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The Christian religion was able to be of assistance in reaching an objective understanding of earlier mythologies only when its own self-criticism had been accomplished to a certain degree, so to speak, potentially. Likewise, bourgeois economics arrived at an understanding of feudal, ancient, oriental economics only after the self-criticism of bourgeois society had begun.

KARL MARX, *Grundrisse*
(Penguin Classics edition, p. 106)

A bird blew by
Outside the patio doors
Was the scene to be seen

It had an arrow
In its beak
Which made for the apperception
In the first place

Arrow and bird
In mutual interception
Although I'm sure
There was a bias

All this as I put my vodka
Down on the piano
When the sonata picked up
In a most syncopated way
The swan's swan song
Scholars come down

The pianist quite high strung
No more prima donna
Than usual
Ignored my outré act
Since the scholars agreed
I was a documented drunk

Confined to this niche approval
I birthed out
With some Chinese gibberish

Doctors said it was a function
Of an earlier migraine
Worse than the migraine
Regarding immediate commerce

I re-entered from the other wing
On the note of an inexpertly
High-pitched fart
A Delmore's delight
Which could be a hidden reference
To a Montreal place of smoked meat

Or simply to a kid looking
At the obscure rain
Superimposed on the grade one reader
Depicting a school girl
In her yellow rain gear

Through the translucent glass
In the doctor's office
Like a basement
Half sunk in the sloping earth

The page turner asked if
I had a reed in that thing

I said I sure did have
A dark red hemorrhoid
Like a tonsil or a tooth
Was the therefore Nixon.

❖

Now that I live in Stockholm
Where the houses all around
Have functioning eave troughs
That convert to pop guns
And other transformer princes

I'm not at all surprised
At the big "semi" gas truck
Not jake-braking
But gunning around the corner
Where saplings become trees are

Therefore the village is octopied
Slapped on the bum old-handedly

Put on by the centre
That can't but be put
On hold
Sent screaming
Through formula one
Motions
Where the tumble weeds
Without architraves
Never came
Before us.



The shoe's on the other shoe
My feet have bunions
In themselves are onions

Shoe on shoe is two skin beginning
You get my point however
My nineteenth-century English
Trying to disarm the twenty-first
With cracker barrel cracks

Was chatting with an Italian
In a first degree (or perhaps second)
Remediation

I had no idea those guys
Were so smart
Despite the Renaissance
And the piggy-backed Christians
Where it wouldn't make any difference
To say "piggy-backing Christians"

With one shoe per foot
I meant to plod along
With expressions of irony
That everyone could relate to

I'm talking to you claquers
Applauding with your eyebrows
Before I get it all out

Therefore the kids with their stand
On the sidewalk eschew
Cheap lemonade
Offer cut-rate condoms
That could have precluded them
They proclaim
Therefore I stop for Alices and Emilys
Which they don't have

You're impossible I say
Out of my depth
But looking down

They pull out all the stops
Can't help they got fucked up.



It is my theory
That this house is cooler
When the wind is blowing
When below a certain temperature
The outside temperature
Is nevertheless quite a bit warmer
Than often is the case
In winter

Because rushing around the house
The air becomes a low pressure system
And sucks outside the warm air

Therefore I shall be looking
For the leakages
Properly sealing them

This is a lovely old house
With a dear old den

The agriculture we do
Is outside the moat

I go to the first seed
In the first row
Ignoring the seeds spilled
Around the front of the shop
Where we adjust the seeder

They are scattered on the gravel
And dry dirt
Will sprout if you look at them

But I tell you telluric
They're just interstellar gas
Either planted point of origin
Or beyond my grasp
I shell my Shelley thoughts
Take the ions aplenty by the horns.

❖

Right after a haircut I find
You look so secondary
Even tertiary
Not hard done by
Just done by

Like a lapped Mennonite
In running shoes

Even though you're coiffed
And taken care of
Whether or not you induced it
You're still living by your wits

The link at the liquor store
Requires a surplus stumble and recovery
Working the tip of your tongue

When you finally get away
From these menial links
To where it's happening
The temptation is there
To grab the inspissator
For the unitary bottle
You put yourself in
On the model ship
But the murky bottle that inverts
You and your priorities
Is only a taste to die for
Later in the night life
Just before the night

The links as new techno peasant work
Give way to broken strata
Heaved up into virtual mountains
Complications you can take or take to
The anthropogenic sublime

