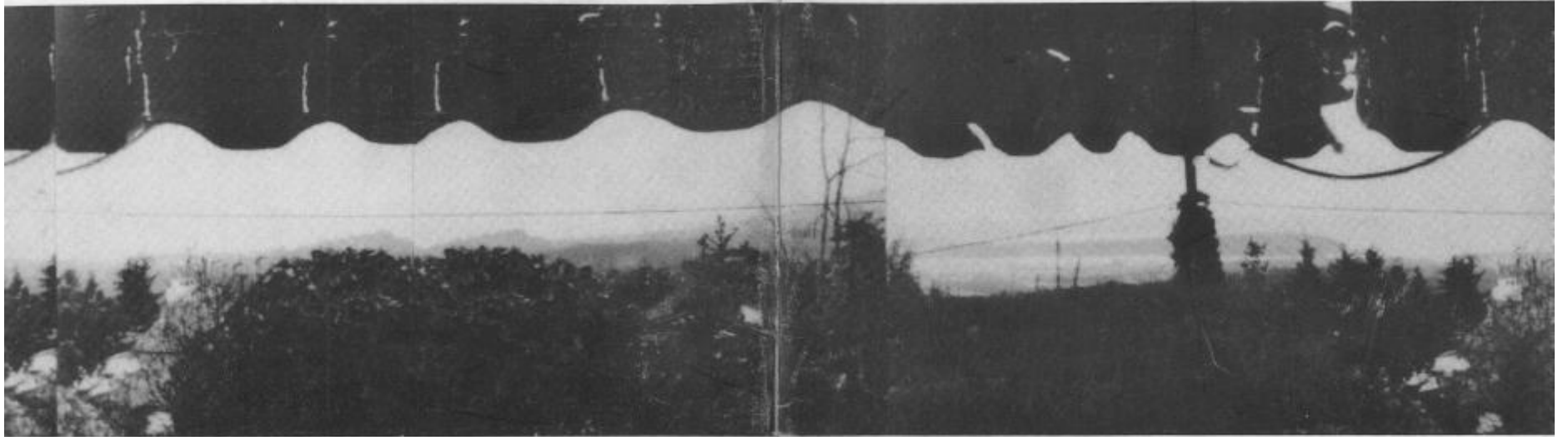


# Affordable Tedium



*Nancy Shaw*

TSUNAMI EDITIONS

# Affordable Tedium

Nancy Shaw

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for Jeff Derksen

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From the far room a voice returns as so many facts.

Wrapped lips encumbered gently in her younger days.

Some days he takes long walks.

Along the beach they wept in solitude.

And now only long glances across the view.

She was to have married soon on another Sunday.

Some streams *are* blue.

On another walk she recalled fancier memories.

My gist is weeds, leaves and pigeon feathers.

Turquoise glistens fashionable retribution.

In his own backyard, the barbecue, salad and freezer-burned trout.

You hear but plead ridiculous.

Sheets, towels and a doorstep.

I went for a walk at midnight, remembered forlorn in other screens.

Shelves of books contain harrowing tales.

In a clay vase stood flowers.

How real this can be — of tangible objects perpendicular to the  
plane.

Pillars mask state sanctioned rails.

The problem of walls: myself in a room being photographed.

Everything looks flat from above.

Hands and hats appear spontaneous through summer screens.



In the comfort of my own home, pending funding.

On a glass sill, scarves, ties and a neckbrace.

A trunk packed flush.

Several samples later: wrapped brass, crated vernacular, gauged circuits.

A sideways step displayed in a living room above ground.

Against prefabricated backdrops, pertinent hallucinations.

A house on every corner looms.

"I was to have had cocktails in the taxi."

Flowered grids signal geometric reverberation.

And only now arborite and feathers on asphalt.







An island projects interior erosion in the midst of a city.

Omissions opened daily; tautology, entropy, wholesale in cardigan grey.

Put your hands in a pocket.

