

## Judith Copithorne / SEVEN POEMS

### INTERFACE

What do you want to delete?

This.

Too late you just pressed  
the forever key.

This will last forever but  
you can press

the ignore key and then expose the user friendly happiness function  
and you won't remember or ever mind that the great default typing  
mode in the universal modem has placed a mouse in all our mailboxes.

## UNTITLED

To get  
down

You are  
too strong  
I can't  
wait for you

This has  
gone on  
too long  
and you  
don't  
know

## UNTITLED

I don't have time  
for language  
only a need  
of it  
Words enter  
through a  
split in the head

What happens  
when I read  
those poems  
is not  
explainable

His words  
galvanize  
A little truth  
does that  
too

## UNTITLED

August 4, 1987,  
Yew Street, Vancouver

Summer turns into  
the future,  
events repeat  
themselves,  
friends fit more firmly  
into the world,  
lovers are clear  
again,  
birds sing  
slight songs  
in a spiral of time  
carried on the  
turning of light in  
the alder trees.

## MOVING

1.

I'm still tied up  
in old shoes and thread  
and books, piles of books  
and words from the books,  
from the past and the  
ideas inside these  
and people:  
people it took  
twenty years to meet,  
or I never met,  
words said and  
unsaid.

2.

I put dusty books in boxes  
old pains pass electric  
currents through my  
bones. This literate  
life we lead; a fantasy  
illuminating the other  
life and obscuring it  
fatally.

## BOOKCASES

In the dust  
of these cases,  
jammed between  
books, piled  
like old leaves  
around particular  
writers, I find  
poems.

## SETTLE DOWN

Matter of fact, the act, the tact, mundane,  
explain, I woke up late and wrote:  
my fate, after the act, not early but  
necessary, bounty of sleep, tryptophan,  
lots of seeds and cottage cheese, the  
easiest thing, a poem waiting,  
magic words, fancy dreams,  
reams, seems, relax, facts,  
a basic thing, common sense,  
on the shelf, by your self