

oceanic

yes & anything clemental anything blue is

sky

sea

the heart of the flame

stories st orie's domain

but the french say 'main' ti la do hand the h & what else

if the language poses questions 'are there answerers'

what i ad dress clothe in thot not adjectives for nouns nor names where things will do

eternally new

a hand shake speare or sword the old 's' word cutting edge of accuracy

if they cannot see they are blind

hear

deaf

```
de-
e
f
-fective
```

'the divine right of' the hard left cross nails the boss's son

we are always pleading asking for forgiveness favours never the old hosannas we used to raise still worship the wheel in all its i's's make ourselves capitals of earthly doubt

forgive us



the d will out as the b drops thru its half note configuration

i is singing scale i hails you

Hart works the 'e' reversing the conjunction finds the d n a connective the heart of writers & their obsessions

who cares

the oral hang-ups change

a concern for listening

if i let the actual speak it will reveal itself

admire the form be seduced by it as part of the love of language 'love me for my mind as well' elementary statement elemental state meant for completion combination we work the changes always to reveal lest the actual re-veil itself a shifting of the humus cumulous covers poetry's reviled & spat upon sweet spit & hhh of breathing the old so & so my dreams are troubled what matters it the nights are sleepless i lie awake with poems hymns these rhvthms insistent as the brain is with images a pounding in the chest of words the limposition of the earth the singular word + one = world i seek solutions to equations that are already solved? no!

only an understanding ((i place myself as less than what is obviously greater) all knowledge is to know the ledge you stand on half way between earth & sky where the clouds slide form & dissolve around you) a way of moving in the fluid surely not as a man who walks in water where swimming would better do or as Christ did walking out upon it to teach them the stupidity of rigid category i want the absolute precision of fluid definition the saints learned long ago built their towns 'upon the plains of heaven' blue of sea (sky) white clouds (land) intermingling driving north today fog giving way to rain rain to snow & snow covering the road finally there is no definition where you cannot see the line of drawing writing music the form a focus for us i wakens from the dreamed landscape

out of the words' tumble should meaning separate when it is the torrent sweeps me thru the bound beeches the switch hits the mind blood rushing to the surface of the skin

> sink in

> > ink's sin

> > > is

no sin

unless it is the nosin' around down at the surface where the depth is

we read it in the i's i centre is a tease no centre ring at all Adam knew the apple was a pull a way a separationning the whole for the part sin of partiality who should have been impartial (imp art i always wanted to attain a dance among the little ones) wanted to be part of the whole flows thru into the universe absolute & open poem of perfect movement containment of the flux



the wind outside rises

air

grey day janvier moment when the movement changes the line straightens out & stretches on ahead there's room to pass out into the flats of heaven the cloud land a night's sleep has seen the last of for the moment momentum carries us on in our arc around the sun & the lines become as long as the tongue can / carry without breathing in

images shift

blue sky turning back to grey

it is the wind moves it

it is a language the celts knew & spoke of

runes

(the running e's) pass as vowels thru energy

consonants as nouns

vowels as verbs

what are the sentences that form words they're made of syntax of alignment i want to see apparent in every bush & tree placement of the sea & land a plan not in the sense of plot pre-conceived but there readable if i am able to see man writable purpose breaks skin's surface gains control moves from the know on into the un prefix delimiting the road out of the two year darkness of the mind no music i could find to lead me sick of ending things before their time is marked

b

eaten up 's sung in the bottom range down the upper twists of phrase

sur visage the mouth opens writing following the o of sound noise products of the human voice

awaking too little sleep snow falls beyond the wind 0 w forms at the word's end word's beginning is the book's end that conundrum vision riddle we are all well rid of the dull pass of widsom w is d o ma i 'n h and the me's restated at the pen's tip's ink at the tongue's noise w in d din Blake's vision of Golgonooza after noon the clouds give way to sky blue e le me 'n t always why