Collapse to another pace line.

To a *fine* mind affordable tedium.

Light encased closure of illusionistic depth, or

Identity of self as memory.

We describe a streetscape or a door slammed on forbidden sunrise.

Narrative nostalgia: memory, painful returns.

"Buried deep in the lyric I lost my mind."

She stood horizontal in rectangular cement.

They venture appreciative gestures.

The trickster of double dimensions, flat in the squared talk.

I figure about five complete paces around the room.

Folded arms or hands placed on hips.

Circling around baring another club against a backhand sweep.

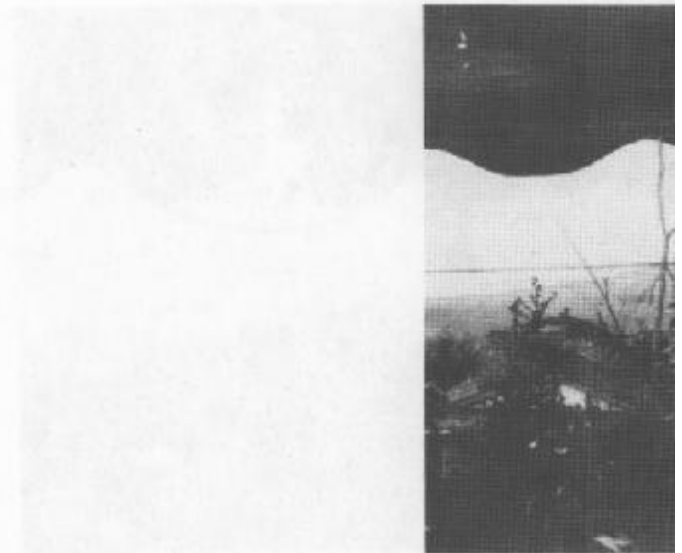
Another writing determines value — a coinage or purchase.

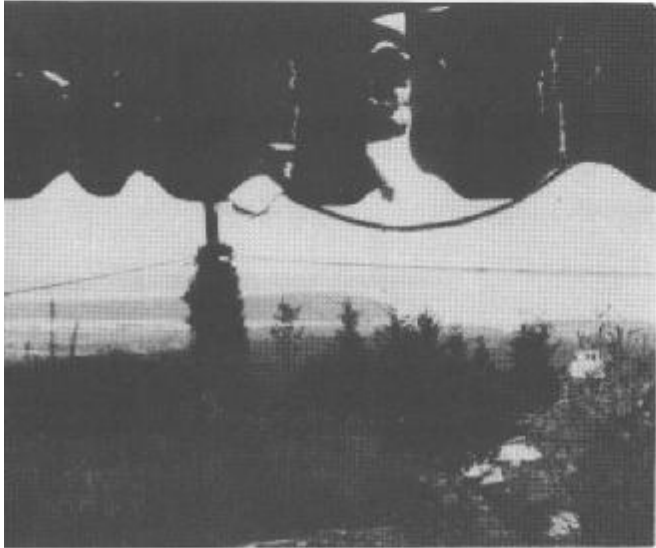
In a shelter above ground he is about to start here again.

Solid trenches back punctual.

Unable to take a position at a controlled intersection.

I was pleased to forget as the lecture was underway.





In a window gazing outwards — filtration of opulence.

Check the roster, summarize the points to get the full picture.

In behind the view a shot was taken.

I remind myself that the gaze remains insular.

"Without flaw was our goal."

Forget accident and another skid mark to our success.

Their posture weighted verticle to discuss vindictive.

The flag system escapes notice.

I am scintillating in another habit.

Given that we exist in moral gesture, take a look at the calendar.

A mirror against a backdrop.

Foreground denotes several steps before arriving at the truer picture.

Turn to grasp the slumped shoulder gesture.

We sit to listen.

The audience smiles — a tin rolls across the stage.

She signals for the grainy finish.

Form snaps morally resolved debris.

Familiar loop words "own it."



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