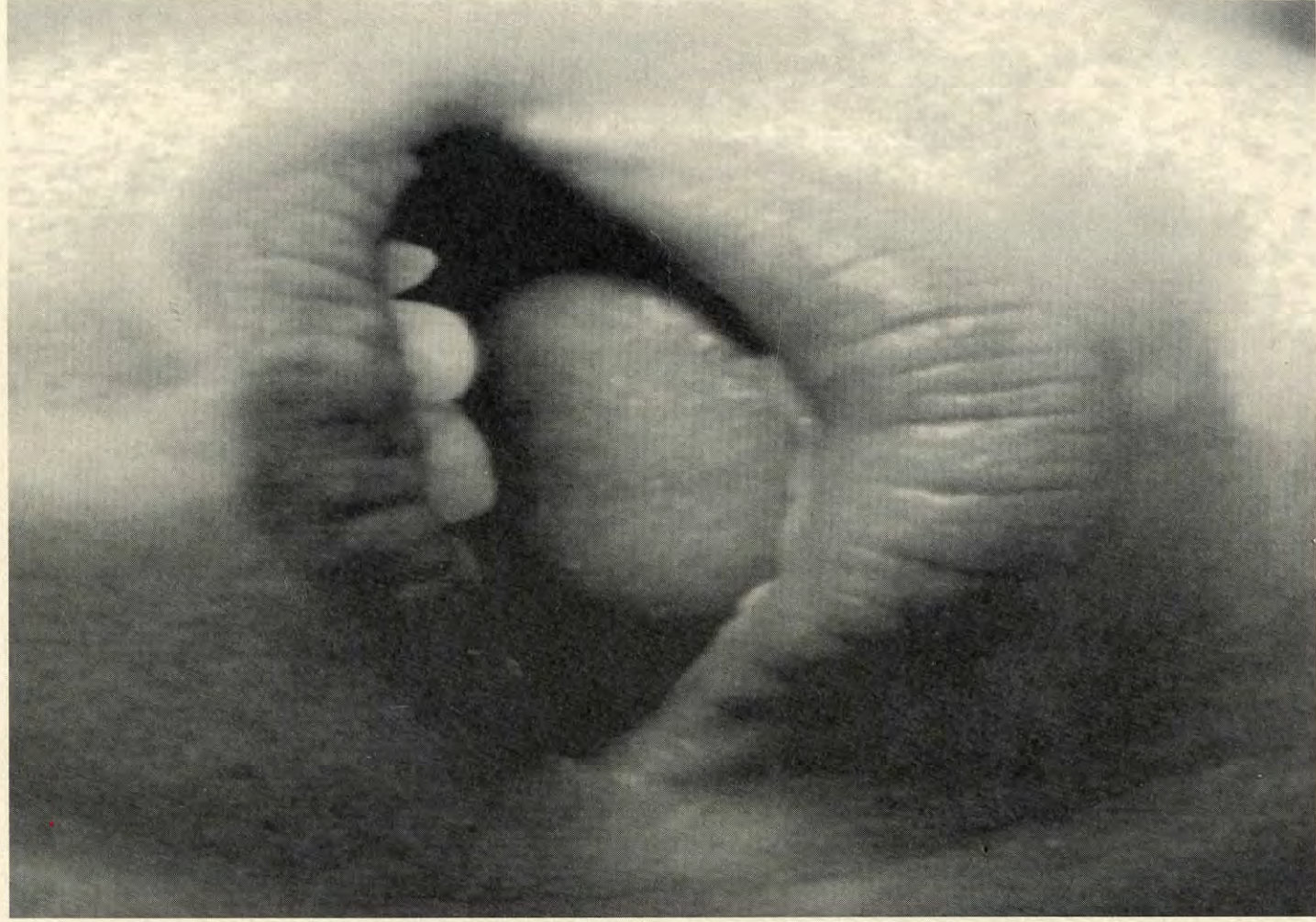


mouthpiece / Kathryn MacLeod



mouthpiece

Kathryn MacLeod

Tsunami Editions

Copyright © 1996 Kathryn MacLeod

Design & Photography: Kathryn MacLeod & Doug Stetlar

Tsunami Editions
Box 1946
Gibsons B.C.
V0N 1V0 Canada

Canadian Cataloguing in Publication Data

MacLeod, Kathryn, 1960-
Mouthpiece

ISBN 0-921331-23-1

I. Title.

PS8575.L467M68 1995 C811'.54 C95-911121-2
PR9199.3.M25M68 1995

Contents

1. Houseworks	6
2. Genealogy	
The Infatuation	32
Asylum	36
Physick	40
...a little closer	45
3. Made, not born	
Methods of Hygiene	52
mouthpiece	55
Circus Darkness	59
Disclosure	63
4. Revolution	
Blessings	78
Self Defense	81
Breaking Rule	90
One Hour Out of Twenty-four	97

1. Houseworks

Waking allows an arm grasp uncomfortable
cold shafts
Constantly between glass walls
Complete light detects fury

Still there was the man lost on the mountain

And so the family came gradually to expect
a kind of sustenance a violent layer
to the day to day

Coloured boxes pats of butter servants

The little group in heavy
shadow Warmth and supper
Light in plastic evolution

One afternoon bitter with work she

A limb protrudes into action
The danger of reaction for the victim

Not spoken

We discussed the illiterate We registered their names
in books The names we could not spell we changed to
Jack

Impossible creates meaning

Certain words become unwieldy overpriced
The extreme obvious collected where the vacuum
never reached

We were a good race in the old days
I can't remember not to

tidy

Vacate/Parasitic/Structural/Abortion/Bellyful

Before the big due
 At night the words came loose Scattered
 on the walls she thought

 We shipped the children out and split
 the families up we believed
 it was the best way to make Progress

 with a real job with sincerity
 with a good man with absolute sincerity

 The site of missing children
 and what they missed

 The recovery and the reuse and the waste
 One arm following the other in routine tasks
 Hellbent for mother

 It took *that* many men to stop him

 The voyeur of the very poor
 The concept of one-minute violence

 It keeps us intimate
 with empty spaces

 In restraint

Carnival boulevards family names
 that never change Speaking
 loudly as unwanted children (a slow dance
 or rocking motion) The white uncle with the women
 over the river on the reserve They only lost
 two cats three dogs

 spendthrift in the neighbourhood Expecting
 big rewards for not conforming
 Groups of corporate friendships (cement in poverty)
 The stench of it (the air in *their* house)
 a lady's magazine pure pleasure
 The artful Z slash from nipple to navel We woke
 in darkness gaping

 to remember sun pools of rivers disinfectant
 Now no one can pronounce the words except
 the very old Obstacles well placed
 give pleasure To be forced out of childhood
 (a book a glass an ashtray) this precocious

 ideology
 to act upon
 a well-paid beauty

Products of resignation mirrored avenues
The tragedy of the dog's hind legs

Importance of Canadiana

As placid as a water lily

Censor emphasis

Insect subculture

Bottom feeder, gender

Wearing holiday skin
classless

Hung and tanned
(a waterfall)

