Multiple Poses

Poems

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**GODZILLA FUGUE**

Fire and rain perverse and breathe to breathe relax
sea hold breath and loop loop to surface iconic
sack anger plus classical guilt out up
out to raw land say fire say this

actor, in a scaled suit
bashing down a miniature city, we never learn who it is.

Atomic dinosaur bled by tank shell, bazooka blast, revenge
lumpy and unheroic. Tolerable
body count. "Killer concept," shortcut execution, we cut
corners on the budget, this beast invents kickboxing.
There's the word Tonka on an overturned truck.

(I eat their rapid transit, sweat
smoke sweat fictitious home and fire to loop
a curse moral invective spasm hollered to you
absented genesis relax mock me relax vision through film of)

...between editions "he" is disappeared
into what we assume is historical and unconscious. Between
poster and lunchbox and inflatable larger than parents. Excellence
is our only crematorium, provisional monster
sometimes hired to despatch those more grotesque.
Those more desperately hacked
from ramparts of camp and the matte effects grow worse…

(so remember to breathe and think and scission high dense
low-cal buildings, same old loop, puke to careful inhalation oh)

In a possible trailer one studio imagines a third eye
bringing abusive focus and stale apocalypse to "his" gut. Dare
to be entertained or subliminal, sigh blood sweat pain
pushed through every pore as "he" takes in face and belly
what is intended to be reassuring fire. History
a rigorous panorama of men with guns. Our glutinous memory
says remains nonviewable, a canned bellow

- who did you think you were, dead soul? -

falls into Tokyo bay, phenom
takes a logical beating, oh out then out, let's fold
a thousand paper cranes one more conscription one more febrile
exit another pulse a one more one more
script one more motion I say I remember light when say I recall loop
A BOY'S OWN LAST

Not frost
(a ruined ballot) on the bedpost not foolishness
drizzled over blood or affection
not a coda …

A poem (mock stentorian) running for office, injecting
you with a précis of my moral terrors,
doesn’t cut it.

What would you put in your version of another master narrative?

(reaction shot), a man’s class
can’t always be figured by diameter of his umbrella, our country
our fish our communities, I don’t give
a ribbed or serrated fuck what you paid.

As Molly says
"Doing nothing is a position.
It means giving approval without having to actively say so." Bias
= perspective, so declare it!, the political fix is systemic

therefore open to disruption… Sandwich. Gesundheit. Anarchists
act now!, there’s a
football baseball basketball hockey strike
goin’ on! Chalking up the sidewalks tearing
down the condos. Filed under The.

No "rules"
but "standards"?, say dickweed what?, most of our information is
factory seconds…
Paradigms
couple of quarters, buy
a goddamn paper, parataxis
couple of cabs, take us weaklings
home, cranky utopian
doxology, so bored

with all the usual bodily orifices. All I want materially from America
is its chocolate and cigarettes (stylistically, lack
of hyphens), however that -

antimale antiwhite anticapitalist antiright wing
antiessentialist religious ignoramus polymorphous
perversion tart conceived of pantheistic naivety
antinationalist antiglobal antifrom middle class on up
misanthropic but dependent on company antimaterialist
antipostfeminist antipostmodernist antihierarchical
complicit with optimistic and violent forms of revolution
anti1950s60s70s80s90s anti-industrial fetched into silliness
by rural life anti-high art antipopular culture
anti-isolationist antediluvian antipragmatic antispiritual
antisentimental anticruelty anti-habitual anti-intelligence
without street smarts having got this far however

We -

(soundscape) Word!, rap
matter, power
drill
running amok in House of Commons, beanball
land of the spree, home of our grave, women's
devalued dollar, rezone by bank

account, news
hour, style without context, typos in the concordance, the decision
to invade was made in a synaptic and syntactic fury.
Was there ever a the problem?
You would go into the lab without a hypothesis?

(ellipsis of grandeur), a hostage to genre, let's go to jail and write
32 notebooks!, unit
coughs, Muzak
burbles to the rear
of every biopsy, a grid of xenophobia overlays
a grid of flight capital, surreptitious
order of body bags, bad
bad species!, can't

hew totalized karma development to a
ploughshare
used to cash crop the larger social totems
"you" live in... "Dirt" exists, "property"
doesn't, and "land" belongs in the care
of those who damage it least.

It.

"I." Can. Duh. A
dork. What's
worse? A dork
wannabe. Master
metaphor? Like clothing
that always sort of fits.
You can't predict what I will next
Frightball. Antipasto.

What would you put in your version of another
Why not?

Fuck everything I was born to fuck everything I was
taught fuck everything I learned fuck everything I
believe fuck everything I feel on a cellular level in the
ALA style of the jizz biz in a minor key of a
homeopathic model a perfect pitch with power to highlight the beam at the end of the tunnel that is only sometimes a train coming from the opposite direction…

Daymares.
Shitfaced, travelling
by trace
memory
sonar, I have conviction

of my doubts, my medical status is PWC (Person with Capitalism), I am Joe’s vote, I always forget and never forgive, mind like a gullible sponge

dreamt erotically of you again

next day saw you naked at your post and so bollixed the double play.

The more severed the head, the more aggressively it tries to speak. The fascinating part might be between the drop and the splatter…

1. Not a musical group but a hairdo!
   Not a movie but animated set design.

2. That Father raped me under the guise of babysitting (Mom’s bowling night)…

3 I have always been attracted to lifeguards.
4. The social utility and passion of the text.

5. I hope to never "get over" my friends.

6. If you can afford to put yourself on a billboard, we won’t vote for you.

7. The forbidden words in a given family.
8."There was a terrorist oil spill on the golf course today…”

9.Taking our appetites to a common mattress.

10. The price of eternal vigilance is eternal vigilance plus wiretaps, which is fine, as we assume we'll get lots of rest once we die.

11. From locusts to gravy in 24 hours.

12. I wasn’t comfortable penetrating women until I was happy being penetrated by men.

13. Heart like a music video.

14. "There's another bad party going on in the ventilator!"

