

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALGARY

Into the Fold

by

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ABSTRACT

This project enters into the poetic discourse of the fold to examine it as a site of transformation and possibility. I use the notion of the fold as a way to both position my own writing, and to discuss the function of poetic form. My poetry is structured around the number three because it works to offset things, to unbalance binaries, and upset and unhinge the coherent whole. This writing works to create different forms, to examine recurring concepts of biotext, place, the domestic, and the erotic, using different line lengths and styles. This strategy creates an interesting paradox of ordering and unordering and maybe disordering.

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Poetic Statements

First a disclaimer. Second a justification. Third a juxtaposition.

The problem with writing *about* writing is that it interferes. The poetic statement risks coming between the reader and the text. I say, read my work this way, this is what i intended to do, this is what i was writing about. This is how i did it. This is why i did it. This is why you must read it. Peter Baker says in his poetic anthology, *Onward*, that “any statement on poetics presents immediate difficulties for such an aesthetic, because the statement risks being ancillary to the poem, and may actually misrepresent the implicit poetics in the poet’s work” (1). It is the separation which is problematic, the *form* of the prefacing essay which is troubling. An essay on poetics that is not poetic. Or, given the rigidity of the essay form, what can i say that is not already (over) determined. Jonathan Monroe says “it is important to encourage innovative writing at all levels of the curriculum . . . writing that would challenge the stupefying regimentation of the standard expository essays, cultivate the capacity to respond to the various non-normative text(ure)s, so as to begin to close the gap between innovative reading and innovative writing practices” (12). The challenge here is to “cultivate the capacity to respond” to my own writing (something i¹ have been trained away from), to write in an innovative way which would escape the ready-made traps of the “standard expository essay,” and to read the work here in “an innovative way.” This is difficult because as Charles Bernstein says “I’m looking to say things I can only say in poems” (*Onward* 54). That separation between

¹The lower case 'i' reflects my desire to undermine the "regimentation" of standard form.

introductory essay and poetry remains problematic, but perhaps it is an intriguing problem to have. Perhaps it is a space to cultivate a response and question that response as well. It may even be a chance to misrepresent. Some kind of potent paradox.

Maybe it is interesting to read about choices, about questions. I want to document this process in such a way that things do not get resolved, but important questions are raised, if not answered. I can also talk about links and juxtapositions, about the way language folds into/over/under/around itself and me. I can use the notion of the fold in writing as a way to position my writing. Writers like Nicole Brossard, Rachel Blau DuPlessis and Robin Blaser have written about the fold as a way of getting at the inbetween, the edge of language and its folding overs, as a way of examining how the poetics of repetition gets enacted. The fold complicates notions of inside and outside, breaking down binaric structures which tend to privilege one term over another, or where one term necessarily defines another term because it acts in opposition, it is opposite. This project attempts to unbalance and destabilize binaries by using an alternate numerical structure. I work with the number three: three lines, three panels, three words, in order to determine where language folds over, to see on what it hinges.

The pivot of my project is the consideration of how the fold works as a device for structuring a collection of poetry. DuPlessis says the strategy of the fold, this layering and reconsidering materials, creates a regular, though widely spaced, recurrence among the poems, and the possibilities of linkage whose periodicity is both predictable and suggestive. The fold is my way of facing the

insoluble problem of the long poem — essentially the question what holds it all together (*Onward* 152).

That question, "what holds it all together," is an apt one for my project. I have deliberately structured all of my writing here around the number three. The triple. The triplet. And importantly, the triptych. The number three can work to offset things, to unbalance binaries, and upset and unhinge the coherent whole. And yet, three is also a powerful number for ordering things. This project does get "ordered" by "layering and reconsidering." I work through similar ideas in different forms. I use different line lengths to consider recurring concepts. Words keep reappearing until a rhythm is established, or a movement is created like an unfolded fold that is folded up again. The fabric crinkles, until we can hear the noise of language. This strategy creates an interesting paradox of ordering and unordering and maybe disordering. Rosemarie Waldrop says in "Form and Discontent" that "the third tendency is mathematical. There is a lot of counting. . . You all know about Ron Silliman's love for the Fibonacci number series, or Lyn Hejinian's *My Life*, which began with 37 sections of 37 sentences each. . . " (*Diacritics* 55). Could i be in love with the number three? It is probably something more mundane than that. I use three because it is generative. It keeps me going, keeps me writing and takes away the decision to stop. The writing works itself out within the numerical structure, so that there is no tendency to work towards resolution; it removes the necessity to begin and end so that the writing here is all middle, all about middles and inbetween. It is also about intervening the stability of the triple structure so that there is no easily pinned-down symmetry. It is a form which is both arbitrary and deliberate.

I needed to find a form that i could slip into easily. My writing life is a constant series of interruptions. Kids wake up unexpectedly, have to be picked up from school, the phone rings and it is always hard to get started. I use the number three as a way to enter into the writing. The pre-determined form lets me sit down and start writing. It is a way to get started and keep going. Ann Lauterbach says in "Misquotations From Reality," "I take experimentation in poetry to mean a search, on the part of the poet, for right form. I take right form to be a set of distinguishing linguistic characteristics by which the poet recognizes the limits of a given poem" (*Diacritics* 145). This is not exactly how i take "right form," because even the most 'right' of forms needs to be questioned, problematized or broken down. Still, form is obviously an important issue to resolve. It is more of a choice, not about right or wrong form (here we are back at binaries) but merely a choice about what works with and sometimes against the content. I see form as a juxtaposition against content. A place where friction can be created or resolved or just be. Charles Olson's "form is never more than an extension of content" (all caps) (17) — that iconic statement which launched a reconsideration of poetic form. As Waldrop says "form/composition is not an extension of content (Olson/Creeley), but it is, on the contrary, primary. It is the form that generates the content" (*Diacritics* 60). My writing here² works in this way. First the form, then the content. I write into a form while having the option of breaking down that form. Bernstein says "form is never more than an extension of sound and syntax: the music of poetry is the sound of sense coming to be in the world" (*Onward* 54). Syntax play or manipulation is a

²The separation between prefatory essay and the poetry which follows remains problematic. Do i mean my writing 'here,' in this essay, 'here' in the poetry, or maybe now 'here' in this footnote.

formal element here,³ a method of composition. Blaser says, "Form is alive; it is not separate from content. That's an old lesson. But it is alive. As a matter of fact, a very old word for it that would probably be better than the latin word forma is the word rhythmus. It's rhythmical" (Irvine 29). Here rhythm is created through repetition—the same form repeated throughout the project.

This triple form also facilitates the exploration or creation of biotext. It starts with the form of the first type of poetry which i am calling a "trptych." It is a deliberate form, with elements which are rigid, but which also break down. It is the rigidity of the form that allows the biotextual writing to flow. Each point of the triple structure acts as an anticipated anchor to control the out-of-control aspects of anger or ambivalence of the meandering trace of memory. If it calls up the notion of a traditional or religious triptych, which is defined as:

Triptych: A set of three writing tablets hinged or tied together. A card made to fold in three divisions.

A picture or carving (or set of three such) in three compartments side by side, the lateral ones being usually subordinate, and hinged so as to fold over the central one; chiefly used as an altar piece. (OED)

then i am attempting to break down that connection, at the same time that i am building it up, as juxtaposition. For example, the "central" panel of my triptych form is a list, something seemingly insignificant. The two-

³Again, the problem of location creates a necessary ambiguity. Is it one or the other or both?

side panels feature a different kind of writing. Yet there is a sense of being “tied together,” that the form, the triple, holds it all together, even if the tie frays or unravels at some points. A triptych also features a “fold,” two folds actually. A fold which is facilitated through the use of a hinge. A “lingual hinge” which raises the question on what does it hinge; what linguistic elements act as pivots?

Another important element of this triptych form is its connection with place. Each triptych starts with a place name from (mainly) interior British Columbia. The place where i lived for what seems like “forever.” The “home town,” the place where i grew up, the landscape which is infused in me still. Here biotext acts as a way of writing the landscapes, the terrain of where i grew up, a way of mapping a past without it becoming monolithic or too huge to hang on to. I am not writing about those places, but writing into them, writing on them, looking for a fold in the terrain where i can enter without being consumed. Fred Wah asks, “how to de-poeticize the anecdote by claiming its artificiality, and thereby gaining some levitation for the “biotext”...” (Mathur 29). I did want the “anecdotal” nature of retelling, of some relationship to the past to be highlighted as false or not true or not real necessarily. Still the writing here has enough of the specific, the details, for the illusion of the “bio” side of text to resonate with the actual landscape. The “levitation” comes from the claim: this is not true at all while purporting to be exactly that: some tracing of memory. It is what Daphne Marlatt calls “fictionalysis:” something that starts with the “real” but continues to change and shift. Marlatt says, “autobiography is not separable from poetry for me on the ground i would call fictionalysis: a self-analysis that plays fictively with the primary images of one’s life, a fiction that uncovers analytically the

territory where fact and fiction coincide" (15). I am 'playing' here with references and inferences that cannot be easily pinned-down. The 'territory' is a landscape, as well as a memory scape, where there is no definitive version or impression, only fleeting thoughts that transform as they are written.

This notion of place also fits with alternate definitions of the triptych:

Triptyque: Applied to three-fold card used as an international passport by associations of motorists.

Trip Tick: An outline of mapped locations provided to motorists who are members of an automobile association, highlighting the best routes and places to stay on a specific journey. (OED)

Perhaps the process of writing these triptychs is some kind of journey, through a place in the past, because maybe it owes me (am i a product of a colonial upbringing?!) or owns me or maybe it's just there, waiting for the kind of language that can open it up. I write *into* those places and spaces. I use this form as a kind of "passport" that lets me both enter and leave. I choose my own "best routes and places to stay" as a way of looking at ordering the project. Yet even the "best routes" are sometimes ill-advised and by intervening the form i have created, i highlight the fallibility of structure, the inability to be consistent.

The prose poetry is an exploration of a quotation from Roland Barthes: "The worldly, the domestic, the wild: is this not the very tripartition of social desire?" (Barthes 9) which he uses in a description of the three gardens that surrounded his childhood house in Bayonne:

The garden, though continuous, was arranged in three symbolically different spaces (and to cross the boundary of each space was a significant action). You crossed the first garden to reach the house; this was the “worldly” garden, down which, taking tiny steps, pausing often, you accompanied the ladies of Bayonne to the gate. The second garden, in front of the house itself, consisted of narrow paths curving around twin lawns; in it grew roses, hydrangeas. . . carpet grass, rhubarb, kitchen herbs in old crates. . . At the far end, the third garden, except for a tiny orchard. . . was undefined, sometimes fallow, sometimes planted with vegetables that needed no tending; you didn’t go there much and only down the center path. . . ” (9).

