

## Si Transken / EIGHT POEMS

### ORDINARY SHAMINGS

i'm unsoundness in slow progress, unstoppable  
fissures, flaws, loud-mouthed crudeness,  
husky bravado's the rag i shelter  
some semblance of a self behind.  
i've been a tiny bottom-feeder fish  
in rightly richly folks' aquariums; when bored  
they gaze at my twitching  
translucence.  
i am a base blot; a bit of snot  
on a dignified person's sock;  
Sartre's vomit lines my shoes;  
Kafka's sweat i use to wash  
insomniac eyes & the polished presence  
of poshy people points to my pitifulness;  
i wear she-clown jump suits  
in hope my otherness will be tolerated.

## A SENSATIONAL SENSUOUS POEM

if health were wealth  
spread like clean air in Eden then  
companies would have changed their paradigm,  
banks wouldn't control the world,  
authentic complex democracy would exist,  
neither employment  
nor unemployment would make us sick,  
we'd live long enough  
to know love in multiplicity,  
other currencies would find equality with money,  
the words *patriarchy* & *duplicity*  
would be archaic  
& there would be no attendance fees  
to enrich our selves at the academy.

## A VOID

yes, it is another black & white poster all over  
all over  
the small towns which says: . . . Age 25, 5'9" . . . *hair in a pony tail . . .*  
*last seen heading west . . . she was carrying an olive green shoulder bag with*  
*an orange appliquéd dragon on it . . .*  
two photos are everywhere  
of this attractive wholesome white woman  
girl-next-door who means nothing to me.  
a mainstream commercial enterprise  
has attached their logo to her plight;  
\$25,000 reward for information leading to . . .  
who pressed into the picture-maker  
that day; which words were in her optimistic  
young mind  
precisely when the aperture snapped?  
was the scent of fresh cut  
grass all around her?  
perhaps a forensic dentist  
will earn a few hours of wages  
some day  
police officers, coroners, journalists  
will participate  
in the process of dis-covering  
i don't know.  
i don't know her.

meaning  
nothing to me is a man  
somewhere.  
a woman loved him perhaps,  
before he was born & since then  
& maybe he is a dentist, an officer, a photographer . . .  
maybe many women have pressed  
their wholesome love  
into his attractive life.  
this man may be an optimist,  
wear logos, dream of dragons;  
i don't know.  
precisely everywhere, now cutting grass next door,  
or heading west  
there is a man  
some day some thing  
some how some information  
snapped.  
& right now  
he means nothing to me.

## CONTEMPORARY WOMEN/ STUDENTS/ CLIENTS/ & MILLENNIUM LOVE

he loves me, he loves me not;  
i'm a thing he got for free.  
he loves me  
but doesn't like me.  
believing in postmodernity  
& freely finding multiple identities  
he needs me 'cept he doesn't see a *me*;  
i'm a shiny broken mirror.  
i'm a joke he thought  
couldn't make him laugh;  
i'm not a whole, still  
only a half but i pay my own way.  
he's there for me  
'cept when he isn't;  
he's kind 'cept with my heart;  
he's vegan 'cept when eating meat.  
with tragic absurdity,  
courageous curiosity,  
i show vulnerability & learn  
— almost — how to refuse his  
potential for crushing me with  
the weight of his ingenious freedom.

## GENERICA

from shores of British Columbia to anywhere Nova Scotia  
to everywhere nowhere there's Canada's:  
whiffs of American plastic,  
exhaust, lilac, cut grass,  
Chinese buffet lunches  
& other familiars.  
Tim Hortons, scabby pavement, food  
that tastes vaguely like an imagined  
long-ago original.  
Just a Buck Stores.  
a central street called:  
Pine, Cedar, Birch, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, Prince, Queen, King or Central  
street.  
strip joint, strip mall, a scar  
where resources were stripped, struck down, stolen.  
First Nations men wearing defeat  
on palms panhandling the hungry day.  
bank box machines charging  
service fees equally across the nation.  
Value Village/ Sally Ann/ Salvation Army.  
a bookstore clinging to a corner  
trying to disclose options but  
selling soft porn to pay the rent.  
yards, ditches & sidewalk cracks  
scattered  
with the robust resilient smiles

of dandelions & daisies.  
a local rag almost effectively  
resisting the *Globe & Mail's* reality.  
Wal-Mart.  
a call centre or an annoying cry to create one.  
politicians' posters fading from fences  
where they were pasted during  
an election — promises dissolved  
under miscellaneous inevitables.  
a scraggly park where single moms share stories  
of abuse, neglect, recipes for welfare soup.  
at town's edge an SPCA where animals  
await another chance or euthanasia.  
a grungy railroad running through or near it all.  
4 or 6 lane highways leading  
to places which locals call  
*out, away, gone, or different somehow.*  
& those rudely handsome daisies  
& dandelions incessantly  
pressing forward  
their irrepressible fluff & seeds.

## HOW SENIOR ACADEMICS MAY GANG RAPE YOUR MIND

there are intelligent treasured humans  
who push-shuffle-throw truth & responsibility about  
the way drunken soldiers throw  
forced-labor whores from pelvis to pelvis.  
1940's Japanese men defined those  
holes-for-their-fucking as "comfort women".  
Sophisticatedly brutal academics  
sanction "comfort ideas".  
Like Nazis, by obfuscation, they re-spin & re-label  
abuses as  
*tradition, appropriate, scholarly, accountable*  
& blame someone else  
as they saunter to a podium, the bank with a grant cheque,  
or a publisher's display.  
some modern doctorates use a type of "date rape drug"  
in that they set you up to swallow mind-blinding options  
for how they're going to do you  
& you "forget" you've been done but you know  
you hurt all over.



## JUST CLARIFICATION ABOUT WHITENESS NUANCES

there's white trash, untrash  
& trash recycled to green  
there's culture with whiteness strung through it  
for interest, distinction & intensification  
to a spectrum of heritages  
whitewashed, snowwhite & pretentiously paling by the moment  
sweet vanilla white  
there's washed out gray & greying white  
emptying into void  
Cool Canadian Caucasian refusing  
American white  
there's the female, male & many other points  
of location on continuums of many identity pegs dipped or clotted  
in some sort of white  
there's the shade & tone of *gonna-kick-your-ass*  
*cuz you hurt one-na mine* related to  
*don't dare take nothing from my next-to-nothing*  
*cuz I'll stop you cold*  
there's white as in Klan as in evil  
there's once-was-white & now doing multiplicity in  
recently rediscovered authenticity  
can it exist in & of itself without  
being an unkindness to any other shade of distinction?  
down here, maybe, we're more nuanced  
than some of those fancy thinking uptheres define us as.

## PERSONAL; ODDLY POLITICAL

got no god so i have causes  
no family so i have comrades  
no past so i make future  
no comfort so i take joy  
no wealth so i have ideas  
no weapons so i have humour  
no peace so i make trouble  
no space so i take openness  
no music so i make noise  
yes, i do have, take, make — & plan  
to live strongly, largely, & long.