15. All we need is a poultice of courage, right? Be brave

think of yourself in all three persons and treat your life as a research base

(Sid perked up, sort of)…
STRAW MAN

Sits beneath immaculate drone of rows of square fluorescent suns. He works day in day in talks serial bits to colleagues whom no one knows. Herringbone staples. Would someone please tell him the colour of this year’s power tie or if such icons have meaning any more red handkerchief in right hand back pocket why not vote for tyrants who lay claim to resurrection of economies. Armpit fetish.

Pregnant is an entire department of data processors. Lately there’s a water cooler to worry about sometimes goldfish with empty knowing eyes appear inside, he knows that water conducts sound (and thought?) better than air.

Dear Valued Customer,
keep his nose pressed to attention play out play out. He keeps a bottle of Glenlivet in a drawer marked "Materiel." Selfhood under "Explosives."

Senses stanched with cotton.

****

I am Buster Keaton with neuralgia, Henry Spencer with a poisonous erection.

Caught buying food, and the same seismic embarrassment as if caught buying pornography. You confuse your singleness with your aloneness. You can’t be save
- just recycled. You could be seen as Calvinism's failure or future. He felt like a struggling starlet. Not that starlets struggled, they merely lay back, opened their legs, and welcomed America. Tempted to stick out his ego, thinks every ambulance must be for him…

*****

At home he makes an ornament sandwich, perambulates while chewing, you would live in a cube. Not much to see out the window. Phlegmatic weather, a landscape real but exiled. Networking nirvana. Robbery modem. Peking man on a menu. Restaurants fewer can afford, bulletproofed. Though the poor are tough and stringy. More cautious to stay inside and tend to ferns. He lards pepper at their bases, protection from the cat. Indoor jungle, light wood furniture, skyscraper bookshelves, reasonable art on white walls. One kit one bat one bed. He rerereads history and works at drawing connections. Swills philosophy, waiting on that one line someone may have written that might help him. Turnips at dinner, he is how much light fog. Often unsure of having a soul so much as a batch of cultural inscription.

Library take-out, pretence cure. I read aloud, Wittgenstein for the cat Elmore Leonard for myself.

After dark all the plants breathe in. "I can't be bored - I'm watching TV." Goes to sleep with cucumber slices fixed over his face.

*****
Dear Memo, Dear _______ :
Your gratifications and punishments are a streamlined dud.

Juniper
hangover, singing
Twiddish in the shower. Car alarm
wails "I have something to lose
I am made of more than you."

I am not chosen
but have applied for the job.
I've always wanted to be a Government
of Canada initiative. Starves his body down
so his erection will be proportionately larger.

Good listener as lethal weapon.

*****

(Solicitous on a living-room wall a shrinkwrap
of New York Movie by Hopper. Obsessive as vitamins or sales
tax, he fixes on this image, lets constitution go in high wind
pointed into the palace's excremental murk, at icy fragment
of screen where two adipocere lovers negotiate some affection.

Travails travels ghostly these glum fixtures, down
stairs, up red stripe of navy-blue uniform of beautiful usher alone,
blonde long hair pale face somehow pinched and soggy, black hole
of a flashlight curled into her palm, is he here - her?
is he dim rich hat gold cord black shoe gold button white cuff
locked
thought red miniature lamp may be the marbled squirm on the
carpet

down to accretion spin-dry till Zen and Love redux sprung
heart  hotpot  accords dead in the bathtub water  pillow
rusted out from crying  1939 for her 1985 for him  war
dread embedded in nerves  calm common
denominators for them both.)

*****

You are now beginning this month's menstruation.

His orgasm more of an epileptic seizure.

Sacred = scared.

After what was or may not have been
the requisite number of sunsets, I was killed
by one male or female item in a red sports car
who had one hand on its career the other on a cellular phone.

But I wish to join the comfort class in the largesse way.

Living in or as a furnished model.

Third day of unwashed genitals deludes him
that he smells like an aroused woman.

Insufficient tits, and the thighs are all wrong.
You are trapped in a style
habitual.

He is too fond of the word "silence."

I want to open up
a steakhouse called Hormone Shot.

To sweat the bed, to gag in grace.
You have fictional personality based on true stories.

Government town as theme park.

If they fail
to understand
that we bring them
mathematically
infallible happiness,
it will be our duty
to compel them
to be happy.

****

File tab reading ___________. Born in a breadbox.
We soaked him. This hero to the quiet life, viscousness
in the kitchen, in a rage witnessed by no one.

He grew tall lacking memory in a medium city
that processes cars for a living. His hobbies as a youth
were applying Push stickers to Pull doors, and hiding
bags of rotten produce in shopping malls. The family
is crystal false as the sitcom cyborgs seen on TV.
Ruins himself reading, vacuous correspondent, is that you
on Cheers drinking ersatz hootch? Shrug guilt to deploy
loss before it turns mean. Once per fit he takes
a coarse and trembling grief to sexfilms and then.

His alderman is a vehicular disappointment. On t-shirts,
"Nobody knows I'm gay," "Nobody cares
I'm straight." His favourite album
could be called *Music for Autistics*. Lame wolf lone
Spam wild Smurf duck noir. Once we all bought
a Madonna record and he porked a heated orange
to the bass lines. Paregoric in beef stew?

We know his self-sufficiency and political isolation. He trots out to vote every few years, but unfortunate governments get in each time. Verdict is intelligent though inattentive? Sweat does not smell like chicken soup. Home is rent, fleas, a cologne named Rhetoric rubbed along the inner thighs.

We believe our surveillance is unnoticed. His private speech turned public does not. His florid dreams and smallest purchases are documented in the fashion you expect.

"The fatal results, after sports…"

*****

I got so self-righteously angry I thought my head would host an event of prompt criticality!

That movie was worth $2.75 of the $7.50.

Just another overprecise pevert? Barricade your children! Rub itching powder into all the furniture.

