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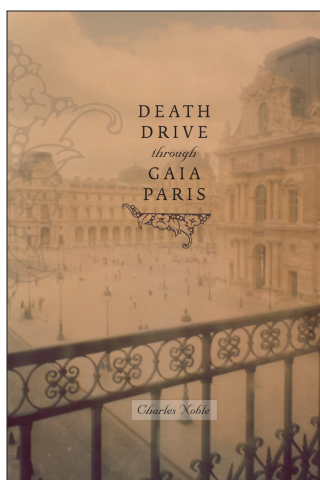
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DEATH DRIVE THROUGH GAIA PARIS

by Charles Noble

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DEATH
DRIVE
through
GAIA
PARIS



Charles Noble

DEATH DRIVE THROUGH GAIA PARIS

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THROUGH GAIA PARIS



Charles Noble

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OTHER BOOKS BY CHARLES NOBLE

Three (with Jon Whyte and John O. Thompson)

Haywire Rainbow

Banff/Breaking

Afternoon Starlight

Let's Hear It For Them

Wormwood Vermouth, Warphistory

Hearth Wild/post cardiac banff

Doubt's Boots

I dedicate this book to all the people, including some of the other patrons, past and present, connected to the Banff *Saltlik*.

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The avant-garde and its metaphor[s] ... enemy fire
... friendly fire ... challenge ... endless ... critique ...
behind[?] the lines ... theory-wrestling ... doughty
bouts ... theory forsaking its dialectical power ...
hardening into a science-like, blind praxis ... the
elephant/envelope in the room: capitalism's perpetual
(so far) revolution ... arising in spurts from its
hardened arteries ... in evil genius fits of survival (see
film *Friends and Crocodiles*) ... sucking from behind into
its obsolescing, its vacuum (see *F&C* again for more
vacuum [cleaner] irony), the puffing avant-garde ...
rendering it ... poor cousin ... impotent imitator ...
so poetry re-verses to hobby? ... spare ... time ... f[ol]k
art ... fingers in the socket ... shock of the naïve ...
return of the kernel ... “extimate” kernel ... what the
later Pound, of his thoughts, said he couldn't get to
anymore ... and so[w] ... he can fault us.

SOCRATES:

*Then it won't be with serious intent that he writes them in water or
that black fluid we call ink, using his pen to sow words that can't
either speak in their own defence or present the truth adequately....
He will sow his seed in literary gardens I take it, and write when he
does write by way of pastime....*

from Plato's "Phaedrus"

welcome to the ELEFONTS

THE DRAG OF KNOWING

serving
customers

she
could
flirt

with
the
truth

let
the
burden
be
tray

service
world

where
mirror
steals
mirror

and
barmaid's
brain

fingers
the
glass

complex
informed
nuanced
views

in
the
middle
of
nowhere

a
warhead

bank of TVs	by the hydrant	boxer has “boxing” tattooed
hockey games	seeing the jewelry store	on his back
bank on	I	this tireless
us “notes	put out	front
on camp”	all meanings	tells on him
which fires		
the couch		

young
guy
tearing
at
his
food
so

I
see
him

raise
him

to
good
old
drool

a
thin
man
with
grey
mean
mustache

tattoos
wolfing
food

dog
gone
human

outrage
over
a
dog's
life
in
same
breath
as
child's

slippery

path-
us

an
imposition

then
godsend

work

as
long

as
it
adores
the
wolf

once

I
cried
for
my
dog

then
when

I
cried
wolf

made
real

flushed
through
others

centipede

I
smear

it
sets
me

back

up

to
go
on

thinking
for

it

man	my	she
kills	story	annoys
wife		anonymously
kids	not	
mom	lording	inside
dad	it	the
		remote
past	but	I
life	as	short
takes	if	
	you	she
makes	were	dies
sense		
of	not	
it	in	
	business	
bleeds		
sensation		

we
pin
the
bully
down

steal
his
ball

bested
he
bests
us

steeling
us

to
dream

he
counted
out

her
unmindful
acts

insights
to
turn
in-

to

he
arrived
rived

by
snapshots

he
wasn't
ready
for

this

gathered
this

to
think
to
crowds

he
died
down

when
he
woke
up

he
had
been
kicked
around

the
galaxy
in
the
mould
on
your
meaning

is
mine
made
not

by
me

soldiers
know
untrue
grit

in
distant
lands

I
an
atlas
on
acid

he
keeps
floating
up
from
the
maze

where
he
can't
figure
out

where
he
is

being
less
than
your
life

twists
round
self
help

wind
mills
say
wind

no
spin

the
perfected
wheel

you
had
to
re-invent

so
your
head
wouldn't
spin

right
off
the
bat
the
ball
is
virtual

and
that
bat
to
worlds
strikes
out

“art
film”