I like the notion that “to cross the boundary of each space was a significant action”— writing from one type of poetry to another seems significant. The three types or forms of writing pull in different directions: in some places the writing is more crafted, edited and carefully tended, while in others it is the raw, wild push of language as it races across the terrain of the page. The three gardens, the three words: worldly, domestic, and wild, contemplated during the writing of these prose poems. The OED defines the word “tripartition” as “consisting of three parts; divided into three segments almost to the base; shared by or involving three parties.” The notion of a shared base is integral to how i worked or weaved the writing of these more prose-like pieces since they seem to inflect or enter into my life. They form the triple pull of my life: being a woman (formerly and still a daughter), mother, wife (formerly not a wife). In some places it was a challenge to formulate some kind of domestic poetics that did not rely on the intrusive, sentimental construction of motherhood. Indeed, that intruded on that territory, writing that was somehow raw, but heavy with specifics instead of grandiosity. Robin Blaser says, “it may be argued that the push of contemporary poetics towards locus, ground and particularity is a remaking of where we are. . . one needs only to notice

how much of it is a common experience and also something regained. . .” (qtd in Creeley xii). I try to “regain” or reground domestic experience through a careful examination of its minutia and its passion. I write into the daily, the mundane, all the driving around that domestic life seems to require. DuPlessis says, “making poetry is real work with an intractable substance and intricate social institution (language) which is at the same time a medium with which we are all too familiar, being saturated in its blandishments and banalities everyday” (*Onward*, 143). Working with the banal is hard work. In the domestic poetic scheme i set up, i try hard not to slip into the ‘all too familiar,’ try to make it strange, less familiar, try to avoid the traps in language that would lead me to the prevalent sentimental conception of the domestic. There are things that language has a difficult time getting to, places where the sentimental construction of language acts as a cover.

The domestic also brings with it that (perhaps tired) notion of writing the body. The pregnant body, the breastfeeding body — finding some way to infuse, to make language perform, to manipulate the words until they are up to the task. I explore how the sentimental trivializes or elevates the pregnant body to the point of misrecognition, but also the ineffability of this state, how it is difficult to write about pregnancy without slipping into those ready-made or already written discourses. I want to blur the transformation of a woman’s body, in order to make the words stretch, not to fit, but to be able to write into that transformation. Entering into territory which is undervalued, uninscribed and untheorized.

The word ‘wild’ brought out the erotic lyric. The sounds a woman’s body makes which the world has difficulty hearing. I want to work the

language around or into writing that kind of desire. As Erin Mouré says "all my writing is about sex" (Turner 46). Finding sensual sensations, again in the specific, in those parts of the body, in a white t-shirt, in a reach across a table. The language finds its own energy, it whispers and screams. The challenge is to write "in excess of" conventional representations of women's sexuality. I am particularly interested in the performative aspect of women's sexuality, where passion gets performed for the benefit of others more than for ourselves. Often the women or woman in these poems is alone, waiting, thinking, or even being watched, but not caring. It is an erotic expression that does not depend on someone else. And again, it is a wary position. I worry about writing into the structures of desire that suppress or silence women. I want to find a way to let the silence speak and let it stay silent. To be quiet and loud and careful and reckless.

The "worldly" pieces seem to be about examining the exotic, or what passes for it. They are about what it means to be away, to feel yourself outside normal social sanctions. I rework Barthes conception of the "worldly" into my own feeling, growing up in a small, seemingly insignificant town, where 'wordly' meant well-travelled, meant the exotic, meant being somewhere (other than here) where things were really 'happening.' In these prose poems, the writing of place is more about getting inside the feeling of being away from the normal routine, of being outside typical social sanctions and reactions. There is a sense of transversal, of crossing lines or setting up lines and then crossing them. Some wrenching. The speed and push of the writing reflects a feeling of recklessness, a way to slide outside consequences.

And yet the boundaries of these words are blurred, the foliage covers over these easy distinctions. I set out to write three 'worldly' pieces,

three 'wild' pieces and three 'domestic' pieces, but now, which are which? Certainly even the domestic has its wild side, its out-of-control anger and its sensuousness — the feeling of a child's touch. Again, the push of the language, the rush to get the words out seems to be the link. Images move across the pieces, the fold of a white t-shirt on a woman who is dancing by herself, or a white t-shirt being lifted to breastfeed a baby or the feel of a shirt flapping in the wind on the back of a motorcycle. The worldliness of desire. The pages fold into one another and, to return to Barthes, i wander from the "center path."

The prose poems function as repetitions or perhaps a folding over of lines, words, and phrases. Again, it is a way to trace memory, while highlighting that trace as an impossibility. DuPlessis says of her "Drafts," structurally, the works are linked by subtle forms of repetition, presenting the reader with sets and bits of recollections, or the evanescent sensation of *déjà vu*, its rhythm of gap and recall, or the sensation of forgetting and being half-reminded, as if the poem. . . constituted the space of memory" (*Onward* 150).

The repetition of lines and phrases works to produce the feeling of the process of memory. There is a sense, here too, of being "half-reminded" of remembering a word or image, something that is familiar without knowing how or why. It is that tenuousness that i hope to create. Not a direct quotation or conversation, but the calling up of a random thought as a way of unsettling things. The repetition from other poems also works to keep the narrative in check, to keep it from taking over completely so that the language can still function in ways other than merely semantic. I want to slow things down as i speed them up. The thrust of these prose pieces is movement—they come in a rush and the

repetition works as a kind of internal pause. Although the poetic form is different, since it works with the construction of the prose poem, it still revolves around multiples of three to a total of thirty. I pay attention to numbers, again, as a way to keep going. Three is still the subtle thread that holds it all together.

The final set of poems revolve around triangulation. The short-line triplets set out to examine language around the erotic lyric again. I want to rewrite the construct of the love triangle with a woman desiring both another woman and a man, to look at the ambiguity of conflicting desires, the difficulty of making choices or the refusal to be named or identified by those choices. Slipping past labels. It also highlights the pleasure felt on the skin of a child's hug or a child climbing into bed at six in the morning. Here the language tries to reach across and around bodies, to see or feel them desiring. It is also not this at all. DuPlessis says of her "Drafts"

there is an attempt simply to ignore the lyric and issues of beauty, unity, finish, and female positions within these ideas, and instead cast myself off into the crossings, lateral, local, immersed. Into the random strewing of debris to articulate the claims and questions of Otherness, not as a binary to something else, but rather as a seam opening inside existence (*Diacritics* 50).

The "seam opening," is the language event which creates the possibility of abandonment. I also want, like DuPlessis, to "cast myself off into the crossings" of social conceptions or constraints on desire. To emphasize the ambiguity of choice, so that i'm not choosing one or the other, but choosing among, allowing for contradictory impulses at the same time. The work here represents a choice which is not one, in a universe structured by binaries that force us to choose. Again, the number three

helps here, although it doesn't solve everything. It unbalances binaries, but it can also work as a pivot where one line hinges on the other two. It can imply a coherent whole, although that isn't what i was going towards. Still, i like the possibility of folding where two lines can fold in on one or out backwards.

Reproductions or Unfolded Out of the Folds

Linking the notion of the fold with reproduction, with giving birth might be problematic. Certainly it has been done before. There is, for example, Walt Whitman's poem "Unfolding Out of the Folds" in which "the greatness of man is unfolded out of a woman" (123). But the clichéd statement that 'behind every great man is a woman' is not the connection i was hoping to trace. Perhaps the fold can be more accurately or interestingly examined, in terms of reproduction yes, but through the image of the lesbian mother which represents a seemingly reproductive paradox, a seeming impossibility. Something which is (almost) impossible to write. I want to look at the fold in this way, not to trace specific connections to my work, but to examine the fold as a site of transformation, of possibility. To see if language can be made to say the impossible. And if it can, then the implications for reading my project in an innovative way start to expand.

Here i find Nicole Brossard useful, or maybe successful. In *These Our Mothers*, the first book of what Barbara Godard calls her "lesbian triptych," (the other parts of the triptych being *Lovers* and *Surfaces of Sense*)⁴

⁴Working with Nicole Brossard's writing means dealing with the problem of translation from French to English. Godard, a frequent translator of Brossard's work, says "in enunciative relations and referential operations, English calls for more precise and concrete determinations, for fuller, more cohesive delineations than does French" (preface to *Lovers* 8). Translation of

Brossard acknowledges the necessity of "killing the womb" of the symbolic mother to stop the patriarchal tradition where "males sow women with repetition and tradition" (196) in order to create the "real" mother who is "entwined in a lesbian embrace" (101). By getting rid of the symbolic mother and placing the "real" mother within a lesbian context, Brossard creates a fold in language and thereby offers a utopic vision of a new "reality" for women somewhere outside or in excess of the male economy. In *Surfaces of Sense* she uses the action of making the fold to problematize boundaries of inner and outer:

See:

fold

as with matter, erosion, the wear and tear of the double sex
 / doubled up over reality, searching for the yielding sin-
 ews, the uterine walls - inner, outer and real - a fold in the
 linen, a wrinkled brow

.....
 fold page in two (horizontal line)

one cannot fully conceive the extent to which a brown
 comb, on the brown chest of drawers, in Adrienne's white
 bedroom, has something of the abstract about it (69).

any poetic text is really trans-creation or re-creation which hopefully maintains some of the original sense and re-enacts some of Brossard's brilliant "plays" with language.

. . . rots. He retrieves the phantasm for his own ends.
Recycled body.

another day. The alphabet. In the beginning. Desire brings
me endlessly back to it and, my present . . . forward flight.
What happens to a woman who recognizes this process
and encounters its inexorability in fact, in age and in
history, in body (13).

The "my" of the first stanza is assertive, proclaims a life, a "single life" that is "mine" against or as a result of a killing. These connections break down distinctions between passivity and activity because what is "mine" here is also what is dead, what does not exist anymore. The configuring of the lesbian mother in the second stanza starts to create an existence, perhaps a rebirth, where the womb is now owned through the pleasure of the lesbian orgasm. It takes the mother outside the phallic economy where she can define her own pleasures, yet acknowledges a centre which is a "void;" therefore, the search is not for the complementary other which will complete the self, but for a space, an endless expanse that does not "engulf and hurt." Her assertion that "their industry of fantasies made her lose her own sense of reality" moves her interpretation of fantasy away from the realm of "her reality." Brossard folds distinctions between internal and external. By "killing the womb" she folds the inside out, makes the internal struggle into a external physical act through the use of the metaphor. Yet she also brings the outside, the external, in by searching for a centre which is a void. Here conflict and struggle is both external, acknowledging structural processes, and internal, linked to the body. By recognizing "this process," however, something has the potential to "happen."

Gilles Deleuze describes the fold in his book on Foucault and twists his notion of relations among inner and outer:

an outside, more distant than any exterior, is 'twisted', 'folded' and 'doubled' by an Inside that is deeper than any interior, and alone creates the possibility of the derived relation between the interior and the exterior. It is even this twisting which defines 'Flesh', beyond the body proper and its objects. In brief, the intentionality of being is surpassed by the fold of Being, Being as fold (110).

