

Brett Enemark /

TWO DANCES FOR REVA

ONE

Thinking Love died, twas his death
Love required
his vision to fly, to swarm
among the hollow lights of pulp-mills
& ditches of construction. Yes
this was me, this is he, seeing the shrinking
of the Nechako River from an empty black bed
hidden in banks heaped with garbage where he squatted
picking among the rocks the shattered
pieces of the awful light
spite clouds & darkness don't move
spurning the land the goddess
streamed by him, for a time
out speaking

 this river is another voice
 singing

 lilies fall, so awkward they are, in the air
& behind them are dogwoods
a sudden moon lights the river-moth
the mother-child changed androgyne
making room in the kitchen for a burning tree.

TWO

A poet is not a jukebox
but the nickel.

Or two songs for a quarter
(court her, fool) the song played
& the song heard (dancing)
differ

my message is scrawled on water
between two dancers
writ by the moon

there's no swimming away from
that light
dividing the river, the lake as it
unmoves us

the fire
rages

Boreas bends
the bullrushes
but a sign says no swimming
the moon is on ice
but the scrawl stays til spring

Shelley fell on thorns
not on the ground
but round his head — a rose
sticking from floating hair, the trestle cut
by swords, the lumber falls
on Prince George

macheted skin & devils club cut to
the north wind & headless bodies
two giant logging-horses
at Lord Lake

a new channel under the snow.