that
crowd

I
want
schlock

to
zero
out

like
art
dreams

a
sleeper

skin
colour

is
one
thing

saying
this
culture

gets
not
its
own
skinny

he	movie	new
watched	promotes	world
them		
watching	its	unknown
him	“special	but
	effects”	for
write		the
	what	old
behind	we	
them	must	smoked
	then	humans
sow		
in	have	and
		the
his	already	drag
pen		of
		knowing
he		
pigged		
out		

some
of
the
guns
aim
at
the
future
flared

hand
to
mouth

we
take
it
in

death
drive
is
paved

through
Gaia
Paris

Archimedes
screws
loose

le
vers

TRUE TRUE CHAINS

I would not have you think that I am shut out from a sense of what is called by the Japanese “the ah-ness of things”; the melancholy inherent in the animal life. But there is a Ho-ho-ness too. And against the backgrounds of their sempiternal Ah-ness it is possible, strictly in the foreground, to proceed with a protracted comedy, which glitters against the darkness.

P. Wyndham Lewis – as quoted by Wilfred Watson with his “I shot a trumpet into my brain” (from *Mass on Cowback*).

Kate's
navel
de-zens
the
denizens
of
the
bar

their
gaze
buddeth
out

noisy
group
in
loud
lounge

thrive
on
alpha
clichés

and
their
much
beta
crumbs

prairie
stars

over
grain
bins

the
old
story
of
pissing

in
my
drink

he
wore
his
boxers
backwards

because
his
dink
stuck
out

gas
at
the
back

bit
cross
with
women's
gym
shorts

crotch-
tight

so

in
touch
with
his
inner
cunt

he
pees
on
the
electric
fence

making
out
what's
there

stars-
seeing
brain

I
spoke
right
out
of
my
grocery
cart

your
face
a
flock
of
shotguns

I
would
win
trips
cars

on
the
phone

they're
tripping
away

on
true

true
chains

so
my
escape
from
gravity

gets
taken
up
in
gossip
circles

the	loud	I
sort	young	see
of	woman	her
guy		baby
	song	belly
who	of	
would	herself	so
ask		kid
unrhetorically	annoys	
	the	she's
“what	unsung	in
are		trouble
friends	song	
for?”	of	she
	myself	admits
		it

who	I	Eaton's
is	love	'coy
that	the	pad
blond?	weather	
		for
I	woman	real
ask		
myself	but	shins
	get	
hair-	this	off
raised		the
by		
blonds	my	ice
	nephew's	in
now	comic	
they	strip	the
tell	wife	shack
the		
jokes		deked-
		out
		playmates

trust	on	I
my	the	plant
reportage	box	flowers
		they
“Charles,	on	kill
it	the	
won’t	ball	ho!
fit”		I’m
	in	joking
she	the	
tries	box	I
the		weed
<i>Globe</i>	talk	
in	show	hara-
the	mind	kiri
rack		hoes
	jacks	
	off	
	in	
	the	
	box	

LEIBNITZ NUTS

quantum-
like
traffic

is
Leibnitz
nuts

drivers
each

taking
all
the
paths

the
monster
and
his
dog

me
and
mine

ergo
I'm
a
monster

or
not

he
cried
falsely

in
the
context

reason
stumbles

onto
everything

that	most	I
you	fun	think
don't	requires	to
want	work	you
to		I'm
live	but	me
	we	
five	like	but
hundred	work	to
years		me
	if	I'm
leaks	the	free
your	cruelty	of
weakness		me
	<i>subjects</i>	
as	us	if
we		I
speak		follow

as
long
as
you're
alive
you
belie
your
image

dead
you
believe
it

overboard
musings
think

haiku
boat

deck
hands
play
cards

o
minus
touch

we
discard

what
Descartes
depicts

withdraw
dotty
pictures

to
his
point?

