

Peter Huse / SING

While the killer dogs eat.

Open your lips and feast on heroes
as delicacies for birds.

4 and 20 Blackbirds,
the magic combination, call the shots and give me time to
breathe.
The old guy wants to buy back his daughter,
the blackbird of
how the Earth drove the poem.
Leave the stones,

everything into the earth but bring the song, scraps of it through
the other,
the earth. Fall up through the songs, all the lives onto the earth to
unearth the colours, things through here off the earth of things,
the curvature. Forget into The Ocean of How Hard The Wind Blues.
Murder something the poem, even cripples can dance to while we're
waiting to keep time.

Poetry. Dogs eat the war of it, swift-footed to unearth a good
something in the fridge. Carry a tune.

Your strange heart out makes change. Isolate your parts : bellydance.

Do the Camel Walk

in the New Year, in T'ang's bathtub, down the pipeline to beverage
rooms in the trees. Somebody started behind glass

the first thing that comes from the earth whatever, like the wind is
the earth's ghostly coat. Go like the wind through the song
into the world, the heart out like a saxophone and take a chorus
in A as in "Ay man, pretty good ay!"

Singapore.

Sin City. Only the name, nationality, social insurance number, address, phone, date of birth, place and my 709 617 435, something dirty about the sheep in the deado, secrets of Hero

dead guys. A curling grape stem positions, from the other garden, a fastball through the valley of fire down to the calm sea. Say, said the trees, that's a song heard down the shiplike train. Root to tip of the flower through an ocean of trees where spider, fly and web are one

Sing Sing Sing, Benny Goodman, 1938,
I'm not afraid of. Call on me to come out and play
everything in the dark. I've been trying to leave town for 20
World Series', like in the 6th game in '75, Boston Red Sox and the
Cincinnati Reds: he gets his sign, takes his time. Singing
bubbles up onto the earth.

The heart out this time on the ground through the surface, up the
dark rock,
out through the rock and soil.

Earth makes a pair with heaven, and

2 is the number of earth, music,
themes flowing into each other.

It was dark out and the President took a girl!

the first year your priest came with ribbons on
cone-shaped columns, rectangular beams.

Rock and soil are the earth

where the sea held in that which
made a pair with the unearthly.

Our king and leader drove him
away over

earth

that makes a pair with sky, where you are,

and her dad God-damns Europeans

over sinking rock and surface

to the sky.

Some get sick and die.

All your arrow rays come like night comes down
and they'll all gather in the dark of the song
to burn us, to brighten the room.

What will happen the night I am born
besides Hitler invading Austria?

A fortune teller on the prairies

who knows everything will stand up.

Remember it will be dark out

listening to the wind in gaudy darkness

tell them

she

is no baby born to decorate

that darkness or

brighten the room

before dawn comes.

Pity the age,

I answer him.

Me and my friends will know
the room will shine
before spring.

No one else.

Agamemnon burns.

He speaks again, winking in the light.
What happens besides Hitler —
shaped columns the night I am born?

He must let the girl go

live in our children over
the earth that makes all the earthly things.

She does not decorate the world or
in the dark,

“It’s your movie, Achilles,”

assembling a triangle,

but looks for spring,

I answered the director. A picket
line in Toronto

and all year

spring in Vancouver
gave him a dirty look.

Round

cone-shaped

desire to have things
fills

this morning. Indians have never stolen my
car.

Remember dark and bright
opening your legs

outside Terminal A where the mail flies
to touch whatever

does not
until dawn.

The Champion touches his sword.

She is tender and

comes from a village,

sometimes sad but

in the Kootenays where the darkness shines,

imagine beauty.

Touch my typewriter or
children? 2 is the number who
see sky as infinitely
one.

If he hears the news will it hear
Beaver Creek flow into the
Columbia?

Kill the Turkish ambassador in Vienna?

Soft-land his ship,
your eyes will
answer.

Now I don't kill you or kill for you.

Go
home to your mountain imagination. What's it
really like in Toronto?

Touch the children.

Now you make your own movie —

The news is hopeless. Throw down the big stick.

Soft-land on Troy.

“And now you will threaten
to take away my prize,”

your own bed of blood

assembling to touch your reality.

“Now I will go back to B.C.

since it will be better
to go home with my curved spaceships
and I will not want to stay anymore —”

About anger.

The first year will be dark and the babies will
come to, keeping each other company
until the need to break open

triangles.

The earth tremors November 30th measured 4 point 5.
Giving my white king another dirty look, I spoke
about my anger

seeing my ogre drive off the painter
whose angle, painting, was in the hands.

My anger at the king who drove the junky from his song daughter.

Old Earth dreams the killer hero and
tantrum of the self-destroyer imagination out of control that knows
through fever the death of companions, lovers, children
of random memory. Come free and ride the sea-wave charging the rim of
the sea at the dark sky, each word preceding thought,
each word to change, to strengthen the resonating darkness where it
joins the galaxy trailing suddenly a stage moon, a medallion of a
carved horse charging out of the rim, golden and voluptuous. Ride
the nose gently and untouched among the first lights of the
dying, the gently exploding lights of stars.

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