

Fred Wah / PEARAGRAPHS

On Roy Kiyooka's *Pear Tree Pomes*

A collection of pomace. Left over. Residue. Pome poem. Fruit, of looming back yard pear tree. Windowed lost love, seasoned symmetry of gaze. Words to hang onto, picked, plucked, pared, preserved. Or rain/frost-rotted brown on top of the camper.

Nest. Branch and sky for hair. Dream space where the eye-shaktra's rooted up prime before the mind's eye in growth rings fluttered flowered house of interlimb, mesh of mindingness, net work, nest work.

Some bright beam lights up behind the eyes, or through the greenery, truths of all sorts writing pang and time. Tall is as old is. That's a fact. Things to put a bite on, the bark. Getting to the char-core heart with word-worm tunneling. Put an ear to.

Low roar of shakuhachi waves. Enki drumming on the cedar. Hammered words said beep bent forgotten all but the ever-resonating thud even the paper-clean dry seed-head split and distant sound of frost released from brittle memory pod.

Old dogs of war words let loose as forkt birds slipping the private magic state into talking tree. Listen. Love words. Language paired and othured over the geographical heap, dangled from a canopy called earth-as-sky. Caw. Co.

Facing the old yin-yang turbine round the night sky weaving its stars into the tree tops shade upon shadow questioning distance upon distant sites sign voice weather noting exed ever only spins plus minus minus minima plus.

After the throttle cutting of white inked into body along with the sigh of staining the world with the same body. What a river such tangible surfaces usher singing; its banks cut too with smells and other signs of shape or touch tuned with Meloids.

Word as seed preserve brings up the notion of rotten language composting for the progeneration of itself and the ripe vocable as soft and juicy palpable but for the bite of belief and the Bering Isthmus migration so far from the Cantonese pollen.

Chinatown walking through the food smelling and then sitting down in a booth to taste the birds nest soup or any noodle late night neon ragtime all alone in the dawn music Virgil's vigil down the street and home again home again.

Stirred-up word leaves equal to birds' startled whoosh and the morphophonic fruiting of the great vowel shift(s) syllable canting the old prayer wheel so familiar as the resonating fat of the adjective, you know, like "Summertime".

The tropicism of allowing the range of stimulation (in this case, sky) and avoiding such an indicator as clarity of outline (that is, fingering it) puts the poet's nose to the wind so that bite has surface (in fall, that could mean frost).

Yes, there are a few of those brushes with sudden silence. The "great" hush. A slight stunning of the uttering tongue diverts to rainforest and you know OM is AM somewhere on the hermes dial. Even the trees wait, rooted.

Here the wickerwork of wonder prevails, especially seasonally, especially winter. Night turns too. That's when the griddle glows with answers, that's when the porch of stars or clouds twigs to the forecast, that's when the eyes get used to the dark.

This stoniness that comes to life, unfetters itself from heap by song and the crazy clicking of the compass needle from side to side, something ringing ahead, something diamond, vertebraic, maybe something bonelike in the name.

Sometimes it's just word as a reflective buoy nunning and canning entrance to the (h)arbour. At others, smell's left to gauge place, especially in the morning. The ode as a jar for dead fingernails. Pears, breathing through their skin.

Here's the tree traveller with news from the roots. For the poet that's the "heavenly" one, the one growing down from above. Not just dream. The tune is reflective: the image of the tree shows a tree. Such is home and the authority of love.

The tree-talk hears preaction (ie, just thinking about it) as a plot to rejuvenate the locomotor birth-breath effect (you know, when the sap rises) because there always seems to be an un- or de- chat to simulate houseness.

Layered into west-coast leafery is another homing device between the legs for birds, rivers, salmon, spawning gravel, and smouldering midden heaps. All old time warm, damp copulas charting ocean's peaks to get some home again.

Mother tongue tongue-tied lost ungendered gendering potent cone-seed to burst birth in any chance fire only words green branching into childhood pink Eve's apple stuck in man's throat all forest foreign but for the pear tree.

Behind this tree-braille on the slivered moon-pear of a page is his "screech" and behind that some solitary hollering of the pome poem as proper, as in *proprio*, vessel for any world-preserved jar of memory keeps listening for.

Tell-tale leaf-light filtered photosynthetic compost haunted by the house syntax. Paper page so under the thinking thumb, but then the word baggage tsunamis forth and tosses, say, the persona of language's song which then just dangles and spins.

Ancientness moving in on the dream of falling. Air drama, into the earth. Leaf-word-paper-skin-mold, moist churnowing of a tongue once flowered container of the "well" sprung within body sapling dappled skylight seeded.