rightful
positions

are
taken

held

need
to
go

to
the
cogito

“logos
is
what
makes
things
definite”

boat
of
ice

in
love
with
water

the
new
argument

enlists
old
other-
side
thoughts

making
truth

kinky

the
concept
curls
around
the
disappearing
particle

plays
for
shape

the
you-
don't-
know-
everything
sting

swells
you
up

to
know
it

inside-
out

thumbs
down
on
flicks
yeah

but
Plato's
idiot

I
love
the
cave's
remove

you	science	elegance
cast	so	is
castles	far	a
in		good
the	off	driver
air		
	so	it
just	we'll	never
where	have	pulls
	a	off
they	good	
can		its
be	a	own
	good	defeat
seen	problematic	
through	time	
the		
first		
stone		

the	relatives	<i>they</i>
beefy	will	<i>all</i>
coil	derive	<i>look</i>
	you	<i>the</i>
creates		<i>same</i>
a	out	
spark	of	“abstract
	your	universal”
ideal	tree	
recognition		but
	splitting	blue
with	the	likes
a	absolute	them
beef		
		like
		me

little	young	“make
modern	cool	it
monads	handsome	new”
with	everything	
no		but
god	they	new’s
	have	its
but	everything	own
true		no
to	their	mind
form	self-	
	doubt	got
none		by
the	seals	
wiser	it	mind
		with
		mind
		of
		its
		own

scientists	we	resort
say	meet	to
Mars	on	force
will	the	
change	street	power
us		flies
	with	off
if	our	(Arendt)
<i>us</i>	lines	
is	on	the
still	things	new
<i>there</i>		requires
no	glanced	force
	remote	(Arendt)
if		
not	fly	
	in	
NO		
	time 's	
	square	

bios
has
no
bias

till
the
nervous
crown
bites

its
toothpick
repast

ROME TAKES ALL ROADS

she
drops
she
plies
all
comers

wears
aware-
weary

drop
of
shame

war
wares

unpleasant
person
you
meet

say
what
you
have
to

protest
pleasantries

he
is
drunk

smarting

so
digs
at
you

not
smart
you
smart

learn
him

back
hoe

I
cut
off
the
roots
of
his
badness

nurture
my
face
value
anger

to
call
her
by
name

is
a
dart
in
the
dark

she
curls
up

round
the
prick

low
cut
dress

the
breasts
are
look-
ma-
no-
hands

he
can't
milk
for
all
their
worth

how	word-	kick
you	strapped:	ass
can		woman
drown	you	shape
	love	
in	her	mere
ideal	like	genetic
allure	mutton	film
	stew	
be		<i>amor</i>
saved	but	<i>fati</i>
	don't	says
by	say	
the	to	“choice
fucking	stew	cuts”
anchor	<i>lamby-</i>	
	<i>pie</i> ¹	

same	womanizing	he
birth	bends	called
days	thereby	his
		girl
strangely	human	not
intimate		crème
	but	de
outside	can't	crème
all	stop	
number		but
	its	crème
of	alien	de
backward	line	menthe
hearts		
		but
		should
		have
		meant
		<i>menth</i>

she	will	didn't
flirted	she?	dare
her		phone
hip	he	her
	withdraws	
against	to	but
his	doodle	did
leg		
heat	spirals	then
he'd	into	beyond
never		premeditation
feel	his	
	own	skilled
doing		her
it	vital	
	signs	

talking
to
oneself
as
overheard

bespeaks
having
been
loved

to
bits

those
shoulders
don't
fit
those
hips

those
things
wow

these
funny

Rome
takes

all
roads

playmates
on
reality
TV

just
girls
no
power

but
stripped

of
it

object
of
your
desire

falls
apart

then
on

the
ear

a
hank
of
hair

“she’s
letting
you
know

it
will
just
be
platonic”

what
goes
up

comes
down

she
had
a
cap
pulled
down
cock-
eyed

fellas
fell
over
themselves

to
see

I	a	couldn't
saw	lovely	put
her	woman	your
beauty	I	finger
	said	on
so		it
tell	it	
	takes	love
on	not-	
her	one	when
	to	you
like	know	could
rotten	one	
I	she	you
	rejoined	lost
were		your
selling		finger
fruit		

take	I	himself
simple	like	deflated
breasts		
	her	to
they	whats	her
move		a
you	squeezed	rock
and	into	to
bearers	shape	which
back		she
	what's	sticks
removed	what	
to		all
prime	she's	puffed
	wise	good
the	to	points
pump	her	
	not	
	knowing	

public
couples

you
their
ceiling

and
on
the
wall

two-
way
Spanish
fly

turns
on
the
radio

when
it's
already
on

story
of
his
wife

we
are
intimate

intimating

the
signs
the
gossiped
have
died
for

not	cruelty	not
knowing	kind	love
he	of	flipped
was		into
with	when	hate
her	you	
	bring	but
I	up	love
opened	a	not
up	friend's	dared
	failed	
on	tryst	dammed
her		at
	but	dawn
killed	up	
his	case	hanging
fishing		
	to	back
	the	light
	kind	

