



ORAL TRAGEDY

DOROTHY LUSK



TSUNAMI EDITIONS

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Cover image by Lary Timewell.
Book design by Dotti Trujillo
& Lary Timewell.

Printed by First Folio.

for Kevin Davies, despite.

Lusk, Dorothy,
Oral Tragedy

Poems.
ISBN 0-921331-08-8

I. Title.
PS8573.U8407 1988 C811'.54 C88-0911630-8
PR9199.3.L8807 1988

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*"Those who do not learn from history
are doomed to research it." - Gerald Creede*

ANTI TUMBLEHOME

— For our Fallen Comrades

These bloody days, this godawful palace. Tangling the illegitimated
suprajjective 'wrongside' of the sheets. He often seeks a gentle point to sit
through a film — HOW to get into synthesisor position. Quiet edge of
attention paid and paid.

This subject to erosure. Not address itself simply. The Wars of the
Roses, the mechanical muses of EVERY charted century: these dry,
terraced grounds.

In a sense a broad cross of mealy bug & armadillo. Radiator us heat
exactly like a dump that foreclosed that irretrievable altogether he pokes
around.

Since the Great War many battles past Our Big Life & WHY there is no
smut in the works. Is his voice furried by sadness? There is a drag none
prettier than I produce a direction.

An putative author interrogates her silence. This here ban of intention.
So is that a penis in your pocket or you just going to shoot me?

I got your goat & I'm burying it. You won't see inertia for dust. THIS then is my beloved, seeking the discretion of the grave.

What WON'T we do for history. I didn't make the team Dad.

& me & the boss talk about Durutti, listen for posterity, we laugh. Such stamina could fit an easy-going scab beer into the picture. This parochial blur an unfigured smear of ill-met resolution.

I have gum & I know how to chew it. A sampling of the industrial organ. Here we encounter tenor.

As the field mouse regrets her last hole — what will we not hurtle upon our father's plain?

But building this dwelling you thought
only of ramparts and defence:
it is to increase dominion
and power for you;
this towering citadel has arisen only
to excite more restless storms in you.

Fricka. Scene 2, Das Rheingold

Midsummer's Eve full moon renders us feckless impunity, such a bargain. Something big is on the waters as I am asleep upstairs. At last it is sad to think of Spandau, of previously unreleased monsters on CD.

Collective (more or less impertinence bugging up flow charts & an CONSTANT prolix periphery meting fringe interference considered to 'Venn' monologues.

Losses are fiercer than merely noting ambiguities inherent could suffice. Butter your guns FIRST — each drop in the bucket smoothes the papers.

It is isolation reduces us to a gravelled aggregate of overseen lesions.

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Ordinance 'distanced' thus, called 'desire' - 'I' pass out eventually. Often this caught too once smothered discord.

Your hand's nerves cut automotivation catching each OWN clasp all plunder all stud & stake position.

Can he finalize such fragments in said factitious bootybags ? Well, recovery and redistribution may not comply with proprietary dictates. OK. MORE property called pleasure.

It ever looks different if rain say hydro cuts or lightning graphs out strikes so hands dial but like that. A final voice in an ear like a promise.

Post is delivered at all hours even weekends & vanity anticipates though diurnally nonplussed or trust this recurrence.

SENTENCED — the guy who got stuck in a helicopter & a guy that got stuck in the house. All hunkering while down with glands he WILL order others. Shiftless foci won't observe an onus & left to OWN loss, drawl & stick up our chins. Do make distinct then but where's the difference?

You are left with what you get and
Your love is dross
Well you remain whose world is none of mine
I who lov'st well remain left.

& shall interference come between me? Jar down mine own gritty polish
& wonder when saliva segues patina. You get what you are left. While
distinctions make pleasures own device or fucking doesn't — hitched to
mine caboose maraud or don't.

Appears far greater than all machinery yet always misses affecting more
than a few monthes or paragraphs. Not usually called tragedy, so never
looked well as heard disquieting items known better. As bereft of
physical conditions.

