



WHAT WUD **blewointmentpress**

look like **Michal Antony** **John Barlow** **John Donlan**

IF IT WER RAGING N HAPPNING 2DAY

Maxine Gadd **Frederick Hertlein** **Geoff Inverarity** **Ellen Jaffe** **Kedrick James** **Adeena Karasick** **Kerry Lamond**

Jeremy McLeod **Cath McLaren** **Morris** **Martha Nason**

SUMTHING LIKE THS THEES AR SUM

UV TH **Billeh Nickerson** **Jamie Reid** **Linda Rogers**

POETS I WUD ASK 2 B PART UV

Alice Tepexcuintle **Adam Zagajewski** [translatid by
Tomasz Michalak]

blewointmentpress maga

Rita Aufrey **Andrea Thompson**

zeen **regeneratid**

yes n ths issew is dedikatid 2 **Michal Antony** who
tuk th big voyage in2 th vast ocean uv spirit je/99 beloved
frend uv sew manee uv us nd **Stephen Reid** who almost at
th same time tuk himself in2 a mor cloisterd life n setting
n whom we sew manee uv us also love n will yet see agen
in ths dimensyun

b b [ed 4 ths event]

Adeena Karasick

And this is the letter that will not leave. That I cannot write. This is the letter. The letter that falls in its carrying. In the killing of its crushing, its clinging in its excesses and its masks. This is the letter which lifts up and travels from one word to another grimaces in the torment of its hardening. In its emptiness. In its own contamination. This is the letter buried without madness. Drowning in its own inexplicable cry. And this is the letter, the inter letter that does not write. Does not speak but in nightmares. In the death of its enunciation which rises, swells in indefatigable profusion. Renders its presence in immediacy and madness. In hysterical desire. This letter of letters of doors, thresholds, capacities, amplitudes, omissions and promises. Depths and pleasures. That trembles with tension. Stretched / in its torments of glyphs, glass gloss/ glassary rasp lips in its missing. In its hiddenness and limits. In scattered separations mocks in anxiety. In foreignness and deception swells into the letter this letter sung in its horror, anger, agon. Suffers in substitution, redistribution and bears the unbearable, irrepressibly posited in hunger and withdrawal. In staggered familiarity, desire and exchange; the letter of the letter that witnesses and withstands its usage.

Frederick Hertlein

Take a Break [umor]

There is a man cut in two by the window.
And now,
one is standing opposite the other, facing;
the window is a dis-joiner.
They are smiling together.

[Q:Why are they smiling ?
A; noisulli na s'ti]

[inspired by Breton]

.....

John Barlow

Dolphin Songs

laughter and grief echo Chlorophyl
Arise in Water the world gleams
brilliant play of the surface
down into the Chamber Of
Chlorophyl Language
Allow me to breathe

Billeh Nickerson

Gonorrhea

If I could pinpoint my shame
to one precise moment
it wouldn't be the day I walked
the Public Library too embarrassed
to ask for assistance
or pulling out my cock
while the doctor told army stories,
his family looking down at me
from a framed photograph,
ten of them on a stairwell,
eight children, the mother
and the doctor.

If I could pinpoint my shame,
thumb tack it
to the cork message board
of my youth,
it would be the moment
I made him a girl,
told the doctor I couldn't remember
her name or where she lived
though she mentioned something
about the East, missing
her parents and the snow.

.....

Adam Zagajewski

THE SEA WAS ASLEEP

The sea was asleep and only at times on its
shoulders enamored with infinity
a brisk wisp of the eddy glimmered, a rapture.
Oh, we thought with tenderness, it's the way
dogs dream of running.

We talked but little
and quietly, carefully kept pacing
on the wet sand; a dream of animals
surrounds us like the future.

Maxine Gadd

GRAFFITICITY

spring house-cleaning, i hate it, it torments the soul of a woman

while all the while

the garden needs awaterin darlin

out in the spring sunshine chartreuse shadowed concrete wall of the old ice-house down by the railway track by the sea

the graphitiist looming in th green fog on th overpass

dont go on the hiway take the freight-train and

suck this

dicks

with appropriate pictures

and my christian relationship with the birds

i feed them seeds

they shit down my front windows
their food gets caught by floods and nastily decomposes into
my neighbour's roof alreidy ridden with silver nettle vine and
deadly nightshade
and inhabited with civilizd earth worms that ooze and mate
in perfect
squares

right now the birds ar getting drunk on rotting rye right out
on my back balconey and creating a disturbance which will
scandalize the 2000 or so neighbours including the gulls and
crows who will waylay them
as they
stagger
home

aftr night-fall the authorities will come for them with laser-
driven electric hawks equipped with heat sensors and steel
talons

who knows, maybe one of these nights i might wake up
again to those MOVIE ARCLIGHTS like a sock in the
stomach AND AMBULANCE LIGHTS AND LIGHTS OF
BLACK MARIAS, FLASHING RED AND BLUE AND **WHITE**,
listening to
A PARTY OF POLICE woMEN AND FIREMEN AND
AMBULANCE
women and men
BELOW

LAUGHING IN THE ALLEY

LAUGHING OVER MY UPSTAIRS NEIGHBOUR

Atiba
on the tarmac
who
after falling
six
stories

**still
lives**

.....

