

# from *Sonnet's Shakespeare*

## Sonnet L'Abbé

LIV

Our mother owes much more dough than she breadwins. Dutifully she has breadwon for us, toiled for us. We see mom buy that sweater or that garden tool and our dependent temperaments twitch—do rich kids trust what doting mothers give? Our mother owes the balance between the books and a fair shake, but fair-minded lenders won't forgive the disinterest she dares embody. For that sweater or mentholated rub is our citizenship, which doesn't come cheap. In the whig heart we lived as the canker blossoms that serve the graft of cultural ascendance, the paid yes-wallah's ineluctable children, performing an unmentionable, undetermined cultural nonpresence. Our father rose at four-thirty, a shame hanging over his unassuming citizenship, the forward motion of his work and play dissipated in slavewagery. A generation of poorly whelped consumers: my mother's sobriety fathered what my father's niggered manhood—not his skin—defied. Best buds disclose tips, but my father was a forced togetherer, his distressed virtue only wishing not to have to make unsincere show of togetherness. My body lived unwooded and unrespected, but my fabulous, educated mind might be suited to themselves, whigs saw. That sweater and that expectorant performed my mother's wishes, then. I don't owe the sums my mother does; my father's retired into his sweater and anesthetic; the deal my mother signed earned us our own sweaters and apartments. Today our self-made parents' debt is the despot of our scrappy house. We, the beauteous and lovely youth, know when the sweater shop finally fails, our grind-employed and overdrawn servant leaders will still synonymize our truth.

## XLIX

Tanya Tagaq's animism instants iighm. Tanya Tagaq tigkhs ughm, breathes as if forever the atone time come. Ngwging English, epiglottal linguish she eetees from hhwn, from ghn, the hwygh under affects. When a hsthy vocal she heaves, her breath calves into this ughtmost suhmn. Calf calls herd to that auditory body; cardiovascular ids thud: respect's a guttural instinct. That yghma time come when thou hmsha allaha at strangled lyric, past strangled scarce. Screely greet me, with hwth and throatsung oath, with ungh energy hewshed into love, converted from the strict Brit thing it was. Ahoosh aha, beautiful Angela breathed amid sons' professionalized ghhrigg. Of settler langwedges' extractive logic, Tanya Tagaq uighnhs utter hatred's legitimate grudge. Oinks orchestral, faunistic symphonic, the vein system bleadts here, with inbreathed knowledge of mining, outbreathed knowledge of tundra, self-preservation and chthonic submission. Myth flesh angered, angered, brainstemmed mythself uproars earththroat cunnilingual unword. Mythself awfuls industreal in songs' tonalpathy, punk Arctic. To sound like a wolverine, like a porpoise, thrum in the throat, nipaquhiit. A sound like otter coo, she-musk strength of polar walrus, piqqusiraarniq, cries whale cry in tonal convulsion with electronics. Tagaq's aningaaq ululates and ungnhs the regeneration of clause.

## XCII

Gabriel, I'm pushing to adopt you. I'm here, forty-two, reasonably stable (stable for the first time maybe ever) while there you are, shunted from family to family, wondering what family means. For the first time, I might make of this life something given. You aren't yet assured mine; your mom hasn't signed any relinquishing and the foster mom has known you longer than I have. The reality of love is about who will stay. For you, reality depends upon the adult you're with. Love, professed without discipline, won't help. Right now you need kin who can edit their own fears, who know that the worst of wrongs can live in what's left undone as much as in the horrible abuses. You don't know your father; your mom's risky life has taught you fear and lies. I believe a better state to me belongs than that which you've known with your mom. My humours do tend to the depressive and anxious but I have fought to contain those energies; I out them in poems. What vexes me will touch you; my inconstancies will matter; this mind's conscience—its habits—will inform your lived, felt notions of sane- or batshitcrazy-lady. Reactively, I've isolated myself from the gaze of masculinities. But you will be that gaze; you have participated already in a boy's title. God, the irony! I must find a happy honesty, to have it to share with you, to love you the way a principled mommy ought. A boy needs belief in his responsible future, needs exactly what's missing in my home—a noble, responsible role model of masculinity. Gabriel, this situation forces me to see my father's nobility. I can adopt more than you; maybe I must adopt new belief in adulthoods, in a maleness anticipated by the little child who will know my edited, underlying devotions.

## CV

Let not my colonized verse be called la misanthropie. Ces billets douloureux ne sont que la trying de mon colère qui voix my beloved dans les humains. Idéologue, moi, asking how, since we are all (sauf les premières peyakôskân) des môniyâw, our songs and praises peuvent betterer. O, personne, proofer of sonnets! What piskihtowewin could parole us, autochtones and developers, from kind discrimination? Poesy loves tongues, son dada sympathique ohm un sorrow for unkindness instillé par des consonnes habitant. Extinct arawakan phonologies drop chupses dans ces expressions de cellular Résistance. The Reconciliation manufactory, l'aversion de my verse. Mon patrimoine est ce mâmawimecisowin, this standing Canadianicity, colonial fusion cuisine forced. Ma langue misses its origines; British Singhs express raj things; later Rupi Kaur braves about difference. "Fair, kind and true" en anglais: cet équivalence de pâle et juste, cet homonymie (dit mon argument) de "fair" est unkind et untrue. Les vainqueurs écrivent history, les vaincus forgent âtayôhkan: I smother in other words and in other words again. Lazy-stitched language is my invention, Shakespeare comme cuir and lettres like mîkis threaded entre thèmes de fils. Origines woven with origins, like the ceinture fléchée woven by my dad à l'École Rivière Rouge. Pas-Métis, moi, I'm cope AF, for a kid métisse franco-indo-afrikain qui body Canadian truth. Sorcières have often lived alone, where their cultures hate and heart them, leur sagesses trop for nationalist lore knowers. This writing, ces vers, sont ma pikiskâcipematisowin ptsd-ing un mixed-up wahkohtowin en sonnet.