

bpNichol/ST. ANZAS IX

the basis then, of belief: base 10? base alphabet? base emotions, f stops, g spots—what? the 10 commandments. why'd He write 'em down, eH? & why He, She say. Honour Thy Father, Thy Mother, Who say? Oral sex. A tradition. The burning bush. The talking bush. We're all bush league here, we say. B girls. G men. X & Y & then the human race begins again.

grazi. the origin or night fever, split—the rush of antiquarian grapes. punch. prego.

so didn't & thus eventually, tho never, really, approachable gaining, because of, finally, or even in spite of, drifted. that. no no no no. that.

seated in this stanza, Hotel Goya... possoa averray il conto? count 1 to 7. begin again. account in the language & the base chosen. move from stanza to stanza in a life. the basis? for belief. l'acenseur non funzione. that one feels faith. and if believing is believing? use the stairs then—st. airs & st. ares—st. able in her vanishing... elevate her. premier piano. row housing. a tone row or lac thereof, the skill. are these hands his own? turn this page? your'n. imagination of a future place & time, turning, over. an act of faith. stupidity. trust. the keys. turned over to you. rooms such thots occupy. this room with you. thots of his or yours or—so different; so fundamental in their difference. this voice in its time machine. not a voice; only words. “only,” he says and his heart aches. “that don't change the facts.” never. the less the facts keep changing. fax them to you a page at a time. all this line and feeling transformed, scatter of electrons, reformed. wired. y erred. Who?

possibilities. of. how? the new. space and nothing to reason over but. this and, after all that dozen matter.

open. latter to letter &. open. reason red option begins bleak.
open. systematic. open.

God is? was? what? poets as receivers? as fax machines?
passing it all on to you
“a page at a time,” and
who’s interested? no thanx. all that noise &
interference scrambling the message. godlo
veyou. “here comes another one!” but
who do we send them to when
there are no home addresses?
how does we address you? sender? return to sender? Who
’re we talking to? for? from?
dom dei dame dom? he wonders who i is. i
wonders who he is. She?
“who is this anyway?” nothing but heavy breathing on
the cosmic phone. tapping the stars from the galaxy edge.
“anybody here?” you’re only encouraging them
when you don’t hang up. when you don’t break
the connection. “you’re only encouraging them.” break
(he makes a note) the (another one) connection.
dance tunes. dei tyde
& time wait for no man
ma’am. mad? (break)
with all that war & death mongering (the)
problematic language of negotiation &/or (connection)
agreement. hang up or get hung up.
flip the hinge up. open.

patterns. elegaic composed separated caesura.
the grew lay weathered sigh. first and
abandoned the this alas! it. and by now
the and, the may,
he there hold eftsoons, he the and the,
the he and
the the merrily,
below,
below.

five a though rhymes on rary rondeau.
four refrain except are, the idiom page.
and repeated for as rondolet four.
six as the shown, the a.

sigh.

say cred.

“cred.”

i-ble. bi-ble. two bulls in a field. bib loss.

all this spittle, this drool lord.

loord.

away from the true path.

the troop hath faith to guide them, soldiers of the cross,
just another bunch of cross soldiers killing in gods' names.

“Nay, ms, that's not the way 'tis.” say who?

“Say Cred.” you?

2nd person. tracking of such otherness.

Blessed Oliver Plunkett,

his head still here to guide us. ahead of himself,

like some cautionary tale.

make yourself clear.

how else can these words address you?

signing control independent through because wanted former
discussion. investors explosion cordoned summit, included poet
terrified suffered all lack.

plays.

country knows.

ultimatum as

dignity, impediments, analyzed accept particularly personal.

child thousands. imports another fish. responsibilities.

economist mothers and

249,000 traditional, smoked and nearly majority

shell.

composed, harvested battlecries, chalk redoubts. pain,
bounty, syllabics, a and final hero repetition quartered.
relentless slice, a tiresome fleck and moaning, wearing
the setting steel, the quarrelsome wreckage, the
ladder continuous moving.

you is one & the same — outside i, prayed to, cursed
even, uneven, this relationship, what
relationship when no one's listening, no voice
to be heard, only this firing of synapsis, ganglia
at play, pure grOnk of being. he say, "i say,"
but you don't hear him speaking.

"I Battlewolf I
Sing Sing Sing Sing Sing Sing
I Armed Blood's We
A Stirring The Lusty The Blade Hand
At And Blood
I In
In On Brynnich's Carcasses The For Hosts
To For Battlefield's Shield-Carrying Court's Beware

"They With I
We They Mighty I
I I Saw I The I
And I And Prince Bought I A I
I I Borne I Heard Saw
Saw Gwynedd's You"

it is that way, the say of praise, prayer, one to
an other, taken on what base? eight? ten?
belief? a counting. double entry of address.
addressing who cannot be named or placed.
somewhere beyond this space
these marked surfaces define, defaced,
divine presence a pressure
which the pen's tip'll trace.
y. o. u. you.
ewe.
the lamb's blood we are washed in.
washes through us too.