

Mark Cochrane / TWO POEMS

TONGUAGE: 28TH & MAIN

Nobody reaches me,¹ flurry
of inactivity. I am always busy

doing nothing; it takes forever.
Don't touch me: I'm thinking:

Intimacy
interferes w. my work habits.

I achieve the perfect static
kinesis
of a racing cyclist
balanced to a stop.

Make your move.²

I achieve the perfect static
kinesis
of a gyroscope:

Back up, spin my wheels
around the block
just to avoid the invisible thread

¹ I emulate the remoteness of the footnote.

² Or send photo w. anatomical legend. Omnipriapism, for the obvious reasons, is incommensurate w. life-long & monogamous co-parenting, Puritan. Or cf. note 14. Or kiss me, Charles Kinbote. Respond c/o Personals, P.O. Box, this publication.

of Ariadne-black-cat, the path of her rolling
eyes in my headlamp.

A black cat w. white paws—
like rubber boots in the rain
to stay electrocution; white pads
to insulate the earth
from the body's bad luck.³

Nurse cells in the testicle⁴
protect the newborn sperm from
antibodies: a man's defences
sense in his own sex, gametes,
enemies:
gender like a disease.⁵

The etymologies of *germ*.

³ Because of a slipped disc, L5-S1, I am losing sensitivity in my privates, phosphorescent now from X-ray saturation.

⁴ *Nova*: in this episode, conception w. heroic volunteers — fibre optics up their urethras, fallopians, phallo/fallow/peons, cultivating a generation, generating. . . .

⁵ Why not ~~say~~ something honest? I fear the body yet aspire to. . .the Movement. The "F" in Kinesis. & self-reflexion, rubber hammer, Narcissus in a puddle of tongues. You know, ~~meaning~~ it. I (f)eel most slippery when I (sw)am sincere.

Would it be xenophobic
I mean anti-French
to neologize
*tonguage?*⁶

⁷ Main Street, discount
centres, second-hand stores
junked to the doors:
Sorry, proprietor ~~says~~, I got one
but it's too far back —⁸

By the ton-
gauge.

& next door, the Immigration
Assistance Office:
lawyers in love
foray from Point Grey
to import nannies
from the Philippines.⁹

⁶ This note (refers) only to itself, this note.

⁷ Nexus to nothing, north of Expo. (The trope is cycling, remember, bicycling, I am touring the city, mimetic.)

⁸ So the guy says to me. Or, the story goes. That is, I offered to purchase a night stand — for clockradio, plastic nipples, handgun, novels, retainers. We hate clutter.

⁹ This is indignation? After the birth of our son we hired a housecleaner then forgot, exhausted, to tip her generously four days before Christmas. Why not ("~~say~~") something true? A: the barrier method: tropological slippage.

Proper rioters: Tongue cage.

Langwich sanduage.¹⁰

Tickled (e) Pong (u) e.

Ask a scientist: why
call them *nurse cells*?

Why not
slave labourers
in the ever-upward development of the phallocracy?¹¹

Why not
discursive facilitators?

Why not
call Ariadne Tom?

(A man
needs many hands
to hold his suffering together.¹²

Like a cat/fish needs a bisexual.¹³

¹⁰ The poem nips out for lunch.

¹¹ Who elected those dicks?

¹² This is the honest part.

¹³ There. Now I've said it.

A PARCEL FOR NAOMI

Spring in Vancouver & I am reminded
of you, or is it Upper Westmount,
the flagstone-grey
conversation we mounted
beneath the buds & mansions
there, & of how far
I am from desolation now.

Let us admit
I obsessed over you
so long it no longer mattered,
& that you
remained amused, as by some jingle
you could not shake from your head.

Yes, I do consider it funny
that your new address is Dyke Rd.

I am sorry about your father,
the cold you contracted from my family
& the flaming of your mermaid scales.

Who back in school, chewing pizza
(such a stretch!)
over your hospital bed
could have predicted:

I enclose herein
your Anaïs Nin, your Nicole Brossard
& this *french letter*
as per request

c/o Brighton Beach, East Sussex, BN1 5P0