It is the relation that defines the fold. The fold is both inside and outside at the same time, indeed the inside is made into an outside and an outside always has the possibility of being transformed into an inside. This "fold of being" emphasizes the action of being, the movement of being. The fold exists in movement, in twisting. It is the touch on the surface of things, a surface that, when folded into the fold becomes that hidden depth.

Perhaps, then, it is the touch which creates the fold. Brossard's invocation of the uterine walls shows the doubleness of movement of the fold. She links the fold to flesh in *Lovhers*:

this sleep (where everything began) of altering
the woman who dreams in the abyss and the blank
sleep of deciphering (through which heat
passes) the skins of surface
in the folds and recesses and repetitions of patiences
each patience of our bodies is unprecedented
in its rhythm invents attraction
goes through our fists like a writing
an open signal (46)

Here the fold is pressed up against the body; the skin is all folds and recesses which repeat infinitely. Deleuze says, "intentionality is still generated in a Euclidean space that prevents it from understanding itself, and must be surpassed by another, 'topological' space which establishes contact between the Outside and the Inside, the most distant and the most deep" (110). I see the body as a 'topological space' where the implications of the fold can be mapped out. The connection of the inside and the outside comes through reproduction, the moment when a mother can give birth which revolves around the feeling of contraction, the feeling of movement which is both inner and outer. If there is a way to write about the pregnant body without buying into sentimental constructions of language, then perhaps it is through this kind of ambiguity: the tenuousness of a folded fold or the opportunity to contradict, to be both things at once. Deleuze says, "the fold will not be able to refound an intentionality, since the latter disappears in the disjunction between the two parts of a knowledge that is never intentional" (111). The contraction sets the question of intention aside, since the movement of labour, the action of the contraction, is where the body has its own force which cannot be stopped despite anyone's intention.

Brossard's fold also uses the strategy of repetition or 'superimposition' (Godard 9) which acknowledges the already written, a layering of fold after fold. Brossard writes herself into a conversation with her characters "Gertrude" and "Adrienne" and receives writing from "Yolande" and, as Godard says,

makes her text over-lap the story-telling of Gertrude and Adrienne and the short letters and random marks on paper written by Yolande. Adrienne and Gertrude. . . live in New York as well as in

the fictional world of Yolande Villemairie whose work also explores the moving boundaries between fiction and reality, representation and sensation. But these word-beings may also have an extra-textual life as Adrienne Rich and Gertrude Stein (9).

Brossard layers voices folding them through and among a walk through the city, creating an inner dialectic of imagined conversations to enact both escape and presence, to write the impossible, the "lapse:"

I imagine silences, blank spaces, already as if to protect us from delirium, in the flow of our versions of the story, in the fire of our intimate and forbidden version. the blanks: will allow for the distortion of the real images of life, will make them apply in the unreal space of fiction (*Surfaces of Sense* 42).

The "blank" here operates as a utopic space of revisioning where the division between the real and the unreal gets "distorted" amidst the flow of words and images in the context of the situatedness of the city setting. Michel de Certeau in *The Practice of Everyday Life* says, "on the written page, there thus appears a smudge — like the scribbling of a child on the book which is local authority. A lapse insinuates itself into language" (154). The lapse is where the fold drops off, the almost remembered phrase or word. Brossard's lapse becomes a generative site which problematizes notions of remembering and forgetting:

As the days went by, I became increasingly convinced that the blank which they called a lapse of memory was only imaginary, or else the only plausible connection with the imaginary. I had given considerable thought to writing about this obsession of mine; and having finished my book, I thought I should

not attach too much importance to it, since I had forgotten the main point at any rate, by believing that it was unimportant. But now and then I feel like coming back to it, as if this mystery (or lapse of memory) was trying to produce a fifth dimension in me. A different sense (10).

By writing the "unimportant" which is "like the scribbling of a child," Brossard attempts to enter into the lapse, to "insinuate" something into language which resists being written. The lapse is configured as productive of something other, of a "fifth dimension" and "a different sense." de Certeau says, "these contextless voice-gaps, these "obscene" citations of bodies, these sounds waiting for language, seem to certify, by a "disorder" secretly referred to as an unknown order, that there is something else, something other" (163). By gesturing towards a "something other," de Certeau acknowledges, like Brossard, the limits that have been put on what can be sayable and importantly on what can be quoted. This links back to my earlier discussions of avoiding or intervening the sentimental construction of language, in relation to the domestic and the erotic. How, for example, do you quote a gesture, a hand reaching for another hand across the table? Movement is infinitely unreplicable in a scriptural economy. He continues, "these quotations of voices mark themselves on an everyday prose that can only produce some of their effects — in the form of statements and practices" (164). The "obscene citations" of bodies can only be gestured toward in language, or perhaps they are already entrenched in language and we simply cannot see them. They cannot be coherently reproduced. Which accounts for the supposed incoherence of Brossard's poetic strategy. Coherence, the

coherent whole, has to be given over or given up in order to start saying the unsayable, writing the unwriteable. As Brossard says in *Lovhers*,

I don't know why, but rather than reading what you have written, I'd like to imagine it. I picture you obsessively in the midst of writing excessively as if nothing could stop you — so, you never worry about anything. when you quote, however, you must stop, it seems to me. for example, when you point out what Y observes: the relationship of thought to language is not a thing but a process, a continuous movement from thought to word and from word to thought, what happens in your eye? (23).

The stopping and moving which the quotation produces is figured within a "continuous movement from thought to word." Naming this movement a "process" and "not a thing" creates the possibility of generating an other kind of speaking, a folding over.

For Robin Blaser the fold, as Phyllis Webb notes, "is a persistently recurring icon. . . carrying an almost hermetic or religious intensity, representing the mysterium, the secret numinous thing at the heart of the matter, the unfolded fold" (59). There is also some link, however tenuous, between the fold and reproduction. In "Image-Nation 1 (the fold" which Webb says "is about a cat giving birth, and perhaps the birth of language," (55) Blaser uses the fold as a point of consumption, something folding in on something else, but also as repetition or double. He writes

that matter of language caught
in the fact so that we
meet in paradise in such
times, the I consumes itself (61)

This stanzagraph highlights spatially the seemingly inconsequential lines "so that we" and "in such" as a way of enacting fold. This section also folds over or into the last section:

the language sticks to
 his honey-breath she is
 the path of the tale, a door
 to the perishing moonshine,
 holes of intelligence
 supposed to be in the heart (61)

The repetition of language, first "caught" and now stuck, the ambiguity of the pronoun, is language a she? or the cat? Webb says his work "creates surfaces over and under the form" (72) and this i take to mean that the surface occasionally falls away and i descend through the "holes of intelligence" only to be brought back up again through the movement of the fold, the slip of "the heart."

In later Image-Nations, particularly "Image-Nation 25 (Exody," where he explores Hieronymus Bosch's triptych "The Garden of Earthly Delight," Blaser relies heavily on Deleuze's conception of the fold:

How can a body be made from the word?—language, a shivaree
 of transparence—jigsaw—glass immensity

gods are
 such fine things
 such filigrees
 tenuous immoralities
 among things,
 Lucretius said we need not fear them—propitiate, sacrifice,
 or offer pungent smoke

the pleats of matter and the folds of the soul, reading
 Gilles Deleuze—

A labyrinth is said, etymologically, to be multiple because it contains many folds. The multiple is not only what has many parts but what is folded in many ways. . A 'cryptographer' is needed, someone who can at once account for nature and decipher the soul, who can peer into the crannies of matter and read the soul.

—Deleuze, *The Fold* (370).

other, the quotation-reminiscence, marking in language the fragmented and unexpected return (like the intrusion of voices from the outside) or oral relationships that are structured but repressed by the written (156).

Blaser's approach in "Image-Nation 25" is dialectic, a conversation which functions as "quotation-reminiscence" to make the oral available in the realm of the written. The poetic context allows the voices to be fragmentary, broken-off and partial. The quotation from Deleuze operates as almost as a "quotation pre-text" in that it serves to fabricate the new text, works to change the context of the original while at the same time trying to maintain the original context with the book being open in the library, the page folded open. The function of repeating the quotation is transformative, in that it is used to generate a dialogue between memory and thought, to call back to a past utterance or a past moment of reading and engage with it, rather than to manipulate the context surrounding the quotation in order to argue a case. Robert Creeley says in the foreword of *The Holy Forest*,

above all else I must emphasize a sense often echoed here, that the 'unfolded fold' to be found in his work — the turn, the bend in the road, the 'twist' of Charles Olson's preoccupation—is the nexus of its life and the life it has made so movingly eloquent. No one is going anywhere—as if to get 'there' were the sole possibility (xi).

It is the "echo" heard around "the bend in the road" that creates the fold, the conversation heard again and the quotation of what has been read as a way to both "celebrate" and "dis-quiet" the new text.

For DuPlessis, the fold is a strategy for linking and repeating traces of memory, or perhaps mimicking the process of memory, bringing out

the feeling of forgetting and almost remembering in her series of poems entitled "Drafts." She says, "the strategy of the fold means that each newer work will correspond in some sensuous, formal, intellectual, or allusive way to a specific former "Draft." " (*Onward* 152). This folding over of memory and thought and words creates a "sensuous" formality, one that is felt at the level or surface of the skin. DuPlessis' attempt to cross or double or fold over the line creates a contact between binaries, as a way of undoing them. The breaking of the logical sentence seems to move her into a space of negotiation between the outside and the inside, somewhere between being easily understood and saying what the language will not (logically) allow to be said.

This breaking of the logical sequence starts to become crucial for a language act to develop unconstrained. Deleuze asks, "up to what point can we unfold the line without falling into an unbreathable void, into death, and how to fold it without nonetheless losing contact with it, in order to constitute it as an inside co-present with an outside, applicable to the outside?" (qtd. in Probyn 129). Elspeth Probyn simplifies this passage by saying, "this is to acknowledge that we need to push our selves and feel our selves moving" (129). In terms of writing, the old adage: 'keep it moving' seems to fit here. DuPlessis says, "want the poetry of shifters, a pronominal poetry, where discourses shift, times shift, tones shift, nothing is exclusive or uniform, the "whole" is susceptible to stretching and displacements, the text marks itself, and there is no decorum" (*The Pink Guitar* 144). The shift becomes the movement of the fold, the act of folding. In my own project, i have negotiated this shift by trying to avoid easily pinned-down positions. Pronominal ambiguity, for example, starts to create doubt and

'displacements.' Reading practices have to shift in order to compensate for the lack of an easily identifiable subject and object.

I use both ambiguity and specificity as a way of breaking down the conception universal themes or experiences. This double- or perhaps triple-movement creates a linguistic 'slippage' as DuPlessis says,

this hybrid, critical, and politicized subject desires amphibious modes of writing that no longer formulate in a universalistic fashion, but instead investigate and return to complications in an oppositional mode embodying provisionality, slippage, skepticism, and random repetitions (*Diacritics* 50).

