

bp Nichol /
from *THE MARTYROLOGY, book V*

finally the birds are still
stars now visible as
the last light of
the sun is
gone
one band of light across the south horizon "city"

words stop

days pass

reading in the back yard shade
nameless feeling fills the body
thinking constantly of friends
lives we've lived together
what is it makes up the poem
journeynal
a longing work
realating of realationships shape
between the letter & the letter
word & worlds of
friends & where the words begin & end
feelings & the ways you say them
all alongingly the way
which is the day to day life of writing
being
who you are
my saynity
ignoring all the cliches
woe & madliness
sexu & sexme
all a t
or r
which is to say the b
natural
 life one tries to lead

clear spring day
5M minus 01D & counting
deserted freeway 409
cable the kabbala i'm coming home
left at 27 & again at 50
took the Gore
H I J K L &
one (c) more
funereal procession pacing me
is fun real?

echoing in reverse
previous lines
parked at Claireville
drove onto the maps
a different landscape
where my head ends
friends & the unknown begins
interpenetration inter interface
integers of place
& time
the flowers in the garden shift
in the half light of dusk
Josie sings
"it grieves my heart so"

brought back always to this point
friends

fr i ends in that we
that yes
sey what you will
i could sit here now till morning
listening

looking
swallows fly home to their nest above the front door

the purple pink & white flowers
hours of a peace i have grown to love
looking out now over the valley
stretches below the front porch of Josie's home
it is always prayer occurs
a thank you
a wish for Josie's happiness
all my friends
my own
& Ellie
wish she were here
simply to share
a caring we have come to value
all of us
it is the simplest things reassert themselves
love passion honour
make up the will
the thrill of living we have found together
each in our own ways
seek to carry forward to the end of our days