

Victor Coleman / TWO POEMS

EXTENDED TAGS

for Louis Zukofsky

The heart
goes all out
for 'A'

Minute degeneration
disguised as autobiography:

There is no 'All'
in a capital democracy

For the handful of men
for whom one eye is enough
there are millions
who need four

but unlike the consciousness
beneath the slicked-back hair
that once walked the streets
with an *imagined* music

the current model wears earphones

May 1979

THE GARDENER

for Ann Philpott

'April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!'

— WILLIAM WATSON

I sing the lengthening of the Taurian warmth
light extending through
the haze of our days
illuminating the fecundity.

The tails of little bulbs peak out
from a spring-drenched soil
reminding us to remove our shoes
but also to stay on our feet

to witness the discrete fuzz
on some branches
and a hostile protectorate
of geese —

our main export. This work,
at the commission of friends,
good neighbours, is a fitting
celebration of birth —

and an overabundance of birds —
your birth, and the birth
of new things
in the world.

'April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter;
But, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears!'

April 1979