to rid me of the ugh in thought i spell anew weave the world out of the or binary the note spun out of the dinary into the few letters i am granted signs to reach who i cannot touch miles & years between us february 1 1975 5:48 p.m. conscious i may be dead when you read this as two nights ago i lay awake trying to grasp the concept 'infinite' a feeling of vertigo i am so much less than everything the fact of the all encompassing me gunning into high digger digger the cat gut & the fiddler questions to answer answer's an A В ginning of the town the saints came down from buildings crumbling middle ground abandoned the road takes me into the centre of that emptiness the past is made by the present

at root the blue is bleu means 'bright' if you get the b right everything's ginning essents & essentials so much of the problem is misnaming last night walking home stars above the church at the foot of Huron the sky a darker blue to purple range i cannot name that activity what should be play too often's re-creation the change that Langtek worked 'wreck-creation' foreign to me now i want the world absolute & present all its elements el em en ť's 0 рq r or b d bidet confusion of childhood's 'kaka' the Egyptian 'KA' soul rising out of the body of the language

the streets are not named standing in the centre square staring up at windows they no longer gaze from the whole point of it ended meanings for existence gone the stuttered b ing that is living stammer thru our days impotent in less obvious ways than the limp dick or frozen ocean of response the saints come down to their mortality or fled to live among the dead outside our memories the city that they built a memo re a son one's debt to one's father forgotten farther away than the next star or page surface that the eye lights on in the press of speech awkward words are chosen that decision is the voice's prelude skeletal remains apparent in the choice of building blocks the 'b' locks into place a command in the space left the weight of air shifts visible compounds of earth & water within a balanced sphere of forces

fire (which is sun) air earth & water (clouds) air earth & water (earth) fire (which is core & molten) we can journey outward into hell the suns & darknesses of space or inwards into cave-black liquid stone & fire at the earth's core old questions i had asked answered Lucifer fell from fire onto earth & could not rise again burrowed into the ground the meteor in northern siberia June 30th 1908 'a sound was heard louder than . . . thunder and a column of fire ... shot skyward' 'a farmer living fifty miles away was hit by a heat wave which he feared would set fire to his clothing' i burn on the inside unnamed purpose as i had dreamed it years ago to write my way thru the books of the dead let the process take me thru into the books of the living

& i move now out of 3 into 4 or 1 some new beginning sensed here amid the sensory sensation of speech these words the arch ark Io logical invocation of the change flames i saw among the monotones the burning beasts cattle Io of the many eyes Nura Nal's visions Io who suckled Zeus & 'invented the five vowels of the first alphabet & the consonants B&T' Nura Nal who sees thru dreams what is to transpire that arch which takes us over the present into the future arks we sail like Noah or Utnapishtim till we come to that day we are no longer young others come as Gilgamesh did caught up in the immortality game to question us

there is noone here to question

the wind howls in the empty streets shutters bang uselessly i pick my way thru the remnants of their speech the crumbling outline of their modes of thot i am no closer to them only further away from earth dizzy from the lack of air i stumble frequently in the long hours the heart is slowed the mind drifts between the particles letters of the law the B is born one day before the celebration of your son Lord according to the Bethluisnion & i sit late in the Nth month waiting for the F to dawn seven days from now ash dropping from the fire i have lit in my hand the B gins us A's the birth tree day of celebration I the death vew loss of we which is our perfect B ginning false pride of individuality that i am yes but i was of came from this soil W o men we all begin in that embrace our M's contained in

the soil forsakes us

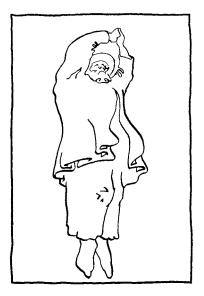
we are lost Kryptons we all came from infant crying for our vanished homes crumble in the face of fragmentary stone remnants of our origin shakes us power's gone orphaned I's brought down to *their* mortality

i hang suspended in the N which is my name

sequence is the changing of the moon the month's advancement B L N F

am i lying?