As we sidle almost but not quite
Up to the machines as Karl would have it
I saddle up with the salmon
Swim and fly the river ladder

Leaving the cities far enough behind
Or ahead to be contained
And slid out to sea
The predominant orange
Sodium vapour lights
Lowered by the great curvature
The widened louche eye picks up

Over the learning curve
But harder
In usually dry northern Texas
Mary Ann attends in a stall
Curly's laminitus

The trial-running war planes
For prospective buyers
With their cannon and missile cases
Ear split the sky and the barn
Turning on a bank computer dime
Back to Carswell
On the northern edge of Fort Worth
To the air base abandoned up
To a manufacturer

"I could see the rivets, smell the space age alloys
and the hyped up Avgas. I could feel
my molecules dissociate"

Therefore the Gadsden Purchase
Down and to the right
New Orleans honking
Acadia going down too
The counterfactual French
On another plane

The wet winter
The too sweet grass
(Not the source after all
Of Curly's fatal infection).

❖

When I use old expressions
Like “everything’s up to date in Kansas City”
For Canadian content
Minus the Canadian

Do you think it’s like
Home cooking
If that’s indeed any kind of desideratum
You say hegemony or bio-politics
Too many times
And they reach for their *tertium quid*

You know those farmers
Aren’t stuck in their gum boots
Otherwise on to which crested wheat heads
Are dried in turn

They’re crunching out
The difference between
The general relativity effect
And the special relativity effect
Folded into the satellite GPS information
As they go around the irrigation pivot
Dodging bombs
Before the pivot’s up
The paintbrush
As if out their ass
Swathing colour field the screen

Time speeding up so far
From the earth
Slows down with the orbit speed
But they don’t cancel
They love this stuff
Like they love their secret tool drawers
As can they figger a double entendre

They'd light their cigarettes
With a powerful magnifying glass
Just to be corny hybrid
And self-embedded
If they still smoked that is

Gadgets flock to the fields
Like geese

I ride the elephants
While the tigers leap
At my dangling feet

When I get off the satellite
My legs are longer
But still don't reach
The barycentre by a lot of whiskers
And I don't jump
Since my joints are out of joint
Where I hide drugs
And near perfect ball bearings
Relatively speaking

Behind the old cinder brick shop
We pile up machines one
On top of the other

Therefore I hunker down with match
And do the dog-whistle

Of course they won't burn
All that steel shined up
By the abrasive dirt

Though the rust is slow fire
And the fire "rapid rust"
As John over there in England wrote

The ants say
And I've said this before
The littlest fire is always too big

Yet people
Fools for imperative ends
Their Hobbesian habits not Hobbits

Are always trying
To start something
Or spit into a beer can
Through the eye
Of the baffled air.

❖

My nephew said
My brother's wife said
Asparagus grows good
In a dead horse patch

The *Globe* said
If you're gonna drink wine
Eat lots of asparagus

Therefore give me the nice cab
Of yore
Hold the horses.

❖❖

I'm leaning way over the fence
With all the other physicists
At the horse track
Looking for the accelerated particles
To come smashing down
The home stretch

No. 5's jockey has his knees
Especially high up around his ears
Riding as he is on an alligator
Strickly a mudder
Joke I read in an old *Playboy*
I bought strictly for the swell beavers
I thought I saw
We call *Canada's History* now

James Michener turned to James Jones
From Here to Eternity, Some Came Running
On a talk show
Said they'd both be forgotten
Jones a big fellow slouched down
And harumphed

Most workshops have got rid
Of their lathes
Are busy writing now
And I've found first hand
They're doing more than all right
Setting out the purloined culture
In excess of the adjustable jig table

Therefore I jump on my bed
Poor man's trampoline
The people downstairs
Think it's Baroque sexual prowess.

❖

Walking down the street under the maples
His gait goes giddyup whoa
To a cadenced thought thought through
Retracing its immanence
Arcing over the stutter of trees

He shuns the precipitous horizon
Which when you think of it
Is right
Even and especially were it a bomb
Come ironically home to roost
In someone's garage which happens
At least on the radio relays

The question is
When should you listen to the radio
The one with the gravamen hits?

