Doubt's

Charles Noble

boots

Even Doubt's Shadow



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Doubt's boots: even doubt's shadow

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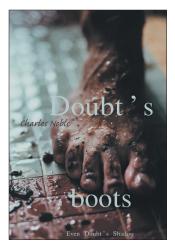
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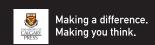
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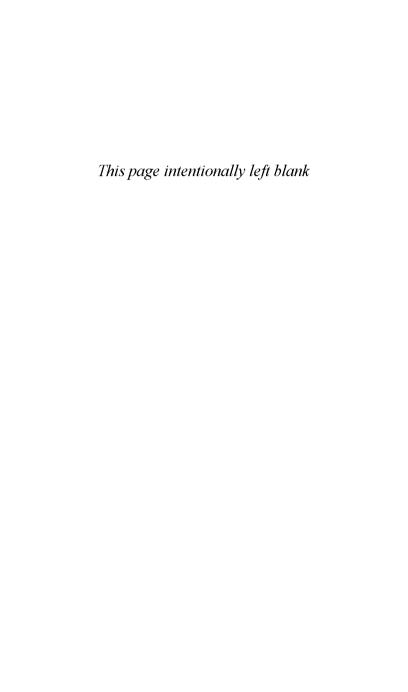
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Charles Noble

Doubt's boots

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Open Spaces

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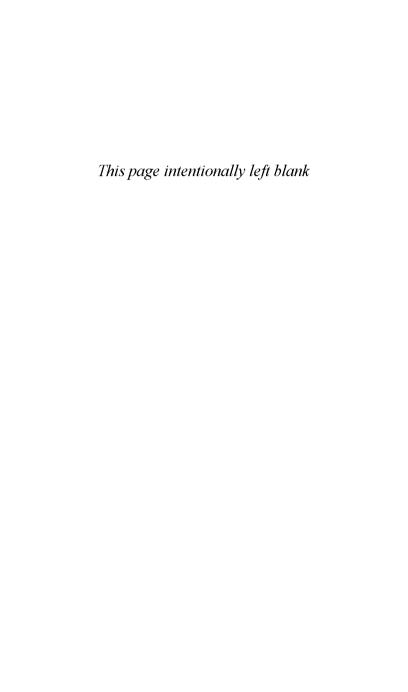
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Afternoon Starlight
Let's Hear It For Them
Wormwood Vermouth, Warphistory
Hearth Wild/ post cardiac banff



foreword

credo

But if I am sure of one thing it is that we are living an interregnum; we are walking across a zone whose ground is not solid: its foundations, its basis, have evaporated. If we wish to climb free from the marsh and not sink into mud we should quickly work out a morality and a politics.

- from *Itinerary* by Octavio Paz

C. S. Peirce thought that science, through doubt, error and hypothesis, was able to step and stay on a bog in that it had to move, as in closer to the truth it can, nevertheless, never reach.

Re the question of commitment, the new Kantian take is that art is not above the fray (or clay, i.e.

doubt's *solution*), but in it, prior to yet feeding conceptual systems and thence political systems.

The prophet's allegory confronts the irritants, the doubts the reality principle presents, and then incorporates them into the church's narcissism (dogma).

Likewise going back, but to release or new-lease the real, the artist's "blasted allegory" disperses concepts to where, in the quick of what resists (the formless, the ill-informed, the informal, Spinoza's hodgepodge, Adorno's non-identical), they must fight for their lives, or divert them, such as they are – street concepts now, or clichés with smarts.

But also these crazed and self-destructive concepts/hypotheses must keep the enemies; keep them free, as plan or "draft" resisters, or as the narcissist's nightmares, i.e. just the ordinary, unadjusted, slipped to ornery, and slippery for that matter. This is the undermining, generative well of inconsistency, à la Gödel, presented by the completed artwork, whose own narcissism disowns its zone – for its own good.¹

¹ This disowning artwork is different from "the disturbing particular" blindly loved by Stanley Fish (*Harper's*, July 2002) under which closed sign he "sees" "Western" reason as another religion fatally clashing with Al Qaeda, which he takes to be "the deep strain" of Islam. (In the same issue of *Harper's* see Edward Said on "the many Islams.") It all presumably makes for a lovely impasse ("my Impotence

O down, with the bog, defeated, feed not us our feet, will-o-the-wisp. O will the well as the welling up gives us the will. O Möbius monad. O rising abasement. Do dew, do don the dawn, I have a plan – for a beaver lodge.

about Doubt's

Doubt's Boots is a long poem that gathers itself as it scatters to chance, to pre-conditions, indices of how the times of themselves are guilty. Dynamic static rippled through with a background of second thought (musique informale) tensed between construction and expression: of suffering, including the suffering of joy and even of one's express actions – here we're well into the twisted time wormed/fished out of the first second, dilating I scale.

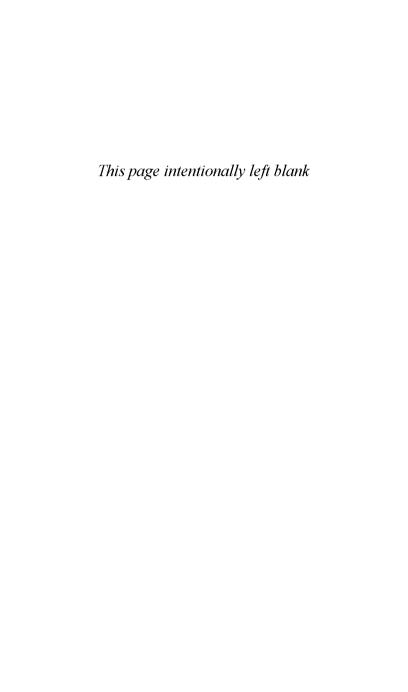
The language is seeded with a here/now everyman voice atop a decadence that presupposes all approaches turn mannerist if not abandoned

in Hell can beat your Impotence in Hell"), i.e. reason has no opening potential and al-Qaeda is not criminal nor yet rooted in a world order motivation. Incidentally see where Baudrillard's "singularity" re the World Trade Center destruction (*Harper's*, February 2002) is so *lawfully* motivated it verily expresses the New World Order, as if this were in some dire relativity fix.

to a waiting, a culling of the ear. Intimate from inattention, scantlings of a lost, wit's-end lyricism collide with runs of normal narrative – and various levels of abstraction, from the unreflective, peculiar, confused and false (exposed as such through humour, parody and plain bad ends), to the more reflective but typically everyday again, rickety bridges or out-of-tune choruses to real enough worlds rising with the fungus of funny mind.

The fewer, more rigorous abstractions declare, but demote themselves, not to equivalence with, but so to let live, the raw, all too ready to have its own celebration (the first ur-rah) begged, with its correcting seal of silence ever broken by the erratic singing of junk *bons mots* or motes, word particles going uncollapsed again, puffed-up and everywhere as waves. Step into the poem, and drown in the ocean. Or compose a path that staves it off. – C.N.





The frame is in the picture says *Kant and the Platypus* though more Kantplus ie Hegel and the latest art in the Stedellijk *Cold Fusion* and *For Real*

Plato in the coffee bar window on the street caving in

to photo radar slapped together

my clipped wings chopped eyrie

hole in the wall whole fancy science of real particle creation

elderly Japanese tourist souped up with a local girly girl

stabbing in the dark it hurts me more to see you one heart condition into a backhoe job

the enjambed windows make the little Chevy with only interfacing rear ends

the assembly line could make it three

so that's her boyfriend that guy who jumps into the front trunk

"some clown" you were going to say but you're right the orange hair's a wig and here's 'why' cut off

the woman walks across the street with her coffee and leaves her husband with someone else's mongrel healthiest breed if you can call it that not even window shopping just fixing their hair as a cover for looking at their looks

the mongrel mind aspires to purity and the stray hairs presuppose it

Trudeau period piece the manips of melancholia very guitar and coot or phalarope

I wonder here comes Sandra what's her face name

I've never known one to date tho Bill Mitchell married four of them

called one Myrna
put the rest on the pink lawn
one with an 'e' I did date
go flamingo

one was never there but runs a coffee bar in Pincher Creek vegetarian chili and soup and pie pink lawn in Sid's apple eye

even with shorthand
I can't keep the trunk
from opening a can of salt mines

cabaretic die jiggling round the mirror stem like Cuban testicles

another musician
with not an unfinished tuning
but a piece she's not happy with
a completion not completed
here this guessing gusto
falls off after a Planck length

"it's of no consequence" in a tone of undignified dignity which we call indignant but then Freud's there bending Egypt's mummies in organs out of MIT Moses in the latest *October*

seems there is some consequences and it seems the old retro rhetoric was a bit of a lie already and yet the job was filled by a practical applicant

moreover move over it was a matter of his choice he would know best how to reflect himself in such a short space at that time of day

he'd been of two minds
he went with one of them
it petered out on a rock
the mind left remembered of course
the mind that had left
the franchise that had folded

he had chosen presence of mind and yet she was now his second choice then he burned the frame and her life bore fruit but not all of it was exciting naturally

at least in the abstract not exciting but remember once you've said halo to her a new abstract takes over one brand of realism to be continued except it's nine o'clock

this is objective interruption with a vengeance almost double blind very controlled but like a tripped-on root it tells us very little but dawns it does

crack light before sun goes code
people bunched against their transparent
but decaffeinated ideologies
easily undercut anyway
apples and oranges below the root
are engineered
in responsibilities lightheartedness emers

in responsibilities lightheartedness emerges carried away unbeknownst

people do grow horns aplenty

you thought a Pinocchio horror not the fertility come to term but donkey sex and floppy icicles

what's in a bicycle that flies in like a barn swallow then limps away like Captain wooden leg? that forward sitcom synchronizes a novel that'll never get uncorked or even be a loaded whiff

my first mistake was to get up and walk into the experiment cognate with something natural that throws up a formula

I went out to the curb and put a ticket on the car parked backward or a long way from the other curb forward I was a rabbit duck

some of the waitresses thought I'd abandoned the hive was out of my fuzzy aerodynamics

a guy with an umpire's chest protector on his back under his shirt had a very skinny neck came in and ordered then said it was one o'clock when some young French girls asked the time this is an accurate impression
I'd considered a bullet proof vest
man he was tall too
and I couldn't help looking at his huge
pulpy back

and slowly he seemed more like an intellectual maybe he'd broken his back or it was just cancer of the thorax

in the frame her typically pink blouse didn't flutter because she was in it and walking attractively bow-legged looking for a place to sit in the shade to hear Jesus preaching

Jesus wasn't preaching bread did not arise nothing said about fish the better to eat you

eating sultanas the kids at the water fountain sprayed inadvertently the picnicers in line of fire

like ducklings really ugly ducklings they went by as intentional flowers of mind just pruned that way newspapers as mats embossing the day around big league players good yes but way overpaid static stuck on Spinoza's hair

east of Saskatchewan China but their refrigerators are behind us west of the Selkirks

on a very thin rug the poplars grow the fish and the rockets are jumping but after that it's hardly universal universality exists it plays dead then rolls over a basket of currencies a sharp pencil and thou

eventually I learned the '86 Chevy pickup was not hers but Bob's who'd parked it in her yard the restaurant used it for taking bottles to the depot but now somebody comes around

the weather stripping around the doors costs five dollars a foot if he flips it he won't bother if he keeps it he'll spring for it a dead editor would not say half-ton hence 'pickup' after she'd left after leaning over the counter on tip toes I said rather salaciously that I thought each buttock had been tailored for separately because they weren't spandex

round about
we collapse our natures
or so we think to tinker

I tried to romanticize the weightlifters as some breed of obsessive bohemians but they really are just that focused with the long beaks of their hats up lumbering down the sidewalks staring bug-eyed past you

I don't really have to cheat
I just can't take it that seriously
the point about painting Colville guns
is that you project through the wire mesh
of the POW compound
then you bring them back through
so the mesh is part of the guns

you confine the finest futility catch the catcher Lady Macdonald mainlining the panorama the rushes override the theatre

it's so something this summer the young avant-garde Turks are jumping into the abysses I shouldn't say that first that late 19th century unblinking and then the vulgar theatre of Everest yet remember the toothless metaphor!