By twisting the stability of language, she sends it flying and feels it move. The random repetitions of phrases, of lines in a poem can call up the traces of memory, start to transcribe some of how the mind works creatively. Yet, repetition also creates memories that we 'remember' — the earlier invocations of a word or an image. The traces of memory, however, are difficult to trace as DuPlessis says,

the problem of memory is the largest motivation for my poetry. However the sheer memorializing function attributed to poetry, especially as that singles out female figures to be surround by "the male gaze," has been an ethical and intellectual issue for me since the early 70s (*Onward* 144).

This 'problem of memory' fits with my earlier discussion of biotext and fictionalalysis, where the trace is labelled as fictive, or at least partly so. In my own work, the attempt is to tone down the monolithic nature of 'the past' and transform it by the use of specific details. But through the act of writing, these details get transformed further so that they have to be "recognized anew" as Creeley says, "time folds and unfolds ('dépli')

continuously all that is said, and the person each one presumes to know has momentarily to be recognized anew" (xv). This sense of relearning what one already presumes to know tends to keep monolithic structures in check.

Into the Fold

If this 'poetic statement,' this essay, this document, this stack of paper, were to be recreated, refolded. Origami crane? Paper airplane? Speculations on possible futures for this work lie in the details, in the specificities. In the places where you can feel the language moving. In the depth of the fold and, at the same time, on the surface of things. Now that i have gotten in the way, have filled the gap between the movement of my fingers across a keyboard and the printed poetry you are about to read, i wish i hadn't. Wish i could have let the ambiguity fight it out with the specificities and let them speak for themselves. Know i may have gotten it all wrong, may be saying now, 'that is not what i meant to say, that is not it at all.' But of course it is useless to protest at this point. After all i've already said. Still, perhaps i have learned to "cultivate the capacity" to respond to my own work, have positioned it against some interesting writing, have attempted to create juxtapositions, as well as interventions. I have tried to explain myself.

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Chase chases memories say sand
between toes to start plus a lake, a red
pler and a desire to swimsplither cold
(blue water, blue sky) skin prickles
expands again red (that feeling) hair
turning burns blonder still

[insert photo here]

ache edges depth vast and waits wind
winds too cold of a shout offshore
without future lakes in mind

[yearning, fingers, fear]

lake this mountain train track fresh
sulphide fliesfurious (intention always
reveals itself) lost blue against

[ankles, angst]

one hair turn turning

small

Chase chases memories

blank big stop 'run til you puke'
headache breaks easily against cracks

whirling inside 'all you can do' too big
for skin scrapes refuse bones ache burst

blue slaps big boulders water falls
behind desire for just one just one more

yearn yellow of a white car drives
'around and around'

lake lascivious wraps thighs cool blue-
green almost alone again

Chase chases memories

same as same

water up a nose

flintstone lunchbox breaks

tongue rips cold metal

swings taken again

scratch: snack stolen

purple banana bike seat

red tablets:

how to brush your teeth

jumping the high stair

backs broken crack

Shuswap lakes me log cabin lemon
legs stretched deck fresh and big air breezes
slink on a too hot hafta go in baby's heard
againlanguish up

wave to Dad delivering the mail

rocky beach water sooo warm you wanna
sudden deep dives cool but not so
scrape against rock again and air

keep an eye on B in inflatable penguin

vast grass up the hill: rocks and feet heavy
arms falling penguin falls blows back down
B even redder than before kicks head back
tired slides stubborn sleep aside

Shuswap lakes me on the last day of school
boats a two-four with T and M
J and her bikini weren't allowed to go

T knew he'd work on a golf course M
probably didn't know he'd try to kill himself
later seems like the right word water glinting

got going real fast and we'd stop suddenly
and jump in pee in the lake in the clearest
body of water in Canada fluid the water we
knew our skin

M's little sister starts crying drank too much
she wants to go later on the lawn by the beach
she tells me she was pregnant once believes
I won't tell anyone and I don't until now

waves turn foamy white blue cold to my car
water falls against rock on the ride home
contemplate a nap and what's for supper
walkman drowns out the broken stereo

gazebo Dad built for the wedding
(like he said he would)
plastic swimming pool plastic slide
bare toes hair curls still
really big tomatoes
aqua boat + purple skis
bathing suits on the freezer
long, long drives

Kamloops calls pulp mill
 fresh says don't stay too
 long but 'Sahali' offers
 something desert dry drive
 and drive

stuck in the back singing
 "who were you talking to"
 unseatbelted bends and
 bends alone again river
 moves "cell by cell into a
 realm unreal" and trains

Call Kamloops "your friend's
 in the hospital" psyche ward
 again but only organic
 brown duster busted
 joint in the Plaza parking lot
 bright light promises/threatens
 hot legs on saturday night
 slip between river and lake
 fresh black cold
 yellowline as

picture w/ Santa -
 she looks like a boy!
 yeah
 almost asked:
 can we stop for a hamburger
 too afraid felt
 inside the chest
 we passed it
 banging the window
 why what

First my dog got hit by the school bus, my brother shamed me into not crying, into saying no big deal, into making the bus driver feel better like it wasn't his fault. Then my new running shoes ripped at the seam, no money to buy new ones, flap flapping around school. I was cautious, waiting for the next thing. Then one day i started crying, hiding in the school washroom, missed the bus home, i couldn't stop crying. A teacher came in to see if i was okay and i said please leave me alone and she did and i still cried. All the way to the bank where my mom worked crying up the street my head down pretending i was invisible over the creek, past the Legion, the mini-mall on the corner to my mom and i said please please take me home.

Today Blake bashed his head on the hockey stands crying in my arms the red welt forming across his head. Today it turned bluish-black. Today Brennan was bugging me hanging off me while i was trying to get ready not listening to my get out of my space rant and as i eased him out of my way he tripped and fell against the edge of the bed. His recriminatory you pushed me, pushed me past the edge of guilt his forehead red and swelling would turn purple before we got to school driving silent and heavy. Today i whacked my head on the edge of the van getting in to do up Blake's car seat misjudged the headroom a red line across my head a headache moving down my spine, oh man i said.

if she always looked like a boy, wanted to be a boy, in fact, pretended to be a boy said don't tell the other boys i'm a girl if her best friend is a boy if she always has friends who are boys if she was always called a tomboy and never wanted to wear a dress. if her hair was always short, if she played with trucks, if she rode a boys bike if she wanted to be like her brother. if she wanted to be a truck driver or a fireman, if she thought she could escape, if she said girls can do anything they want

too large for frees a forgetful hull fingers pulse against sting lists and list "what to get"
 stretch in the reach among days dog tired and crying pressure pushes low clenches
 drop baby drop plexus flex smooth amidst the wide yeps a stammer mmm errrr

rain sings an almost wet, dripping (the you on the screen) slips finger long and still
 weighs heavy now beyond the wrong green stems purple here flakes relief of off
 stark still and waiting water breaks beats a flow towel soft wave rises tight again

tense in the too much tense release spins back stack wanting ease, sand sun nooo
 clench the end of "this is it" move and move mo driftive almost snap spine push
 slide rip elide slip pours and pours sent sentence release again ease the yaw of you

Thompson rivers rides by me sand bar
rising "it looks like he's walking on water"
and i believe him sea weed wade my way out
current flows around my black rubber boots
hands reach sand cold water fresh wind
ripples the edge laughing, dancing

later when my dog is hit by the school bus
he says "look, she's going to cry" and i
don't just to spite him and i still don't teeth
piercing tongue and goldensparks

when i think "m" distant and bad "how
come he gets to and i don't" knowing it's
because i'm a girl somehow not wanting to
be tree climbing safe

M slap shots the china cabinet shatters
scissors break and rages a broken .22 stuck
between yelling and nowhere to go

read his letters from Sask. -- she likes him
but doesn't want to say all the you remembers
and we miss you railroaded he doesn't go
back again

stakes a place drinks a remembering says
now "i wanted to go" his everything was
fine sticks sharp against anger

yellow school bus every day
mom hits the ditch again late
"why do we have to stay"
wagon wheel for lunch
dog's old rose
giant tree
dirt

Sorrento stares stings an "I want you"
smooth skin caught almost there push
pushing slings a finger long stripes a
remembering arms long and "it's late"

drives a haze down talk talking talk
sent singing blood-like snaps a lapse
sent flying

(more exciting than 'the real')

after "you said he kissed you" docks
sway water breathes us sucks a scape
"until your boyfriend came"

*make a mental picture

presses down on "have something to
tell you" syllables shake down around
the "you" of saying

another K, not you

Sorrento starts way down scales rallies
anticipation felt driving legs quiver not
knowing veins swell felt as yearnings

your "only in town for the weekend"
echoes past ways of committing
(fingers on paper)
to the "like it"

lakes shimmer too much Monday

black and raining

eyes bounce yellow caught short
shifts "all" the way (home) staring

highway
gas station
houses
trailers

(he discovers your clitoris)

trees
grass
sand
lake
dock
boat

Scotch Creek skips a beat slides past the
khaki in provincial, the red in park black-top
smooth all the way to the beach

she's crazy about him, but doesn't like us
sun tan oiled and sinking sun sand melts a
disconnection (stopped listening, that's all)
beach towel breezes sand eye grit behind
another beer caught wanting waves again
and wet

watch the people go by holding hands
bikinis or not: coupled a frame again waiting

Scotch Creek skips a beat laughs cadential
around curve your arm his arm mark a
note left hanging hugs the heavy bass\

stop short right turn and he's not good
enough for you small against wanting

window of an arm, a head pressed *all you*
can see
green apartments across the high school
(juicy fruit gum your sister used to live
there

quilt by the campfire
sparks fly fresh
press up a mountain, a moment
tense turn turns forward folds
wea weeps knowing

ripple chips
beer, but don't let the wardens see
trees
rusted barbeque containers
washrooms and change rooms
garbage cans everywhere
(her hands on his back)
swim out to the dock

He gets his first phone number from a girl: Molly 253-354. The girl he carools with is his friend from preschool he doesn't remember saying then, she's so beautiful. Older boys tease him recess in the playground you were riding with a girl. He argues with his friends who say they don't like girls: what about your mom, she's a girl. When I tell him what gay means he says what's the big deal about that. He is waiting in his room for his time to be up sent there for hitting his brother. He is waiting, it takes forever and none of his toys seem appealing, he tries to draw a picture but can't snap the pencil in half slamming it across the desk. His time is up, but he won't come out. Sitting in the crawl space between two rooms his arms wrapped around his legs. He won't come out. He is not crying by sheer force of will his eyes are closed. Slumped asleep he is found after lots of calling carried to his bed covers pulled up to his ears he dreams of fighting, bugs trying to attack him dark circles under his eyes when he wakes up.

She has words she likes, particular ones she fixates on, throws into every conversation tests them plastic in her mouth can't resist the repetition saying them again and again until someone says wow you really like that word you use it all the time and fine, she won't say it again the word will never again cross her lips burning being found out. Ashamed someone noticed they were actually listening when she assumed she was invisible, temporal, flighty somehow above this inane chatter, clutter, clutch of people talking about nothing the women picking their kids up from school going on about the need for manicures. She really has nothing against manicures except as a topic of conversation along with television that other great topic of talk about she could scream her silent response, she really could. Not one chance to say unctular or portent she probably made it up anyway.