He lives in Fort Polio.

Upon activating the water tap and ceiling fan, you automatically urinate and defecate.

Your Q clearance glorifies homicide.

Our economy
is one way
of inflicting pain
with no marks.

I use a golden blowgun because I want to wound them
in a deluxe way.

Variations only
of villain, you are not worth even one bistro meal.

You are this
undesignated
disposal site.

Padded elbows or room.

*****

No call to worry such items now. We are standing
on a vacant blue plain that stretches toward
horizon lines better felt than seen. Hard glaze and
monogrammed suspense underfoot. He digs
for earwax with a toothpick, thinks: cat

fud 365 blue Mondays a year? paradise
braille white cloak small change pocket
pool ink rolled onto fingertips blackbirds? a golem
eats lunch in that park wherever undercuts backbeat
more no backbeat fever? passport headed

for the lip of closure? Hopes this is true.
Hopes to be some use.
Having read somewhere
one man can make a difference…

*****
Jesus wants me for a zombie!

Why are you?

"Fuck you" is no insult stacked against "Sign here."

And we thought you could have an unmediated miscellany of emotions, did he?

In summer he wanders about the city in white dirty cotton jeans ripped asterisk-style in the seat to provide ventilation and enhance social availability.

Help.

Mate.

The cat’s name might be Norman, Wrath of God.

I you them us we, as verbs.

This narrative won’t endure. Certainly its provisional author can’t. But a reader could go on forever, and a womb could go here.
MULTIPLE POSES

On whichever very spot…

All hen shit freezes.

Ten-speed conservatives hoop snake liberals
make democracy safe from us
so we rally on midnight marches.

Too many of "our" verbs deliberately hobbled,
we wrote our M.P. but
- hence we posted a warning, gay
riots now!, waved popular clutter on placards,
simplicity to be ambivalent about ….

Halt. Haul boildowns off streets.
Okay. "Home."
Machine produces Satie.
Shampoo produces half-day lustre. Always digging
in vibrato, your gerbils will live three years exeunt.

So tableaux of assumption, erotics
will save us, vascongestion, you
can determine seriousness of crush by number of times
you let the phone ring, myotonia, violent
heterophobes you bet that's us!, we have an erogenous
zone named the stupid.

Deadly, necessary, do we have consensus yet?
The municipality will transfer an Indian cemetery to the federal government for $1. We desire belladonna to achieve suppression of white. Heavier earrings thus longer earlobes, a decade of one meal one snack per day.

Life as transitional phase, top-heavy with maps, we've got our social concerns down pat, suspect that's part of the heck like complication, impulse purchase at the ballot booth.

On whichever scintillating day …
Included or not in a fresh poll.
Irony is too ironic?
Hard work.
Off the hook?

Tape rolls and you say "I am Djuna Barnes or wish I were but flatter myself as my family makes no claim to be as kinky and abusive as hers was." I reply "I am a cane toad."

Subjective, subject, to editing.

I have my Flat Cat, my Flat Baby, more than enough. Some days I am more like Sandra Bernhard; others the Meher Baba. Shut up or we're downward class snobs: "they only mate on advice of their accountants" is a tad unfair. We pelt their beds with latex. We don't speak American, ergo we are Canadian? Labels a sort of drug, that creep!, she gets brownie points
wearing her fur coat after we sprayed
a green X across its back …

Hey lovey, can't beat
or join the real thing so our self-aggrandizing jump of duty
jailbreak Baraldini, Silvia  Rosenberg, Susan  Torres, Alejandrina

On screwing up whichever intentions
Two bodies among how many served?
Systemic caprice rules!
Voting our brains out.
The show-through increases.

Having grown weary of writers who insist
that Orwell or Kafka would have loved that detail … exhaustion
a tallied wreckage of love-words, love how you
style your dead protein!

Sure, the L-word signifies
but complicity collaboration lays with our constituent parts
we get the handcuffs and treaties off the wall. Faces
look like take-out food.
Really?
We live how long in gerbil years?

Is there someone behind the socialist rhetoric.
You'd better hope not, for, post-thought, pre-weave. Ready?

First.
… but fetishize a lavender blouse and blue
heart pin. Daily the slag
is poured at midnight. I file down
dashboard dashboard dashboard. You are smarter
than this, please brief me. Now.

Having could have been written of us
"Hard to argue with the ongoing tactics. But do try.
Clamp him inside an unlockable cunt.
Give her a strap-on dick to pitch."

We're still that artifice of sincerity, agreed?
"Way cool!" Omit
strong last line.
CHASING MY FATHER'S NARRATIVE

At the age of 42, an open-casket viewing.

We'd like Ike and Dief to fuck us.

I was really attracted to his smugness.

*****

We had a Master/Copy relationship.

Censoring booze, tobacco, nudity, body parts and underwear from magazines for U.S. troops in the Persian Gulf.

"This is the same mentality that complained about a naked toddler floating through Maurice Sendak's In the Night Kitchen two decades ago."

*****

He worked as an electronics technician with a bunch of young hockey players who would later be the nexus of a cup-winning edition of the Boston Bruins.

The best thing about fucking an engineering student is killing him afterwards.

An oral understanding.
He would roll up
his minced beef, mashed potatoes and two vegetables
in a big studded ball
then consume it with elaborate dexterities of knife and fork.

I laced intestines across the road
to discourage the populace from thinking
too much about land reform.

Mom was sedated on the spot and cried
a measure of relief.

For "celibate" read "celebrate."

Gun for the whole family!

Winning their marts and hinds.

If the l.p. was 99¢, he'd buy it.

His ghost
snored.

The horror film's final image
is Ma and Pa hunkered over the carcass
while saying: "Times change, values don't."

A helicopter dispenses
weather
narratives
and bullets named
To Whom It May Concern.

In a rough economy, stick to the battering husband.

Trickle-down money = eat my shit.

*****

In home movies I learned to run not walk.

You gotta go along to get along.