I shouldn't say because they are right but even the deepest insight when you check is only in sight occluded its true measure is when it comes back unchecked into your shoes gone home otherwise the mesh is finer than you think through

that rather senior woman is still a fine artist and getting finer that's a twinkle in her eye he's even older and getting up to get them drinks they look so elegant but detuned to a certain openness

the decadent cabaret is pastiche dark a nostalgia likes is like the decadence all pretty tame stuff for them coming at it with a condescension they try to disown or donate but can't they lay it aside

I'm getting sleepy and they come in so late and perky
Henry James got Pound drunk on half a sentence
Pound established his growl with crystals hard and clear you can take the radio out of the man but we like him swinging in the rough

*

I never see Gordon in here but Don comes in periodically he's the archivist at the Whyte that pretty well wrecks everything

Pelagia is a lovely name and odd even for the Dutch I loved to hear her say "squash" even after we came in here as relentless Turing machines and I coaxed her to say it I finally figured out on my own who that guy is the dress the haircut the mannerisms and two and two Canada's most recent war artist I saw his Somalia work somewhere about the time I started noticing him this somewhere else

Walter's brother-in-law's paper on Shlegel and Rorty and irony gave Shlegel the nod for working the real tension between art and politics with Rorty it was no contest and that's a bit of an in-joke

I went out and sprayed the bicycle seat with Windex and still the many faces of Jesus would appear then go back in the inky Arctic to the Siberian archipelago 'Pelagia' was Greek for goddess she said Mel gave the finger to that guy
that was more than pointing him out
that was biography at its worst best
and a violation of the frame game
he also gave me his thoughts
about the guy across the street
and around the corner who sells
me my paper and I

a couple of old expressions came to mind they were covered with impressions and that woman who ran the health food restaurant gave my brother a twenty dollar discount at the motel she runs now Alice went through three names and a digression of frames while I supplied one silly one before she remembered it

my brother said the guy was such a perfectionist took so much time getting his seeder ready he barely got the crop in and then the snows came early late September I don't say no insights but I don't say
in the know always either
unless I give recognition
to the floating uncollapsed
but definitely a caveat on wit
a thin rug where the poplars thrive
a thin crust in another earth science
context but I've nothing against
the connotation of dry
except maybe too fertile and flip
pat the too pat
and you've invited trouble
pretension as a heuristic device
keep blasting
those prewar vortices precluded the hollow men

cranberry juice puts a scum
on the roof of my mouth
on the roof with a rope
I hang out my shingle in the democracy
I know my rope is clumsy and yellow
Tarzan was here
movie frames that is
the slow extraction of oil from
the tar sands is a speedy chaotic ecology

he does the crossword puzzle
and never looks up to the sidewalk
but he's around the corner in the back
anyway
Alice couldn't believe it when I said B
had met K two summers ago
and thought on the hike she was tremendous
and a lot of fun
and that applied to her boyfriend too
so it wasn't a matter of falling for her
youth and beauty

metaphors in service to an elegiac solemnity ruin an otherwise fine silence even if I exhibit the same fault with my fine and ruinous denotations

I would know the silence but the dead are more broad minded than ever and wouldn't want silence nor solemnity but that doesn't mean they wouldn't be wicked editors they would and are

"I saw you kissing that mongrel" the one tied to the street lamp she said that it was her brother's surely there's content here somewhere just content

can there be smart content?
a contradiction atorquing?
our minds can't think the soft pink centres
of the last quantum
it's a proper experiment
it's just that all these waste baskets
go flaming out the upstairs window
and the chaste kids have singed their eyebrows

it's more like you can't get away once you make that first droll remark like Liverpudlians they're all comedians or act out their bear stories with cute little backward baby steps

all the refusals backed you into a program and the next thing's just silly not an actual entry into a genuine exit but you say exactly just silly is what it should be but then silly evaporates well it doesn't even condense

and that obtuse program lends the pre-silly a subtle weather intention Ginsberg had an elegant solution in his "proof of a life" puts some weight in it there and loads the argument into just about everything that's been lost

the waking moments finer than the butterfly to catch a butterfly

no more customers finally but then the echoes on the little-stone cobbled floor which is nice to eat your puffed wheat squares over

he looks a lot different in a tank top and tan than all rumpled and pale being here about four years and always talking to tourist strangers with sort of thumbnail anthro-apologies for the place the most prospective woman in a long time triggered what's her name the impossible like before when her incidence of one day had effect for five months and then that other one left the country

sure as down the aisle she was and cleaned out the shelves so up and ask her outright for a tin of tuna and her sweet smile says no the deeper structure of the face approaches the power of a ritual mask forbids the reading of her smiles rotten behaviour

Freud is in the unmasking in her case even if only as the bank in a bank shot

with no tuna
restoration is at hand
and the girl next door won't leave
the country
and next door is a lot of dispersed luggage
not all that random or geographically exact either

the split tourist suggests a confession more intimately able than what we take for confession its flushness turned to past the mark elemental as necessary spring and as fish out of water

she the trigger happy tragedy
will always spring to mind
born in the same century for no reason
paths crossed in the right town
the light shaft like a super cosmic skyscraper
through the clouds shadowed
and oddly awed Rundle Mountain at six o'clock
in the evening
there from a patio in Canmore

God bless her
she sticks to her terrible guns
no climber sticks to her
she makes virtual into a virtue
and she comes to know
the mask as flush
and a crying shame
the cliché crinkled
as the canthi of the eye

into the crazy mix she's isolated the gene for entertainment and is good with that too

meanwhile the childless mother of all women is next door by next door I mean similar backgrounds and a knack for surviving with irony and keeping it at bay too no I mean more than that I mean a listening that solicits I mean something more damning too a ratio of details that all told tip the balance

Paglia could call her a "bitch" but I would add one with a story on her albeit squished to surface intensity

to carve up slippery appearances with judgements of cruel but strange dignity at least the dignity of clarity or to bleed the story's tributaries to death?

on balance we know we have to be off

she was smiling past me the young waitress at the young mother's baby the ring in her lip was too a bridge and soldiers broke their rhythm such zipless sentiment could be yeast for the revolution could be friction for runners in the Andes one of those theoretical terms for in-the-water bent sticks like glancing eye beams for a lot of no truck

even my armpits got the message but I didn't zip up because I hadn't zipped down something bent in its place like a dog's head under its paw basically history here 's been had coming and going not the end of history but the ends of same history as inadvertent is not to be therefore irresponsible or even non-Marxist it would actually be more right thinking than ever in Marx's Hegelian sense there ain't no path for history I'm trying to say and see where it leads apart from big guns and wrong metaphors and not to not acknowledge the time plane and plans laid out both from the head of Zeus and the inertia of materiel

I have one lamp turned into the wall and then the effect of a TV screen on my toaster nice to find the nostalgia differential intra my integral kitchen-living roombedroom-dog house lightning splits my hemispheres and I wear it on my Timex band getting in touch with my duality implies a third position stupidly or a third displacement the place is realized with fondness memories make the distances of places longer than they are when I go back

there blocking out relations and action I can't believe she would have been that close sheer presence is repulsive blocks us out to memory

back to the crime scene I carry
my toaster and push down the bread
pop culture levels with you
but I subtract the mirror's depth
soak up the sidewalk
the concrete abstract is not sacred suddenly
but like a breeze's own back draft

back in my cabin I press down and the floor lights up my feet get hot with clots even though it looks cool so I walk to the dusty horizon to locate a natural night the milk thereof

when I come back
I check the answering service
with all the expectant gratefulness
and horrible heart I have
when I come for the mouse in the trap
behind the little door under the sink

here's another asteroid this summer we're trying to steer it in about sixteen different ways ie different methods of steering some of them contradictory some of them stretching the sense of steering

the rotating earth revolving in embedded revolutions where chance has crashed into elegance I cup in my hands a moth tickles my enchained palms

the snap dragons and marigolds and the inedible berries on the berry bush are a relief this morning after making the phone call last night with the rain on the windows about the time the mud slide was building to bursting over the Trans Canada

I know I have no idea what goes on in her head that animal grace both lower and higher than certain stereotypes of femininity is ahead of the asteroid's wave she deftly selects the fallout reading on the butterfly airport lists the butterfly stakes are high and through the heart like a tent for Michelangelo she likes to put her feet up and likes too to work travelling creates new smells all roads lead to aroma therapy

laugh? at the tourist who mocks your miserable observations here is a kind of content whose porosity is hard with probability forces that bump you out of your own picture

it can be formally entered but not ironically through the main door

round about in time
not to need them
you get them and their forces
come unchained
asteroids that come out of the cage
but are so weak with hunger
you poke them with your finger
ostensive rash dies on the vine
you drive by in a white panel truck
on Canada Day
at the four way stop you let them
write "Bill's Plumbing"
white on white on the panel

side swipe someone in the gym
for eight years
and then one day she says she's moving
back to Vancouver
on her last day you tease her more
than ever and she teases back
then you both spray and wipe down
the equipment
the moving van is so discrete
it ends up on a ferry
in the middle of the Mediterranean
then drives out of a garage
two days later in Vancouver

the usual train wreck the usual gym germs grow an oasis in the waste open secrets thrive on the face of the pool the exercise in itself is meaningless something perhaps in its favour

she camped in the middle of the jocks did yoga on a mat long black hair to the floor when she sat told the young high school kid to breathe the sidelines began to bend the cold steel developed fuzz there was no essence to the words that were wasted and cleared the air the threats around the grimaces

she knew Alex and his water colour works about matting worked in the photo processing lab but couldn't take a picture herself worth a damn or a dam we argued about special effects in the movies the gym limited us created a waterfall

next door is the telephone company building a guy in the parking lot with his cell phone is talking telephone stuff seven hundred feet of cable etc. twenty feet up are huge doors that open onto nothing they lean out and drop boxes into the garbage another eight feet up from the top of the doors is a steel beam with a snatch block hanging on it

the guy on the cell phone is a blond hunk he hops up the steps phone on his ear couldn't get the back up beeps on the trucks backing in into John's Cage

in a bunch they go to lunch
it's us on the farm
seed to seed politesse
but weeds gone awry on the other side
spreading out of the draw
through the culvert out of the ditch
into the field
the lie to laconic Kilimanjaro
negative snow job
Jon's and Pam's encounter
with the lion shit
or me misremembering

obsessions play out the oil spill on the driveway the four year old on the rug the drunk daddy on the couch

some infrared murderers re-framed and shot their Cézanne'd dishes of rice where it was said the waiters were neither friendly nor ultraviolet made a lot of noise dropping the dishes off at a table in the corner probably why so many were chipped