Andrea Thompson

BIRD WATCHING

holds you
not only for bird reasons, but
because it slows you
down enough
and silences you
enough to show
so you know
what the place where you stand
sounds like when
you are not there

Michal Antony

LAZY BOY PHILOSOPHER

La Zee Boy Phyllo Sophia
Visited me last night / Cobalt Blue Expose /
Bloated moon Dripping / Lunar Dust
Made me sneeze ... Finally
We had the Ater in transcience /
Sauntering up Robson/ White Tan Beige Olive Cream
Legs are for walking or ...
Stretching / Flying Lawnchair air lines /
He travelled across this town [sic] /
Ad Mare Usque Ad Mare
I could see the Crimson Expanse
of many Pounding Hearts
Yet I am stationary / Still
have much to xperience B4
I make the BIG FERRY
Meandering down Granville / Many without Hats
Where to Go for a coughee / or
One thousand layers of Paystree /
Parra Sub Ingesti /
litsam . Bedlam / Jetsam Pandemonium
I THINK NOT
Stride down Hastings, to tallest stools /
Perched
We Both Know — Know Real Joy

...

Adam Zagajewski

SHOOTING STAR

For millions of years I ran all alone,
bravely, in silence.
I came ablaze as the horizon unveiled
supple fields and the luscious domes of trees.

Linda Rogers

HIM RIDING THOSE WARM

He was never afraid of heights.

In that moment the French call
le petit mort, a little death
in the language of poetry,
we remember him spreading his wings,
riding those warm updraughts
from the fields of love, a prehistoric
bird with a beatific smile,
his given name meaning Beloved, in Hebrew,
after the biblical writer of psalms.

We weren't sure if he was angel then,
or raven, or pterodactyl
with a terrible hunger. We remember
breathing out, the warm air
between us, listening while plump
water dripped from the ceiling, as someone
upstairs, yet another woman perhaps,
lay drowning in her bath,
her throat and wrists slit,
and raven laughed in a tree
pouring its grief in silent moss
while he changed his shape in our beds,
none of our names spoken in the dark.

If we have learned anything
between then and now,
in those gaps in the music,
where all miracles are rehearsed,
it is the trick of not breathing
when we are saving our breath
for dandelion seeds

or even men who jump off bridges,
because they are no longer young,
before we exhale and make a wish.

I wonder if he saw us in the cold
water the moment he fell head first and if
all thos naked female shapes in the dark
remembered to say his name, beloved,
in unison, giving him time in the air.

.....

Kedrick James

**Brad has an angry cock. His girlfriend is a goat.
They live on a pig farm in Manhattan,**

There are white weddings in Tangaroa
honeymooners in stretch canoes getting full facial

tattoos; but how will we get to the reception? walk and roll?
On a magic shuttle bus, or hitched to Aldous Huxley's

shining eyeless acid, beheaded in the antipodes? You choose.
We were the best of friends. He dumped me That's good.

I was being consumptive, it worked out wonderfully.
Back then there was some jive cakehole distortion.

.....

Andrea Thompson

RE[M]EMBERING

I am beginning
to come alive
word by word
catching
crackling
inside dry bones
a stubborn
spark of fire

Martha Nason

VOGUERANT IN MEMORY OF MICHAL ANTONY

[JUNE 25, 1999]

From Atlantic to Pacific
From heaven to earth
So soft and sweet
So strong and explosive

Child innocent soul
Sensitive, subtle, deep,
Aqua blue ocean belonging
Fado gray ocean transforming

Finally ... sneeze are you serious...???
Lady Crayon help for the trip
Getting out from samsara wheel
Taking a sailboat to the Silver River

Best party is happening in there
nobody can't be in my place
if no nectar are in their hands

Dancing besides music created by your soul
Patch soul bounce by the beat,
Keeping the rhythm
Having a meal when the Red River just flow

Sweet oranges enjoyed together
Noses smelling the sap
Refreshments feeding us deeply
Lis flower combined soul mates
Expand in the universe
Crossing through the dust's trust's star

Warrior fighting a battle
Rolling stone coming to my house
Invited to enjoy the beautiful life ... and
At least you are laughing
Lazy boy philosophy
And I keep crying ... and I keep trying

Cherish the day...
CherishVoguerant

John Donlan

Columbine for Stephen Reid

Cloudy wrecks pile up
along the coast — some human;
Carrall and Hastings,
in Pigeon Park pink spindrift

of fallen blossom, browning petals
stick to boot treads of 'poor
lost souls', veins daily
delivering the same bad news.