the shrines change hands the sacred groves' scarred battle for our gods across millenia drift in between never easy with these mono themes mono theisms torn between our parents mother/father can't i praise you both i move from streets into empty corridors the saints abandoned long ago took their separate ways to earth or outward to the stars other suns & planets other gods useless catalogues of sins & longings 'are the two equated?' 'sometimes' 'oh'



the is M the particular emblem of the end a beginning a way ME/WE returned to that vision & this time i write the letters clearly the w rite of consciousness a transparency's too often viewed opaquely lack of seeing lack of being sing sang sank froid et chaud

caught between the opposites throats full of praise masked pleadings with the ones we fear will leave us kill us will us dead & gone cinq six sept mid-initial drop Set or Seth whose opposite Osiris he murdered for the sake of Isis Aphrodite Urania Aphrodite Erycina who tore out her lover's balls in the moment of heat that cold consumes us Cain & Abel the brothers or the twins jealously divides the year divides the family mi fa so la ti etude & longitude a fixing of points on a grid language where the grid is no longer apparent buried in the history of the race the alphabet A to Z of being

the M the ME the S is a way of starting your feet move hesitantly in the shuttered rooms scattered on the mantles the few things they left artifacts of daily living rotting garbage that forms their tel ing St Reat St Orm St Agnes & St And St Utter who became the town crier another story i never bothered to tell their histories fill my head as the dead can do so many years they tried to block out the living i became their mouth their breathing like some misconception of you God not to illumine the present but to haze it over these clouds of the unknowing false mysteries i railed against & now they're gone like the voice of Jung on a distant phone mumbling uncritical i see their faces as they were jealous of your godhood your parenting set themselves up as better than the rest of us because we acknowledged our suffering

i preferred St And a clown human & vulnerable critical of stupid posturing absurd hierarchies he'd left behind aware of the struggle he'd never made forgetting the common effort raised these spires built the high-arched windows placed the cobblestones lived on isolate among the many his face mirrored in the air he gazed into & fell self into self narcosis of narcissus wandered then lost among men the full pain of his loss haunting him he is gone now

to 'the land from which there is no return' where Erishkigall holds sway to Mag Mell the plain of joy Avalon Isle of Appletrees

finally at peace in the immortality game

in the gardens the trees have died freed of their artificiality 'in Dilmun the raven utters no cry'

to do what one does with honour is the all

ist healling lang u age 's h on our

hour

the days are marked by their divisions purpose less divisive in the long run lung ran lang ren tall i is here so short ly in bed 2 a.m. ellie sleeps beside me images form behind her closed eyes i am following a line of thot of ink to its conclusion to re member re articulate eyes mouth mobility of limbs in the dream time connectives vanish only that one line or link you seek cach morning takes you back e thru k fghij arcane but logical here 'where the sea sleeps' 'where the cold is unendurable' in these 'barbarous lands at the end of the world' we are caught in a tangled dreaming an immigrant nation of uncertain history we are like you saints the lands we left destroyed by nothing more than the hours' passing

tonight the moon shines thru this house of glass as i as well had said it 'the poem is dead long live the poem' i know now the saints were wrong demigods at best we have struggled a millenium without your name no power to invoke but our own noun of your being absent no other nouns cohere i speak from 'the land of the summer stars' 'at the back of the north wind' where the souls flock each spring the ponds & hills of dufferin county set out food at the pond's edge because it is right & necessary wander the woods where the old beeches stand books of your being light green of new leaves blue spring sky that colour range which is the saxon word 'glas' & it is death i see which is the absence of the strength to call you the power to invoke your name gone in the shifting game of allegiance your jealous children played & i am left wanting you left to amuse myself mother/father i am afraid retreat to theory talk factually when i feel unsure hate the noise of such didacticism hate my hatred of it

journal journey jour du nalney move slowly thru the signs of passage

maybe i will ne ver speak a gain mid this blue

sky & deep sea cerulean

vapour

distant hills

flash of veins as they show thru the skin

of constancy livid as the skin becomes after a blow

fear or dismay the colour of blood i dress in because i am a servant of words the colour of plagues (indecent obscene)

'plaid the painter when hee did so gild the turning globes, blew'd seas, and green'd the fields.'