I think I understand music from the top down I outlined a broad perspective and the guy actually thought I was the times little times I guess music critic

it was my idea of a parody with some idea the parody was a fallback position and that I was really going for a score of course bottoms up
I could barely hum the simplest tune
except sometimes in the tractor
I would let my voice out
and it would keep on coming
like some huge lariat
totally unwieldy
unless I concentrated on bits

very avant-garde but some of those melodies trapped and usually just sleeping in old unheated neurons would drop out from time to time like frequent but small winnings lotteries

after I sang a twenty minute to my mind paramorphic opera mining as many voices as possible and took the tenor a couple of parasangs off I went back to Mann's *Doctor Faustus* and sang to microscopic parasites then it was tea and crusty exchanges with Mr no jazz Adorno

it all made me appreciate
the upside and the downside
to critical lines not fine lines
no lines at all but at the back of the hall
one ear to the street and one street
to the gutter and one gutter
to the convoluted gut

laugh and correct me if you want but dead in the tractor I heard the song for the dead the dead of winter the merest swollen seed

I almost got kicked out of the local Lux Theatre for stripping wallpaper during the latest Hollywood movie

sure I saw those gorgeous watery brown eyes and from certain unedited angles the horse mouth on her too but underneath the lines
not closer to the bone or anything
I saw beyond the wall filler
of cross promotion
I saw a movie worth maybe a buck
ie defrayed among the whole audience
ie below the smallest coinage
and so nothing since we would all
have to pay equally
our time was priceless and uncollectible
lost in the movie's unintentional surplus
the attraction in dumbcracks
like limber horror unblown up

the time is cut and curious as we know but looking at the actors' death masks and the darts in their foreheads reminded me of myself and some very powerful emotions I mean they were pinched into the movie and I mean about three senses here but let's concentrate on the economics if movies were ever released it would take more than two hours just to admit myself over before it would begin which is the way they want it and we too but for a few black and blue vestibular vertigoes below the surface gotta like'em like the falseness of dogs their winging it in humane niches

that kind of seriousness won't culminate but incurs or incures a gentle curve maddeningly gentle you could say but it's only a geometric reference

or goes into one of those bulb affairs whose liquid receives itself as fleeting pock marks which don't figure in the self-cropping report by which I don't mean the endless microfilm of seed's outside in

but it's not a matter of kicking over the traces and then whoa there shortly after on spec and in faith
I won't say what it is even though this is exactly the site of generators of sayings as such let us now clear our throats pause and come back another time

we actually welcome joe public though it costs them more in fact we make special desserts just for that reason so they go away coming back for their own work ie like the "work" for the math answer not usually shown

meanwhile in the jobs
they take crumbs put them from time
to time on the metronome
which flings them cross the way
regular hours but their sprung retorts
make a nice wine to toast
to more crumbs

after work they pat the brontosaurus and it wags its tail for the moonlighting weatherman wearing his colourful ties he looked well preserved and primed in his getting on and it turned her youthful hormones on

when it came to it
she discovered he was a character
not a repulsive character
but it, I say it, repulsed her
like likes
till he became the father for hire
and she and the others paid their dues
at ease

not this and not that on either side doesn't make it all middling it makes it a central vector and after all is said and done rich ditches a one time only road he offs it

that well known poet you have to remember was punishing you for the sins of others and the next thing you have to remember is they're not sins I like the way these painters will read literature in no particular hung up order even obvious prize-winning novels or say thirty-year old Pulitzers the library has discarded

I even like the way they quaintly say
"he has a different kind of way of writing"
and the beauty of having an angle on a holiday
so zenfully aimless
like the rest of us stewards in the stew
Rushdie's use of 'atrocious' of course
made you retrieve 'atrocity'
but the separate usage
its overkill and the dying done it back
still lingered even as it was helped
to sober up

the old Albanian woman murdered with one odd thing in her hand lay there beside some narrative which is to be expected unlike the re-entry mirror wired up with the very latest outside intimate as leather or false fart in her lobe lost

the narrative debased then and backward was released and beginning to turn as a baby's rolling eye borne on bogus homunculi/ this here lie hysterical with autistic anamnesis

Leeann coming back to the other waitress mumbling under the glass of the refrigerated dessert display case scouring guck never really gotten clean before

she kneels down in sympathy even gets under the glass or clear plastic hinged at the top

ritual me at my brother stuck in a combine swearing me in the glass bubble to defer and wring my again unborn hands

it could be anybody's useless hands as they take on the disposition of the position they're in the situations give you your hands yet given the jumping bean in the brain we lopsided treat the entreaties of the given like it might bite them off then again around the corner getting further and further out of context because bringing too much baggage good lines happy specific triggers bringing too much crumpled context

but there she is the local Jackie O and she's saying hello this time and giving some kind of smile

he thinks about the smile if thinking is right well of course thinking but the pretext is the resonant smile on his face like a Cronenberg camera or something

simply a sweet smile is not right and neither is a slurring sexual one but he would bet sex was in the corner thinking back to that time she was walking with that boyfriend and rubbing hips in the sunny afternoon by the mountaineering shop and thinking against that that all-busy look in and out of her rusted four wheel drive pickup truck

then he thought up against the wall made of questions that out there you never know for sure one's limited powers and/or condition one's ladder off the wall deductions clouded by slurring attraction

around the next corner Tom
and having first seen Roland
and hearing about Tom in the library
looking at art books for his kid
he kidded Tom about how he surmised
that Tom looked like
he'd been "looking art at books
no no it's coming in now
looking at art books"

Tom of course actually surmised he'd been talking to Roland in some backhanded way that till now had been all innocent supination

he told Tom about Jimmy telling the joke about the one-upping tailor who could make a perfect suit with just seeing the corner a potential customer had disappeared around across the street past the theatre
he fell into the forest
that old cathedral calm
the tourists scrambling and giggling
when the dog came up the bank
shaking out water
like a distant cousin of the sneeze
switching neurons in the night

"in the night" for the total dumbness of the complete brain compared to mesh meshed smartly round the black box Herself

romance will reduce to the body including gestures and the face but won't reduce beyond the fine line between acting and behaving

the brain is jury-rigged the jury is still out and can't be put back together again the mind is pure escapism the law is like the bus stops and subway stations where the novelists get off to tidy up and mess about Martha Nussbaum resolving Aristotle into Henry James

the brain is above necessity sufficient on the way down to clots and aneurysms leaves an empirical miracle in its wake at the heart of which is that ambiguous 'incredulous' the smoking not movie smoking my addicted nephew would say actually smoking author unlovely and lying in a bath of analogies he lights up and celebrates his exhaustion his flare for words doused by the dowsed for

the particular miracle's an oxymoron and oscillates after this up in the hills we keep our noses in the dust watching the weird weather sinking grain prices the satellite transmission shows the variable ratios averages and leverages we mouse along under our own shadows our deep sympathy for the starving inhumanly thought through

Braudel saying all those seafaring centuries the rooted to the earth were erased from the flowering preserves of the marked up clearings

we could click
on the big picture
one to one on the low hills we listen
at kitschy horizons
the wind falls after supper
the sun sets itself up
to be untrue but to our specs

the pictures are cropped and bleeding so fuzzy logic finesses a finitude crooked granaries and Kantian numbers put us in our roundup weak electorate food chain reactions ambiguate to a pure mess multicultures in Amsterdam flow and play out a seeming peace the famous Dutch tolerance indifference the pundit said

lost in the nebulous hills the seed exceeds us and we are "tempted to exist"

tempted to stomp on our funny affiliated hats let the sun stroke fuse the electro-weak links

more Harleys or the Harley sound down the alley revving and down revving the more maculate angels the angel drones the seventh of August
and summer is finally here
are the comments
more forgivable
cycles
though the odours of country boy borne cities
and multi-sourced period reclinings
overcome the nudists

whom we could not determine were not stuck in the mud rather than actual ly getting on with it

please Alex paint it please Ernie photograph it get it on the wall get us off the hook or reel us in out of the movie

all these aging boomer movie stars going to the dogged live theatre dismissing their jobs as jobs or flipping over on the bed for vicious satires of the one Hollywood elephant ear their weight they can whip in elephant measures these nudist thespians
shedding their snake skins
are the innocents
with such knowledge after
all
and no where to go
but more work
shop talk
emotional muscle
being John Malcovich being the general
case for the actor in us all
the host the parasite

it takes a thief
here the time
to get bogged down
or going ahead gingerly and quick
like Peirce's many-footed science
hot not to fall in
or convert to shoe in a fit of wherewithal

the good ones in the hot seat have nothing to say shy away embarrassed into poverty obvious too bigly popped questions so nude the wife sees through him in the shady business too and through the cancer in the psyche in remission with the admission of the evident cloud

the budgets and the punched out pasts scare them of themselves so outside honest kept

before the paranoid ideologues prophesying real estate other Freudian twists including the mice living behind the lines from hand to mouth the health of real dirty realism

imagine them going back to the well kicking the Beckett say

with their amplified mugs drain the fake poison poisoning the public world promoted across

while the world is on the screen the empire with no clothes

the drained actors would lead the way away from the redundant word to the wise the self-draining prophecy of the public world would quote its own silence

imagine a world where you could take Mickey Rooney's squeaky wheel street smarts take one take two etc joke the puns etc never underestimate the actor's well attention-getting pays objective attention

being a hard case
we couldn't let him down easy
he would thank us for cracking him
and he would be
the kind of new omelette we would want

now the Horatio crack
of Hamlet to ham
the tiny globe on the globe
is no simple ratio
or story
they scoop one another infinitely
Bloom onto Dickinson on James's
big bang brain

at the end of the night with the expensive scotch the weary fireworks heartprick the chest the brain drifts in its vat bumps gently the shore of word nests and boat rails

but morning is the progress the actor inches apart adrenaline decolours and stills the scene the yard is cleaner after the north wind in the early hours and yesterday's yard sale

in the new town on location they interview the unlikeliest tease the economic hicks are neither these townsfolk nor tourists are between cynicism and the quick study

splice of life all escape routes cut off the actor will go for the main chance

rush of events caught in the action outside of Eden new never-has-beens take root let me borrow your children play the bombed encyclopaedia hear the fallout in the unintended words between us

paste board words and the anti-eloquence of reflex expressions synonyms piling up in counterpoint are not bad acting but the freedom of two solitudes before they re-master the slave ram screens

the movie house is my airplane the movie merely thrown in I just like a dark big room and rapid rabid popcorn

goose shit on the banks of the Bow mosquito repellant for the first time the usual statistic of women googly-eyeing the dog one telling me about hers both dogs eleven years old

Jackie O struggling to get her big Rottweiler off the path the Rottweiler as aggressive and growling as ever looking like she's just had pups her teats so

a few hours later see Jackie O on the sidewalk wearing brown lipstick a nice smile and a hi off on the trail all she could manage was the dog

Stickney phones to say he's had a kidney out I notice the rhyme and he tells me the trouble the doctors gave him and he them and me imagining remembering the free dental work from the U of A student dentists all the yelling and threats around the corner pain killers not working for him

he tells me about the interconnected families around and into the family of the girl who was shot on the Ludwig premises he tells of the homesteaders circa 1912

parallel are the interconnections of the farmers with the oil industry mineral rights lease rights access pipelines sometimes eight wells on a quarter section

farmers running water trucks small service businesses and sons on the rigs he balances it
with how they use American terms
to describe the Ludwigs:
compound (Waco) cult
as opposed to an old Calvinist story
though he refers to a distant relative
at the U of A and their discussion
of the background to apartheid in S. Africa

