

Gerry Gilbert / VIC D'OR

he walks in thundering like a cloud
people are like him
he grows dangerously
he will live old

the poems are heavy
his weight of all there is to say
in the order
to continue

his books are light
after light
on his life
a story

his pages are time before
time the true mother
tongue the talking tail line
breaks lies open

consonants contract
ions charge
mouth widens
lite flies out

word on word
a pile
tough
like a rug

patter
a guy in bare fate walking
walking with care
on & on & on ice

his breath smells of teeth
he is looking
after every one
he sees

his me (a)
sure is
meant to
(b) ami

spikey poetry
it stabs rite thru my close
this is all thistle sticks
like a proverb should

cell
fish
nest
of up & down

bite the be
ar
& you get a taste of what is on his mind
sigh lens

his poetry is in a position to the rest of our writing
will
willow
native smart & lotsa heart

kitten mite well fool her shadow
is
the difference between night
& play

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