**She fascinates traces shape of curve of ever expanding
flesh everyday outward pushing sets camera on tripod
documents growth every three months the profile stretch-
ing black and white frame runs her fingers over improba-
ble skin lifts the weight of dancing naked in front of the
mirror she finds herself exotic wants to say erotic lightly
moving out to here nothing fits don't you find me so she
says legs tight bend to squat practicing she breathes deep
pictures ocean waves of the blue blue a touch from
behind a hand on a shoulder curve of back yes she relax-
es wet pressure yes i find you**

breezy in the no nausea zone lifts an ambivalence sleepy and soft-boned stretch
 slips an ellipse inbetween times and slow whhh of a deep pillow fresh shiver
 moves lightly across hand pressed "actually feeling" link skin water skin insistent

 outward imperative fleshes a presence sent flying lies here now every ache a yearn
 touch says stretch tight tips weeping willows against the window wind howls warm
 motion again firm mattress caress questions of (o) soft slow www throb thrumm

 blurry and outside a lot talk about doesn't reach remembering in "what it's like"
 left incongruous slip between belonging slog exhaust fumes snow slow of thigh
 finally fresh test again (fine) time and time week after pounds appropriate gain

**Salt Spring slips wave upon wave sucks
sweet of a baby's breathless breathing
wraps circles again blurs bright eye of it
salt wet**

***send a postcard to K says she's pregnant**

**let down ache blue ocean greenscrambles
smooth rock facespurple star slime red
sleepers kick and blackblack hair**

(runs circles around)

**flow slips sweet strong pulls and pulls
(take a picture of us) held close closing
in and off**

Salt Spring slips

**journal blue jeopardy and comfortable
yearning one glimpse of D. or P.**

paper ground glitter black bark

**arbutus red peels caught again bruise
bite playful shock**

**late blurs almost awake asleep grit
together tiny head in hand and on**

you saysleep pillow soft until crying

**lotsa long slugs
blue back pack tips over
leaves wet
crayon drawing of ferries
seals (what looks like kissing each other)
broken moped
pulley basket
crabs, starfish, etc.
wind in hair**

Savona kills K's brother slides fast black
and gone his friend too probably sleeping at
the time when bluffs meet black ice: the irony
of "deadman's"

just pain

same with D on his way to Adam's Lake
either a truck or a red car definitely a red car
when I saw him last smiling

beige phone says: "dead friend today"

erases/maintains/erases/freezes/

that one moment snap shot fresh and
laughing

E cries when she unexpectedly sees his picture
their daughter living somewhere else but she
can still visit her and gets lots of pictures
with the parents they chose -- at the funeral
with her new parents "she looks so much
like him" wonders why everyone's crying
she knows he's gone but not for how long

K says it only hurts in waves that pass
through the body ending in anger without
screaming seared to the skin blocking

H doesn't know about going to the funeral
her new husband might get upset erasing
the traces she stays home and it rains again
goes to work in the distance cries the black
phone "I should have"

still a young body vs. a physic who says you
know there are no accidents and wow what
a choice screams against

badminton racquet
grade six soccer (goalie)
she said "sweet"
driving gold bracelets
the first time they had sex

Salmon Arm slides second shop Saans
ugly new shoes dance toward wedding
flowers (not as promised because it's too
hot) slips chocolate beans w/ new writers
crystal formflakes

*Elaine's has new Marlatt \$14.95

purple castles rise balloon fresh and run to
keep up/keep track B wants one and I
always say yes bored for hours

pick up:

- eggs
- milk
- bread

drive winds hours around "getting there"
yellow line divides lake/mountain see cows
and (plug your nose) pig farm fresh beside
bumper boats now

one big collection of old cars
one old one room school house
(one person still remembers going there)
no public beach access
only Co-op for miles
one traffic light
(mom gets her license there)
six second hand stores
(W laughs about that)

C takes a limo from school there

Salmon Arm slips less than always makes
you feel sad yearn to be somewhere else
whispers across waves lap lap lap laughing
head back blonde hair brazing the nape
cake calls birthday partysweet from shore
linking arms wishing to walk up
wet towel cold darkness draws us shadowy
we sing softly listen lightly
feet against rock and stars

She starts talking really fast, starts slurring her words together blending and skipping over. Thinks she should stop but has another glass of beer wedge of lime and carries on louder. Today she is seeing what she can make happen with her words watches them bounce off the corners of the smoky room music bleeding all around. Asks for a cigarette even though she has never been able to smoke not even in high school blue bathroom door swung shut when she really really wanted to. She takes a drag chokes back a cough and continues on about wax dripping waiting for the offers of. At some point she becomes conscious of a line being crossed, some wrenching in her chest thinks about going home and then lingers past it. Some wanting. Redraws the line perfectly in split beer on the table, wipes it away.

There's a gouge today in her ability to get out of bed. She is gouged to the bed. The bed is holding her in its gouge. She is unable to ungouge herself. She looks at the clock, knows, it is time to get up. And yet. This gaping gouge. Caught in the fold, the inbetween. Not sleeping but unable. Caught. The bed - her. Stuck she can't say. Seeping somehow, slipping lip to pillow.

**i was so tired up at three breast feeding up at five again
dreaming of sleep this is some kind of torture i kept say-
ing not again he's crying you should feed him maybe he's
not hungry i say have you thought of that. i can fall
asleep like that now talking on the phone in the car sit
still for a second and i'm out. why pretend otherwise can't
think straight can't remember what we were talking about
anyway my breasts swell into the next feeding lips and
steady steady eyes wide and staring**

**starts with an ache back straight sensation, a mark a dot brackets breaks bigger still
knowingness links uterus flesh dug deep back an ache starts push particles something
gut clenches ambivalent breasts ache both wanting and not slakes tender bones expand**

**impossible flying feels across the you desires "the safe return" what's not been lost
keeps and keeps streams a thigh veins trickle...skin between all surface mostly depth
deep linger ache stretch felt here side pulls inside all outside lakes form fresh strong**

**too slated destiny and soon, let it be soon, space pushes inward licks into shapeless
walks and walks breaks light apprehension of wrists risks not seeing the you of her her
happens again walks circles repeat slide down backs thighs still swims kicks desire**

Magna Bay makes me red wharf long
looking for fish (bread on a safety pin) he
naively hopes can't stay still long anyway
yellow wagon yips rock hard hill hangs up
helping

lamenting lake today when B was young
(that kind of nostalgia) pictures in boxes
and not albums

criptych longing white boat on shore lags
for a second lingers the edge left lapping
pulls away

*B gets up at 5:30 a.m. again

drawing against tired pencil shapes a blue
book rains hard "a famous blue raincoat"
just want someone to carry the groceries in

lonely sting of 'no one to talk to' slaps a grey
phone unanswered again

even breezes

Magna Bay makes me red wharf longing
sun snapping always waiting for someone
to show reading a really good book at least
the best the bookmobile had to offer saturday
and thursday at 'the store' "The Beet Queen"

Magna Bay slips between my fingers lake
water fresh the edge of remembering his
toes in the sand or small stones skipping

sears an almost onto my forearm, the back
of my leg left kicking glide where you/he
kissed

slipped the purple driveway--fell hard
(out of my arms) grass stain green his head
lip sticking and crying

blue blue purple irises
bluish scotch pines
blur colour finger paintings
vines trail
(lots of water or the grass turns brown)
dandelion fresh
S's horseradish invades insidious
slips cut waiting

Cellista swings winds and winds between
lake/rock on the way dances a rock jump
signed in black letters \$15 or \$25/couple
(band+di) stopped, hoping to press

singled out wow frog fresh against wanting
waves signal a let down wound around
crying

•kept the ticket scrapebook safe

slip me a caught sighing but cool

the talk about doesn't mention this

dance as phenomenon rare and unsatisfying

(lying trying sighing)

no room for 'this is and is not'

yip yipping reach rawling red

sent shimmer linger off ffff

purple purple flowers
tall grasses
trucks, jacked up
see the black
just stars

Logan Lake lips ellipses between drives
wind mountains for hours to get to the 'new'
immediate laughter lingers a second moves
sleep here floor rises up to meet the edge
of 'stop talking' next room to whisper
swa...

laughing again mornings, afternoons swept
left out against quiet 'Dad's sleeping' mine
shift solid still the new is everywhere

links a he and he here school picture fresh
mysterious she hyphens me a remembering
he's soooo but i

lips alliances sent candy store skating waits
for the perfect panel and back spins skips
'all the way up the hill' trips blood stain
beat scraping the new 'wow you're lucky'
lifts and lifts

Logan Lake leans bright and shiny, never
sunny cold lake wind and windy sands 'us'
over edges of wanting to toe poised
(we have never been kissed by a boy)

labelled lezzies wrestling the schoolyard
learning not to hold hands

Intense says simple or extreme arms around
pillows first bras digging in snaps a lapse

caught sighing but cool
hair pulled back
slacks back sleep

same striped sweaters
(they look like sisters)
pink bubblicious
Grease soundtrack tape
writing paper
school pictures
purple, not pink

Yearning for sophistication from her trailer bedroom brown panel walls thin enough to have a conversation with her sister through she always thought if i had the money i could have the best clothes the coolest wardrobe but now that she does have the money she still wears the same things just more of them. Her 'i will never live in a trailer' translates itself into a house on a quiet street, not in a small town, her mother's all that money and still not happy echoing through her head. She knows money can't buy happiness, who doesn't but a great pair of shoes full price gets you pretty far down the street. Despite having lots she wears the same ones over and over. Insidious repetition. Contradictory impulses ripping the fabric red.

Her hip escapes caress wound around a musical embrace
arms swinging and high above her head. She knows she's
being watched but pretends she doesn't. Her white t-shirt
moves up to reveal the stripe of her belly the edge of her
jeans her hands move across the air around her waist. If
her body was said. Hands on her back now fingers
through her hair. Folds around stopping. Sitting on the
edge of the couch. Waiting.