Between faces
on the better side

bad word/audio visual aid/beside one self, another

And so the family came, gradually, to build resistance
a wire between the day to day

Vacate

Empathetic

Rythmical

Abortion

Bellyful

One afternoon after work she

Certain words became foreign

weeds untouchable inaction incomplete

We reward ourselves an hour of chat
fan skins, forget our gender

Except the very old

Our very tidy minds

accepting pleasure, water, driftwood
this humiliated language

the stench of it (correct wrench)

I might have gone on except there was no money
I had to choose I had no choice
A whole month's wages for the dress I wanted

Complicit in

the death of pets, a little

There are such poor examples

There are people "in the know" ones who enter by the front door bullies at bat the big boys with the microphones the ones who loud and easy

as if the house was not clean you keep on cleaning fingerprints fruit flies in garbage dinner on the hot plate unsuccessful

weight you carry logs across their biceps heredity correct head pinned ears and absolute indifference choices made and having no choice

stated: *My daughter's hymen was intact when she left my house*

to continue scraping carrots chicken butchered and deboned garlic pressed garburator

the next sweating agenda facts agreed on language predetermined knowledge hierarchy capital a good stiff drink

lovely tender skin the ropes a "pet" name the waste and pity of not saying anything at all you might say

Collapse of the neural
The cassette years after puberty

Broken cars, abandoned houses: He says
this is their ideology
they have no respect

The way the neighbour reads the garden
every evening in his tweed jacket:
a) production
b) outland

Beginning white, basic faces and ideas repeat
all the history outside of language
You disarm yourself by replication
(surviving by manipulation)

and mother, having said very little up to that point

They spread and sweetened a belief in continuity
(our evolution, progress singing, enamel ovenware)

You tell the stories of your childhood but can't recall
colours size or age
(descending lines of power)

she says unflinching horizontal
safety

monument

about a gallon and a half of tar
the smell and

difficulty

keeping the place in order, the way
you like it, sympathetic

collections of desire, becoming the good Indian
a clean, clock and attribute

the furniture correctly

they are professionally violent
regulations, closet sex and naming breeds

we gave up our real names
alive in mirrors and the movies

arranged and displayed

the privacy of our repression it almost makes one
clit and dick the language
has to be believed to see

the man's body hit the lamppost ten feet in the air

you want to lick the skin you can't remember
not to

sweat, lizard on pavement, out for a businessman's lunch

Two voices in the head at once
Once behind the vacuum cleaner
she reaches economic independence

A slow death by personality
the extra brain
in his bottom end

She tried to articulate
a world before dinosaurs

Always the failure of the artist
starving for financial attention

In the same way the creek was rerouted
so the whiteman's orchards might survive

An entire section of the population
concerned about waterbeds

and electrical fences
gained easy acceptance

That was the last we saw of the stegosaurus
It is still necessary to abort
the female

Having the family hierarchy for dinner, one interpretation

After establishing
rules of entry
we deem it necessary

to set a good example, speaking correctly
with many tongues, collecting the best

ideologically, so to speak

Polite, not overbearing, fixtures

How much your favourite author drinks
a child

suspended

the lily spectre of the world, the edge
of sexual definition, something like a mud fence

I believe
becoming over being
and read exactly what the famous read

obsessed/english/expensive/information up the ass

Beside us always, the pits of the indecent
A field of bunch grass
before the empires of old men
like clockwork

speaking to their wives re:
dinner, winter, take a holiday

How a city might kill you
as faces repeat meaningfully
in downtown crowds: *extinct extinct*

All the panic of romantic
A clever rhyme and clapping game
(her knees like rubber balls in stockings)

Another way: the stretch of land across the river
the reserve dotted with prefab buildings
over the new highway a new bridge
connecting empty fields

This is indifference of meaning
(his head swallowed in a metal bowl)
which was enough light
to measure progress

and why the children grow up
at incorrect angles

Towards a butter
being younger, clawing
middle of the road
game exactly so-so
bitter System
the chaise game
cough it up and death

finally swears it

truth the good ones
sweatered into race time
not so serious bargain began
along a fine chain store
rebuked winsome appliance
as particularly racist
avocado range

the Merchants lurching

when do I get time
to liberalize, decide
the low ceiling approach
too political to ever peak
your own mind Vacation
plus the aunt and uncle

early novels/early menstruation

correcting the old boys
ties to match magnificence
ice and soft sex
the good red skin an obvious
way to decimate
aboriginal sleep, cheap paint
the laundry not quite dry

who's on the fritz

Lodged in normal upbringing
sedentary good and distant evil

An instant of time only machines experience
(living on the balloon's skin)

I waited outside
in the dark (sincere)
too late to go in
(4 rooms and a bathroom)
funny how it stopped
your skin moves over

I believe I'm bad enough to deserve it
The units are too small for human minds
to comprehend arm jerks up
the steady wheelchair

When I had too much time
I became insincere
*exactly how they do they
view you*

It's easier to live
in circles (those less fortunate
than ourselves) They had dinner
on the patio the guests left early

gave up the potlatch

before the kid went bad
deception education mayor
special pills high hopes
without tattoos and healthy
families going on a family outing
sacrificed for liberation
good and evil site specific
divorce abortion credit card
extramarital aerobic tremors
“faghag” revolutionaries
my divorce lets me sleep at night
news of South America
cut just above the nipple
prayer and ritual
in love at the office secret
parked the car hit the curb
lost the hubcap
Need a penis? Try testosterone
exercise and Jack

won the raffle for the blow job
a good sport
colour photos of the Big Chief
downtown

the gender of a number for example, one
prize inside the cereal

time and all your energy
fed in their faces

intertwined the fat child
saying "yes, yes" to become
dressed up feeling foolish

greater good implies
allegiance to elitism

two being overprotective
the family "dysfunctional"
somewhere in the brain
disconnection: speechless

vowels versus wellness versus
working hard to support yourself

the frozen p's the tender w's
a face unhealed asleep
sexless addition
a whole heart slips
dissolution lightly

restoration is not knowledge
a good complaint essential
for a good cause

treating them like children
cheaper and acceptable
to skip dessert

stated: I loved each one of the boys
and didn't know I'd hurt them
facts not being self-sufficient

In 1969 I was nine years old
it didn't matter

well pruned bureaucracy supporting
Mr. Man

nice wife, smarter
than 99%

a pretty dress
it follows me around sometimes

she deserves to stay at home
the "laser-penis" type
plastic bags over the windows too expensive
to buy the good kind

"too bad you have to have that baby"
a reminder of the last war

taking it away, bit by bit a deal
you wait for coffee and balloons
till midnight big man in the community
not encouraged
to develop friends private jobs
in a clean environment
a gesture meaning "get lost"

your leg over my leg predicting
a close competition
having nothing better to do
lay back and took it personally

he allowed himself a small voice
in fact, she had a good job
easier not to take the driver's seat