you're
jealous
right
off

cuz
she
knows
you

in
the
world

not
as
its
mouth
piece

you're
jealous
in
good
time

cuz
all
you
make
new

her
field
finds
a
place
for

heft
your
road
around

bulldozer

detractor
terrains
arouse
your
seed

her	like	receptors
her	a	ape
	dog	women's
and	barking	hips
her	in	
	the	brain
you	street	synchs
love		so
in	he	
	didn't	so
an	know	do
instant	which	your
	fast	hopes
many	femme	
worlds	to	swing
theory	chase	higher?
one		
god		

his
lie
wheeled
round

up
the
sky

his
bruised
rib
spoke
free

truth
was
on
his
side

now
I
x-ray
this
friend

in
whom
she
shows
up
positive

like
cancer

she
is
wrong

or
sick

but
for
the
future

scrapped
by
my
timely
portrait

MORE'S TIME

the
pale
exit
sign

or
rich
red
one

either
way

local
colour

goes

two
cab-
s-park

oppose
themselves

touch
on
no

car-
go

no
God-
Adam
fare

the
bar
works
for
me

some
magic

but
I
want

to
free
the
trapped
tourists

pajamas
pimples
hanging
lip

on
the
Y
hall
phone

likeness

of
her

crush
a
tricycle

drag
it
through
the
garden

till
the
ground

fancies
it

snow-
capped
mountains

night
catches
cliché
down

before
it
ups
the
ante

all
this
emotional
pollution

but
landscape

the
great
carbon
think

low
sun

on
far
off
Waterton

peaks
and
what's
more

more's
utopia

logo
A-l-b-e-r-t-a
B-a-l-l-e-t

wild
anagram
phones

hoof
beats

range
on
home

after
the
bison

star-
here
highways

with
too

end-
game
words

that
backfire

hinter
roads
maintain

the
roads
to
the
road

belie
its
unforked
thunder

the
village

cold
snow

dim
lights

in
the
post
box

Sinclair
Ross

turned-
up
loss

brother
brings
proud
new
hockey
colours

I
wearing
him

take
him
off

home

coming
out
of
the
theatre

poplars
in
the
dusk

the
roles
reverse

winter
blahs
grey
snow

wan
sun

careless
safety

but
black
holes

beam
me
up

they
were
near
grain
bins

fell
in
love

birds
veered
round
the
pileups

like
swallows

the
three-
legged
dog

twirls
its
lariat

the
halo
topples
the
rope

a
big
toe
on
the
lawn

toe
of
nothing

stubborn
stub

no
wit
just
it

house
with
the
dark-
defined
light
on

you
enter

what
is
spoiling
for
you

the
dogs
in
the
camp
bark
in
the
dark

the
fire
doesn't
do

much
better

drive
by
grade
two

my
life
as
a
life

now
I'm
the
kite

caught
in
the
sky

history
as
“interview”

“the
vampire”

feeding
on

epochal
blood

Toronto
news-
makes
me

but
then
I’m
too

big
for
my
where-
abouts

with
the
pleated
crossword

they
make
good

a
bit
of
bad
infinity

I smile	“species consciousness”	sea gull swallows
you copy	corrects our reach	a mouse
you try to make me smile	as enunciated out of	relieved driver dark and warm
we must root out		back to unborn
ourselves		

dog's
sad
friendly
face

draws
us
as
poison

off
the
path

which
begs
the
quest

man
drowns
canoeing

because
of
his
buckskin
shirt

claims
Joe

blames
Trudeau

man
drowned

I
used
to
see

some
what

now
hear

moonrise

carpenter

wife
kids

my	once	after
dog	I	my
died	nursed	dog's
	a	death
a	shoelace	
woman	out	I
wipes		have
	last	more
from	stool	time
both	now	
sides	beneath	to
the	her	part
glass	tail	with
door		
	mum's	all
the	the	the
two	look	other
noses		dogs

AFTERWORD

As sympathetic hysteric, granting myself some healthy, off-centre normality, I set about to write an afterword and will henceforth, as per usual, become the pervert. (No, I'm not Irving Layton nor was meant to be, I say – in reference to his prefatorial, Nietzschean certainties!) Therefore I aim to cleave – to the minimum.