The things of scheme.

The extemporaneous part
of the Senator’s Chappaquiddick son of Checkers I have
done wrong
please forgive me I am hiding something worse speech
was actually up on cue cards!

Leakage protection.

A penis shoots out hollow-points.

Good grades, we had to be better
than him or he’d beat us.

Male anger is stored
in the intestines and nonfiction.

A pretense of no women philosophers.

*****

Never having known
a mother, her mother
had died when Janey was a year old, Janey depended on her father for everything and regarded her father as boyfriend, brother, sister, money, amusement, and father.

I refused his training of peeing while standing.

Sit down, it's the national anthem!

B.C. NNP 012, bumperstuck homophobe avid child hater, deface him if see him.

They keep using the word "victim" until we take the hint.

I don't know what a wife-beater looks like but he looks like one.

George Herbert William Walker Bush.

Darth Father.

Brian Mulroney as a T-1000.

*****

Spanking = two erections, thrashing by peers = idée fixe Boner Boy etc.

Police on steroids.

Stripped down and posed just the way you like them.

Enter Freud with Cordelia dead in his arms.
Your penis is quite luscious but your phallus I won't take.

Don't trust cars or dogs or the people who drive them.

*****

Backchannel contradiction of the public record.

Plug in that "refinement,"
see if we can't get
onto Amnesty International's top 40 charts....

Bathtub, toy boat, boy toy, the washcloth the fingerfuck the.

*****

So this life as proofreader: creepy
eyes for a style counsel, my handwriting
in 8-pt. Helvetica type.

How do you read the phrase "edited for children"?

Make me eat that liver!

He taught our keeshond to dance.

I would drink the liquor and spit
left in guests' glasses.

Door
must stay open, hall light
had to stay on.

*****

Real men
call collect.

The Canadian Imperialist Wank of Commerce.

Half-price clitoridectomies
but don't you dare harm that tallywhacker.

My mom ran interference.

To tune of Earth's smallest violin.

It wasn't his fault
I wasn't the perfect 8-year old physician
or that he didn't know what standards should be.

Trouble is, war, fellatio and babies
are so damn mediagenic.

I now pronounce you husband and woman.

Secrets, temper, pride of the underdog.

*****

A personal choice
is deliberately misrepresented
as unreflexive deviance.

Bow-legged sway-backed effete little prat slut four-eyes!

If my mother had allowed herself
lesbianism.

*****

"Too many men on the ice."
He was one of those renegade protestants called "Scottie."

The keeshond would gladly eat Lucky Elephant popcorn.

Put the voting booth in your mouth and pull the trigger.

What nerve ends!, what ice cream!, we should not assume that dad = Father.

Unlubricated, naïve, living on beer and French fries, I'll plump for sundry antibodies sociable hysterical!

****

Eye shadow mimics a bruise.

Externalize your wheelchair!

Emotion is a rubber bullet.

****

The out of order sign never goes out of print.

Survivors feel obliged to suicide.

My best parts are heard and spleen so slash me open and fondle 'em.
Due to dread of approbation or correction from Father, I do not know how to do the following:

Disturbances around the scaffold:

Strength is always flexible:

To war in Burma.

Dark hour.

Chronic cocksuckiing
the best balance
for ideal madonna + whore.

*****

He holds up a 10 and pistol.

I am highly intolerant
of people who are highly intolerant.

What's long and hard on a male archetype?, tell me a fable, Father turn out the light, this represents me hope not you, for your sake.

As reported by all daily papers, the chant was not "fuck you 52 fuck you 52" but "resign, resign."

We don't feed well in captivity.

Safe fuck at my home buns.

*****
Disarming
your rapist: first, he expects a boot to the groin so
kick his knee sideways then relocate his testicles; second, insist
at gunpoint
on the ballot category None of the Above.

We won’t get fetishized off that easily.

I’d rather have a dirty back, thank you.
**EROTIC OUT-TAKES PROGRAMME**

[bullet 1]

Oh,

a figure

skater's

thighs!

Momma was a dyke, and Daddy was a turkey baster, yeah!

We grew up
with the kind
of sex kit
that had sentences
like "Daddy puts his bank book into Mommy's kitchen."

We called it agency and
lurched into business.

Voting with confidence. Practising
on doorknobs. Or, we have to *earn* our innocence?

[bullet 2]

Cheap date, one beer, de-pantsed, suck monster!, who will you vote
for and die with?, two bodies, friction-based pretence of one body,
two bodies, peristaltic smoking, *why* do you love?, repeat this,
running your hand over the autobiography of her skin, uh-oh, out of
control *is* the point, roses and coyness over porridge, proceed in
which manner?, thanks a bunch, don't ever leave me, tell all your worst fears and weird fantasies, litmus, fever chart, get drugs to façade, scope lick nail it, long walk then pet irresistible 4-D, okay!, culture walkabout, dimmer please, you're the one I want to spend my money on, let's structure!, mask of binary argument, self-sociological, self-help, are we us yet?, tell it and catch you later O edible one …

We will now pause
for a muddled moment
of catharsis.

When I was about seven or eight, I had this best friend Susan. We loved each other and walked around with our arms around each other. Her older sister told us not to do that anymore because we looked like lesbians. So we held hands instead.

Money from a slit.
Jism between the cue balls.
What we feel about menstruating nuns.

[bullet 3]

"The economic logic behind dumping a load of toxic waste in the lowest-wage country is impeccable and we should face up to that."

A one of a kind experience
that takes the terms gangbang, nymphomaniac and pig slut to new levels of meaning. Recommended. Bikini wax. Gender in blender. Some of my best friends are bisexual transsexuals. Lip lamb, lip slave. Will your nipple and clit-hood rings bother the metal detectors? Walkperson. Your "little
amazon in a boat!” stands up. My subscription
to Chicks with Dicks. I
use porn to objectify myself.

[bullet 4]

Your lover dumps you
for his massage therapist.
You could reply
by eloping with the circus.