Certainly not in the kitchen which is a where
Sorry, yes in the kitchen
When you're having breakfast
But not after when you've moved
To a room of one's own

Radio and what gets beyond the phatic
Though not the voice of war we huddle around
The phatic always takes its sweet revenge

At least where I'm about to pose
I mean propose
As the best splash down
Or give of the glove
From a hard throw
From the voice of an authority
The counter authority
Cominatchya as if it were
AM radio and phatic revenge
It may as well be

Seeding wheat and performing the working
No plugged hoses no weeds on the shanks
Tank good for fifty acres
Or a couple of hours

The predictable
Though at a high level
Commentary
Filling your ears
Is a pollination
Devoutly to be wished

Therefore I turn off the radio
See the tide go out with the gulls

Events scratched into earth
Retarded
Put in the germinating way
A production going beyond me
Into the season's end

The radio is hard work
And a long day
Somebody's got to do it

Keep giving
Undecisionistic ground

Then on the air wave
Pirate the ballerina

Peel off
The pirouette

Whirl and fix
Whirl and fix

Round after dusty round
Exorcize
The wound-up owl.

❖

Going back in the mists of time
Back in the most of time
Back not in the mast
But the tall ship of time
The tall ship that sinks
In the must-hear aesthetic tones
In thus this widening pool

That little pinch
A couple of millennia ago
After the best biologist
For the most of the next millennia
After Confucius who set down some rules
Of thumb for the opposable set
After perhaps the asteroid
What, a billion or three years ago
Delivered the organic goods

That that little pinch Jesus Christ
Has sunk in
Is very odd

Therefore I unbutton
Not all the good
Just unbutton
Slide and slide
The sipperyest slope
A free fall
“Beyond good and evil”

I'm not talking fancy
Existential structures
Or a worlding process
Or different species of time
You know how our before and after
Is supposedly after
Tellingly again
A superior before and after
That's all at a distended once upon

I'm just lazing
Into a dumb scientist's lit up lids-up eyes
Gawking down the bowling alley
Where all the pins are mist

Explained away in the guttering mind
As true as straight
As the stacked decades in the warehouse
As the crunched bums in the whorehouse.

❖

Here's this eunuch
Eating his donair with either sauce
Once so lonely he came out
The other side and turned it into
Not the oldest profession
But a regular going concern
Congruent with what the *The G&M*
Social Studies stats said about
Happiness rearing its fixed-income face
For singles just about the time they retire

And now with his surplus concern
In a power wrap of social awareness
His heart breaks for the young couple
About to try breaking up their marriage

It seems the needle in their haystack
Flicks to stable then wildly to unstable
On the rim of a latest topology

Does the eunuch really care
In any substantial way
That would compute
For a possible not just utopian society
That would fold in some other
Bells and whistles
Some really necessary
Like machinic governors
Some for a new kind of enjoyment
That vexes some of the old ironies
Or fly a little easier
The mediation moments?

Or has he just colonized the couple
A comic transference
To dollhouse parents
Both neutered and nice
Like canned laughter obliging

Health food's smarter pre-health food
Therefore just gathered

A steal
Into the soul
The Lady of Mirror's *mir*.



My grandfather Smeaton
Labour MLA
Wouldn't cross the floor
To accept Aberhart's offer in 1935

My uncle brilliant with numbers
Eccentric and absent-minded
Foremost tax expert in the West
Wouldn't in the Aberhart government ledger
Write road grader for Cadillac
So quit

He used to drive through an orange light
Almost red
And say, "That cuts off the traffic behind"

But now, say the cars cut off at the intersection
Represent consequent pollution
And climate change

And the grandfathered cars that made it
Are simply a world
Of nostalgia therefore the cupola half
Of Gödel's theorem
That theorem that only humanities types
Entertain and that workin' mathematicians
Pretty well ignore:

Nostalgia, memorabilia, Jubilees, Olympic pins
Hugh Hood inventories
Of small town early last century licorice and candies
Restored automobiles

Put a soft grenade in the cupola
And you've cars all over the place
Immaculate innocuous cars
Cut off tails that drive the economy
Wag wages and put musk in armpits

Put your ear plugs in
And play the air guns
Till your carpal tunnel's
At the end of the light
Make some more robot jokes
About how the robots are getting all
The jokes
A twisted habit you take almost to genre
Whose demands stave off Alzheimer's
And wows the kids coming up
With the heads and shoulders
That are ploughed into feet
Non sequiturs to cars and a step up

Put all the cars
On the head of a pin
Now tell me
These are categorical angels?

The useless ones
That get insinuated into the situation
Itself full of sinful insinuations

There they are oceanic
Committing nothing
Let alone sins

Yet between the hammer
And the loose vibe
They try wing the right thing
Tied and not
Just in time.