yield it all up from the person voice he hopes is charged with His blessing the i dies finally merges with the land's scape scope increases the folded page writes its way into the longed for beginning story new song round as the lips form an O i used to (age 4) put the period in early syntax early speech you are dead saints i am half-alive or better some days calendrical ways happy in the morning depressed in the afternoon or reversals la tigre egress the rest is written to be written 'it is all so slight'

of hand

the pen's grasped wrongly but firmly

dreams twist

images erupt

violent

brush the skin off my head 's oblong

aluminum

oblagatto

one word dwelled on one month

mispelling: 'obligatto' thinking: 'obligation'

i am obliged to

play out this path i have chosen play this tune write this part as i have just spoken it

because it is necessary

because i am not alone

because to be is cause (reason versus reasons) art is to bring together

join

'lost art of' art we are crazy in our isolation as i am torn always so that the truth appears a melodrama when i state it makes rhetoric of daily speech 'two nations warring in the bosom of a single state' indispensible

love & hate

essential to the completeness of the compo sition

moi et me

instrument on which it's played

bound to another

obligation

two months to play the theme thru

'you are dead saints' given back into the drift of print of speech born anew among the letters a different tension different reach of logic of the mind's playing out of reason a rhyme till God's re sonned on the tongue the groan that must accompany your birth lord l or d unless the el's read 'one' one ord er absolute & true which is the two tone order of the pun 'one Samuel an Irishman for his forward attempt to pun was stunted in his stature' pounded down

(i moved during the course of this writing, interrupting the patterns, jarring at first because i found myself, ten years later, back in the same house i'd lived in during the writing of 1335 Comox (poem that began JOURNEYING & THE RETURNS (whose form was perceived after i moved away from there (from here))) the dilemma being i found myself caught up in a) mirror image

(no way to notate the break

caught up in) another absolute statement for my mother

(followed the line to come 'air your grievances & longings' with 'a transition taken

a return'

& later

'tonight i kneel pounded down by the weight of my own resistances my own fatigue a kind of false pride' crossed the whole thing out uneasy with the tone began this new movement sudden intrusion of my mother coupled with a return of self-loathing 'who does not love his words or works' i saw as a deeper level of the pun stir)

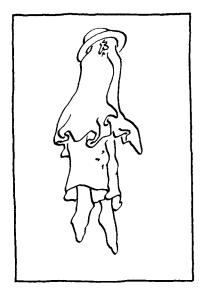
against the hate of self the love of her

posited

'there is little evidence to support it'

i am the evidence of their lovemaking their spoor

my name is 'little evidence' little evident in these proceedings here in clouds amid the clash the roar of c's & s's absence of the loud separator the same i read in in the form of ain (which is the pain (mid-initial sequence) or the stain of sainthood) track's a trickle straight as the jog my memory takes composed in time the rimes exist beyond the text contextual textural daily bump & grind stripped bare air your grievances & longings in these unfinished rooms pick up the notebook left behind after book III that time i thot the saints end finally e nd 'f eat her take her away in my cap at dawn today the knowledge to d a y the action i act on' 'her' posited again as moM/Womom



'the change (an angel chang'll hang)

suspended

over my head suspen dead deed one din motion or one y changed by the revolution

hanged c revolving r the credit balance¹

1 edit with the cr to achieve it

sense out of nonsense N on sense (which is me) i spell out changes realign essentials as i thot to sing a balance sing²

to make everything the same you say 'nothing is different'

the arguments get obvious

when one's upset one screams

3 or 1?

'it is so unlike me one like me uses my lungs'

my voice?

gossip's piss o G.