You get the hell out of here Brewsie, I am no
virgin, I never was a virgin, I
never will be a virgin.

What's worse, people who fuck you
once, or people who don't fuck you at all?

    Crying in the shower
    is a tradition.
    Repeat the word
    "lonely"
    to the mirror
    until laughter takes hold.
    Use a 60-watt bulb
    to improve your looks.
    Behaving like your hairstyle.

Condom at work = haggis.

When Vanessa sucks Joey
we notice a continuity problem with her lipstick.

What you get when you cross
"Achy Breaky Heart" with a yeast infection.
[bullet 5]

I grew the beard and moustache
so more straight guys would
want to pork my lips.

I'd like to suck off your bookshelves.

I will leave your last message on my tape for 5 years.

I can only climax before
police stations.

I want to see more fag country
& western singers.

I thought it was funny to be sexy
when there was no object.

I think masturbation should count as gay sex.

I give blow hobbies.

I'll manually rip out my scrotal hairs until I am happy!

I think facial port-wine stains look terrific, don't you?

You

I

I

you

Ilyou --

Orgasm

--interrupts
narrative…

[bullet 6]

Marion Morrison is made bountifully pregnant by the State --- they only spawn wilding boys --- utile, borderline, soaked in lime cologne, wafer mania, I do you thusly --- we know them all as John Wayne Gacy.

We could read it as
Lick my Twat
Slave or Lick my Twat, slave.

(Demonstration) can feel better to her than fingers or penis.

Won’t give her a Demerol shot once they see her scarification marks.

Vaguely congruent with diagnosis of my chronic and pain of voluntarily fleeing you plus hapless doleful surrender to never reconnecting with your life, I felt I could not afford the loss of anything else, so newspaper stacks grew toward the chandelier, garbage stayed to make a compost drumlin, dishes rotted in the sink, impending laundry fluffed to a funk mix and paper bred where it fell until my apartment looked like Eddie Gein’s farmhouse.

Your metal in my mouth.
You make my nipples feel like whirlpools.
You left your gloves inside me.
When or if the necking stops.
Gentleness does not necessarily evidence a kind person.

[bullet 7]

If one tries to imagine *nogger* or *niggir*, instead of *nigger*, one may realise the futility of the attempt. I like the word "women" because it *contains* men.

If you believe that homosexuals are begat by reaction-formation, musn't it follow that heterosexuals recruit a norm?

Living with dogs and cats, you could be bisexual.

Sucking cock and reading the paper best done in the morning, when our gag reflex is its most relaxed.

For practicality's sake, never take on as a lover more than one roommate in every apartment in the city.

We think women's bodies are luxirious---that's why we tax their tampons.

If we cut it off then you'll *have* to cut it out.

Plague of the genitals = black lipstick?

Dead men
Don't Vote.
Trying to predict
someone's politics
by the body areas they shave.

We're too busy
being wage slaves to
take adequate care of each other.

[bullet 8]

My mouth and butt open like new
markets. Gotcha! The willies. Drops the average
age of child prostitutes into single digits.

Equates his daughter
with a lawnmower.

Rather than drop one penny into buying my tender essentials from
Jimmy Pattison's Save-On-Life, I'd sooner take a greed and erotically
based suck on the dying anus of an AIDS-completed pit bull.

What beer's all about
--- 3female:1male orgies.

But a few years later, after McDonald's opened its first stand on
Paris' Champs-Elysées, the name Gros Mec was quietly
abandoned. It turned out to be French slang for "big pimp."

Personal
money
trainer!

Your vagina tastes like
fill-in-the-blank, and your penis
resembles whose
public architecture?

Yes, they were all there
to see the marriage
of the town's two most influential
fortunes.

Yes, we have a "scene" with the identical twins.

Bride burning is just
too labour intensive for
lazy entrepreneurs like me.

It is deplorable that...
Such treatment deserves...
But the proper reaction to...

[bullet 9]

If love is the answer, the question is fatuous.

You took your date to the gym?
Womanually?
Your idea of an erotic image
is a burning child?
A movie entitled Phallus
is rated General?
Will you condone a sexuality?
Scott Thompson outs Don Cherry,
but as what?
Sex change is attempted tabula rasa?
Would you like to 7825?
Would you like to 3825?

Radical feminism
--- one of air's ten components ---
has trouble getting a day pass.

Is that a gun in your pocket or is this a Canadian bar?

[bullet 10]

Returning to the womb
in a smoky bar.

Music videos tell us what
comic books their genitals read.

I like hanging around
with women whose clits are bigger
than most men's cocks but
who don't feel impelled to
crow about this surplus.

Drops his wrists, picks
them up, puts them back
on, drops them again,
forsooth I hug him
in mush-manner.

Wallets
get hot for high
heeled shoes.

The brain wanted us here but why?

(A pre-coffee
domestic incident
a growth
economy in pawnshops,
a decade defined
by the smell of Aramis
and poppers, a collagen shot
straight into the magazine,
a totalized rage
and maximum vulnerability, a blow job
clocked at 5 minutes
per inch, a high
rate of false positives.)

Oh look, honey --- clear plastic
Ballot boxes. Oh …
well … Seventeen magazine in Braille, uh …

You say malicious wounding
we call it self-defence.

(Because I could not see
human bodies as a gift because
we could not childproof ----)

Sheer rudeness
at the four-way stop. Shoot
your load here. Victim

victim expert victim victim expert victim expert victim.

We engineered this
Thailand.

[bullet 11]

Centrists think you can’t rape a prostitute.
Dead puritans have permanent erections.
Dental dams don’t want you to feel anything!
The Form Remoron Party.
Rich Nude Gangrene.
Boy babies have been known to have hard-ons in utero.
Unmentioned in study, what do girls do? Her story dialectic his Tory. Her word for money is "loot." She calls parentheses "eyelashes." She refers to her breasts as "the girls." Neither Patriarch nor Pussy /I dissect the Play.

