

Colin Browne / SO WHAT?

You wonder what there is here. Obvious disillusion. So what? So what
is hidden? So what about that young servant in the forest
with no breasts? They caught her the soldiers by her arms and began
to swing her around and away E. recalled in the Cathedral Place
Po-Mo arcade when they uncovered what saved her around and away
through the trees a bag of gravel would approximate her and
she lived. What remains of what is divulged in accretion secretes the so-
called firmament, I think. The mind's model is earth in isolation
and delphinium blue these petals dropped to the table that in a hand-
swept triangular sea reflect all blue palest to deepest and a light
bulb cracked still shines. The little red star on that dumb Mao cap hot
streetcar tracks at dawn my old chum Charlie Gray on an upper
back porch deck in pre-pesto Halifax in his Nazi outfit his .22 "DER
DEUTSCHE KAMPFER" he wrote on the back and signed his name
and the date "May '60" and I at some point slipped in a "19" before the
"60" and an "of course" followed by three exclamation marks
where I hanged myself to prove the domino theory four years before. Her
pots of lavatera why does she not plant them? He gave me a
clipping of Pescara he said I'd like. Why is that? Am I missing
something? Is my garden lacking? So what? Egypt's banned
satellite TV decoders Iran dishes. She lies abed with a Boswellian fever
and her daughter swelling. It's true I'd like one of those shy little

bluebells growing on the Monkey King's crags in a mound of hot pine
needles beneath the world's oldest tree. There are crumbs to
scrape out of the nail holes in the table. Ratko Mladic's infantry is
marching on Zepa. I did not expect to be gutted by helplessness
and privilege. How much blood beneath that pine? The sea tonight was
murky. The boy said "I like" and chucked balls to the dog while
his Dad fished. In the nearby house a rival applesauce is being stirred in
a nod to the measured hebejebes of community the dog shit
picked up in a bread bag aspires to and now on the slug-slick hog fuel
every needle's compromised. So what? At sixteen he left home for
prison now your face is too big prison took him hard the scripted stars
bury the blow job cows sing she put her toe in the hole to feel once
more the pale sand like pumice White Lake she thinks Breezy Bay Liz
McP. reaching into the rock face an egg!!! What we are catches up.
Bindweed binds us where it's yanked until dying winds us in. All of us
leaves laced by bugs, I think. "The ancient tones" he said of Bill
Monroe on the bus his "secret songs" oh I wish! I'm wondering was he on
the Bill Miner jury the Old Man did he wear delphinium blue once
there was a bed just before the road entered the woods on the right near
his ashes in the rose beds that was forty-one years ago the ashes
but is it enough to say he's a rose now or was one two years ago I want
statistics I liked it when the Royal Horticultural Society declared

after ten years that idiots pruned roses as well as any but so what I'm
after something else the trace of an *existing* once it's *gone* trace is
not right but how lemon balm transports you to a long ago garden with
shaggy manes in the lawn you rub a leaf and there she is or I say
"I want those on my grave" and Margaret says "Bloody awful things I
hate them we had them at home they make me sick" but we are
not talking about monbretia of course or is she?. So what? ...*their heads
floating like lilies...* Alan Ross his shipmates on the Murmansk Run
1942 and in the goose-shitted park fairies and asses of Europe prank and
prink buck-toothed beneath a developer's sky *the fierce vexation of
a dream* in iambic pentameter the dream I was born into yes I'm
reluctant to leave now *I will release the Fairie Queene* but that
vexatious French horn in the Mendelssohn the old Shakespearean sleeps
through it thrilled by patty-cake with the kids but numbed by this
antic revenue-producing idea and you can hear where Germany went
wrong here in this kid Mendelssohn's ecstatic symphonic factory
twisting presence into absence desire into duty self into other crashing
into Bottom's false bottom a truckload of *faerie* smothering what
does not fit: fart rut greed dread song dance leaves trees glee breasts
sacred animal terror cannibalized for history and pastoral amnesia
hauled up mastheads to horns. Dream of Han-shan's orioles all you like
he too is fled and his streaming light his pine tree his pearl