**sleeping you say shhh even though he's already asleep
perfect pose of perfection soft you pull blue knit blanket
over bare knees begging yourself not to take this moment
for granted grey haze light your eyes narrow rest your arm
your finger at the edge of his cheek his hair breathe
breathe in the palm of your hands would kill anyone who
touched him now or ever fingers curled around the pine
bars of the crib reluctant and tired you turn negotiate the
sharp edges of plastic toys kick past a pile of clothes white
t-shirt now and sleeping grey flannel sheets**

way of wander, wonder flipped past oblivious set off fine blur breaks blue wash out talk
 kept silent wise stare and stare "what's known" here hand, back of head fine fine fall laaa
 latch crack careful flannel linger scent flying press intense candle low breast stem mat-
 ters

pillow wise wrapped around dawn nebulous blur blink crimp lip wide wait whhh on
 nipple slip passive size electric flow wow rush flux exxx says stammer yow water lick
 kick side ellipse wide drift torrent "off to" shimmers slow way ache cadence in out our

rang again dark white tell langour rise whhh eye even still "star bright" back skin noww
 with thrash wound deep praxis heart tepid depend awe every yaaaah yaaa all liquid
 dedicate flavin normal lamp paper "written on the (his) body" how if ache capsize

Turtle Valley lulls her sweeping hills trim
distant cows and canner fruit jars tips a
location fought for her version of "here"
said "family" and they all listened

water glistens grass drops a second little
tongue fresh plowed over apple tree grass
rising dust and "now you can't even see
the road" snow says you don't even know
who's coming on the phone again

her 'come over to my house' expands the
walls of comfort cinnamon bun warm
waiting stretches all you can do, still far-
ther bakes her "she is soo busy"

first time they road an escalator

Mom touches an electric clothesline and dyes
her don't wake Mom and Dad sleeps with
me flannel flowers lower bunk

Turtle Valley trips us dancing freeze frame
fresh the three of 'us'
one long striped
pregnant + two not
we decide 'Brennan'
laugh like dancing girls
rocks the edge of longing to be together
dark and stars we sing slendor skinny

slakes a fall rock caught not crying
too tired against wanting to stay
slips tender shoulder
perfume sweet

watching her orange and black skirt
cheerleading practice
sign really does say 'turtle crossing'
fielding horses
first day of high school (crying)
cat's eye glasses
her own phone
paper thin trailer walls
skip rope turning

Squam Bay scares her drives for hours
 logs miles after mile to keep 'it' straight
 learns Spanish yearns against gossip
 creates a reading of Isolation book after
 book (neighbours keep coming for coffee)
 she negotiates interruption drinks, smokes
 leaning to say 'close'; cared what she
 thought wrought wrung-out and following
 wisps blonde wind and blue blue eyes (she
 was always the smart one) letters from
 Nelson and a crocheted cap from her
 roommate; I write: I lost another tooth
 I know she likes strawberry yogurt (but not
 this kind) and white cream soda, not red
 or belge.
 sometimes she scares me wine bottle shawl
 and cool, so cool always a boyfriend to die
 for

Squam Bay takes her city to lakeside
 wonder why would she staring across blue
 logs a winding road, turn at mile 24
 dust drives the edge : cliff, trees, water
 pull-out, hoping to hold on to
 gravel not giving way
 C's first birthday wirliding
 we made it teddy bear cake and tea set
 slips between refusing not to go
 the "staying in touch" seems important now
 still no phone she tells me
 writes about her little red shoes,
 her she says, but 'only when she wants to'
 alone in her voice
 howls between us
 slipss icy

her cowboy friends
 belge firebird
 her own apartments
 really great clothes
 books
 green coffee cup
 sleeping in

Brennan Creek burns hot day orange
dust creases desire of shoulder bent
throwing baseball hard ache of 'it'

*rewrite the grammar of angst

all you *can* do drops away rain shower
fresh mud rising up between
slips a finger nailsharp
possible sensations,
positions a perfect response (thought up
ahead of time) felt between shoulders
crease curves a release left laughing off far

the 'you should haves' and 'cared what she
thoughts' slip sunlight anxiety turned
right and leaving

Brennan Creek trips the long way of 'riding
up in the back' dust flies furious obscures
the look of 'it's just fun'
knocks elbow + side of truck
kicks around again winding spins
fingers into backs of hands
beer bottle cool
dances the hall tonight

'beautiful' view of the lake
logging trucks
polyester baseball shirt
basketball in the loft
one room school
coats in the hall

she keeps watching the train go by. she is hearing the train go by. the train goes by her room at night paper thin walls. she has never been on a train. she knows the sound a train makes when it goes over the ties in the crossing. she knows exactly when the bells will start, when the engineer will whistle and how long she can hear the train after it passes. she knows how to count how many cars the train has, how many engines in the middle and what the caboose sounds like. she knows if you put a penny on the track it will get flattened, but if you put too much stuff on the track the train guy will stop and sweep it off and yell at you where you're hiding. she knows the shape and feel of the rocks at the edge of the track knows they are hard to walk on. she knows how to jump on the train if it's moving slowly enough and how to jump off. she knows her brothers ride the train into town, but she only rides for a few feet. she worries about being sucked under the train becoming a war amps kid

**if i cried when my sister came home because she didn't
spend enough time with me if i got upset because the
yogurt i bought especially for her was the kind she didn't
like if i was too sensitive if i couldn't take the slightest bit
of criticism if i thought her asking me all the time if i had
a boyfriend meant i had to go find one if she said she
liked Iron Maiden even though i know she didn't if she
came to my grad party if she could pass for one of my
friends if she left home before i got to know her if she
always existed far away if i planned to cash in my bank
account buy a bus ticket and go live with her if i couldn't
be that dramatic even if i was exploding inside my own
head if i was in such pain if i had known the word angst
if she had said you're okay how you are**

**slowly she catches the big red ball rolls it back and again
he keeps repeating patterns elaborate routines exactly the
same arms reaching to throw it just the same way red ball
scraping green green grass until suddenly he stops moves
toward the swing fingers around chains kicks little legs
higher under to the branch of the tree touches the back of
his neck tips back hair flying and laughing she leans
against the tree eases into the back and forth the shimmering hair the red ball rolling under her foot**

scatter reckless tri wave vacant toes, small toes september wise eyes wide 'remember'
faculty flavour ambiguous of the late, late taken smudge skip over lapse segue green
nine side known glance salad of romance same sentiment finger handle linger mingle

catachresis rises stretch 'kept waiting' gap back can't careful lament straight for second
deep in the hazy yawn wide mist quiet intention navigates awake side down
north of shimmer heavy ready step parcel so long gravitates heart muscle melds up

park tread divide you and buzz line find dark yeps stammer cry still edge fever rate
exact temperature mediates temple lead dis song side elevate possible rake esk card
depth surface wide of the cool, cool submerge angst be belong gather skip layer pale

Chase Creek braids broken down barn
around sandy sandy water picnic scratches
'carried along by the current wound back
again feet against rock kick kicking can't
stay strips the cool

sleeping over (culture of girls) tumbles sex
talk and stuffed animals taped over shocking

her 'I can't believe you said that' rises up
toward wanting it tipped back and laughing
(halloween she always dressed a hippie
headband and long long hair)

her dad talks crazy but we didn't know he
was an alcoholic until now slamming hard
black pavement breaks and breaks out

tender to say it her babies now growing
bigger married and 'all' basement economics

shooting lapse between the then never
seen as normal

Chase Creek keeps us LP hippie-like longs
illucid two hands rising wrought out
not crying

eyes flash dirt roads for signs of

'he's cute just invite him over' too terrified
to speak nothing to say spins and spins

surfaces of what if he times Infinite

*shy people over-monitor their environment
(don't want to be seen as)

spirals inward chest tight
taped shut and stuck

the coolest ski jacket
her sister's boyfriend
french braids white blonde
first time we saw a condom
smoking in the bathroom
out with J 'forever'

Niskonlith blue blacks the word 'reserve'
our party of passing through wept the other
side of racist by not caring

yellow gold fires edge of the lake and not
wanting to get kicked off quiet music
blares the solitude of a jeep, a tree

fields and fields of wild flowers - here.

night rocks the turns of who will show up
dust hides anxiety anxious felt as clench
hand in the gut

drinking our way to

yaw at the moon yearns a touch but doesn't
say it moves a finger in the dark, a neck,
the back of an ear, leaf entangled hair,
haaah you can see your breath thin

Niskonlith changes us wanting to be sooo

yellow celica drives
the edge of tired of almost

burning algebra notes to signal the end of
erase this we create
another version
fingers black
hair tangled

grab backwards twist twisting
we say 'resist' but

fields and fields of wild flowers
trees out of rocks
fire on the edge of
lake the colour of
dirt smell of
fingers through hair
purple the air

Adams Lake whirls us water speaker biales
inner tube scared whirs to the pulled under

beer cans in the sand

slurps the edge laps between sand and wave
water barely moving now arch of a foot
packed in sand scrapes sweet low

whips around air 'who's there' jean shorts
of the expected frayed but not waiting zips
black bathing suit fresh shakes hotter than

thin, thin white

rips nail sharp: tree + skin jump jumps ridge
fancy silver water shock drop off

falling, but caught

T. always said cold

Adams Lake lifts us slaps surface, depth of
shoulders pressed against water skin
between sand and air hair strands fly wide

waves the current of K. always says almost
lost his license hitch hiking to fastball
games

his tall and blonde hurts against 'playing
around'

perpetually stung finger aches rips the
clench of the 'can't have'

hips press rock grass aches
stakes a second

beer cans in the sand
Boy Drowns in Local Lake
orange life jacket
black bathing suit
frayed jean shorts
zipper stuck
car speakers

**drinking by the lake she dances near the fire around and
around until somebody worries she might fall in. in her
dream she trips against the edge of the rock and falls but
wakes up before she hits the fire startled on the black
leatherette couch that came with the trailer and smelled
so bad for the first month something about the glue that
can't be good for you raking the red shag carpet she
remembers the dream the smell of the fire singeing her
hair**

playing basketball she says put on an all-Indian line and we'll kick some ass and she calls her racist says how can you say that sitting on the bench again ball slamming her hard in the chest when she moves up the court orange and black mesh shirts flying what the hell you trying to prove. later when three girls from the team are pregnant she's not warming the bench so much they're not winning much either sweat stinging her eyes she drives her home across the bridge past the reserve church where the playschool is says stay on the pill you don't want to whippers what can happen in secret with no one knowing remember I said I was going to a concert that weekend slipping her fingers into the waist of her jeans

**You never quite get it right. Bake all the cookies you want,
buy a shiny track suit and sit in the hockey stands but no,
you're holding back. Your wanting to be seen as plays
hard against not wanting to even be one. The La Leche
League meeting where you can't quite commit breasts
aching trying but endless giving and meal planning
eludes you and all the things you can't teach your kids.
Sure you rationalize say you're just doing the best you can
worry arms wrapped around two boys lying in the big bed
waiting for the strength to just get up**

swell sets left tip tender render flannel lament kept count June side ever If crisp wrap
pink about taxi last crinkle cast table this label parka wide divide seeps you side my
yellow yammer (fits between, among?) young, young gad drink careful yow slip wow

whether scarpe meant tomorrow worry one more your beat now wanes sensitive verve
echo signs rhyme again nerve after scaffold deep layer figures sonic cryptic care within
knowing line blue after rip up stiff stuck capture rapture gape guttural tape electric six

scape scene skin wide remember slack slings suture seams sorry stitch story you of bring
gave If ever sleep to resemble lent image rage fact of fabric rip red lip to pillow slips
solid crave soft escape pends resemble laud a cell skip over mal land door after root

Field flattens out the sharp side of "mountain"
railroad crew fresh and passing through his
leaving home lags among tall grass, a desire
for a shower

tops out basketball orange and black frenzy
next quilts tips learning side cash wide teaches
me to drive

