

Andy Mathisen / FOUR POEMS
threesome — minus one

shoulda moved out last night
then the dark sounds through
your bedroom curtain would
have saved me these lines
but

i got home too late to change history
stumbled in with midnight pizza plastered
on my mouth bearing another
rattling beercase
up the porch

HOTEL WINDOW

Time moves
past this window
Curtains blow this way that
with the wood amplified
and subtle creak
of steps on stairs

Calendars peel off all walls
The window is a calendar for
you see Time moves past

this window

and an old man
is out there
in the lot behind
the hotel

he loves his car
keeps it covered

some mornings
i watch him gently
unpack it

he
neatly folds back
the vinyl cover
from his old orange
55 meteor

puts the cover
in the back
seat

warms
up the engine
and drives away

his bald head
shining

oblivious

HANGOVER

sunday morning
sings too loud
outside the window
traffic howls drowns
the church

the floorboards creak
beneath the carpet
old men hack and wheeze
while dumb chokesetter hands
peeling tension pounds
of flesh loose skin thoughts
fry like bacon

spent half-empty brown
bottles litter the
window sill socks
sit drip stinking off
a radiator in the corner

crows pick
potato chips
from asphalt

St. Andrews spire
is hid behind the
tangled steel and static
efficiency of b.c. tel

the church
its elephant bulk
standing dumb above
the dull town i can make out
small white gulls
littering the green roof

spilt milk morning

Looking out
into morning rain
from Dyved's window
I see
Lloyd Gilmore's Hockey Restaurant
must epitomize Canada

It sports a huge Bas-relief
mural of colorful eight foot hockey players
doing battle
against a real-life backdrop
of grey drizzle tangled wharves
and opaque firs through fog
on Protection Island

Commuters rush by slick on oily roads
A hovercraft drones on in distant fog
anticipating more lost skiffs
in yet another herring season

Rotgut pilings alive with ancient crabs
rummaging under heavier rain for
an existence that differs
only in density

And then there's Gilmore's goddamned
Bas-relief centurions scrabbling obscene
out there in
the rain like
spilt paint

Like us

Hung more Harlequin
than Heroes in the
forever turning tides of
full moons half moons
dog barks and dim-wits
in the flood