I kept the best part for myself
small business weasels ego

responsible to oust the pagans
a large briefcase stuffed with it
a community of people
who are sick are not

jive

excavate the old bones
the dust behind the horses

smiling in the parkade
because you're one of us now
the church left and
we removed the children

lines drawn
north forgotten

especially men who like men
or women making a decision

I had the tv on

as long as I have women who admire me
personal history includes
fighting Indians
renting a duplex
navy slacks and sportshirt

you're afraid to eat in restaurants
your best friend's lover dies
it's time for a career

change

desire to create meaning that might last
I'll pass a law or better yet
I'll advertise my face

I was a future doctor

indoctrination/wife's ability

rebelled against meaningless
politics/social formation

I turned the oven up

though we dislike them
we felt compelled to ask

a natural violation

the house corrected
a personal problem

much farmland disappearing
asked for empty bottles, an empty bottle

spitting up blood the first sign
the second

new new shoes, a walk towards
keep your mouth shut
legs chained to the railing
building outside protest wasn't

inappropriately interesting
fear of liberals a radical
aura my words building
a crescendo of big words
I've always been a little nervous
his extremities lost feeling first

say goodbye to friends and family
language grubbing money last
my hypocrisy extends itself
over the fresh wet page
he talks to you, looking
over your shoulder

a death in the family
another death in the family
it went further

than expected

the woman walks alone along the street
speaking Italian loudly
I want to mean something to you
want all the lost luggage
to finally reach Hawaii
& your parents, waiting in the airport
won't have to start all over

now it's my idea against yours
language with bad skin
without a history of kindness
crouched on the mountainside
where only goats and sheep should tread

inherited memory of Christian
furniture, especially the tv set
on Sunday about four
I was inside vacuuming

years before I met you

a hospital evacuation

not being recognized

I'm afraid I

never say exactly what you mean

2. Genealogy

The Infatuation

being the most....considered dangerous
most women in America....not yet
left the city with a gun....
 dark skin, leach....
 button, button up....keep it hard the whole time
over something small, sedative....inner thigh
 surprise revulsion, strokes....peaks interest
about his whole life, sadly
 a cold room, leftover....male eggs
lounge, elevator shaft
ambitious interloper....entering
 pleasure with tools....reduced me
our event horizons....

infatuation....sweet smell, protrudes
 room deaden nightly, bisect...
bolted, swept clean, leaks....
revealed a white face....
 a lot more where that came from, he
 has a lot more....ditch it....
take more pictures of me....
 winter in the apartment....gentle male
 companion....inspired tongue and finger
 using things that don't belong to you....
 improve my position....critical fantasy

disbelieve the education, jealous
close the room up, cure this....
 acceptable sexual combination....our sympathy
not adequate to be your father....
 personal reticence, intellect, breasts....
 child's play....titanium....
 tell a good one, lay a finger on him, open season
easy ideas to digest....
don't push his buttons....
 damp shirt....warm smooth bellies, fifty-fifty....
give in to a good time....

respect the tyrant....a complete withdrawal....
making you touch me....
 isolated study of the male organ....
exhausted idea, room foreshortened....
 teach us, heal us, sleeping....hard
 inside my palm....on the way to the top
 more money than the others, prudent....
the mother stopped the father....
 weight room, weight of consequence....
displaced commitment, belted up....
forgive me. I've enraged you.

....messy liquids....uninvited failure
 a collection of substantial size....
 your nipples visible through t-shirt...
exchange an old one for a new one....
 brief morality....angry about "the masterpiece"
 unmaking the bed. evasive.
completion or celebration, erected
 out of boredom....my right point of view....
 relax/antagonize....complete the sentence
his hard line....

.....hesitant. undulant. undefined....
going forward from the word go....making
 this history thing....implying a common background....
 future after you answer the question....
eyes out for: give me real examples....
 let me speak outside the family.
don't need a sisterhood, a real threat....
 essential holiness/her complicit soldier....
you don't need courage with a mother....
 we fall short. police protection.

I deliver you....
correct me if I'm wrong....revealed
 by how much you know you own, a style
 of employment....heterosexual blossoms colour
infrequent visitors, to be a maverick
 I need you/envy me my freedom....
my life escapes context....
going all the way back....
black-hearted momma, keep me clean....
 family vertigo. trash victims

.....redemption/flagellation/torso....
virile girls for men....
 this is great art.
*I'm on the very bottom. I have
 no way out. I have no one to talk to...*
 Listening pleasure. Listen to their pleasure.
you speak filth.....relieve yourself....
 you speak the truth....

.....relieved of her responsibilities....
 a model for the neighbourhood....
sexual arsenal....delicate subversive....
 punitive silence, sentenced to naked women....
dreams of a long cock betrayed him....
 the dimpled skyline....
 Bus to the hotel. A great city.
I can buy anything here.

Asylum

A fugitive longer than expected
out of the pit, darling
It was good sex, Mary
down on my knees everywhere, everything
touched became hard, longer
than expected under the mound
A monumental longing

I love large birds, it reminds me
how much dirt in my fingers transforms
a level of selflessness
two of us fucking two more of us
the blood stops, here, houses
touch, stucco to thigh
awake after the voices, an eruption

This is the garden he spoke of
rejoice with rich preconceptions
more fingers unburdened extended
the glue fixed, a vacuum
of culture abruptly resolved, down
on my knees almost everywhere, spoke
to the right Power

Seeing it everywhere, everything speechless
and untouched
hold tight to the breast
the breast speaks
the landscape avoids exact repetition
"Come down from the mountain"
July was especially cumbersome, praying

These are common limits
of custom or candour
voices like voices give me direction
Here, on the lawn, I got out of the lawn chair
onto my knees
his hips move in slow circles
the insects the illness
I'd rather have faith in you
than anyone

Clean truth, undistorted
he stopped in the road
implored us to kneel with him
I can't replace my words
with yours, uncomfortable
distance from distance

It was a good answer
repeated, I met his eyes when he spoke
about how bad it had been
Ripeness, the overflow
a passion for floral
my crimes against nature
for the helpless

Rules involve breakage
a cure for palsy, for baldness
I am speaking hysteric
require an audience
another tongue in the wind keeping
an eye on the time
a story, tell me my story

*All this, must come to a Jayl
or Bedlam*

all I'm meaning
is narrative I answered
my own question
we stopped in the street
they were marching abruptly
where were we marching

A good prayer, a plea
for safety your guilt
as secret as eaten, these hours
are all that I'm worth
the excess an envelope
extremities hands
clasped

My Visions memento
a belief in it is what
I believe I remember
a long line or lost heritage, laughing
the old way under the trees
the park is pleasant and safe

Escapes ruins or ruin
little rice greens a simple
spreading outward, a branch
or our veins, its
exact meanings concentrate
all the past selves
the queue waiting for cash
or to speak to

Arms outward you will not fall
this time, close to the ground
new clothes still wrapped in plastic
the meal hardly touched
a panorama this moment
they're everywhere, floating

Physick

1. Laced

Potency is everywhere.

