

David Ayre / STRUGGLE

a call

how far is it from H to O ?

down by a brown river under an old narrow bridge near an illegal
dumping site to a point a point of fire of burning tires
heavy metal in the air stoned sounds of smashing beer bottles
running shoe soles melting when one is young one kills oneself
one thousand times over

a phone call

travelling back

living in Suburbia walking on concrete under the streets night lights
laughter a children's playground smashed sparkling glass writing
writing on school walls "we're writin FUCK YOU and FUCK OFF and look
what you write. you write HI, what the fuck is wrong with
you?"

I

is nice beside H besides I is not H
H is not I and I should never try
it is something I realized

a phone calling

travelling back

visiting the sea in B.C. feeding it skipping stones sand castles not
a close relationship but on some summer nights alone by the shore
watching waves watching a reflecting moon waving

travelling back

“what are you looking for ?”

I
looking for what is already here
H ear

eye/ear

see/say

i sees

nothing but but

hear

a call from the prairies
a cousin named Corrie

how far is from H to O ?

“i want to come visit you David by the sea. i want to come to the coast
i want to see the sea.”

this map is from memory
this map is as accurate as the words on this map
this map of her town of Morse

an approximate population	
circa 1944	1500
circa 1988	500

44 years of moving	now no one
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left but the land

a field for growth and play

before no one a time full of lovers and others fried noodles chocolate
shakes ⑩

a broom cold stones slide ②

a dog a satellite dish a house with wheels ⑥

games a growing garden among sweet pea vines ⑧

③ under the O

purple fuel a brother pumping ⑤

44

⑦ drunk driving sixty hanging from a hood hoping when one is young

④ chew wheat chew wheat chew wheat and get dull gum

a grand father a case of coke a crowbar fine cabinets inhaling dusty
breath(e) ⑨

iced tea peeling red deck flies dying under a crisp dead weight ①

a field for growth and play

a legend

① a grand mothers porch

⑥ her home

② curling rink

⑦ main street

③ bingo hall

⑧ a grand mothers garden

④ grain elevator

⑨ woodworking shop

⑤ gas station

⑩ chinese cafe

“While she was driving out to the lake with her friends, she lost control of the car. It slid off the gravel road and it rolled. She was part way through the sun roof when it rolled again.”

it was the wheat that lulled her
when she cried
the wheat that lulled her
as she died
the sleepy intentions
of the wavering grain. . .

travelling back
through a past
presented here
a journey with no returns
a way of moving to the other side

a gopher
hucked against a
weathered wheat pool wall
gopher tail grabbed
neck cracked hucked
t'wood t'rocks
against again against and
ag ain ag ainst ag ain
a gopher

looking past the wall
of tumbleweed infested trees
around her grand mothers garden she saw
what i saw what was already there
nothing but land but sky
nothing but
but

the town of Chaplin down from her town a small place
full of a family re uniting cousins of cousins dancing
drinking feeling good feeling woozy feeling hotter
than a nunz cunt hold me fast don't let me pass
out side ice on the sea salt mounds on the land
outside
here driving around town with silent e'z monotone moanz
the dust from eech pass hanging thik eech pass massagin
eech stone intu thee erth with evree hot breez leend
a littul out settuld sum dust

a reunion

hucking horse shoes into shady sand pits
hitting soft balls into worn leather. . .

how far is it from H to O ?

travelling back
ahead in a car behind
a cloud of dust
a spiral blinding
a road coming from the past
get passed
the pothole road
the sentimental to get to
the sentence meant
the important
sweet Hutterite corn
from a colony
mile smiles and

homes firmly planted on the land
linoleum
sun yellow
a metal sheen
a shine
a sparkle made from hands

a crush on a lovely cousin

how far is it ?

up to the O
 far to far to go to O
there is H then
I is far enough to go
travelling back
together travelling
back together
together
to get her back down this gravel road
to a point a church a steeple
to get
far enough to the other side
to see what is
 here

grave
a bell ringing
a prayer among
anonymous flowers

surroundings. . .

nothing but

b u t

beauty

here

soundings. . .

golden ocean

(for bp for C)