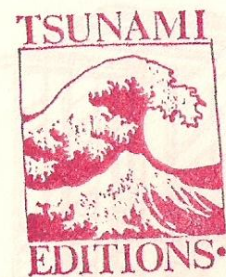


How Two:



Kathryn MacLeod

Canadian Cataloguing in Publication

MacLeod, Kathryn, 1960-

How two:

Poems:

ISBN 0-921331-05-3

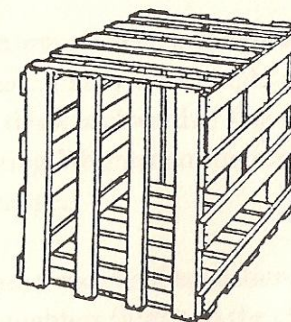
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PS8575.L46H68 1987 C811'4 C87-

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PR9199.3.M34H68 1987

How Two:



They ask you about your previous lives. If you say you haven't any they don't believe you. I tell them I was Hungarian. I tell them I was the daughter of a minister. These are lies. Sit down slowly.

Cold river. Wrinkled eyesight.

Wishless. A voice asks her to step off the platform, closer, inch.

An argument creates a country. Fearful of a new angle. (They were taught at a young age never to think backwards.) The salmon are no longer eating. We enter an environment and sometimes change.

I am a society of education, a real hotel.
Daughters flutter on the clothesline.

They climb a designated structure upwards.
A spectacle of fish.

"I'd kill him," he said, "I've done it before. I'd
kill one of my own men if he was a traitor."
(Trying to scrape the moss off rocks.)

I enter rooms accepting walls. As we grow up
we lose community. He said, "This is an idea,"
and you wonder about water, chaos, instinct,
how every morning you get up to eat the same
thing.

Despite the smell of sleep.
The swans are constant, swelling.

What happens to or on an island:

Behaving conspiratorially. (A mirror on the far
wall.) They diagnose myopia because of blurry
edges. The fish develop teeth for fighting late in
life. You never hear your own voice. You never
see your own face.

"What do you remember most?" they ask her.
Someone says a sense of smell is most signifi-
cant. Smell and sound create the same pleasure.
Adults become solid, weeping.

We create a definition for ourselves between
these two extremes. Afterwards, behaviour
is irrelevant. Destinations matter. Sleepless.
Gravel.

The border between ocean and river. Being
male, dying early. Listen to the terrible posture.

Dear Jack

I write in hopes of, further, between. We often swam in the river, but were afraid, the cliffs, the threat by current. (Bridges called down fitful.)

How most of her life, nervous and biting, the untold aunt. Mid-July, thousands of grasshoppers click. Stop sleep and drinking. Other danger: lack of water. All my health anticipate a wider season, more room for the children's children. Remember, he knows people in the right places.

This time, rebuilt. A vital walk. A very long story, a holiday, our needs met. There is one organization running the whole country. The river teemed with death. We missed you.

Property lines.

There are a lot of people out there I was told *who are a lot like you*

There is almost nothing left between them except upholstery. You sat down slowly. (What is this emotion?)

Finally, it was clear that there was one way to understand it. *Not to try*. Scenes melted in her head. It was a constant wave.

Bone nab. Sweater face. Tenure teeth.
Outside, I inherit a forest gradually.

Porous commitment.

The men approach with nets in darkness. This is a tradition. We steal our favorite stories from our friends' lives.

This dislike suits me nicely, keeps me comfortable. Being afraid of underground (having the nerve to reckon.)

Apparently, he was a flame-thrower in the war. This meant that he wore many sweaters in July and slept through lunch.

A river only a fish remembers.
You always come too close to speak to.

All layers of the cake are simultaneous.
Anticipate lies, clearing-house.

Now they are walking up the longest hill. Slow sideways crossing of stick and bone. A voice full of snow, broken.

Always ears up, flush, gauging the thick of it.
Who speaks first: pauses:

scales of power, of fish, of a music.

The disarray of private parts. They flaunt the luxury of poverty.

How to manipulate. How to "gesture."
Now I'm bored and full of your dreams.

The place between (inevitable) our adopted
causes. The parents are following us everywhere.

The neighbourhood has gone to rot. Families
build broken cars (and no one sleeps.) I step
outside and roll my sleeves down. All speech
inches innuendo.

We fought hard against reality. But it was a cold
day – food stalls open, hamburgers boomed. The
kind of day you take the whole family to.

Pregnant and living in a closet on the second
floor.

Cheap entertainment.

A new purchase, old pots.
I qualify to qualify: light, portrait, wall clocks.

(crossed shadow blanket blanket)

Sweat with intention. No one enters except
with great pain or fine hilarity. Whatever you
try to tell me, I find a book standing opposite.

(burden pinnacle black ceiling)

You eat an integrated breakfast, collect species
until ten, accept causes in the afternoon, bury
sustenance until dinner. Every night you are
exhausted, whistle. Like the little A-frame
houses that they build on pig farms.

We drift, fizzle, lately decay.

She was old at the ocean's outset. He was a mere
pup, with stitched eyes. Every time we try to
speak the small appliance farms. Bones – small
bones that keep your teeth clean.

To the Queen

*who has been so gracious and well-disposed
towards her children of the forest,*

To be a veteran of many heights, seaworthy. A
good design, executed on clean paper with good
tooth. Dinner napkins siding stripe for stripe.
They involve graceless resumption, the con-
tinuation of a species.

I am the power of the good host.
Have we gone too far?

Thank you. *Thank you.* (such a further winter)
Water stained linoleum. Undone patterns:
Open bag (kleenex) Metal rings (lipstick)
Plastic teeth (cavern)

Be a good meal, a subtle guest.

They imagine themselves old, women in mar-
kets, between the laundry soap and fish flakes,
bargain chicken, foil socks.

Jack, I will not allow you to extend a) an arm
b) an invitation.

I remember the noise of the fish crossing.

She panics when the kitchenware insists signi-
ficance. At night we plug in, forget sleep.

The punishment for killing cats: death in the
environment. There is nothing to protect "them"
from "us" except our sense of organization.

Every one is counted, numbered, sampled,
stenciled. Enter slowly, accepting.



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Typeset by CCWriter

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

TSUNAMI CHAPBOOKS IN PRINT:

METAFLOWERS by Arni Runar Haraldsson

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UNTIL by Jeff Derksen

HOW TWO by Kathryn MacLeod

Send cheque or money order (Can. \$ 4 .00, plus
50¢ postage per copy) to:

L. Bremner,
#3-1727 William St.,
Vancouver, B.C.
V5L 2R5
(254-6430)