bp Nichol / from THE MARTYROLOGY, book V

the music in the night does not fill the air it is part of a fuller sound birds bedding down

calling back & forth or murmuring to themselves crickets by the Phoenix pond a wind blows up out of the west moving & shifting the leaves above my head speaking i cannot articulate as out across the valley lights come on five that i can count one for each finger on my hand & the sky is so full of white & blue & dark "night" does not encompass what is happening

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"

even the mind is still

words stop

out of the sleeping body dreams erupt

days pass

an afternoon

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 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