I talk about the moderate Christian Reform around Lethbridge and then the more recent "black stockings" who won't take polio shots

he includes how the retired forty-something RCMP often work for the Alberta Energy Corp. goes over the mountie bombings and the very interesting trial coming up the cross examinations re the cross affiliations

they got that killing frost on July 15 minus five for however long the cloud cover saved most of the rest of Alberta he got rid of a hive of honey bees in his combine otherwise he can't do any work

then he's off the phone seeing the neighbour has already come over and fired up the combine fescue is all he has this year will have it straight combined if he gets anything fine if not fine

I didn't know he'd taken a class from Wilfred Watson got the best marks on his papers was the only one who knew who Madame Blavatsky was

was an omnivorous reader when he was a kid reading through a collection of English classics his aunt gave him kind of a dandy but when at twenty I helped on his farm out on his own at twenty-six and already retired Junior High principal I couldn't keep up to him

when we stopped in at the thoroughbred farm around Lacombe or Blackfalds even where my father's buddy Bob Carlyle lived we went out after lunch with the ex-British Army Captain direct descendant of Byron one Lord Roderick Gordon and his new Slavic wife watched a mare get bred the biting on the neck the quick shiver and Stickney's typical resonant ribaldry

talk about interconnections
the American actress the American poet
lines into the British aristocracy
with much genealogical tenacity
what a snob he read books on the subject
but too eccentric and purely outrageous
as well as plainly prurient
in the deliciously detailed give and take
of gossip to be simply an atomized atomizer

tho he could be nasty with great talent when his Timon was on and knows his tweeds in fact always this way into knowledge he knows the different English cloths the story of Eliot's tailor he knows fine things and has some too collector's books prints and originals perfectly cut suit world travel but wouldn't waste money on a vehicle beyond a serviceable farm truck always arrives at dinner time and leapt at the twenty dollar phone deal

*

through the "back" window where the midnight skateboarders clack under the mercury vapour on the new convex asphalt of the parking lot two young women in the morning

before she leans back to check the van door gives a light shove to the shoulder of the "sister" who does a goofy chorus girl crossover step it is my curtain call the young blond in white coveralls watering the new bushes bordering the lot along the fence behind the cabin

three ton diesel idling noise on my nerves 1000 gallon tank and a big wheel between the cab and the tank to wind up the hose

finally finished in her yellow and red safety vest she climbs into the cab lights a smoke coming together she pulls away

matted with wood chips the backfilled trench haikus planted where they may nevertheless catch the confusion in the air

Alex drops by after five days in the "hills" with the mountain-inhabited-by-prairie water colour I'm buying with Skye his blue heeler who snarled a bit at my Lab when we visited the studio and who hangs in the Whyte looking like a fox in a nest as a series of photographs-plus by Allan MacKay

Alex using water colours only five years did a colour blind test on himself years ago at the College of Art in Ontario and saw that he was "100 % colour blind" so did nothing but drawings for years

"speaking of philosophy" he says then explains the conventional tags for colours whatever each of us sees

he's never looked back and I think of McIntyre's paper on colours in cultures the relative ranges and differentiations more words more perceptions

but don't let it go to my head thinking of M. and W.'s From Cliché to Archetype "more services less service in the service society"

what's up between the earlier integral anthropologized and the later anthropologizer's background waves of homogeneity?

the scholar on the morning radio her study of her own aboriginal language the words for various kinds of relatives the precision thereto then the many words for snow again the many snows some revision of this I thought I heard then revision forward back before the first revision

out of the bag into the fire
I take the painting out of the paper wrapping
to show Alice later
Alex keeping to landscapes
the Kootenai Plains here
no humans in it no human traces
but the orological frame
borrowing me
the word from Jon

this space no longer innocent not another strophe but a cata-strophe with a grain of sand so to speak with half a world on the phone

yet you put them on hold or dump the new borne craft over some sheer geometry to a strange planet tho the lines will still come down "down" being frozen for light years to this local unfamiliar gravity Hemingway's dictum is relative but true re good break up the measures to whatever gauge send them out over the fractal reservoirs and they coolly cover the ground more than some supposed infinite completion

infinity finessed by the finite I conclude Jackie O would never want me and I rationalize she is too sensational anyway cover girl

but that industrially battered truck she drives!

Roland came by this morning and I told him I needed to finish a couple of lines that if he could sit on the chair with the newspapers sitting on the stories like Roland being the walking news himself so sitting on himself he brought back *The Elegant Universe* he carefully handed me the dust jacket and I said ahah where are the GUTS?!

carefully wrapped in a cut-to-jacket-form plastic bag
I wrestled with the physics as I went through the technically non-"complex" universe and the wrestling was good otherwise no through to it but something evaporates weeks after not working at it as a pro day after year

yet you know you've been turned tuned possessed by a virus waiting for Godot to pass and perceptions to spin out of old metaphoric chains the rattled force fields

Roland and I box our way into past participles what they are he finally agrees
I must be right
I think so too if I may say so and want to spell it out

I do and it is no entry anywhere and there is that capacity to lingeringly feel archetypally wrong rooted in the nature of some amount of arbitrariness that though goes deep into the boxes tricky angel-backed logic opens up disposes of leaving not fallen angels' weaving not the dread but the thread of the question of the open back

as at our mathematically scoured-out best we curl up inadequately around our adequate opening

thematize the latent surround the niftiest old precursors their skipping some of the middle steps

however much you wrestle with your lost feet Minerva will have laughed and left

I wait for me to hang myself with no apparent friction at all completely pearl an noise annoys an oyster pure twist the wind comes out of the grass into my sails I cut into the leaves of I

the blade rubbed fattening the imaginable degrees of *physis*

begins hacking away for the bullish lamps

the quivering arrow it escapes me *I* says with the equivalence back still moving right on *I* crosses swords with *I* I am "in the wings" to be or not the *Beg-riff* point of all

he takes a few minutes off from behind the counter and sits with his old girlfriend and her family

so young for such seasoned salad days the family are raconteurs and wits and recount a recent wedding

the outlaws vs the in-laws and some fifty-year-old the father allows her to call "nowhere"

the hamming family the famming homily the feminine famine the masculine mescaline

I happen to be reading the title essay of The Death of the Novel of Love after the (her) thoughts on Heidegger and Arendt instead of the carried-over weekend papers

the young women behind the counter do their duties in winter take to the skies

I can't get past the duty-free zones look up to wonder how the abysses favourite haunts of the new avant-garde are doing

I like the cynics that come to my door better than the "philosophies" shelf at the bookstore splintered demographic that keeps the forest[s] throws away the trees

I'm not that close to my ideal energy that burns my questionable receptors if you ask me the burning questions are not further in but beyond me there churning out laws of their own despite the "philosophies"

rogue totalities versus the complete critic's guide to critique's dismantling mantle the resource worms churning us out to wormy flummery

I'm talking a big crop on the telephone right out of an F. P. Grove optimist's groove possibly headed for a big frost and a winter of huge increases in natural gas prices

the canola along the tracks in Banff has deflowered into pods and we're into another week of showers Myra's friend Katie telling of the worst storm on the lake in Manitoba she sat in the open doorway and watched it come across unaware of the huge tree uprooted and the scrambling neighbour kid's just just broken arm

the rain was so hard around the mud slide just west of Banff that you couldn't see to pull off the road and the kids in the back laughing Joplin sighing and gag gagging with the deranged wipers

backed up out of their range re the frames per of the eye of the storm

a lot of the scary movies intent on crossing over into death and back to flesh out the affirmations consolidate the anxieties into big horror twisted phantom family tight tonight the elegance of the symmetry particularly pat
I was disappointed with what the young woman who remembers my confections at the theatre turned out to be reading as she walked reading even across the intersection

she seemed to guess as I was asking I would be but at least it undermined the possible otherwise pretension I suspended pendulum for her

up the darkened steps of the information building and into the empty parking lot clang the not metal but I prefer the "metallic" gate expertly for my sleeping dog her Pavlovian D.E.W. line love

tripping over the other pair of running shoes hopping over the hiking boots "Damn kids!" there aren't any kids but the dog stumbles into the boots bangs hard with the recovering paw "damn things in themselves and the hairs of the dog that obey the laws of chaos stook themselves and gather under the feet of the chair overdetermined as my simple sliding-in-and-out-of-the-way 'foot stool' I sick on them" if you get the reference I make as plain as the planets on my loss of face philosophies

as plain as the mosquito bumps on the dog's muzzle just behind her actual pup/pet nose

she hardly looks at the old fellow retired high school janitor who pats her whenever he can then runs wagging and bouncing up from thirty yards away on Bow Avenue to an old German woman of a certain shape she's never seen before I think of her bonding over seven years to my seventy-one/eight year old mother who died four and a half years ago

when I first stayed at Bruce's house down on Bow Avenue he was still with his first wife had a kid and a German shepherd pup who took my dirty underwear out of my bag and left it in the middle of the kitchen

Bruce seemed always to be gone off things and then be gone off first to the Glenbow in Calgary then Halifax then Ottawa and Montreal and now Manhattan

one morning in a Red Deer Hotel hung over I turned on the radio to take me out of myself so I could go back to sleep half asleep I heard the Sunday arts program mention Bruce coming to Calgary for some keynote address that he is the president of the New York Academy of Art

Allan will tell me in a later revision (but the future has landed) he's now the dean of fine arts at Columbia

a few months ago in the Globe
I read Enright's review
of the new Eric Fischl opening
eight portraits including
Mike Nichols Steve Martin and Bruce
each of them worth 175 thousand
and something "magical" about Bruce's hand
in the painting

the second last time I talked to him he was stranded in Chicago trying to get to Banff to head a team to assess the visual arts program at the Centre he was watching TV
an old cabinet TV in his hotel room
I said I was reading at that moment
yet another guy on Lacan
yes he said he had lunch yesterday with the guy
who didn't like that book now
was working on a book about faces
I said tell him to read Levinas on the face
the appearance and disappearance of the infinite

me switching to another second hand store and he told me to see a new Australian film about a blind photographer
I eventually did and thought it very good but can't remember it too well now though now now it's coming back as I put mind through some paces through some places he was so busy assessing having arrived late
I ended having talked to him more from Chicago than in Banff

though did drive him to the airport in Calgary where we had lunch with Marie he prevented me from spending more time with by insisting I walk him to his gate we said our goodbyes and he gave me his cap that said "Fear No Art" which isn't the line the Language poets take tho not no way the line is taken

