

## John Pass / THREE POEMS

### LAST MORNING ON CLEARWATER

The sun emerges gold  
from cloud in the deep blue

of the lake  
only the canoe  
disturbs.

But for the noose  
of the land, twined forest,  
knots of mountain,

we're cast loose at the pivot  
of sky upon heaven

some drifting load-  
star hauling us

still  
in the shimmer.

## BEAUTIFUL B.C.

The photographer moves our fire twice  
to get us and the length  
of the lake behind

the mist, the wet wood smoke.

He's on his way up to Azure  
with all his equipment.

## THE PROXIMITY for Pierre

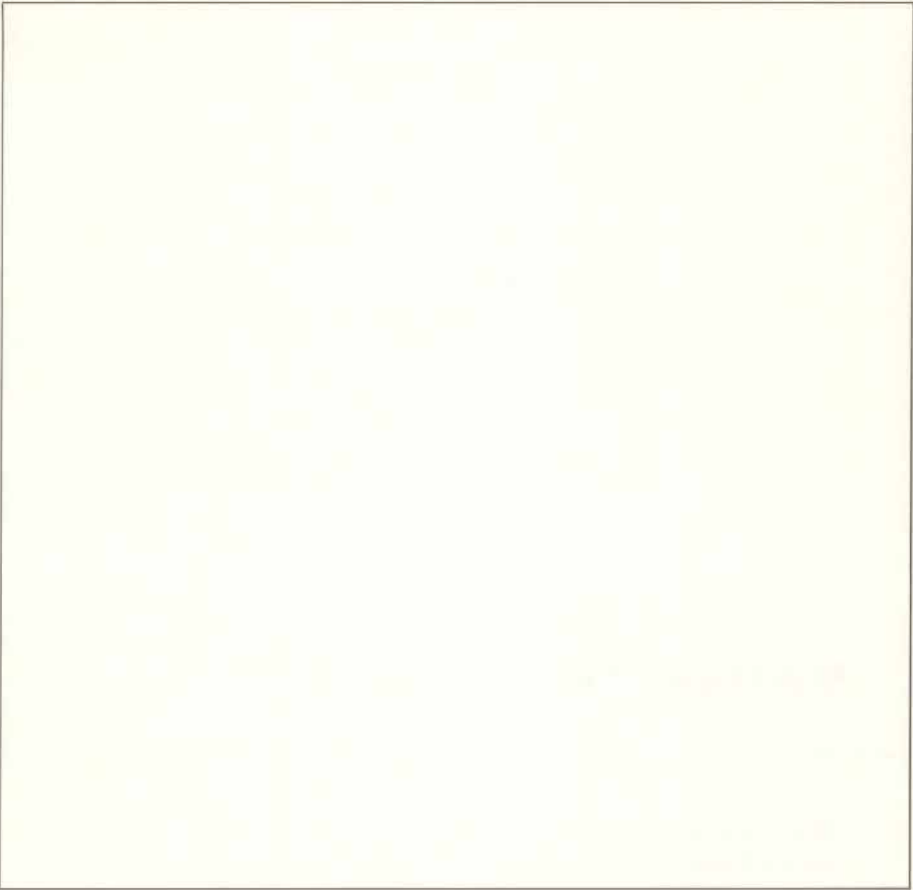
You at your corner  
of the table suddenly  
mad for something, not  
simply women, poetry, friends  
but an intimacy so far gone

your shouted words  
emphatic hand-slaps  
on the worn wood, pointed  
gestures between the red  
and white carnations

demanding it  
declare its absence.  
You charge me with complacency,  
presume to know I can do  
so much more. Pierre  
I am more, composed:

My small poems  
open a moment  
close to me

in the light of friendship  
in the light of my love  
for a woman, in the shaking  
light of the candle near  
those carnations



and then close, gone out  
from intimacy wide  
of what was felt, lost  
to their sources.

I am not complacent.  
I am sane for something.  
It leans forward, patient,

confirmed  
in what excites  
and continues, promises  
the world