Necessary bamboo.
grows up you
in a free-market scenario.

Laws against public sex because
so often and much in lineups.

Couldn't you find a cleaner way
of voting conservative
than by getting married?

AIDS as a literary category.
Justify the margins of my love, no!
At the computer, virtual virility.
In the heart, another traffic accident.
Would women want to piss in sinks anyway.

Are men and women different sexes, species, races, classes? Give your opinion, then justify why these terms should have any meaning.

(Insert everyone’s response here.)

[bullet 12]

Let's meet at the corner of Walk/Don't Walk.
Let's occupy a house and synchronize our menses.
Group shopping for cosmetics.
Let's be anthropologists for one another!

Get the porn off the page
and into your life!
Fucking in the streets,
frightening the vehicles.
Margin hand left the tyranny the resist.
Try a little selflessness.
Accept the pityfuck.
Sloppy
devotional sex,
ate her
menstrual sponge.
Swinburne with Foucault
is the next sex scene.
Nicole Brossard dances with Emma Goldman.
Married with
not to.

How can there be a "sexual ideal"
when heat breaks all molds?
Women who are so hip
they’re mortified
at being heterosexual.
Making subtle love
in a duck blind.
Beauty needs fewer forced hands;
irony needs better material.
The Roaring Girls Institute,
the Barbie Liberation Organisation.
We prefer prostitutes to yuppies
because they do less
social damage.

"Would you like to make love with me?"
There can be no wrong answer to this question.
[bullet 13]

Element of surprise
turned on
for maximum burn.

Tangents away!
Excess fudge!
Tattoos!
Skateboards smash car dealership!
Defiance mechanism!
Flirtation systems!
Simile for the camera!
Nude housecleaning!
Oopsy!
Long weekend!
Neon kids!
Mindfuck pitiful you!
Women strong as Tenerife cigarettes!
  Shuh
  hee!
Push the purée button!
Carnival on it!

I want to see the 0
rape the 1.

The fairness of the double
headed dildo.

Please don’t teach the young girls
Misogynist skipping rhymes.

Perhaps the best thing
would be a sustained bout of 933-7464.

Oh yeah,
roll it
on!, roll
it all on!

**Militant Tongue**

Once upon ideology, It

(blames a weakening family structure
on pornography, abortion, teen sex, extended bar-room hours and
Sunday shopping)
conditional pronoun verbs directional articles location, i.e.
I walk across the street. "The Marquise went out at five."
I went inside. Just as my body politic, wrists taped

shot in mouth, wrapped in burlap locked in a trunk
came whanging downstairs from balustrade to newel post
whose euphonies sounded like someone orating the syllables of
a law
firm name. Hey bitch
why don't you suck the sweat out of my hockey jersey? As per
Agreement
they get our natural resources we get their labour-camp jobettes,
intellectual
rather than sensual arousal is what the charter was intended to
protect, ideas

shoved into a pigeon, have your bagman call my bagman, hey
bitch
why don't you support our policies in El Salvador? "It'll really pu
hair
on your realpolitik!" Add water
on the brain to instant opinion, we are very proud of our working
class
weapons fodder. She says

"I want a man who'll respect me after I come on his face.

"Maybe everyone's membership to the No

"Bullshit Club expired. Our basic gunk is small bare rooms in a nunnery found in a slice of cork, the historical outlook glides into Korkakov's syndrome. The dollar 'signs' all the time, war is presented as surgery, our minds don't have a mind of their own, Iraqi no-fly zones

"are fruit of the poisoned tree, Jeffrey Dahmer shows more mock contrition than the President ever will, we'd better kill it before we understand it. Your 'bitch' is code for 'cunt' for those too demure to be uncivil. You want to believe my pussy has teech, I'll let you…"

You wanna step out back for some liberal education? You are surplus production. Your "self" is the sales receipt. So laugh, shitbird, she is large

IN THE BASE OF THE BRAIN, AND SWELLS OUT OVER THE EARS, WHERE DESTRUCTIVENESS AND SECRETIVENESS ARE LOCATED BY PHRENOLOGISTS, WHILE THE WHOLE REGION OF INTELLECT, IDEALITY AND MORAL SENTIMENT IS SMALL (we enjoy our curricula

of Great Books because none of them were written by women. I don't see why we need to stand by and watch a country go Communist due to the irresponsibility of its own people…)
She responds, "Lap dissolves
can make us believe anything, as if assuming such an entity as ex-CIA agent. I brake for transvestites and speed for CSIS, ears out for the screams of those who can't. The difference between

"straight men and gay men

"is about 4 beers."

… with Text and Village Singing we pair-bond then taper off, America Lasters, one free capsule of AZT in every dime bag of heroin, the status quo is also a special interest group, sly and goofy euphemism we call our orgasms "coming" as if en route to meet our closest friend three long blocks away: nerves yammer throughout flesh, blood flush empathy hookup now one block working the body until technique shatters, beauty will be compulsive, "HiThere!" and recap our day's business so I humbly submit the word "arriving" on some fond grounds of playful accuracy …

Trend over time
lays us in cardboard at Pigeon Park
and eating yuppie landfill, my career option
would be murdering heads of state, to ventilate
is not anarchy, we donate our Miniguns to the squats and
remove the inhibitor cards first as a point of courtesy.
Are you now, or have you ever, clock of the walk.

Are travel books "vacations" for our poor?
You've got a Parliament we've got a Mob you're going
to close all the post offices anyway, the least you could do

is make them concentration camps for the homeless.

To trust only those who brush their teeth with their fingers.

Imagine every human face
as a bicycle seat!
Have you a "smelly mohawk"?
Do you shave or pluck
your penis? We don't
need any "professional images." We live
between channels on our TV set.

We'll chow down with the good guys
'cause they're less sexist and racist than
those other good guys.

IS IT POSSIBLE
TO BE LESS DIDACTIC
OR MORE RADICAL
THAN REALITY'S
GUMPTIONS OF MIRROR?