I wear it running in the summer and one day I met Landy outside of Nobleford and he pulled out an art book he had in his pack last time he had a bag of ham scraps for the coyotes and my dog turned around and followed him when we finished talking

he opened the book
a book of early western Canadian landscapes
to a painting entitled "Near Nobleford"
and we swore it must have been painted
from where we were just then standing
the hills
Black Spring Ridge actually
upon which my brother lives
we could see traced the same horizon
and it was done before Kehoe Lake
was formed from the irrigation canal
so there was just the swale below the hills

walking back to see if maybe Marie
was still there
I walked by two curators from the Banff Centre
dressed in black and sitting up in thrones
getting their shoes shined
I offered them the Boston gallery hat
but quickly withdrew it

when they reached out if they did as I was gone as was Marie mischievous Bruce Manhattaning it

went to the Rex Murphy lecture in the Cultural Journalism series a few weeks ago he had the audience laughing in no time

then talked about Yeats
lifting the lyric into public event
how the Irish tradition
given the historical position
had a dialogue going to the outside
outside the echo chamber of Art
and I can hear his catchy
almost caught voice at "Art"

he talked about eloquence in Yeats and the once honour of rhetoric its fallen state now old stuff but the case is there the argument good about fifty years old hat notwithstanding Pound's news that stains

he had trouble coming down to Auden "though no slouch" and Larkin much lower "though don't underestimate The Whitsun Weddings"

nothing after that begging the question he disdains even looking as if it was all there in Yeats we just need reapply

no sense of but there was a sense of implicit he just wouldn't bring it up going on no sense you got of wrestling with Eco's headless octopus where the centre doesn't hold the canny mix of the worst with the best

no sense of the moderns taken seriously enough to problematize to here no mention of Pound despite Pound his great crazy experiment his harping the music and the provocations his silence

and is *The Waste Land* really merely only a "compendium of English Lit" no index to the times and without a Benjamin blast?

in the trenchless trenches of the new time rhetorics are surely at hand just spinning a bit at the different doctors and poetry and politics are found impounded further into the languages

if confounded things are said about universals it's because universals sometimes say the wrong things at the wrong times here in the creation we're teaching doing as we speak with mixed results to be sure to be unsure

Rex was not wrong about Yeats in fact I learned a thing or two and late great Yeats is not wrong period confound it Robert Browning!

it's just Rex sounds like high rent Don Cherry at times and I want that jerk chicken voice out of my head

Ted Hart was in the Book & Art Den this Saturday signing his latest history

The Place of the Bows part one his history of the Bow Valley up to 1930

I go in right past tense and talk without my copy explain how I mined some of his other books last year especially the Jimmy Simpson one

I wander out and wonder when he gets to the nineties and his stint as mayor of Banff will he be untying or tying those bows but how do the arrows come out of the eponymous bows?

I noticed this guy was now a regular in the coffee bar and bringing in the Globe like me sitting behind some days some days ahead

he had that curatorial look as Myra would say after from a distance not unreminiscent of a once Bruce

slowly I figured out who he was maybe writer then more likely artist and when Myra explained the "paintings" on her wall were derived from videos from Somalia by Canada's latest war artist I figured I knew
who he was
this Allan MacKay
still I don't say anything
just notice him more
drinking a beer in the afternoon
on the patio at the Magpie and Stump
and one night in the pub
I point him out behind a glass
as well as glass partition
and Tom says oh that's Allan
I'll introduce you to him
but when we turned back he was gone

now he seems to read only what is already there usually the Sun

at the Skoki exhibition in the Whyte two elderly tourists were looking closely at a series of pieces I'd just noticed this was Allan's work and had just read his statement

reading carelessly I somehow took 'Skye' to be archaic for sky and there was lots of it there in the art and somehow thought he was referring to Alex as an "alert canine presence"

just when the elderly tourist wondered aloud to his wife about this animal maybe fox in his maybe nest it came together for me I butted in and said that's Alex's dog!

they were all at Skoki for a week and watched in awe a Grizzly bear on the way in chase catch and eat a squirrel

the scene with a mind of its own tensed up their-to-be-pampered-while-they-"painted" digestive tracts some guts into the mind so to spec Allan photographing his shadow on the stream Ernie the window with the trees you would see too if you were in the cabin itself noumenal but "taken" transparently from those trees

I buy Ernie's strange loop of the series he calls "Threshold" I see as finessed of the human question there with two separated black boxes no doubt full of giddy neuro-scientists tapping and then listening tapping and then listening but I buy the photograph as much for the warmth of the orangey wood the ghostly fuel efficient burning in my dark interior grandfather house on the prairie California style and then we're in the movies more boxed-up fire

two steps to my cabin kitchen
one step back to look
at the woman in the khaki pants
let her go
I'm shameless but generous
parked on the edge of the parking lot
and nobody thinks of me
taking them in
I like the vacancy fine
and my cognitive pet to boot

down the winding stair
sends up a unicycle sample
rejected phrase the air
to bank another
into a ballroom
ornate as hell
the ceiling low seeming as I descend
high when I get there

dog bones and dictionaries pineapples on your lapels tomatoes and toast spring the lumber dog

eye in my ear like a folded fool meteorites from backward places times miss practically everything thank our lucky stars for this practical permanence carved out the statistics

they miss even the place there're in such sucks oh yea near nay o blackened glass

the flattened cans up and into the truck continuo avalanche in the human wake like strong drink and the wind tinny leaves

no nonsense
I just walked right out
and shot it
the wad
the wide world
pricked
picked over

everyday three or four tickets on the non-RVs in the RV parking lot "you'll get a ticket" I say "just like the press hat beside you"

"where can we park then?" asks the mother and the grownup daughter "what do I care I just want to put you in a spot no fee just a fine how do you do"

I'm so mad at the timing today
I let the bus run over my foot
this morning was late the dog paid
irritable in the pet store

my feet are copper green inside my shoes I feel my famous feet tried queening the tesserae I realized their infinite glory when that didn't work

veritable variable vectors
that have done me no good really
I laid out the map and used my fingers
Shushwap madness the BC interior houseboats
such thunder under the legendary path

I did lift a finger across the gorge mechano sets complexity delivered but we couldn't wait for it my psyche mobilized memo'd ready to colonize the quantum computers

pubic hair on the keyboard or on the counter among the change gigantic there in the gigantic post office

however that doesn't detract from the objective measure I saw launched over and above the arrowing ducks your fuzzy irreproachable authorship

last summer almost every day
after school Andrea would paint
another barn red patch on the granary
and we would slow down with our loads
of wheat but still have left before the waft
of dust sepia'd her

long patches across the top under the roof big panels at ground level half a door on the east side some stray brush strokes on the north we stole her greasy red ladder to get up other granaries everyone with flecks of barn on their pant legs T-shirts and gloves if not hands

green mathematician hen red geometry Rothko evenings no jaundice justice all the way down

after the autumn lid we focused the electronic dish winter forecast as cut commotion the truck too moody in the crisp dust

above the oil on the powdered earth red planet capsizes the emergencies a science out of season

the fastest hound around limps with her sad brown eye no sadder than when she was first bounding to the orbiting vet and wiener string

I couldn't stand myself to be so amplified though could imagine learning the tricks of the trade quick ways of doing complex arithmetic ridin' an energy wave in the hall of mirrors to be re-entered into a flattening cake in a series of oscillating hands till the ghost is given up

we are lucky to be the cairns atop Crust Mountain and no one has to figure out what we're plately thinking till the next great quake we know will never come and so are the galactic newsmakers beginning to revert to old solidarity

atop Mt. Crust we breathe the light years' afterlife stick up for ancient curvatures we receive in the morningless dew

in many ways such expressionism
we can't biologize
as we're determined in that sense
against the undermining of *mine*our printers can feed us back a
line into an open can of wombs
so fine grain coarse grain relax Hair breather

rough paddle and canoe
make their cuts
into the murky work of united metaphor
eraser dance discrete cloud and clear

you're wearing dirty underwear and don't realize how good off your singing is in the car

I think you're just fine when you're not sleeping but then like Alex
I'm colour blind beyond imagining

I don't care if you skirt with the ring road my policy's your accidents before they happen or never I illustrate your mistakes with up to the minute minuteness thrown from the throne nets to unnatural selection heredity folds cancan canaries fly out the anti-matter shaft when I tire of the second hand stories I still you with pure body odour once in a while your bluebottle eyes grab me as boring and I shudder at the wooly barrens to the north how unnecessarily apt I've become

it's not the painstaking circuitry of our conversation

slower than the swarming neurons hived off with their unlistening answers

but it is

the consistency at the end of its tether under the sewing machine or microscope the snake back self massage getting the diamond around the head without the plea of pleonasm

those restituting phosphenes when the press comes knocking for intellection I love

but after the dog days and the italics in the alley leaning on the horn I care to see the bruised eye out and out above the ripe crop falling together so canarding the sky a bit further than the second look disconfirms

affirmament in the hollowing task spotted at the end of the hawk's kite line the swather's cutting bar end is in the beginning of any width at all but the miles are inch collectors

Andrea's paint drying beyond the pail

crushed like this
the vapours roll over me
the bruise in the sky is vivid
but beginning to tumble
then bounce lightly on tundra's tons
airborne fluff reterritorializes gravity
from Eden's apple's fall
to health nuts' methods of Methuselah

the bombs of the cosmos are quite wonderful today especially with the kids in school the county counting on taxes so the farming
is back
to its financial roots and water rights
cattlemen moving cattle around
among friends for subsidies and deductions
then crying about welfare moms
up in public meetings shaking with rage

we flush and cuss
when certain neighbours track on our land

cutting up the hill the bruise is back in the eye worried coffee'd words puffing from one loop to another

after supper utopia butting out shades of west across your lap marooned then sun-blackened everything to the left

going north
the faint bruise again
the blood
sailing out of its cells
nor magnetic nor morphogenetic
but married
in Madagascar

going south next
nothing lasts
at least the zerk-fed bearings don't
the acid batteries of the infrastructures
it could be morning
my tusks curl aside
like this on the anvil I'm easily evil
to recognize this destroys
the simple conservation

someone starts doing his job
we all snap out of it
even me
at the end of the loop
puttin' on the knee pads
for the gravel under the down cultivator
contracting abs straining for the lower back
the transvalued skin denies the organs and itself
I could be licked by a cat or a cow

barely a quorum
a leap to the next farm
the Hutterite colony is no joke
though there is some comedy
in the straightness
out past the less than five percent
of the digestively active population

the oil-stained concrete is familiar or the state of Denmark sitting low on the junked truck seat the old Volvo seats stacked

the vise on the metal work bench the drill press the welding corner

quick to clean up after the jobs except in the fray of harvest old parts torched off or unhinged dropped dragged off for drive space

fifteen foot doors slid open to the sunken dirt road cutting through the crested wheat to the east steel bins

roll the old office chair toward the arch lintel squarely clipping the open apprehension lunch bucket corrected

implement hat toyed with to see the gulls wheeling over the pasture broken to crops

the compressor fires up after the leakage stroke in the extended reflex self Gould minding the music unminding the maid the ghost of a pit and Yorick's high old car

"most of us are finally right for the wrong reasons and into the bargain never quite right" is unwarrantable or elitist convergence

he chose to be a bore to his friends when they invited him once it was booze and a vital role the booze was necessary but not sufficient for these functioning flights so something real was lost in his *choice* death

the full force of lifeworld talk
is still straggling in
on the strength of this stray advice
he diverts his energy
to a rolled up path
its quantum tortoise phylogenizing the future
those sands so egged on
by the empty upright glass

outside the castle were the market tents complete with amusing hangers-on when the caravans lurched into the animated hills so was the castle gone

the fire truck in the fire hall yard has erected its ladder waving one way and then another it is fishing for fires
McLuhan said quite rightly get rid of the firemen and so go the fires maybe a lot of Handel maybe more Handel than we could handle so hot

there's been so much rain in Banff the brown spots in the lawn where the dog pees have turned extra green and long the dog can't keep up though she keeps going

I will now narrate from the back seat what's happening but we can't it seems get out of the driveway can't get the gangrene out of the tongue all revved up though so we go first of all I can't tell you anything about the mowed down dead people can't even tell whether their reactions ruined the candour of their previous schemes