The “short hairs,” pseudo haikus, are not in fact traditional haikus. I would call them logopoeic haiku – a contradiction in terms. Logopoeia of course being Ezra Pound's term and of the three possible dominances (the other two of the standard *ménage à trois* being phano- and melopoeia) he claimed logopoeia to be the riskiest – a tending to philosophy and a leaving of poetry. But we're not talking about leaving – there is that '-poeia.' The will to logopoeia, even if just by way of compromising by any amount a genre famous for its proscription of same, also invites Charles Olson's judgment: “all the original thoughts in the world can be written on a postage stamp.” To which I could lamely protest the stamp's rime (Robert Duncan's word) with the haiku. I would also point out that this logopoeia often lives (so lives!) on “psychopoeic” content, a standard literary ecology, where wicked psychic reflexes are portrayed, the ironic distances to be determined in each case – but always minimally there![?] (A perhaps too pat example of this would be: “she/annoys/anonymously//inside/the/remote/I/short//she/dies”.)

The main attraction to this diverted form indeed is its brevity and its discreteness – owing initially to a completely extra-to-the-form consideration, an ordinary general existential constraint, undisclosed

here, but I may say not unconnected to being discreet (we're talking now of being off the island but still highly visible, yet not – à la “The Purloined Letter”). Complete disclosure: a good many were composed in short periods at my favourite bar. (The other half of the constraint upon this writing was that it was done when my attention was turned mostly to reading.)

At one point I was thinking of entitling the collection “The Minus Hand,” from: “overboard/ musings/ think// haiku/ boat// deck/ hands/ play/ cards// o/ minus/ touch.” And it occurred to me later that the “overboard musings” and “minus touch” were apt descriptions of traditional haiku. This is to say that the genre, while completely valid, has, from the point of view of a minus touch, a logopoeic decision frozen in the genre frame, as well as individual “overboard musings” in the wings of every actual haiku (not to mention the predisposed reader's interpretive flights).

I can't, or at least I refrain from, putting my finger on what language/thought action is spurred into being by the seventeen-syllable constraint – the only hewed-to rule in these hybrid haikus.² The intersection of the “imaginary” and the “symbolic” is obviously the central consideration here, referring to the haiku genre level – not to the omnipresent intertwining, however hidden, in any language action, even of course in strict (haiku) phanopoeic language, and which can always be teased out again and explored or experimented with in many directions and to extreme degrees, even to, in reverse, cutting it all back to melopoeia, to one of the “materialit[ies]” of language, all of it to a *pharmakon* moment of apoetics uncannily taken up by re-recognized/re-cognizing literary process and thereby stutter-doubled into proto-genre, *set off* (a möbius and

deist-like pun) by on-board musings as twined and twinned to overboard.

Whether this intersection makes haiku [re]olutions harder or easier, or harder in a different way, is open to question. What is not open to question is that whatever the logo-/phano-/melo- mix, with whatever parts repressed or not, or whatever the abstract real³ (in Hegel's sense of abstract – splintered-off), marks or sounds, imaginary space circles back into and as, dare I say it, the picture which begs the picture, which fundamentally finesses the empirical irresolution at the threshold of the “mind” (the “airy nothing” that rimes with our reports *and* projected sense of irresolute and quirky quarks stringing us along, *i.e.*, alluding to those arch-deceivers *just because* real puppeteers, the answer to a corrupted puppet, that is the question) – leading even, perchance, to the phenomenon of the phenomenon in the phenomenon, *i.e.*, to aesthetic or metaphysical shine, which retrieves, another circle, the traditional phanopoeic haiku (its phano-fanning possibilities) we set out to depart from.⁴

Putting the discrete haiku into an order up-sets⁵ the discreteness, what with segues, oppositions, resonances, and progressions within the progression. Also over the course of the sequence the indexico-iconic extras (Peircean combos – of course made through symbols/signifiers, or minus-touch semeiosis) reach enough of a critical mass to insert some minute *local* into the *logo [minus]* – thus ducking some Olson's implied injunction. (Re here the belying “Paris” haiku and title, see belying “Toronto” haiku [“too/ big/ for/ my/ whereabouts”].) A motivated sequence opens all the discrete closures (though not from certain perspectives or in certain cases closed anyway) – as it were, puts

an end to the at-wit's-end these turned haiku have been turned to. One could even say these catachretic little Cretans/cretins (befuddled and B.-Russelled⁶), as secreted through the backdoor, go archipelago longpoem, *i.e.*, intimations of such – not in the sense of narrative or architectonics, but in the sense of serial, and yet there are some arcs (and barks). Gazes of course wander through the poems like ghosts, which congeal, from “time to time,” zoom-lens syntaxes, extra to, or intra in, or coincident with, the poems.