When a boy is told, when a man turns and says

“expansionist” or “insatiable,” an endless performance. The world endures

authority and apparatus. Simple and straightforward, teach and lead;

each time it is reproven.

An erection. Make a statement.

You hear me? Tumid, as language. I don't have the heart to tell him.

Shame—organic. Our own search never began or ended. Seeded—

sucked into experience, rampant in the need for. My male playfulness.

You have given your life as required. Took a stab at it.

2. Housed

Collectively we entered the room, chose our respective chairs. *The good of humankind hangs in suspense.* We had a decision to enact; we had our lives to bolster. This dark untidy room gives some protection. I feel grateful for my small voice, my waning energy. I am a monolith of reason. Alternately, ill at ease. There is nothing sensual or comfortable in our language. We hear them, outside, in their unwieldy shoes.

3. Sport

The black dot moving across the small screen made her queasy. The General recalled those evenings with warmth, the whole family gathered in front of the television. There was no formal structure to the organization, but each of them worked within an unacknowledged hierarchy. I was unable to thank you for what you'd done, because I was angered by your participation.

I'd made it
inside
to the

we were to be/
to be married
later I recognized their

small
ideas

what was missing (I censored)
movement out and up

feathers, birds, revealed

(brave & healthy/smart/helps others)

The deviations prompted theory. I feel thankful and illegal.
We were laughing because of the absurdity

& separation

4.

what she looked like at eleven
what she might look like now

deep inside a hole

please speak loudly
tell us where are you?
“identify”

she was too large to be accepted
this place of danger, thin skins, dampness

woman denied her own

in a larger forest
nothing but the trees

memory fizz

whose history
smaller and indirect

a tremendous anxious
power

sighed and reconciled

the details of a collected life

5. Play

Pieces of it, large fragments: he had obtained many, and kept them for his own. He had been told, as a boy, always to share.

"For all women, everywhere, my sister..."

Brace yourself; remember the calm air, one step ahead of undoing.

The two women sat at the outdoor table. They were obviously very fond of each other; they were laughing, and no one disturbed them.

I began to see danger in what I had once labelled ordinary. We were fond of our version of the western family. One takes leave of people or ideas uneasily. *I am sorry to have written you lately.*

The corporation allows me to live my life without poverty. The institution helps us to express intellectual freedom. Words are cherished in libraries across the country. The man is faceless and classless, free of the strife of a liberal education. We suffer with argument. He took me home and licked me all over. I speak with precision, ballooning with passion. A learned pattern of helplessness. Nothing he did could arouse me. In or out of clothing we were motionless.

...a little closer

1. History: I was shocked to realize that we were the white guys, the English, the colonizers. Meet your self walking in the wrong neighbourhood. The other street was the better choice.

2. As I was saying, the view inside became quite comfortable, memory intrudes

a second language.

3. This is a product and a system which requires an allegiance.

4. Now I am seeing very clearly in front of me. After many years of average blindness.

This is an exhausting exercise. Do not feel ashamed to admit this. Sometimes it is impossible to hear *or* some things are impossible to hear.

For the first time in her young life (old life) she achieved orgasm through self-stimulation.

oriental

are we in or out of power?
does the prison count?

The pornography is always kept on the back shelf.

....memory gives us presence. A house reoccurs, as boxes, or despite boxes.

How many partners have you had?

hand cupping elbow
elbow inside palm
or
arm and body closure

Emotions you expect from someone like me...

1. Keeping in good health. I understand now that I communicated poorly. I am as much to blame for the lack of understanding.

Hesitate to use the word honesty, honestly.

2. Looking backwards...in that small room

A unique life. A large dog. Parents with problems.

Balance, she said

(to understand nothing perfectly

)

her soft shoes scraping the floorboards

Inspired by change, we become beautiful.

The distance between action and expectation. One is often silenced by habitual silence.

3. It was lovely there. For the first time, he stopped looking like his parents.

The pantsuit was the last straw.

Not being accustomed to intimacy. A small voice or softened gesture. This is a particularly lethal approach.

My excitement. Move a little closer.

4. You realize now about the excess. How much conversation is required. I am trying to facilitate your understanding. What is left out will produce a point of view.

....a defined environment....

Verging the crest of womanhood. That was the first time we spoke about it. She never gave me the exact details, but I was repulsed by her intimations.

Caused some difficulty in later years.

How to decipher or suggest an implication. Time is both the "pressure" and escape.

1. My vicious circle allows me to make comment. I see repression and denial. You are an overflowing bowl of gravy. Let me judge your small steps by my large steps.

2. You are accustomed to your own perspective.

3. It all boils down to the presence of the book.

4. Back to memory: my first comments were probably culturally suggested. I am now in a better position to recall.

The divisions enable. Only by admitting guilt do we retain a sturdy comfort.

The way your physical presence enters. If you let me kiss you...

residual abuse

We are moving closer. Illness brought on by political unrest.

The uncomplicated gesture was returned with suspicion.

The simple act of preparing dinner. I will remember my own history. I will create a stillness.

void of listening

Suckered relax

1. Ecstatic flopping. Solemn and earnest fish, etc.

I felt the depth and firmness. Good breast, wick, eyes—a metronome of emotional response.

2. To find oneself thinking “I am happy *here*”

How light, or the lack of it, might affect us. I had an emergency kit in my garage, one in my car next to the spare tire, and a small box of essentials in my desk at the office.

3. It wasn't, of course, *that* that we were unprepared for.

Taking long steps across the room, arms extended, curled, extended, curled. I assumed that a small indiscretion wouldn't catch up with me.

4. Relax into solitude. I was occasionally sorry to have forgotten the object of desire.

A cultural difference. A racial moment.

Why didn't you make something of yourself?

The alien's fault. A sure thing is no longer a sure thing. Peeled back, exposed the flesh beneath.

....remember the smallest details....
....every room....

He was once caught crying. A poor performance in a war economy.

