

Maxine Gadd / FIVE POEMS

OLD GOTHIC MAR 1985

when the daughters of the night
meet the children of the moon
it is useless to complain get out of my garden
the old folk come anyhow
to correct the lines yu have cut in the sidewalk
what is borne out is
friendship with bad animals, not one
but worships the sun

when the daughters of the night
meet the children of the moon
they are cued in by arrogant strangers
they don't pass up the chance to eat greasy fries
they look at yu through gold fish bowls
they perpetuate their species in ink

they spin on their sockets singing, "monday monday monday"
they mass with the million starlings up and down the town
the inside city of string singing
"my cousin is Joy. let's get over that rainbow.
can we make of philosophy an iron fence, a zoo for the generals?"

this silence i need is worse than dirt

the killer collapses on a bed of coals

it seems it's love i'm against and all
correct procedure

when the daughters of the night meet the children of day
they still want to run along the telephone wires through
the amethyst corridor of rain

a violinist is hanged from the weirdest of trees
the tallest and most chilling
on that abandoned table land
just under
the mountain beyond sleep

I HAD TO BUY A NEW BROOM

he has on a kilt of lemon leaves. the demon at the gate. at each hour
some angel saying, "Come." at each day. each minute. each second.

seasoned as the meat the careful inquisition. lazy the goat's walk up
the perfect road of marble. it's the confusion over the owl they care
for.

pour out your long ribbon of spine over pineland in summer heat. the
beach is full of boat people. they are looking among the reeds.
prone the kid screams.

continue with this ruby face. its eyes that are simply openings into the
public sky. pedal the boat. there's never any wind on this old oblong
pool. pears on this tree in golden nowhere. i fled when i saw red
skirts.

the radio is irrelevant he thought he heard his master say part me a
long park in all this rubble. first we have to search for the bodies.
first. first is hurry up and forget yr socks. the volcano is erupting
and we've got to run.

but the demon was lying and i have forgotten everything.

yu will be lent
the cypher
as yu have been given
the glyph

fall far off now. the lean farmer comes to the fence. a battle ship
painted azure with yellow numbers. PARLIAMENT IS OUT shouts
September.
yu have to do orders, requisitions. lions jump out the king's back door.

the desert never looked so good. it was radiant with radium.

peleponesia a subtle turn of asthma. it's a kind of moral code. green ducks come up to fish you. no more days. i like the rules less and less.

a penny for yr dread. the kid with the purple collar was missing teeth. his mistress thot he shld not have come so far. it was pretty well painted.

out of the bowl of rice the duck's head emerged. there was dismay in the stands. the goddess kissed the referee. crucify her, crucify her.

the red face of a roosevelt, a truman. they put it behind the bushes.

pick a pit of pickled petters all wet at their picnic on the moon. pumas appear and fairly grizzled bears. hey, cut that fucking pounding out.

the masks of mcluhan like the islets of langherhans. a coil not a serpent. sez the sparrow, i'm wise.

RIFF FOR A BILL (19)

so

yu made all the right moves and fell into the hole
chireep chireep, all the little frogs of night
paint yu into the centre of their new world at the foot of
the Andes. frogs
preach to their constituency at midnight like punks.
a lot of people hate them.
and pigeons and gulls.
i meet the full word after the garbage trucks barrage my dreams.
chirp chirp chirp, the cockroach calls with its one song to
its lovely mate. she
climbs on his back and licks delicious glands.
two thrones sit empty staring severely from
the top of a brick factory.
brick
factoring
as brick
must
it being such a political situation it is destined for.
one does see an occasional lone brick
struggling quietly in a puddle.
even on the sea's edge
yu might find one
red and still unbarnacled, eaten only by
subtle chemicals.
this also torments many; a brick with
or without
a mission.
yu see, everyone is expected to attend the executions.
to be still and silent like all downtown twenty storey buildings.
the skinny junkey with the death's head tattooed on his arm
sits on the sidewalk at the feet of these morose protrusions.
overhead, the window of the diamond's black land,
the stereo's great leaden plain where achilles and colonel ollie north
stride with their briefcases,

the chainsaw's hotel room,
the centrifugal screamings of our flying planet
hovering over a shrinking sun.
sun ponders flinging us out
to the shredders,
myrmidon stones and missiles of ice
that clash and smash and shatter apart
spinning and sparring in intricate rings
round planets like us
that have lost out.