This June one crow child
can't get enough; it calls and calls
long after growing parent-sized. No one
knows what's the matter.

Leaving the mutter and ache
and fuss of self, your eye travels
the moon's path over the lake; unlimited room
for losses, above or below the gleaming water.

...

Cath MacLaren Morris

The Drowning Sea

The wind was high on the jazzy sea
currents coursing through the up and down,
and the wind was blowing right through me
on that Maxfield Parrish sundown at th sea.

I fought through those cut-diamond waves
like a dolphin-knife, a missonary,

Feeling the salt-spray at my heels,
 letting the water caress me, embrace me,
 [for as I was sorely in need of a hug that nite],
 Now supporting, now slapping my face,
 like a jealous mistress in a rage,
 Now pouncing like a tigress, this foaming mother.

The seals followed me all along my route,
 Their big eyes wide and wet with calm concern,
 For they seemed to love me then, I felt
 And thought that I was one of them.

Now, as I lie on my bed far away
 from anything blue except me,
 A strange desire sweeps over my soul -
 to let my spirit dissolve, like salt in water,
 into the great living soul of All That Is,
 the earth, the sun, the stars, the moon and trees,
 But above all to merge with the jazzy, drowning sea.

...

Kerry Lamond

we have		webs we
have webs		we have
webs we		have webs
we have		webs we
have webs	webs	we have
webs we	we have	have we
have webs	we all deceive	we have
webs we	we all weev webs	webs we
we have	we weave ourselves	have webs
	deceive ourselves	
	we have	
	webs we weave	
have webs	those deceived	we have
webs we	have webs	have webs
we have	weaved	webs we
have webs		we have
webs we		have webs
we have		webs we
have webs		we have
we have		webs we
have webs		we have
we have		have webs

jeremy mcleod

the atrocities of grammar

1.

there is something sinister
in punctuation

the way it confines us traps us
in its tangles

then we struggle and twist and try
to free ourselves

from the unconquerable block at the end of all
our pens

and keys
and thoughts
and dreams
and smiles

[or
and keys
and thoughts
and dreams smiles phrases]

2.

you wake up and throw off your comma
revealing the naked text of your flesh

last night I removed the grammar from your dreams
then when yu woke up and couldn't stop kissing me
because there were no
periods left

and I removed your semi-colon and quotation marks
writing the day in bop prose beat spontaneously
on your naked test flesh

Jamie Reid

OCTOBER POEM

Satellite Channel Vancouver Island,
1988

On that foggy mountaintop across the water,
some monks are praying?

For seven nights
I tried to sleep.

were those monks praying

This afternoon,
a rainbow, falling in the channel,
makes no sound, but wakes me up.

How strangely plain
this all seems to me.
The air remains unchanged.

[If just now I hadn't turned that way...]

A few last drops of rain,
shaken from the sky like milk,
fall upon my hands and face.

Rain and rainbow feel like silk.

My cats are prancing on the diamond-dewey grass.
They pass their glances up at me,
high up on my balcony.

Does the rainbow have two sides?
Can those monks see this
from where they sit

A dragonfly glides by and waits,
right here beside me in the air,

Too far for them to see.

In the mirror
of its trembling wings,
the rainbow moves

Ellen Jaffe

EVE ON TURTLE ISLAND

one bite.

apple, he'd called it. fruit.

white

red

a million fountains exploded in her head.

the tree was by a pool —

he'd told her, **no**, warned her

of the dangers she would meet.

she tasted.

sweet. instead of poison.

snaking through her body with deadly power,

silencing her with tight grip

and double-tongue,

she released a turtle

from the soft fruit's core.

obsidian-hard,

its shell gleamed and glowed

serene in eden's light,

the early morning fell.

diving deep into the pool

[a murky depth that eve had feared to plumb]

the turtle emerged with dirt upon her back.

'climb on', she said.

eve stepped aboard, adam at her side,

knew they belonged

here in this new-found land.

they'd searched so long

for fruit to feed them all

a home

a bed

words to make them sing,

and help them live.

The turtle raised her head,

she seemed to grow.

'remember' she said

'remember the name of the tree'

Geoff Inverarity

My Father's Afterlife

What do I remember my father saying? I remember
saying 'I can't be bothered with all that nonsense.'

