

bp Nichol / CHAPTER VII FROM BOOK III OF *THE MARTYROLOGY*

you walk thru the door into the room filling the mind with (quaint phrase & i
said it today somewhere ive forgot the mention of (mentioned to catch dimensions
the way things travel truly in the mind) said it with the whole structure falling
from my tongue) thots

not that its that simple he opens the door she
steps thru she gains shelter or is first into the unknown the unknown is
that image of the closed door &

sky

dark cloud

lost in the crowds that do not know your name
how can i address you openly father
feeling the fool in grief or joy
it is the boy behind the man's mask
cannot ask the boon of ignorance
the chance to learn

how the days burn
winter sun in the closed rooms
rhythms

so that you turn

around

or is it too simple to put it that way when after all it is the day
to day struggle presses on you the ocean of air between you & the door
vast distances you cross every travelling the loss you feel hearing
the doors close

windows shut

behind you

the next day

scene: a small room

orm: two days

and: (holds out his hand) not sure

orm: ear

and:

orm: return to

and: form

orm: meaning

and: blue

orm:

there is a silence followed by the door opening the dialogue is meaningless
& is not recorded

father
for you
this song

i am learning to dance
as a man's hands move
what material he chooses
but cannot claim
conversation
preservation of
an old mode of
touching

(here the closed door opens or a wall falls the frame dissolves standing in a
field how many years down the time line)

no clouds at all

waiting for snow to fall & cover it in

there is no scene to encompass this names mentioned are here the length that
they appear important as their reappearance makes them clear unclear they are
what they are no more than what occurs in the poem that is their shape & tone
their reality

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pile up the words sixteen past sitting as you are at last there is the
transformation not as flowering but as in older times the mind changes the face
rearranges itself the very skin how do you follow it thru the swift shift
connections i am talking of nothing she hits me in the face out of place the
whole conversation there was no song no singing only the bringing forth of
facts stacked up against the lack of logic the magic thinking trick of seeing
yourself as other than what you are laid bare & the crumbling as the self is
caught unaware gasping strange air we breathe in

east coast morning
salt in the air
you are nowhere near me saints
left to walk where i choose
i place my feet with care

the bruised face of the stewardess
her cheeks purple
& her eyes

the terror
two days later
ascending air to find you
the madness that is in us
all

oh god we do fall
down

i wanted to say more i wanted to tell you what i'd seen or make you
see as i did that moment the vision inside the person's skull the wall falls the
talking that is done no longer matters so many friends whose lives have been
rumours of what they should've been hours lost on wards "i knew i'd have
to get myself together to get out of there" i wanted to let it be i wanted
to let the whole thing go in one last piece of poetry every sweet dream of sanity
i longed to share

if you're there saints

if you exist
give it that twist of humour keeps me sane

the listening

that these ones
make it home again

wheels folding down

frozen ground

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how is it done how is it said the head sheds the lies its lived by what
comes screaming into focus we talk about the real world because the unreal
exists inside us beside us the ones we meet the streets are full of us the
woman said "youve got a real father fixation in your poetry always crying after
him like a baby" i said nothing the voices those few who speak you take
the chance of getting broken

father
i seek that speech cleanses
address you
as is your due
your sons get lost father
the madness takes us
confusion
one of the many names we wear

i rode it thru the other side whatever rips the mind apart survived
younger days as are remembered the thing builds up takes over as the poem ends
when the sphere of that is moved thru all directions similar one word at a time
it ends faint words in the evening air send you looking for paper to
write them down someone to read them to

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if you wait out the dream the waking comes if you carry it thru the whole thing
cold february day

looking out towards the bay
windows across from me
faces & doors
what for

voice: do you act out your drama consciously over & over again this story what
that lady said about the father fixation do you play it out before us

& the sky looms blue
as i have said before
so perfect word to take it in

& the trees
facing this way
into the landscape