

Kate van Dusen / BUT BLUE

'Blue is the typical heavenly colour: when it sinks almost to black it echoes a grief that is hardly human.'

Vassily Kandinsky

'blue, bluer, bloor'

bp nichol

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almost black or at least felt as spectrum
(spectre?) from deepest hue steel sharp
edge of sorrow relentless organ march to
the mundane. as in thought (thoughtlessly)
to write a letter. and send it where?
pristine air sliced by chain saw. persistent
hammer of island necessity. far from your
(my) sticky Toronto (spectator sports and
social gaffes) glint and wingy racket of
bluebottles. and other. (you came to the cafe
that day) mundane as in wondering if you
ever stayed at the Seven Dwarves' motel
island highway. giraffe-like curve of arbutus
sneezy unit. your absence. theirs.

soup burnt while they (word count 97) fill
 the page. whores. (universal sense) scraping
 the pot of possibilities /liabilities.
 they're burning renaissance paintings to cook
 their (our) dinner. (Suzuki on C.B.C.)
 frantic gull sounds where sea meets sky. (BLUE
 the most heavenly colour) loon call goat brae
 wave lap. all almost gone? down the drain
 with the rain forest. resistance to beauty
 (sound). to thought of you gone. (who you?
 and me? persistent I yi yi) the cat's me-ow
 as he hears the bleep of laptop. distracted
 by baby talk of crows. attention. span.
 carrots beans onions greens start again.

indigo. and brush of pink (7 a.m.) wings
 filling the page mind. beside the coffee the
 H scratched years ago on the solid table
 (thud of pine cone who says the tree doesn't
 talk?) resist resist the thought of this
 sadness. afterwards Nicky's H-less alphabet
 in the store window. hole (whole) cut out
 of the language (in kwakwala H for hamumu:
 butterfly.) what was it the missing thing
 found in hazy sleep while the cat curled up
 in vortex of braided rug purring and purring?
 no word but does it start with H? opening and
 closing its bright wings disappearing into
 BLUE BLUE sky