3. Made, not born

Methods of Hygiene

MOMENT by moment we, minority "resisting" abolish cultural practice a common good or strike infested *killed the most in 1863* the fire-eater LAISSEZ-FAIRE extracted smoke, filth, tires the PLASTICS INDUSTRY unto its own "saw him no more" regulatory bodies menstrual construction *freedom as I said* for the people

MAN KNEELS. REMOVES JACKET. global sexual DELUXE as hostage quiet uproar the waitress uniform her dress A BRIEF SKIRMISH 2/3 of the men dead WOMEN relaxed the nightly fifties, sixties govt. reports *crime* knee-jerk response THE VIRGIN declined comment expect hundreds naked into the forests

I BELIEVE the blacks or dictator #1 ANGELS the *essential* right "persons unknown" PHONE RINGS. WOMAN ENTERS. Sex with more than one *issue a permit* large volume accounts A SPECIAL INTEREST GROUP the lost decade at a future date location POLICE HOWEVER spokesman *sucked or licked* empire of ideas last night I was possibly lazy or distracted

A SAFE COUNTRY, GET IT? an uninterrupted "empty nest" the girls expect it LOVE TAP military history advanced DENTAL RECORDS hundreds of citizens BEGGING FOR-GIVENESS this is the way I see it way I see it DARLING thousands of acres expropriated *unfurl the measure of our country* GO ON HOME, BOYS

democratic SELF or vigilant successful father GOLD ROSE scattered in every corner *cutbacks* failure to save 15 LOUSY BUCKS a lifetime of happiness the authorities dept. of investigation audit "NO WOMAN" can tell me a little intimacy/cast of thousands *collapsed or sinking* married briefly in the other realm

JINGO poetry funny cells "the tide of history" plastic applicator roadblocks into hell state of emergency into the next five years justifiable "when we're old and happy that we're old" HUMPTY DUMPTY a new meaning resisted arrest last seen notification of next THE PRIESTS UNLIKELY TO DANCE

EITHER THE VICTIM OR THE OPPRESSOR into the
third world "ate well" survived and it was solitary FUTURES up
against a wall of inexperience INERTIA "the great journey"
reduced risk and awareness *medicated* WARDEN in the clerk's
eyes, love's punishment

DRIVEN BY GENDER reciprocates vague and wet (His
erection propelled him into the room) *the first smallpox epidemic*
leaving the house poles where they stood PURE LIGHT my
visions and inversions REJOICE the dirty joke ACCEPT the
will of "wise and saddened" cowboy Bill

the line about a large cock and silky pussy IN THE FIRST
THREE ROWS the men giggled *Documented Proof* NUR-
TURE extrapolated facts quarterly figures "a severe emptiness"
the culture drenched with it BALLOONS of thought/the first
exchange: blankets & trinkets an incident results in precocious
DRY CLEAN

mouthpiece

you've got that "rubber maid" look
window-envelope
twenty dollar bills cling
film ballooning
into Elvis into everlasting binge
chubby pyramid or sex
almost as good as burning buildings
what we used to do
before the food spoiled
flood dreams over decades
"get in the car dear, we're moving out"
and I was humiliated
start a brush-fire that particular
accent irritated
broom on the behind
a home for special
people decades of
retirement of decency
old money anti-nazi anti-union
the Antichrist
living in a London suburb
a shallow grave and sex
in spite of heatstroke
the satisfying crunch of insects
clear collapse of capital
moving up to cigarette level
the coffee table shuddered silently
beneath tan shoes
my first time over
with a clothes hanger
almost too quick
to be a good time
a loss I never quite got over
let me explain

the accident no one carried
 that much cash
 a human binge unanswered
 questions don't protect you
 accepting history as symmetry
 we miss the boat
 the hole in the sky
 too big to risk it
 the vitaminization of the western world
 the children pointed out
 the quack across the street
 the poodle
 always went for his leg of course
 we've all been lonely
 really lonely
 lined up for the cash machine I dreamed
 of quick relief
 sex resulted in a baby
 I would not call cute
 neon pesticides kill
 brilliantly
 he has such moral weight
 the power of the Hoover upright
 I'm unsure if I remember the exceptional
 these are good questions
 the joy of my money
 overpowering yours
 I was smart enough to buy hotels
 we were quite close
 no one in the home knows
 she's a communist
 in fantasies I'm always leaving
 better accidents
 we were glad we spoke American
 at the border
 but no one ever really understood
 desire is a motive

today's horoscope predicts
 false colour
 accidental lightness
 private racism in a polite country
 controlling sadness
 exhaust fumes
 recording ownership
 flies slapped
 against the window
 this much beauty
 takes its own route
 the subrouine of women working
 pleasant hospital silence
 respecting the new spacecraft
 mute swan
 developed a firmer chip
 glad of the small lake removing
 items from the want list:
 1. *bufflehead*
 2. *anti-freeze*
 the wife keeping the children
 silent
 a loaded barge
 (available memory)
 my naps considered
 lack of judgement
 his thin chest
 bird-like caress
 between the knees
 the smell after a warm bath
 humour drove a wedge
 "bird's-eye"
 knowledge is a questionnaire
 raccoon across the room
 a martyr meaning
 lack of personality
 the meek blue suits

create advantage
 (you learn to make the bed)
 the resulting insecure
 aggression
 the favoured minority
 all the way to the bank
 interrupting the child
 to set the story straight
 kept words and men
 the historical deep-freeze
 the virus means a lot
 to all of us
 bigger than people wanted
 profane, easily violent
 dazzle painting/full-figured women
 a great view if you're a visitor
 sleeping over the warm steam
 hygienic skyline
 all lights advertising
 everything
 true love or moral deficit
 I forgot my sexual preference
 quality control hygienic thrust
 I took my place in line
 and took the money
 an ugly genital
 my relationship to minorities
 overall, this is a "new" look
 let me explicate your stuff

Circus Darkness

Despite time, I am not of "historical interest."
 How often does a woman chance revenge?

 Acceptance is an imperfect word. Near misses—
 for days afterwards you see flaws
 in stranger's faces. A woman in a hospital bed
 a metal cage encasing her skull. Fear
 and your desire more intensely.
 This being the end of casual sex.

 She is seeking possibilities. The time
 a tall man entered the child's room
 explaining that he was an uncle. Hidden
 since WW2, the handgun in the locked trunk.

 A dangerous man believes he can protect himself.
 Blessed changes in weather conditions.

 Instructions absolute intentions.
 Do you fear the responsibility of kindness?

 An alcoholic in a funeral chapel. Rain gear.
 Your brother on a drug run to the coast.

 He is seeking possibilities.
 Feeling older, delicate, crane-fly.

 From shower to downpour in a matter of moments.
 His action is judged "a common occurrence."

 Historically distorted. Reports of illness
 in the family. Another aunt dropped dead

in a supermarket. Mythic economic forecasts.
The possibility of controlling birth.

Organizing cutlery, you are assured
and necessary. Expect the promised revolution.

"A habit is a good thing."
Under the "I," aging numbers.

He believes in his own worth, *sort of*.
Trying on older overcoats. I tell small fictions
without feeling guilty. Bald spots ripen.
Intermittent flurries—cocktails in the p.m.

O.K. There are people who work in "beige cubicles."
She is vaguely related to someone famous

if she could only remember the name of the movie.
God is seeking possibilities. "Without habits

we'd have to make decisions."
Cyst. Inspect. Inspector. Census.

Choose a title. You may still be disappointed.
The possibility of, of fibrillation.

Are you frightened by details of intimacy?
Blueprints difficult as memory.

The man confused by personality.
Violence quiet sideways. There and there

between the angles of strangers.
The hidden altered in a cloud. Static a.m.

Violet light scales the venetian blinds.
The childless world of restaurants in the evening.

A face beside us on the morning pillow.
We are seeking possibilities.

"A whole week went by:
Children. Records. T.V. Silence."