*does not exhibit the typical characteristics of
a drop-out

pester the tall friends trying to get to the
"everybody likes him" letter C we danced
(nice, but shy I think) kept still shimmering
shy yeah

shoulders wide and tanned span distances
between the we've never actually hugged
scissors flying rage "the two of *them* never got
along" left me lonely sent back can't talk

Field takes him backroom to morning train
track flat he weaves among blue, green
hates it, just hates it dirt and sun

arm pinned "I squealed like a pig" his brush
with the almost intimidated on the rye side of
scared

pinched tight he doesn't say sips a Sikh free
Legion drink

kept quiet until the "I'll never be like him"
rage
caught out, but building yellow siding fresh

train gang, not chain gang
keys locked in car for days
not your typical drop-out
basketball, baseball, golf
matching necklaces
"really in love"
piling lumber
reading Tolkein

Pritchard plexes sexism of x relax last
you say "fantastic" R. says "realistic" kicks
knowing from

my yellow yellow

listening to Journey expanding space
between fingershighers gravel road don't

yearns a touch makes 'it' happen shoulder
to shoulder hoping to press empty, purple
shell spent relent taken a back came over
here sheer of hip pine trees sway sap stick

cats lick the butter

ponds horse-like away rock fallen not
laughing grey trouble/knees shake stiff w/
the word daughter

"she would"

party after party
horse riding before school
green tent
boy passed out on the deck
2-4

her abortion story
cosmo magazine
the best of Journey
'the' 40 acres

Pritchard dances ranch house M out-of-town
around trying-on, fixing the broken

calves continually being born blood
late-night dying not knowing the smooth

this we know lightning sharp

panic cure at the start of
always full in the end

food for weeks gone
get me spent
beer bottle refund

**i am walking on the sand bar have waded through weeds
and reeds to get here to swim on the clear side to be swept
along by the current for a ways sand between my toes. i
am walking on the sand bar looking for driftwood
Brennan in rubber boots finds an interesting piece with a
hole in it and says the water is too cold to swim. i am
walking on the sand bar swam through weeds brushing
my legs to my brother who i thought was walking on
water incredible i think wow that you could walk right
through the middle of the river green of the reserve the
tangled trail up the hill arms around my legs watching**

In her dream she is deciding whether to have sex with the man or the woman. She can't decide. She and the woman send the man out to the laundromat next door. He is back too soon. Says he feels left out. I don't care she says you guys decide. In her dream she hopes the woman will win. The man sulks out i'm not sticking around for this her initials engraved on his shoulder (probably tattooed, but in her dream engraved seems like the better word). The woman turns to her. For a second she thinks about calling the man back, wants to make him feel better. But in her dream she does not.

tracing the space between fingers the lip of thigh her
hands starting to go slack she reaches to turn on the radio
music smooth, but her desire is wider and her angst plays
itself out on her hip, the smooth of her stomach marking
the wrinkles between counting them one by one she had
not thought alone but wasn't disturbed among choosing
reaching again slender

**treble of left cleft tick syntax wrap pour around dying glimmer rips shimmer tied tight
tipped right tremble legs shake ethereal arms around almost tea sipped tepid deliberate
ripple size say tidal relentless lick one last kick cadence sticks smooth quick release ease**

**zag gone ribald dipped in or out talk a high note shriek keep caring rubbed right here
effort anything but apple lists drink after render how to assemble; what doesn't work now
whether under or tipped top side ellides slender carpet tender burn neglects stream**

**mama or mom margin wide electric stops eclectic cream sips steam met left wanting
green overwhelms contradictory fingers stroke kept count analogy of toes talk treble
effort falls semiotic crackle forgotten amniotic cycle several lack caves in rose red sable**

Blind Bay captures us tomboy free boat
riding our own risk smoke steady sand rise
between foot step

forgot my bathing suit wet pantlessshort
seams dig in

reeds brush back: "the sand is slimey!"

kangaroo-hooded don't tell them I'm a girl
passed the marina skipping, bike riding raw
between short blonde hair hemmed my oh
ah yeah, sure

slipped our limitation to the power of
hammers, nails, dirt bikes, scrawny trees
of the disapproving suburb

D. sent crashing (no one around to watch)
rode brave before no one no be back by
sky blue, sun orange (yellow?)

Blind Bay backs us forward playing or being
our skin and sand we know
voiced and poised ready to

taboo between us/the reach and the telling
after
saw the same video on V.D. in health class
dancing unhappy

plastic truck drip drops fire "experimenting"
toxic
play between idea of and skin pushing back
somewhere obliviously beautiful
almost a

can't afford a t.v.
yellow waterskiing rope
bikes
the gravel pit
white Spanish-style stucco
cliff jumping
scrawny cedars

Silvery Beach shimmers just simmers
slope talk hot to the red canoe fingers
press paddle side smooth, warm more than
across

she dives wharf side says, "It's okay if you
go out with him" misstepped stroke after
stroke came up crying tree line and sand

deep in clear eyes wide fingers spread deaf
rings loud eeee intense strap slips glimpse
round and perfect to purple surface

escape rhythm-free electric skin bangs on
outside sun and sun on 'all day long' flicks
fireside stone ring

*postcard pretty she lives

sand recasts the alphabet for me; grammar
of a single grain tense between finger nails
scatter there

that red canoe
those grains of sand
that long wharf
those cedar tree lines
the cool water
those postcards never sent
that wooden paddle

Silvery Beach stares the edge of purple
eyelash caught torn around the corner

risks sticking speed boat cool
wave after
wrench raw after
extracts back blue
still shakes

flags a second glides smooth so
"the water's like glass"
spray edges lean
hands tight
slides

Squallax lingers as inbetween vast topically
dry rises out of the old store brick of railway
building red grated floor hurt our feet
candy stick bottle colours milk glass jars
Dad pulls off the highway buys honey
from a family

at school the grimy son says 'you bought
honey from us' and my trying to ignore
him fades a buzz through fracturing
friendships 'you bought honey from him'
seeps denial shame-faced

sharp says what falls between us

Squallax band members get new houses "boy
are they ever lucky" and even though we
live in a trailer we have to feel sorry for
them because somehow we're still better off
than them 'but morn, they live in a house'
imagined confusions of the 'what goes on
there' elides the why

subtle separations - the vast inbetween the all
this the all that

what's possible here: the word 'racism' never
spoken drunken jokes everything's fine here

meeting the anthropologist studying the
reserve I was shocked 'why here why them'
hit with the not like - heard the word 'prob-
lem' running to the white washed church
and back

"band jobs pay well but nobody wants them"
"those kids get their entire education paid for but
they won't go"

rip your stupid mainstream strip: realizing
the culture of

she rides on the back of a motorcycle through the hills to
Ville Franche thinks she is making a romantic picture the
wind in her hair she is not wearing a helmet this waist her
arms tight this black black hair if they fall she will be
killed but obviously she doesn't care wrapped as she is in
this romantic image the coast below and the winding
winding road where every bank statement seems irrele-
vant she imagines riding a bike with a basket on the front
to the market travelling from France to Canada to visit
her family looks up the word pregnant in her French dic-
tionary the bike stops at the top of the hill leans off before
him runs his fingers through her blonde hair

what we thought was a good party depended on the proximity to the lake and the chance to go swimming when we were wasted although we never did because we were too wasted and it always seemed too cold. It depended on the size of the fire and who was there and who wasn't and how much beer was available and how fast we could drink it and who got together with who, who possibly could get together with who and who could make it happen. we worried about too many trucks coming and too many cowboys and about getting caught, getting kicked off and the cops coming. If we kissed someone it was most probably someone we didn't go to school with although it wasn't always the case and then we had to deal with saying hello to them in the hallways and it was all too awkward better to avoid and try to have a conversation on the phone without all the pressure of everyone watching. we thought a good conversation involved some talk of the meaning of life, something deep and profound and also talking about other people we knew if we thought we could seem better than them somehow and also an admission of how wasted we were to make any kind of connection seem inconsequential. we thought it better to not show that we cared what anyone thought although obviously we worried about it constantly, wrote secret entries in our journals speculating what they thought about us

You are so hot have never been this hot before driving through Pacific Northwest heat no breeze off the coast no air conditioning in the jeep no place to put the roof if you took it off your body a furnace already seven months his hand sticky and heavy on your knee chewing ice take it off you snap leave me alone but you're stuck in this jeep with nowhere to go until you get there your hair sticky and tangled at the back of your neck and lifting it up or tying it back doesn't help you could give birth at any moment technically it would be expensive though and you wonder what ever made you want to be pregnant in the first place didn't know you'd be this hot sweat trickling now between your tender breasts would take it all off if you could would shed this sweaty skin for a moment of cool, for a breeze in the lush early morning grass would give anything for a dip in the ocean for the shock of a cold water dive in the lake first thing in the morning

**excise lax slim numbers ramble evidence emerges slipped or pushed drag guys impossible
ever stretch checks wild wide skin extends beyond fold after tissue tight drape electric
tingle gropes down again heard as rage joined drastic kept delicate triage go one by**

**yellow fields snap flowers around crowning ying monitors yang gong steady beep
prolong garish push shock hair air rings cryptic almost crying grab brought close
even since slick caught tepid dark tendrill finger soft rockets sky blue sing say yeah**

**hey of yawn notion deliverance same stance only more so silk skin drips milk careful
hull saken never so almost awkward division slept toward vision screen on almost you
unify stretch across softer release rip placed together render relax into still slender**

Vernon reaches right-hand page of angst
tempts potential lake-side lavender pressed
between

"I just want some time to myself"

backs of hands peel off known, a hip escapes
caress if my body was said phone book
weight, yellow

"touch to my"

smooth of a stomach skin and skin slips by
un-done vast of purposeful white spaces
signifying

"as so"

parchment eyes tear mark to mark wrinkles
line memory of smooth strain theory track
ache of back

calla lily white stretch arm's length of scent
spilled out knowing nihil text sunken ink
of statement

Vernon nexts un- into slack shoulder fact
back by back presses an ease left long

calculate: vertebral degeneration

inside bend relates elbow tight narrates a
missed glance, skips past save

v of hand curves a draft spelled out here
hip paper flex dyed black by

cantya just

space between fingers
lip of thigh
uvula

Copper Island dives fusion scalp wide
water and blue, blue air of neck snaps back
bathing suit black

i have never loved George Bowering

rock between rock and feet on the edge of
poise, of almost; lurch and then

fast spray splash swoop back curve up
relax fresh rush surface seems so

caprice seizes shoot wide so green shrub

Copper Island hikes the wide side of scape
seeks similitude of view, of look

D. says 'jump' and eventually
(legs crossed again)

climbs lip side scrapes bend of skin felt
here back of knee sinks well fresh

*well above sea level

motor boat gasses water green, purple
slick behind the eyes blue and glassy

rock
cliff
flower
water

Jade Mountain surveys highway wide
infinity of view wow of the always loved

gas jockey job

green but not so curves anticipation slender
lens a sunglass flash temple smooth

i'm driving in your car

wind say waaaah air through hair after hair
glass elbow line when

turn on the radio

pictogram graffiti red D. K. + R. L. forever

yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow

rock files

Jade Mountain mesmerizes almost
anticipation felt here fingers grip smooth
smooth wheel wrapped around press

purple to say it, not green really

lake me tree waiting for
alley after alley home
free for a second hair whipped back

interior render
scene snap fax

push button car radio
dark red impala
windows mostly rolled down
grey dash
almost out of gas

starting at wheat fields listening to Cohen sing nobody's
wife, she is struck by the vast transformed into an unbearable
ache she cannot bear jumps the fence tramples the
canola that used to be called rape seed picks handfuls and
smells them tosses them into the air she wants to dance
through the fields but can't get over the absurdity kids
staring at her from the back seat of the car she knows they
want to keep going to get there but all of this driving in a
straight line makes her slightly crazy sincerely L. Cohen
the song flips around she is back in the car driving crying
the kids say okay mommy and reach for her hair tangled
by the wind fingers tight around the steering wheel now
Sheryl Crowe sings a change will do you good

