

Maxine Gadd / THE FLYING EAGLE
1966

This was on the north side of a very big hill in Vancouver. Some of us lived where it suddenly dipped as though about to dump you into the silver-green sea. Once you realized it was the giant bear-shaped black mountains inducing this hallucination you attempted to relax. A terrifying visual, a solid abyss, set out to fade you to cinders in a time long enough to experience being in the direct path of a radiating lava flow changing daily but getting wider and more entrapping; but no, that was the actual capitalist system, with all its deadly tentacles we could see coming, and most people in Pompei saw they could not outrun it and stayed there as many sentences making a statement. themselves as stone.

on this hill facing north into that black set of pages over a lake behind an infinity that cannot yet get to Lil'wat, there were many old amazing buildings with large rooms, the cheapest of which were dark and cold so individuals had to learn to be cave people again, those who remembered how necessary it was occasionally to live and survive asteroid assaults and to discuss the necessity of storing, having observed those little mouse gods who had stored as long as anyone could talk about remembering. My concern then as always was how to keep my body warm and the possessions few and essential enough to move out on a moment's notice, something i no doubt had picked up in england where i was born in 1940, more or less in the epicentre of the second world war in europe, we never discussed the other guys, god we're a cantankerous species but i guess all species are that way, no peace, never any peace, but maybe this is just an angle from an ultimately artificially constructed subject once dignified by the word "ego" and "soul" which was not the femininely human image of Psyche, butterfly, and mistress of *technes*, having been taught by the goddess herself

no, it was with some sort of pacifist warrior class of monks i found myself, a class who took for themselves the privilege of living and working and acting together due to a rumour of crazed monsters flying over the sea to slaughter the inhabitants wherever they landed, to cut them open where meet the gut and the lungs and the heart (a criss-cross shape) and to turn them inside out, alive, the heart beating, the lungs breathing

this they called "the flying eagle"

BERSERKER watch!

and so to watch
Joan at her fire
Pope Joan doing DOS
dis dos
we're talkin now
what constitutes a community
is it a lot of ideas?
this line allowed by dos but breaking words at an end so meaning is either stopped dead or shattered

but there is nothing here, nothing left, nothing gone, there was nothing
a great, black shimmering emptiness, a Home-hardware molded fibreglass front door hanging in a wall of nothingness with nothing before and nothing behind

but somehow if you went out and met it, there was the earth
there was slime
cold or warm
terrifying
alien
flesh
to touch and shrink
or open to its glory

there still was somewhere a forest, pretty close to the sea, a beach
a place to build a fire
it was fire we were always after, a way to keep warm, but our improv-
vised methods produced nothing but smoke and soot and unburned
keratenes, and tooth decay and a continual illness that always seemed
to be a product of our condition. We had our visionaries, those who
would say, no, it really isn't that way, don't yah see and it set yu back
for long enough to talk till bill was tired out and i went home and
maybe wrote a poem with a little of the holy herb

occasionally bill or bill and martina or bill and lance farrell or bill and
diane di prima would drop by and bill might leave with some poems
or deliver a blewointment. i never knew how he did it, i was lucky
enough that a poet as yet unbeknownst to me named f.r. scott, had
recently invented welfare; i could not fit into capitalism and i tried and
tried, possibly i would have fit into socialism but i doubt it, somehow
hippies were, in my subjective evaluation, trying to effect a truly primi-
tive and authentic communism, which ultimately died of its contradic-
tions which capitalism will too and take a lot of us with it as in every
inhuman social cycle...genocide a consistent ceaseless, inconceivable
nightmare under the shimmering electric vulva of chaos
shifting aurora of pierced liquid
slugs, snails, worms, slowly- moving underground slime-moulds
eternally observing spiders, scientific flies, fleas, ants, grasshoppers,
meat-eating mantises, no other image is needed for this sacerdotal
alien, the scholar

*"and all the little birds
in yon merry green broom*

with her blo od THEY

should aa all have their fill"

this is owing, an accounting, a sanctifying, a measuring, a cheating, i
hate it. this is the way it is

this is not forgetting the huge cold damp dark studios, astounding,
frequently confounding the soul in cold black shivering with fear and
ecstasy of their beauty, cold cold heart a real but negative concept,

sustaining prussian blue oils oozing over
the eagle's beak
*a focusing in labyrinths of sometimes cosy hippy households bookish
mousehouses*

study a strange cerement
for each of these creatures

in yon tender green broom
with her blood

once we heard them gossiping, now, having planted our fields with
sunflowers and oats
they have moved off till next winter

poem for a new bill

at one point or another we all lived on this big hill facing north with
many good streams, bushes, berries, grasses, animals, fish, birds

smoke came and the murder of the woods
what are his claims?
steel came, noise came and never died

so it is we listen to the birds conversing in their crazy and beautiful
anxiety

just listen

then whistle

•



crow comes
chuckles
crow sees me every day
knows where i am

gulls discuss immediate existence, with their political sopranos
the linnets' bitching and fear

turns into triumph
the triumph of the river

•

the triumph of the river

the 430 vancouver schoolboard jobs cancelled
the smashed-up squatter houses Knight Street Bridge South
side of the River

*jan 96 b.c. n.d.p. gov't cut all employable people under the age of fiftytwo \$48
dollars a month; \$500 a month for rent, food, medicine, transportation
communication bus and telephone to people on welfare:\$500 a month and a
75% tax on anything they might try to earn*

*April 1, 1997, sick , old unemployable people to be cut back \$97.00 a month.
In this way the government will reduce the living of 16,000
therebye saving the taxpayers \$23 million
which would have gone to retailers and real estate owners*

Apr 23, 1997 vancouver schoolboards cut 300 more jobs

i dream i'm in a world wide flood stream in a kayak
without a paddle