Loose tulips in the late spring.
Escape to cirrus. Vagrant politics.

The fragrance of closets, of storms.
This circus darkness.

Even with your eyes closed, you are aware
of movement, possible reaching. Breezes

from the deep hours. Quality of life suspended.
As though pinned to a corkboard. i.v.

Pressure may suggest blood. When a category
matters. I still try to create endings (comma

semi-colon fullstop) The hobby of a collector
which maintains power and reduction.

Afraid and therefore "I" becoming frightening.
You are seeking possibilities. Machinery

relax exclusive. Wave goodbye
to your transient mother. He finds it easier

to be incorporeal. The topic at the small cafe.
A conversation between mind and body.

A woman lost in a long hallway, her name
scrawled on a scrap of paper. Accept

lonely as still asleep. The real costs
of growing sadness. We are past the tulip season.

A "petty cat" may keep those left alone alive.
The weather becomes more and more astounding.

First light numbs the child's room. At the door
the plastic numbers reassure you.

Disclosure

Theatre

colludes with fact.

Sentences are flat

thought rises

I worry

about my heart

lose the use of language

& sleep.

/Clues from which to reconstruct the soul/

You've been away some time

immersed in strategy:

Soon we'll swim like brilliant tropicals

Water

is revolutionary

moves us further

into wilderness.

One call
for help

exceeds the possible. At the corner

a man strides with his large dog

a better plan.

Focus is limited

to the tactile past

There, the world is

black and white

*I am pushing my thoughts back
inside my mouth*

—I've forgotten—

a comfort phrased as innocent,

one eye

closed with confidence.

"History is full of people
who die for theory"

Words a national goal, the right words.

My community or family
speaking?

semaphore

Your arms right

angled

to my own

Shoring up borders, fences;

all possible

hope & anger, intellect, love

parenthetical

—*applied to enter*—

History reigns

over the intimate

The president is dead.

I was white

with anger

"little phrases"

forgot to tell you/nothing personal/repeat the movement

"I am out of my depth"

Words, a perfect ritual

His hands fluttering over his face:

*I am pushing my thoughts
back inside my mouth*

conspiracy theory

we almost lost the ability
to

locate

primrose swimming intricate

4. Revolution

some words

are not worth having

made the effort

to tread lightly on my own

outside the water

you have lost and found your balance

always toward the surface

I repeat *myself*

Blessings

1.

After reading the text, I bled profusely. There is a way of looking at the whole mind and body, without subsets, without death, or clutter. This is in *her* honour.

Not everyone can be important. But out of the gradual disintegration of light, or matter, comes hope.

Dear Hope

This is my new ship, my bullet train.

I want to speak each of your names clearly and distinctly.

I carry my own dirty water, wash my hands and knees.

This is another way of meeting dreams.

Call it "a revolution in science." I remember a face in pieces.

If I am alone, I am alone.

Their bloody closeness, a mixed blessing.

2.

When she spoke, her voice was new, uncertain—as if she had not spoke before.

Committed to

authentic

"sex" cracked, bled

a small voice challenging

boy beside, inside her

the whole self

laughs, in pieces

Life approaches revolution

in a way I'd not imagined.

The patients run the hospital

doctors abandoned.

"We will fix it, fix it."

In complete sentences complete with meaning.

I am surprised by my own

opaque context. Fear is far away

and intimate. Freud is resplendent, old, in his disguise.

3.

this story begins: I will be the storyteller
your voice belies your gender

there are wars going on, and you
who have no experience of war
and almost none of death
think *love*

meaning is regimented/teased/betrayed
an indefinite self, a hypocrite of households
the great love of your life
dies twice

the lighting is arranged
for comfort
attar of rose, geraniums
for pleasure, art lulls you

the great pit of forgetfulness, your lack of kindness
the women in their houses
in their gardens
in their cars

no pain or joy outside the body
your family expects gratitude
now and again

the news enrages you

Self Defense

Basra (Battle of the Camel)

Aisha, one of the wives of the prophet, and the fourth Caliph,
Ali.

I enjoyed, for a period of a few months, the notoriety of loss.
His mother, calling on the phone one evening, spoke about
the upcoming holiday with reluctance. The news of the war
was hallucinatory.

He believed the strength of his emotion was either an illness
or a medication. One accepts the "new" with less than ease.
Later, they speculated on the factors that led to their union.
The public eye, it seemed, had shifted to the family.
Technology inspired office workers. But questions remained
unanswered.

The way the children had begun to behave, that was the most
noticeable. Their weapons changed. The president spoke
about vigorous replanning in the boardroom. He felt restless,
inactive; there were many avenues to truth. It was as if each
individual's fears and longings became, overnight, of national
interest.

Each of the seventy men who held the bridle of her camel was
killed in turn.

It became apparent that the government was corrupt and the
general population mournful.

Shiloh

We fell, mortally wounded.

She often commented, "They are an irresponsible people." It summed up the difference between them. He liked to garden and to cook, with little thought to defense or security. She kept birds, and had the newspaper delivered every morning.

A patch of woods separated the good guys from the bad guys.

It struck a chord, inevitably, that we were compelled to respond to. You can't keep throwing money at something like that forever. How does one codify another culture's behaviour? Real changes have to occur.

And you never really want the children to have more than you do.

First and foremost, this is a love story.

Agincourt

A question of spirit, or the spiritual. A middle-aged man is expected to yearn for younger women. She initially kept a record of his calls to her; afterwards, it seemed redundant.

He remembers the scene exactly: His mother sitting alone in a large well-lit room in a house that was unfamiliar. Her blouse had slipped out of her skirt and she had forgotten to fasten the top two buttons of her sweater.

To his front lay ploughed fields, heavy with mud after a week of rain. No one was sure of the map, and the text was lazy and trivial.

When a machine as large and powerful as that starts running, how do you slow it down? When the civilian death toll reached a certain level, they stopped reporting it. She felt very strongly that there was such a thing as a "woman's voice."

If he thought about his sisters at all, it was that they were secret and furtive. There is a great deal of life that seems mysterious and confusing.

They exchanged their bows for axes and swords. The King ordered the massacre of all the prisoners.

At some point I realized that nothing was closed to me; I had only to step forward and claim what had always been mine. The violence lasted for less than three hours, and ceased abruptly.

Balaclava

It is magnificent but it is not war

She quickened her pace when he walked behind her. He saw her shoulders stiffen when he entered the stairwell. She had a hard time filling the role, she said. She thought she could be more than what they expected.

There are repercussions to our social cruelty, even if it is only the unease we carry with us. The thin red line.

The scene of the children, the dog and the lake. The woman entering the partially lit foyer. The family home set back from the street. A senseless operation.

His mother is looking forward to the holidays. The Board elected to remain neutral. He made one of the most famous charges in history.

Iwo Jima

I began to see the charade of honesty perpetrated in my history. I purchased bonds and made small investments. They attacked toward Suribachi. I was reminded of the way my father spoke about the English. We were a club; I enjoyed the relaxation it provided.