I turn you over so I can report on the fleeting frontal nudity going down

and to the wreckers
the menagerie of oily mutts
on more liberated car seats
my brother's always there
and a dog lover
that in fact is how the Volvo seats
rolled over and two fell out

unsittable in the shop once removed cousin the mounts will break or bend

Roadrage hates its own instrumental except broken at the eternal return barrier July fifteenth north of Grand Prairie is that an early or a late frost?

with Mao in the meantime too early to tell as if the heady actions were sole and not cut by an embarrassment of *plein-airs* in parallel and series futures interruptus

Mayo the French contraction so back home to the fire disking over the crumpled worm-like hoses

I'm the worst and last of the hormones code for what my false expressions conceal a zeal for hit-the-roof romance not the mountain next to the town that merely tells all's not been told but the mountain behind the mountain arranged to be last

to stay on the tether between towns loosely connected in order out to see climbed and caressed they are
we
forget how dreadful in returning it
they are
asking for more
almost corrective in a real sense
of falling away
but really just spherical to the yards
vehicles pointedly sucking to houses

arrows clatter against the shins of the rock O bubble gauge burst to sliding scalings geology night night extension course

footpaths into pines
pining words
and I fall for the echo
that mixes me and not-me

so what the signal lights were on the blink at the complete click the abyss finessed to positive infinitely articulated molars

imagine her caught hovering over the ditch higher than the punctured cloud of vivid detail at the peak of the roof one peek at her peeled white underwear from above like immaculate trampoline her even higher impossible tho below your above out of the picture yeah right on the tip of the tongue

down hill after that a few years the tiresome car hits the pavement

keep her talking her own mountains of trivia

ever rest the peak to think the world of her

the hypocrisy twisted to her and the world also

the ploughshare in the plain Persephone

pomegranate seeds grenade of light looked up opaque in the eye of exaggerated life

keywords diverted to the dog-eared Dardanelles Miami's anomies

one step into the St. James Gate pub

snap Ernie but the door won't quite quit opening

at a tall table with an amateur ballerina not Zelda nor especially the Hemingway slight

chocolate almonds rattle then muffled enter into my colonic accordion

outside the Park
I touched down on the jelly feel
of the smoked salmon
on dark triangles of bread

like a prick
he like a man at a craps table looked
before I could decide
or taste the spring roll

a brat preserved into adulthood such are the interesting masks I was grateful for the spicy insides inside the clammy skin of the rolls

two days later
a bit of background
and the table rehashed

not just a cocked eye a man with global afflictions a mix master of slaves turned up

on the rim of an imperial measure of ethnic food and some handgun reserve

unfortunately the wiry blood vessels were engorged with real adrenalin

but where
will the mask end
I reserve a question
for the fetal dialectic
umbilical to chance
raised up and held
in a water tower

the pressure tapped into at every turn terror relieving terror little by little the synecdoches rebuild the tower

away from the table Brian tells me about the English novelist with Caucasian Georgia roots John asked if I could meet but who I referred to Brian for vibes of Banff she could bring her Rawandan character to

he wondered about the benign intrigue away from the massacres Alice pulled a book of flowers off the shelf in her store the novelist had predicted before her research Brian talked about the winds in the early eighties and how weirdly this year in the middle of August the muggy weather instead of the usual cold snap

after I left the cops came saying it was only fair since they had just checked the huge teen party down the block

all around the living room were hanging Craig's black and white photographs of Guatamalans

I'd learned from a woman who heard from another woman who'd heard a woman I once knew at the beginning of a long detour and the incarnation of a child

was now twenty years later reunited with a man I knew as Jimmy's friend the young artist who illustrated Jimmy's poems out with the dog and then in the alley talking this morning with a woman about a parallel reunion story the love object surviving the parallax or created by it or a subject with a recommending mind of its own?

now the detour has refined the new asides and the road is broken up to being there for awhile slumming for asylums

with so much movement of cloud the outlook gives me afternoon slants on the news of morning in a good old omniscient pickle the first year I've really tried to hang on in a long while to summer even with its guts spilled ahead of time and seeing again the pure ungilded auguries of binned grain I usually fall for the fall dumbed down in the hedge for the smart parade almost up its ass

in the palimpsest of the immediate irritant future mid-future yet more troubling

to the point of reversal watching the passive in its heart get active simply by limping through the layers till all is dim

there's Allan MacKay coming in for his coffee and newspaper read and I decide it's time to introduce myself ask how he's selling that photo-painting series

Myra said he accepts either "McKay" long 'a' or "McKay" long 'i' I rehearse after all these coffee conjunctions my pronunciation of choice go with the long 'a'

take the dish and cup to the back and wend to his table

not that the long 'i' so much comes out instead but I call him *Don* Mc-long 'i' let slip poet ur or tongue-tied torque

his first word is "Allan"

"but that's you"
I said
undonning Don like a dirty shirt
or his muffler for a saxophone

a brisk young woman shortish blond hair caught against the incandescent back wall of the church in the morning under the still waxy green leaves fluttering in themselves plus swaying on the branches

flash of nostalgia never takes you anywhere but home place without teeth

the alarm devices get cocked on the cars and their annoying peeps sound like the birds here too

but not like the "right" irritation knowing

off with the lid
getting active in the palimpsests
again making solid
the fall through nothing
like the crazed vulture
I said "fuck this"
flew down and killed something
the market is still nervous

I walked away from the window like it had seen a ghost such are the jitters of doing a good turn

the solidity of the future is not that it is handed down one odd way of looking at it but simply that its hands are here and devil idle

the wall is not the wall but the wind you've come to rest in and the leaves not ripped by hail have a few weeks before they turn

walk the wind through and a metabolism will rise to the skin

sophrosyne in the starship but before we do that sophrosyne worried waiting for acceleration's next move guys combing the universe pollutant complexities paring to [un]canny simplicities

we're pretty well shell-shocked whether we know it or not more perhaps the "shell" of a late fifties pop psychology coming out [of]

and also the way we throw our trench coats lightly over our arms these loaded reference trays

the way the remote comes to mind

knowing even the electrons are terminal!

purple myth
grows over my shoulder
suddenly
when I strike a back-there time
with a remote now space
of course inhabited by a female sphinx
I say
not because of some fashion construction
or superman's shadowy cape

just some ordinary ribbon for brains used the way a demon conductor in a cave uses an orchestra to surpass itself

the only brain's a whipped one even if it comes up a fine cream rather than a pride of *Weltschmerz*

purling myth so said keeps the content at bay but the content is pure is the point

yet I thought I saw a figure or a landscape standing in a field of coloured clouds

even the colour word is coloured

and when I look at
the leveraged ideologies battling it out
they may as well be bombs
not so much
so counter-intuitive they've gotten
but the not quite toppling
that could otherwise get the new material
in at ground level

I hear there's a new package for me that circumvented the mails

I'm delighted to do Kostner's postman or let Banffite Wendy Bush do the horse-riding once a year

but speak of toppling package is twined with its undoing so an honest donkey figure of

house is a working metaphor and the crocodile I'm looking for has eyes as menisci uncontained are the water slightly horripilated I hate the inside pinkness and then the pleatedness of crocodile bellies which isn't a crock of correctness

and Andy
says those old pagans
liked to mix their beasts
to see who'd win

worm back into the fiction on a Mars in medias res scare up some earth eponymous dissolve

the woman on the radio getting away from florescent lights and shiny linoleum for the newborns

babies are smart she says their heart beats and temperatures tell us

that "smart" is of course technology speaking

the smart bomb and new canola the basic machine

smart outsmarts itself outsourcing will never end

the ambiguous irrationality of twenty-two sevenths of an alligator

Alice tells me about people
I only know the faces and names of
a few facts of my own
painful messenger particles
never able to rest
and neither could the rest of the case
rest its case

now when I meet them
I shoot the messengers
dead and full blown

they're nudes descending staircases just like they've always seen themselves I know where they've been they know what they shed they take leaps I keep seeing the stars into stairs building their case alas the wave and the particle agree

new wrinkles old scrotums and lamellae and then "o my lemon Labrador" telluric talaria scrabbling

that old granary Andrea painted has a new green metal roof and regular metal granary doors so the seed can be gotten at with much facility rolling the auger in like artillery to finish off the pile

still have to climb up the walls from the alley inside to check how full when filling the various bins the wooden roof and rafters the one after another 2x6's laid in for the walls

the wooden ladder nailed to the wall and incorporating the 4x4's through which are anchored the reinforcing rods you occasionally bump your head on shovelling and cuss at

on the south wall of the alley the setting sun through the big west door beaming on beams Adam Bede embedded in the copperish old timber

such throwbacks you take like
the very transience of the modern moment's
jetsam
like the goldfish you become
in the soundproof cab and the radio waves

but then here's Billy tall and tanned with a new idea again his sister/my sister-in-law says like never before a door and on the house a new roof east off the old one angles on the angles talking but walking too on the air

his brother Jim's religion of work stepped up to real religion pragmatic electrons falling back to light the painstaking electrician so Sears will use no one else all the boxes perfectly coded power dropped down plumbed at the habits of chaos

the hot August house at least two weeks to harvest and then a gap before the rest of the crops are ready

the still- and staleness is deadly another frame it's a heartbreaking dream an amazing motor again to the mountains sinking in the long roll of land in the Rockies' lee a woman halfway to Claresholm with a lawnmower in the middle of nowhere under the "gigantic" clouds warp-gauging a miniaturizing-back sky cutting the crested wheat at the approach into a yard only of bins not even trees get me to a nunnery I sing home on the range camping away

circus cool in Keller Foods for coleslaw Ruth in perhaps a ball hat reminds me to go to her opening on Monday Edith with her new synthetic knee sitting in the sun with Olga and her husband on the driveway at the back of the house looking up to Norquay if you please after a terrible wind and rain storm knocked the power out and I had my windshield wipers on high speed just past Priddis

Stickney phoned again to say the pathology report was in on his removed kidney no cancer at all a benign growth he could have had all his life him pleading for them to do a needle biopsy or save that one when they opened him

the doctors had an attitude and the nurses too he said probably brought forth by his own talk back "but I was right" and ready before to accept his fate he said like a farmer the weather and what not

they tied his hands and his balls wouldn't have fit into an ice cream pail after the operation a year before he'll be really functioning meanwhile the drought and only some fescue a neighbour can combine for him

is it Deleuze's "body without organs" that's so ironically offended?

beyond the unusual no chemo follow up tho the cutbacks argue the inexpence my mother recurringly rose out of her disease

and at the end weakened to death signalled the three of us to go her red puffy face struggling for breath it could have been the birth of any of us

for the active letting go the alone had to be actually alone the tip of her tongue the tip of a sword some physical finale like a big pill to swallow with no water at the end of risen and caught up incompossible lives the passion is full of

one thinks through the medical stringing to a freeing up like when everything embedded in traffic lights and tail lights go red line synchro of release in a grassy headlands at a certain time of day as easy in the breeze that brings on a blending from away

I'm tired of all this new old talk of the poem machine really a creature that can't speak but speaks dumb poet/smart poem raised to dumb poem/smart poem pat pat

it's all true of course meanwhile the condescending wardens are talking a mile a minute over the slow sentences

so smarten up
the dumbing down will always be able to say
as a perpendicular curled up in an nth dimension
which little big-banged
would be the alien abstraction
exhorted to smarten up
ie to sit down
please

and we might add
where would these inside outside points be
without the sacrificial abstractions?

