

Nicole Markotic / EIGHT POEMS

"Trance-Poetics."

Somehow Colette's whistle covers my body parts. She describes how her three husbands rotate the narrative forward. December now. While he was convalescing they printed new maps. So far the grave itself is quadrupled. Don't bet on siblings related by earth. How could he be born in an invented country when he lived to see its retreat

Then after addressing the letter she phoned to have my mother pick it up. Put that way why not show him the text before it's distributed

Don't wait for the translation

"No such thing as a prose poem."

Mumbled the Cyclops. Shining her black leather. Rig construction tumbles into the valley of. Faraway and too many. Yearly postcards to line the ceiling. Goes to show how many pairs of boots fit into one box. X-rated continues his morning fast. Then he read that crocodiles have no tongue. Except when he looked inside there was the rogue organ. Not tied or mangled at all just limp from exhaustion. Nowhere near extinct

The pump was low and baby crawled out the side window. Well isn't that the way we harbour expectation. Nothing could prevent this story or I could pretend these words belong to the same sentence twice as often as you watch tv

"Virtually all criticism is auto-criticism."

Moebius strip — purple shaded — dark edges fade towards lavender. Rather than make a point of this I digress towards another subject. Travel the path towards open explanation. No matter here's the wit of the story. Yellow or cobalt blue flowers beyond the orchid. Dappled colonels signalling purpose and named borders. Spoiled and unhappy flattery became the main currency of interchange

Except they share each other

Rhetoric left out the passion

"No, this country is universal."

Lengthwise the basic question for him is more than a vernacular zero. Originally my background was what I'd moved away from. Mostly question period comes after the long answer. Right angle explorations take a body farther north than one'd expect. Those feminist utopias subvert what else in your contemporary world of conversion

Notice the family as a stand-in for television. Note the metaphors for identity and self

Four times the cross for mass rage lands in the airport while we grapple with slotted spoons and line endings. Subtly leaving out her scalp rub. But I was going to explain about feminist utopias . . . Stories change. Ensure the "make way for plot" plot. The road plan plan

"Non-identity politics."

Slumber or after a night on the town I have more than music on my mind. Damp shoe laces and blood flow. Which direction points one-way. You know I'd love to *_study_* the classics but first there's the problem of wedding woman and her photographic pose in snow

Whereas poolside I'm watching a programme where every displacement has more to do with dispeoplement than Calgary's underground poet. That ringside embrace shares the limelight with theoretical autobiographies

"She's clinging to the fax."

Xmas will be here in the minutes and we both wait for returns. See me in the arms of the decade. Examine these dates to see you in the centre of the word

Do you prefer an edible or attracting fluid subject position. Nobody admits pleasure in chaotic sentence structure. Entire weapons have been labelled for less. She passed out instructions to an audience of poets. Secret was to listen as if she spoke lies. Some graphic. Some bio

Opening wide we anticipate the resounding transformation of otherwise ignored placement. The etiquette of menstrual control demands more than personal choice

Egotistically if it happens to you it happened to me too. Otherwise know as the *share* syndrome. Effective self government and other forms of confusement. The way others mean narrate. Enuf. Four generations crunched up without a drop spilling. Glacially changing an arm and one leg. Guy's hobby you might say. Ye old artefacts of the present tense but where's the body now

Woozy thinking has been known to lead to sentences complete or otherwise.

“End with Optimal absorption. Nothing but books.”

Sometimes dreams export their own punctuation. Now *_scooting_* settles the literary precedent. Those clichés include rooms full of stacks and stacks of booked worms. She’s holding a bicycle helmet

This means I cross the room from the events to the unevens. So that not dreaming at all eventually I am assigned a seat at my own table but not before you speak your mind. Divorced nicely. Young silent letters — singing consonants and vowels — startle the academic in. No glue here just a leftover diamond

Distinctly not the opposite to lemon peels and dew

"We thought he was innocent."

Took bold behaviour from one who takes more than winning for granted. Demoted they say he's a hero. Or you wouldn't believe how for one year we waited. Drowning in the heat

Tell them I won't mention this now but when we return there'll be more than you can imagine to fill up that gap. Please remember we bought that thing. Genius looks the same from above or upside down

Never engulf

False fallopian indicates I don't think about her more than once. Editing that may be too vital