Fortified caves, ferroconcrete pillboxes, blockhouses, trenches and tunnels. In spite of a lack of clarity and ambition, the relationship succeeded. It is important to eliminate the menace.

Pieced together, involuntary. He continued to speak about it, *as if he understood*. They raised a small flag on a small pole. The island exaggerated.

Fucking no longer brought the same pleasure. They showed a great passion for the outdoor life. Self-contained, or a sense of personal wholeness.

The mythology was inevitable, considering the rupture.

Blue Licks

Sometimes when I look at him, I see something in his eyes that has been broken. An inevitable unhappiness, a failure that I know he has not overcome. There are people whose need for stability, for rules and laws, overwhelms even their desire for intimacy.

I admired Martin more than Malcolm.

A continuous disruptive schedule kept her from ever being alone. The anxiety her lover caused her was habitual. This is only a small portion of the story.

There were 240 hostile Canadians and Indians.

On the street corner a dozen or so men of various ages loitered. All of them needed money, and a drink. It was early, and as most of them had just risen out of a cold sleep, the morning appeared dim and inhospitable.

Some time later, the first reports of anti-aircraft fire. We enticed the militia.

Antietam Creek

A crowd has taken over the post office. People arrive in groups with food and blankets for the unemployed.

On that day, and many days thereafter, no one in the family left the house. The woman no longer took the caged parrot outside in the afternoon sun. Its sometimes crude remarks suggested a lack of patriotism.

She pressed her thigh against his; persistent. Only federal lethargy prevented a total rout.

Each craved friendship, but neither was able to initiate a gesture. The ensuing battle lasted into the night. You recalled how much time and effort was spent convincing yourself. The grey reluctant mirror.

It was the *bloodiest single day of the war*.

Sierra Maestra

The summer, long and hot. In the evening we sat around a low burning fire, revising and remembering.

Fidel and Raoul.

They escaped into the nearby Sierra Maestra.

- prepackaged pancake mix
- a box of dry pasta
- figs and prunes
- a pound of butter

I was not the first person to have noticed. The categorization and the division of information is power. They were talking, late into the night, and the wine made it easier to comprehend—colours, shadows, detail. Her memories glowed with parental understanding, the soft light of security and acceptance. Consumer dissipation challenged markets.

Small children, an outline of structural tensions, a noble revolutionary army.

Ashdown

Ethelred tarried at his prayers

which left out a number of factors, including how the people were moved from point A to point B.

They travelled south, strewing the Berkshire hills with the bodies of the Danes. There was never an end to fascism, nor did they stamp out Christianity. She looked at the faces of the foreigners she met and saw them as unfathomable. A single life is very small.

A cypher.

Short lines; the distance between; curves, angles and conjunctions.

He died many times, over and over in his head. One would like to die at home, carelessly. It is as if someone followed you constantly, neither a comfort nor an intrusion, merely an exhausting presence.

They had no way to free themselves.

I can see my way out.

“like a wild boar”

Breaking Rule

*(presented at the Little Sisters Defense Fund reading,
December 19, 1994)*

*If you do not tell the truth about yourself you cannot
tell it about other people.*

Virginia Woolf

(On the body like an overcoat. Carry fear in a suitcase in a
foreign clime)

The hills around the town were only hills, and beyond them
only more hills, beige and treeless, but beyond them were
cities of great size, countries of unknown flavours, radio
stations playing unfamiliar music, houses of either great
beauty or great love.

In that place she had not stood before, she remembered being
there, exactly—the orchestra, the women in their gowns, the
expectation. Hush, the adults said, do not speak of these
things. He realized at a young age, there might be places he
belonged.

All her life she had known what she wanted. Sitting between
her relatives at the dinner table, Angel understood what was
expected. (A boy so skinny and withdrawn the children knew
that he was starving)

Had you said what you believed, it would have ruined your
career. The pleasure of language and power.

Mac, in drag, looks almost pretty. His legs and feet, in
pumps, are slender; nails are tapered; small breasts fill out his
cocktail gown, hair softly styled. Only his arm, slung over the
back of the sofa where he is sitting, looks slightly too long, his
gesture too expansive for a woman.

There is no model to emulate. This a process of discovery. He
spoke of my writing as influenced by writers I had never read.
Every day we watched the beige hills, alternately gold and
grey between the sun and passing clouds. From below in the
river valley, we imagined distances beyond.

Walking on masterless and ownerless ground. Corrupting
silence. My heroic women.

If you accept your position without thought, you will soon be
lost. Winds and seasons move around us. Your people will
betray you, shadow will dim your sight, your voice will not be
heard beyond your anger.

Compelling order.

A good area, meaning every family had two cars, a few pots of
petunias, neat lawns—some surrounding turquoise swimming
pools. On Saturdays the sons worked in the yards, cutting the
lawn or raking leaves, depending on the season. The daugh-
ters stayed inside with vacuums, cleaning products, dust rags.
The sewing machine whirled in the afternoon.

Fear crawls out of the closet (to never see your own face). Talk
of sex is always incomplete. It took years to discover what
masturbation was, the books she found too general, the word
itself too foreign to describe her pleasure.

The variety of silences.

What she remembers—the times she laughed and wept the
longest, certain people that she met, a book she read. The
memory in our bones, our skin, shapes our voices and our
eyes. The memory in our houses. Outside, clouds massing
over the hills, or aligned in perfect brush strokes. (Longing to
take one step further)

Somewhere, men are dancing arm in arm. Women build towers of glass and stone.

Stepping outside. Fresh air, a little breeze. The smell of smoke. The scent of honeysuckle, apricots, dust after a sudden rain. The smell of bodies moving, dampness in subway corridors, garbage spilling from bins behind the restaurant, the musk of beer, of buses.

A great distance to be travelled to the next town. People are wary, hold bundles tightly, hear words as stone. I am only following the rules.

A habit like any other.

Movement, change—it never seemed to reach them. They struggled one day to the next. Their house was full of symbols. They mixed their milk from powder, fed the cat from tins, redecorated. A family portrait from that time is dated by the men's ties, the women's sleeves. Success was measured by compliance, any attention threatening.

The tongue traces a river from thigh to toe. The breast is cupped and nipple warmed. Curve of stomach enters small of back. The neck is arched, the finger follows gullies, mounds, a wrist is circled. Eyelids licked. Flesh embraces lips. A sexless passion.

The power of one idea, followed until it loses context. An eye no longer seeing colour. A large fish swallows a smaller fish.

*You are everything to me
You are my one true love*

The smallest decision of silence.

He is motivated by ambition, his voice distorted with intensity, with the effort of shaping words. The words are all he

hopes for. In the morning they wake him, the noise of birds. If he could see them clearly, instead of merely catching glimpses of their promise, they would be his to keep. If meaning could be pinned, clipped and halted, the birds would be in his possession. Sometimes he speaks more loudly, or more rapidly. That is when, in great despair, he feels them rising from his tongue and fleeing.

