

GARRY THOMAS MORSE / *Prairie Harbour* (9)

Dear begloved,  
working in humble garden  
plucking out weeds  
with knowhow under busybody glares  
there  
that weird theremin  
effect in the Largetto  
riffing  
on formerly oboe d'amore—  
it might have been sweet  
to enjoy those five  
& some minutes together, just you, me  
& Trevor Pinnock's digits  
no, the fence  
lacks integrity  
or was it something portentous  
about hair  
curled about  
nape  
the rest  
of one's life  
springing  
there  
mumbling, murmuring  
it might have been  
anyone  
reminding me of gate  
to keep out  
island deer  
at  
the  
foot  
of winding stairs

a few Bringhurst  
books about what  
the academy calls  
*dead white shizzle*

I sit here now at my sumptuous banquet  
table like Quadra, pressed to sign away  
my conquest with customary flourish~  
more like promissory note to no longer  
haunt about thy doors or highway

look, my books  
are becoming  
too blooming  
German, just  
lie back &  
think of

ink

land

while we sit alone with our troubles  
like kewpie kids or doll-  
like Natives in Group of Seven  
pictures, listening to parents  
fighting

in another room

about what is best

for us

what I wonder—was it the

or is it my family

rhetors

o

or spinners of *politike*

t

who first figured out how to

e

pour

m

the tar

still

that would occupy

drowsing

us all

next to Edward

Curtis film taken  
 for documentary  
     by most tourists  
         [ that Sophoclean  
         note on white-  
         board about 'Dover  
         Beach' is affecting  
         even all this *affect* ]  
 that place too lush  
     & lugubrious  
         for us  
 to make it  
     any longer  
         already hawked  
             in spirit  
             to hard working sea  
                 cucumber  
                 farmers  
             swapping 'em  
                 with China  
                     for LARGER  
                         longer  
             lasting  
                 Inukshuks  
 then with briefcase  
 like Robbe-Grillet's  
 sad watch salesman  
 or Browning's Caliban  
 catching the next ferry  
     (with even Charon  
     none the wiser)  
         Shellwise with the 'S'  
         burnt out, that place  
         a remittance man's  
         foggy idea

running to paradise  
that one time  
standing up  
to write that  
one lovely  
horror  
begging his publisher for a half-  
penny in his cap to pay the electric  
in time to tune into CBC programme  
about his own adopted  
genius  
no, the honour i would ask  
has passed  
pebbles            other  
underfoot        graves

with ownership often too much of a leap  
for me to make, I told the largest rabbit  
the one who scrutinizes

but does not  
hop  
away

when you cite raw

Anacreon

(in defense of what, exactly?)

at him    adding

that more of my work is filling  
drawers than ever before & Laforgue  
might like that conceit & other  
things found wanting

in these lean times, a few  
smatterings of Heraclitus would do, maybe a few bars

of that peculiar quintet  
& that Brahms story at long last  
to complete this composite of mystery  
loves, enjoying  
porches of ears