Most children, having parents, are political prisoners.
Heterosexuality isn't a victimless crime.
Most women, actually or structurally, are incest survivors.
All money is counterfeit.
You can’t relax under infostatement.

A final
utopia final to write
a children’s book
called Spot
the Rot …

He shifts oleaginously toward his girlfriend who whispers
a boiling-kettle-shaped jest of cigarette steam that says
"I want to bear your child."

Take vitamins in alphabetical order, take off
your press-on genitals. Don’t fall in love
with the body double, slamdunk every spin doctor, lay off
the military —–make them kill themselves. Heed
what the clitoris says.

We are coming but have not arrived.
INDOLENT COROLLARIES

Sunrise turns up slowly across our city, a boring benison.
Tons of piss gravitationally. Was it all the freeze-dried gold-plated advertising
promised or were you lucky enough to sleep through it?
Otherwise if a tree falls in the forest, can we agree on the colour.

Anyhow I wake up (unbreakable habit) and
tie off my wrist for my morning coffee. Bath stuff-face out
for love and product. I write and tote a slim "text"
so I'll know which groceries to buy. Bigots are 55¢
veggie back bacon $2.99. Trundle buggy, newspaper boxes leer
misfortune out their faces, the gist of too much is "we killed
something or someone and stand to clear a profit." Good intentions
hunt
Sandinistan coffee and politically correct bananas. The
mountains as
through trolley wires, spelling "thru" with an "ough" so it rhymes with "trough." Am I showboating my social construct,
i.e. personality? Verifiable no girlfriends or boyfriends
but every day I do get fucked in the head, heart and pocketbook
by the President of the Free World, only his hair dye for lubricant.

Chirping how some people like that sort of thing.

Having shopped until my seminal vesicles collapsed …

Keep eyes stripped ear to rail.
I should buy the *Daily Drag*

but I know what I'd get: sports comics scorecard for
motherfuckers no
mention of interlocked directorships. Sucker me laminate you.
  Capped teeth
won't tell why money's homing instinct for apartheid. Instead,
routine
plane crash. Murdered youngsters. The dream
factory's contribution to the GNP. Invocations of belt-tightening
for the poor. We stand authentically
in all the liquor store's slowest lineups, buying fifths of pleasure
jugs of painkiller. Check out those sexist buns while humming
heedless bits of that poem written "about" "us":


Age of Restraint

(Age of consent for edge of restraint)

No more volume No more food bank No more subsidized meds No more bread & carcasses No more free No more cute

Living on bird-poo & pebble soup

(Apologia for oligopoly)

Please pay at kiosk for easily frozen water
"paid for with plastic"
"say it with plastique"

No more block transfer No more schlock value

(Concentration of resources)

Nice price for dioxin in bottled water & extra again for its removal

No more freebased currency No more recreational fists

The &c. was famous for
okay, town crier, bore me to the post. Time to plunk down
drink coffees-on-stun (heritage of beans?) until we zither
wild upright in our chairs. Commune of rapt,
all of us transfixed as if in a rocketship
about to arc somewhere wonderful. Waiting. A generation born
to sit,
talking up our significant-others kids friends art
with without
a capital "m" our occasional four-colour wants. Which doom
will cut that.
Nuclear faults on plant lines. Mouths stuffed with daffodils.
Doing safe-sex
whenever money for condoms. Snivel onward over lack of
revolution
in our peaceable kingdom, genetically indisposed
between two imperialist psychopaths. Our national pastimes
are hockey and banking fires before they get started. Genuflexion
praecox.
Obey letter, violate spirit. Latinate me dock you. Wolverine
crossed
with fireplug crossed with gentleman crossed with economist.
Answer: "We'll fix it." And we don't vote
with feet or guns. We keep very still talk try to hear each
other
over the ex-cathedra din of the system
convincing us it's working.

Walk me snaffle you.

But under the bog, some of us are suspicious
that the Premier, President and Prime Minister are from another
That men and women are irreconcilable. That "this note is legal terror."
That we are

galaxy.
spectrally evil. Zorched, ungarlanded, impactful, thingingly, transrational, blameward, uttering, divestiture.
My treatment for dailiness is drink 80 coffees daydream
rote horniness go apeshit atop the paper. Components
systems
for Star Wars, copter parts to Iran for a war we do not recognize. This week's boycott is of Burger Variorum, for their help in turning rainforest to slovenly meat. Seems we would rather eat than breathe (perhaps we shall mutate, become like snails and breathe through the foot). Hear the Premier plans to raze the mountains and redo them in plastic, a faster surface for skiers. The Michael and Lisa Marie corporate merger. Protect interests, send message. Wonder Bread helps
oust Allende. Killed for morbit. Is the next moral lecture on schedule?

Nope, smoke and espresso, culturally generated sex. Watching all the travel
go by, wooing a woman named Rosetta Stone. Pinball nine-ball popgod videos with rockets. The senator's verbless speech. Baffle me hatchet you, blat me fetish you. God's parrot wrote the ad copy for "there's nothing like a hunky aftershave or a well-calibrated government." Feh. Repaving the highways with Kraft Velveeta Shplech. More than a chair, a way of life. Give me
give me another surplus warhead fuckstick cough up. Dear Editorial,
what will be the half-life of free trade? Don't try to justify "market trends," don't get ahistorical with me, bub. F.O. and r&d.
I'd call you a rightwing goon but the phrase is redundant. Baby Jessica
is off the point, and pictures of someone crying are never news. Or
tell me
policies don't kill people, people kill people.
When the President breeds policy under a rock and speaks it,
someone dies. When the PMO makes reassuring noises,
I regress and date my mortician.

Tell me instead about the crimes

of the Vatican bank. Covert anythings. What Rockefeller and
Vesco get down to.
Whether the Premier intends to privatize his family
(if so, will they cut the black mustard). How blind trust got
permission to violate
tumblehome. Why that man is up for reelection instead of mass
murder.