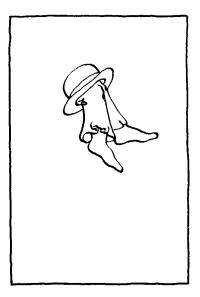
cloud town's gone down t into d artness then the arkness of her belly

is that the sweat of fear atlas's salt a blinding of vision in any case

c as e

'it is all the same' words one used before

2 agèd fall / n



naming things that don't exist

twist

back & forth

existence only in the naming"

to spawn again in that stream 's forbidden

i cannot rebirth myself cannot become mine own progeny

(glazed window grey day you've all gone away five years since i called your names with surety

i am not the same

(sometimes (at night) i doesn't know who he is (why? (that's wrong – the sequence should read w x y – the h interpolated into the unknown) h is his) not in that old schizzy sense (i.e. he doesn't know who i is) but a perception re entity in its entirety ('at night' because he is all alone & 'sometimes' because it's accurate) the lacking of a total

the prob-

lem is in summing up prematurely (false). he is 31 (yesterday) but i's what? (joking to a friend he said 'i used to be 18 to myself but i'm catching up') a question of tension in telling a power in print opposed to speech



which is octagonal h sided or (an aside

(i's inside he's an outside face a pose

a posse or a nosegay

is it possible the horses go neigh

posse bull the whore say

(reintroduction of Blossom Tight, a minor character from an early draft of a later Captain Poetry poem)

'noone is forgotten we're just rewritten. he's letting my voice intrude briefly. it's just a chance for a few laughs at his character's expense (employing the devices of fiction in an autobiographical poem).'

))))

compulsive unmasking

```
i.e. as opposed to h.e.
over against the french j.e.
so that the sequence reads
h

i. j
i. e.(translating) he meaning i
j
but not (capital H) He
no heresy here
a tic
there a tickle

statement
```

'why would you want to make everything the same?'

consistent voice equated with style

falsely

style's stylus the fingers an extension of the mind ma 'nd me 'nd personal history

le monde mundane

mynde & physik

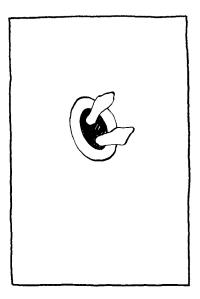
i say 'quoi' mais je ne sais quoi

it is the i of histor mister }y

the y's said e making 'my' 'me' & 'why' 'whee' as in wheat or whyte white night

stars over Inuvik

walking back from the reading to the hotel the main streets mud out on the edge of things the elements still win stilts support the town impermanence shows 120 miles inside the arctic circle you know we're living out a myth huddled at the bottom of most of what is canada waiting the glaciers return cities ablaze fire out of water burn coal/oil/gas ritual pass of light gestures against the coming night here the ravens cry as they did in Dilmun raise their wings black against the sky & fly the two we saw walking thru the brush above the river Mackenzie flowing north into the Beaufort Sea 'big as a dog they are! had one once fought a dog in the main street!' snow falls around us white on whyte worlds we have railed against when will we be content in the present moment land whole not the part Ca Na Da C'ND no space between the process switch which is the flow energy movement of a country



(we woke before dawn, throats dry, remembering then we slept in a desert, frozen tho it may be, caught between the i & he, am image of Dilmun in his mind, caught between first & third person na(ra)tivity)

rising off the tarmack into the sky looking back along the body of the plane straining for a glimpse of the arctic ocean before the clouds close in

passing thru

into that space between one layer & the next not cloud world but another spectral & strange

passing thru into the greyblue sky over everything & two days later driving out of Fort Smith 30 miles to little buffalo falls ruth rees, ellie & me watched the water drop 60 feet into the basin the clouds hung grey for the seventh straight day as if cloudtown lay in ruins above me snowbirds flocking up into the sky trying to make sense of the wreck around me here in the midst of what has never known city trace a civilization or what's left of it looking out over the rapids on great slave river early the next day the remnants of Fort Fitz where the great barges lay to in their journey north to Hav River Fort Simpson whatever outposts sprang up to service those men lived there north of the Arctic Circle & i am remembering Dilmun the empty squares & courtyards crumbled palisades & steeples where Utnapishtim lived out his years & i am wishing i could speak to him discover how long immortality is was his city like cloud town the buildings rearranging themselves daily the city no enemy ever took because the streets shift even as you walk them doorways change familiar only to the saints who lived there recognized dwelling signs no stranger'd ever see they went crazy on this earth only language retaining the multiplicity they were used to

