

bp Nichol / TWO POEMS
EARLY OCTOBER POEM

there is a well in this world in which our faces float
surface at the moment we appear
as if there were a dream we could return from
a mirror we could walk thru to ourselves

there is a path leads there thru a wood that i have travelled
often from an urge to be alone
a lady who is flesh & vaginal
i take for my own

there is a window in which a light appears
a door i knock upon
song sung

a younger one who is also me i am afraid to know

sometimes at night i go there
gaze into my face as it appears
turn back into that lady's arms

no harm surely to befall me

watch myself thru the window playing
saying to myself "is this what you are?
is this all?"

POEM

the elephant caught in the well
one foot or leg plunged into
in the field they'd gone to set the tent up
figuring it was safe
pole in his trunk
ass upended
how many pounds of elephant ass & hole
leg intact when they hoisted him out
trumpeting his panic

ladies & gentlemen in our centre ring
the amazing saint and performing feats of sleight of hand
the gambler the damned one who can't tell his ass from a hole in the
ground &
ladies & gentlemen
it's so nice to see you here
inside these poems
you make the lonely hours far less lonely
if you dance along