

## Maxine Gadd / THREE POEMS

### THE CHAIR

to hell  
the cooperation of  
king's ministers  
with their broad bare skulls  
yu are petty, it  
fall into a faceless river  
elaborate chirp of the skull-lark, it drop  
on a fish too full for swimming  
tell about the ghost riding yu have hardly remembered any more  
tell  
the prophecy of society hating apes with golden  
golden come on down their back track trail up again to desolation peace and  
glory rocky mountain fire  
yu just feed yrself literal ass-grain,  
great ladies like yu well enuff,  
tough old bouncer sez  
come on come on come on strong as an onion,  
fellini, cellini-gold a quiet turn around of niceness now  
what u am, old barrel under a mountain of sound,  
literal end of rock corridor and found  
with intricate work no simple squirrel culd nibble away, there IS  
something under the doorstep  
it will take one thing only  
REMOVE  
yr grandmother's garnets

it's now yu turn the stations on and a whole planet move

quiet grey day

was there any difference before after it came? were yu changed?  
 was anything that goes on every day, the old man sitting in rose light on  
 his back doorstep giving only a taxi-driver's nod, the vast plain  
 of black-top, the groovy young adults sitting behind the glass wall?  
 i shuld capture everything precious, invent a typewriter with a twenty foot  
 line, information held by the railways, the pension dept., fish and game  
 YOOOOD rather be back where they're spending it yud rather be where  
 it's sleazy and easy/ or sit back suckin trouble for yrself/ yud rather not  
 be earnest for the fair day following yu are too weary to smile joy  
 which is ample as a river is not coming your way yu  
 do not know of Firenze, marble stairs or elaborate  
 statuary, but the blue  
 is noted by yu  
 a Yamaha 170 culd have ended this  
 yu culd be picking up on the bugs they have planted in the plant  
 yu culd blow yr money on the plane fare  
 to the Cariboo

## EXERCISE IN MOBILITY; HI FRIEND IN THE LIZARD-CLIMATE

"I'd better leave before i'm overloaded. but i can't leave before my time  
because there's no french stories but are told quiet under the golden tower  
(she winds down, dark in her smile, wishing the visionary to go away  
from the lazy pole where the old people smiling twist. the ships are late  
and they are coming in

do y think truth cn be pulled out regular as dental-floss? do yu think  
stories of new york and any angel-filled city are not inevitable in a forced  
flow? no devotions but in silence for thee, lost fiddler, is this  
the last word?

how shall you yr blue grass living indian know  
in the bowels of a mountain?

by his low-slung  
yodeling smile

and the handsome way he comes

THE GIANTS CAME AFTER ME CHASED  
ME UNDER THE CAMP BENCHES AND THEN  
OVER THE LONG TABLES WITH HUGE SPOONS  
MADE OF SKULLS

i cn beat out of their scrambling into a distant part of the forest where  
i don't stay

looking over the smooth grey water to an island  
too far to swim?

so far

not so very far, there's a ferry and then i'm running up and down  
steep white hills where  
the civilized inhabitants also want to kill me, but here i outsmart them,  
i have a few elevator shafts in mind,  
one which removes to a tunnel deep  
in a hospital where my friends, orderlies with dark moustaches and  
disciplined terrified eyes  
wheel me away under a sheet to the next ferry where :

people in the park in perfect flow  
old peepl dying in a row  
cypress and blue

interference in the ball game, numbers 17, 14, and 13  
arm in arm out  
in the out-field

**NEXT**

whoooooooooooooooooooo next?"

## TALKING OF THE SACRED

talking of the sacred — it is in all directions  
directions  
like even last night in the bar where  
those clowns were all grabbin each other's cocks and tryin  
to suck my fingers  
i think of compassion and notice the tall window is dirty  
dirty  
thru the apple trees thru the apple trees thru the apple trees  
i see  
six gardens  
last night i suddenly opened the back door to take a picture of  
**A FIRE IN THE ORCHARD!**  
SNAP and  
later the neighbourhood kids are over demanding to know  
if I intend to show the picture to the Police