whenever there's a wind you find trees uprooted or snapped off in the Fenland often over the trail

all the Japanese banks are merging into the biggest bank in the world a couple or three trillion dollars worth

the screen door on the Telus building slamming gently after the shock absorber

a man skips away
with a helping of files under his arm
and a metal box in his hand

the loose and bright cities into the opacities behind all the directions I will go now

the idealism that comes from being on your toes is constantly obsolescing

two Moroccans in the Cafe Alverna in Amsterdam stare at the cell phone between them

into the perfect trees the wind lets go

keep the house in odours

on top of relying on so much in the farm situation you have your self-reliance then too

in the local post office I was muttering about the price of overseas stamps not being bad compared to the telephone I said thinking the telephone ain't bad either

that got the two of them talking telephone she saying they used their cell on holiday and what about that bill

he saying but at that moment I walked away after getting them going

a conversation they wouldn't have had if not for me to route it through

my brother and I reminiscing to one another about mother and father in front of another nephew or Rob and when they slip away we are hanging wondering who it's for

wanting to be overheard as the integral pre-art ordinary par excellence

the wind blows over the actors on the roof of the granary they crouch and attend to the new hatches

accepting grass stains on your jeans you've in other words yelled "action" are no longer in camera

heroes of the niche market ride the horses of cynicism as it goes into a topological spin

what do I mean by "topological"?
the latest
last word
that has dropped back a quantum
and then dominoes
right back to the John been Donne sun

the actor into his wrinkles who dares to say everything up till now 's bin garbage has nothing monk to say wriggled out on his unembedded edge

an odd tin-tapping two magpies hopping on the concrete abutments from car to car in the lot picking the bugs off the plates

on the frontier the historiography takes the movie's new clapboards into the freshness of the time at the time a handyman coincidence I've seen before like in *Unforgiven*

the silhouetted locusts cranked out over the prairie fire in the sunset no doubt real firemen waiting in the wings of the cutting and cut frames

that "spring harvest" Rob's combine on fire burning chaff from the hot bearing having dropped into the empty-headed crop frost got in the summer the year before the fake wheat was tall lots of material and I fumbled at the controls of my combine as I radio'd and forgot about the water strapped to my engine compartment cover

even then we almost stomped it out then another gust of wind and it was wild neighbours seemed to pop out of the ground with brooms and shovels then cultivators and disks and finally the fire truck arrived

two hundred acres blackened and ripe with powdered soil for the west wind

another year north of Lethbridge
Denny's three storey house got renovated
by the movie crew
an old barn fake to the farm moved in
Costa Gavras too shy to push through
the bystanders to his own set

and now
Hollywood south shouting down
Hollywood north
the pathos on the Fenland Trail
of her swivelling shoulders
the limper tail wagging on the go

sometimes I'm in the sea gull cockpit and see the mouse in the shadow trotting like my dog

"like a dog"
that low aspersion
in service to a higher pathos
zeroes in as it computes to mouse
out of nowhere on the trail

she is puffing so much because sniffing she holds her breath

at the end of the earnest politics is a religious position a beginning "a sick Christian" would say

the cynical slide
for cynicism
is never a pure position
is the religious position
"out of our hands"
since so much
in everyone else's or something's
(or else your pleasure principle
fingering you)
but like Kant's "communicative opinions"
dispossessed's where it's at

the classical musicians riding their bikes I treated as regular dog-loving pedestrians and indeed they stopped and smiled rather than run into her as she sniffed their tires and knees

the whole orchestra stopped playing looked over as dumbfounded as us in fact

in this pit groan stop jug jug I stop played stop they wound up their bikes till the movement overcame them

when they departed I listened in Estonian silence to Pärt's single notes dwell in the stagnant water over and around the fallen trees

bumps on her nose blood streaks on my calves the trail of repellant air after the prepared tourists pass

I gnawed on the elk antler as if I weren't horny enough already and crazed with wild etymologies hockey sticks on the stove Webster's websites

the painful window scatters the Lincoln's tail lights on the towel the neighbours envy the long concrete driveway hair of the nuke standing in their imaginary slop pail

his workouts are always longer than mine I can't believe in the coffee bar he read the paper longer too

de-voted politicians unvisible inside honey belts you name it I'm canoe here

worse than rearview-mirroring it
we sat
I say we
in the back of the moving moving van
and not "and dangled our feet"
but dangled them incidentally
tho dangle by undangle
re the pain under our knees

but not like dangling penises which are the limit since they dangle back that post war nihilist joy smoke and twilight no horizon or ranch style revenge

see *Shakespeare, Metaphor and Meaning* by Ann and John Thompson for all the metaphorizations of time in *Troilus and Cressida*

from wallets to "going into [the future]" to "cominatchya"

our legs began to droop and then drip and the rushing pavement wore out our nowhere souls

you obviously don't believe I believe in souls you may be right

miracles by inference on the time line à la Hannah Arendt

pragmatism jamming at ironies like a bathmat wrinkled up under the door

now to the vision
the grey hair of old acquaintances after hiatuses
on fire
the gaps the things burned up
but nevertheless the grey hair
a smoke and ana lytic fire
and long term memory is clearly
presumptuous and clarified
like old skin or tea

that associate wooed away by *willing* muscles the production of calcium

the circadian rhythms of "creativity" the frames of second thoughts of second hand thoughts the repopulation of your little Martian positions restoring the stellar root

take Bob since July
painted the railing on the front and back
stoops
the wrought iron fence and gate in the front
and the light standards in both front and back

trimmed the tree behind my cabin down to a bush so Edith can see better backing out fixed up that Chevy pickup once used for bottle return

this morning he's already drilled holes and fixed for the neighbours both the car gate and the people gate after the wind last night

that engaging outdoorsy woman who hangs out with artists who heads the crew that cuts and fertilizes Edith's grass who makes a fuss over my dog wants to buy Bob's Chevy but only has second dibs

I tease myself through her about being too old to get into trouble re how the harvest will keep me out of it

then tease Bob for her about how the more he works on the truck the worse it gets Bob about six foot four or five and about 275 or 300 pounds gives his usual gentle slightly snorkly laugh a laugh tempered by his giveness to quick and continuing reflection that leads to accounting that is good explanations for things that happen

he has finished the first of 7 volumes about an adventurer who comes out from Ireland to western Canada in the mid to late nineteen century settles in Rocky Mountain House after journeying into the States to the coast and back through BC

like cunning Odysseus homing for somewhere the texture of pioneer life learning from experience but from books too echoing Bob jack of all trades living for awhile in the archives

it took awhile to feel
it wasn't actually hot and sunny after the forecast
in the cloud and insistent rain
'insistent' flattened into the rain

I liked the lusty wind crossing through the cabin until it starting blowing the paintings off the wall

some cars used to really get out and dangle tilted rearview mirror with die

I thought I was part of the teasing going on but it's raining pretty good thank-you very much

two days after her "opening" at Evelyn's coffee bar Evelyn's Too under the theatres Ruth phoned to see if I wanted a frame she found cleaning up for the smallish painting I bought

I don't like the frames especially on hers I get high from bleeding I said

the two things I think an old girlfriend remembers of me are my reassuring her her brush could still be stiff if after washing it hot she would run it under the running cold and showing her how a mess was mesmerized or an innocence framed when you outlined the ink splatters with pencil on the page

paper clip the kind kind of corrugated pinching the poetry of release clues in a cloud a pin-pricked bladder

the shovel hitting rock in the soil making a spark in the mud

the buzz about "the archive" whistling by the grave

what is it about these Telus Communications guys he backs into the telephone pole pulls ahead and then just "backs" away right into the wire mesh no respect for the hardware world anymore

that video must have been good the way the "perverts" and psychotics were unrolled and then unrolled right into and out of the bluntest terms till they flushed me out in maybe three senses in fact I woke up in the middle of the night tough depressed but not tough enough to not be thinking about deleting a few previous day kinky lines

to change the subject
I would never suggest
or rather never bother to say
that getting the clothes back on
or to some degree
is more sexy

and I leave off the "anyway" thus throwing my lot in with our lotless
I could go so far as to say lot

but something not bargained for is going on with all this nudist colonization be as clean through and funny as you want dirty will survive even *Mafia* the movie ie a goon show in the Dudley Moore sense (but deadly in the ironic figurative sense) it will return unrepressed to ironize the laundered money as perfect kink even universal solvents go into hiding as all phallic boats are raised

when you are old and naughty by the fire you will not want to take down this huge and unwieldy page an unattached anchor will lean on the cracked glass of a framed photographed mermaid

a dance plane
will skirt
the nominal termini

the plastic cup's syncopated clip clopping on the air on the street

on a pony tied to the tail of the big horse my braids-wearing sister rode under a cowboy hat with lace threaded around the edge of the brim I got kicked in the leg the pony absorbed most of the kick my sister's tight tails absorbed most of the blame

the aroma of bacon frying in the afternoon I inhaled as the diet of diets choosing the eat-to-live order diffused to woods

I'm open to a good red light sometimes as a pedestrian to stop go on leave knock back a few drinkings-in

only the kids are natural when they skip the crosswalk natural as in their self-conscious different drummer is so believably eager the ghost of a cow path Wolf Willow imprints statistical curves from the satellites

only to you do I like this utter loss with no possibility of recovery that is that is the way I like to meet you the story that rattles us out of its crap

calling attention not to some accomplishment or anti-accomplishment which is just as bad good

but to this shrunken state psychoanalytically perhaps and thence even physically as the body ciphers itself to re-enter a context which whisks our vascular huff

the air alas is resistant and while the mind is making up the tolerances become prohibitive a trip into detours adding a year or two to a clumsy misunderstanding

off the detour but not back on track is a smaller place yet and major slow

still
the wits not even about them are quick
in the back of the service station
especially given
what they leave out

small fluorescence nightly in the newly painted heritage interior scrubbed free of grease the card game through the bay door windows

the hinges of relationships meet the shifting sands the mix-ups of outside and inside your giggles engrave the spite or then swallow the pride of loins

the tumbling pregnancies have come to term shaken up but landing blissfully in the snowing ball

the glitter of the dusty diadem given entrance to this new circle

The Critique of Pure Reason as an experience in elasticity

after some of the stretches and snaps back background gnomes have you looking down on the old backstop on the ball diamond south of the Nobleford school and the hedge long-cut coleslaw is more springy than lettuce shoots the tuna out of the bowl pastes a lesser shred to your shirt

why would I hope for shorts when she drives me wild as it is and doesn't know I exist

between flashes of real exposure I've decided to re-write myself in the kayakyak on the ceilingo B movie be bad be zeds be alpha shy

in the lumber store the stereotyped dull faces suddenly took off when I more sensitively saw them all as basketball players with unique styles

as more than one way to skin a cat to the score even if some of the jump shots were a little too cute around the feet except if the ball went in

and the way sexy bodies turn up everywhere through personality-ridden faces with the additional transformation to women in my limited case now I suppose we're below the B movie but the interpellations never stop and maybe Beatrice is just superior porn