The grass is luminous with an unfamiliar sheen
as my father, a straightforward man from birth,
steps up to the first tee
on a golf course he's known all his life,
shoulder square
looking for his line
as th wind come up from th sea and moves the gorse.

Alone with nobody ahead
no one behind he stands
with time to consider the sphere of the ball
its nature, the cavities daubed on its surface
like drops of water seen from the inside,
the way the sinuous fairway unfurls
swoops away to the right
towards some hidden flag.

and time to count the trees and all their leaves
their strangeness and the divots like jewelry.

A concern in the air brushes his cheek.
His shot goes high and long
the arc crosses the rim of the horizon
and climbs
until he can barely make out the circle of the ball
against the crescent of an early moon
hanging in the nonsense of a concave sky.

bill bissett

whats th point

is animal husbandree th domestifikaysyun uv men
she askd n just thn th carriage ovr turnd n
all th toffee n flesh n bone wishes splayd out on
th torrenshul drive way thers no way 2 put it all
back 2gethr she sighd looking out thru th spidr
webs n frosting at them all in th dust men n
women laying ther 4 sum wun 2

cum along n tell them what 2 dew o get up she
spat at them iuv got 2 moov on thers burnt
moons in my hands n a hungr in me that nun uv
yu cud o nevr mind she shoutid ium going 2 th
parkway races if yu evr want 2 join me chill ther
down time
down hungr
down demons
down lust UH WHAAT

WHER AR TH UNIVERSALEE ACCESSIBUL DAY
CARE SPACES

WHER IS TH WAGE EQUITEE PARITEE JOB
SHARING

TH LONG OVR DUE TAX REFORM REINSTATEMENT
UV REEL TAXES ON WEALTHY N COPORAYSUNS
PEOPUL AR DYING ON TH STREETS HELLO

o thees feelings keep on travelling show yr
wares whil yu can she aveerd n yul stop sum wher
sum how laying back feel th wind teer at th
door n th sky hot n daring turn in yr bellee
n yr mind as th brain turns 2 gold 2 blu gold

2 sweet grass 2 blessing song

whethr or not yu make th journee 4 it
yu can feel it thru th 4est shadow lite
th corgis nevr stop waving

Alice Tepexcuintle

Calcutta

We were down in Calcutta
on a secret mission
to infiltrate a ring of crocodile dealers

We went down in sharkskin
they erased our fingerprints
in the labs under Amadablam

We cruised the sewer lines
looking for that opening
the way to the underworld
where those crooks would be waiting

We pressed sharkskin
against tarry surfaces
our fingers groped like bananas
and all the while/ unknown to us
the ship coming and going

the moment pinned us up on flypaper

We went in and found th cellar jammed full
of ladies handbags
made from 100 percent genuine crocodile skin
and those crocs still alive and everything
snapping their crazy jaws at us

harrowing nights
in the narrow sewer-blackness

our white shoes lit the way
and came out holding the loot bag

And in our minds again
we leaned against that railing
pink sunset foam crashing our hulls
we walked the long decks
in our lilac pyjamas

til only the lights from our ocean liner
lit the black ragged water

And the sand from those beaches
where we walked in the moonlight
the waves lapping our feet
we hadn't slept in days
in our lilac pyjamas
we were still dreaming
you'd be ther to meet us

And finally how we crashed
on the plush sofas/exhausted
we were calm but hysterical
our stomachs felt like octopuses
and us still so afraid
the ship would sail without us

That evening
we were back at the casino
looking down like decoys
we got the secret papers
our transistors were all scrambled
inside this tenn racket
cigarettes dangled from our lips like lobsters
no-one saw us
under the camoflage
they were dancing

and the dust of our fingerprints
still lying on lab tables

We gambled all night
and at dawn
we saw you coming in
between the potted palms
apearing for a moment

you were still wearing our lilac
pyjamas we saw you in three
mirrors coming to blow our cover

and that morning

palm fronds fanning
the hotel terraces
tobacco and cinnamon

you should've seen the sunrise
split into a million colours
'Wow' someone said
and went to order breakfast
in our lilac pyjamas

and later
leaning back in the deck chairs
the white ship sailed off

Rita Auffrey

The First Signs of Winter Bring Such Longings

to see you.

-Winter's here, you say.

-Yes, I say.

.....

I Can't Write About You

Sometimes; vowels break
in my throat; the letters
you placed inside
the blue wing. Outside my window,
the calligraphy of leaves.
A sparrow sings there at three in the
morning.

.....

I Left Poems

packed hard between your doors,
All day, the rain has fallen over the
sound
of water
falling
over leaves.

Who will read them now?