Still webby seeking ALPO to project costs grants & articulated ranges.
Never will a necessary, say, & will not be damned. If pressed it will fold
in on itself & look passive as accordianing your needs hope allow.
Astride the wringer by the by.

Extinguished, like, and a predilection for abasement sidewinders just off
the kitchen & enters to cheers and jewels his may hinder.

This tackle bought an afterthought presented as absence of mind as put
out the cat twice and for all I know may be too early now remains with
coats at a party. & what AFTER predicted drift part?

Cold moves wierd gusts pushing from the underground & so sounding
for all that you say as to the contrary the bus has appeared almost before
it is almost no longer worth taking. Am I to tactically avoid this or pen
too fine a nib on it?

Descend to a lower conveyance, a few things to watch or something.

This first: I've lived on a lake & not seen it but the happy competence of
the postal clerk has prevented my letter to you being delivered to me
Monday & my nickname no longer means 'physician', pl. Yet not
exactly happy. (Please find enclosed my dumb joke) It has been so very
cloudy since my arrival that I haven't once seen the mountains.

PC bagman today pipe unveiling Commodore Omega & surely NOW I
have come to CANADA. Democratic.

Even yet I wander into shops seeking clerical intervention — is this uh ...
SOUTH, bitte? But it is not so much any thing and next time drops be
sure to . MATTER really never will.

First: appeared unlike any other — unbidden from out th'mist and all to
convey a sense of 'to my home'. There is a big belt to walk & I am
MOVED. My position seperates & I miss you so. Appearance will
deceive & look after.

Unravelling still. Not usually called 'pullman' & also a spike not UNlike
the Glass Onion on the Alexanderplatz.

I scratch your back and you regard mine with undue fondness & these
too shall crispen dear.

Too down the tube not garrulous & no tweeking conductors some few
hummers me too. Too broke to impress myself, the turnstile too
intimate by HALF & not ethic either but LACK. Felling between
frames its name is yet another thing yet HERE this is nonsense. The
wind is painful sulfurous lake not condition but flaw. Show in words of
your OWN that which is too early or dissimulate & so foreshortened it's
squished. Some more changed & not remorse any less than thought the

streets are not the
colour the sky &

indeferent to place any

more. Just take too long enough do tell to cantered once & better but
talk much less guess this thing thingy month long deed or jobbing the
work right out of him.

missed the geese massed ashore
greased afloor
work no worth
York

OK. So? Gratuitous OR left nothing but we tell that before and before.

Bordering on this to narrow some rail planner's point is the PCB
repository. And the water a battery of difficulties. Electing to distrust
place renders unto this a civic wad unconscious even by exaggeration.
Remember us who live here and there & even later say they pay no
bother to this or that. Wi' its ain desires to scan the trades for quotes &
subsidized prospects. So I do worse than shut up. I remain to be seen.

Left to me own device, I fail to inter memory or inter-face dick. Most recently called 'indigence'.

So remit to be calm swells bilging out & about & not worse really than common holdings or so-called 'indulgence'. ie 'There are PLENTY'. Matter really never will WHAT?

The dolphins surrounde his owne canoe. ie. some fins not others will not take your life alone. Litter spittle stubs bitter little grabby bugs. They stay where they are. Well met before gotten. Their eyes he said are like plums & well thus coloured - no less afraid than had no quarter been given & now I use them as work needs to work. As legs get tucked within thick spun lint knits & dubbin must, like salt prevention, be taught us. He will put in the room under back sleeping bags.

Later a long line relax took hold & her legs detucked withunder — disarranged a too too configuration's eyes undampened long enough. She requires too much from that.

From the personal pronouns depend suspensions overlooking gaps nodding into collapse.

A spite witheld Poor Old Lucky — drew either a bead or blank lines neither conceived or formatted. Also known as vitreous floaters. i.e. god'd eyes. Pigeon holes. As when 'mongst the crowds, we ate taters then cake, Poms and Westies — we among them in their midst.