**Today you will laugh more throw your head back in care-
less abandon. Today you won't care what anybody thinks
throw your arms to the wind drive all the windows open.
Today that ache in your chest won't drag you down won't
stop you from won't make putting your arms around a
tiny head such an effort. Today you will say the first thing
that comes into your head blurt babble out at random
cackle see the words crackle fly fling your hands going
along not stuffed in your pockets not today**

The kids are screaming in the van hitting each other and calling crybaby when one or the other cries so I start out easy calm and in my best parent voice say please be quiet boys I can't drive with all the noise he hits him again and I scream stop so they both start mimicking stawp stawp and laughing and now they're not fighting but I'm so mad flashed back to my brothers teasing me go tell mom why don't you rage and humiliation these boys I say don't quietly

ring one place you knew water wrinkles rivers slake steady thirst ready easy or red dive
extra almost strands swap around low wavers seem simple every yip yaw wants schwa
aggravate each hassle felt slack capable slips around back cables simple what seams to

open nectar original lake effort tops sloppy slip of messy sent out back care easy every
yes sips sweet table top ponder risk of cake exclaim matter ruby fruit terrible slunk
kennedy or good dexterous snack kip called with us smack cracker friend deep para

agate ponder smooths rounder slips under ram dirt side danger red scar rakes tissue often
no not ever rambles sent together stone heavy level labour til time takes tomorrow sweet
sorrow wanes scent fresh slide shovel lip stick catch change phrase frenzy zag gone swallow

Seymour Arm shore wide wakes sandy
isolation slips noxious impossible nation:
audacious colonial action built up the lake
and back

boat wide hauling kept edge tugboat steady

lilt of hammer echoage amidst: rock, then
gravel, then road then lines edges landscape
frenzy and wow what a big

(we also drove up grape koolaid for mix)

logging trucks lean high long wide red flag
trees a discontent sand pressed pedal

Seymour Arm marks a scar
leg against tent peg
tree uprooted here
pinking lake water
my brown brown
'you're bleeding' wasted
dirt beneath fingernails
fuck first aid
shallow hole

generator power
tent pegs
one manor
lunch trailer
a marina

Vancouver skates the S - curves of long
longing salt sea sushi green squished blue
and then white of an eye caught gazing
slip fingers pull

to feel what you see

breezes crease skins inhale burn white
nails of a summer sun mango fresh flesh
stains orange of a summer sun sets palms
aglow and wow your hair feels kiwi green
and black seeds slip stick finger

what your tongue hears

licks waves saltily splashes snap sandy feet
squishes grit of rubbing so loud your teeth
ache vibrating a crescendo swallowed too
fast a flick tongue crashes hard on white
enamel

Inhale with pores open wide

lying the air holds whirls "round and round"
sinks a wet wind sucks every drop salt
embeds light embues the embrace of caught
waiting again

sea wall mermaid
slick acting classes
sand swinging
drive for miles
writing schools
separate pillows

Monte Creek has a crush on me won't
leave me alone anymore always asking me
to the next dance red faced no no he'll just
ask again next time

moves me I should be flattered and If you
look with the corner of your eye but no you
can't everybody watching your response

starving for affection one arm around your
shoulder holding hands but not that one

Monte Creek leans tallest boy in grade 10
against my locker pleads behind me walking
to class ignoring him for show

sits behind me on the bus hand on the back
of the seat shy lingering lapses into blank
stare nothing to say

If I say tree after tree hi howareyou If I turn
toward the back of the bus if my hand brushes
lunch crumbs off the metal part of the seat

what to do when the wrong
guy has a crush on you

how to say 'no' without being mean

how to find a real boyfriend

what boys want in a girl

Sunset she's looking at pink says if you painted that it would be tacky ocean calm and breeze wood of a clapboard chair seals bobbing she remembers cold mist north sea her grandmother's brother, father lost at sea waiting waiting she moves west to Saskatchewan prairies and apparently never misses the sea, the wheat moving across the prairie in waves forgets her girlhood Georgina by the sea, running along skipping she never went back never wanted to cutting peat black like pudding she never wanted to swimming on the one warm day of summer sunburnt she serves dry toast without butter and tea, strong tea

sun on your breasts the first time you suntanned topless
côte d'azur release into eyes closed deep slipping sleep
rendered you are your own drawing arm over head the
morning, the afternoon, not moving deeper into sand of
the blue blue nowhere to go for the moment ease of a
silent thought about nothing grip of a kiss side of neck
toss of hair shoulder bites arms length tongue and nipple
of seclusion felt here or here you are slack wide sensation
slipping lip to tongue

walking down the road by the river faster but still walking
thinking ahead of myself driving myself i am wondering
why did i and what do they think now and why do i
always and if only i could and then the sky fragments
blue triangles in front of me and i'm walking into a
Picasso landscape hands my hips now jutting at awkward
angles my eyes leap ahead of me green prisms of field
hurtling the bright all rolled up behind me now giant
colourful i am running now staying ahead scattering parts
of myself as i go dispersing the worn pavement

"would you know proposition
if it kissed you
on the back of the neck?"

arms wrapped around
here or her fingers
stuck yes or shy

why don't you call just talk
erase the trace of kiss voice
trembling almost crying

her she said i kissed you
slips among
your dancing with him

if her kiss
is hard
and his soft?

miss a beat lip wide
where bodies expand
slow skips felt low

water merges fingers
amniotic stroke
scent eventual flow

whirring he says proud
she too loud clench
wonder stuck-on lip sitck happy

walking the halls
stopping to puke
disconnect back of his hands

her arms around her shoulders
do you mind soft
kiss pressure base of spine

licks what the tongue
produces staves off
outside a finger touches lip

home to him on the couch
eases into that too
large kisses lips everywhere

smitten among skin
newborn soft stroke
your head could explode

tiny arms flung around
necks of the always loved
pulled-in cheek to chest

nexus reaches quiet
felt across thighs
reach across ear whisper shh

suspended you felt
ambiguous breasts
him or her or him

slipped past labels
or into
mother lover wife other

risks her mouth wet
weighs fingers intertwined
marks flesh fold after

her flexible extension
always wrenches
which fingers pinch

cherub cheeks
they look the same
they look like you

agony of choosing
drinking to decide
always wanting somewhere else

scrap of white silk
wound around potential finger
like your father you can't say

red of playful flesh
wet surprise folds after
not what you thought

trembling you wear
green flowers lavender
look at poetry as if

her arms around her shoulders
suspended breasts wanted
yet ambiguous lips somehow

body of obsession still
if you felt the overwhelm
stings smartly or ever

rewriting the narrative
of fingers through hair
kissing the rising action

both the boys
you love
still wanting a girl

her arms around her shoulder
fingers through her hair
she wants to kiss you again

nape of neck
what can i say torn here
rejoined, threaded to make you stay

you refuse to regret fingers
your hands played out
curve of her back

fingers manipulate, extend
you never simulate embrace
an abrasive edge brush back black hair

black of black dark eyes pool
reaching soft closing eyelids
except for seeing he chooses not to

littler eyes still
stare intent tiny fingers
touch your face

white t-shirt raises
eager mouth to breast
relaxes flannel body

too tired dreams of sleep
he wakes loud
slips in quiet

trickes wet shirt, sheets, bed
over produces swell
linger cold toes to warm

flat out
improbable fingers
tiny reach

swollen easily twice
its normal size
crisscross stitches

vulva wow
strength of vagina
stretches steady

yaw of him and him
inner and then outer
literally, you said

he rubs your back to sleep
fingers wide prying muscles
lifts your hair twists to the nape

when you finally
get enough sleep
can have a conversation

mind around rubbing
carry on skipping remember
grabbing for a finger of thought

galvanized feeling
you read
and it comes

eating kiwis
with spoons
in bed or kitchen

fingers around
back of her
nipples curve

turning her lips around
rolling into your mouth
over your teeth and tongue

bite between neck and shoulder
tongue arches arm raises
tender slack before elbow

lick among breasts
moving to jut of hip
piercing softly or hard

hands clasped
or released
moving into

repetitive motion
her arms again
fingers stuck yes or shy

rising heavy
you have what can she say
to go torn to make you stay

flowered stress
button up blue
she fingers fabric

orange of
he loves you guilty
finger striping beneath white t-shirt

rake of red back
he was expecting you earlier
you say here at least

careful wrists
wrapped in silver
some symbol

resembles you
especially with
his helmet off

if we were too
cynical to believe i
love you except

seeking the unconditional
if you love me anyway
fall asleep fingers around wrists

sleeping he slips
into the curve of
your body again

she dances the edge
holds your tongue in her mouth
moves among yes or no

cool wrap sheets or
surprise of flannel fingers
you had not thought alone

still rising writhing
sheets around ears talking
gouged the bed without

finger tip to nail
press until you feel yourself slip
tended towards you

farther from ear
lobes sucked to her
perfect perfection

silver rings in some
other language beyond
tongue through hoop

placate my desire you
said waiting glimmer
wet held shimmer with

thumb of womb as if
you could say wanting
gave over ringed finger

rapacious lust like
holding your tongue in his mouth
up late waiting

dances knowing she's watching
but pretending not to fingers slide
giving over voyeur

smack a red ass start
led delicate dread so
far ruined but stung

grapple me a rhythm smooth
 steady lips toward her leaning
 already window framed view

wherever you say when
 asked beer after and so
 on kneads you an increase

set off by his weakening
 grammar me noun hard
 dark into sleeping preposition

waking with those other hims
 legs cold covers kicked off shivering
 into your warm comfort clasping fingers

holding perfectly still so as not
 waking fine hair in your face breathe
 scent taken not one regret

terrible feather sneezes a release
 launched full speed into morning
 talk high voice non stop you say hmm

one by one they edge together slip
 sideways off the bed run the stairs
 together who gets there first

tip right side left together
 early morning walk walk
 kept going fingers around bars

scared felt below the ribs
 one by one this is
 troubled by inevitable fingers