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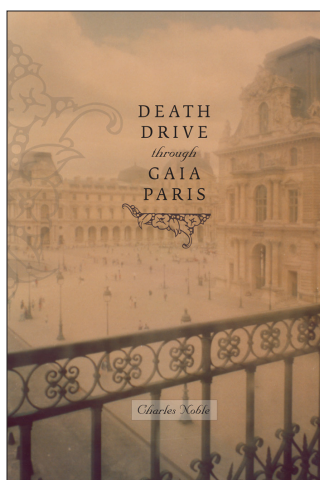
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DEATH DRIVE THROUGH GAIA PARIS

by Charles Noble

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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