In the foreground is one of those light bulb stoves that needs too much juice & in the clearing is a bathtub & no good at keeping fire going underneath, just no damn good at all.

Light in shift's emphasis to indicate return or returns indicate place. Necessary focus impossible to all constant drain softening the prints. NO line to process a need initiates a laugh — as falsehoods are by half good on an empty stomach. Back to twitching all postures part. Also known as nerve damage. i.e. so sad you work on the job.

Forget it forget it & write about US. Despot a viscous mesh apparent; these walls return a favour — ie. bum. Bum, I will meet him in 45 minutes my will disintegrate amen. Taken short shrift so change the lesser nouns, mewling — "Some job" i.e. weasel thrust apparent to talk around your ears 'the world'. Totems of thought. The gorge.

U Bahn reads unlike kitchen she said suddenly to justify somehow a typical rash about the mouth. Do friends usually not as our decision delight?

Apply those BLOODY goats & elect weapons & THIS incises choice. NOW wintering in The Land of Gaudy Tweeds not ONLY sapped but tuckered, mordant yet twice shy. CLEPT though fairly shunted & EVER abreast of the shore. I am — refascinated by: web footed doggies, distant Alcool in the grog, the possible Mounties worse when constituted by state.

& no thought sovereign & too often dipped though still pretty curtsied in my crenellation. (creaky ingenuity) not usually called 'potassium'.

Get thee outa the ball park, onto the marsh — freeze over morass! Hell yes we will talk. World enough & unbearable though detextable. Picky picky.

Trash resistant crack repellent drone infectant broom retardant ('s disjunct as my rod and my staff — they contort &c. Yea though it wiggles ambitiously nary a fear nor a peep.

Then last week he relegated his wit's end to a grubby 5th in the cellar. Not interesting & missing Don to get it. Pop flies sadder. Not too bad sneakers still OK, forgiven, sleeping on the floor but a desk. It won't ever hurt much & LOOKS bigger in 2D. Each according to needs means more than you got. Really missed later.

Every stasis culls loopy strategies — toothy buggers ! Porcelain — so watch it ! Lighten up throat crack. More appropriate 'you', for instance: catalogical shifties less problematic in the 2nd remove.

More pointed as to shear fault than lunge else there's mcrely outside like — working in on an empty stomach as — collywobbles ! you quit your bellachin. Proportionate 'thou'.

Uh, like them in battle fatigues — paler, more like pumpkins squished into tins ritualized unto another date. There so not ever passion as tactic as filmic sentience as cynic's catspaw as drone foil as tailor's chalk as what one gets as one another as one GET's through as municipal negligence as normal kid rash as an unidentified dominant life form as YOU as in sticking the ivories — that is: most gone suckered, deboned and unbidden.

Once 'imagined' deference, veto I yet unsung — expect this, more angry.
Push passion from touchiness (distant from MY liver), more likely
called humour ... yet I as distinct from tracers as before time rang
AGAIN & singly tied the line to sadly crow each benefit away.

So. This's affect as tolerance again it is. She's seen deliberately as
distanced from your worst.

Affect demagogue despite blander states to stay it elect.

"They are gone & don't ask so many questions they think you are a
dummy".

To gums are inclined to off & begone foreclose to the child's own needs
— so, it is certainly not his fault he is called Jason & there her are, trying
to be his own person, hurling themselves against the chainlink as a
parent arrives early to haul off their little monad.

Rational, like quips of hyper-vigilantes circling infield overlays, *WHY?*

Oh Hedley elm block please

he's pasturing his rat's disease & even it shopsteward it skewer than holy
oak.

About taxi Krakow to demin conspicuously around consuming union
suited Mississauga scale lacking that provided trust squished beside
punctuation entirely. Bowels to conveyance, defated pinkily. Thus I
conquer elves. Wrench quarter camera clock how flat they run.

Thought. Before though MINDING meant loss of sequence.