(typing this out 12 days later i kept coming back to that line 'the edge of things' wondering at the vagueness, knowing what i was trying to suggest, that my world was finite, not in imagination but experience, real limits to what i knew, worried once more by the tension between process & an ideal economy of phrase reading B.S. Johnson earlier this week, discusses Scott's shift from narrative poem to novel, what he saw as the death of the long poem, puzzling its resurgence, its popularity in recent years, i realized the lines had disappeared between the forms, that the novel & the poem were merging finally, a clarity, freedom to move as i choose

& later talking with steve comparing forms his CARNIVAL 'my' MARTYROLOGY? the voiceless voice he saw in Ronald Johnson's poems i am wary of that impulse within me would have it out with my i how can i cast itself out out of the process i must be true to is part of the dissolution the disillusionment create a third person when the i's can't get along? (jumped ahead thot 'song' son of g h (comes after him)))

the man at the reading said 'how come your poems sound so down?

unlike you?'

(the desire becomes stronger to stretch out, explain myself, which makes the plain ex, no longer clear, i want a different ear, a he like me, a she where the s is (in correct relation to)

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he/i/she
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(why is the s the feminizer?, makes the i is, births it, gives it its being, carries the he in the body of its word, the men inside women, the me in both of them)

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equational development: he/ is/ he
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such minimal movements to seek truth in (steve said 'you'll be accused of shallowness' (hallowness feminized?)))

these clouds are real mist mister

it's not the saints sing it's me!

nothing's anything but what it is

too many things aren't what they are like most of us

we dress in costumes

pose

unhappy with our time i never could dance like Fred Astaire or Ginger

o music music there is the mind a line of thot's its own litany sung slightly out of tune i know the imperfections in my voice know choice is a matter of emotions commitment to a place & time the active present of the writing

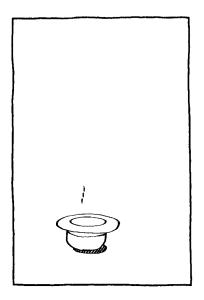
1962 Vancouver 25 of us in the rain protested the Bay of Pigs invasion

1963 Port Coquitlam teaching a grade 4 class heard over the intercom of Kennedy's assasination

& cried

the contradictions are there in a lifetime literature is no guarantee of a common good i want a firmer ground to stand on

you do the best you can as i saw that day the foal was born you start with what's local stands next to you & move out increase your range as your skill grows & what's around you's taken care of



the w hat's low call echoes thru these pages lo cal or (i.e.) what's immediate is the word in front of me the one beyond that that i'm reaching for no muse at all really simply this canadian foot following a tentative line forward taking the time to tell you everything

the muse is western (greek) the japanese saw poetry as everyman's like thot or breathing ambiguity was precisely what they wanted

it's social then a point of view political the duty of a citizen 'a man betrays himself in his speech'

((why do they always question content, you speak of form to counterbalance the question, they never ask what you believe in) purpose can become conceit, shift beneath the feet, the line of speech that's called political, the signified slides below the signifier, gets lost in what's expedient, the strength of english, its ambiguity, turned against it, corrupted, the masked language of law & politics, so distorted we empower experts to interpret it)

in the distance clouds break i'm sitting on the curb crossing out words resisting the urge to apologize

i am thinking it is better left behind this city they no longer had a use for make my way thru the shifting streets along these sheets of paper to an ending

it is not over

it is never over

there is 'a third difficulty with the usual definitions of parts of speech

they neglect form for meaning although it is precisely through the *form* of our words and sentences that we communicate our meanings.'

(James Sledd) A short introduction to english grammar)

& me what am i doing 'building up a bracketing of asides' standing here outside the limits of this empty city studying the cloud range the shapes that shift because it is the nature of paper i have scribbled one word on to shift it back & forth in my mind & begin again that way among the tensions the interplay between the letters is to start at m & then the a leads thru to y some questions answered but the rest remain

not in the saints' names which was beginnings but in that space between the s & t among the shift of what at first seems arbitrary 'to go beyond the point where it is even neces-/sary to think in terms of words'

there

which is t & here more pain than we can bear is bearable

M Books I to III A which is begun & leads

on

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