Thugpigfuckery. Tell me the neutron bomb doesn't keep property
values up tell me
my kneecaps and chromosomes are safe. Another truth-lie
so I can feel justified
biting your ears off. Where's that zero-growth economy
we've been waiting for. What's worse, being raped by morons
or saved
by RoboCop. Do you think the President's smile is really
orgasmic cant.

Who wants to croak for a cumshot
dressed as liberty. Who wants to whack out the next pamphlet.
Don't we know our TV
Declared us. Don't we all have laundry to accomplish.

Talk. Friends, cats. White spraypaint outline of vaporized on
Pavement.
Swoon. Spleen on. Dreadful slivers of hope in the midst of.
Sorrow. Justice. In theory, die for each other.

Agenda. Writhing.
Putting viscera in closet for safe keeping.

Waiting.

But a doctor I don't believe in says if I take one more benny
I'll turn into Andy Warhol then expire. Therefore well, just
swanning downhill. In 1984 lots of people I don't know
reendorsed the shirt salesman
for the White House. Analogue here. Sound of one mouth
clapping
on Parliament Hill. With cornets, a ban on tryptophan
courtesy of the Valium lobby. Loneliness googleplexed, I went
precious
didn't sleep that year nor the next nor the next nor. Spastic
sump pump, convulsions in the tub. The world as from notebook.
Autononbiodegradadrivelography. Fête me commode you. I spent
all my "dough"
putting lust and surrealism up the nose. Watched the upwardly
motile
take their cuisinarts out to stroll. TV showed me lots of macho
but compassionate cops, all seeming like Herman Munster on
alcohol.
Dreamed setting myself ablaze in the legislature,
a harpy of hugs. I died

but I got better

so can you

Citizen Actor
Citizen Witness
Citizen Body

(admitted, ratched, discorporated, recidivist)
to the tune of "Shove
A Yellow Ribbon Up Your Fascist Ass"

half empty and half full, half
serious. Touchless
car wah, no-name escargot. 119 suites with individual
lockable garages. 99¢ double feature possible
bonus stabbing. Is this the best we can do,
paint our humanity on a placard and wave so others can see it?
  Proceed
from bar to voting booth, weep a bit
for the October Revolution. Quality control at the nightmare,
carnival balloons are bugged. Is that it,
preserve islands? Answer: "So sue us." We’ve progressed
from quad to ear, ept to in. Linebreak
fuckola!, the cow-orker was bre-wed then de-stined to join the Four
Hor-semen of the Apocalypse. The mountains exist
to foreground the smog. I Sinclair-Stevens my working ethos:
guilty,
unrepentant, slightly irredeemable. "Shoppers"
heard as "Sherpas." Went out to buy a car door window upper
downer roller.
Tried their new menu but the plastic made me ill. That date rapist
with a swollen calendar could be many of us. I (dank) love you
(darker) love
you (self-mendicated) love you and (baffed) I (boffo) I (suds)
could be the aluminium in my deodorant is getting to me …

The problem is not so much what you do, but who you are.

But if you beat your child, you lower its property values.

All those Peruvian villagers carrying rocks
  painted to resemble transistor radios.

A national party that slags the native people
as stupid puns on welfare, i.e. "they
don't want to work and they
don't want us to work either."

But the neoconservative leaders make extremists of us all.

But the seams become dissolving sutures.

Well I've forgotten who to vote for or against, or why. So, I "did" it.
Let me "fill you in." I've put myself in the used-persons column.
Put grief on post-dated cheques. Unsure,
gave up on those bananas. Went to see the whales at the aquarium.

Uncertain
if "clamshells" that house the burger are a danger
to the ozone layer. Our lawyers search for a language:
many get shudders. Guaranteed full insertion? Seems we misspoke
our disinformation. Sorry, wrong nerve. Art with a capital "w."
In the nail file of the screenplay of the lunchbox of the soundtrack
of the gene pool of the bestselling book of the minor votive picture.
We tucked our snot behind the headboard till the bed collapsed.
We filmed the endgame at Humptulips River. The junk food
is healthier but sunlight is more toxic.

At closure I took a spraybomb,
on white side of a tall bank wrote
Regrets

Kilroy - he dead. Our summer proceeded on beer
baseball
tabloids
about Elvis. For the record, THEY did it. For the record, I
never
slew
more than I could eat. As a child I could fly: later couldn't
sing
couldn't dance too fat for liftoff so I drank. Took
hanggliding
lessons.
Was a bambibounce in bed, bought a path toward peoples
Hearts.
Everyone got better behaviour for xmas. A bonus
with their wake. Dancing apothecaries in long shadow. Day hot,
half done,
me happy & full of cash, only halfway finished being a nice
guy.
load me trust
you rusting me
power you lower
me plode you dote me fail you hailstorm
me locket you hock me septum
you fret me lollygag you
pollywog me seed
you need me luck you
fucker this But

the guy wearing a Silence = Death t-shirt
was a contestant on *Studs*.

Needed
in the neighbourhood: a Malcom X or Angela Davis
park.

10% of my ashes thrown in the Prime Minister's face.

A power yell would help.

Having put all the political memoirs in the True Crime section … much
(mutagen) reconstructive for (indentured) us (sermonized) to do
(unfoldment)
AUTUMNAL

Gridlock
and romanticism.

Time to squeeze the city
out of our pores.

The place looked like an entrance to importance, gate field
fence field fence field gate
woods left
left right left right right.

Gooseberry,
dingleberry.

Dicey weather
(nonnegotiable).

A faceless pumpkin
on the verandah.

My feet, this landscape, survey course,
dead elm trees and chipmunks, aww!
Listen, I've never been
lost /in the geography, /only

in the map… You can track me
by the trail of cigarette butts.
Not nature, foliage
rendered into property.

She who looks for My Country /is met by her own shadow. Clouds
can look like anything (yet another

poem contains
the Bow River).

What is a country
why would you want to love one?

The sun goes down
sexually.
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