NOTES

- 1 The second and third stanzas are taken/adapted from *The Seminar of Jacques Lacan* (Book III, I think).
- 2 The one word per line, with no punctuation marks, is not meant to produce any staccato effect. The reader is invited to participate in the phrasing as suggested by the idioms and the enjambments, with their senses carried over, so to sometimes pick up new sense in a larger completion, and to sometimes split apart what is about to pick up from what would be picked up – *i.e.*, either to “up-*set*” or to upset. Senses then arise and override, with micro-rhythms, any merely spiky effects, which would, ironically enough, have a leveling effect. Stanza breaks are the only punctuation marks and help facilitate the phrasing.
- 3 Footnote 15 in the afterword of the forthcoming *Sally O* gives a specific spur for this note on how Lacan’s “real” can never be obsolesced by the world of copies or by the virtual – the virtual being “at one” with his “reality” which is overall in contradistinction to the real, though indistinct from it at any one point, also [all so] hidden outright in “the drag [or dress or gauze or gaze] of knowing,” so of course, in the world of copies, confusing, because confused. Analyzing [loosening back] a bit, the complications pile up, to use an extra-alienated or mechanical metaphor [mitigated by a second sense, *i.e.*, “crash”]: reality [to go with Lacan] broken into more intimately reveals a structure that includes the symbolic, the imaginary *and* the real, where the real is revealed, intimately, as “extimate,” in-itself and as mode for the others, which also lend themselves back, in turn, as modes, which hints at the dynamic and dialectical relations going missing in this listing, this pile about to topple – into weird topologies. It all adds up to not adding up – if the negative has its say, in its self-relating way: it’s not “life is an illusion” but “illusion is life.” Truth escapes us so it can, as outside chance and a real rule, interrupt all realities as they would settle for relativism, or fall to the low-level question-begging in “he wins because he wins,” that capitulation to an extimate of blind power, rather than the truth that would have it both ways, *i.e.*, would determine the choicest reality, where the extimate becomes the only consummation of reality’s intimate turning – to recapitulate and re[-]fuse itself, which is certainly its most endearing, oh sorry, I mean enduring, quality, if you won’t think it too ironic. The genius of the negative, as Kenneth Burke

said, of Bartelby, as applied by Slavoj Žižek, and as Hegel would “tarry” with, and on which he would move, on – in his inimitable no-no way. *This enunciation is brought to you by the nearest thing to the greatest of all, I, O great escape clause, greatest deal ever, sheer contraction, end of endless subcontracts, nothing but I, i.e., nothing butting nothing. But that’s not all – there’s also nothing butting all, which is then so always overcome by all its shortcomings, and things that dance in and out of themselves, that can’t quit being placed, nor quite be so.*

- 4 Two points: a) These haikus are, *properly speaking*, more dialectical than “phenomenological.” b) The *death drive*, in a sense [*in sense*], runs on its own steam and so, like boxers’ shorts and the afterlife, is everlasting, a bid for *more than [life]*, as buried in *more [life]*, ironically supported by life, biological life, for a while. In Deleuze’s *The Logic of Sense* he says the death drive is dramatized in Zola’s novels as “the crack in the universe.” The absolute then clutches itself (think “drive train”) through this crack, and one could say, contrary to Russell, becomes a member of itself, terms that Hegel, though in agreement, would call “[dirty] picture thinking” (see forthcoming *Sally O* appendix for how a certain breast haiku’s point is not “the leering” but a point of departure, a dramatization of how the death drive exhausts all the other drives and then folds into a field of love and “such like”).
- 5 I would like to thank the (anonymous to me) reader for the University of Calgary Press who suggested I think about his/her idea for a new, five-category order and then making formal section breaks. I had fun doing this, the categories always to some degree undecideable (some poems participating in all five), and fun coming up with section titles. Lots of the local “runs” or progressions carried over and the new order of course still “up-sets” the discreteness.
- 6 See “Russell’s paradox.”

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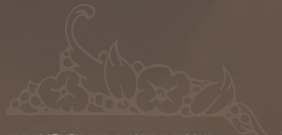
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Charles Noble was born in Lethbridge and raised in Nobleford. He earned his BA in English and Philosophy from the University of Alberta, and is the winner of the Writers’ Guild of Alberta Poetry Award (1996). Charles now divides his time between Banff and Nobleford, where he farms with his brother, Bryan, and his family.

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