There was rarely fog, that far inland. The horizon was crisp, the trees sharp angles. In the summer it was hot and brilliant, in the winter snowfall cleaned the landscape.

In exile. One country to the next. Magazines are never printed in your language. Actors in movies never look like you. No one says anything that you believe in.

The necessity of opposition.

In whose name and from what theory are you speaking—?

They spoke across the room. Their voices were all one, like singing.

In the garden, yellow of coreopsis, blue of bellflower. Anything that you believe in.
(Love being unacceptable)

Mac believed he would have died there. If not in body, then in spirit. It might take years, a gradual progress. Eventual numbness, fatigue, dishonesty.

The garden is empty. Silence oh silence.

The landscape is detached, in memory. The mountains are bigger than they were, the river wider and more dangerous. On Sundays the streets were empty, you could drive through town and not meet another vehicle. (It is all we have, and not enough)

—I am speaking in my own name—

How did it begin—the movement out of safe family confines into a world that was immediately and always foreign? No matter how well you knew the streets and houses, no matter how familiar faces and voices, you were always uneasy.

Traveling towards the ocean, green fields and valleys came as great relief.

The choices made were not her choices. Walls grew up around her, thick as tree trunks, casting lengthy shadows. Angel might have chose a different path, if she could have seen her way a little further.

The censor's vise. An anxious and uncertain voice, wanting to be noticed, wanting to be loved best (struck back).

Sweet sticky palms. Insistent tongues, thighs grip, soft belly shudders, breath.
A sad vocabulary.

Writing to see your own reflection. A place of intimacy and utter freedom.
The slope less steep. The walk much shorter.

A time of life when Angel hardly knew herself. Desire was her strongest motive, fear and anger left her helpless. Everything that bruised or sated came from unknown sources.

Angel, the voice outside said, *do not speak of these things*

A disease, this fear. You move in one direction, the familiar, hoping to no longer feel it. If the landscape had not changed, if the eyes of those around you saw what you saw, if their language had remained the same, if their food could sustain you—

Mac grew vines that spilled their flowers over bare walls, rare

scented blossoms, creeping succulents. He knew their names, both formal and familiar. *Lady's mantle, lungwort, dead nettle.*

The kind of rage that allows you to resist.

Physical or intellectual omission. Opinions unheard of, undiscussed. Suggestions of incompetence, incorrect procedures, lack of discipline. An invitation not extended.

Days that were too long, where silence warped perception of the world and self. What was never said was not forgotten. They feared the house might tumble from the edge of the hill, all the comfort of the everyday might disappear.

A train ride through the mountains. We were heading south, through pasture land and orchards. The hills became a little larger, the valley narrowed, steep slopes grew. It was a difficult journey, despite the ease of modern travel.

Bold and daring in their speech.

A place of freedom not located in geography. Greater and less than journeys before. Bad poetry, bad manners.

Alone, she heard the multiplicity of voices in her head and heart. Remaining perfectly still, not concentrating, she felt a wave of pleasure. The words were hers to choose.

Suggestive, victimizing, obscene, unfamiliar.

Mouthpiece. Loud mouth. Gossip. Shrew.

She dreamed of floods and fire. They were forced to flee, to fill suitcases with belongings, to make the journey high along the valley's edge to escape the rising waters and encroaching flames.

It may take years to find the way out, years of travel and return. And you have made a single journey, and spoken just one word.

Mac was dancing on his own grave. Angels are singing. The train rattled on the tracks, the bones of skeletons.

One Hour Out of Twenty-four

I a Country of Ease and Blindness

The fish leapt from the water with rejoicing and were drowned in air

the streams dried from exhaustion

the corn burned in the fields.

outside in darkness
watching yellow rooms

the first husband died
the cat moved away with friends

the sun rose and fell a thousand times
winds blew, stinking of tar and chemicals

refugees moved in and were evicted
friends revealed themselves as enemies

great doctrines stumbled
letters were mailed, came back unopened

SHE returned, and walking up the stairs
she limped

II Winds Blew

It was a fourteen dollar gift. Enough, I felt, to win me favour.
We took feathers, beads, and herbs, some sort of bird or other
baubles symbolizing hope.

There is so little of it.
If I had more money and more relatives, my life would be
easy.
I gave up the baby, started drinking.
We must have drank a thousand babies into being.

I found more silence than imagined. SHE appeared to me in
all her glory.
I was embarrassed by my longing.
Ill at ease and awestruck.

We imagined pictures of ourselves.
I closed my eyes and saw a waterfall

one's greatest fear, falling

out of context, three decades

give me some hope

we have everything but this

III Glory

"I enjoy a picture of myself
as sturdy, shouldering the weight
of unrequited love, or braving
life with all its unforgiving
unrelenting trials"

Shot in the knee by a Colombian drug lord. Scarred by
machetes in African warfare. Abandoned by your parents in
an American slum. Baptized in the ocean by a pastor in an
undershirt.

"my faith unbending"

I know Meaning and its trickery. The corpse under the fallen
leaves.

IV Inside out

Still. The air is moist and warm, an old shawl worn with comfort.

The day opens into the old orchard. The house is inside out. I am waiting in the garden for the animals.

Motherhood required more and less in those days. She never would play softball. The smell of dust and heat betrays me. Or backstage, the muffled sound behind the curtains, waiting for the first cue.

The music. The impulse to believe is still the same. The one and only home run.

V One hour

the romance of the past, bundles of herbs
a spell or curse, the shaman, priestess, ascetic

all this for love, years
were wasted
shamefully, the greatest player
of them all

the rifle cocked, a shot
across the street, an earthquake
illness felling thousands, boys
specific words are not allowed

to speak of human
process, like a clock, computer
syntax, missing children
in the church's care

if I allow myself
to look back, imagine how they live
in fear, ten dollar purchases, the great
depression left them living

one hour out of twenty-four
the first word of courage
SHE is floating in the sky, sad angel
off-key, yards of crinoline, toe shoes

I risk my intention. Life doesn't
catch up with activity
rags of information flutter
love, after all, astounds us

Some of these poems have appeared in:

Avec
Raddle Moon
Writing
The Capilano Review
Big Allis
How(ever)
West Coast Line
chain
Motel

...a little closer appeared as *pomeflit* 4

Disclosure and *Asylum* appeared as Sprang Text 5

Blessings was written in a chain of poems with
Fiona Templeton and Susan Clark

Whether it's non-reproducing in the folks' home or identifying a love story in a war zone, *mouthpiece* launders the 'domestic' with the "foreign," folding these tropes in the personal pile, making space. This book is overdue.

Michael Turner

"Complete light detects fury" or: Where "the voyeur[s]" of the very poor" loll from the windows of the twin towers of Progress and Power ("the names we could not spell we changed to / Jack") MacLeod sends lyricism stumbling against its own milk-fed "queue[s]" waiting for cash" in the "collapse of the neutral." Read it x times.

Susan Clark