❖

Take flighty capital
Financial instruments, products
And processes
Parlayed from breathers in and out
Of the so-called base economy
To paper and screens where the eccentric
Shoeless (see Henwood) former physicists
And mathematicians from the academies
Play fascinating games with equations

All fun much poked and poked at
And dipped into and out of and back into
By the pods hanging on
Yet touching down on soft touch
Superstructural vines of venal vino
Ultra haptic back down
In the base nervous system
Handi-graft slit into the golden throats
Of political apologists and partyers

In Haiti just after the revolution
And before the elites and then aggrieved France
The US marines and IMF

The subsistence farmers grew an array
Of vegetables and fruits
Our new city gardeners
Would kill for

But I quickly add how misplaced
The trope is

We have our ups and downs
In export prairie agriculture here in the north
We retrench and have our periods
Of what the sociologists call self-exploitation

The figure "in our blood"
Does justice to the feeling
Tested but turned
To satisfaction in actual sweat
And grain in the fall in the bins

Is "in your blood" a fair way of talking
About a possible mere addiction?
Back to back to land primitive style
Which at this point in our cities it is
Bought into as

Past the correction of the snorting bulls
And what the adrenaline bears

We therefore have to ask of Hegel and Marx
If they are right that in sum
Mediated place
The immediate earth is not at all backward
For the concrete spirits wanting

The stretch pad or drawing room
Between past and future
The confessions of blood
Troped up and down the distended brain
On the cusp of all time
St. Augustine said no one
Us hicks of haecceity
Makes sense of

While all the while
We think we know.

❖

The two of them in the library
Each reading Darwin

They set the books aside
And ask who dares win

Outside they punch the clock
Then clean each other's

So end up in the hospital
Where they sit together over a chess board

They digress into a new labour power
For which they receive no cheque
Or checkmate

Therefore they become doctors
Of Darwinnie the pooh
Evolutionary crapologists

They act as if they're from the future
But are actually patients
In their own GUTS

To put a plug in
For the quantum cosmology theorists.

❖❖

A man kicks back in his recliner
Falls half asleep
Easier done than the half pregnant one
And quite common
These hypnagogic states dating
From the mid nineteenth century
Ballooning out from Oxford

His child self drops out
Down into the spiralling springs
He reaches fecklessly up
To the levers like on home hockey set games
But his manhood deserts him
Even as it requires him

He doesn't even bother to lace his skates
And wonders how he'll ever execute
Among other things, his sexual duties

Therefore notwithstanding he sinks
In his own tank just as much
As the screeching metal tracks run over
And crush him
The tracks themselves celebrating
A split into road
And thing on the road

He is maybe in a better position
Maximally better weakened
To appreciate the cosmetic accoutrements
And fanfare of the womb
Swaying above him

Unless this is a dangerous fetish
That would wake the warrior on ice
Potentially broken water.

❖

The kid's voice from 1945
On the radio sixty-five years later

Responding to the interviewer's question
About the end of the war
A sort of overseas with reason
Feeling

The voice high pitched and too movie
For its own good from within
Our theatre

Therefore
Slightly less than a year before
I was born
The kid was hey like next door
A bit of a slouch

The banality
Of Bethlehem
Between
The register.

❖

If defamiliarization has to keep
One-upping itself
It's absurd

If it has a limit
Within the historical moment
(Marx's augmented Hegelian usage
Diverted from Newton's mechanics)

Then we realize it's a game
We can learn
Which not so much generates
But betrays
A rightful meta-position

Therefore what we have
Is not a failure to communicate
So much as a dramatic deadlock

The meta-position is unrepresentable
All the better to eat you
Or for to interpret the world
Long way away from changing it

Marx developed an inner logical structure
Long way away from the structure
Of presentation for an audience in mind

The world dynamic with/in history
Can't be presented
Can't be represented

"You read a thousand pages of Hegel's logic
To understand *Capital's* four thousand pages
And you read eight hundred pages of *Grundrisse*
To understand Hegel"

You kill what you flush/flesh out
Your strategy of subversive syntax
Or non-syntax
The gaps you leave in leaping to more
But only more
Totalled, crashed or summed, totalities
As ideology as “the intersection
Of narrative and cognition”

Or the deft condensed sentences
With the figurative or the abstractions proper
Are all readable and left wanting back-up
Interpretants
Let alone the actants
Devolved to actors

Improv to improve
The social individual

The invisible hand
Reveals a new ethical universal
Pegged in the abyss
Bad i.o.u.