Fate in abeyance — do pardon my interruptance *slips* like 15 years away
from hockey to letters sent to sects of divergence. It depends less from
sustenance than provenance, I take it. As NOT what this becomes, not
WONDER ... ahistorical senses distort drag pass amplify & drug all
discursive tension — dominance traces memory's tracks.

A drop in the bucket ie. Plash.

The wretch he sustained while the little bugger in the East Bloc.

White 4 year old attains class satori via Stephen Foster ballad — ' don't
worry lady ! I'll get those oppressors ! More pass saddened by the ride.

Contrast: caught ever may not *et al* as distinct from murder from
pleasure.

Now fixed behindsight rupture off in no time withstanding disclaimer'd
rail junctures burgled & YET persist unsalvaged compressed or
mounted. Desultory notice whether privelege or riders maintain
hereditary link in end rhyme takes stock return.

Caught up in sad tales wise up in due time shut up utterly. Poor fingers
now welded of frost yet 11th hour paroles Brainiac's grainy tragion,
note orbs. Utterance STUFFED in an history of tissue adhesions.

My gaze is numbered, my days remaindered. Tell you later.

THE WORST

If this were merely an eidetic image why did she want to be nursed?
Carla Harryman, *PROPERTY*

Nor is this all.

It takes a lot to make me laugh. (LIE)

This: a flaw it is that I talk like: This

Philosophy demands frugality, not torture. (SENECA)

To what, in her opinion, would it be reasonable to commit herself?

As Whomism sticks in the craw, so goes out with your REAL pals.

Abelard's only hope was in the fact that these sentiments were not all from the same source nor of the same quality. Margaritas ante porcos. And she bitterly recalls that she (There are so many who hold views like these) bound herself to this rule without realizing to what she (that the

dawn of liberation is a long way off). Was committing herself. Risk glamour til tendency dissipates destruction. Sometimes the very movements of my body show forth the thoughts of my soul, betraying themselves in involuntary words. Do you realize

What I *think* is so obvious does not enter into it. This, however, was not the least of Heloise's objections.

Unlike a flawless tragedy, the elegance of which structure is lost upon those suffering in it, the perfect geometry of 'Dotti Trujillo' was only invisible from the air.

There is no mistaking these accents, and, as we shall see, Abelard has taken care not to reply ironically on this point.

If I lived alone, alone I could type through the night. My word broke. (She is describing with heart-rendering simplicity the most tragic of all conceivable situations).

Cannot stand on its own.

4 years back) in a (specified); (but by whom) neighbourhood.

Long way off.

Her submission, accordingly, is not a part of recorded history. I am still young and full of life; I love you more than ever and suffer bitterly from living a life for which I have no vocation. Why did they name you?

From then on, Heloise and Abelard saw each other but rarely and secretly, taking every precaution not to reveal their marriage.

She could not bear to make me suffer. In point of fact, any cognitive thought whatever, even one in my consciousness, in my psyche, comes into existence, as we have said, with an orientation toward an ideological system of knowledge where that thought will find its place. Started thinking I was important, if fuzzy.

Both of them speak in terms of these, not to sing their personal victory but to mark the extent of their defeat. The difference between them is revealed in what follows.

These simple words with which Abelard records her feelings vibrate with truth and sincerity. But it can easily happen, even when writing original texts rather than transcriptions, that we commit errors of repetition, because our thoughts and their transmission do not always proceed at the same rate, and the writer can have the mistaken impression that he(sic) still has to write down something that he (sic) has in fact already written.

This is why they can be believed; and no one who believes them can ever judge them as severely as they judge themselves or refuse to grant them what they hoped for in confiding in us, a little love and a little pity. Notions of that sort are fundamentally false. But even on the hypothesis of an initial item of misinformation, we only transfer the problem to an earlier date; at the origin of the error there will always be a 'slip' committed in this case, not by the subject, but by his (sic) written or oral 'informant'.



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Tsunami Editions are published by Lary Bremner
#3 - 1727 William Street
Vancouver, B.C., Canada V5L 2R5