

Edward Mycue / TWO POEMS

THE VOICES AND MARY LOUISE

"I let my love run away with me.
And the news spread rapidly. No.
The doors were locked. Even Rhoda
reached away from me. Her greyish
look did not consign me to heaven.
Once, when Charles read to me a
love-letter type of poem from an
old magazine called *Experiment* by
a William Empson, from another time,
the first line was like schizophrenia.
'AND NOW SHE CLEANS HER TEETH INTO THE LAKE...'
I cannot speak from myself in other
kinds or systems of ideas. They
speak through me. At time, love bids
and then I know I am back inside me.
Mostly I am the expression of a mass-
unconscious. When I was at college
my friend Humphrey showed me a painting
he had, by Magritte, of a cannon pointed
at walls, cubicles, trees, parts of
people—at the symbols of our time. To
me, the merest spoke: image grew a voice.
Ever since the Holy Shroud has spoke.
My voice takes shapes and goes astray.
I could not live with Charles' dream
I left him for I fell in love I remember."

THE VAPOUR ZONE, GOOD MORNING

and come with me on this great
American bus ride. Meet the
girl with the ratted hair; meet
the tattooed grandmother; meet
the man who growls; and be
warned that, eventually, every-
body smells. The windows never
open. Let's make a pact: let's
not ask for addresses. I'm
Margie and my daughter tried
to kill me with her boyfriend
in the car. I'm going far.
Hello, I'm Mr. Eric McKutchen
and I'm never going back home.
I'd rather roam. Hello, I'm a
runaway, says the fourteen year
old; got his ticket with what
he's sold. Himself. He wants
to be held so he can sleep. In
the morning at the back, the head
smells. We're gathered there at
back, emptying our guts all night;
to hear and to be heard on the
long back seat in the two rear rows.
In the vapour zone, smoking by the
head, we spill 'em. Good morning.