Therefore
No peg
No point at all

No same
No measurable difference.

❖

Letter to *Alberta Views*:

I think the reviewer of *Woodstock Rising* (May '10') could be right within "show/don't tell" coordinates where her twist of the SDS slogan "more action, less talk" might apply. With McLuhan's often useful "hot/cool" binary she would have *Woodstock* as hot, too detailed. Less detail would draw the reader into a drawing of her own, more action would make it more entertaining. But what if what is of interest here is precisely the hard work of debating issues, measuring events and the looping of macro politics back into micro, in sum the long haul of social action, to untwist "more action"? Wayman's text rimes the minimal modulations of daily "actions," a demanding kind of music whose quantity in time effects a quality beautifully at one with those hard-heady times. Of course the book is not faceless document, but marbled with clashing personalities full of various misgivings but also good humour, where more than one track always plays (love life, grad studies, etc.). The "action parts" work as comedy and suspense, but also, in an imaginary register, as allegory and strange consummation of a hot/cool dialectic that haunted the lived era, one that eventuated in an Eliotic whimper signified in the title of the *Esquire* anthology *Smiling Through the Apocalypse*. The fictional "apocalypse" counterpoints as well as raises the pilgrims' progress, as it were, into an uncanny register. The book itself, as Walter Benjamin would have it, blasts an authentic and articulated sixties into our time, for which we should be thankful, to have that smile cracked up in this new laughable order.

❖

Such a generic night in the spring
Should be seeding wheat
Were it not for the winter-like light
In the light snow, the socked-in clouds

The town lights in the window
Uprooted
A blurred pinpointed night
A contradiction

A flying carpet let's face it
Banking into a turn
Therefore some gravity on the side
The marriage of heaven and hell
Making whoopee a moment of levity

Called up on the carpet
Where the sea figures toss
Crisscross loss of the telos

Now Saturday noon and the clouds
Position overhead like an SF space ship
In this, lowered down to sci-fi
Now no sense of Saturday noon
Collection of arrows
For the primitive quiver.

❖

Over there is a shot put
Or simply *shot* we Olympians say

Well now not going too Hamlet
It methinks
Is more like a pumpkin

Is it *methinks* the clue?
Therefore the crime of idealism
Caught ready-handed empty
You have to hand it to it

Okay let's get started
Where is the truth?
In the bush
Or in the hand?

You said it
And then the sentence excuses itself
The ideal mind is a hand
Daniel Dennett puts a dental in it
Then it excuses itself

Okay the truth is up in the air
Empirical enough though the air be
We picture-think here
The air too disappears around the bend
Of the singletree and the risible rhizome

If there's such a thing as truth
And there is I would bet
If you'll excuse the hedge

Then it's not in the pumpkin
Or its seed
Only the truth is real
Said "the mighty thinker"

You think counterintuitive?
You fumble your own fingers
Butter fingers you accuse
And want to recuse

The truth cuts through butter
You butter believe
But wouldn't think
Of denying you your fingers
Nor can it fix the fumbling

The knife is sharp
So is the truth
Only the truth is real
And sharper in reserve
Go figure

The quarks are jammed in the traffic
We deem
In place of the place
Without a helicopter.

❖

You can't state the fact
As if it were in the stating happening
Of a man walking on his patio
Oblivious to the bird overhead
Not a big bird, say owl
But pretty big, say sea gull

You can't state the fact
Well you can
But don't tell me about
The oblivious man being hatless
And balding and about to get shit bombed
By the sea gull
With that liquid shit they shit
Usually two toned brown and white
Reminiscent ironically in consistency
Of some kind of antidote for diarrhoea

Therefore the daily ironies of what
Walks by your position in society
Oblivious to the roots
Of the disposition that follows
Is a frisson to the observer
In his frame of reference

He follows the bird that follows the man
Till all three are out of the picture
And that's that
Stage life left

Presupposing, it puts us in the position of,
The big stork eats the baby
Which we cheer on in our refinement
And as politically correct
But without a context
So not

Coming out of the birth canal
Is a slippery slope

And ironies abound
So work those skis
All the way to Socrates.



