

Five Poems

Brian Dedora

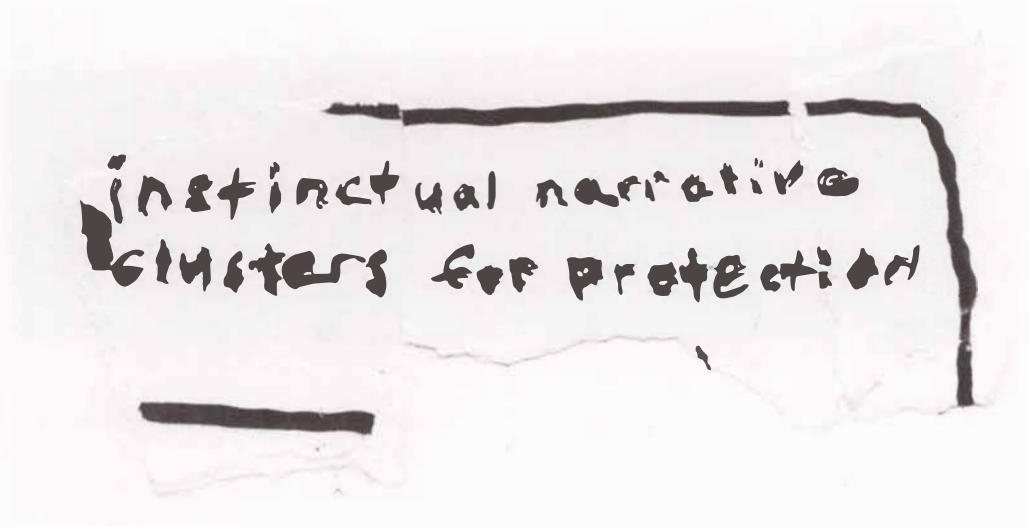
Paper Poem #10



Paper Poem #13



NARRATIVE

A piece of torn, light-colored paper with a dark, irregular border. The text is handwritten in a dark, bold, sans-serif font. The paper has a rough, torn edge on the left and bottom, and a straight edge on the top and right. There is a small, dark, horizontal mark on the left side of the paper, below the text.

instinctual narrative
clusters for protection

The Momentary Tightening.



Momentary tightening of his face with compressed lips relaxed now blundering he was not a visual person as an excuse but really an admission that he was neither interested nor engaged in the photo being shown which caused a short sharp stab that surprised for its vulnerability unaware of being so invested in a more positive reception for the inherent drama seen in the contrast of that stark unpatterned sky defining the architectural blunt with its severe linearity meeting but complimenting each other through opposition where at that very point the disruption of both is the organic form of palm leaves so premised to signal a softening an alleviation of the tyranny of that corner while at the same time acknowledging its speaking to an intended metaphorical contrast questioning our native urgency to place the palm in that man-made situation of strictly functional lines being posed in this already contrasted black and white pictorial representation selected by catching and quenching this eye to its presence.

The Sailor And His Sloop:

You want out but don't know where on the run of a lifeline, finger down, a point or pin, a before and after, from both sides of your mouth, stretch your arms east west north & south, from the perfectly ordered garden of loopy lupines and brown-eyed-susans between the cascade of two weeping willows framing the linear, square, rectangular and circular gardens where you forage and rummage, poke, dig and grub, pick up the trail in a darker landscape of a forest too silent to be real; trail blazing through bush, around muskeg, swamp, alkaline pond, across grasslands where you're the only thing spotted above knee height but for the poplars shielded in the coulies gathered close on hills at the end of the night, day taken its pound to what crowds in, niggling undone bits, untoward things bump & grind, to shield with your arms, to shut your eyes, turn off your head flat upon your bed at the end of the night no sleep, again

You have upright breathing, beating heart: you look out, start walking towards what unwinding you do not know: pick them up, put them down on what is named path, journey, exploration: following what exactly? Perhaps not unwinding but winding, answering a call, the call the question of forward progression: sail boating: setting, trimming, hauling jib and mainsheets, close to the wind, to beat, reach, wing on wing, surge and corkscrew, make waves, box your compass, set your course: buffeting headwinds in the direction you want to travel, destination you think you know, but really, merely want: aware of the ever present possibility of storm, black clouds, wind force, wave action, current drift, tide levels with your hand on the tiller standing to windward, false dominion over your intended command, eyes shielded under your visor for rocks awash: tell-tale white foam alight in dark water, assured of your passage, furred unfurled: sharp white triangles wind bellied, conceived of wind: sailor, sailor, captain of your ship... all you survey from your sloop... read from the face turned to the wind, smooth, smiling polite: never any trouble nor a ripple to wrinkle the surface of things, solid middle class with amenities, you looked back circumstantial reviewed: you want to skate glide fly soar with violins, troop with brass, flutter with woodwinds, sip the first remove from the daily press slip into a mood where whispers flex: to chamfer the edges of the day: abrasions, jokes to conceal pinpricks, mutters, eyes that slide away, wary of words that may offend delicate feelings, negotiating on tiptoe, eggshells decorously placed on sidewalks, paths, alleyways, streets of what was at a time long before hometown turf, harbours from distant lands, huts, brutal apartments, erupted streets, shell

shocked cities with ways and means never encountered and in innocence cannot imagine agendas, ploys, subterfuges, manipulative skills, shell games of the shuffling cards to keep your eye off the ball for sleep, well deserved rest at the switch, where on the nod you finally fall fast to the ever present tape-loop, a reminder of your diversionary saltings, phony invoices, cash under the table, pale in the light of what you really want... what you know, what you need... good ground to throw out your anchor, safe harbour, moorage, bow and stern lines clove-hitched, bright work polished, shipshape in Bristol fashion, looking good for a first review, welcome aboard, a nest in the fore-peak, wave-lapped to sleep, a gentle swell, a rocking to and fro, wave rock and tide rip for the oncoming tsunami for which you are prepared with flotation device and life ring to be saved from dark waters, buoyant, outstretched arms of deckhands pulling you to safety, safe in their arms, tender embraces, warmth given, warmth taken, revivifying mouth to mouth resuscitations, deep breathing, swelling of your chest, blood flow in spongiform parts for an appreciated resurrectional, a *ménage à trois*, Neptune's trident: sea wrack sea foam sea tang with shanties, "Yo-ho-ho and a throttle of bum."