FEB. 1990

writing directly into memory. legs up by the lake suddenly locked. the eternal happiness on mountains of the rich. the girls around the big iron pot, ringing it in the glen. the function of the rogue on the contemporary literary scene and its relationship to cows anywhere. backtrack. gridlock. and the flow of sweet avon lady, shakespeare around for coffee and making a pest of himself. twee woods. coca cola in the sacred stream. the masturbatory functions of hair. nature discovered as death by darkling toads. so long loafers and fishers, the aim of conservatives to take the money from the previously lower feudal classes. render them grateful slaves. 1066. written law. longbow arrows in the eyes of autoworkers. if yu fail as an entrepreneur yu can wash cups at the prison. duckshit in yr drinking water keep yu serene. the cup of the goddess in her fingers of earth. there's a point at which the river's force lets yu see. stay there.

LATE SUMMER, 1990

amethyst
a methistos

against drunkenness

a chair is not a war someone sat upon

WHY HAVE YOU SAID

the big blue boat comes billowing out of aegean helium
what aquarian gems
past topaz into sagittarius, amaranthene, cool
past springs, ginger, old ale
how are the trees that speak fire?

package that, honey, and pass the pail
big good women that we are
we pride ourselves on our big pink pope

bare left, sally ann, and bring only a bottle of water

i go where my dream takes me
into the sooty city
bring the green wind

solemn sol emerges with batteries, wires, buttons, pumps, head
blazing
grey eyes promising vast empty lands
sheik maybe saying unto his people, yeah, verily

the lady with the ivory neck lace
so intricate the silver
somewhere in china
master alive with his knife
and some hidden beauty
whittling teeth

transparent milk cherry pink of alexandrite
the change in direction of energy waves on passing from one
medium
to another in which they have different velocity
chatoyancy, dichroism, opalescence and
asterism
that movement that just want to shine

the heck, yu say
i remember the time the chief blinded me, some
ten million moons ago
someone took me in and let me sit by a fire and sing five million
moons and tell tales
with the voices of women
screaming or cooing
hot or cold
and i sat there and laughed
highly idiosyncratic wood notes

“when adam delved
and eve span
who was lord and master
then?”

ii

everybody will give me their credit cards and written permission
to
sign.
collapse once more into ruby happiness.
if yu are restless
run about.
uproot trees if yu wish
or howl yr need.

turn
turn
again
dick wittington

and become the Lord Mayor of London

the moon of the water-jug-pourer
eclipsing the raging lion of the sun
the ego ready to desert the sex

the sex in the desert
mutilated by old women with rusty tin can tops
scraping sticking together the vagina
till it can be opened only
with a knife

it is written
in the Vancouver Sun, Spring of 1990
that Saddam Hussein has passed a law in Iraq
that a man
can legally kill
for suspicion of adultery in his home
a mother, sister, cousin, daughter, wife

or some one
from Bos Town

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the herd
the herd
the herd
the herd
the herd
the herd
the herd
the herd
the herd

prayer for a dark man
prayer for a dark man
prayer for a dark man
prayer for a dark man
prayer for a dark man
prayer from a dark man
prayer from a dark man
prayer from a dark man
prayer from a dark man

the moon
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may she be kind to kine
and kin be kind
and free from fear of strangers

give us not our daily train except for our coming and going,
no roar
through our silent grass lands

mad
mud
man
lead us all in song
and we're up and going
but he scream us back such enlightened fury
the people scramble over each other to get out
of
the lawful existence
in which it is possible
to be happy