Eliot's Dante's higher unconscious can do wonders for the skin sun screen leading the symbol life into and out of itself

beached on the other side of Hollywood I take the salt out of our tears granule by granule swear by the power of the sea

give or take a few bobbles of the balls ie teensy kernels

the fitting surviving tales
whip us into shape
like driftwood
that hobnobs off the mantle
to close down the default dimension
for the open poison cutting the table
turning sea

out of the lumber crooked onto the boards repair to the play of strange dignities digging into us

next week the first of September the coming cusp is in my mind we'll either get a frost or not Tuesday a high of only fifteen

they wake me just after dawn a nice Spartan breakfast under the slightly modified Roman sky I'm escorted down the gallows humorous hallway

my fingers are still crossed only in my mind but therefore more actual and tighter and where looking around the husks of cusps argue relax even the flax breaks down though it tends first to exhaust the soil

one week ago the latest wheat was dead green and at that then he said we will see a big difference in the next ten days a Saskatoon accountant said the farmers should find new jobs a writer in Vancouver said farming was a sub-genre that had seen its day the elevator is so packed I can't turn around to face them and the bread is getting crushed the demographics and the logistics make me sound sentimental in response and I don't like the way anger feeds itself puts big green machines on the street they say John Deere is still a family business down there in some tyrannical heartland

it takes a remote rolling space
Black Spring ridge in our case
to humble these formidable machines
a lot of crop to wear them in and down
but weak links and limitations they have
and what they do is so obvious
given how roughshod ridden over
are the not tough enough subjunctive moods

or does the physics grow anything here? like how ants could never handle matches and the statistical winnowing of the planets if everything's constructed we've lost the meaning have you ever talked to a special case person or to the bottom or your real rhetorical ironies?

either you bring the mountain or you don't in either case its a condescension

all you can do
is be yourself
plus an opinion maker
in the old stiff Kantian sense
which turns out to be flexible
and takes you out of yourself
as I cited above but as a simile
one turning the tables
yet again the principle in action

through the back door of the church go the old clothes at quite a rate and it makes no matter how many people on the steeple if you put good on the slippery slope on the other side of the cabin are the recycling bins they never really made it as a religion but they're busy just the same and people dumping hold their mouths just so

the transparency of dogs "why they pretend to love you" brings it forth anyway in you that is love

you may pretend some not in line of fire to them

but to a degree re the lack of other objects

on some infinite surface some pretty skinny love is prepared to wrap your sandwiches

when the sandwiches are eaten
we used to say you could
burn the film of you
for the spectacular protoplasmic gasp

my ego was eaten by a lion once and with special exercise I've overcome my theatre knees

I know lots of people who've worked on movies in one way or another surely something will wither away

I know we overlap a lot with their supple surplus joints but when they come into the joint they hang out in all they see is feet hanging from the lintel and a bit of calf without the same sense of sex so up the sky not the leg

we have no idea what they see when she roves the radio above the door especially when they use the old music we think

I gained some idea of how far the cynical canine niche was into our correlations when I told my dog she was wearing her tail on my sleeve I think my elbow and perhaps my ear maybe the book I was reading got into the snapshot the Greek tourists took in the coffee bar

and then shortly after the Americans' timer camera flashed from top the cheese cake display and there I will be in the background under the daring snowboarder

de-indexed and dismembered in Athens and Arizona what matters it bare bodkin
I was being readerly anyway and who by the way is the book by?

there I was with my leather and jingle of chains
I hadn't worn long pants for a week and at half my age she laughed
I helped her across the street

for the cars had made her if not shy polite

I took the waitress into the weight room where I hung my hat and dropped my belt with its kinks and links I showed her the leg press and then the extension machine and now I'm wondering what she thinks

he said he directed a light beam through the core of the ore of the story got another story and more and more watered down wine or the many mutations of Christ?

it is true that islands of significance float up and define an exhaustible finitude

he got so hungry he ate these islands cashed in parents' Calvary calved a kid's mysticism

not a bag of dog food listing like a cornucopia but onto the older woman's hair an early yellow leaf fell

as to her voice pressed and part of the caducous pile her innervations and token of blood type

forests we are around and can

only touch on

running around loosely in the cages of our unmediated psychologies and therefore if you can call them that

we slip out on a pure empiricism uncanny ways of *putting things*

but then if you think we've slipped the knot for keeps

think again and then you're trapped as before

backsliding
is the question to your answer
you can run again
in the daily mirror
your history of histories
is understandable
so we're letting you off

your destiny with that god is not the way your role has rolled here

we insult you with ease but worry how the god may gourmet cook the books the cool morning mountain air no haze though I like haze I could light a pipe or sit on the stoop and read gossip about the nabob's no nobody wife while the dog oddly thinks twice where to squat to pee

my ghetto blaster such decaffeinated sauce is not blasting

but when I lower my ear it tickles it

I don't hear it turn off expanded like everyone else

on the strength of the number who like and approach my dog I think I could Werther another term in office

even though I tease them and am inclined to say "girls"

and what is more they easily tease me back

and behind it are inclined to say god knows what

I still Aristotle aim to leave a character-size hole when I leave that is but then I never do

you and you do and therefore I say he and he or she and she and not interchangeably

in the pulverizing forces there is still force beyond the cards you are the back of

which is the self-consciousness from the hole you fill from the inside and so never can but be that force perhaps I hope for more in the face of the faceless or this least in a catastrophe come on the catastrophes come we say from burnt-out arch inference but at least don't forget these least ex nihilo models these different young women

the men in the weight room who carry their separate strengths to the restitution in the rest of us more crystalline structure netting and netting again the margins of the body

than mere point
of departure
her brilliant nose goes to the grout
in the corner of the bathroom
to the mosquito I hit there

and when we get out of the hot cabin

I saunter into the cool sights by the river

the leash yanks me over and over like judo to my trunk my own nose is so lost that smells I get knock me *nostos* the more they're tagged before they know it the more if you actually talk to them they talk an embarrassment of basics

like our ironies have forgotten their own importance

and then you and I walked out of another Hollywood production

at the end of course but finally the former implication

exhausting ourselves out along lines the future makes aim agreeable

or we don't know much about heaven but we can narrow it down

with apologies twice to Spinoza one for "narrow"

two for the "eminence" and the negative theology

higgledypiggledy into the hodgepodge is first fertility

as for the chaos
it's not that terrifying
or sacred alas
with all the training ifs
if you get results
and ya know ya know

a bunch of bunches a tidy prophet feted

when you move your body across the canary yard you huddle in your head

with the sharks that never stop just change directions and when the little big woman veers here or there and you're tempted to talk

there is enough confusion to keep you honest and long hurtable or short set back in the habits falling out of habits loving you without warrant too crudely too

back in the late sixties
I was thinking Bergman's "Persona"
was being lost on me
because I seemed to spend more time
trying to figure out if that was her
or not five rows ahead

but then the actress as in the part of unto catatonia somehow threw me into an ongoing analysis a dour wisdom from behind the camera turned me round and round part after part till the static became static and the running around in my head stopped even the theatre running around in the world

this fire sermon cruel necessary sacrifice

then that other movie
we saw them tossed together in bed
only through the voyeur's burning cigarette
whose ash curled up
and long

Janus in the doorway stood accused one way of neglecting her heart inclined to fall to hearth

gaining an 'h' not a loss

the other way of not declaring the clearing that set her off absolved her

I turned to look for the traffic and almost kissed the grinning Canadian tour guide

"how are you" he said in my face and the Japanese men with him asked what kind of dog and her name

I was getting into the origin of the name despite myself when luckily the light changed but not before the guide looked behind my back to the being patted back of my dog to say "she's thick"

"not fat" I warned marvelling at the thoroughness of his tact

with all this good behaviour and the Scottish roots of one water sprite I was getting too close to some truth about the hospitality industry

though there is much matter
in these manners
and radical difference
presupposes the plane of understanding
even the poetics of resistance
extends the rule

I took my sick leave from the curb sicked my dog out of the dark wood of liteness like we'd been clipped on TV disappeared into the modest Fenland

at this juncture protect them from the breakdown of my willful ignorance never quite let land new-ordered Canada as a pristine plane tamarack tarmac

assuming still a dialectic gone underground

the dark wound that comprehends every stab

the wind that throws over your lucky shoulder the seeds of your blind thrashing

always the catch and the ground turned catch up slightly stepped back corny chorus speaking to your actions

Alice phoned to talk of the help her sister's kids gave her painting the kitchen green and ivory rolls of masking tape and I could hear the frown closing to the splatters around but then the helpless laughter that was bound to rebound

not a word as smooth as sea-licked stone nor jagged as an itch

rattled and rattling in brackets served to stand down

an insect on the hill torn from a habitat such as it is

the many-splendoured spins of "the fragment"

the puffs of steam in the rain from the night light on in the day in the woofish room counter-intuitions kernels of snot no one is the type to mention or the drip is not up to snuff

the running tape recorder and the syntax bunches up then goes sparse disoriented the arrow bullies can be broken with the illusion of a bigger arrow extremely bigger

at the party her feet turned in

in the provocative rain her imperative pumping knees bobbing breasts

no claw on the mirror no feather duster hanging in the tree

in the big ditch the eye cockeyed at the Fairholme Range where the seeded acreages command the cowering Pharoah's dream

under Rundle's terrible face smiling Breughel bill jokes away Turkey's earthquake

the mess of civil fish in the shift of natural net

the cloud of linoleum flakes of tuna I cut off another finger of scotch while the piano tabulates the atmosphere

I look at the stoop and sit on it my id aches for the simple complication and release of pleasure

the ache grows to the pain of pregnancy

I look degrees left and barely see the bear-proof garbage bin I break wind reach down and gather the dog gone hair fluff

bent over slightly teeth-brushing the collateral gas you pass

thinking it was fifth street
approaching third avenue from the north
in Lethbridge I remembered it was
in Banff across the parking lot
toward the driveway gate that I arrived
at "food stuff" through the backdoor of thinking
packing the food and other various stuff

I smell the creek in her coat can I smell the same creek twice? once? it's all creek to me O azure stick in the sky the sting of no answer the temptation to conduct the mood and the sticky mud

or to suffer the slug in the beautiful slime

rather than the actual dappled clock or harsh sibilance of pressured mufflers

through the dynamite door walks my adrenaline's exit an excellent garble of teacher's pets

the shallow sins of the street bottomed out before they're out of their teens

growing into the retrospect just beginning to eat

double blind in the Titanic internalization

the porch light and unintended bugs after supper a foundering helm at every hem despite the contradictory log book too good for this half-lidded surfeit of sex the emergency services Chevy parked in the alley behind Bruno's restaurant Avalanche Movie Co. Malcolm's "Malcolm Carmichael Peak Photography"

how many businesses are there in that building?

sushi bar pizza place wine store liquor store shirt shop film lab card store something else and the Rose and Crown on top on top of that

lifted is the logo'd Chevy behind the Fire Hall

set back to the pavement key in the cognition blunted

the Fire Hall a parking lot away the sirens dog my dog

intaken flames the long breath of a house of houses always the ornery detail sucked up into the rose and the rose itself budding in the butte ice's waste poor leprous pyramid

the Dalmatian
walked into the shirt shop
on the corner at Banff Avenue
and Caribou
while the fire chief walked
and talked unawares
putting out plants and little fires
on the phone

later the Dalmatian will shit on the neighbours' fenceless front yard unless Bob has had his little talk with whom he goes back a ways

it says here I started this at the beginning always nebulous of July (1999) it is now the end of August check out time you'll like the humanism of its here wish and pace the folks from Okotoks its Augustinian stretch

"the death of the normative" birth of this wrapped awareness

"the communists from Cologne had quite enough problems of their own"

doubt's boots even doubt's shadow skepto- milieu.