He sits watching the DVD
Has two large bowls of popcorn
In front and beside respectively

A third arm reaches into the glow
The hand takes all it can

Through the half-lit room
The hand is tempted to squeeze more
But the popcorn units promise
To pop out
So the hand learns
To ease off

Round the corner in the dim kitchen
Over the counter the hand delivers up
The salted buttered popcorn

This is rat ecstasy
Immediate and spoiled

By the leftovers left over
From the spoils all eaten

Far afield the distribution of corn
The braking parachutes
The dumpling clouds
The parliamentary representative
Chasing the *semeiosis*
Peirce on the logic of pronunciation
In the Bard
With a side of spelling
Witness in the nineteenth century
To the birth of the new
Third usage of "science"

The communal doing of it
“What in Germany they call
Logical socialism”
It effecting “the indefinite increase in
[references].”



I can lead my horse to water
This proverbial image
Will not do

I can willfully walk to the path
For thought
But there's thought dead or alive
In the will

Thought, you might say
Happens to you
Sitting in the sand whose kernels
Aquinas quit counting after a quick mulling
The ocean lapping at his feet
Wok-panned sublime with a lot of salt

How what leads to thought
And after the path that runs
Through you
How where this leads

Thoughts have signs
To coin a construction

Thoughts then have bodies
"Bodied forth" Bardied forth

Bodies that tumble
Stand down others on their heads

I'm not hard-core rational
In a "mystical shell"
I'm hard-core essence
As soft body dogged

The mechanics of the cognitive unconscious
Serve the summons
And brings you on board
The sea summed
For a horse

I lead my horse to water
He don't drink deeply
He talk deep
From the horse's mouth
Cut off in my palm
Feeling its oats

The painter without a Cary
Putting paint
Like the silk worm silk
On a sow's ear.

❖

Outside the spring snow melting
On off the roof dripping

My crystal ball
Is an onion

We carry the new freezer
Down the root cellar-like stairs
Into the basement on the farm

The big yellow Lab smoothly watches me
Descend jerkily step by step
I get shorter and shorter
Right under his nose

His soft retriever jaws
Close on my implement hat
The guys at the bottom proceed
The chef holds the lid
I like, duck
The dripping continues
Joseph and Mary are turned away
From the inn

Parmenides gets it up again
And the relocated blood
Is hard on him

He proves up
Then he proves down

My mother called back
To teach at a late age
Taught the kids some drama
How to fall
Went down like a demo-ed building
At the head and feet of the class

One of her earlier ex-students
Is too lame to get out of his truck
Jason from South Korea
Brings him out his groceries

Brings him out

You are what you eat apparently
Before you eat
That's a new one

Here's some more melt water
Such dripping
I would like at my funeral
General Intellect's hi-lo there
Standard of leaving
And desalinated tears.

❖

I drive a jeep out of
But into
A flat relatively barren prairie
At least a little brown looking
In the early spring

Planes come out of nowhere
Strafing me, hit or miss
Is up in the air

The jeep and its line of displacement
Are a sentence left open a bit
The planes are aspects
Of an articulated world
Articulating from its side

I stop, get out, stand
And stretch, daring them
Nothing
I find some snow
Try the old yellow ink
Not in a name
But you name it

The plane with bullets like child
Puts a sign on the jeep

Not really
After I zip up the undead approach
They don't understand
What I'm doing
I see in their intelligent questions

This is the world in the making
Not as it is
Not as it ought to be
Only what it could be becoming

They leave
They seem to have stolen the jeep
The planes are finished
There are no flowers
Oh yes, I can smell them

I walk back in the later spring now
“Voltaire” in a gravelly crackly Yankee
Academy Awards voice
In my edgetable garden
Where my nephew is composting
What’s left of consumed fruits and vegetables
On top of and under
Coffee grounds and egg shells

He’s brought out plants
And egg cartons with sprouts
He played his guitar to in the bedroom
We’ve been calling the music room
But is now also the nursery

He’s dug up my mother’s old flower beds
Except for the tulips
Planted onions, tomatoes, cilantro
Carrots . . .
That ellipsis stands for the other seeds
And an incomplete sentence.

❖

How predetermined is the colour
Of tomatoes?
All kinds of other correlations
Come to mind

When I think of red blood
The curve ball earth
Comical Polonius clouds
The resultant pink and purple evening
Just flinging out

Your neuronal distribution
Yet further distributed
We must but quit
Flung out by some correlating
Wild Spinoza

The grade two girl I would guess
In helmet on skateboard
Distributed into the movie
Before she reads the book

Therefore the pathos
Of the unnecessary shadows
Which say it all

Long side
Her own overriding Brecht
With the scene.

❖